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A MAGAZINE OF
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Art, Literature and Occultism

EDITED BY
ANNIE BESANT, P.T.S.

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VOL. XXXV

No. 1

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER year of our Magazine lies behind us—a very stormy year. For me it has been the most painful year of my life, one of practically unbroken suffering, continuing a previous ten months of pain. From January to October 1912, the most cruel slanders against my elder ward were circulated broadcast over the whole world; in October 1912, the suit was begun which has temporarily torn my dear lads from my protection, and forced them to fly for refuge to others—may the Father of all bless those who have given them shelter. The struggle has been useful, for Alcyone's name has been cleared, the Theosophical Society has been acknowledged as blameless, and all the vituperation has now, fortunately, been turned on me. The young life I have protected goes forward unstained, the Society is uninjured, and as for the mud showered on me it matters not. Mud only sticks where it finds mud to adhere to, and all the foul accusations made leave me unharmed, save in the minds of a very few. Nor have I, who have been appointed by the Masters as

Their messenger, any cause of complaint. Suffering is the badge of all who bring to the world the great messages which are the prophecies of the Coming Time; did not the Christ say to the little band of His despised followers: "So persecuted they the prophets who were before you; rejoice, and be exceeding glad"? Has not the poet sung:

Right for ever on the scaffold,
Wrong for ever on the throne.

The world has ever derided and crucified its Saviours, and if suffering were escaped, the seal of apostleship would be missing. At the time of writing, the appeal case is not decided, but all the harm that could be done has been done already, and the worst is over. The coming year can hide within its bosom nothing so bad as the past year has given us; for there is nothing more to say so cruel and so undeserved as that which has been said.

* * *

Out of all this turmoil and tumult what net result emerges? A strength and a solidarity in the Theosophical Society unexampled in the story of its past. At last, it is an army, not a mob, and its front ranks march steadily forward towards the New Era, confident in their leaders and in themselves, with a great host behind them, glad and confident as they are. With this body much more work can be done than in the past. We have put an end, for ourselves, to the conflict between Liberty and Order by wedding them with the marriage ring of perfect Tolerance. Perfect liberty of individual opinion; perfect trust in the leaders who have been marked out by the armour of knowledge and the coronet of suffering—the ancient Sign of the Cross which conquers.

For those who prefer not to follow, there is plenty of other work ready to their hand, work recognised, respected and useful; but the great host sweeps on. In every country we see this band of the Brothers of Service, organised ready to serve. India has been the first to recognise this, India where the battle has raged most fiercely, and for the first time in our history a Theosophical Conference, a Political Conference, and a Social Reform Conference have linked themselves together. When religion inspires self-sacrifice alike in politics and in social reform, India's regeneration is within sight. We have done much in education since the time of the late President-Founder's splendid efforts for the Buddhists, and we must advance now into other fields as well, into all the departments of public activity which are to be remodelled in the new civilisation. And one thing we must specially stand for—the social equality of white and coloured races throughout the Empire. Grades in society, dependent on education, culture, habits, refinement, and the like, these must ever exist; but colour has here no place. At the present time this ignoring of colour distinctions in public and in private is only to be found among Theosophists, but we must help it to spread outside by word and by example.

* * *

It is in this respect that the only serious harm has resulted from Mr. G. Narayaniah's suit against me, and the factitious agitation raised against Theosophy throughout India. It has inflicted an irreparable injury on the Central Hindū College, built up with so much loving labour chiefly by Theosophists, and remarkable as the one educational institution in India in which colour

was wholly disregarded. I myself still hold office, at the request of the Board of Trustees, in order to facilitate the transfer of the College to the Hindū University, but I am doing nothing to hamper the new policy. The Hindūs, for whom I worked, have a right to shape its future, but I cannot take any responsibility for the new departure. Our fine staff of unpaid or subsistence-paid white and coloured workers—including the eldest son of the late Mr. Justice Telang, who gave his father's splendid library to the College, Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, Mr. and Miss Arundale, Miss Palmer, B. Sc., Miss Harington, Miss Willson, Mrs. James, Mrs. Sanjiva Rao, Mr. Trilokekar, and many others—is scattered. This matters comparatively little, for they are working on elsewhere, and carrying into other places the old C. H. C. spirit. What matters most is that the C. H. C. stood for social equality between white and coloured races and equal payments for Indian and English work of similar quality. That was one of the bases of the institution, and it stood out as the only place in India where this ideal was carried into practice. We paid a higher salary to a man holding an English University degree, but the England-returned Indian was on a level with the Englishman. That is now destroyed, and an Englishman has been brought in on a salary of Rs. 500 per mensem and Rs. 100 house-allowance, over the heads of England-returned Indians who have been serving for years on little more than half of this. The universal vicious practice of recognising colour in salary, with all implied therein, is now accepted in an institution which had upheld the social equality of white and coloured races, and the obliteration of race distinctions has ceased. This is what personally I feel most, for this unity of the two races has been the

heart of my Indian work; it makes it all the worse that this blow is struck by Indian hands, and has been made possible by Indian attacks on me; it is they who have stabbed social equality, and have again raised up the Englishman on a pedestal, not for his services but for his colour.

* *

Ere long, I hope, the Theosophical Educational Trust will have repaired the mischief, and have several such Colleges where before there was only one. If we had but money! A few hundred thousand pounds would suffice to raise a network of Schools and Colleges over India, in which boys of every race and creed would gather, to make workers for the India of the future.

* *

The other day I attended a great public meeting called by the Madras Congress Committee and the Mahājana Sabhā. It was presided over by Mr. V. P. Madhava Rao, C. I. E., and the speakers were drawn from the most respected public men in Madras, men worthy to be leaders in any civilised country, but shut out from their rightful place in their own. I do not know how other white people feel in such meetings—it is true that they rarely come to them—but my heart always burns hot with shame as I hear the dignified and self-controlled speeches of such men as Messrs. T. Rangachariar and T. R. Rāmachandra Iyer, asking for the elementary rights of citizens. The facts—soberly related by counsel learned in the law, of the treatment received by themselves and their clients in their peripatetic search for justice from executive officers—were most painful to listen to, though enlivened by dry and caustic touches of humour which made one laugh even when more

inclined to cry. Ever since the National Congress has existed, it has asked for the separation of executive and judicial functions, but without success. Another matter dealt with was the relation of India to the Crown, through the Indian Government and the India Office; a Standing Committee of the House of Commons for the consideration of Indian Affairs was asked for, in the place of the present India Council; if such a Committee were formed, it should be directed to add to its number—from outside the House—an equal number of Indian representatives elected here by the educated classes. Otherwise it will be the same old story of power without information. This most important resolution was little discussed for lack of time; the Hon. Mr. B. N. Sarma and the Hon. Mr. L. A. Govindaraghava Iyer made weighty and well-informed speeches; the Hon. Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Iyer spoke well but far too shortly. Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar cut his speech down to very narrow limits, but every word told; he is a most effective public speaker, and should make his mark in public life, for he is a true lover of India. The last resolution, on the South African situation, was rushed through. I had the honour to be invited to speak, and was very brief, as the Hall was wanted for another purpose. The Government of India and the Imperial Government are at one in their condemnation of South African proceedings, but both seem to feel helpless before the "self-governing Colony". England gave self-government to the Boers with a haste which has caused much trouble, and the Boers are creating a deep, widespread, and most righteous, anger in India. If England would give to India what she has given to South Africa, India would very quickly settle the question for herself. If the Colonies,

with their narrow prejudices, are to rule the Empire, only one way of safe-guarding that Empire remains: give to India her own Parliament, and she will be a liberalising element in the Empire, saving it from the bourgeois prejudices of the Colonies, and instead of being the sentimentalised-over "jewel," she will become its strongest bulwark. It is noteworthy that the House of Lords—to which statesmanship has retreated—was the House to lift up its voice for the Indians.

I cannot reconcile myself to the extraordinary latitude permitted to counsel in the lower Courts of this country in the matter of cross-examination. In the High Courts the Judges do not, of course, permit irrelevancy and insult, but sharply check them. I was reading in the *Hindu* a case in which the Editor of the *Carlylean* was suing for defamation. I only know the Editor by some violent abuse of myself, so I am not speaking from any particular bias in his favour. But surely it is outrageous that a man should be questioned as to his religious belief in a libel suit unconcerned with it. "Are you a Theist?" The witness asks the meaning from the Vakil's standpoint. "Do you believe in a God—personal or impersonal?" "I believe in an impersonal God. I am an Entheist. I am not an Atheist. I am not a Theist in the sense in which Brahmos understand the word." (It will be understood that these are the Vakil's questions put into the mouth of the witness as answers, in the usual unjust way.) Surely the whole of this is most unfair, and is intended to create an atmosphere of prejudice which will hinder justice from being done.

Our Delhi Girls' School issues its tenth annual report, and, under the most effective and affectionate management of Miss Gmeiner and Miss Priest, its steady growth is maintained. Three hundred and six girls are now on the registers and many more would enter but there is no more accommodation available. Three girls went up for the Middle School Examination and all passed, two of them coming out first and second of the Delhi candidates. The Hon. Secretary, Rai Bahādur Sultan Singh, to whom the School owes so much, earnestly desires to raise it to a High School. May his wish be fulfilled.

* * *

The Vedic Mission, founded by Paṇḍit G. Kṛṣṇa Shāstri in 1909, seems likely to be a useful body; it is intended to circulate Hindū religious publications among the masses, and, generally, to strengthen Hindūism. One very important piece of work is being planned—the purification of the Brāhmaṇa priesthood. It is proposed to work through the Veda Pāthashālās of Southern India, usually situated near important temples, though with separate funds and management. "They teach," says the Paṇḍit, "the Vedas by rote and turn out characterless priests." The Vedic Mission proposes to utilise these schools, and to teach the boys "the cream of Samskr̥t and English literature, so that they may grow up into good citizens". The plan is a very good one, for the machinery is ready to hand; the Hindū Maths should help, instead of wasting their funds in supporting idle hangers-on. This is work which only Brāhmaṇas can do; I have often thought wistfully of the 'temple priests,' and the Brāhmaṇas who perform family ceremonies, and those who quarrel over the

pilgrims to holy places, but the reform and education of these *must* be wrought from within by Hindū hands. No foreigner, however sympathetic and well-meaning, can interfere without impertinence. I heartily wish Paṇḍit Kṛṣṇa Shāstri success in this gigantic, but most necessary task, and the more orthodox members of the T. S. should help him in every way if he visits their localities. Preparations for the work of the Mission began as long ago as 1882, and much devotion has been shown by its workers. We trust that it may go forward successfully and achieve its beneficent objects. Any subscriptions in aid of its publishing department or other activities should be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. T. S. Ramaswami Aiyar (Dubash, Messrs. Best & Co., Ltd.), Sea View, San Thomé, Madras, S.

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A new departure, pregnant with future good for India, and just mentioned above, was taken at Tanjore, where the Political, Social Reform, and Theosophical Conferences linked themselves as workers for the good of the Motherland, and the President of the Political Conference, the Hon. Mr. V. K. Ramanujacharya, a member of the Madras Legislative Council and the Chairman of the Kumbakonam Municipality, joined the Theosophical Society, and presided over the first meeting of its Conference. Mr. N. K. Ramaswami Aiyar, on behalf of the Theosophical Society, Mr. M. P. Doraiswamy Iyer, Secretary of the District Political Conference, and Mr. V. S. Visvanatha Iyer, Secretary of the District Social Conference, are the gentlemen who brought about this friendly co-operation, and the thanks of all parties are due to them. In the co-operation of all workers who love and serve the

Motherland lies the happiness and prosperity of the country, for only thus can a United India be builded. For the making of such union, uttermost tolerance of varied opinions must prevail.

Another noteworthy sign of progress is the fact that a Hindū Religious Conference at Neilore was presided over by a Hindū lady, Shrimati Susheela Bala Mitra, who delivered a very good presidential address. Mr. G. K. Harkare, of the Hampi Math, is the organiser of these Conferences, and is endeavouring to utilise the resources of the Math in religious and educational work.

It is interesting to notice in an American letter to the *Birmingham Gazette* a reference to my own statement about the new American type of the sixth sub-race. The writer says:

When I first heard this statement I was surprised, but my visit to New York considerably modified the astonishment. Not for a moment would one suggest that the average New York man comes under this category—far from it—but here and there, principally in the professional classes, one sees a face which Nietzsche might well have chosen for his Superman. The lofty brow, the firm, fine-lipped mouth, and the fearless, resolute eye, which characterise this type, indicate an almost entire subjugation of the senses by the intellect. Yet there is no lack of sympathy or kindness.

Yes, that is the type, very well described, and it is increasing in numbers; though, truly, it is not found as "the average New York man".

I see that Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox—a woman as charming in her personality as in her poems—speaks of herself quite openly as a Theosophist. "To me, Christ was a very dear and beautiful figure, and

when I became a Theosophist I saw that He was retained and made more real for religion." How many thoughtful people can say the same.

It is interesting to note that the use of colour in the treatment of disease, put forward many years ago by an Indian Theosophist in a crude form, has been taken up in the West and reduced to a definite system. Electric light, sent through variously coloured glasses, is the agent. I saw something of this in Europe in 1912, and it has now come over here. Dr. James Harris, L.M. & S., L.R.C.S. (Edinburgh) and M.D. (New York), Karuna Lodge, 2/27, Broadway, Madras, is the pioneer. Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri was suffering from a carbuncle and was told he must spend at least three weeks in hospital for an operation; he fortunately heard of Dr. Harris, and has been cured by him, only an absence from his office of two or three days having proved necessary. Other members have also received much benefit. How immense will be the gain if, as this treatment is perfected, the use of the knife is reduced. Is the surgery of the future to go along this line?

A journal in Marathi is to be issued by the Maratha T.S. Federation, and the usual application was made to the City Magistrate, Poona. In regard to security, he remarked: "In the case of a magazine of this kind, printed and published under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, there is no likelihood of its offending, therefore security is dispensed with." It is pleasant to find the experience I have myself had here repeated in Poona.

Mr. Graham Pole wished to see some of the great temples of southern India, and, at my request, one of my Hindu friends went with him, so that he might see them as a friend not as a globe-trotter. He had one experience of the way in which Indians are treated in their own country, and I am not sorry that he should see with his own eyes the kind of thing which goes on here; he will be able to speak of it on his return to England—I beg pardon, Britain. Both gentlemen were travelling first-class, and wished to stay the night at the Trichinopoly station; two beds in one room were available, and Mr. Pole naturally thought they could use them; certainly he might use one, but for the Indian gentleman, no. Remonstrance was unavailing; the European Station Master was obdurate, and he was probably not to blame, as he was bound by the Company's rules. "Even a Rājā had been refused." Of course Mr. Pole declined to stay, and the two men had to tramp off to the Dāk Bangalow, as there was no carriage, two miles off; that was full, and they had to search for a hotel, and finally found one by 11-30 P.M. The railway companies make their money out of Indians, and yet treat them in this scandalous way. All kinds of invidious distinctions are made, and petty insults are inflicted. Yet people wonder why the English are disliked!

(Concluded on p. 159)



THE MYSTERIES

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

A Lecture at Stockholm, June 14, 1913

MANY and diverse have been and are the religions of the past and the present, the religions living and dead. One great difference one perceives in looking back over the history of the older past and comparing it with the history of more modern days: in the ancient times one does not come across anything in history of the nature of persecution of faith by faith. You find that each religion has its own kingdom, its own area, over which it rules. You find that a nation has its own faith, and that that faith lives in amity with other faiths of neighbouring nations, unless it chanced that the

nations themselves were at war. You find in imperial Rome, for instance, that a great Pantheon was raised, in which the Gods of every nation within the Roman Empire found each his place and each his cult. There might sometimes be jealousies and envies, but there was no idea that one religion was to rule over every nation; but rather that each nation naturally had its own particular faith and that the people of the nation worshipped their national God.

You find, looking back to those days, that if there were any trouble with regard to religion, then the origin of the trouble was political rather than religious. To leave the religion of the nation was equivalent to treason to the State; and so now and again you may find a man attacked and banished because of a change of faith. But that was rather because he denied his fatherland than because there was any wrong in thinking along his own lines on a question of belief; and it is very noticeable that, in some of the most ancient faiths, it was held that, so far as intellectual acceptance of doctrine was concerned, the intellect might have free play, and there was no limit to the area over which the thought might extend.

On the other hand, in comparatively modern days, you find that religious persecution plays a great part in the history of rival faiths. You find many a missionary effort, many attempts to convert other peoples to a religion which is not the religion of their ancestors, and one not unnaturally demands: "Why this difference in the matter of tolerance between the ancient world and the comparatively modern? why has this idea arisen that all people should accept a particular presentment of truth, that they should not follow an ancestral faith,

but rather embrace one which is brought to them from other lands?"

And it is not without significance that the tendency to persecute in relation to religion is historically contemporaneous with the disappearance of the Mysteries from Europe. It was in connection with their gradual disappearance that you find arising the spectre of religious persecution, so that one is inclined to put the two phenomena side by side, and to ask whether there may not be a relation between the disappearance of the Mysteries and the appearance of persecution.

When we come to enquire as to the difference between the exoteric faith and the esoteric teaching, when we come to look into the faiths of the past and to study the Mysteries of the past, we find that the faiths were just as different in the older world as they are different in the modern; but we also find that in relation to every faith there were Mysteries established, to which the most learned of that faith belonged, and in which the teachers of that faith were trained. We find, as we study still further, that though the outer presentment of religious doctrines in the exoteric faith differed with the nation, with the temperament and the traditions of the people, the teaching which made the Knower, the teaching which educated the Mystic, the teaching which gave knowledge instead of belief and enabled a man with full certainty to declare: "I know the things of the superphysical worlds," we find that that teaching was everywhere one and the same, and that while the various exoteric faiths might differ, the inner heart of them, as found in the Mysteries, was the same. Just as you might, if you wandered round some great cathedral, see the light

pouring out from window after window, and through every window a different colour; as you might say, looking at that light streaming out through the glass: "The light in the temple is red," and another might cry: "The light in the temple is blue," and another would declare: "Nay, but the light is yellow," while another would asseverate that the light was purple; so with the exoteric religions of the world, each has its own colour, each has its own presentment, and those who only see the outer religion declare that the religions differ, and that the light of truth that comes through each is not one and the same.

But just as if you go within the cathedral, if you penetrate within the shrine, you see that one white light is there and that the difference of the colour is in the windows and not in the light, so do you see, when you enter into the Temple of the Mysteries, that truth is one though it may be presented in different fashions, and that though the colours of the faiths are various as the hues of the rainbow, inside the Temple of the Mysteries the white Light of Truth is one and the same. And it is, I think, because of that knowledge—which inasmuch as it is knowledge of facts cannot vary, while the language in which the facts are told will vary according to the speaker—it is because in all the ancient religions there was ever at the heart of them the Mysteries, giving the unity of truth and the unity of knowledge, it was because of that, that persecution for religious belief did not stain the older world; for the teachers knew there was the one truth, although the peoples might differ in their understanding of that truth veiled in garments of dogma, of ceremony, of varied presentment.

So one begins to think, if we are again in modern days to persuade the living religions of the world that they should form a Brotherhood and not a battlefield of warring creeds, that we must find a common place where all the religions may find their origin, where all the religions may find their teachers. We must hope and labour and aspire that that ancient institution of the Mysteries may once more be restored for the lighting and the helping of the world, and we must endeavour so to study and so to live that pupils may be found who shall draw down the Teachers from on high by the passion of their aspiration, by the purity of their lives, by the depth of their knowledge, who may thus show themselves worthy to be taught again by Men made perfect, to draw among themselves as Teachers Those who have knowledge more than the knowledge of men.

Let us think then what the Mysteries were in reality. Let us glance for a few moments at the phases through which they have passed, and let us ask whether in our modern days it be possible to find material out of which pupils can be found to be taught. Never in the higher worlds is there grudging in the giving of the truth; never from above comes the check which prevents the pouring out of knowledge over the world. It is here, here in our lower world, here in these minds of men resistant of truth which they find it difficult to grasp; it is in the challenging, constantly questioning mind of our modern days; it is here that lies the difficulty in the restoration of the Mysteries; it is here that the barriers have been built up which check the free flow of truth.

This is not to be regarded as though it were outside the great Plan of the King of Evolution. There is

naught outside that Plan; and if sometimes we think that things go ill, it is because our eyes are short-sighted, because we are not able to see the whole, and we judge only by a portion that we see. For in the great evolution of mankind, which lasts through millennium after millennium of our mortal time, in which days are tens of thousands of years, and in which a million years are but as yesterday to those great Minds that see over the whole of evolution; in the working out of such a Plan, in a gradual development of one stage after another, there is no stage which may be missed, there is no stage that is evil; each has its place in the long evolution, and the Architect who drew the Plan knows well the building that He is intending to erect.

It was necessary for human growth, necessary for the higher evolution of men, that there should be a period during which this mind of ours should develop the questioning, challenging, rebellious spirit without which it would not have conquered the knowledge of this lower world. It was well enough in days long gone by that child-nations should look up to divine Instructors, and obediently study the lessons given to them by those divine Men. But it was also well that the growing youth should develop the powers of manhood; and he could not have done it, had he always been kept in the leading-strings of Those greater than himself. So the time came when the Teachers said to the boy: "Go out, my son, into the world and find out for yourself what is the truth; develop within yourself the mind which is one aspect of the divine Spirit, and conquer by your own unaided strength the knowledge which the world can unveil before you; yours it is to conquer the lower world, yours it is to discover the laws of nature,

yours it is to find your way while the guide for the moment is hidden."

But just as the father who sends out his son into the world watches over him with tender love and is ever ready to help when advice is needed, so was it with the Fathers of the race, those Elder Brethren who had reached perfection before the younger had climbed the ladder of evolution. They have ever been watching although out of sight, withdrawn from physical vision but ever near and ready to help, and they have guided the nations as much through the times when Their forms were hidden, as They guided them when dwelling in the City of the Golden Gates of Atlantis, or in the White City of Shambala at the origins of our Aryan Race.

But the times are changed and with the changing times a changing method. It has been said, and rightly said, that evolution is not a ladder of ascent but rather a spiral that ever returns upon itself higher and higher as evolution climbs. So it is that the past becomes again the present, but the present on a higher level than the road that humanity in the past has trodden, and the times are approaching when the Mysteries shall again be restored to earth, for the pupils are preparing to-day, and when the pupil is ready, as the old saying runs, the Master appears.

Think then of the times when the Mysteries were established on our globe and realise what was their function and their work. The outer religion, the religion of law, of command, the religion that said "Thou shalt," or "Thou shalt not," that is the outer religion that guides a man to righteous conduct by an authority imposed upon him from without, by moral codes, by

laws of conduct which the man obeys oft-times without understanding their reason, obeys because a great Prophet has said so, because a Scripture has been written giving the precept, because a Church has proclaimed commandments, because a Tradition has declared: "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Such a line of instruction, such a moral code, such a system of laws, makes the good man; makes the man who is the worthy citizen of the State, the man who is the loving husband and father in the home, the man who is ever ready to work for his country, who is looked up to as one of character and of noble life. But that is not the highest. A wise man in days long gone by declared: "The law was a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ." A time comes in human evolution, when the work of the outer law is over because the law of the Spirit is unfolding from within, when the man no longer walks by an outer compulsion but by an inner direction; when the God within speaks, instead of the God without; and it is the function of the Mysteries to unfold the God within and to change man into the man made perfect, the man in whom the hidden God shines forth with manifested glory.

So we may read with reference to the Schools of Pythagoras that there were many who learned the outer teachings, who learned the civil and the social virtues, and so became the patterns of virtue that were the glory of ancient Greece." But that was only the outer court of the Temple; that was on the worldly side of the threshold of the Mysteries. For we read that there were other Schools, secret and hidden, into which those who had reached goodness might be admitted, and in which the good man was developed

into the God. That was the object of the Mysteries: to take the good man who had conquered all ordinary temptations, who had grown to a point where the world no longer either deceived or attracted, who had been able to develop within himself those essential virtues which are the bases on which everything else is to be erected, to take that man, to let him step over the threshold into the Temple. There they instructed him how the God within might unfold his powers, and how his garments of matter might be constructed so as to be vehicles for the forces of God instead of hindrances to those forces, as they are in the mass of the people in the world.

And then the man was taught, first of all, that he must purify the garments of matter that he was wearing, not only from the ordinary sins of men, not only from the ordinary passions of humankind, but that he must purify garment after garment of subtler and subtler matter, and learn to distinguish himself from the garments that clothed him, and consciously and deliberately to live in the house of matter of which he was the tenant and not the prisoner. For most men live as prisoners in the house of flesh that they wear. They know not that there is a key that can open the gates; they know not that the key is hidden within themselves and is not held by any one without. They think that death is the holder of the key, and that only when death comes with that key which unlocks the body can the Spirit arise free and immortal and know himself divine.

But in the Mysteries they were taught that the body was not a prison-house but only a dwelling-place; that the key could open the doors and man could walk forth at his will. So first they were taught by deep

and profound meditation to draw the life away from the outer garments, and for a time to fix it in the inner and subtler garments that the Spirit wears. They were taught to separate the coarser from the finer; they were taught to evolve the finer senses as nature has evolved the physical senses for us through endless ages of years; and they were taught that the real powers of sight and of hearing resided in the spiritual man and not in the bodies that he was wearing, that the bodies had to be shaped into organs for the spiritual powers, and that each body was a barrier until the Spirit had redeemed the matter and formed it for its own purposes and as an instrument for itself.

Those true Mysteries which still exist—those which are ruled by the great White Brotherhood, the only people who have the right to say: "Enter," or: "Thou art not yet ready to enter"—those true Mysteries have never been withdrawn from earth, but have ever existed in the hands of these Men made perfect who introduced Their neophytes into the realities of the higher worlds, and taught them consciously and deliberately to become familiar with those worlds of subtler matter, as the scientist of our days is beginning to become familiar with the physical world in which we live.

And to-day in those true Mysteries, when the doorway of Initiation is thrown open before the prepared pupil who has been led up to that gateway, the pupil passes out of the physical body, and is initiated first in the astral body, and is tested as to his knowledge how to deal with the powers of that world, how to use its influences for human service. When you read, as you sometimes do, of the tests of the Mysteries, the ordeals

of the Mysteries, realise that those are tests of knowledge and of power, not of the physical endurance which you read of in 'occult' stories, the passing through fire, through water, through all the elements here: those are but the first and early tests on the astral plane for the pupil; they are not the tests of the man who has to show that he can control the powers of nature, and that they own him as their ruler because he has gained the knowledge which alone is able to control. For in any world, go where you will, be it this mortal world of men or be it the highest world of Nirvāṇa, there is but one thing that gives power, and that is Knowledge. Knowledge enables men to rule and, as has been truly said, for the Spirit there is no veil in any kingdom of nature.

Therefore of old was the man who had to pass into the Temple of the Mysteries spoken of as the Gnostic, the Knower. And every Initiation means an extension of consciousness, an extension which is gained when one gate lies behind you; and the next gate only opens when the knowledge you have conquered enables you to turn the key in its lock. As you trace on, Initiation after Initiation, you find that in each one the pupil, the aspirant, the Initiate, is admitted to another and higher world, and shows that he is able to wield its powers, to use its influence, and always to seek one object and one alone, that he may become of greater service to his fellow-men and may help them who cannot help themselves to a swifter road of progress, to a shorter way to bliss. For the only justification of gaining knowledge is that you may use it for service; and Those who hold the keys of knowledge will only place them in the hands of anyone when that person has proved himself eager to

serve, and has mastered the desires of the lower self imprisoned in the bodies and surrendered himself to the will of the higher Self that knows no will but God's.

And as we look away from these high Mysteries that are, and that were known in the outer world of the past more than they are to-day, we find that there were many preparatory Schools, Mysteries of the less real kind, which gradually prepared the pupil for the higher Mysteries, and some of these still exist. There are occult Schools scattered over our world to-day, and all look up to the one White Brotherhood as that to which they aspire; they pass along many different lines which have been brought down from ancient times, different ways and different methods and different fashions of instruction, but all realise that they are preparing for the real Mysteries, those over which the great Hierarchy presides. And looking back into the past we find that there were many such secondary Mysteries known to exist, although the method of their teaching remains occult or hidden.

We find for instance that there was a stage in the evolution of religions, in which the pupils were no longer able at will to leave the outer body and go to the Temple of the Mysteries, where alone the higher Initiation should be given.

Some of you may know that in connection with the Egyptian pyramids there were chambers of Initiation which had no door, for no one might enter there who could not pass through the wall encircling the Temple; such needed no door through which to go, because he came in the subtler body into the presence of the Hierophants of these Mysteries. So in Ireland there are still left some towers which have puzzled

antiquarians because there is no way into them; there is no need for a door for the man who has learned to use the subtler bodies, for there is no wall that can exclude him, no door that can be locked against him, nothing that can keep him from going whither he will, nothing which this earth can erect in the way of barriers. So it was the fashion of these Mysteries of old, the grade below the real, just as in the real, that only those who could consciously use the higher bodies could be admitted that they might pass through to the great Way of Initiation.

But the time came when people could not do that of their own free will, and then another method was used. They were thrown into a mesmeric or hypnotic trance, touched with what was called in Greek antiquity the Thyrsus, a rod at first filled with living fire, the touch of which at once broke the links between the higher and the lower bodies, and set the Spirit free within its subtler vehicle in full consciousness of that higher life.

So you will find sometimes in ancient fresco or in ancient sculpture, a priest stands holding in his hand a rod and on the top of the rod a cone. It was a form of the Rod of Power which was used, and was passed along the spinal column up to where that enters the head; as the fiery rod passed up the spinal column the subtler body was drawn together and gradually followed the rising rod until, as it touched the head, the body passed out through the skull and then was set free to reach the subtler worlds. And a little later still that power has been lost, as the world is going on its downward way deeper and deeper into matter. Then only the astral vision is opened and the astral hearing, and living

pictures are shown in subtler matter, which image out the realities of the other worlds. No longer the subtler world is traversed, only a picture of that world is shown; but a living picture, giving much of knowledge, and even down to our own days that is a common way of teaching. When the living pictures made by the great Teachers are thus shown, we have past history reproduced; when the great work of building worlds is imaged in the subtler matter of the astral plane, the pupil studies these pictures as they unroll before him, and understands better than words could tell him the reality of that history of the past.

Then coming still lower down, as even this power was lost by those who were the Hierophants of the Mysteries, there came a stage that you may read of among the Greeks, when that which was to be taught was shown by acting, and not either in the worlds themselves or in the living pictures that imaged them out; when men were taught to act scenes which continued the lessons which had to be learned; when the astral world was shown as a dramatic scene; when the passions were imaged as animals, and when men clothed in animals' skins and wearing animal masks surrounded the candidate for the Mysteries, endeavoured to drive him back, and tried to terrify him. And if within him there was the germ of any vice remaining, then that inner traitor in the citadel of the mind answered to the threat without which was made by the actor who was acting the vice, and the man, terrified, seeing the vice figured as it were in an outer form, shrank back and dared not face his enemy, and so failed in his passage through this test which was to try the purity of the candidate.

So these Mysteries went on right into Christian days, and if you will read your early Christian books, read the writings of the Apostolic Fathers, trace them on from those who were the pupils of the Apostles themselves and through succeeding writers, read S. Clement of Alexandria, read the works of Origen so far as we have them, you will find in the early days of Christianity there were the Mysteries, the real Mysteries of Jesus. There were two lines of instruction; there were first the teachings of those who had been instructed, as both Origen and S. Clement write, by word of mouth, in the secret teachings given by the Christ while He lived and worked amongst men. You remember He said to His Apostles: "Unto you it is given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdom of God, but to others in parables." And the modern Church is content with the parables, and does not seem to feel the lack of the inner teachings which explain the Mysteries of God. And those which were received by tradition, handed down from mouth to ear by generation after generation of worthy and saintly men, those formed the first teachings in the Mysteries, the teachings, as Origen said, given in secret by Christ to His own disciples.

Then there were higher Mysteries, where not human but superhuman lips taught the secrets of the higher worlds, and you find S. Ignatius of Antioch—I think it is, or perhaps S. Irenæus—declaring that the Angels were the teachers in those early Christian Mysteries, superhuman beings who came to those who had been instructed in the knowledge handed down from mouth to ear, and who were worthy to receive that higher teaching, and to come into direct touch with those denizens of higher worlds. So was it also in

Greece and in Egypt, where those whom Christians call Angels, but whom the older religions spoke of as the Shining Ones, were the teachers and revealed the Mysteries of the higher worlds.

Christianity, as much as any other ancient faith, had Mysteries at the back of the outer religion. Men were baptised into the Christian Church, they passed onwards to the Communion, thus utilising the outer forms which the Christ had left for the helping of believers. But you may remember how S. Paul declared: "We speak wisdom among those who are perfect," declaring that he did not give the higher teaching to those whom he said, although baptised and communicating Christians, were only babes in Christ. All this passed away and yet not wholly, for ever the true Mysteries remained; but this difference there was at least in the western world: there was no open road to the Mysteries, there were no intermediate Schools in which men and women might be instructed—only traditions that such things were or had been; and only here and there was a man, who, having been taught personally and individually, grew strong enough to find his own way to those ever-existing Mysteries of the true Brotherhood of the Masters of the Wisdom. But here and there we still find groups of study. You may trace them through old and Middle Age literature, and one word I may give you as a key, for you will often come across it and perhaps not understand quite what it means. When you find among some old books a book which is called a Rosary, you have the name by which the secret books were marked out right through the Middle Ages, in which the alchemist and the astrologer and the searcher after secret wisdom wrote down in glyph and symbol the

truths that he knew but dared not openly teach. For we are coming to the days of persecution, when men dared not say the things they knew for fear the exoteric faith should crush them, and the carnal knowledge should destroy the spiritual truth. But still here and there a group is to be found, for never was the succession quite destroyed even upon the earth; but men did not know where to look, they searched far and wide and found not a teacher. For they who knew dreaded to communicate their knowledge, lest the pupil should only be a spy or a traitor, and should betray the Knowers to death. And you know the terrible tragedy of the Templars—they who had some knowledge of the hidden Mysteries—for under torture there were some who declared fragments of knowledge which were used to condemn. You remember how under torture it was declared more than once that when a Templar was initiated into the Mysteries he had to tread upon the Cross, and this was condemned as a sign of blasphemy, it was taken as a sign of unbelief. It was really the sign that the man relied upon the Cross to raise him up to knowledge, and if his feet for a moment were set upon it, it was in order that the Cross might rise with him upon it, and so carry him upwards to a purer air, where some of the lower Mysteries were revealed. And one way of symbolism, and one great body which has come down from those days of the disappearance of the Mysteries, though most of its brethren know not what they possess—they know symbols only but seldom know the reality which these symbols express to the wise—is the great Brotherhood of Freemasonry scattered over the world, who have kept in symbol what they have lost in knowledge, in order that they, in the days when knowledge

returns, may bear testimony that it has never entirely passed away from earth. And those who belong to that Brotherhood will understand what I mean when I say that the treading on the Cross was no outrage, but the entrance over the threshold of knowledge.

And we find as we look backwards that there was a day when Christian Rosenkreuz came from the East to Europe and founded the first open Rosicrucian Society. I call it 'open' because it is known to history, though foolish people think that it is myth and not history, forgetting that often myth and legend are the history of the great truth that lies behind. For he was a disciple of the Wisdom sent out by the Brotherhood to bring back the light of knowledge to Europe, and it was from that early Rosicrucian Society that the twelve brethren went out who brought back to Europe the bases of science, who brought alchemy and through that made chemistry possible, who taught astrology and so led on to astronomy, laying the bases of the modern knowledge. For real knowledge begins in the subtler and comes down to the denser world, and it does not begin in the denser and climb upwards to the subtler. And from that day began the re-dawn of science in Europe, and the possibility of knowledge gradually and slowly spreading. You can trace onwards Society after Society, all connected, though bearing different names, and ever teaching the same teachings—the preparation of Europe for the Restoration of the Mysteries in the wider and more effective fashion.

Then you come to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, where you have that mysterious Being the Comte de S. Germain, and where you find him working with our H. P. B., then a member of a great Austrian

family still known by the name of Zimsky. You see those two brethren, disciples of the great Lodge, working along hand-in-hand that Europe might grow in knowledge. Then you come to a barrier that was set; for they were trying to change things by knowledge, and the knowledge came into the hands of those not yet fitted to receive it, and the starvation of the people and the misery of the nations, the tyranny and the suffering and the corruption both in Church and State, those were too strong for the teachers who were endeavouring in the world to guide men to knowledge, and the great outburst of the French Revolution poured forth a stream of blood which prevented further teaching along the inner lines. But still to some, here and there, it came, until the day dawned when those same teachers, brethren of the past, began again their work. That which failed in the eighteenth century was begun in nineteenth, and the bases of the Theosophical Society were laid and worked for by them, one hidden—for He had passed over the threshold into Masterhood and no longer worked openly among men—and the other, that noble Russian woman, H. P. Blavatsky, to whom the Theosophical Society owed its foundation and still largely owes its life. Then began the preparation for the Restoration of the Mysteries. And then that Brother whom a Master spake of, "the Brother whom you know as H. P. B. but we otherwise," he began again, by making a preparatory School within the Society, to lay the foundation of the Mysteries which later will be fully restored in our midst.

For then again, for the first time since from Europe they disappeared, the open way was shown whereon men might walk, and this Theosophical

Society of ours, pointing to the Masters who founded it, pointing to the School made by Their messenger, shows the way along which the pupil may begin to walk, until he comes to the gateway of the true Mysteries; the way again is proclaimed and the Teachers are ready to teach.

Once more did the cry go out over the outer world which you may read in Hindū Scripture: "Awake, arise, seek the great Teachers and attend; for the road, it is said, is narrow and sharp as the edge of a razor." That cry has gone out again, and there are ears to hear, ears that are able to hear the call, lips ready to answer. So in our days and our time, in the many nations of this mortal world, pupils are being found, pupils are being trained, in order that gradually it may be possible to restore the Mysteries as they were in the past, the gateways to the true Mysteries of the Brotherhood.

There you have the inner side of this great movement to which you all belong; and if you look upon the outer world you will see that, in many ways and along many lines, forces are being sent out to prepare the minds of the people at large for a higher and a more spiritual view of life, for a deeper and therefore truer view of human nature. For do not think that the influence of the Masters is limited within the limit of our Theosophical Society; that is Their messenger to the world, the vessel that They have chosen, into which They have poured Their Life; but far over the world Their Life also extends; for just as you may gather together in a reservoir water which shall then be taken from the reservoir and sent far and wide among the people who need it, so it is with this Life; as the rain comes down from the clouds over the whole earth, and not only into the reservoir made to receive a store of waters, so does

the Masters' Life pour over the world at large, although concentrated here in the reservoir of the Theosophical Society.

It is our glory that we know how we are working; it is our privilege to be self-conscious co-operators in the working out of the Plan that the Masters are labouring to bring about successfully upon our earth. But we never dare to limit Them nor Their power, Their love nor Their compassion, and They can bring people whence They will, although an open way to-day is shown whereon surely They will be found.

And so, friends, I who have been bidden speak this word to all nations of the earth, speaking to you who are members of this Society that is Their servant in the lower world, I would say to you, that great are the possibilities that are being unveiled before you, great the avenues of progress which lie open before you to-day. It is true that you may come into the Society without any belief in the Masters of the Wisdom. It is true that you need not accept any doctrine, reincarnation, karma, or anything else, before you are admissible to the Society. That is true; but also it is true that those who know, those who are sent to do this work, those have a right to speak of what they know, and to repeat in the lower world what they have heard in the worlds beyond the physical.

And so it is that the road is open. The outer gate is wide and all who will may enter in. But to the Mysteries it is not so: strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto Life Eternal and few there be that find it. Few at present, but to be more and more numerous as years go on; few to-day, but to increase to many in the days to come.

For there are great forces pouring down upon our world; the gates of the heavenly world are open, and life and power pour down upon the world of men. Well is it for you that your karma has brought you to birth in these happy days; well for you to be in them; but a thousand-fold the better, if within you the intuition which is the voice of the Spirit speaks, so that you may answer to the call of the Masters and find your way to Their feet.

Annie Besant

PRISON WORK ON THEOSOPHICAL LINES

By B. POUSHKINE (PRINCESS GALITZINE), F. T. S.

A Paper read at the International Congress, Stockholm

THE Theosophical tenets are rather at variance with the current scientific views on criminality. Science regards it as an abnormal deviation from the highway of civilisation. It considers the criminal as a sort of unnatural excrescence on the bodies of civilised nations, that must be done away with by surgical or any other violent means. The 'whence and whither' of these excrescences, their meaning and intrinsic value, are obscure problems for the learned criminologist. He is like a looker-on, gazing at a weird and incomprehensible drama played on the stage by strange actors, altogether alien and repulsive to him. Such was the position of science till some two decades ago.

Lombroso was the first who tried to peep behind the scenes and to get a glimpse of the inner workings of the whole performance. Heredity is what he saw there, and, ever since, heredity is the word of rally of the criminologists; it is quite a rational and right one.

The only flaw in it is that science treats the question of heredity rather too superficially. It deals solely with defects of physical structure, with insufficient development of the brain, with definite tendencies

and physical taints inherited from alcohol-drinking and vicious parents. Theosophy goes further behind the scenes; it probes the deepest springs of human actions and declares that criminality is in no wise an abnormal phenomenon, but is a natural consequence of two powerful factors of life, involution and heredity—but heredity taken in a wider and deeper sense.

Let us consider first the bearing of the theory of involution and subsequent evolution on the problem of criminality. Involution is differentiation, the separation of the whole into many parts; the more man differentiates, the more he hedges himself in with a thorny belt of selfish passions, selfish desires, personal griefs and personal joys. Living only for his own self, and considering himself as the only centre round which circles his life, he naturally becomes greedy, grasping, violent, vindictive, quick to resent an offence and quick to return it. He strives to satisfy his cravings at any price, whatever it may cost his fellow-men. This leads him to crime, and we may safely venture to say that criminality is involution and individualisation brought to their ultimate expression.

I am far from presuming that hardened criminality is a stage through which all souls must necessarily pass. At this point intervenes a new regulating factor, already mentioned: heredity. But in the light of Theosophy it acquires a meaning infinitely more extensive than the handing down of mere physical propensities and particularities from parent to child. It has behind it an endless vista of centuries, includes heredity on all planes, and leads us right up to the primary source of human heredity—the mode of individualisation from the animal.

As we all know, there are two gates leading into the human realm: the gate of love and devotion and that of hate and fear. We may presume, without going very far astray, that men, individualised by hatred and fear, necessarily follow during the earlier part of their human career the impulse that has projected them out of the animal kingdom into the human, and this impulse must wear itself out before man can turn, so to say, round the corner of evolution. The ego accumulates bad karma on his way, and under the pressure of karmic law he takes birth from parents and in surroundings that may condition the degeneration of his lower vehicles and may drag him ever lower and lower, unless the man, by determined efforts of will, pulls himself out of these conditions. We have used a familiar word: karma. Heredity spells simply karma in its all-embracing and all-exhaustive meaning.

Thus Theosophical tenets, instead of putting the criminal outside the pale of normally developing humanity, allow him to step into his natural place in one of the lower stages of evolution, out of which it is our duty to help him as quickly as possible; the more so that we ourselves have established conditions of life and have set up vibrations that largely contribute to the sinking of the weaker individuals below the surface of civilised and law-abiding existence.

It follows from the aforesaid that the men and women entrusted with the physical and moral care of criminals ought to know and accept the doctrine of evolution, if they want to deal successfully with them. Western civilisation has made a sore tangle of the whole concern. But Theosophy is the lever that turns the current of life into new channels; it sets up new

ideals. The knowledge of Theosophy makes it incumbent upon us to descend with its torch into life's deepest strata, and to throw a light on problems insoluble for the purely materialistic mind.

In this respect the prisons offer an extensive field of work. The doctrines alone of reincarnation and karma would shatter to pieces the building of preconceived ideas erected during centuries by the keepers of the criminals and the prisoners themselves, and would revolutionise their respective attitudes. The officers would cease to consider the prisoner, and especially the old-timer, as an abnormal subject incapable of betterment, save in a few quite exceptional cases, and would look on him as on an entity moving from light to light through a desolate period of darkness and sin.

On the other hand the acceptance of the laws of reincarnation and karma by the criminals would explain away the problems of their incomprehensible life; instead of the sombre circle in which they deem themselves for ever enclosed, they would see stretching before them a broad avenue leading to a honourable life in the near future and to light and glory later on. Whoever has had to do with criminals knows that the 'why and wherefore' of their criminal state is tormenting them keenly. I have the testimony for it of an old-timer, a man over thirty, who has been acquainted with prisons from his thirteenth year upward. He writes: "If I only knew what *forces* me to commit crimes and to lower myself to the level of the meanest brute." It is the cry of a soul hungering for an explanation of his miserable existence, and a logical explanation of the cruelty of life would perhaps save him from further degradation.

Another fact, powerful in its influence on the criminal, is that of the existence of the higher ego in man. The prisoner, and especially the old-timer, considers himself a degraded creature, utterly unfit for anything good. He has lost all confidence in himself, and the idea that, in spite of his crimes and evil ways, God still dwells in him and patiently awaits the time of His resurrection, is quite a revelation to him. All his notions about himself are revolutionised and he gains hope—that best of supports.

I have read an inspiring book, which I earnestly ask every Theosophist to peruse: *After Prison—What?* by Mrs. Booth. She is the niece of the founder of the Salvation Army and was a leader of this movement in America, but she left the Salvation Army later on to consecrate herself entirely to prison work.

Here is what she writes:

I believe that in every human heart, however hardened or hopeless the exterior, there is some tender spot, if one know rightly how to touch it; some chord of sweetness that can be made to vibrate to the very harmony of heaven amid all the jangling discords of life; some little spark that by the breath of inspiration may be fanned into a flame and kindle the purifying fire.

Mrs. Booth is no Theosophist, but her intuition has guided her to the discovery of the higher ego in every man. She brings this message into the prisons, and her words: "I trust you; I trust the Good that is in you," have the effect of an electric shock on their inmates, and lift them out of the position of sullen and dogged despair.

She called for volunteers, willing to turn over a new leaf, and to strive towards good living and discipline, and she formed a League with simple rules laid down for observance. The members receive a badge: a white

button with a blue star on it, and the motto: "Look up and hope." The League once started, Mrs. Booth remained in constant touch with its members, visiting them personally, corresponding with them, taking care of their families.

In the fifteen years of the League's existence, over fifty thousand men have enrolled themselves in it. The results are, without controversy, brilliant. They are testified to by the staff of prison officers as well. The warders had not originally much faith in Mrs. Booth's enterprise and predicted her complete failure; but they had to change their mind after all, for, as one of them says: "The change it has made in the prison is amazing, and it has wrought miracles in many of the men."

A most necessary corollary of Mrs. Booth's work is the care she takes of her volunteers after their release. The hardest part of a man's punishment begins *after* he has left his prison. He is free, yes; but he drags chained to him a corpse—his dead past. The outer world meets the ex-convict sternly and coldly.

During his incarceration the old-timer has lost his friends, he is absolutely alone, weakened by prison life, bewildered by the rush of the street traffic—grown unfamiliar to him after many years of seclusion—with just money enough to carry him through the first two or three days, with no home to go to, no friendly face to welcome him back to freedom. It is the critical moment, when crime and vice lie in wait for their victim at every step, ready to seize him in their grip the minute his forlorn heart gives way to despair. Mrs. Booth has taken into account this psychological moment, and has sought to tide over it her 'boys' as she calls the members of her League. She has bought three farms

in different parts of America, and has turned them into homes for released prisoners. "No discrimination as to crimes is made in the welcoming of the guests; that is a matter of the past. The number of terms served, the nationality or the colour of the man makes no more difference than their creed."

What such a home means to them may be judged by the pathetic words of one of them: "The nearest approach to home I ever had was my time in the kitchen of one of the State prisons, where the officer was very kind to me."

And how many of them have never had even this miserable parody of a home!

Out of the six to seven thousand men who have availed themselves of the home, seventy-five *per cent.* have become honourable men, twenty *per cent.* have been lost sight of, and five *per cent.* have resumed the old life.

I must note as a very important feature that there is no sentimentality about the whole business; it is eminently practical, realistic work. The men must each and all themselves work out their own salvation. They are made to realise this very clearly. They see that they must fight their own battle, begin to rebuild their character; they are helped over rough places, but not carried over them.

I have roughly outlined the work done in America; now allow me to say a few words about my own experience in this direction in Russia, very small indeed as compared with that of Mrs. Booth, but still eloquently testifying to the desperate need felt amid the convicts for moral help and support.

Last summer I happened to spend a few weeks in the neighbourhood of a prison for grave offenders in the

south of Russia. Having never been inside one I sought to gain admittance to it—not precisely out of curiosity, for I had been several years interested in questions of criminality, but still without any definite idea of helping its inmates. Admittance was vouchsafed, and on a bright summer day I was shown all over the building and looked into the sorrowful countenances of all the two hundred and fifty prisoners. And only then did I realise what a wicked thing I was doing, and how heartless it was just to stroll in, in a moment of leisure, and have a look at the most miserable and degraded creatures on earth, and to parade before them one's own happy and free life. I saw that I could be excused for intruding upon their sorrow and shame, only if I brought them some help. My old dream of prison work on the lines of Mrs. Booth's Volunteer League revived, and I resolved to make an attempt in this direction. I laid my plan before the warder, and he fell in with it with the greatest readiness, and allowed me to address the prisoners.

I must confess that, when driving to the prison, I asked myself with some apprehension: "What words can I, a prosperous and fine lady, find that would touch the hearts of those miserable, hardened men, to whom I am an absolute stranger, and who see in me a being coming to them from the hateful world of rich and happy people, unacquainted with the brand of public shame?" The gulf seemed too great to be bridged over. But a few minutes later I saw how easy it was to get at their hearts.

Mrs. Booth says that an audience in prison is much like the audiences we meet in the free world, "save that their hearts are sore and sensitive and that that great shadow of suffering, the awful loss of liberty, has

brought anguish, despair and shame to quicken every feeling". I proved to the full the truth of this assertion. My audience responded to the lightest touch. I may add that, as a rule, it is easy to reach the soul of the Russian people. We are over and above all Mystics, and the lower the social class to which a Russian belongs the more is found this strain of Mysticism unalloyed by civilisation. I may mention a striking fact in confirmation of my words. The numerous religious sects in Russia are, with scarcely any exception, founded by men of the people, by simple peasants. Many of them are surpassingly beautiful in their spirituality, and are composed almost exclusively of peasants.

Well, this national feature allowed me to find a ready response in the hearts of my hearers. I spoke to the men thrice, for about three-quarters of an hour each time, and offered them to form a League, closely resembling that of Mrs. Booth.

I laid down four rules :

1. To pray morning and night ; to those who did not care for religion I proposed to think morning and night a kind and good thought, its value being, to my mind, equal to that of a prayer.
2. To refrain from using bad language—a veritable scourge of prison-life.
3. To observe faithfully the prison-rules.
4. To give each other whatever help they can.

One hundred and seven men rose from their benches in response to my appeal. Some twenty more joined later. With some seventy men I had private interviews. It was extraordinary how they trusted me, an utter stranger, confided to me their intimate family concerns and opened their sore and criminal hearts!

What the trust of those men means may be judged from the following sentences, written to me by an old-timer two months later :

It is our innermost conviction that only an outcast and a criminal, such as we are ourselves, can really pity us and suffer for us. If you can convince us of the reverse and make us trust you utterly, our League will expand and gain strength.

The population of the prison consisted at the time mostly of peasants, with a little sprinkling of more educated persons, and about a hundred Tatars. The latter were very much to be pitied. They were for the most part convicted of manslaughter, but they had committed murder in obedience to their own national law of bloody revenge, for the transgression of which they would themselves have been put to death by their elders. Thus they were the victims of two conflicting laws, and considered themselves innocent though punished.

They did not know a word of Russian and suffered terribly from the cold and the food—a sort of sour cabbage-soup—to which their organism could not adapt itself. Many of these die in prison of consumption.

I spoke to the men three times as aforesaid, and spent two days in private interviews. After that I had to return to Petersburg and did not come back any more to that part of Russia; but since my departure scarcely a day passes without my getting one, two, and sometimes four and five letters from my 'boys,' and in these short months I have gathered many precious human documents. The wish to escape from the old life is intense. I could quote by the hundred words testifying to the longing for a clean, unsoiled life. "Help me, save me, do not let me perish," is the habitual cry. Truly no weariness is so great as the weariness of sin.

All these months my sufferings were so keen, that I was ready to take my life, but it did not happen, because of

what you said to us. I am powerless to describe the influence your words exercised over me.

This comes from quite a young man—a rather striking case. He was sentenced to four years of imprisonment as a tramp, because he would not disclose his name. The law deals rather severely with such subjects, because they have, as a rule, some heavy crime on their conscience, not yet punished by justice. So it was with this young man. Murder was his crime, and he did not reveal his identity for fear of bringing shame on the heads of his old parents, who did not even know where he was and who thought him dead. On the day of the formation of the League, however, he decided to disclose his identity and his crime. He is being tried now and his trial is not yet over.

Your letter has had an extraordinary effect upon me. You, a stranger, have compassion on me and ask *me—me*, a professional thief—to become an honest man, and you promise even your moral support. All this is so new and so unexpected that I am at a loss what to answer. I have a plan that I was nursing and working out in my mind for the last five years. It is a criminal one, but now I give it up, *because you care*. Remember, at any rate, that whatever happens, I shall never lie to you.

The same man, a thief who has been many times in prison, has given away to poorer comrades all the money and the clothes that have been sent to him on the day of his release. Once he picked up a piece of gold that the warder had dropped without noticing it, and gave it back to him with a joyful smile: "I would never have done this before," he said.

The following is from men already released: "Only one thing I beg of you: trust me, believe that I will and shall tread the right path." "I have not forgotten and shall never forget my given word, but the struggle is

wellnigh too much for me, and I turn to you for help as to a friend and a sister."

And the struggle is, in truth, desperate. The Russian prisoner, if he is a grave offender, on leaving the place of his incarceration, is the most handicapped creature in the world. According to old laws not yet amended, he is deprived of civic rights, *i.e.*, he cannot get a situation in the service of the State, cannot have a trade, cannot enter a guild; for four years he must live only in small country-towns and villages, where life is dormant and it is difficult to earn a living; for the same number of years he remains under the supervision of the police and must put in an appearance every week at the police-station; and last, but not least, for four years he does not get his passport, that indispensable appendage of the Russian citizen, without which it is almost impossible to get a situation. The man is literally thrown out into the street, and needs no ordinary amount of courage and will-power to keep himself above water.

If you add to that, that the man comes out of prison in the bitter frost, often without a farthing and with scarcely any clothes on, is it a wonder that on the first night after his release he commits theft or even murder, in order to get a piece of bread or a coat?

Such are the outer difficulties of the released prisoners. The inner ones are graphically described by one of them in a letter:

I am between three fires: one of them is you. I have given you my word not to commit any more crimes; but how terribly difficult it is to keep it. The second fire is a woman, for whom I am ready to do anything, if only she were happy and contented; my old friends and comrades are the third fire. I was a model thief for many a year, but now they perceive a change in me and say; "You belong to us. Do not leave us.

Have we not suffered with you and rejoiced with you? Have you not spent with us your best years? Have we not shared with you everything we had? Do not go away from us into this other world? They cannot understand you and will deem themselves your benefactors. And your pride will suffer."

This struggle is not yet over. This man wanders restlessly all over Russia, in quest of peace, as he writes, and he cannot as yet say which of the three fires shall be the conqueror.

I cannot say much more about my work in prison. Karma has made me face it rather unexpectedly, and after the first steps it had to be carried on exclusively by correspondence. Moreover it is only nine months old, and many are the blunders that I have doubtless made; but nevertheless I have mustered courage to speak of it here, in the hope that some of my brothers and sisters, more equal to the task, may gain if only one grain of inspiration to start similar work in their countries, more wisely and successfully than I have done in mine.

Now, let us turn to ourselves, who are Theosophists, and consider what are the requirements we need in order to become useful workers in this field.

The chief quality, as far as I can see, is the feeling of unity, the intimate conviction that the Universe is an indissoluble whole and that the fiercest criminal, standing on the lowest step of evolution, is just as lawful and necessary a part of it as the perfect man, who has accomplished the cycle of evolution. We must have the definite feeling that *his* sin and shame are *our* sin and shame, not because we have created a civilisation and surroundings against which a weak will cannot successfully struggle, but because we have *de facto* committed the sin and have *de facto* covered ourselves

with shame in one part of our being. We are all *one* in the most practical and real sense of the word; all humanity undergoes the process of manifesting through and by itself the Heavenly Man; that is why we, each and all, take part in the performing of every act, be it a crime or a heroic deed. This Heavenly Man shall be manifested in all His perfection only when every part of Him shall be pure and luminous; and He cannot be perfect as long as a single part of Him, however minute, is soiled and dimmed. And so we can help the criminals only if, while looking into the eagerly listening faces, with sorrow and vice stamped on them, we feel every pang of pain as our own pain, every writhing of shame as our own shame, every criminal impulse as our own crime, not only in words, but in the innermost recesses of our being.

And Love also, gentle, wise and all-conquering, Love fiery, burning out the dross and purifying the gold, must be the motive power in this work.

Three sentences should be inscribed on our banner:

1. Remember that the sin and shame of the world are your sin and shame.—*Light on the Path*, by Mabel Collins.
2. While correcting another's fault, imagine yourself as having committed it.—*The Way of Service*, by G. S. Arundale.
3. Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry of pain, like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun. Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye.—*The Voice of the Silence*, by H. P. Blavatsky.

To conclude, let me plant the sign-posts of Theosophical prison work. The ideal would doubtless be for Theosophists to be entrusted with the management of prisons and reformatories, but we shall have to wait awhile till that becomes possible.¹ Just now I am

¹ Here in India we have a Theosophist as Governor of a large prison, and his reforming work and sympathy with his charges are well known.—Ed.

concerned only with immediate practical work. It may be summed up in the three following points:

1. The spreading amid the staff and the prisoners of the theories of evolution, reincarnation and karma.
2. The forming of Volunteer Leagues for self-amendment, based on the idea of the higher ego, and, as a necessary corollary to this work, the founding of homes for released prisoners.
3. The organising by competent persons of bands of invisible helpers for the giving of special help in prisons. The importance of this work is evident and needs no further explanation.

Let me hope that some of my brothers and sisters will shoulder this work. I have only just had a taste of it, but I can already testify that it needs the whole man; it drains the soul, and the heart may well be broken in the task. The anguish and struggle of those souls is a heavy burden to bear. Things cannot be done by halves. Only love freely lavished, confidence and trust ungrudgingly given, will call response from hearts that have never known the one or the other. "Look up and hope," is a motto valuable not only for the criminals themselves, but also for those who would bring them moral help and support.

Robust physical and astral health is also needed in order to stand the terrible vibrations whirling through the prisons. Mr. Jinarajadasa, in one of his beautiful papers, engages us to work with equal readiness and enthusiasm wherever the Master wants us, be it in heaven or in hell. Well, work in prison is decidedly work in hell, and in the worst hell that our earth can produce; but if it be the Master's wish to send thither any one of us, what matters all the rest?

B. Poushchine

THE PROBLEM OF AUTHORITY

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

MANY strong and earnest souls deprecate the use of authority in the Theosophical Society. They say that freedom must be preserved, forgetting that the very condition of all our lower freedom lies in our recognising and living within some phase of law.

Theosophists talk of the Law and use the term in the special, oriental, technical sense. What is the distinction between the Law and law or laws? It lies for us, obviously, in the fact that the Law is that universal limitation and compulsion in which all types of beings find freedom and outer support in any and all worlds and cycles of being. Can undeveloped men know this Law? Yes, but only in such measure as their development and their type of being make possible in the period and local environment in which they live. As they progress and grow they see and know more and more of the Law, until it can be seen and known in its completeness by the Perfect Man.

Now, the earlier leaders of our Society were given, and transmitted, a great and glorious view of the Law—that view which our Masters wished to express at that time. But times have changed and with their mutation the lessons, the views, of the Law have been changed.

We Theosophists must recognise that the Society, to maintain its life, must always be the channel through

which the world is to receive the new and changing expressions of the Law. We must be able to recognise the one chosen, appointed, by the Masters to be Their mouthpiece in this work. By this recognition our intuition is tested; by our failure to recognise that one as thus appointed and officiating we place ourselves outside the pale of further intuitional instruction of that kind.

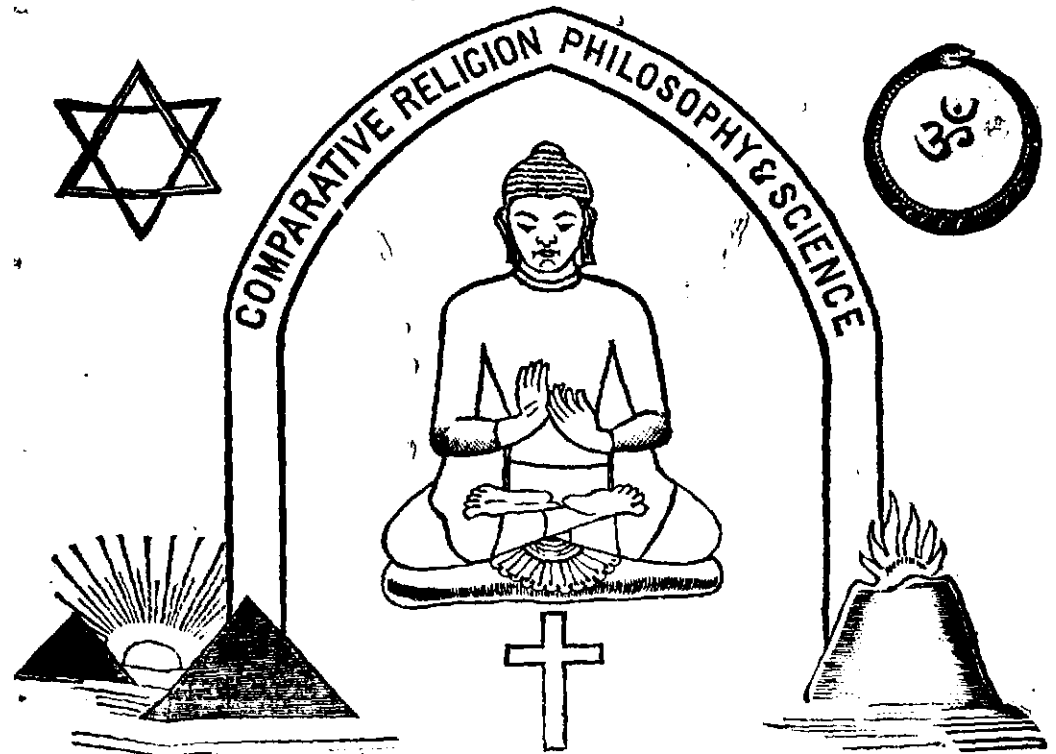
Now this is the rock on which our power is founded, and it is the rock on which are breaking some craft not wisely guided. Our lower philosophic natures revolt at the thought of authority over our very Spirits, resent the notion that that diviner part may not be wholly free. But consider. The first flights of the Spirit are apparently without limit and seemingly entirely free, because the ego has not yet developed power to reach and sensitiveness to feel the limits of its new-found home. Yet we know they are there, and that there are Those dwelling there eternally who fix and hold those bounds and set the rules of life within them.

The very Hierarchy itself, then, is subject to rule and to the orderly succession of authority. And men who aspire to serve the Masters must learn not action only, but subservience and obedience in action. But now comes the very *crux* of all. When, in going down the planes to the lowest material sub-plane, shall our obedience cease, and when shall we oppose our petty judgment to block the progress of this military law? Again the test of intuition: some say, so long as the feeling of agreement remains both strong and true; some say, when lower reason clearly is satisfied; some let their personal desires interfere; and those who feel

the Plan and Law most strongly will carry full obedience to the very physical plane.

The leader and the spokesman of our Society has explained these things carefully, and pleads for that obedience which means more for those that yield it than for Those that would exact it. For They have found those who are determined to find ways of obedience and Their holy work will be done. But those who will not earnestly seek the way, both without and within, must expect to find obstacles before the entrance to the Path and then a less swift ascent. To be sure these obstacles will be cleared away; those disobedient in our field of work will be allowed to serve in another field. And the goal at last will be reached, though we mourn the loss of time for them, and the lost co-operation that the period of the Christ-coming now so greatly needs.

Weller van Hook



CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM

By ARTHUR P. MADDOCKS, B. Sc.,
M. Inst. C. E., F. T. S.

STUDENTS of Theosophy are familiar with the idea of the successive waves of the Second Outpouring, and with the gradual development of consciousness by the monadic essence in the different grades of matter, beginning at the lowest, the mineral kingdom. The following notes indicate some of the recent lines of

thought and investigation as to the existence of consciousness in the vegetable kingdom.

In *The Hibbert Journal* for January 1913, there is an interesting article on modern philosophy by Professor Overstreet, of New York, entitled, 'The Democratic Conception of God'; in this Professor Overstreet speaks of the new thought, to which we are coming, that society is guided by the deep, subtle processes of mass-life, the ceaseless action and reaction of each and all. This new conception, he says, of society *making itself*, lifting itself through its very imperfections—through the struggle of these one with another—to planes of more effective realisation, must obviously have profound bearing upon the manner in which we shall view the processes of the total universe. He goes on to show how psychology has swept away the barriers between the human and the lower animal, and quotes A. Forel as stating (in *Ants and some other Insects*) that "the doctrine of evolution is quite as valid in the province of psychology as in the other provinces of organic life". Professor Overstreet continues:

Below the animal is the plant, below the plant is the so-called inorganic. Even now psychology is making groping advances into the region of plant-life (cf. A. Binet—*Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms*) with results that increasingly confirm our suspicion that the region of psychical activity extends below the so-called animal plane of life. We have rid ourselves of the notion of a difference in kind between the human and the lower animal; we are increasingly doing so as between the animal and the plant. The difference between those hitherto separated orders of life is now seen to be one of greater or less complexity in the power to vary reactions to stimuli. As we descend in the scale of life from the human to the lower animal, the power to vary reactions becomes increasingly limited; as we descend to the plant it becomes still more limited. In the *inorganic*, we seem to find a kind of substance that has no power whatever to vary its reactions; actions and reactions are always the same. And yet it is not inconceivable that the inorganic

may. . . . react to stimuli with such infinitesimal variations as. . . . to escape our detection. If this should prove to be true, then the inorganic is fundamentally the same in kind as the most advanced form of life. It is significant in this connection to note that many of the recent discoveries in chemistry and physics frankly cast suspicion upon the long-accepted tradition of the absolute invariability of inorganic matter.

Professor Chandra Bose, M. A., D. Sc., of Calcutta, whose investigations as to the response of so-called 'inorganic' matter to stimulus are well-known, has carried on a similar series of experiments on plants, and has obtained similar results. The facts are given in his book *Response in the Living and Non-Living*, and Mrs. Besant, who saw the experiments repeated in Dr. Bose's house, describes the results as follows, in *A Study in Consciousness* (p. 143):

A fresh piece of cabbage stalk, a fresh leaf or other vegetable body can be stimulated mechanically and will show curves (of electric responses) similar (to those obtained from muscle); it can be fatigued, excited, depressed, poisoned. There is something rather pathetic in seeing the way in which the tiny spot of light, which records the pulses in the plant, travels in ever weaker and weaker curves when the plant is under the influence of poison, falls into a final despairing straight line, and stops. The plant is dead. One feels as though a murder had been committed—as indeed it has.

Mrs. Besant, in the same book, next mentions some microscopical observations of Mr. Marcus Read, described in the *Pall Mall Magazine* of June 1902 in an article entitled 'Consciousness in Vegetable Matter'. Mr. Read observed symptoms as of fright when tissue was injured, and further saw that male and female cells, floating in the sap, became aware of each other's presence without contact—the circulation quickened, and they put out processes towards each other. Mrs. Besant also mentions some interesting confirmation of Professor Bose's observations, which arose

in the course of M. Jean Becquerel's study of the N-rays, communicated by him to the Paris Academy of Sciences. Flowers, like animals and metals, normally emit these rays, but under chloroform the emanation ceases. * Mrs. Besant explains that these N-rays are due to vibrations in the etheric double, causing waves in the surrounding ether. Chloroform expels the etheric double, and hence the waves cease.

A few examples of the sensitiveness of plants to stimuli may be of interest. Sensitiveness to *external* stimuli is termed Irritability by botanists, and sensitiveness to *internal* stimuli—Spontaneity. All plants are sensitive to the sun's rays, and move in response. The roots show sensitiveness to external stimuli, such as gravity, light, moisture and contact—growing *towards* the earth's centre, *away* from light, *towards* moisture, and curving at the tips when they come in contact with anything unsuited to their normal growth. The stems also possess sensitiveness to both external and internal stimuli, growing vertically *upwards* when strong enough and *towards* the light, and being often very sensitive to mechanical contact, this being particularly the case with tendrils. According to Darwin a perceptible curving of the tendril of one of the passion flowers takes place half a minute after the tip is lightly touched. When, therefore, such a tendril comes into contact with a support, it is enabled to attach itself very quickly.

Leaves show a high degree of irritability; they tend to place themselves horizontally under the influence of gravity and light; sensitiveness to contact is shown by leaf-tendrils, and other more obvious cases are the sensitive plant, the sundew and Venus' fly-trap.

The tentacles of the sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) when a fly alights upon one of them, all bend towards the centre of the leaf and entangle the insect; to drops of rain they are indifferent, to irritant particles they may respond by increased secretion, but when a midge or a small particle of nitrogenous food is placed upon them, they become marvellously active, entangling the insect and covering it with a digestive secretion. The sensitiveness is finer than our most delicate nerves or balances, for a sundew hair will respond to a millionth of a grain of stimulating nitrogenous matter.

The two halves of the broad blade of the leaf of Venus' fly-trap (*Ionæa Muscipula*) shut up like a rat-trap in eight or ten seconds when one of their six sensitive hairs is stimulated, and if an insect is caught in the trap, a profuse digestive secretion is exuded from the glands. When digestion is complete, the leaf re-opens. The delicacy of sensitiveness, the rapidity of movement and the copiousness of the digestive secretion are noteworthy, while it is also significant that Burdon Sanderson has detected electric currents similar to those observed in the neuro-muscular activity of animals, and he concludes that "the property by virtue of which the excitable structures of the leaf respond to stimulation is of the same nature as that possessed by the similarly endowed structures of animals".

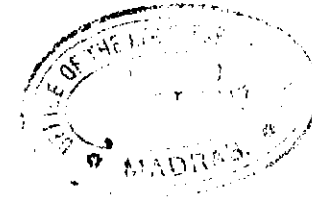
Spontaneity is specially marked in an Indian form, the Telegraph plant (*Desmodium gyrans*), the lateral leaflets of which are in a constant state of up and down movement, quite rapid enough to be visible with the naked eye.

Flowers often show irritability; barberry, for instance, possesses irritable stamens, which, when touched

by an insect which is trying to get nectar, spring suddenly inward, dusting the insect with pollen and frightening it away to another flower.

The leaves of the sensitive plant, which is one of the *Mimosa*, exhibit phenomena of irritability in their collapse when touched or shaken. Those leaves have a great number of small leaflets, the pairs of which close upward when touched. On repeated or rougher touching the leaflets of the neighbouring *pinnae* also close together and all the *pinnae* sink down, and at last the leaf-stalk itself sinks down and the whole leaf hangs as if withered. If the stem is shaken all the leaves exhibit the same phenomena. After a short time the leaf-stalk rises and the leaflets expand again.

Arthur P. Maddocks



HYMN TO DURGA

(From the *Siddheshvara Tantra*)

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR AVALON

THIS hymn is quoted in an MS. (dated 1729 A.D.) of the *Tārārahasyavṛttikā* in the possession of the Varendra Anusandhāna Samiṭi, copied for me by the kindness of S. Akshaya K. Maitra its Director. The *Tārārahasyavṛttikā*, otherwise called the *Vāsanātattvabodhini*, is a Tāntrik compilation by Shaṅkara the son of Kamalākara and the grandson of Lambodara, as appears from the colophon at the end of the last chapter (XV Patala) of another MS., dated 1526 Shaka (1604 A. D), in the possession of the same Society; the colophon runs thus:

Lambodarasya pautrena Kamalākara-sūnunā
Akāri Śhaṅkarenaishā vāsanātattvabodhini

The compilation is of great value as regards the worship of the Devī Tārā. The tenth chapter contains several hymns to the Goddess under this title. The hymn here translated is there placed after the Tārāpaj-jhāṭikā Stotra, which is variously ascribed to Shaṅkarāchārya and to the *Atharvanyopaniṣad*. Probably it has found its way into the MS. by mistake, seeing that the tenth Patala of the *Tārārahasyavṛttikā* otherwise deals only with the hymns of Tārā.

Durgā is the title of the great manifestation of Shakti in warrior form for the destruction of the demonic enemies of Devas and men. According to Chandī, the combined Tejas of all the Devas, like a mountain of fire, manifested as the Devī Durgā for the destruction of the Asura Mahisha. As will appear from the hymn, Durgā is invoked in all dangers. She is the Destroyer of distress. For Durgā is Sā yā durgatim harati (She who takes away misfortune). The Mother of the world, under this name, is worshipped in Bengal in the Mahāvratā known as the Durgā pūjā, which, it is said, will continue as long as the sun and moon endure.

DURGĀ

I

Salutation to Thee, O Shivā,¹
 Refuge of compassion;
 Obeisance to Thee, who art in the form of the Universe,²
 And pervadest the whole world;
 Salutation to Thee, whose Lotus Feet are adored of all,
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.³

II

Salutation to Thee, upon whom the whole world
 meditates.
 Obeisance to Thee, great Yoginī, who art knowledge
 itself.⁴
 Salutation, Salutation to Thee, the Ever-Blissful One,
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

¹ Feminine of Shiva, "the good".

² Vishvarūpe.

³ Namaste jagatārāṇi trāhi Durge; the refrain throughout.

⁴ Jñānarūpe

III

In want¹ am I and poor, with none to protect me;
 By the world oppressed, fearful and ever in grief;
 Thou art mine only refuge,
 O Devī,² the Deliverer.
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

IV

O Devī, Thou art the only refuge
 And the cause of our deliverance
 In the dangers of the ocean and battle-field,
 Amidst fires and formidable enemies
 At the King's Court,³
 In forests and along lonesome paths.
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

V

O Devī, Thou art the only refuge,
 Vessel of safety to those who drown in the ocean of
 dangers,
 So difficult to cross, so greatly formidable.
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

VI

Salutation to Thee, O Chandikā.⁴
 By Thy formidable play
 Destroyer of countless enemies of Ākhandala.⁵

¹ Lit. "thirsty", that is, in want.

² The meaning of the term Devī is prakāśhātmikā, or that which is by its nature Light and Manifestation.

³ As in claims, litigations, prosecutions and other like circumstances which may be fraught with peril.

⁴ The Devī is so called as the wrathful Victrix of all Demons.

⁵ Indra.

Thou art the only refuge
Who clearest away unnumbered obstacles.
Guard me, O Durgā.
Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

VII

Thou art worshipped as the One
Ever victorious,
Promulgator of all truth,¹
Immeasurable;
Though opposed to anger Thou subduest anger by
anger.²
Thou art the Nādis, Idā, Pingalā and Suṣhumpā.³
Guard me, O Durgā.
Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

VIII

Salutation to Thee, O Durgā of formidable voice,
Shivā,⁴ Sarasvatī,⁵ Arundhatī,⁶
Who hast never failed (those who worship Thee).
Sachī,⁷ Kālarātri,⁸ Saṭī,⁹
All power and manifestation.¹⁰
Guard me, O Durgā.
Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

¹ Saṭyavādini, *lit.* "speaker of the truth"; not in the sense in which it is said of man, but as the Teacher of all that is true; just as She is also the cause of all error.

² Jitakroḍhasakroḍhanakroḍha niṣṭhā.

That is: Her nature is opposed to anger, yet anger angers Her, so that She subdues it with Her anger. The Devī is not, niṣṭhā (addicted) to kroḍha (anger) and therefore subdues kroḍha; yet in so doing manifests kroḍha to signify that She is not kroḍha niṣṭhā. So it is said that war is a step to ensure peace.

³ The three channels (nādi) which go from the mūlāḍhāra to the twelve-petalled lotus below the Sahasrārāpaḍma, through which the Tāntrik Kundalinī Yoga takes place.

⁴ See Ante, verse 1.

⁵ The Goddess of speech and learning who is also Her daughter, as is Lakṣmī.

⁶ Wife of the Ṛṣhi Vasiṣṭha, celebrated for her devotion.

⁷ Indrāṇī, wife of Indra.

⁸ "Night of dissolution," for She is the Destroyer also.

⁹ Spouse of Shiva, daughter of Dakṣha, or She is the virtuous one.

¹⁰ Vibhūti, that is the power of Īshvara, or Aishvarya.

IX

Thou art the refuge
Of all Devas, Siddhas,¹ and Viḍyādhara,²
Munis³ and the best of men.
To all those who lie in sickness,
In peril at the King's Court,⁴
Or at the hands of robbers,
Thou art the Giver of shelter.
O Devī Durgā, be gracious to me.

X

PHALASHLOKA⁵

These eight verses⁶ which I have spoken
Will save from all dangers,
Whether they be recited thrice⁷ or but once daily.
By the mere reading of this Hymn is one freed from all
perils.
Whether on earth, in heaven, or in the nether world.
Of this there is no doubt.
Whoever having abandoned sin,
Reads either one or all the verses of this Hymn,
Attains to the Supreme Abode.
Who is there who, having read it, is not crowned with
success?
O Devī, briefly in this best of Hymns⁸
Have I sung Thy praises.

Arthur Avalon

¹ Devayoni of that name, possessors of siddhis, powers. As to the Viḍyādhara, see *Vahni Purāṇa, Kāshyapīyamsha*.

² Sages. A man is so called on account of his thinking. Mananāṭ muniruchyate. Mananam is that thought, investigation and discussion which marks the independent thinking mind.

³ See Ante, verse 4.

⁴ The usual terminal verse which recites the benefits to be got by recital of the Hymn.

⁵ *Sic.* The Ninth verse⁶ appears to be treated (as this one is) as phalashloka, or there is a mistake.

⁶ *Lit.* At the three Sandhyā, the daily rite performed at morn, at noon and even.

⁷ Śṭavarājā, that is "King of hymns". Much may be said of Her but here it is said in brief.

THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS

III

*Gurus Arjan, Har Gobind, Har Rai,
Har Kṛṣṇan, Teg Bahādur*

By DOROTHY FIELD

WITH the accession of Arjan to the Guruship of the Sikhs a marked change took place in the history of the religion. Hitherto, as we have seen, the spirit of the sect had been quietistic. Its founder, Nānak, had taught the value of true spirituality, of absolute unworldliness, and of sincerity in religious observance. He had protested against the vain ceremonialism of his day, and had tried to break down the barriers of the caste system. The three following Gurus, Aṅgad, Amār Dās and Rām Dās, had upheld these principles during a period of forty-three years. Up to this time—including the forty-nine years of Nānak's ministry—the Sikh precepts do not seem to have greatly offended the Muhammadans. On the other hand, the sacred writings show the influence of Muhammadanism very strongly, and were on the whole more offensive to the Hindūs on account of their attacks on the caste system. In reality the teaching was intended to be a reformation of both religions. During the rule of Arjan, however, these things began to change. The tolerant Emperor Akbar who, although himself a Mussalmān, had given lands and money to

the Sikhs and had received their Guru very favourably, died, and gave place to the more superstitious Jahangir. This, combined with the fact that the Guru possessed a very powerful personal enemy, was responsible for a change in the fortunes of the Sikhs. This enemy was a jealous brother. As we have seen, the founder of the Sikh sect passed over his sons and appointed his servant as his successor. Guru Aṅgad followed his example. Amār Dās—the third Guru—chose his son-in-law, and Rām Dās his youngest son Arjan. Jealousy began to spring up among the elder sons. In Arjan's case the jealous brother was a capable and highly ambitious man, whose vindictiveness haunted the Guru throughout his life and had a considerable hand in bringing him to his death.

During his ministry of twenty-five years, Guru Arjan collected his own hymns and those of his predecessors, and made of them a great volume which was thenceforth to be the Bible of the Sikhs. This labour was a very serious one, and no pains were spared to make the volume as complete and perfect as possible. It contained the services—mostly by Guru Nānak—that are recited by Sikhs in the early morning and at various times of the day, and the disciples were instructed to learn these by heart. The hymns contained protests against formality and hypocrisy in both Hindūism and Muhammadanism. As soon as it was compiled, complaints were made to Akbar—who was then still alive—of its unorthodoxy; but after reading some of it the Emperor declared that he was pleased with the teaching of the Guru, and offered him funds to assist his purpose. "Excepting love and devotion," he said, "I find nothing in this volume that

is not worthy of reverence." Soon after this Akbar died, and the enemies of the Guru repeated their objections to the sacred volume to the new Emperor Jahangir. Jahangir had a son named Khusro, who had been nominated by the late Emperor as his successor, and who therefore claimed the Panjab and other territory from his father, whom he held to be an impostor. Jahangir sent out an army against him, and the prince sought shelter with the Guru. Arjan at once recognised him as the young man who had visited him with Akbar in the days when that Muhammadan Emperor was so friendly to the Sikhs, and naturally enough assisted him with money and hospitality. This fact, together with the compilation of the *Granth Sahab*, gave the jealous brother of the Guru ample opportunity for attack. He knew well that Jahangir would be only too willing—under the guise of religious zeal—to punish the man who had befriended his rebellious son. Arjan was sent for and his hymns were read before the Emperor. He was commanded to pay a fine for his crime in giving hospitality to Khusro, and to erase everything in his hymns that was contrary to Muhammadan orthodoxy. Both of these commands the Guru refused to obey. He pleaded that his friendship for Khusro was merely a matter of personal loyalty, and had nothing to do with political rebellion. As for the *Granth Sahab*—that was God's word, and he was not entitled to alter one syllable of it. Upon this the Emperor ordered him to be imprisoned for his disobedience, and there he was subjected to terrible tortures. He was placed in a red-hot cauldron and burning sand was poured over him. He was only allowed respite in order that he might recover sufficiently to bear

further pain. He finally died, after being allowed to go forth and bathe in the sacred water. To the last he was absolutely fearless, refusing to alter one word of the Scriptures—a concession which would have saved his life. This martyrdom of the Sikh Guru had a great effect upon the position of the sect. Bitterness arose between Sikhs and Muhammadans, and as a matter of self-preservation the adherents of the younger faith began to show martial tendencies. As a matter of fact there had always been something of this spirit in them. A soldier who came to the second Guru for advice was encouraged in loyalty to his masters and was not bidden to lay down his arms. The fact, too, that Arjan, who was of fine physique and who possessed warlike ideals, was made Guru in preference to his more ascetic brother shows in what direction Sikhism was tending. Several of the Gurus watched wrestling matches, went to the chase, or practised arms. Incidentally, their doctrine regarding flesh-eating assisted them in their new rôle. Fine physique was in every way encouraged; unhealthy asceticism, exhausting pilgrimages—so potent a power for the spread of disease in India—and all excess, either religious or worldly, were barred by their tenets. Their outlook was sane and simple, their lives healthy and pure; mentally and physically they were well fitted to carry arms when necessary. Later, a new factor added to their warlike capabilities. By persecution they were driven into the hills, where their passionate loyalty to their cause, combined with every kind of healthy condition, turned them into the splendid race to which the English owed so much at Delhi. The turning-point in their development came with the martyrdom of Arjan, who ordered his son, when

succeeding him, to sit fully armed upon his throne. But long before his death, Arjan had instructed his soldiers thus: "He who practises martial exercises shall become fearless in the battlefield. The greatest merit of a soldier is not to show his back to the enemy. Fight for him whose salt thou hast eaten. Give thy life for thy Sovereign, and great shall be thy fame in both worlds."

Apart from giving a new impulse to the Sikh sect, Arjan did a great deal for the progress of the religion. In some ways he was the greatest of all the Gurus. He combined in an extraordinary degree physical strength and beauty with unflinching religious zeal, and also artistic merit of a high order. His hymns are by far the most numerous, and many of them the most beautiful, of any of the Gurus, and it must not be forgotten that he was responsible for the compilation of the *Granth Sahab*—this being the greatest labour of his life. He was Guru for twenty-five years, and during the whole of that time combined saintliness with remarkable wisdom and practical efficiency, possessing both clearness of insight and sanity of outlook. He was martyred in 1606, and his son Har Gobind took his place.

Har Gobind was thoroughly fitted to carry out his father's instructions. He understood the state of affairs perfectly. He originated no hostilities, but he made himself so strong that the Emperor was afraid of him. When the aged Bhai Budha presented him with a cord necklace and a fakir's hat he renounced them, saying that they were not suited to the altered condition of the Sikhs. "My cord necklace shall be my sword-belt," he said, "and my fakir's hat a turban with a royal aigrette." He then arrayed himself in martial style

with bow, quiver, arrows, shield and sword. So that, to quote the chronicler, "his splendour shone like the sun". Very soon Jahangir sent for him, assuring him that he was not responsible for the death of Arjan, and endeavouring to make peace. It seems that Jahangir was nervous and superstitious, and that though he suspected both the religious and political views of Har Gobind, he was anxious to remain on good terms with him. They got on so well, indeed—outwardly, at any rate—that they went hunting together: and it is recorded that Har Gobind saved the Emperor's life when he was attacked by a tiger. After awhile, however, the Guru's enemies, through the agency of an astrologer, contrived to have the Guru sent to a fort at Gwalior—ostensibly to pray for the Emperor, but where he remained for twelve years. During this time he preached to the imprisoned Rājās and meditated on the Name. Jahangir at last released him—the imprisoned Rājās at his request—and again instituted friendly relations. Not long after this the Emperor died and Shah Jehan took his place. The imperial forces soon contrived to quarrel with Har Gobind, and a battle took place at Amritsar, after which the Guru and his people retired to the margin of the Bais. Here he founded a city and a fort, and it is interesting to notice that a Muhammadan mosque was built as well as a Sikh temple—showing how little enmity the Gurus really bore to sincere Muhammadanism. At this point the Guru was again attacked, and entering the battle himself he fought magnificently and obtained a complete victory. Har Govind had at Court a friend named Wazir Khān, who constantly pleaded his cause with the Emperor. This was partly out of real concern for Shah Jehan, as well as from

friendship for the Guru. He told the Emperor how the Guru had caused a mosque to be built at his city, and for the time being this was productive of peace. But the jealousy of the imperial troops produced further friction. In all there were four battles, in which the Sikhs thoroughly succeeded in establishing their independence and their capability in warfare. Towards the end of his life Har Gobind appears to have become somewhat depressed by the continual hostility of the Muhammadans, and he instructed his son to retain two hundred thousand mounted soldiers as a precaution, though he must never begin a quarrel.

Har Gobind undoubtedly had much opposition to contend with, not only from foes but from friends, who thought that he should have maintained the quietistic sect that Nānak had originated. He did not compose hymns as the other Gurus had done, though when not engaged in warfare he worked miracles, and instructed his disciples. He saw that it was necessary to put the preservation of his sect first, and to show that the Sikhs had sufficient vitality to support their cause by force if need be. He held the Guruship for nearly thirty-eight years, and left as his successor his grandson Har Rai. It is said that at his death the sky appeared rose-red, and that soft singing was borne on cool, fragrant breezes. Hosts of saints and demi-gods came to receive him, and were heard to be singing: "Victory! Victory!" Gobind was borne on a beautiful bier, while the following hymn was sung:

He who knoweth God must always be happy,
And God will blend him with Himself.
He in whose heart God dwelleth is wealthy,
Of high family, honoured, and obtaineth salvation
during life.

Hail! hail! hail! a man hath come
By whose favour the whole world shall be saved.
The object of his coming was •
That through him the Name might be remembered.
He was saved himself and he saved the world:
To him, Nānak, I ever make obeisance.

Har Rai received the Guruship at the age of fourteen. The aged Bhai Budha—who had been present at all previous coronations—had died during the life of Har Gobind, and his son Bhai Bhani officiated in his place. Sometime after his accession the Emperor Shah Jehan, whose son was very ill, sent the following letter:

Thy predecessor, the holy Bābā Nānak, granted sovereignty to the Emperor Baber, the founder of my dynasty; Guru Angad was exceedingly well disposed to his son the Emperor Humayun; and Guru Amār Dās removed many difficulties from my grandfather Akbar's path. I regret that the same friendly relations did not subsist between Guru Har Gobind and myself, and that misunderstandings were caused by the interference of strangers. For this I was not to blame. My son Dara Shikoh is now very ill. His remedy is in thy hands. If thou give the myrobalan and the clove which are in thy store-house, and add to them thy prayers, thou wilt confer an abiding favour on me.

The Guru returned good for evil, did as requested, and Dara Shikoh was cured. This ensured peace for a considerable time, and Har Rai was at liberty to pursue his ministrations. When the Emperor himself became ill, Dara Shikoh intended to take the reins of government, but Aurangzeb, the third son, marched against him, put him to death, and imprisoned his aged father, with another son. The remaining brothers fled and Aurangzeb remained supreme. This fanatical and cruel Emperor then set forth on his famous attack on Hindūism; he destroyed temples, threw their images into the river, and sought to demolish all traces of Hindūism, everywhere building Muhammadan mosques. He then sent for the Guru, against whose orthodoxy complaints were

made. He wrote a peaceable letter, asking Har Rai to let bygones be bygones, and to come and see him. The Guru, however, suspected treachery; and he sent the Emperor a dream in which the murdered Dara Shikoh appeared throned in heaven whilst he, Aurangzeb, was an outcaste and pariah. The Emperor's superstitious dread increased, and he was determined to obtain the Guru at all costs. He sent him a highly flattering letter, which made the Sikhs hesitate. Har Rai, however, declared that he would never look upon the face of Aurangzeb, but Rām Rai his son craved leave to go in his stead. When this youth got to Court, however, he was tried before a meeting of Muhammadan priests. He had previously worked several miracles, which greatly astonished the Emperor, who was then determined to examine his orthodoxy. Before the meeting of priests Rām Rai's faithfulness gave way; when questioned as to certain of Nānak's words he so altered them that they were favourable to the Muhammadans. This greatly delighted the Emperor, who felt that he had secured a friend. Har Rai, however, hearing of his son's perfidy, refused to look upon his face again, and appointed Har Kṛṣhan—who was still a child—to the Guruship in his stead.

Har Rai held the Guruship for sixteen years, and had a more peaceable life than his grandfather. This was undoubtedly partly due to the fact that his son made friends with the Emperor—although the terms on which this was done would have ruined the cause of Sikhism if they had not been discountenanced.

Har Kṛṣhan, younger son of the seventh Guru, obtained office at the age of five years. Although so young he showed great spiritual zeal, and instructed his

Sikhs in their religion. The Emperor soon sent for the boy to Court in the hope that he and Rām Rai, quarrelling over the Guruship, might kill each other. Rām Rai was delighted at the idea of his brother's visit, for he thought that Har Kṛṣhan would be sure to offend the Emperor, and that then he himself would seize the Guruship. A very subtle letter was sent to Har Kṛṣhan, telling him that Sikhs in Delhi needed his presence and instruction. The new Guru had refused to look upon the face of Aurangzeb in obedience to his father, but he did not know how to meet this treacherous request. Finally he decided to go, but before he arrived in Delhi he was seized with small-pox and died (1664). He had only held the Guruship for three years, and was but eight when he died. There was no one present whom he could appoint as his successor, but he indicated that one would be found worthy in the village of Bābā Bakale.

Naturally enough, many disciples in the place named claimed the right to succeed Har Kṛṣhan. Twenty-two of these took offerings from the Sikhs, and greatly impoverished them in this way. Finally, however, a man named Teg Bahādur was found dwelling in silence and retirement. It was then remembered that he was the son of Har Gobind and Nānaki, and was thus great-uncle to Har Kṛṣhan, who had just died. Moreover a prophecy of Har Gobind's was recalled, in which he told his wife that Teg Bahādur should become a Guru, have great power, and sacrifice himself for the Sikh religion. Thus Teg Bahādur ascended the throne in his forty-third year, and was said to be the very image of Guru Nānak. Meanwhile the frenzy of Aurangzeb was increasing; he thought of the Emperor Akbar

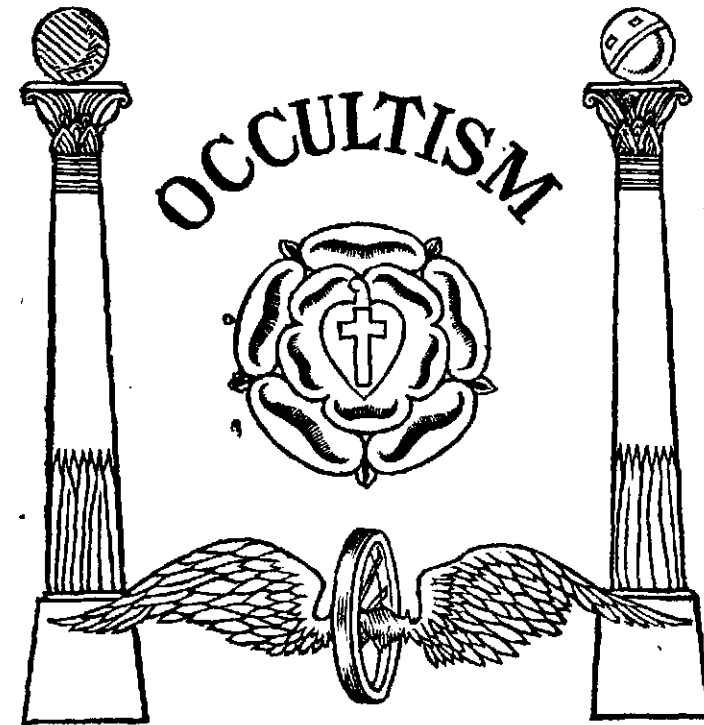
and of what he had done, and how in the end his greatness caused him to be proclaimed a God. Why should not he, Aurangzeb, do likewise? Thus thought the Emperor; and the Guru, perceiving his intentions, determined at last to sacrifice his life for the protection of the Hindūs, for the destruction of the Moghal Empire in India. This again shows the tolerance of the Sikh religion. Har Gobind built a mosque in his city, and the Guru Teg Bahādur showed the utmost sympathy for the Hindūs in their then state of oppression. It was not until this had reached a very serious pitch, however, that the Guru thought of sacrificing himself. At first he endeavoured to carry on his mission peaceably, and preached much against anger and the necessity for forgiveness. When he heard that Rām Rai was speaking against him at Court, he merely moved about from place to place to avoid hostilities if possible. He taught the emptiness of possessions and the vanity of wealth. He worked many miracles, and everywhere tried to inculcate simple faith in God and spirituality. He preached against tobacco, which he called a "vile vegetable," and, like his predecessors, endeavoured to build up health both of body and mind by moderation in all things. In this way he travelled about for some time, but everywhere he met with the bitter complaints of the Hindūs. Aurangzeb paused at nothing to force their conversion to Muhammadanism. The Emperor proceeded in the four traditional ways of Indian policy. He first made peaceable overtures, then offered bribes, then threatened punishment; and if all these failed he would try to cause dissension among the people themselves. After this he would resort to force pure and simple; he would destroy everything—even killing cows,

throwing their flesh into wells and obliging the Hindūs to drink the water. Not satisfied with this sacrilege he would drive the Hindūs to the mosque, and cause them to use prayers contrary to the tenets of their religion. At last Teg Bahādur sent a letter to the Emperor, telling him that he had a large number of followers dependent on him. If Aurangzeb could convert the Guru, then all his army and those dependent on him would also become Muhammadans. Thus Teg Bahādur hoped to divert the frenzy of Aurangzeb from the Hindūs to himself, and this he succeeded in doing only too well. The Emperor was delighted, and thought it would be quite easy with threats and bribes to convert the Sikh Prophet, and thus to make a real advance in his scheme. He sent for him and offered him wealth, land, and appointments, and anything else that he might desire; all he need do was to repeat the Muhammadan creed and prayers, and keep the fasts. The Guru replied that not only had God willed that there should be two religions—Hinduism and Muhammadanism—but that there should even be three; for he himself was an apostle of the new and purer faith, Sikhism. Upon this the Guru was imprisoned and subjected to terrible tortures. He wrote to his wife to have no fear, because the Turks should lose their sovereignty; and during his imprisonment a very significant event occurred, which bore out this remark. Teg Bahādur, from the top story of his prison, was seen looking in the direction of the imperial zenāna. Aurangzeb remonstrated with him; upon which the Guru replied: "Emperor Aurangzeb . . . I was not looking at thy private apartments or at thy queen's. I was looking in the direction of the Europeans, who are coming from beyond the seas to tear down thy pardas and destroy

thine Empire." These significant words afterwards became the battle-cry of the Sikhs at Delhi in 1857, when this prophecy was gloriously fulfilled. Such remarks as these did not tend to pacify the Emperor, who imprisoned the Guru in an iron cage with a sentry on each side with drawn sword. No tortures, threats or privations, however, moved Teg Bahādar, who was finally taken out of his cage and executed. At the last he repeated his prophecies against the Turks, telling them that he was digging up the roots of their religion by his death. He died in 1675—having held the Guruship for eleven years. He appointed his son, Gobind Rai—who sent him hymns when in prison—as his successor, ordering him to support as fine an army as possible. Immediately after the Guru's death the Emperor repented, and indeed it is said that he never really recovered his peace of mind; he was troubled with terrible dreams and visions, and unceasingly feared for the state of his Empire.

The new Guru vowed that he would make his Sikhs so strong that one of them should hold his ground against one hundred thousand others! The events which preceded the rule of Har Gobind—that is, the persecution and martyrdom of Arjan—were repeated with additional significance before the accession of Gobind Rai, and the consolidation of the genius of this last and greatest of the Gurus is responsible for the subsequent history of the Sikhs.

Dorothy Field



WHY NOT I?

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

MEN join the Theosophical Society for various reasons; some because they sympathise with its objects, some because they think they can learn something from it, some because they want to help the work it is doing. Whatever be their reasons, when they have grasped the principle of evolution, they are usually fired with enthusiasm for it. Seeing the possibility and the desirability of progress, they begin to be anxious to attain it; hearing how sadly the world needs helping,

they wish to enroll themselves in the noble army of martyrs who devote themselves to that stupendous but somewhat thankless task—thankless, because the world still stones its prophets, and the discomfort of the process is but little mitigated by the prospect that a wiser posterity will presently raise monuments to them.

When members have thus decided to hasten the process of their evolution, they enquire as to methods, teachers, helpers, and they soon hear from older students of the existence of the Brotherhood of Adepts, and of the fact that some of these Great Ones occasionally admit apprentices and instruct them in the work which has to be done. The aspirant feels that this is exactly what he would like, and he wishes to offer himself at once for such a position. But the older student explains to him that the offer must come from the other side—that all he can do is to make himself fit for such a post, and wait until the Master calls him.

When he further enquires as to the way in which he can make himself fit to be chosen, he is told that there is no mystery as to the qualifications required. They have been elaborately described in the sacred books of the ancients, they may be found in the teaching of every religion, and they are worked out minutely in modern Theosophical literature. It is easy to learn about them, but difficult to acquire them, and their practice seems out of touch with much that we find prominent in the life of the present day. History assures us that the thing has been done, but closer examination shows us that it has never been done exactly under existing conditions. Whenever in older times a man set himself definitely to live the higher life, he began by retiring to a cave or a habitation far

removed from the world of men. So long as he remained among his fellows he was supposed to be living the life of the householder, who might be, and ought to be, a thoroughly good and honest man, but was engaged in doing the work of the world on the physical plane and not aiming specially at occult development. He participated in that higher life by making it possible for others, by providing for the needs of those who were wholly devoting themselves to it.

Now the hermit who lives in a cave or the monk who confines himself to his cell no doubt resigns what are commonly called the pleasures of the world, but he provides himself with admirably appropriate conditions for the work which he is trying to do. He sees very little of his fellow-creatures; he has cast aside all responsibilities; he has nothing to worry or trouble him, nothing to make him angry. Such a life is possible only for men of a certain temperament; but for them it is ideal in its freedom. That, however, is not at all the method of development recommended to the Theosophical student; he is expected to acquire the qualifications while still mixing with his fellows and trying to help them. Usually he has his living to get; he is constantly meeting other men, who are sometimes pleasant and sometimes the reverse, but in any case bring with them their own vibrations, which are different from his own, and so disturbing. He has his anxieties, he has inevitably many things about which he must think, and under those conditions he cannot expect to make such rapid progress in occult development as a man who has nothing else to do. At the same time, he can in certain ways do more good than a hermit. He can set an example; he can show by his life

that it is possible to be in the world and yet not of the world.

One who desires to be accepted and taught by a Master should endeavour to understand exactly what the Master wants, and how the matter of receiving a man as an apprentice must envisage itself to Him. Every human being has a certain amount of spiritual strength, just as he has a certain amount of physical strength. Most men are ignorant of its very existence, and so let it lie dormant or fritter it away. A Master knows exactly how much force He has, and holds it to be His duty to use every ounce of it to the best advantage for the good of the world. It is that consideration, and that only, which determines whether He will or will not accept any person as an apprentice. There is no sort of favouritism about it. He does not take a person because he is recommended, or because he is the son of somebody who has been accepted before. Sometimes a student thinks:

"I know I am defective, but still I should like to be taught and helped; why should not the Master accept and teach us all?"

That is unreasonable, because to do that would not be a profitable investment of the Master's force. Any older student can teach a newcomer, and to ask the Master to do it would be like asking the Principal of a College or the Minister of Education of a country to teach an infant class. The Master is dealing with men *en masse*, in great blocks of thousands at a time, and in quite a different way; and we have to consider what is best for all, not for ourselves alone. It would be obviously unwise for the man who is Director of Education for a whole country to devote his time to teaching

one little child, or even twenty or thirty. If the Master sees a promising person, we may imagine Him making a calculation in His mind. We may with all reverence suppose that He would say to Himself:

"If I accept that man, I shall have to spend so many hours over him; during that time I could do a certain amount of the wider work for the world. But I think that when he has been brought to a certain point he will be able to do work which will in the long run more than counterbalance what I could do in the time spent over him, and meantime he can be used as a channel; therefore he is a good investment."

Acceptance depends solely upon the fitness of the candidate. It is by no means only a question of what he will be able to do some day in the future, but also of how far he can be used here and now. Take an example. In the course of His work a Master may wish to produce some physical result—to send out an etheric current perhaps—in a certain town. He is working on the spiritual or intuitional level; how can He most easily achieve that physical result?

Several methods are available. He can project His force to the required spot at the spiritual level, and then drive it down by main force through the intervening planes; but that will waste a great deal of energy in the process of distribution. He can call to some pupil at a distance, give him the force on the higher plane, and tell him to go astrally to the spot where it is needed, and then transfer it to the physical level. That would take less of the Master's energy, but would expend more than is necessary of the pupil's. But suppose the Master had in that town a good student who had brought himself into harmony with

the great work. He would utilise that man; He would pour the energy into him at the higher level, and use him as a channel for it, leaving to him the transmutation into physical-plane energy and the actual radiation of it in this lower world. The student as an ego would be conscious of the honour done to him, and would eagerly co-operate; but the personality in its physical brain might not know what was being done, though it would be sure to feel much uplifted and unexpectedly happy. When that feeling comes to the student, he may take it for granted that some blessing is being shed through him; when he wakes in the morning with a sensation of bliss and great content, he may know thereby that some good thing has been done through him.

It will be readily understood that a man who can often be used in that way is one whom the Master notices and is likely to draw nearer to Himself. Unfortunately men often allow themselves to get into a condition which makes them useless to the Master; then when He wants a channel in their neighbourhood, He looks at them and sees that they are not available, and so He chooses someone else to bear that blessing. It may be worth while to consider some of the reasons that make a student temporarily useless to the Master, and to try to understand why certain actions produce that particular result, so that we may avoid them.

First let us grasp the relation of our vehicles to one another. We speak and think of them as separate bodies, each functioning in a different world, and we are apt to forget how entirely they are also one. All matter is fundamentally the same matter; just as all

kinds of substances in the physical world are all built of absolutely identical physical atoms, and the only thing that differs is the arrangement of those atoms, so all kinds of matter on the different planes from the highest to the lowest are built of identical bubbles, and the only thing which is different is the arrangement of those bubbles. So there is a very real sense in which it may be said that all our bodies are really one complex body, the different parts of which are closely inter-related.

We may take an analogy from our physical vehicle. As we see it, it is a form of flesh, and has the appearance of being built only of solid matter; but we know quite well that it is thoroughly interpenetrated with liquid, so that the slightest prick in any part of it at once produces a drop of blood. The blood interpenetrates the body so thoroughly that if it were possible (which it is not) to remove all the solid matter and yet maintain the liquid in the same position, we should have a perfect outline of the body built up in blood alone. In the same way the body is interpenetrated by air and other gases; and we could conceive, if it were possible in some way instantaneously to freeze those gases, that we might have a perfect outline indicated by them. But all these different kinds of matter make one body, and it would be impossible to affect one of the kinds of matter which compose it without equally affecting the others also. All the vehicles of which we speak as the causal, mental, astral and physical bodies interpenetrate one another; so that it is impossible to affect one without thereby influencing all the rest.

If therefore a man desires to offer himself as a channel for the force of the Master, he must have all

these vehicles simultaneously in a calm and responsive condition ; and anything which disturbs such a condition in any one of them will be an obstacle in the way of the Master's work.

One of the commonest of these obstacles is worry. A man who allows himself to feel worried or anxious has his mental body in a condition of unrest which, to clairvoyant vision, gives it the appearance of the ocean when tossed by a tempest. Before a Master could use such a vehicle as a channel for His force, He would have to exert whatever amount of energy was needed to calm that troubled ocean and hold it absolutely still ; and that would be far more trouble for Him than to manipulate the force Himself ; so He will certainly choose some other way.

Another very common obstacle is selfishness. In a man whose thoughts are centred upon himself, all the forces are moving inward instead of outward. Before such a man could be of any use to the Master, it would be necessary that all those currents should be checked and reversed, that their life-long habit of inward flow should be eradicated, and a new habit of exactly opposite nature should be established. It is at once obvious that to attempt to utilise such a man cannot be a profitable speculation. What the Master wants is a person in whom all the forces are flowing outwards towards others. Then there is already a radiation going on, and when He throws His force in, it is easy for Him to strengthen that radiation. Another point is that, unless the man is absolutely primitive and unevolved, along with the selfishness there is always disturbance. The ego knows something about evolution and the laws which govern it, and therefore his will is always

favourable to progress, and so far as he is yet able to guide the personality he guides it in the direction of evolution. When the personality takes the bit between its teeth and runs away, it is always against his will ; but the reins by which he holds it are not yet as strong as they will be, and so if he pulls too hard he knows that they will break, which often makes the position very difficult for him. He must make the personality strong in order that effective progress may be possible for it ; and yet when it is strong it often uses its strength in directions which he does not approve. Thus wherever there is selfishness there is always at the heart of things a struggle, and that also makes it impossible for the Master to use a self-centred man.

Pride and conceit are forms of selfishness, and they also set the currents running inward instead of outward. A man who is conceited is never upon the watch for opportunities of usefulness, and so he often misses them. He is intent upon going his own way, and he is therefore not open to the influence from the Master which would set him moving in the opposite direction of helpfulness and service.

Irritability is another bar with which we frequently meet. Just as the mental body of the worried man is in a state of perpetual disturbance, so is the astral body of the irritable man. A healthy astral body should normally exhibit some four or five distinct rates of vibration corresponding to the nobler emotions, and it should show only those vortices which correspond to the principal centres in the physical vehicle ; but the irritable man often shows fifty, sixty or a hundred small vortices, each like an open sore in the centre of a little tract containing an assortment of all kinds of

unpleasant and undesirable colours. Through every one of these the man's force is escaping, and so he wearies himself and wastes strength unnecessarily, scattering round him unhealthy disturbing influences.

A man of this kind has no strength left to be employed in the Master's service; and even if a Master should exert the force necessary to reduce his chaos to order, any streams of energy which were sent out through him would be tainted by his ill-temper. I know well that for us, who are living in a century of savage hurry, it is difficult to avoid irritability; the haste and pressure of modern life cause great nervous suffering, which is apt to show itself in this very vice of chronic ill-temper. Just because people are overstrained they are often sensitive to things which in reality do not matter in the least, and should not be allowed to cause disturbance. Under such an influence a man allows himself to be troubled by what another says of him, or by some falsehood which is written about him in a newspaper—things which should not cause even a momentary annoyance to any man of a well-balanced and philosophical turn of mind.

Again, a man who frequently yields himself to depression is quite useless while under its influence. If we turn to the illustration of the astral body of a depressed person in *Man, Visible and Invisible*, we shall find that he has absolutely enclosed himself in a kind of cage. This cage would prevent the radiation of beneficent influences; and even if they were strong enough to break it, they would still carry parts of it with them, and would be polluted by it. Also, to break up such a cage in that violent manner would break up the astral body itself and cause serious harm. The

same thing is true of avarice, though the coloration of the cage is different.

Another difficulty which sometimes stands in the way is ambition. I do not say that ambition is a bad thing in the worldly life, so long as its objects are not unworthy. If a man be a doctor or a lawyer, it is well that he should have the ambition to be a clever doctor or lawyer, in order that he may be able to do as much good as possible for his fellow-creatures in the profession which he has chosen for himself. But if the man's mind is so filled with ambition that there is no room for any other thought, that would be a bar against his being used for the transmission of higher forces. One cannot think of it as a sin; but the fact remains that it implies the continued presence in the various vehicles of a certain vibration which will be out of harmony with any that the Master is likely to wish to send through.

Sensuality also is an absolute bar. It may be associated with actual wicked thought, or it may simply be a survival from the animal kingdom through which we have passed; in either case it creates a chronic disturbance and sets up a type of undulations which would be entirely inharmonious with any higher forces.

Those who desire to be ready for the Master's call must cast off these fetters; they must clear these difficulties out of the way. Though it is simple enough to understand what is required, it is not easy to do it. The mere study of Theosophy presents no serious difficulties; with a little assiduity one may obtain a mass of information about planes and sub-planes, about rings and rounds and planetary chains; but that is not enough. What is required is an attitude towards life—

an attitude of benevolent philosophic calm. I had an old nurse who, when anything went wrong, used to say:

"Don't mind; it will be all the same a hundred years hence."

And really, you know, if one thinks of it, that is true. If some sorrow or sickness comes, it is very hard for the moment, but think how you will look back upon it from the heaven-life. Someone says something nasty about you; a hundred years hence it will not matter what he said. Except to himself it does not matter even now; why should you worry yourself about it? It is the custom to grow angry if someone speaks ill of one; but it is a bad custom. It is the fashion to let the astral body be disturbed under such circumstances, but it is a silly fashion; why should we follow it? If a man has been so wicked as to speak unkindly and untruly, it is he who will suffer for the wrong he has done; why should we unnecessarily allow our astral bodies to cause us suffering also?

What *we* do to others—that matters much to us, because it involves our responsibility; but as to what others do to *us*, what happens to us in the way of fortune or misfortune from without, we may say quite coolly in the words of the Californian philosopher:

"Nothing matters much; most things don't matter at all."

We must become indifferent to praise and blame, yet keenly alert for any opportunity of being useful. We must regard everything from the platform of universal brotherhood, trying always to see the good in everybody and everything, because to look for and to emphasise the good is a sure way of intensifying its action and evoking more good.

The man who adopts that attitude will make progress, for he will have plenty of force to spare for good work. The ordinary man of the world wastes nearly all his force in personal feelings—in taking offence, in annoyance, in envy, in jealousy; and so he has little left for unselfish purposes. It is the man who forgets himself who will be remembered by the Master. When the Master sees that he has worked steadily and selflessly for some years, and seems likely to be steadfast, He may examine him with regard to his fitness for apprenticeship. A Master takes a fully-accepted pupil into such close relationship with Himself that the standard of fitness must necessarily be high; and that is why the probationary stage is often a long one. Before the Master can take a man as part of Himself, there must be in that man no thoughts and no feelings which the Master could not tolerate within Himself—not because of His disgust for them, but because they would interfere with the work. Sometimes a member says: "I am deeply in earnest, and anxious to serve; I have worked and studied for years; why does not the Master accept me?"

The only reply we can give is:

"My dear sir, *you* are the man who ought to know that. What quality have you within you which would hinder a Master in His work? Besides, the question is never why *should not* a Master accept a man, but why *should* He? What is there in the man which makes him worthy of so high an honour?"

But when, as I have said, a man has worked well for some years, when it seems reasonably certain that he will remain steadfast and loyal, it may be that one day a Master will say to one of His pupils:

"So-and-so is a good man; bring him to me to-night."

That means that the Master will accept him on probation, and will keep him closely under His eye. The average length of that probation is seven years, but it may be shortened or lengthened according to circumstances. It is well that on the physical plane the candidate should be near someone who is either an Initiate or an accepted pupil, for in that way he may learn much. Through such an one he may receive occasionally a rare encouraging word from the Master; the attitude and daily life of the older pupil may give him many a hint as to what his own should be. It is not often the doing of any one brilliant action that brings a man to the feet of the Master; the message comes usually to one who is working away and not thinking of it.

There are many different Masters, and some candidates find themselves drawn to one of these Great Ones, and some to another. It does not matter; all are members of the same Great Brotherhood and all are engaged in the same glorious work. Sometimes the strongest attraction of the candidate is to one of the more advanced pupils instead of to a Master—because the pupil, whom he has seen and knows, is more real to him than a Master whom he has not consciously met. That usually means that when that more advanced pupil becomes an Adept in some future life, the candidate will wish to be his pupil. But if such a candidate is fit for acceptance before his chosen teacher has taken the Initiation which enables him to accept him, that teacher's Master will accept the candidate provisionally, and look after him until such time as the pupil is able to take him in hand. Meantime the Master

will work upon him principally through the pupil whom he loves; and thus his teaching will come along the line of his strongest affection.

The Theosophical Society is drawing towards the end of its thirty-eighth year; and much fruit of its long labour is even already showing. The results of its work in the outer world are patent to all, but it has not been without certain inner results which are not so generally known. Through it a number of students have drawn near to the Great Brotherhood to which it owes its inception, and have proved for themselves the truth of the teaching which it has given to them. Of our great Founder, Madame Blavatsky, who endured so much of toil and suffering that she might bring the Light to us, it may be said that she has seen of the travail of her soul, and has been satisfied. Yet it seems to us that her crown should shine yet more gloriously—that even more of those who owe their progress to her should be treading the Path which she trod. The Gate stands open as of old; who will they be who shall qualify themselves to enter?

C. W. Leadbeater

HUMAN SALAMANDERS

By THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD

SOME few years ago I was at the fair at Freiburg in Baden, when I saw a man display his powers of resisting the action of fire. He would lay hold for a moment on a red-hot iron bar, and also lick the bar with his tongue. He brought up oil to the boiling point and gulped down a large soup-spoonful. Several of the doctors and surgeons of Freiburg examined the man, and avowed that they were unable to explain the phenomenon. Next year the fellow was again at the fair, but not as a salamander, but with a mechanical show representing a mine and the workmen engaged therein. I spoke to him and said that I was rejoiced to see that he had abandoned his tricks with fire. "It was only the swallowing of boiling oil which hurt me," he replied. "The doctors warned me that it would kill me in a few years. But—the people don't care for my bit of machinery—and I shall have to go back to salamandering again to earn a livelihood."

That by some means certain persons are comparatively immune, or can be made temporarily immune, to the action of fire seems fairly well established. The other day a gentleman, long resident in India, told me that this was the case with some of the Muhammadan fakirs or fanatics, and he mentioned the case of some six or seven of these men, who in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, many English officers and civilians,

walked barefooted over red-hot coals a length of some thirty feet, one of whom actually had on socks of cotton or wool, which were not even singed.

There are so many instances of ordeal by fire recorded in history, that were passed through with success that it seems impossible to put them all aside as fables. It would appear probable that some method was known to the clergy in mediæval times by which the hands that took up red-hot bars, or the feet that trod red-hot ploughshares could be made so as not to feel the force of the fire. In 1204, Nicholas, Bishop of Oslo in Norway, frankly informed a pretender to the throne who offered to undergo the ordeal to prove his right, that he and the clergy were able to make it turn out just as they chose. In the twelfth century it was known to lay-folk in Denmark that the hand could be rendered insensible to red-hot iron by means of some juice or ointment, and this is referred to in the laws of Scania. Indeed Albertus Magnus, who died in 1280, gives a receipt for the concoction of a salve to be smeared over the hands or feet which prevents their being injured by contact with red-hot iron.

The ordeal by fire was of pagan origin. Indeed, in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the guard that approach to announce to Cleon that the body of Polynices has been covered with earth, exclaim: "We are all ready to handle burning iron, to pass through flames, and to attest to the Gods that we are not guilty, nor accomplices in the crime, nor of him who conceived or executed it."

As the *Antigone* was first produced in the year 440 before the Christian era, this carries back the ordeal by fire to a very early date.

Among the Romans, the votaries of the Goddess Feronia, when filled with ecstasy, were wont to walk with bare feet over live coals, precisely as do the Muhammadan fanatics in India at the present day.

Enlightened men in many ages condemned it. The Lombard King Liutprand, A. D. 727, regretted that he was unable to forbid it, because the practice was too deeply rooted in the customs of his people for it to be possible for him to eradicate it. Charlemagne, who died in 814, did his utmost to abolish it. Archbishop Agobard of Lyons, who died in 840, called it pretty forcibly "a damnable opinion" that the truth could be thus attested.

In 1176, Magnus, son of King Eric Edmund of Denmark said of the fire ordeal: "The proof is untrustworthy and not always is there a miraculous interposition in it. Often enough it condemns the innocent and declares the guilty to be blameless."

Gregory of Tours (d. 594) mentions a case in which the arm and hand were oiled before immersion in boiling water, which was another form of the ordeal. That a mixture of oil and balsam was employed we know for certain, as Charlemagne in 809 condemned priests to lose a hand should they employ this in a case of ordeal. This test as to innocence by fire was condemned by several Popes: by Nicholas I in 867; Stephen VI in 886; Alexander II in 1070. Although disallowed by the Church, it was nevertheless practised. In 1247 it was made illegal in Norway at the demand of the Papal legate.

The manner in which the trial was made was this: The man who underwent it was required to fast for a certain number of days previous to attempting it. Then he was introduced into a church, and before

chosen witnesses a bar of red-hot iron was brought in. He then took oath that what he said was true, and appealed to the judgment of God. Thereupon he grasped the bar. The moment after, his hand was swathed in napkins, and not uncovered for a couple of days, when it was inspected.

Harald Gille established his claim to the throne of Norway by ordeal of fire in 1129. He was required to walk over seven red-hot ploughshares, and that before rival claimants. His hands were held by two bishops. Magnus—another claimant—said scoffingly: "He does not step very boldly on them." In 1135 the Bishop of Skavanger was accused to King Harald of appropriating some of the royal treasure. He demanded to prove his innocence by the ordeal of fire. But Harald, who probably knew by his own experience how much trickery entered into the test, refused to allow it; and hanged the bishop.

It was permissible for the accused to go through the ordeal by deputy. Remigius, Bishop of Dorchester, was charged before William the Conqueror of treason, in 1085, and one of his servants volunteered to undergo the test of carrying red-hot iron in his place to prove his innocence, and so saved his master. Louis, son of Louis the Germanic, marching against his uncle, the Emperor Charles the Bald, in 876, made ten of his attendants undergo the ordeal of boiling water, and ten more that of incandescent iron, and a third ten to go through that of cold water, to discover whether it were according to the will of heaven that he should engage in conflict with his uncle.

The trial by fire was more severe a test than that by red-hot iron, for it required the man to pass between

two great flaming bonfires. At the siege of Antioch by the Saracens in 1097, it was pretended that the sacred lance that pierced the Saviour's side had been found, and would lead to victory. Peter Bartholomew the 'inventor' of this relic offered to establish its authenticity by the fiery ordeal. Raimund d'Azilas, who witnessed the trial has accurately described it. The bonfire was fourteen feet long and left a passage through it of hardly more width than a man could pass. The piles of faggots were four feet high. Peter Bartholomew entered boldly into the fire, but came out beyond so severely burnt that he died two days later. Notwithstanding this, the sacred lance was held in high veneration, and is now preserved in the treasury at Vienna.

In like manner, in 1498, two friars volunteered to go through the same trial in witness to the heresy of Savanarola, but when it came to the point one of them backed out of his undertaking and then the other declined to enter the fire without his comrade.

The last instance of this description of ordeal occurred in 1703 among the Calvinistic insurgents of the Cevennes. Cavalier was then their leader; at their assemblies some fanatical prophets were wont to point out men whom they declared to be false brethren. These men, without any form of trial or investigation, were at once led aside and shot.

On one of these occasions, a prophet, Clary, pointed out two as traitors and demanded their execution. Cavalier had them bound, but a good many of those present murmured and expressed doubts. Clary, who was in a condition of delirious excitement, cried out: "O men of little faith! Do ye doubt my power? I will that ye light a great fire, and I will carry my son unhurt

through the flames." Accordingly a bonfire was made. An eye-witness describes what followed:

Clary wore a white smock, and he planted himself in the midst of the faggots, standing upright and having his hands raised above his head. He was still agitated, and spoke by inspiration. Some told me that he himself set the pile on fire by merely touching it—a miracle I often observed, especially when one cried *A sac! a sac!* against the temples of Babylon (the churches). The wife of Clary, and his father-in-law and sisters were there, his wife crying loudly. Clary did not leave the fire till the wood was completely consumed, and no more flames arose. The Spirit did not leave him all the while, for about a quarter of an hour. He spoke with convulsive movements of the breast and great sobs. I was one of the first to embrace Clary and examine his clothing and hair, which the flames had respected, even to having left no trace on them. His wife and kinsfolk were in raptures, and all the assembly praised and glorified God for the miracle. I saw and heard these things.

Here we have distinct and emphatic statements by an eye-witness, that Clary remained for a quarter of an hour standing in the fire; and that the fire had no power upon him or his garments. This seems precise and conclusive. But another contemporary gives the story a different complexion. He says:

This incident made a great noise in the province; it was attested in its main features by a great many witnesses, but the information I obtained on the spot went to establish three points: 1. Clary did *not* remain in the midst of the fire. 2. He dashed through it twice. 3. He was badly burnt in the neck and arms, and was constrained to be taken to Pierredon to have his wounds attended to. The Brigadier Montbonnaux, an intimate friend of Clary, and one who lived with him long after the event, confirmed all these three points, but nevertheless considered that he would have been more seriously injured but for miraculous intervention.

This is instructive. It shows us how chary we should be in receiving evidence from those who see what they wish and expect to see.

There is a German poem of the thirteenth or fourteenth century to this effect: A wife assures her husband that no wife can love as she loves him, and

when he tells her that his devotion to her is as warm, she desires him to prove it by the ordeal of red-hot iron. He fills his sleeve with bran, and when about to grasp the red-hot bar lets the bran slip down into his palm. In E. Sullivan's *Beaten Paths from Boulogne to Babelmandele* (1855), he tells how that at Aden when calling for a red-hot coal wherewith to light his cigar, "a waiter, as black as Erebus, held one in his hand without flinching whilst I lighted my cigar".

On the whole, it would appear that there is no reason for supposing that any person can be immune from the effects of an enveloping fire, but that there does exist a certain amount of evidence that hands and feet can be rendered capable of resisting fire for a limited period. Indeed, the ordeal of handling and treading on red-hot iron could not have been continued to be practised through many centuries, if in every case those subjected to it had been burnt. And it is a suspicious fact that almost invariably those passed through the ordeal, whom the clergy conducting the trial desired should succeed.

S. Baring-Gould

PREVISION

By C. SHUDDMAGEN, PH. D., F. T. S.

A VERY interesting and at the same time most important subject is that of prevision of future events. This again is closely interrelated with the seat of causal influences and the time they take in their outworking. It is necessary to consider how these were brought to bear on the motions of matter of the various planes and sub-planes when these were being formed. In studying any of the phenomena of life we are constantly in a state of wonder at the marvellous mechanisms which have been constructed to respond to very slight forces with actions in which sometimes enormous forces and energies are involved. There is in this respect a great similarity between living organisms and our modern complex machinery. Consider a battleship ready for action. It is a ponderous mass of steel quietly resting on the water; everything about it suggests inertia and helplessness. But at the word of command of the captain, the huge mass moves swiftly through the water and the great guns hurl out tremendous energies. It is evident that the enormous energies involved were but lightly balanced and held under safe control, so that a very little additional energy directed in the right channels caused the loosing and sending forth of energies infinitely greater. These enormous

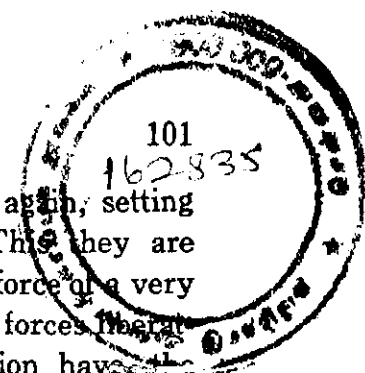
energies were stored up and carefully adjusted in their proper places for long periods of time, by many intelligences at widely varying stages of evolution.

This striking example is an exaggerated illustration of what takes place in Nature. Many hosts of entities and semi-intelligent forces of Nature are continually collecting and combining the finer energies of higher planes and sub-planes, locking them up in forms which belong to lower sub-planes. In this way the active energies of higher planes are finally brought down to lower ones and there rendered latent to a very considerable extent. Then entities, higher in evolution, frequently take upon themselves the work of unlocking these latent energies and releasing them, thereby assuming great kârmic responsibility with regard to the actions which are brought about in the transformation of energies. For instance the coal whose burning causes the battleship to move represents energies which once radiated out from the sun in the form of light and heat, therefore constituting energies of the etheric sub-planes. These were rendered latent in the process of chemical action taking place in the life-processes of the gigantic trees of many ages ago, and thus finally became latent, locked in the mineral coal. And in modern centuries these energies are being ruthlessly, recklessly, and often wastefully set free at higher levels in driving our huge machinery.

The point which should be noted is that, in general, it is the function of the lower entities and semi-intelligent forces of Nature to bring down energies to lower planes and lock them up there in various forms, thus building the objects of the lower planes. The higher entities have charge, consciously or unconsciously, of

the work of unlocking these energies again, setting them free mostly at higher levels. Thus they are usually able to do by the use of energy or force of a very much smaller order than the energies or forces liberated. Thus the higher entities in evolution have the power and responsibility of directing the transformation of vast quantities of energies by the intelligent use of almost infinitesimal energies. This again shows how the determinism of the lower planes is determined by higher forces up to that of intelligent Will and forces higher still.

The next point to make clear is that all the vast determinism of lower planes must, long kalpas ago, have been consciously trained for long ages of time by great hosts of beings of various grades, to act in certain ways predetermined by some high Being corresponding to the conception of a LOGOS. In other words Law had first to be established, and that through long ages of conscious effort. All about us we see evidences and illustrations of how habitual actions become fixed in Nature. We are told that we have learned to breathe involuntarily only by ages of conscious effort. It is generally recognised by scientists that matter has the fundamental property of inertia; that is, it opposes resistance to every change which is to be made upon its condition from the outside, and when once set in a certain motion it continues in that state even after the forces which had caused the change have been withdrawn. Thus it requires considerable energy to start a railway train from rest, very little to keep it swiftly moving over a level track, and again a considerable amount to bring it to a stop. This same principle holds true for the smallest atoms and molecules as well as for large masses



of matter. In order that they might at this time be able to move in certain ways and respond in certain definite ways to some of the finer forces of Nature, it must have been necessary kalpas ago to have trained proto-matter to acquire certain powers of motion, to establish in it certain simple automatisms which have persisted and been added to and made more complex throughout the succeeding kalpas. In other words, the limitations of matter of higher planes in the formation of the matter of the lower planes must have been guided first along certain predetermined channels and then subjected to slow modifications ever after. It is thus clear that the reason matter acts "according to certain well-known laws, and other laws not yet recognised by science, is because of the automatisms which have been developed within it. And in these automatisms lies the secret of determinism, of karma on the lower planes. The undifferentiated life of the LOGOS was pressed down into limitations (matter and form) and taught to respond in certain ways to impulses of life or force from higher planes, thus setting up unconscious or semi-conscious automatisms. These were then ordered and grouped into larger and more complex units or organisms, and finally brought into consciousness of higher stages up to the self-consciousness of man. As these complex organisms developed they were taught to take care to a large extent of their own lower life activities until they had established many automatisms of a higher order, that is automatisms belonging to the larger, more inclusive organism, composed of many smaller ones.

Now self-consciousness is due to the light which comes from above, from the Monad. It is not that light

itself, but only its reflection in the lower planes. In other words there is an influence from the Monad on the ego in the personality, but the high consciousness of the Monad, which is not yet sufficiently developed to control its lower vehicles, is overpowered by the lower vibrations, and identifies itself with the lower consciousness. It is strong enough, however, to colour the lower consciousness and impart to it the feeling of "I am I," or self-consciousness, as also the innate feeling of immortality. Its perversion in the ego, its identification with the ego, leads to the various forms of egoism. True self-consciousness would really be only reached in human evolution when this identification of the influence from the Monad with the lower consciousness no longer takes place, when the Self in man recognises its independence of the lower self and strives to gain complete liberation from it, complete control over it.

It is clear that free-will and self-consciousness are closely related. Free-will is always exerted with accompanying self-consciousness, but the usual state of self-consciousness does not imply the use of free-will; the latter is a more active manifestation of the man, while self-consciousness is more passive.

Regarding the extent to which events on lower planes are determined for the future, it is a common practice of humanity to accept a certain degree of determinism, though usually not a complete one. For instance men act on the expectation that certain events will take place. If they do not take place, it is because their knowledge of the contributing causes was not complete. There was something of which they were ignorant which changed the course of events; if they had known of it they would have expected what

did happen. But a considerable allowance is always made if there are other persons involved whose complexity of development makes it difficult to predict what attitude they will take towards affairs and conditions, how they will act with regard to them.

These considerations are significant, for human nature has been formed, moulded and developed, by long experience with the laws of Nature and her facts. It may therefore be easily inferred that it is the extent of our knowledge of Nature and of the contributing causes which determines our ability to predict future events. If we can obtain a clear view of the actions going on in any plane of Nature then we have at hand the data from which we could calculate, if we had sufficient knowledge, just what would take place, again barring influences which come from higher planes. To obtain this clear view it would be necessary to have gained the powers of consciousness on a plane higher than the one in which the future events are to be studied. All the motions concerned with the events in question could then be seen, and also all the causes from higher planes which had become sufficiently materialised to appear in the lower plane. The materialising of causes means simply the transferring of energies (vibrations in matter) of the higher planes to energies of the lower plane; this is brought about by sympathetic vibrations, the sounding of the overtones in finer matter giving rise to vibrations of lower octaves, or the fundamental notes, in denser matter. However, even if the state of things is clearly before the clairvoyant observer, there remains always the possibility of causes showing forth in the lower plane at later times. These could only be brought under observation by successively rising to still

higher planes, when the motions of matter on the planes above the one in question, and which are to be causes influencing future events, could be observed and their future effects calculated. The higher the clairvoyant Occultist can go in consciousness the more reliable will his predictions become, and the further can he extend them into the distant future events he may see clearly in the minds of the various beings who are in charge of the evolutions of life and form in the lower worlds. As it seems likely that there is no upper limit to the subtler planes, or to the higher Beings who are guiding the evolutions below, there would always remain a certain element of uncertainty as to the future, even though it may be made infinitesimally small.

Here again comes in a curious law of being. A system of worlds in which all future events could be foreseen would surely become very monotonous to any human being. Much of the zest of living comes from the fact that man has an expectancy of what will happen, and that there is this curious, tantalising, yet delightful uncertainty about it all. On the other hand, if there could be no reasonable predicting of future events, no looking forward expectantly to the conditions of the days and years to come, then there could be no meaning in life, and man would be a mere machine, just as materialism, carried out to its logical conclusion, says he is. Only the element of uncertainty balanced by another one of certainty can impart meaning to life and interest to living.

In the light of the above discussion it may now be seen that the evolution of self-conscious beings is really a continuous journeying along an infinite line from the pole of uncertainty to that of certainty. Man learns

through many incarnations the laws of the lower planes in which he has being; he masters them by knowledge and obedience to the Law. While he is doing this his life on these lower planes has about it the element of uncertainty. When he has learned to use the forces of these planes and has mastered his lower bodies, then he has reached the state of certainty in those lower planes. He may then turn his attention more to the higher planes in which he has consciousness and become familiar with them and the higher forces which act on them. Thus he progressively masters sub-plane after sub-plane, and plane after plane, in ascending order, transforming uncertainty to certainty, ignorance to knowledge, weakness to power. Mastering a plane means gaining the power to look down upon its activities from a higher plane, and being able to direct one's actions in it in harmony with the Plan of the LOGOS. It means also to have the power to foresee the events to come to such extent as may be done from the higher planes in which consciousness has been firmly established.

It may be reverently regarded as a fact that the Solar LOGOS Himself is not fully omniscient and omnipotent. He is probably almost, or practically, omniscient and omnipotent in His own universe, for He has mastered the lower planes to the extent of being able to create them, having formed them out of the root-material belonging to the One Great LOGOS. But there must be some finer forces of the One Kosmic LOGOS sweeping through His universe of which He is not the master. These would affect the universe in subtle ways and introduce influences which in the course of world-periods would bring about results which are not to be foreseen. There must be kosmic planes in which the

Solar LOGOS is working out His wonderful higher evolution, where He is striving for fuller Self-consciousness and greater power of Self-expression, just as tiny man is doing the same thing in an infinitesimally smaller degree in the worlds of his evolving. This man need not think that the work of evolution is for him alone; all beings have their difficult work to accomplish in some sphere of consciousness and action. "As above, so below."

C. Shuddemagen

A man may get his food by begging, and the tasteless scraps he receives may be sufficient only for one meal; his bed may be the cold, hard ground: he may have no one to attend to him but himself, and age may have worn his clothes away to rags which are ready to fall to pieces. Alas! even then objects of the senses retain their hold on him.

Ignorance will lead the moth to fly into the flame of the candle, and the fish may nibble at a piece of meat fastened to a hook without being aware of the bait prepared for them; but we men who know thoroughly the many traps and snares that fortune has set for us nevertheless refuse to give up our desires. Ah, in what a forest of error do we wander!

The Satakas of Bhartrihari

AN OCCULT CENTRE IN ITALY

By MARGUERITE POLLARD, F. T. S.

THERE are cities in the world which seem to be centres of perennial life. Civilisations come and go, but always on the same spot there is a great centre of spiritual, intellectual or artistic life. This fact was noticed by Madame Blavatsky in a passage of *The Secret Doctrine*, where she says:

Tradition asserts, and archæology accepts, the truth of the legend, that there is more than one city now flourishing in India, which is built on several other cities, making thus a subterranean city of six or seven stories high. Delhi is one of them, Allahabad another; examples being found even in Europe e.g., in Florence, which is built on several defunct Etruscan and other cities.

The traveller in Italy is struck by the peculiar creative potency of the old Etruscan centres. The greatest mediæval towns of Italy, the towns that are most important at the present day, all lie within the limits of ancient Etruria, all stand upon the sites of cities built by the strange people who, in their worship and in their divinations, employed the most sacred and divine element—Fire.

The occult forces seem to have been specially potent at Florence. Etruscan remains are still to be seen at Fiesole, just above the City of Flowers, and in the fine museum of the town, but we know little of the glory of those ancient days. Rightly to estimate the

importance of the centre we must put ourselves back into the Florence of the Renaissance.

At the Renaissance, Florence was the great intellectual and artistic centre of Italy, the leader of the cultivated world. All that was greatest in art or literature in that age of artists and poets was the work of her sons. Most of the great men of the time were born within her walls; practically all came there to study and to absorb into themselves that strange creative potency which, even now, after all these centuries, may still be felt. Here the great Occultist and visionary artist, Dante was born, and would have lived and died had destiny so willed. None ever lamented exile more bitterly than he. Here Giovanni Boccaccio, an Occultist of another type and master of a totally different literary field, studied and lectured and wrote. Here too Giotto painted and built.

Hither came Georgius Gemisthos Plato, the Greek philosopher, magnificent in mind and body, to found an esoteric school, the Platonic Academy, and to hand on the ancient wisdom to eager disciples. Chief among these disciples was Marsilio Ficino, young and ardent, to whom Plato and the Master Gemisthos were as Gods. It was he who led the discussions in the loggia and in the little temple in the cloisters of the Badia at Fiesole; he who kept a lamp ever burning before Plato's bust. If Ficino was the chief chelā of the Master Gemisthos, there were other disciples of rare ability in the school, for the Greek philosopher gathered round him the flower of the genius of Italy. Of that famous company was Leon Battista Alberti, "architect, painter, author, mathematician, scholar, conversationalist, aristocrat, and friend of princes". Too many-sided to produce

much creative work, Alberti was immensely important as an influence, and the arts of architecture and painting owed much to his manuals and study of perspective. There is always something elusive about the artist who is also an Occultist; often he exists for posterity as the inspirer of a school. This is specially noticeable in the case of Leonardo da Vinci, traditionally among the Gods of Art, whose works are rapidly disappearing at the present day, but whose influence over the artists of his own age was profound. In the history of literature Alberti is important for his plea for the use of the vernacular instead of Latin, as had been customary until then in all literary works of importance, with a few remarkable exceptions. His physical accomplishments were no less extraordinary than his mental gifts. It is said that he could jump over a man standing upright, throw a coin on to the top of the highest tower, and ride the wildest of horses.

A no less remarkable member of the Academy was the fascinating Occultist and scholar, Pico della Mirandola. Pico's boyhood was spent in the study of philosophy, and in 1486, so sure was he of his intellectual position that he challenged the whole world to meet him in Rome to dispute with him in public upon nine hundred theses. But the Pope forbade the contest, fearing it would redound more to the credit of philosophy than to that of the Catholic orthodoxy of the period, for Pico was steeped in classical culture and aimed at a reconciliation between Christian and Pagan ideas. As many-sided as Alberti, Pico della Mirandola was an ideal Theosophist and Occultist. Everything he did was full of curious interest. He wrote commentaries on the Mosaic law, and amorous poetry; he

travelled far; he investigated the hidden laws of nature; he gave a practical example of his love of humanity by establishing a fund to provide for dowerless girls; and he revelled in the study of philosophy. He was great enough to appreciate the ideals of men as different as Lorenzo de Medici and Savonarola, and both claimed him as an intimate friend.

Two other illustrious members of the Platonic Academy were Luigi Pulci, the original epic poet, author of the *Morgante Maggiore*, and Agnolo Poliziano, author of *L'Orfeo*, of the epic poem *La Giostra*, and of a translation of the *Iliad* and various shorter poems.

Poliziano had the honour of being tutor to the sons of Lorenzo Il Magnifico (another member of the Academy), and the young Michelangelo, whom he influenced in the choice of the subject of his relieve of the battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs. One of his descriptive allegorical poems inspired Botticelli, also a disciple of the school, with ideas for his masterpieces, the 'Birth of Venus' and the 'Primavera'. Poliziano was remarkable for promptitude in action, for on the fatal day of the Pazzi conspiracy, when Giuliano de Medici was stabbed in the Duomo, Lorenzo would certainly have also been murdered had not Poliziano slammed the doors of the Sacristy in the face of his pursuers.

Such was the remarkable company of Occultists and artists who, under the instruction of the philosopher Gemisthos and the patronage of the Medici family, revolutionised the thought of Europe at the Renaissance, and rendered possible all the marvellous productions in art and literature that are the glory of the age. That Florence is still a powerful centre for creative artistic

activity is proved by the number of literary people who migrated thither in the last century. Much of the best work of Robert and Elizabeth Browning was produced there. Thither too for inspiration came Shelley and Landor, Hawthorne and Ruskin and many more. A place of inspiration it will always be as long as "the golden Arno" flows through the city, so beautiful with the domes of Brunelleschi and the Campanile of Giotto, with its myriad statues and paintings, and its memories of by-gone glorious days.

Marguerite Pollard

ATTEND THE MESSENGER!

The main thing is that the messenger is perhaps even now at your door—and to see that you are ready for his arrival:

A little child, a breath of air, an old man hobbling on crutches, a bee lighting on the page of your book—who knows whom He may send?

Some one diseased or dying, some friendless, outcast, criminal—

One whom it shall ruin your reputation to be seen with—yet see that you are ready for his arrival.

Likely whoever it is his coming will upset all your carefully laid plans;

Your most benevolent designs will likely have to be laid aside, and he will set you to some quite commonplace business, or perhaps of dubious character—

Or send you a long and solitary journey; perhaps he will bring you letters of trust to deliver—perhaps the prince himself will appear—

Yet see that you are ready for his arrival.

—EDWARD CARPENTER

THE DEATH CLOUD

A STORY OF 1922

By GEORGE C. WALLIS

THE first inkling of the danger came to me at dinner of the very day that I shall always remember as the happiest of my life.

It was a hot August day, the air tremulous with heat; a faint haze hid the river valley winding down towards the great city; Helen had made me let my work slide, so that I could read and talk to her whilst she swung in the hammock under the oaks. And that afternoon I had taken my courage in both hands and told her something that she knew quite well without telling.

What matter that Helen was the only daughter of Professor Rudman, chemist of world-wide repute; that I was only his private secretary? We were both young; we had seen much of each other; she was as dainty and sweet an English maid as you could find 'tween Thames and Tweed; and I was gifted with the bump of self-conceit.

I can see her now, as I saw her then, lying back in the hammock, her shapely head pillowed in the cup of her clasped hands, her dark hair contrasting vividly with the fairness of her skin and the fripperies of her white dress. Her grey eyes were laughing when I began

to speak of my love, but it was with the sheer joy of life, and not at me, I knew. I looked awkward, perhaps, but when I had said my say, she put out one hand to me and let me hold it, and there was something in her eyes that I liked better than the mirth that so often made them bright.

"I won't answer you to-day, Douglas," she said. "Let me have till to-morrow to think about it. What will father say? I know you are working for your degrees, and you will get them, but we are very young, you know."

"We shall never be younger," said I.

Well, the remainder of that afternoon was interesting, but it has nothing to do with the story I began to tell. Only, as Helen slipped away into the house, she whispered, quickly:

"I think you will be happier to-morrow, Douglas, than you have been to-day!"

I would have caught her and kissed her then, forestalling the march of time, but she was too elusive and escaped me. And to-morrow, when it came, was quite different from our expectations.

At dinner Professor Rudman was unusually talkative and didactic. He had mounted his favourite hobby-horse—of which we were both heartily tired—and was railing in set terms against what he called "the inordinate and iniquitous growth of cities". He roundly asserted that man was never meant to live in towns, herded in sombre streets, in "brick boxes with slate lids".

He said that city life destroyed individuality of mind and physique of body, kept man from knowledge of God and Nature, and made him a dependent being, a

slave of machinery. Civic life, he reiterated, was slowly eating away the virility of the race; in a few generations, living as we were doing, the country would be denuded of its remaining labourers, and humanity would be represented only by the pale-faced crowds of garishly-lit cities. And then would come to these degenerates, no longer vitalised by fresh draughts of human life from the open country, disaster and ruin, the break-down of civilisation. All the labour unrest we were suffering from, the chronic strikes that dislocated trade, were but the results of modern urban life.

"London, down there," he emphasised, with a wave of his hand towards the window, "is a gigantic cancer, eating out the life of our nation. The pulse of its activity, so often boasted of by the singers of progress, is but the throbbing of disease. The nation will never be well until it cuts out these cancers—until the great cities are destroyed."

We had heard the Professor voice these fierce sentiments many times, but I had never known him quite so fervent, never seen his eyes blaze with such energy of denunciation as they did that evening.

"He has long been obsessed on the subject," was my thought; "now he is becoming a monomaniac."

Helen laughed merrily.

"You are a silly old dear," she said with affectionate sauciness. "What harm has London ever done to you? Just think of the Green Park in the spring—it's every bit as fresh and beautiful as the country, and a lot tidier. Besides, the country is so very badly sanitated, and that is unhealthy, you know!"

"If you were not your mother's daughter, Helen," said the Professor, rather roughly, "I should tell you

that you were talking nonsense. The Green Park is not London. I was thinking of the miles of mean streets where humanity withers away as fast as it breeds, where, at this moment, thousands of underfed, distorted, disease-racked men, women and children are stifling in the oppressive heat. Humanity is crowding into the cities, festering there, poisoning the sources of its being. I tell you that there could arise no greater saviour of the race to-day than the man who could turn back the tide of labour to the open fields—the man who could destroy the great cities utterly. And the need will bring the man.”

The Professor's voice rose as he went on, ending with a note of prophetic exultation. His eyes blazed with the passion of a zealot.

“I hope not,” said Helen, impatiently, rising from the table. “I daresay you would like to blow London to little bits with that aerial gun of yours, if only you could. Do be sensible, there's a dear old dad, and talk about something else. Douglas, will you come and turn over for me?”

Rudman sat back suddenly, his jaw dropping, his eyes glaring, at the mention of the gun. Helen did not see him, for she was looking at me. He did not say anything, however, and shortly afterwards went out.

Feeling decidedly uneasy, I turned over the leaves for Helen whilst she played some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*.

“Don't worry about dad,” she said, presently. “He has been in his laboratory too much lately. Ever since mother's death he has given himself up to his research work and his hatred of cities. I was hoping that this gun he has perfected and the new explosive he has

invented would have diverted his mind, but I am afraid he is worse than ever. Be patient with him for my sake, Douglas.”

“For your sake—for the sake of to-morrow,” said I, with meaning. “When you come back from the Rickworths, shall it be?”

Helen was going to an evening garden-crush at a friend's, near Hampton, later on, returning at noon to-morrow.

“If you can wait so long,” said she, teasing me with her eyes.

I bent forward. I would have cheated to-morrow of its due then and there, had not the telephone bell rung. It was the private wireless 'phone we had between the house and the laboratory. I picked up the receiver. The Professor wanted me to go across at once. Helen went to dress for her journey.

The laboratory was a grim structure on the slope of the hill below the house, a round building, with a slit in the movable dome like that of an astronomical observatory. But Professor Rudman's science was of the elements, not of the stars; and the long black tube that swung in his workshop, projecting its muzzle through the adjustable slit, was not a telescope, but a gun. He had invented a new and most powerful explosive and had been subsidised by the Government to make experiments in high-angle, long-range fire. The day of the aeroplane had come, and already Government was vieing with Government in the perfection of artillery to fight effectually the new warships of the sky.

At the present moment, I knew, the Professor had succeeded in throwing shells higher and more accurately than anyone else. Was he now ready to make his

formal report to the War Minister? I wondered, as I opened the door of the laboratory.

Rudman met me in the passage way. As I stepped away from the door he came forward and shot the bolt of the lock, taking the key out and dropping it in his pocket. The action was so unusual that I looked startled.

"It's all right, Douglas," he said, though his eyes were still burning with the fire of fanaticism in a way I didn't like. "I don't want any interruption to-night, that's all. I've something more important to tell you than you are aware of. Come along."

I followed him, vaguely uncomfortable, to the circular room where the gun swung on its mounting wheel. The strip of sky revealed in the dome was already sprinkled with stars.

"Sit down there, Douglas," said the Professor. "I am coming to the point at once. You are making love to my daughter. Yes; I am not blind. I am not blaming you, remember that; neither is Helen, I imagine. I have no vulgar prejudices concerning class or position. You make a pretty pair, and it is the way of all flesh. Now, don't interrupt. I have no objection to sanctioning your engagement, and as soon as you get your degrees you can be married. I have only one condition to impose."

"Name it, Professor!" I cried. "You take my breath away."

"Only one condition do I insist upon, Douglas," he continued. "One only, before I allow you to become my son-in-law. And that condition is that you help me to save the race—to assist me in my great work of destroying the cancerous growths that men call cities."

"But—but—" I began, puzzled.

"It is very simple," said the Professor, pointing to the long gun. "There is the weapon to our hands. With that I shall begin my task to-night. To-night the first and most decisive blow shall be struck, the greatest blot on earth's surface shall become a charnel place; shall be no more a city."

"You thought that I was experimenting with the gun for aerial warfare? That was merely a blind, a ruse, to enable me to pursue my real work. In the fight for the preservation of the race one must be cunning as well as determined. From here to London Bridge is about seventeen miles. The gun has an effective range of twenty. The city is at my mercy—and I shall be merciless."

He spoke exultantly, throwing out his words in a fervour of passion.

For Helen's sake I controlled myself, hid the pity that I felt for the fanatic before me—the great man whose brain had given way through constant brooding upon one idea. I did not yet realise the truth.

"You can send a few shells into London, and do a lot of damage, no doubt," I said, slowly and judicially, "but you can no more destroy it than you could destroy a haystack with a pea-shooter. The police would certainly come to interview you."

Rudman gave a low, confident laugh. The fire died out of his eyes and he spoke with a saneness of tone that was worse than his declamation.

"Not so fast, my dear Douglas. You jump to conclusions. There will be no police here. I shall fire shells into London, certainly, but they will not be the paltry fireworks I have been using. No, I have

made other experiments, and I have discovered a new gas. . .

"It is not an element, but a new compound. Those twelve cylinders over there are full of it in a compressed form. Each of them, fired from my gun as a shell, will liberate sufficient gas, mixed with the air, to cover from one to three square miles with a dense vapour that will be death to everything that breathes.

"The gas is of a slightly lower specific gravity than the air, so that it will roll along the ground, a destroying flood. Every man and animal that breathes it once will die. The wind is now settled in the south-west, and I shall fire my twelve shots to fall along a line just on this edge of the city. By to-morrow night the death-cloud will have rolled across the hideous, festering place and left in its stead a silent wilderness. London, the greatest of the great cancers, will be no more. . .

"And then, with your help, Douglas, I shall go further with the good work. Paris, New York, Berlin, Chicago—all of them must go. Mankind will wonder, then fear, then return to the peaceful hamlets, the healthy fields, the life of Nature."

With my help! Was the Professor really mad, deluded, or was he in sober earnest? Did those cylinders actually hold potential death? I had never taken my eyes from his face as he talked, and I felt that he was speaking the truth.

"If you want a demonstration that I can do what I say," he resumed, "I can give you one. Here is a rat, caught in a trap that I set before dinner. I will introduce but one small atom of the compound from this phial into the trap. Ah, the creature is quite dead, see!"

He squeezed a drop of something brown from the tiny phial, letting it fall between the wires of the trap. The interior was instantly filled with a dense, black vapour. When the Professor lifted the lid, tilting the thing, the vapour sank to the floor and the rat fell out with it, a dead animal.

Fear gripped me, and perplexity. What could I do, locked in this place with a fanatic who had the key in his pocket? True, he was old and I was young, but he was remarkably strong and active for his years—and he was Helen's father. It would clearly be wrong to warn him that I must oppose him, I felt, and yet, even as the thought came to me, I blurted out:

"But what you propose, Professor, would be wholesale murder! You cannot mean what you say. You cannot expect me to help you!"

"But I do mean it and I do expect you," he cried, changing his attitude abruptly. "Murder? No. Say, rather, the sacrifice of a few millions now in order that thousands of millions yet unborn may live freely and happily. And you must agree to help me, or you will not leave this building until the work is done. Indeed," he added, with a cunning afterthought, "you will not leave it in any case till then, for I can see that you would betray me. You will stay here with me until the day breaks, until the city's millions have crowded into her congested ways, and you shall see the gun fired, watch the black cloud grow in the distance, sink down, and sweep eastward out of sight.

"See this wheel, with degrees marked upon it? The place at which the tube now rests trains the gun on the spot I have chosen for the first shot, the radius of the others. A little lower, and the shells would fall too

far. A little higher, and they would fall too near here for safety. All is ready; I have left nothing to chance.

"I had wanted you to help me, to discuss arrangements for future work, but if you will not help, I can only wait and watch you."

Fool that I was, I had missed my chance! I ought to have pretended agreement, to have lulled any suspicions he might have had. I ought to have gone out and sent for help.

"If any aid could be had!" was my next thought, remembering the strike of the transport workers, dockers and railwaymen, declared for that very evening, and also the sympathetic strike of the tramcar and motor drivers and the telegraph and telephone operators, threatened for the same time. If I would have help I must get out and summon it at once. An hour later would be too late.

I made one effort to appease my captor.

"Though I cannot bring myself to assist you, Professor," I said, "you might let me out to go and warn Helen. I promise not to speak to anyone else until I have brought her safely back home."

"Helen is nothing to you now," he replied, coldly. "She is quite safe, for the cloud will begin to form well beyond Hampton, and the wind will not change for twenty-four hours at least. No, Douglas; I can read you like a book. You want to betray me to the authorities. You think me mad, whereas I am quite sane. I am simply a determined man bent on carrying out my ideas, and having the power to do so. You will stay here; if you attempt violence—well, I have a toy pistol charged with a minim of my new gas. One shot from that and you are a dead man. Sit there."

I was powerless in face of that threat. I sat in the chair he indicated and allowed him to pinion my arms and feet. When that was done to his satisfaction he turned from me and busied himself with preparations for the great event. He loaded the gun with one of the cylinders and oiled the working parts of the mechanism. After that, for a long time, he sat at his desk, making and verifying calculations, occasionally flinging a scrap of commonplace conversation across the room.

The suspense was awful: the fingers of the clock seemed to race round the dial, and yet each minute held an age of vivid imagination, of impotent anger, of vain regret.

At last, as midnight struck, he pushed his papers aside and came over to me, examining my fastenings.

"I think you are safe," he said. "I am going in now, to have a light supper and a short nap. I shall be back before daylight."

He locked the door behind him and I heard the retreating footsteps die away. I heard something else, too. A faint flicker of light in the distant sky made a pin-point of fire on the polished tube of the gun, and from the west came a series of dull, deep bangs of sound. The strike was an accomplished fact, then. Those were the rockets sent up from the various Labour Headquarters at midnight—the signal for all men who were still at work to "down tools," to come off duty.

I began to strain at my cords. The Professor was only an amateur, after all. In fifteen minutes I had one sore wrist at liberty. Two minutes later I had got at my pocket knife and stood up, free. I stumbled to the door, intent on picking the lock or forcing the bolt-socket off; then I went back to the gun.

To tamper with the gas tubes would be folly. I must try and damage the gun. But there was a cylinder in that, too. There was only one thing I could do—change the trajectory, spoil the aim.

I seized the controlling lever. If I pushed the gun down, the deadly shells would carry further, perhaps beyond the city. Despite the oil, the slides were stiff, and I had to jerk the gun to a more upright position in order to get momentum to force it down. As it moved under my hand the door was flung open and the Professor rushed in, snarling. I turned at the sound, and he did not see what I was doing, but he saw that I was free, and the toy pistol was in his upraised hand.

I spun on my heel, dropped to the floor, seized one of the Professor's legs and sent him sprawling, and dashed out into the night. He was up again at once, so I did not dare to stop, but ran on like a madman down the drive and into the road. As I ran I knew that the odds were against me.

This was what I had to do, I realised, as soon as I had made sure that the Professor had given up the pursuit and gone back to the laboratory. I had to warn the local constable and persuade him to get help to put the Professor under temporary arrest. Then I had to send a warning to Helen and to London, or failing that, to try to get Helen out of danger myself.

To try! That meant a walk of five miles if no vehicle could be hired, if no trains were running; and I remembered, with a queer sensation in my throat, how I had left the gun. I had left it with its range shortened, so that if the Professor fired his shots without noticing the marked circle, the shells

would fall within a mile or so of the house. Would he act sooner than he had intended now that I had escaped, or would he deem himself safe in his locked building?

The constable was on his rounds when I called at the house. I left a hurried scrawl for him and went on to the nearest garage. Not a car was in. They had all gone out, said the attendant, and had probably been abandoned by their drivers wherever they happened to be when the rockets went up. I asked to use the telephone for a few minutes.

"No bloomin' good, gov'nor," said the man, with cheery truculence. "You can't get through nohow. The hull bloomin' lot 'as come out this time—railway and car men, wire and wireless opyrators and all. I'm off in a jiffy myself. We are going to make you gents sit up, and no error!"

With a sinking heart I realised that I must walk that five miles—walk it with the knowledge that if I did not reach Helen in time she would probably fall a victim to her father's madness.

"You'll sit up, and very soon, if you don't clear out of this neighbourhood," I said to the attendant. "If London is lost because of your wretched strike you will wish you had been more reasonable. You are worse than fools!"

I left him, gaping, at that, for I had no time to waste on an explanation that he wouldn't have believed, and swung into the road again.

That walk is a nightmare of memory. I was in good trim, physically, but my nerves were all in rags with the fear that hung over me—the fear of the Death-Gun, the fear of the Death-Cloud that at

any moment might come rolling down the sleeping valley.

It was nearly three o'clock when I came upon a big Daimler car standing empty on the road, its lamps still burning. This was a lucky find. I turned the compressor, jumped in and set her going. She glided forward a few yards, then stopped and began to roll back down the road. I put the brakes on, got out and lifted the bonnet. Everything seemed in order. Glancing up the road in my perplexity I saw a dark stain on the ground where the car had been standing. I glanced at the gauge and understood. The driver had thoughtfully emptied his petrol before leaving the car.

So much good time lost. I pressed on through the unlit country, bent only on saving Helen now, and wondering how I should do it if once the black gas came pouring over the land. I saw three more cars on the road, but I did not stop to look at them.

It was half-past three when the Rickworths' house, a dark pile against a gloomy sky, came into view.

"Thank God," said I, "I shall at least see Helen."

And at that instant, as though in mockery of my thanksgiving, came the deep roar of the gun. There followed a faint scream in the air, and something crashed and burst with a loud report near Feltham Hill. The Professor had recovered from the shock of that fall, had locked himself in his laboratory, and had decided to act whilst he had time. London was doomed unless a miracle occurred.

I dashed up to the porch, plying bell and knocker frantically. Footsteps sounded in the hall, and as the bolts rattled back came the second shot, and the second

cylinder of gas sank to earth. The third shot roared as they let me in.

The Rickworths thought me crazy, I daresay, for all I could do was to ask for Helen. I ought to have told them the danger; to have told them the idea that had just leapt into my mind. If I had, they would probably have suffered more than I hope they did. Even if I had explained to Helen, she would have wanted to let someone take her place—and the aeroplane was only a small one, would only carry two.

The fourth and fifth shells fell whilst I was insistently asking for Helen, saying that I had come from her father, refusing to tell them why the gun was being fired, learning that their car was not in its garage. Cloyed with sleep, Helen came down at last in a pale dressing gown, anxious about her father. I had no hesitation concerning my course of action, cold-blooded as it may seem.

"Helen," I said, taking her hand, "can you trust me—absolutely? Trust me, I mean, so much as to do exactly what I want, no matter how strange it may appear? I will explain later."

I knew what her answer would be.

"I can trust you, Douglas," she said, without hesitation. "Tell me at once what I must do."

"Put on your dress and borrow the thickest cloak and wraps you can, and come to me at the hangar, ready for a flight. Quick!"

She looked startled, half opened her lips, then turned and went upstairs without a word. The Rickworths—father, mother, son and two daughters—were simply swept off their feet by my impressiveness.

"I am going to borrow your little monoplane," I said. "I can work it, I have had lessons in aviation. Helen and I must travel quickly—matter of life and death—no trains, no cars—I have had to walk here—the strike, you know."

That was all I told them. Not a word about the death that was even then rolling down upon us. We got the aeroplane wheeled out and the engine going as the eighth shot was flung from the gun. By the time Helen was in her place beside me the tenth shell screamed in the sky. As we rushed down the long field and felt the machine lift under us the eleventh shot came. Before I spoke to her we saw the flash and heard the roar of the twelfth and last—saw, as we rose, a mass of denser blackness spreading wide and far across the dim valley, rolling swiftly eastward. Its black, sinuous tendrils were already almost under us, clutching with soft embrace the walls and hedges of the villas around the house we had left.

Away towards doomed London the sky was now pink with light.

I could have shouted aloud with joy in the revulsion of my feelings now that I had saved Helen; now that she and I, at least, were safe and free from the fear of that billowy sea of death below—I could, but for the thought of the helpless city and of the people whose aeroplane I had stolen so that we might escape.

My lessons in aviation had not given me any great confidence in my powers, but after some experimenting I managed to turn the machine Londonwards.

"We are going over Bushey Park," said Helen, gripping my arm. "What has happened? What is that thick cloud on the ground behind us? Why did

you come for me? Tell me the truth, Douglas, whatever it is. I will be brave."

After a brief hesitation I told her—as well as I could whilst I jerkily manipulated the aeroplane—the story of the night. I did not—I dared not—try to look at her face, for the wilderness of London's streets was rushing towards me and under me, dimly outlined in the dawnlight.

"Why didn't you tell the Rickworths, Douglas?" she said at last, and I felt her shudder. "We ought not to have saved ourselves at their cost."

"If I had thought of them I should not have saved you," I said, savagely. "I am a selfish, elemental brute to-night. I had to rescue you. Nothing else mattered whilst you were in danger. They would not have believed me, and time is precious. We are now going to try and warn London—to try and save some of her unconscious millions."

"How shall you make *them* believe you? Who shall you tell—the Government?"

"No," said I. "I have no time to waste on them. I am going to the Labour Central Offices—to the Strike Committee. If I can make them see daylight and let the men get back to work, something may be done. If not. . . ."

I could not finish: the horror behind that alternative was unspeakable. I had a blurred mental picture of the onroll of that black tide of death; saw the noiseless breakers of its advance curl upon the houses, fill alleys, areas and streets, creep in at windows and crevices everywhere; saw it submerge the city in its implacable flow, covering all with its pall of silent death; saw the panic and headlong exodus of those who were roused,

the struggling crowds packed in narrow ways and overtaken in their terror; saw the cloud pass and dissolve as the day went on, leaving a desert of silence exposed to the sun; saw the millions of the dead...

"How far is the cloud behind us now?" I asked Helen sharply, as I began to descend, the flat roof of the Labour Building showing on my left hand.

"It is already in Wimbledon to the south," said she. "To the north I think I can see it near Chiswick. It is moving faster."

With a jolt that nearly threw us out I brought the machine to rest on the broad concrete. I looked at Helen a moment.

"You are mine now, whatever happens," I said, kissing her. "Now you must come with me. The Labour people may believe you, knowing you for your father's daughter."

"And father—what of him?" she asked, as we went to the stairs leading to the rooms below. It was the first time she had mentioned him since leaving the Rickworths.

"I would have saved him if I could," said I, lamely.

The National Strike Committee—most of them hard at work even then—proved harder of conviction than we feared. They smiled sourly at us, some of them laughing at the idea of such a gas, others openly charging us with being sent by Government to bluff them into calling the strike off. A few took us seriously, and these I got to come up on the roof. From there, however, nothing was yet to be seen. The wind was still in the south-west, but there was a decided chill in the air, and away to the north a gloominess grew in the sky.

"It's a likely tale, Mr. Harding," said one of the Committee. "You must think we are a lot of simpletons. We have our own men at some of the wireless telephones and they would have let us know if anything like that had been happening. You have lifted it from a novel. It won't do. This strike is going on till we get our terms, make no mistake."

"Crass fools, that's what I take you for!" I shouted angrily. "Do you think I care for your strike? Jump up, Helen; we at least are not going to stay to be suffocated."

The men smiled at what they imagined my outburst of baffled pique, and I forced the aeroplane into flight with a jerk that almost capsized us. I righted, rose, swung round, and so came into full view of the front of the Death Cloud.

Helen cried out at the sight. From Bayswater to Brixton it lay upon the land, a dense, black fog, rolling steadily towards us, eating its way into the maze of streets; coming softly, silently, without warning, upon the sleeping and awakening millions.

"We were too late," I said. "The city is doomed. Even the Committee could not do anything in time. God alone can help the people."

I pulled at the wheel, intending to turn away, but hesitated. The fascination of the silence of that destroying flood held me. It was monstrous, incredible, yet pitilessly certain, that every creature under that blank pall lay dead—that every living thing in the line of its advance must die—that to-morrow London would be no more.

I turned at last, heading for the breezy Downs. The moment the machine came round, Helen cried out excitedly:

"Douglas! The wind has changed! A storm is coming! I pray that it may be in time! Let us descend as soon as you can."

I have said that only a miracle could save London. Whilst I volplaned to the first level space I found, the miracle of mercy happened before our eyes.

We came to earth in a field near Penge. Before we were safely down the sky had gone black as Erebus, and a piercingly cold wind was driving back the poison-mist. Then came a flash of lightning, a growl of thunder, and the first patterings of the rain.

Standing together by the grounded aeroplane, deafened by the rolling thunder, dazzled by the electric discharges, drenched by the torrential rain of that storm, we found joy in our discomfort.

London was saved at the last moment. The storm, brewed of four tropical August days, was soon over, but it was severe, and it achieved what no human agency could have done. The breath of it blew the cloud back up the valley, scattered and broke it; the deluge of rain completed what the wind began; and when the sun shone out once more, flinging a glorious bow of promise across the heavens, the Death-Cloud was washed away.

It was not until late afternoon that we were able to hire a car and go back. Of what we expected to find we could not bring ourselves to speak. From the Rickworths we had nothing to fear, for the Cloud must have rolled over them within ten minutes of our leaving.

When we reached Ashford it was as I feared—and hoped. Feared, for Helen's sake. Hoped, for the sake of the tall, gaunt man we found in the locked laboratory,

clutching the control lever of the gun even in death. The first shell had fallen so near that he must have been overpowered by the expansion of its gas almost before he had fired his twelfth shot.

"Better so," thought I, leading the sobbing girl away. "Far better, that he should be gone beyond the power of any earthly tribunal."

Looking in Helen's grey eyes that night, I knew that the question I was to have put to her that day—the day that should have been so glad and golden—would never be answered. It would never be asked. The night and morning of fear had cleared our souls of all pretence, and we knew that we belonged to each other, then and evermore.

George C. Wallis

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads.
Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple
with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not
before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and
where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them
in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust.
Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the
dusty soil!

Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found?
Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of
creation; he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers
and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become
tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and
in sweat of thy brow.

Gitangali, by Rabindra Nath Tagore

TO FREEDOM

Spirit of Freedom! Thou whose sacred name
Our boasting tongues use glibly as our own,
Grant that our lives may not belie our claim,
Come thou, and in our hearts ascend thy throne,
Spirit of Freedom, come!

Spirit of Freedom! Loose the chains that hold
Men's souls in torture-cells of selfishness;
Set free the captives in the war for gold;
Unbar the stifling dungeons of distress;
Spirit of Freedom, come!

Spirit of Freedom! Liberate our minds
From irons of custom, prejudice and fear;
Thy wings shall bear us o'er the cleansing winds
Of Doubt, until the haven of Truth appear;
Spirit of Freedom, come!

Spirit of Freedom! Breathe in every soul
The Love which fetters not, but makes more free,
Love which, through one belov'd, enfolds the Whole,
True Love whose bond is Faith—not slavery;
Spirit of Freedom, come!

Spirit of Freedom! Well we know thy voice,
"My yoke is light," yet deaf we are to thee,
Thou stand'st before us, bondage is our choice;
Slaves to our selves, we seek not liberty:
O breathe within our souls thy healing Breath,
So that our ears may hear, our eyes may see,
And, knowing, we may leave the ways of Death
And in thy Service *live*—for ever free!
Spirit of Freedom, come!

F. G. P.

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Mysticism in Christianity, by the Rev. W. K. Fleming,
M. A., B. D. (Robert Scott, London, Price 5s. net.)

This is a volume of 'The Library of Historic Theology,' an important series of works on matters concerning Christianity. It is at once valuable in itself and significant as a sign of the changing attitude of modern Christianity towards that inner and vital religion regarded until lately by the *Times* as "an exploded superstition". As a historical treatise it is full of value for the student, vindicating the place of Mysticism in the Christian Church.

The first chapter seeks to answer the question, "What is Mysticism?" and gives a number of definitions, none of which, except Pfeleiderer's, seems to us to be completely satisfactory. Let me add one: "Mysticism is the realisation by the human Spirit of his unity with the Universal Spirit." This will be equally true of all forms of Mysticism in every faith. It may be put in many ways, but the essential fact would remain the same: "The answer of the God within to the God without"; "The realisation of the Divinity of the Self"; "The disappearance of the sense of bondage by the realisation of unity with God," and so on. Practical definitions, showing the effect of Mysticism on the individual would be: "The substitution of the Inner Ruler for outer form, or law"; "The substitution of inner knowledge for outer dogma". The root-meaning of all these is the same. The Mystic is the man "who is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life". He is God's Free Man. Ewald's "craving to be united again with God" misses the all-important truth that we are never separated from Him, that we have only to "become what thou art". Pfeleiderer's is good: "Mysticism

is the immediate feeling of the unity of the self with God." We do not seek union with That from which we are separate; we seek to realise a unity which is eternally ours. Our author fears the "snare of Pantheism," for he takes Pantheism as connoting only the immanence, not also the transcendence, of God. Yet Hinduism, profoundly pantheistic, ever declares: "I established this universe with a fragment of Myself, and I remain." If this were understood, the "snare" would vanish. Dr. Fleming claims that "in Christianity Mysticism found its fittest home, its best discipline, and its freest and most congenial range of vision and endeavour". But is not this claim vitiated by his objection to going beyond Christ into the "vacant ground" "of the Godhead"? The Mystic's passion is not sated until he finds himself one with "God," in the fullest sense of that most variable word. The "unification of the believer with his incarnate Lord" seems to be the goal, according to Dr. Fleming, of the Christian Mystic. "S. Paul discourages for all time the attempt of some later Mystics to 'get past' Christ to the 'vacant ground' of the undifferentiated Godhead. He points us instead to the 'fulness of Christ' as the medium by and through which the Godhead makes possible and practical communion with man's nature."

When we are through the first two chapters, the book becomes most interesting; the sketch of the various streams of influence from the outer world into early Christianity, "bringing it into relationship and harmony with the best and deepest thoughts of the day"—Christian Platonist, Neo-Platonist—is ably done, and it is frankly admitted that through Augustine, Stephen bar Sudaili, Dionysius the Areopagite and the mediæval Mystics, "Neo-Platonism found in the Church a congenial, and, it may be added, a lasting home". John Scotus Erigena, the great Irish Mystic, translated Dionysius into Latin, and so sent him forth on his mission of reviving Neo-Platonism in Europe. Through Erigena "Greek Mysticism began to turn into mediæval Scholasticism". Chapter VI on 'Three types of mediæval Mysticism' is very illuminative in its grasp of a large subject and its presentation with great clarity and insight; and we are then led on to a study of the German Mystics of the Middle Ages, a study which shows wide and deep reading and power of condensed but graphic exposition. A saying of Eckhart's is given: "Were one in a

rapture like Paul's, and there were a sick man needing help, it would be far better to come out of the rapture and show love by serving the needy one." "Laziness is not holy abstraction," is a caustic saying of the great Mystic Ruysbroeck. English and Italian, French and Spanish Mystics are next treated concisely but effectively in two chapters, and then follow chapters on Post-Reformation Mystics in England, a chapter on Puritan Mystics, and one on Jacob Boehme, Law and Blake. Last comes 'Modern Mysticism,' closing a most useful book. We heartily recommend it to our readers.

A. B.

Christ and Buddha, by C. Jinarajadasa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

Here is a new edition of what will be a Theosophical classic. It will be pure joy to lovers of literature to read this author's English prose, but it is a mystery how anyone could obtain such mastery over a foreign tongue. This fascinating little book is a rare bit of literary mosaic. You cannot omit or transpose a word of the text without danger to the outline or damage to the colour scheme. These pages can tell us much that is helpful and interesting about their author. For example they tell us that he can have spared no pains to become master of his art, for Mr. Jinarajadasa is more than a writer, he is an artist—a literary artist. He has the gift of style. He writes with simplicity and distinction. This must be the result of care and labour perhaps of many lives, and the Society thanks him for holding up a high standard of literary excellence in an age which abounds with mediocrity.

The leaves of this little book are fragrant. They breathe out the pure perfume of Theosophy. The spiritually minded in all religions will find nothing in these pages to oppose their creed and much to explain it. Those who already possess the first edition of this little work will be charmed to hear a new tale has been added, although we must not spoil our readers by telling them too much:

In the time of the Lord Buddha there were two brothers who were called Great Wayman and Little Wayman Great Wayman listened to Him and accepted Him and became a disciple. A little later on, by the advice of his brother, Little Wayman too put on the yellow robe and became

a personal follower of the Lord. But strange to say where spiritual matters were in question Little Wayman proved a dullard. He could not commit anything to memory and he could not concentrate his thoughts sufficiently to meditate Great Wayman, his brother, was heartily ashamed of him . . . and one night he brutally told him to leave the Order and give up his attempt to be a disciple of the Lord But this was not to be, for the great Lord Buddha, as was His wont, at early dawn looked over the world with His miraculous powers to find what soul needed His help most that day. And this was the way He helped Little Wayman"

But no ! . . . we are not going to tell curious little children or even inquisitive grown-up people any more. We congratulate the author and we hope we may also venture to congratulate 'Little Flower'.

There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,

runs the hymn. True, but to the child mind that sounds a long way off. It must help them to realise it, however, when they find that in foggy London there is such a 'friend for little children' as Mr. Jinarajadasa.

K. F. S.

Tantra of the Great Liberation (Mahānirvāṇa Tantra). A translation from the Sanskrit, with Introduction and Commentary by Arthur Avalon. (Luzac & Co., London, Price 10s. net.)

The Tantras have hitherto played in Indology the part of a jungle which everybody is anxious to avoid. It is therefore a matter of congratulation that at last somebody has made up his mind scientifically to explore the jungle. For Arthur Avalon—so we are informed on the back of the title-page—is not satisfied with having produced the voluminous work under consideration and a smaller work to be noticed elsewhere, but is already engaged in printing a third book called *Principles of Tantra (Tantratattva)*, and in preparing no less than six further works of the kind. That these books are likely to become a great boon, everybody will admit who knows to what an extent mediæval and modern Hinduism are penetrated by Tantrism.

The *Mahānirvāṇa Tantra*, though unknown in the South of India (as many other Tantras) has a very great reputation in the North. The writer of these lines knew a Samnyāsin (of the Brahmacāri sect) who declared this Tantra the foremost of all. Likewise the first English translator of this work, M. N. Dutt, opens his preface with the words: "The

Mahānirvāṇa Tantram is the most important of all the Tantras that are to be found now." It is the great esteem in which the work is held, together with the wish to do it greater justice than the above-mentioned Indian translator has done, which have induced Mr. Avalon, according to his preface, to open his series of Tantric publications with this famous Tantra.

To have done with them quickly, we shall begin our review with the few objections we have to the book.

The system adopted for the transliteration of Sanskrit words is not good, because it ignores the fact that Sanskrit is not pronounced everywhere as it is in Bengal, and because of the equivocalness it involves, for the layman at least, in the case of the Anusvāra. The Praṇava is pronounced *ōm*, and not *ōng*, in the larger part of India, and *saṅgharsha*, e.g., may be understood as *saṃ-harṣha* or *saṃ-gharṣha*, which are two very different things. It is to be hoped that the system approved of by the Geneva Congress of Orientalists (1894) and since followed by all scientific journals will be also used in future by Mr. Avalon.

We have not discovered, in the present translation, any serious error, but it contains a large number of small inaccuracies which might have been easily avoided. For instance, "Destructress of all worldly bonds," in the first Sloka of the eighth chapter, if re-translated into Sanskrit, would be *sarva-kaṣhāya-nāshini* or something like it, but not *bhava-mochani*, as the original has. In the same verse the word *hitāya* has been wrongly left untranslated. In the third verse the last sentence should run: "Speak, O Omnipresent One! of these, and kindly explain also the mode of life which should be observed therein," and not (though this is practically the same): "Speak in Thy kindness, O Omnipresent One! of these, and of the mode of life which should be observed therein." In the fourth verse we should read, "and also four stages of life," and not (though a foot-note could correctly explain the passage in this way): "in each of these were four stages of life". For *Ādye*, in Sloka 6, the nominative *Ādyā* should be substituted or (why not?) *Primordial One*. And so forth.

On the other hand, the translation is sometimes not free enough. When translating from poetry into prose we must never lose sight of the fact that the poet is often compelled

by the metre to express his thoughts in a different order from that he would have used in prose. One example will suffice. Chapter viii, verse 7, is translated thus by Mr. Avalon: "I have already spoken to Thee of the incapacity of men born in the Kali Age. Unused as they are to penance, and devoid of learning in the Vedas, short-lived, and incapable of strenuous effort, how can they endure bodily labour?" We would translate as follows: "I have already spoken to Thee of the ways of those born in the Kali Age. These men, short-lived and incapable of enduring labour and trouble, do not perform Tapas nor study the Vedas, nor do they undergo any hardship [for the sake of sacrifices]."

As compared with its predecessor, the present translation is distinguished by its elegance, and by the profound and comprehensive knowledge by which it is backed.

The foot-notes are all to the point and contain many a valuable hint.

The most admirable part of the book, however, is the Introduction, which contains no less than one hundred and forty-six large pages, a complete survey of all the manifold subjects treated in the book. The only thing we miss, and for this M. N. Dutt's Introduction to his translation of this Tantra may be still consulted with advantage, is an account of the extent and development of Tantric literature. Of course, not every item in Mr. Avalon's Introduction is brand-new information; certain subjects dealt with therein have often been treated before, though not, perhaps, from the same standpoint; but we should like to call attention to the following chapters which contain, indeed, much new matter and on that account must be welcome to both the general reader and the orientalist: 'Chakra,' 'Sahasrāra Padma,' 'The Three Temperaments,' 'Worship generally,' 'Yoga.' The ill-famed *pañca-makāra* ("five m's") are explained on pp. 111 to 120: in their literary meaning they play a part merely in the second or *vīra* stage of development and merely as a sort of homœopathic antidote, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, as a means in order that the candidate "may be raised to the universal life by the vehicle of those same passions, which, when flowing only in an outward and downward current, are the most powerful bonds to bind him to the former". In the next

higher stage, that of *divyabhāva*, their names "are used symbolically for operations of a purely mental and spiritual character". Another important and most instructive paragraph in the chapter on Worship is that on Mantra (pp. 83 to 90).

We heartily congratulate Mr. Avalon on the publication of this fine book and look forward with pleasure to the works he is preparing.

F. O. S.

Hymns to the Goddess. Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur and Ellen Avalon. (Luzac and Co., London. Price 4s. net.)

This book contains, apart from one hymn to Kālabhairava, i.e., Shiva, twenty-nine hymns to the Devi, or "God in its mother aspect," worshipped under various names such as Durgā, Tārā, Mahādevi, etc. In about half of these hymns the Goddess is described in general terms, as the "Mother of the whole Universe," etc., while in the other half some special aspect of hers is emphasised. For instance, there are in this latter class two hymns to Annapūrṇā, i.e., "the Devi as She who bestows food"; two hymns to Lakshmi, "the Shakti or Spouse of Vishnu"; one hymn to Sarasvatī, the Indian Minerva; five hymns to sacred rivers (Gangā, Yamunā, Narmadā) as manifestations of the Devi; and one hymn even to Maṇikarnikā (addressed as "Mother M."), the celebrated ghat at Benares where Shiva gives liberation to those who are cremated there. In our book, however, the hymns are not arranged in this way, nor, it would seem, according to any principle at all.

The hymns are from various sources: three from the *Mahābhārata*, five from the *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāṇa*, ten from the Tantra literature, ten are ascribed to Shankarāchārya, and two (in the *Bṛhatstotratrāṇakāra*) to Vālmiki and Indra respectively. Of them the first two sets only have been translated before, and, possibly, one or two of Shankara's hymns.

Very happily, as the form of the translation, a sort of rhythmic prose has been chosen. Only in this way was it possible strictly to follow the original without altogether disregarding its metrical beauty. Here and there, however,

the translators might have been a little more strict, e.g., on p. 94, where two words of the original (*stutim* and *sapadi*) have been overlooked in the first stanza.

There can be little doubt that to the student of literature, generally speaking, this collection of hymns must be highly interesting. But still much more important is its value for the science of religions. For no book has yet been published in any European language which gives us such a deep insight into the mind of the Devī worshipper as this. Now we see clearly the vast difference, on the whole, of this kind of religiosity from that of Christianity, for instance. The one prominent feature in the religious attitude of the Shākta is admiration for the dazzling grandeur of the Devī, and he believes that She is most pleased when he most completely enumerates Her attributes and exploits. He meditates upon Her physical beauty (the swelling breasts being never forgotten), he extols Her heroism in destroying the Asuras, and he praises the moral excellence She manifests, e.g., in the treatment of her enemies (p. 103):

O Devī! Thou hast slain them with the desire
That they should not always sin so as to merit hell,
But that by death in battle they may go to Heaven;

and again, overwhelmed by Her higher, impersonal aspect, he confesses:

Although men must meditate upon Thee,
Yet cannot their mind comprehend Thee.

Prayers for one's own moral improvement are also met with sporadically, e.g., in Shankarāchārya's 'Yamunāshṭaka' (p. 78 foll.), each stanza of which begins and ends with the words:

May the daughter of Kalinda ever cleanse my mind of its impurity.

And one hymn there is, the most beautiful of all, where the worshipper unbosoms himself in a way not much different from that of the contrite sinner of Christianity, viz., the hymn entitled: 'May the Devī grant me Pardon'. One would like to believe that this admirable poem is by the great Shankarāchārya to whom it is attributed; but he died at the early age of thirty-two, while the author of our poem says of himself (in stanza 5):

I am now more than eighty-five years of age.¹

¹ Is it the renowned Shankara, or again somebody else, who so awkwardly endeavours to excite the vanity of the Goddess in the tenth stanza (p. 66) of the famous 'Waves of Bliss' (Ānandalahari)?

The hymns contain also, as is natural, a large amount of mythological matter. All allusions of this kind, and many other things, are duly explained by the translator in his foot-notes.

The Introduction, we are afraid, will miss its object in most cases, because the average reader cannot possibly know all the untranslated Sanskrit terms used in it. It has, moreover, been printed with too great haste.

In the Preface there are some pertinent words for those who might feel inclined to belittle the 'heathenish' standpoint of the hymns. "Idoltrous Hinduism," so Mr. Avalon informs us, has been defended by great men like Shankarāchārya as "the first of the several stages of an ascent which gradually leads away from them". We have further the satisfaction to read that Mr. Avalon, in preparing this work, has availed himself of "the assistance of the Tantrik gurus and pandits". It cannot be doubted, indeed, that the study of the Tantrā, more than that of any other śāstra, demands absolutely the help of the "authorised custodians of its traditions".

Hymns of the Goddess occupies a prominent place among the documents, so far published, of the history of religions.

F. O. S.

Tāntrik Texts, edited by Arthur Avalon. Vol. I: *Tāntrābhidhāna with Vija-Nighantu and Mudrā-Nighantu*, edited by Tārānātha Vidyāratna. Vol. II: *Shatchakra Nirūpana and Pādukāpañchaka*, edited by Tārānātha Vidyāratna. (Sanskrit Press Depository, Calcutta, Luzac & Co., London.)

We have much pleasure in adding to our notes on Mr. Avalon's translations a few words on the first two volumes come to hand just now of his Tāntrik Texts.

In the first of these volumes the editor has collected under the general name Tāntrābhidhāna, i.e., Tāntrik Dictionary, seven small texts of the dictionary class. One of these, viz., the Ekākṣhara-kosha, gives the common lexicon meaning of the syllables of the Sanskrit alphabet, while in five the Tāntrik employment of the latter is explained. For example, when I say *kha*, this may either have the meaning "aperture, sky," etc., known to every student of Sanskrit, or it may, be a secret designation, e.g., of the Goddess Sarasvatī. On the

other hand, I may, for example, come across a sentence containing the words *vaka*, *vahni*, *trimūrti*, and *shashāṅka* with which I can do nothing though they are quite familiar to me from the dictionary. Now, availing myself of the alphabetical index in *Tantrābhidhāna*, I find that *vaka* is a secret symbol for the letter sh, *vahni* for r, *trimūrti* for i, and *shashāṅka* for the nasal (Anusvāra), so that I get sh+r+i+m=*shrīm* which is the so-called Lakṣmī-vija. Vijas (monosyllabic Mantras) are very frequently expressed in this covert way in order to make a book unintelligible to the uninitiated.

The seventh and last text in this volume is the *Mudrā-nighaṇṭu* of the Vāmakeshvara-Tantra. This gives a short description of the *Mudrās*, or mystical gestures, used in worship and *Hāṭhayoga*.

We may then say without hesitation that this first volume is an extremely useful book, which nobody who has once consulted it will like to be without again.

The second volume contains also an important text, viz., the *Ṣaṭ-chakranirūpaṇa* of Pūrṇānanda Svāmī which forms the sixth chapter of *Shrītatva-chintāmani*, a hitherto unpublished work of that author. This chapter contains a description of the six famous *chakra* or centres: *Mūlādhāra*, *Svādhishṭhāna*, etc. The text appears together with an excellent commentary, probably by Kālicharaṇa, and with notes by the commentator Shankara, and it is followed by *Pādukāpañcaka*, a small devotional text, with Kālicharaṇa's commentary, and by Vishvanātha's *Ṣaṭchakra-vivṛti* which is a very considerable help for the understanding of the first text.

The editing has been done with great care.

F. O. S.

The First Fifty Discourses from the Collection of the Medium Length Discourses (Majjhima—Nikāya) of Goṭama the Buddha. Freely rendered and abridged from the Pāli by the Bhikkhu Silācāra. First volume. (Probsthain and Co., London. Price 7s. 6d. net. each volume.)

Students of comparative religion, especially those who are attracted to the noble truths of Buddhism, will be grateful for this compact collection of translations, the work of an English Buddhist. Some of the discourses will probably be already

familiar to many, but it is to be hoped that their present form will appeal to a larger circle who may have felt a little of our modern impatience with the lengthy manner of expression peculiar to the time and country. Of course it is scarcely possible for any process of abridgement to preserve in full the cumulative effect so characteristic of the Buddhist Sūtras, but evident care has been taken that no link in a chain of argument should be wanting, with the result that the essential force of the dialectic method is retained. In fact one is sometimes inclined to wish that the scheme of curtailment had been carried further, as there still remains much reiteration unrelieved by the original touches of local colour and human nature. The English too might well have been simpler and less pedantic; for instance such a word as 'mentations' is neither beautiful nor expressive.

The contents are mostly ethical and psychological, but here and there are passages of great interest to the candidate for the steeper path of Yoga. Perhaps the precepts which took the first Bhikkhus by storm have now become such household words that we are apt to decry them as platitudes, but until they have been incorporated into the life of the people it cannot be said that we have outgrown them. Among the many pearls of wisdom to be found in these pages few are more striking than the chapters entitled 'The Parable of the Snake' and 'The Bait,' and it is instructive to note that in the former chapter Nirvāṇa is spoken of as "the Full Awakening".

W. D. S. B.

Life's Response to Consciousness, by Miriam I. Wylie. (Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc., New York.)

Marked intelligence, clearness and force of argument are displayed in this little book, which explains the problems of life and the laws that underlie them. The Law of Continuity is applied to the study of one's self in relation to the Universal Mind, and also to the study of the body-cells in their relation to the individual mind, in a most interesting and convincing way. Facts are culled from modern scientific writers and from Theosophical teachings. Though matter is life in a less evolved form, the dual aspect of life shows the Universe to be alive and vivified with a consciousness that is progressive;

this is incipient in the mineral, semi-conscious in the plant, conscious in the animal, and self-conscious in the man.

The three questions are adequately answered:

1. What does birth mean, and when is man born?
2. What does death mean, and when does man die?
3. Where is man?

Man is born on a plane when he has evolved sufficiently to respond to the vibrations of that plane, and he dies on a plane when he ceases to respond to its vibrations. The body dies as an organism when it fails to correspond with its environment; the emotional body dies when it wears itself out, and the mental body dies when its vibrations are assimilated. Man is rooted in Spirit and matter; he comes from God as Spirit and returns to God after his long journey through matter, which is the visible side of Spirit, and composed of intelligent cells.

The Self is a distinct entity, and the conflict for mastery that arises between the Self and his bodies is due to the atoms of the physical body having a degree of consciousness.

The author undertakes to prove that certain revealed teachings are facts: that all is life, and every atom of mineral dust even is a life; that like produces like; that absolute life cannot produce a lifeless atom; that everything lives and is conscious; that the Universe is worked and guided from within outward, and man is the living witness; and that no change in man can take place consciously unless provoked by an inward impulse. The cells of the body are studied microscopically with the help of scientific research and their life described. The book is suitable for every Theosophical Lodge Library and should find a large sale.

G. G.

The Principle of Individuality and Destiny, by B. Bosanquet, LL. D., D. C. L. The Gifford Lectures for 1911-1912. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 10s. net.)

Dr. Bosanquet begins his arduous task with the wise statement that the philosopher must have a theory as framework, and an attitude to experience as its informing life. The framework must be the best outcome of the man's thought, thought serious, sustained and concentrated; the attitude should take as "standard what man recognises as value when his life

is fullest and his soul at his highest stretch". He challenges and rejects the view that the great philosophies are abstractions alien from life, regarding it as "*il gran rifiuto* when life ignores and disowns its own largest and deepest experiences". Our attitude must be sane and brave, based on the highest and the largest in us, and we must regard ourselves not as separate fragments but as parts of the larger whole, holding our powers as trustees for the world. In this spacious and pure atmosphere we feel that the Spirit breathes freely, and we arrive naturally and with full agreement at the idea:

The universe is not a place of pleasure, nor even a place compounded of probation and justice; it is, from the highest point of view concerned with finite beings, a place of soul-making.

"The universe exists for the sake of the Self," rises up in the mind by association.

What is Individuality? Individuality is self-maintenance, wholeness, within, and "that which has nothing without to set against it". Ultimately "there can only be one Individual, and that, the individual, the Absolute". The Hindū would say, the Self. To human beings the word is applied in a secondary sense, and this must be a positive conception: "There has been far too great a tendency to state the essence of Individuality not as the being oneself, but as the not being some one else." The distinction is a valuable one, fruitful of consequences.

Dr. Bosanquet's argument on the uniformity of Nature deserves careful consideration; he substitutes Relevancy for Uniformity, and declares that this is present when "every variation is a member of an intelligible system. It excludes spontaneity only in the sense of behaviour responsive to nothing. Variation is a means of adjustment or response, and to establish its existence in a high degree is not inconsistent with, but evidence of, the uniformity of nature in the true sense."

Again his view of pleasure and pain, good and evil, as conditions which are to be transcended by self-completion, and that this is not neutral but an inclusion and harmonising of these 'opposites' is one which is fully in agreement with the deepest eastern thought, however much it may be in conflict with western ideas. The question is not, our author says,

how many moments of pain have you experienced, and have you had moments of pleasure enough to balance them; but has the experience "done its work, and returned you to yourself a complete, or at least a completer, being". "The essence of Individuality is to be a world in oneself." This "carries with it its own mode of self-determination and initiative." "Freedom lies in the direction towards unity and coherence." In other words, each must win his freedom by building up his individuality: "Our actions and ideas issue from our world as a conclusion from its premisses, or as a poem from its author's spirit." We have said enough to show how suggestive and how thought-provoking is Dr. Bosanquet's book, and it is one which will repay close study.

A. B.

Allan Octavian Hume, by Sir William Wedderburn, Bart. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. G. A. Natesan and Co., Madras, India. Price Rs. 2. or 2s. 6d. or 65c.)

This book deals with the work of the late Mr. A. O. Hume both as an officer of the Government and a friend of the people. Mr. Hume served the British Government in different capacities, as a District Officer, Commissioner of Customs, and finally as a Secretary to the Government of India. But whatever offices he held, he held them with credit. As an executive officer he was a brilliant success. He was the pioneer of social progress in India and laboured successfully for police reform, popular education, juvenile reformatories, vernacular press, and reform of the liquor traffic, and the lasting results of his labours show how much may be accomplished by a broad-minded officer who tries to understand the feelings of the people and is in full sympathy with their aims and aspirations. His official career was unfortunately cut short "when he came into collision with the ruling authority". In 1882 he resigned the service.

But apart from his work as a servant of the Crown, his services to the Indian National Congress—for which he has been so fittingly called 'The Father of the National Congress'—will not soon be forgotten by the educated Indian. The chapters on the early organisation of the Congress, its first session in 1885, aggressive propaganda in India and England, the Indian Parliamentary Committee, and the *Journal India*, will amply repay perusal.

The keynote of Mr. Hume's success was his keen sympathy with the people of India and non-observance of all distinctions of race, creed, caste or colour. To one who remembers—and there are many who do remember still—that Mr. Hume belonged to the Theosophical Society when he started the Congress, and that he started it greatly with the help of English and Indian Theosophists working hand-in-hand, it is remarkable to note how most of the Congress-men now-a-days, some knowingly and others unknowingly, seem in the words of a well-known Theosophist to "forget the days of its infancy, when it was cradled and nursed in the Theosophical Society, until it was able to stand and run alone". Sir William has been connected with the I. N. C. from its earliest days, and I am sorry to note that he too has made this omission.

All the same the author has compressed a good deal of useful information within a comparatively limited space, and the book deserves to be widely read.

B. B. V.

Great Saviours of the World, by Swami Abhedananda. (The Vedanta Society, New York.)

This volume embodies a series of lectures delivered by the author, and contains an authentic historical account of the lives and teachings of Kṛṣṇa, Zoroaster and Lao-Tze. The aim is to show the identity of all the fundamental teachings given by Founders of the great religions, and to prove the similarity in the stories and the miraculous deeds connected with the lives of those Founders. The word "Saviour" is used in its broad, universal sense, as the manifestation of different powers of divinity shown in all prophets and saviours who come to reveal the parts of the divine plan best suited to the times and the changes wrought by an evolving humanity. There is a continual demand for these broad views and intelligent explanations of truths that concern the welfare of all types of humanity, and this interesting volume creates an eager anticipation of the two volumes that are to follow, with the lives and teachings of Buddha, Christ, Muhammad and Ramakrishna.

G. G.

The Development of Will-Power by the Scientific Training of the Mind, by G. A. Mann. (Librairie Internationale de la Pensée Nouvelle, Paris. Price 10s.)

This book, like all the many others on 'New Thought,' gives to those persons who are trying to purify their lives a certain amount of good advice. But the very ambitious title and the large price conspire together to mislead the unwary purchaser who orders books by post. The work is 'slight' in every sense of the word. If, in spite of this, anyone wishes to read it, let him get the original French edition, as the English translation is very poor.

A. de L.

Cosmogony and Thought Force, by G. A. Mann. (Librairie Internationale de la Pensée Nouvelle, Paris. Price 7s. 6d.)

This great subject appears to be quite beyond the range of the author's ability to handle in a way that would at all compete with other well-known writers along this line. He attempts clumsily to prove that man is not an isolated being but an emanation from God, with force and will-power at his command to wield for his own physical and mental well-being.

G. G.

The Woman Thou gavest Me, being the story of Mary O'Neill, written by Hall Caine. (William Heinemann, London.)

The London libraries have ensured the success of this book by attempting to refuse to supply it. Such a refusal may be effective and righteous against a frivolously prurient book, but is absurd when directed against the work of a master-craftsman like Hall Caine, whose books are ever instinct with a high purpose, and who "has a conscience in what he does".

The book is a great book—great in its extraordinary insight into a woman's heart and mind, great in its courage in grappling with a perhaps insoluble problem, great in its remorseless analysis of social hypocrisies, and its unveiling of terrible realities. The story is simple and poignant: A girl babe where a boy was looked for, born of an unhappy marriage; the child sent to a convent school and brought up ignorant of all that marriage means; taken from her convent and married to a profligate, bought by her father's wealth; ignorant as a baby, brought suddenly face to face with facts, and driven frantic

with horror; a husband and wife but in name, tied and dragging at their bonds; the nominal husband slipping readily into the loose habits of his youth, and gradually establishing another in his home; the nominal wife striving passionately to be faithful in the face of infidelity; the arrival on the scene of an old boy-playmate; the unconscious awakening of the woman's heart; the awful struggle between love and fidelity to the marriage vow and the final breaking down; the coming of a child and divorce of the woman for a single breach of conjugal fidelity by the man whose infidelities were constant and patent; the terrible struggle to guard and keep the child; the return of the lover, a heroic figure, to claim, to protect, the martyred woman; the heart-rending conflict between the claim of the inviolability of the marriage tie as seen by the Church, and the right of marriage after divorce as given by the State; the cutting of the Gordian knot by death, ending the tragedy of life. Such is the story.

How many girls have Mary O'Neill's experience, flung ignorant into marriage; the subtle insight into the horror and terror of the childish bride, and the graphic portrayal thereof, should make many a parent pause ere pushing off the frail craft of innocent girlhood into the tossing unknown sea of matrimony. The misery of a life-time may follow the shock of a moment.

Mary O'Neill is emphatically a good woman, bewildered with her position, striving to live nobly and purely in a home befouled by vice; her solitary yielding to an overwhelming passion, her heroic courage in facing the tragic consequence, her patient endurance of suffering, her thankfulness as death opens an avenue of escape from the insistent pressure to marry the man she adores—all this is tragedy of the old Greek type, elemental passion and inevitable doom.

I say again—a great book. But how much will its root-problems be discussed? should marriage be indissoluble? should divorce be permitted? Hall Caine presents the problem as life presents it. He does not answer it, but leaves it to each reader to answer it for himself. I follow his example.

A. B.

The Malthusian Limit, by Edward Isaacson. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book owes its inception primarily to the law of Malthus, which, the author says, cannot be disregarded. The population can and does increase in geometrical ratio, while the food supply increases only in arithmetical ratio; therefore the time must come when the numbers of the race must be regulated in order to equalise matters. This being taken for granted, Mr. Isaacson then proceeds to consider the condition of mankind as it is at present, and from this falls to dreaming of the world as he would have it. He divides humanity into two classes—the 'fecund' and the 'surplus'. He would have a certain percentage of the people devoting their whole attention to the producing of the future race—these living in communities in the country (the best environment for children), and managing much of the cultivation of the land for the food-supply. The surplus class would carry on the general work of the world under improved conditions. Men and women of this class are on an equal basis. They may marry provided they have no children, but, as compensation, they have access to many forms of enjoyment—physical and intellectual—denied to the fecund class. This, roughly, is the author's dream—confessedly impossible to realise—and from this he draws many conclusions and shows many advantages that would ensue. He fulfils the Malthusian conditions, and improves the race. He then shows the effect this system would have on Socialism and several other questions of the day. He illustrates by the means of diagrams, which are interesting and instructive, some of the theories he advocates. The book is materialistic in tone, and is one with which a Theosophist cannot find himself wholly in agreement. If the author believed in karma and reincarnation, he would find that some of his theories would scarcely work out; but the book is an honest effort to deal with a difficult subject, and the ideal of Mr. Isaacson—materialistic though it may seem—demands from men sacrifices on behalf of the race that at present humanity is far from willing to give.

T. L. C.

Applied Psychology, by John William Taylor. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 5s. net.)

The title of this work is rather misleading, as the subject with which it deals is phrenology, which may be a branch of applied psychology but can hardly merit the more sweeping title. However to the author phrenology appears "the most concise and complete system of mental philosophy and practical psychology in existence". Those who are interested in the study of heads will probably find the book of value. It is profusely illustrated, with the addition of numerous records from actual experience. It is written from the scientific standpoint while the style is popular and easy.

The science of phrenology seems to me substantiated by the Theosophical teaching which regards the human body as self-made, and its weaknesses and its capacities as the result of past activities of which the full expression is limited under kârmic law. Limited is each new-born human body, as the result of neglected opportunities; crippled sometimes mentally or physically is the human body, as the result of ill-applied activities. The human brain, the instrument through which the Ego manifests his knowledge and his will may well bear in its configuration and development the marks of his long pilgrimage, so that all who know can see moulded in the body itself its inherited character, its innate capacity. From the Theosophical teaching there seems fair ground for concluding that phrenology in the hands of an expert may supply valuable data indicating capacity and characteristics and so furnishing clues for practical use in life. An Index and many diagrams and interpretations of heads add largely to the utility of the book.

E. S.

Initiation into Philosophy, by Emile Faguet. Translated from the French by Sir Home Gordon. (Williams & Norgate, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The question as to whether it is better in beginning the study of a new subject to take a bird's-eye view of the whole or plod patiently through a certain number of details from the very start is one on which there may be some difference of opinion. For those who incline to the plan of

taking a rapid review of the subject as an introduction, the present volume will appeal as exceedingly useful. It is a book for beginners, written with the purpose of exciting and especially of satisfying their initial curiosity. The story of western philosophy from the time of Thales to that of modern nineteenth century thinkers is briefly told.

A. de L.

Where are you going to . . . ?, by Elizabeth Robins. (William Heinemann, London. Price 6s.)

This is a novel with a purpose. However, let not the prospective reader turn away from it on that account. It is most excellent reading. The moral is so skilfully worked into the plot and so well supported by the characters that one hardly notices it until, having finished the story, he lays it down and ponders its incidents. Then, from his inevitable sympathy with characters which have become real to him, the horrible conditions portrayed leave the reader deeply impressed with the need for reform. The object of the book is to present to a public which has probably neither the inclination nor the opportunity to inform itself with regard to these matters, certain phases of one of the most terrible evils of the day—the white slave trade. The author is to be congratulated on the admirable way in which she has carried out that purpose. She tells of things revolting and horrible, yet there is not one word in the book which is in any way gross or sordid. The atmosphere of refinement and delicacy of feeling which pervades the first part of the story, in which the quiet life of the heroine and her sister is described, persists through the tragic second part, where the girls have fallen into bad hands. We wish this book a very wide circulation, that the ability so generously dedicated to the service of social reform may bear abundant fruit.

A. de L.

THE 'HINDU' AND MRS. ANNIE BESANT

[The following statement has been published by Mrs. Annie Besant in the *Adyar Bulletin* of September.]

When I issued the Supplement to the last issue of the *Bulletin*, I thought that the Appeal case in the High Court would be quickly disposed of either on the preliminary legal points or finally on the merits, and I wished to have that case over before completing what I had to say relative to the suit against me by the *Hindu* for paras 11 and 29 of my original Written Statement in the Narayaniah suit. As, however, the judgment is delayed, I will say here at once what I had intended to say later, and so get rid of the matter, for my statement has been used against the *Hindu* in a way not intended by me. The statement as to the persecution of the Plaintiff by the *Hindu* and Dr. Nanjunda Row for making me the guardian of his two sons referred only to the articles which had appeared from January 1911 to the October of the same year, when the complaint about them was made to me and to others by Mr. G. Narayaniah. On these articles I have nothing now to say, since I have withdrawn my suits respecting them. Para 29 is a different matter; two things were there dealt with: political and theological hatred. The theological, not the political, attack was ascribed to the *Hindu*, and the *Hindu* was bracketted with Mrs. Tingley, who certainly—whatever her attacks on me have been—has never mixed herself up with Indian politics. I stated in my answer to the plaint that the paragraph as to the “propaganda of violence” “was never intended to apply to the plaintiff [the Editor], nor is there anything to show that either the plaintiff or his paper has any connection whatever with the same”. As this will not now otherwise appear, I print it here, in order to add definitely that, while I sometimes disagree with the views expressed in the *Hindu*, I have never seen in its pages any encouragement of the “propaganda of violence” or approval of “the plots of the Extremists”. I regret that I did not write two paragraphs on the two matters, so completely separating them, and then no misconception could have arisen. ‘Anarchist,’ not Extremist, is the right word to apply to the

propaganda of violence and the plotters of assassination, for 'Nationalists' and 'Extremists' in Indian politics are much like 'Liberals' and 'Radicals' in English. Neither term should be held to connote the use of physical violence in political agitation, and personally I now always use the word 'Anarchist' to indicate approval of assassination. I have friends who belong to the Extremist party, men of the noblest type, who would rather die than lift their hand in murder. While India is without representation, they stand aside on principle from all political life, and will not even take part in the Congress, but they sternly discountenance all plots and all violence. I think they are unpractical and delay progress, but from such men Society has nothing to fear and much to hope; for they are idealists of pure and high character, and will be England's most useful friends when she does what they feel to be justice to India. Until she does, they stand patiently aside and wait, with their eyes fixed on the future, when the Queen's Proclamation of 1858 will be really carried out.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

GERMANY

Theosophical courses of lectures were held at Weisser-Hirsch, Dresden, from the end of June to the end of July 1913, at the German Theosophical Summer School. Lecturers and audience had come there from the most different parts of Europe. Russia had sent us Madame Kamensky and Madame Ounkowsky, who both made a very deep impression by their lectures and their music, dedicated to education and art. Madame de Manziarly held a series of lectures on 'Introduction to Theosophy,' and 'Anthropogenesis from the *Secret Doctrine*'; her interesting and spiritual discourses met with a very sympathetic and intelligent acceptance. Madame Perk-Joosten (Holland) took the *Rāmāyana* for her subject and delighted her audience with the beauty and ethics of this eternally young Hindū-epic.

The night on which 'Fidus' showed and explained his artistically executed mystical pictures will not be forgotten by any one present; this great painter has really found new ways of spiritual art. 'The Dramas of Wagner in the Light of Theosophy' was the title given to the cycle of Mr. Gorsemann's lectures. Mr. Cordes, the Austrian General Secretary from Austria, Mr. Lauweriks, our own General Secretary, Mr. Ahner and Mr. Flegel from Weisser-Hirsch all contributed their knowledge, and while each night brought its own special note, the whole left an impression of tolerance, sympathy and beauty, showing the possibility of union in spite of the most different opinions. All united in the wish to create a permanent centre for such annual meetings, and the Committee—Mesdames Kamensky, Ounkowsky (Petersburg), I. Manziarly (Paris), Guttman (Gottingen), Mr. Fricke (Haarlem), Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden (Gottingen), Mr. Ahner (Weisser-Hirsch), decided to arrange a Summer School annually near Dresden, to facilitate international Theosophical work, to make it broader and more tolerant. The General Secretaries of all countries are asked to take an interest in this work, and to help the Committee by their collaboration. In future not only public lectures will be given, but there will be also classes for study on such subjects as: education, art, science, social questions, Theosophical doctrines, etc. Music—which exercised so remarkable an influence this year, thanks to Madame Ounkowsky and Miss Viola Thern—and other forms of Art will become more and more prominent factors. The Committee most fervently desires to establish at Weisser-Hirsch a spiritual centre above all parties, and to unite all those who seek truth, and who want to share all they have with others. Mr. Ahner, Hermannstr. 1., Weisser-Hirsch, Dresden, and Miss Guttman, Plankstr. 1., Gottingen, will give information to any who are interested in this matter.

J. L. G.

AUSTRALASIA

Throughout Australasia Theosophy is making steady progress, and is coming more and more into public view. Miss Helen Horne is about to make a tour of the Commonwealth, so that a fresh impetus may be expected.

The Golden Chain has secured wide publicity and approximately eight thousand children have joined. Mr. Prentice is proving to be an acceptable lecturer in Victoria, and by systematic arrangement lecturers from Melbourne are visiting country towns.

A vigorous and successful propaganda work is being carried on in the suburbs by the Sydney Lodge. At Newtown, Mr. Victor Roinel gave a very successful lecture to a large audience composed mostly of strangers. Mr. Braund's work at Armidale is bearing fruit and a number of new members have been enrolled since the formation of the Lodge there. The General Secretary recently delivered a welcome series of addresses at Adelaide; also Rabbi Boaz gave an excellent lecture on 'Theosophy in Relation to Judaism'. At this centre the Guild of S. Cecilia is a special attraction for the young girls. The Adelaide Lodge has lost a devoted worker, Miss Barnes, the late Secretary, having passed away.

A special propaganda tour of Central and Southern Queensland has been undertaken by the workers at Brisbane, and it is hoped to form new centres.

A new sectional activity, taking the form of a midwinter re-union, has been started at the New Zealand T. S. Headquarters, Auckland. Business matters were entirely excluded, and for a few days many members had a most refreshing mental and spiritual time.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the T. S. work at Dunedin is the regular Sunday evening lectures, which are well attended and secure good press notices. Mr. D. W. M. Burn is generally the lecturer. Mr. A. W. Maurais, the pioneer Theosophist of Dunedin, recently gave his farewell address, saying that he thought the time had come when he should leave the platform to younger members; he gave an outline of the movement for the last twenty years. The loving and grateful thoughts of many whom he has helped should sweeten his well-earned rest from public work in the cause he loves.

R. P.

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

(Concluded from p. 12)

PROFESSOR HOMERSHAN COX lately told the world in the pages of the *Modern Review* that he advised the Hon. Pandit M. M. Malaviya to exclude Theosophical influence from the Hindū University. In another article he has "let the cat out of the bag". He objects to all religious education. In this same article, he extols truth. But in that case, should he not have advised the Hon. Pandit to exclude Hindūism from his University? Was it quite honourable to play on the Hon. Pandit's orthodox prejudices against Theosophy, while not telling him that he regarded Hindūism also as an absurd superstition? In a man who objects to all religion, hatred of Theosophy is natural and proper. Here is Professor Cox's view of religious education; he says:

It is well to have a clear idea of what religious education really means, before discussing its advantages or disadvantages. To avoid vagueness I will take one particular religion, Christianity, and consider the meaning of Christian education. The boy who is taught Christianity at school is asked to believe that a virgin gave birth to a child, that a man after his death and burial came to life again, that this man went up from the ground into the sky and disappeared. Every Sunday in Church, Christians assert their belief in these things. They must believe as well many other things of the same kind. The boy is taught that a woman was once turned into salt; that there was a flood extending over the whole earth and covering the tops of the highest mountains. These stories are mentioned by Jesus and as Jesus was God we cannot suppose him to have said what was untrue.

Mr. Farquhar, on the other hand, looks forward to a triumph of Christianity over Hindūism, on the ground that the former shows better results. This is challenged by the *Hindu*, which remarks caustically, but truly :

He would be a bold man who could assert that Christianity produces better men, living up to the standard set by its founder, than Hindūism. We are not unaware of the defects of this argument, but from the point of view of practical utility chosen by Mr. Farquhar, it is surely conclusive. In other words Christianity has failed in large measure to influence its own votaries. Does that not measure its utility as a practical religion? Perhaps in a much better world than this, when nations shall have ceased from the organised and wholesale murder that is called war; when man shall have ceased from hammering his brother man because his skin happens to be a little darker than his own; when racial prejudice, which with the passing of years is increasing in intensity, shall have completely disappeared; when the professions and the practice of Western civilisation shall exhibit greater convergence than at present, then perhaps Hindūism, which is a working religion of a very practical nature, may be induced to accept the high example of the Teacher of Nazareth as its "Crown". Perhaps, however, when that time does come, barriers of religion no less than barriers of race will have disappeared, and all that is best in the old and the new may have merged in a common religion for the whole of humanity.

Well will it be for man when that happy day shall come. Meanwhile Hindūism need not veil its face before Christianity, for if there are abuses within it still unremoved, such as child-parenthood and temple dancing-girls, these are evils less gross than wars and the White Slave Traffic.

* *

As we are going to press on September 17th, judgment on the question of the jurisdiction of the High Court has been delivered. The Judges must have found the matter difficult, as they took a month to consider their decision. The Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Oldfield

delivered separate and concurrent judgments, asserting jurisdiction for the High Court, apparently over all Indian infants everywhere. But one would like to read the judgments carefully before making any comments on the questions and consequences involved. This, however, I would like to say, that no suitor could have been treated with more courtesy than I experienced in the High Court, and that the learned Judges fully weighed the arguments presented to them. No suitor can ask for more.

* *

In many ways I am glad that the Court has claimed jurisdiction, for, had it not done so, enemies would always have said that I had won on mere technicalities. Now the merits will be heard. On those, I must, at this stage, express no opinion.

* *

With the exquisite delicacy of feeling with which I became familiar in the Madras Police Court, an attempt was made in the High Court itself to serve me with a notice in a libel suit brought against me by Mr. K. U. Sham Rau, because I said that his statements about me were false. I refused to take it from the bailiff in the Court to which the Judges were just coming, and was served outside in the passage in the middle of a gaping crowd. They do these things so nicely in Madras. Friends may have seen that Mr. K. U. Sham Rau demanded an apology. I, of course, refused to unsay what I had said. He values the damage to his reputation at Rs. 15,000. It is a nuisance to have another law-suit, but it cannot be helped.

* *

A pleasanter subject is that I have arranged to deliver a course of lectures on some of the burning questions of the day, under the auspices of the Madras Hindū Association, on October 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 and November 7. Mr. G. Natesan, the eminent publisher, is the Secretary of the Association, and various leaders of the Indian party of progress in Madras will preside. The subjects are: 'Foreign Travel—why Indians should go Abroad'; 'Child-marriage and Its Results'; 'Our Duty to the Depressed Classes'; 'The Colour Bar in England, the Colonies, and India'; 'The Passing of the Caste System'; 'Indian Industries as related to Self-Government'. I must now take up again vigorously my public work, which has been so hampered by the persecution to which I have been subjected since January, 1911.

* * *

The *Indian Review* for October will contain an article by myself, entitled 'United India; the fourfold path'. It recalls Mr. Hume's urgent plea for union among all who were working for any branch of Reform in India, and makes this the basis for an appeal to the Indian National Congress, as the only unfettered representative body in India, to unite the scattered bodies into a single movement, and to place itself at its head. The *Indian Review*, Messrs. G. Natesan & Co., Madras, E., is sufficient address, and it can be sent V. P. P.



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No. 2

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

PERHAPS the judgment in the Court of Appeal may be out before these lines see the light. Whether it bring to our beloved Alcyone and his brother good or evil, it will be the final judgment of the Indian Courts, reversible only by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on appeal. Whatever it may be, we—who look beyond Courts of Law to the Supreme Judge of our globe, to Him who has been so ignorantly blasphemed in this case, the great Kumāra known to all instructed Hindūs—we shall be satisfied; for we know that all things work according to His Will, and that He, who sees the future which to our purblind eyes is invisible, shapes our doings to the appointed end, and weaves into His fabric, for its greater beauty, the black thread of hatred as well as the golden thread of love. Well is it with us, who know and therefore trust Him, whether for the moment we triumph or suffer defeat. Both are alike to those who have seen "the KING in His Beauty," for both are temporary, while He is eternal.

• • •

"Fight, taking victory and defeat as equal," was the advice of Shri Kṛṣṇa to Arjuna, His Beloved. And this is the lesson which the struggles of earth must teach the disciple until it is wholly learnt. To take and to let go, to build and to see pulled down, to be crowned with glory and then with infamy, and to take all as equal—such is the lot of the disciple who is being moulded into the likeness of his Lord. Thus only may he pierce "the great Illusion," cross the ocean of Māyā, and reach the "other shore". Those who would reach the end must not complain of the hardships on the way.

* * *

And, after all, what are the hardships? A little newspaper abuse; a magistrate's prejudiced decision—founded on a mass of irrelevant documents—eagerly republished over the world by those who catch at any chance to injure; a judge's hasty refusal to reconsider the matter—founded on a misunderstood sentence, taken away from its context—jubilantly circulated. A few obscure individuals throwing mud. What is all this to me, who in this, as in other lives, have passed through it all before, and have triumphed over it? They "think the rustic cackle of their burgh the murmur of the world". In other lives, their like have followed similar impulses of hatred—with what result? That future generations build monuments to the persecuted prophets, and crown with glory those whom they had crowned with thorns.

* * *

And in this life with what result? In fighting side by side with Charles Bradlaugh for freedom of discussion on Christianity and on the Law of Population, we

were both struck heavily at the time; his seat in Parliament, won again and again, was kept from him, and he was so brutally ill-treated within the walls of Parliament that his invaluable life was shortened, for he never recovered from the injuries then inflicted on him; yet he won his seat at last, and as he lay on his early death-bed, Parliament erased every resolution passed against him as subversive of liberty, and his name remains on record in English history as one of its heroic figures. For myself, my children were torn from me under the old bad law, now changed. But freedom of discussion on religion was won, and is now unchallenged. (It must not be forgotten that Mr. Foote played a gallant part in this struggle, and was the last man imprisoned for 'blasphemy' in England.)

* * *

Freedom of discussion was won on the Population Question; we recovered the confiscated pamphlets and sold them openly, challenging further prosecution. My own little book was prosecuted in Australia, and triumphantly vindicated, the Judge pronouncing his strong approval of it. There was even a Commission sent to Holland, to enquire as to methods of limiting population. The principle is practically adopted in the leading countries, and no one would now dream of regarding a publication on the question as 'obscene,' as did an ignorant jury, to the manifest disgust of Sir Alexander Cockburn, the eminent Judge, who had decided that the little book was a scientific treatise. My son and daughter returned to me the moment they were able to earn their own living, and thus escape from their father's control (the Indian law, as interpreted by the Hon. Mr. Justice Bakewell, does not hold in England);

both are members of the Theosophical Society, doing useful work therein, and both are passionately devoted to me. What can legal judgments do when righteousness and truth are sought after and lived? A judge must administer the law as it is, good, bad, or indifferent; the good citizen must accept the decision of the law, and has no right to complain of it. The utmost he may righteously do, if it commands that which conscience forbids—for it may sometimes clash with Duty—is to yield his body without cavil to any penalty which may be imposed on him by the State to which he owes allegiance.

•••

No greater patience, no greater courtesy, could have been extended to the most eminent counsel than have been shown to me by each Judge of the High Court before whom I have pleaded. I particularly appreciated Mr. Justice Oldfield's alert and searching questions, which recalled what was once my great delight, a keen debate. There is no intellectual pleasure greater than that of defending a position against a well-conducted attack—not that I mean to imply that Mr. Justice Oldfield was attacking my position, but he sometimes wanted points to be cleared up, and it was helpful to be asked questions directed to that end.

•••

I must here place on record my grateful thanks to those who have helped me in legal matters. First and foremost to my venerable friend, Sir S. Subramania Aiyar, who so long adorned the Bench of the Madras High Court, and whose strong grasp of principles and extraordinary memory of details made his help priceless. As is well known, his view on jurisdiction is entirely

against that now laid down as law, and I am not sure that he does not rather wish me to lose the case, in order that the Privy Council may reverse the judgment—on this matter and on the Guardians and Wards Act as a code—as delivered in the Court of Appeal. On the latter point, the judgment differs from those of the Allahabad High Court and the Punjab Chief Court, so that the power of a father to bring a suit outside the Guardians and Wards Act in a District Court now depends on the part of India in which he lives—a most inconvenient condition as regards law. The Calcutta and Bombay High Courts have not decided this matter, so that the Act, which was intended to make one law for the whole of India on the subject with which it deals, leaves matters as inconsistent as ever. It is as though, after the passing of a Bankruptcy Act, the procedure as to bankrupts were unchanged in some provinces and changed in others. The legal mind of Sir S. Subramania naturally chafes against this condition of the law. He has taken endless pains with me, and is not, I am happy to know, wholly dissatisfied with his 'apprentice'. To him my gratitude in fullest measure. Then to Mr. C. S. Govindaraja Mudaliar, who has been at my service at any time and every time, disregarding all his own interests, and, with his sound knowledge of case-law, bringing most useful suggestions. Lastly, to Mr. Graham Pole, who came over here, abandoning all his own work, from the sole desire to help; his acute criticisms were most valuable when I submitted to him the arguments that I proposed to advance in Court; and he has been a real support from his 'understandingness' and unfailing bright encouragement. I have been inclined to bestow on him my own

old name of 'Sunshine'. To these, I pray that the gracious words of the Christ may be repeated: "Forasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

* * *

I must not leave out of these poor words of gratitude all the residents of Adyar, who, during this year of struggle, never added one featherweight to the difficulties, but who, one and all, helped most effectively by maintaining peace and harmony within Headquarters, and not one of whom added any personal trouble to the outer troubles that had to be faced. My immediate helpers, Rao Sahab G. Soobhiah Chetty, Messrs Wadia, Sitarama Shāstri, Ranga Reddy, all bore increased burdens of work without complaint. All business departments were carried on with unfailing regularity. As has always been my happy lot since 1875, I have been surrounded by loving friends, if assailed by unscrupulous enemies.

* * *

I have also once more to thank my opponent, Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, for conducting the case in a way that deprived it of features which might have made it well-nigh intolerable, for unfailing delicacy, and for constantly remembering that his opponent was a woman, to whom the subject-matter of the suit was necessarily supremely distasteful. His pleading was none the less able and brilliant for the avoidance of any coarse phrase, and, while he did even more than his duty to his client, he never descended into the licence which a counsel of a lower type would have employed. It is well that, at the close of a case so bitterly contested, one is able to salute one's opponent with

raised rapier, as chivalry demands. But I would rather have Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar on my side than against me. I have not seen his equal, so far, in the High Court, for readiness of answer and clever presentment of a case, making much of its strong points and covering its weak ones; he also knows what he wants and the way of obtaining it. It is not wonderful that he is overwhelmed with cases. In addition to his legal work, he is constantly engaged in making himself useful to good public causes, and his name is ever seen in connexion with these. India will have a fine public worker in him, if he fulfils the promise of the present.

* * *

The T. S. propaganda work of the winter in Europe seems to be fairly started, and the summer has not been unutilised. Mr. Herman Thaning of Copenhagen writes of a visit to Iceland, where there are two Lodges, and of well-attended public meetings, whereat appeared a bishop and his wife, a professor of theology and his wife, as well as four clergymen. We have sent from Adyar to England three Theosophical lecturers—Mr. and Mrs. Ransom and Miss Codd, while the late and present General Secretaries have both had the advantage of a stay here. Professor Wodehouse from Benares is also busy, and news comes of an exceptionally good lecture, delivered by him at Cheltenham.

* * *

Sir Oliver Lodge, as President of the British Association, treads in the steps of his eminent predecessor, Sir William Crookes. If the ghost of Tyndall haunts the scenes of his triumphs, he must be rejoicing that they have gone so far ahead of himself in things psychical. A very significant utterance as to the

changed conditions of the times, with their "rapid progress combined with fundamental scepticism," ran as follows:

With the realisation of predicted aether waves in 1888, the discovery of X-rays in 1895, spontaneous radio-activity in 1896, and the isolation of the electron in 1898, expectation of further achievement became vivid; and novelties, experimental, theoretical, and speculative, have been showered upon us ever since this century began. That is why I speak of rapid progress. Of the progress I shall say little—there must always be some uncertainty as to which particular achievement permanently contributes to it; but I will speak about the fundamental scepticism.

Let me hasten to explain that I do not mean the well-worn and almost antique theme of theological scepticism—that controversy is practically in abeyance just now. At any rate, the major conflict is suspended; the forts behind which the enemy has retreated do not invite attack; the territory now occupied by him is little more than his legitimate province. It is the scientific allies, now, who are waging a more or less invigorating conflict among themselves, with philosophers joining in. Meanwhile the ancient foe is biding his time and hoping that from the struggle something will emerge of benefit to himself. Some positions, he feels, were too hastily abandoned and may, perhaps, be retrieved; or, to put it without metaphor, it seems possible that a few of the things prematurely denied, because asserted on inconclusive evidence, may, after all, in some form or other, have really happened. Thus, the old theological bitterness is mitigated, and a temporising policy is either advocated or instinctively adopted.

No one has done more than the speaker himself to give back to religion some support from science. Sir Oliver Lodge's remarks on life and mind, and his gentle irony on the bridge of the Firth of Forth and the damming of the Nile should give pause to materialists; his bold testimony to the persistence after death of the personality is invaluable, for it rests on his own experience, gained despite "the usual hostile prejudice". The conclusion of the address was fine:

Many scientific men still feel in pugnacious mood towards theology, because of the exaggerated dogmatism which our predecessors encountered and overcame in the past.

They had to struggle for freedom to find truth in their own way; but the struggle was a miserable necessity and has left some evil effects. And one of them is this lack of sympathy, this occasional hostility, to other more spiritual forms of truth. We cannot really and seriously suppose that truth began to arrive on this planet a few centuries ago. The pre-scientific insight of genius—of poets and prophets and saints—was of supreme value, and the access of those inspired seers to the heart of the universe was profound. But the camp followers, the Scribes and Pharisees, by whatever name they may be called, had no such insight, only a vicious or a foolish obstinacy; and the prophets of a new era were stoned.

Now at last we of the new era have been victorious, and the stones are in our hands; but for us to imitate the old ecclesiastical attitude would be folly. Let us not fall into the old mistake of thinking that ours is the only way of exploring the multifarious depths of the universe and that all others are worthless and mistaken. The universe is a larger thing than we have any conception of, and no one method of search will exhaust its treasures. Men and brethren, we are trustees of the truth of the physical universe as scientifically explored; let us be faithful to our trust.

Genuine religion has its roots deep down in the heart of humanity and in the reality of things. It is not surprising that by our methods we fail to grasp it; the actions of the Deity make no appeal to any special sense, only a universal appeal, and our methods are, as we know, incompetent to detect complete uniformity. There is a principle of relativity here, and unless we encounter flaw or jar or change, nothing in us responds; we are deaf and blind, therefore, to the immanent grandeur around us, unless we have insight enough to recognise in the woven fabric of existence, flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress towards perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God.

May Sir Oliver Lodge live long to be a bridge between religion and science.

* * *

In the 'Ecclesiastical News' of the *Yorkshire Herald*, we have one of the ever-recurring false statements made by missionaries to lower the Indians in the mind of the English public. The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Beverley presided, and a Miss Driscoll, "a lady who had spent many years in missionary work

in India" was the chief speaker. The following is reported as said by her:

Speaking of the life in the Zenanas, Miss Driscoll said those Zenanas consisted usually of two rooms, lofty but always dark, and occupied by perhaps fifty or sixty women and children of all ages. The people of the West gloried in their liberty, and loved the beautiful things of the world, but shut up in the Zenanas there were women who for forty years had never seen the outside of the buildings in which they had lived since their marriage. There was no escape. One could picture the darkness which shadowed the lives of the high-born women of India. The age for the marriage for women in India was twelve years, and if a girl became a widow she had to remain in the background. The Hindoo religion taught that when a man died, his death had been caused by his wife's sins in a previous state of existence. So she was regarded somewhat as a murderess. The natives of India had a million gods, but no God of Love, and it was among these who had never heard of a God of Love that the Zenana missionaries were working. There was a great contrast between the homes of the native Christians and the others. [This is true, for the 'Native Christian' often drinks. ED.] The Christians' homes were clean and well kept, and when sickness broke out it was not necessary for the authorities to send them to segregation camps. People such as Mrs. Besant were going about England talking of the beauties of Hindûism, but those people did not understand anything of its horrors. The Christian schools in India were doing a marvellous work. Only about one per cent. of the native population could read and write, and more and more missionaries were needed for educational work. She appealed to the people of York to support the society.

The two dark rooms of the Zenana, occupied by fifty or sixty women and children, is an effective touch, but is purely imaginary. "People such as Mrs. Besant," who have visited familiarly the homes of Indian ladies, with their large open courts and airy rooms, will appreciate it. The chief Deity of these "high-born women" is Shri Kṛṣṇa, supremely a "God of Love," but probably Miss Driscoll has never heard of Him. The ladies shut up in the Zenana for forty years must be confined to Miss Driscoll's acquaintances. The ladies I have met often go out to visit the temples, to travel to holy places,

to say nothing of the gay ladies' parties that so often occur. Miss Driscoll does not, of course, say that the Zenana system is only found in some parts of India. It is scandalous that such false stories should be spread in order "to support the society".

* * *

It is strange that Count Leo Tolstoy should have prophesied of the Balkan wars—if the accounts given in the daily journals are true—and it will be interesting to see how far the next quarter of a century carries out the remainder of his forecast. In 1915 a man is to arise who will "hold most of Europe in his grip till 1925". "After 1925" a change in religious feeling is to appear and with the fall of the Church a great reform is to begin.

It will lay the corner-stone of the Temple of Pantheism. God, Soul, Spirit and Immortality will be molten in a new furnace and will prepare the way for the peaceful beginning of a new ethical era.

* * *

The *Daily News* tells of two men, each of whom dreamed of the other, not having met for fifteen years; one of them dreamt that he met his friend on Ludgate Hill. The latter stopped at Benson's to regulate his watch, and some one came up, stopped for the same purpose, and behold! it was the friend. May one suggest that they had really seen each other in the dream-world—the astral world—and that a coming event had cast its shadow before? Had it not been for this, the two men might have passed each other without recognition, after so long a separation.

* * *

Some people have odd ideas of what is desirable. A cutting has been sent to me, recounting the experience

of an old man and woman, "who have brought up fifteen children on an average weekly wage of 15s., have never been able to afford a holiday." Often they only had dry bread for meals, sometimes gruel for dinner. Mr. Newton, the father, won a first prize at the Lincolnshire Agricultural Show for bringing up the largest number of children without parish relief. At one time they had a cottage rent-free, but usually paid 1s. 6d. a week as rent. "I am afraid," says Mr. Newton, "the youngsters did not get enough to eat many times, but we pulled through." Is this a human life in a country where people often pay for a bottle of wine several times this man's weekly income? These people slaved for morning and night during their whole life, and are given a prize! They may be splendid in their courage and cheerfulness—"We have nothing to grumble at," says Mrs. Newton—but what of the social position of people such as these? awards such a fate of unrelieved drudgery as of the beautiful life?

Dr. Roche, well-known to Adyar as of the, as to many other Theosophists in London, has just refused an offer of a lectureship, carrying £500 a year, from the London County Council, in order that she may devote her life wholly to the work. Dr. Roche has of her own only barely enough to live upon. Such willingness to sacrifice in its members makes the strength of the Theosophical Society.

His Excellency the Viceroy has again shown his insight into Indian feeling and his readiness to put right aught that has gone amiss. He travelled down from Simla to Cawnpur in order personally to soothe the hurt susceptibilities of the Musalmāns: "I have

come," he said, "from Simla with the express purpose of bringing to you peace". The plan of the pathway has been arranged so as to accommodate both wayfarers and worshippers, but the essence of the Viceroy's feelings comes out in the noble words of pardon, extended to those who were being prosecuted for riot:

I am your father and you are my children. When children do wrong, it is the duty of their father, while inspired by the most kindly feelings, to admonish them so that they may learn wisdom and not err again. My words are not addressed to you personally but to those who are charged with having committed riot and have now suffered imprisonment for the last ten weeks. These, if guilty of violence, have put themselves in the wrong, for they are accused of having resisted constituted authority and have thus not only broken the law, but also the very well-known and universally acknowledged principles of the great Islamic faith which they profess and follow. The maintenance of constituted authority is the duty of the Government, and I say, as head of the Government of India, that, under all circumstances, it will be maintained. Under ordinary circumstances, it would have been the duty of the Government to prosecute and obtain the punishment of the prisoners, but they have already suffered severely, and as I have said before I have come to Cawnpore to give peace. I also wish to show mercy to those who instigated the riot and who are thus responsible for the harm that has occurred. They are the least deserving of consideration, but as a solution of the difficulty connected with the mosque has been found, I am anxious that the incidents which aroused so much feeling and excitement should be now buried in oblivion. I trust, however, that, if clemency is extended to the instigators the melancholy consequences of their intemperate oratory may be a warning to them and to others against similar reckless speaking in the future. I wish the sufferings of all those who are charged with having taken part in the riot to now cease, and I have, therefore, with the full concurrence of Sir James Meston and of Mr. Baillie invited the Local Government to take immediate steps for the provisions of Section 494 of the Criminal Procedure Code to be applied to all those connected with the riot who have been committed to the Court of Sessions for trial. I devoutly trust that the solution of the question of the mosque and the decision that I have taken in connection with those now under commitment for trial may bring peace and contentment not only in Cawnpore but amongst the whole of the Muhammadan Community in India that no action may be taken locally or otherwise tending in any way

to perpetuate the melancholy memories of the past few months and that all Muhammadans may unite together in loyalty to their Sovereign and in loyal co-operation with constituted authority for the maintenance of law and order and for the peace, happiness and prosperity of the great and beautiful land in which we live.

The prisoners have, accordingly, been set free, and Lord Hardinge has raised 'English prestige' far higher than could have been effected by any punishment inflicted on the rioters. In him have spoken the best instincts of Englishmen, and he has closed a gaping wound with the sympathy of a good man and the insight of a statesman.

* * *

Miss Stuart, one of our Adyar students, has inaugurated a most kindly and useful movement in aid of lepers in the Government Leper Asylum of Madras. Moved by pity for their dreary lot, she collected money and gave them a gramophone, and now the gift of a piano has been added. On October 14th, she took a party of musicians chosen from the residents to give them a concert. Mr. Schwarz and Mr. Van Hook gave a solo and duets on the violin, Mrs. Gagarin, Miss Stuart and Mr. Best contributed songs, while I read Arnold's 'The Rājā's Ride' and Miss de Leeuw presided at the piano. Once a month Adyar is to provide a similar entertainment, and we hope that three other Societies will come forward, so that each will take charge of one evening a month, and thus provide a weekly entertainment for these unhappy ones. The Doctor and the Superintendent both strongly approve of the idea.

* * *

The first of my eight lectures on Social Reform was given in the Victoria Hall, Madras, on October 10th, Sir S. Subramania Aiyar, K. C. I. E., LL. D., late Acting

Chief Justice of the High Court in the Chair; the subject was 'Foreign Travel'. On the 17th, the Hon. Mr. Justice T. Sadasiva Aiyar presides over the lecture on 'Child-Marriage and Its Results'. On the 24th, the Hon. Mr. Justice B. Tyabji takes the Chair for 'Our Duty to the Depressed Classes'. On the 31st, Dewan Bahadur M. Adinarayana Iyah is the Chairman, a specialist on the subject of the lecture, 'Indian Industries as related to Self-Government'. On November 7th the subject is 'The Passing of the Caste System,' and on this we have as president a leading Madras citizen, Dewan Bahadur L. A. Govindaraghava Aiyar. On November 9th, the Hon. Mr. P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar, C.S.I., C.I.E., the Indian Member of H. E. the Governor's Executive Council, takes the Chair for the 'Education of Indian Girls'. We then return to the High Court for our next president, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Miller is Chairman for 'Mass Education' on November 14th. The last lecture of the series, on November 16th is on 'The Colour Bar in England, the Colonies and India'—a thorny subject.

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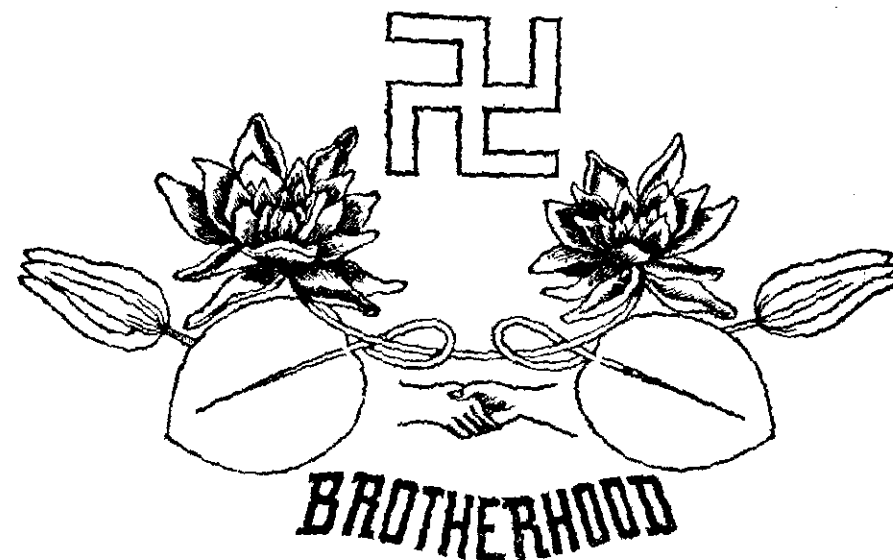
On October 3rd, I had the pleasure of attending the meeting held by the Theistic Endeavour Society to celebrate the Anniversary of Rājā Ram Mohan Roy, the founder of the Brahmo Samāj. This man of marvellous courage and prophetic insight saw, in the early 19th century, the reforms for which the 'advanced' among his countrymen are battling to-day. All honour is due to one who stood alone in the darkness, and sang to the yet unseen dawn.

* * *

The terrible battle of 'passive resistance' has begun again in South Africa, and heroic Indians are going to gaol for the honour of their Motherland. The Boers are even more unjust to them now than they were when their treatment of Indians was one of the grievances which led to the South African War. But now that South Africa is a self-governing Colony instead of a foreign Republic, it can do as it lists. "The Flag" protects the oppressor over whom it had waved as conqueror, but can now do nothing for its coloured children. Women are suffering as bravely as men, showing that the heroic strain still exists in Indian Womanhood, and that the wife will stand by her husband in patriotic self-sacrifice if only he will associate her with himself in his hopes and aspirations. Truly Mr. Gandhi, the Saint-Warrior of South Africa, keeps nothing back: property, his own body, his wife, his children—all, all are laid on the altar of his country. It is such men who make nations.

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I am receiving various announcements about 'occult' associations with requests for publication. I cannot announce nor recommend any clubs or societies of which I know absolutely nothing, not even the name of their promoters. Occultism is not a thing to be lightly played with, and it would be wrong of me to give publicity to any movements bearing its name unless I know something of them. Any one of them may be all right, but also it may be all wrong. And it is the duty of a publicist to know that which he recommends.



THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY¹

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

FRIENDS:

With all my heart I thank you for the love which prompts your welcome to me to-night.

I want, if I can, to put before you on this occasion different views as to the Theosophical Society, and as to the position in which it stands both generally before the world and specially at the present time; for I think we make a mistake when we try to understand the position of a movement like our own at any given moment, as though you could separate that moment from that which has gone before and that which is to follow after.

¹ A lecture delivered at Chelsea Town Hall, London, on 3rd June, 1913.

The general view that you take of the vast Theosophical Movement, and of its standard-bearer the Theosophical Society, must govern the view that you take of any particular line of thought or of feeling in judging the position of the Society, the wisdom or unwisdom of its ways; and in putting these different standpoints before you, and in trying roughly to indicate how things look from one standpoint or from another, I would begin by asking you to remember that various standpoints are rightfully taken by various members, and that there lies no right on the part of anyone, whether it be the President of the Society or the latest recruit in its ranks, to declare that his view is the view with which the Society as a whole should be identified, or that his view is in any way binding on the members of the Theosophical Society.

You may remember that last year I was putting before you very strongly, as I have put over and over and over again, the vital necessity for the Society to keep its platform broad, definite, free, and to realise that when the Theosophist speaks of toleration, he does not mean a compassionate permission to other people to make errors in their own way, but the honest recognition that each human Spirit must hew out his own path to his perfection, and that the road which leads to perfection for one is not necessarily the road which leads to perfection for each and all.

If I begin by reminding you of that fundamental principle, it is because it seems so difficult for many, even of our own members, to embrace it thoroughly and completely. I notice so often that one opinion or another is barred, as though we had a right to judge of the way in which another man shall walk. I would

remind you again, as I have so often reminded you before, of that great Egyptian sentence, so full of profoundest truth, that each is to make his own way according to the Word, and that the Word for each one of us is that which is sounded out by the God within him, with all the overtones belonging to that keynote of his being, which belong to his temperament, his line of thought, his tendency of will. It is to that great variety of opinion, not looked on as a matter of regret, but as wholly desirable and useful for progress—it is that great variety to which I would ask you to turn your thoughts for a while, as I put before you the different standpoints from which the position of the Theosophical Society may be regarded. You will not, I know, misunderstand me, in speaking of this variety, as meaning that each one of you should not make for yourself a clear and definite opinion. Indefiniteness of thought is no duty of the Theosophist. His own thought should be as definite as he is able to make it, but he must not impose that thought on any one of his brethren. To realise that truth is many-sided, to understand that, looking at a single object, you see it at a different angle according to the position which you occupy in your study of it—that does not mean in any sense that to you the truth is indefinite, but rather that you realise that variety of belief must and ought to imply variety of the way in which the expression of truth is to be made. It is that union of clear individual thinking and belief with perfect respect and tolerance for the views of others, it is in that that the path of progress to the future lies. For we must remember that, even as far as we ourselves are concerned, if we are growing in knowledge, if we are gaining in devotion,

if the God within us is evolving along the lines of infinite perfection; then the thoughts of yesterday, even for ourselves, cannot be identical with the thoughts of to-morrow; there is a danger that if we turn our thoughts of yesterday, or even our thoughts of to-day, into dogmas imposed by authority from without, then we ourselves in the days to come, if we are climbing up the mountain side, shall find that our past thoughts are hindrances to our future, instead of being a foundation on which an ever more beautiful building will be erected; for the building is not identical with its foundation, although on the solidity of the foundation the stability of the building must depend.

Now let us for a moment consider what I think I may call the two chief standpoints from which the Society may be regarded, when we are judging of its position, its policy, its tendency. There is one which is quite fairly held by a large number of our members, which regards the Society very much from the outer standpoint—as they might regard other Societies to which they belong—as an Association of people engaged in a common study and able to help each other by the light that mutually they may throw upon the subjects that they discuss. They regard the Society as not differing in kind from the other Societies around it, to be looked on as an organisation growing and developing along the lines of ordinary intellectual and moral progress, a Society valuable largely for the sympathy by which its members may support each other in studying subjects not yet much understood in the outer world, and one in which the judgment is thoroughly based on what I should call the external view of the Society: people gathered together for a common object, and

assisting each other in finding out the truth for which all are seekers. That is a thoroughly legitimate view which people may take of the Society, and some of us who look on the Society from a very different standpoint, one that in a moment I will put before you, have no right to complain if our brethren take this more ordinary, and as they would say, more rational, view of the mission of the Society in the world. There is one great advantage connected with this view, that it raises very little antagonism; the judgment is very largely the judgment of the world, the exercise of reason goes along fairly conventional lines. People thus looking at the Society are people who will not much antagonise those around them, and gradually by their very reasonableness and their likeness to those among whom they live, they must exercise a most useful broadening and liberalising influence, and so help to prepare the world for other views held by what many would call the more extreme members of the Society, who look at it not from the outer standpoint, but as fundamentally in its very nature different from other Societies which exist side by side with it in the world.

The other standpoint, the other pole, in the Society—for of course there are many grades between—the other pole is that which looks on this movement as a distinct effort on the part of the great Hierarchy of Men made perfect to influence the spiritual evolution of the world in a quite definite way, in a quite definite direction; which regards the Society not so much as a band of students, as a number of people drawn together by an aspiration of a purely spiritual nature; which regards the whole Society as the expression of a spiritual purpose, and recognises as its true leaders, not the

people who play that part on the outer stage of the world, but Those who work for the world behind the veil, the Guardians of Humanity, Those whom we speak of as Masters—dealing with Their lowest grade—and who stretch up, rank after rank, beyond that grade of Masters, until we reach that highest One who is King and Lord of all; the Ruler of our globe, the Mighty One, in whose strong hand lie the destinies of the human race. Now those who take this view of the Society and, as you know, it is a view that I myself take, think that it differs very largely from the ordinary Societies which we find scattered around us in the world. Its standard must be a different standard; the values that it puts on various objects must differ from the values put upon those same objects in the outer world. In fact those who thus look at the Society might well take as their guiding word, perhaps, a phrase used in the early days by one of the Masters, that if we would reach Them, “You must come,” He said, “out of your world into ours.”

For the world in which we are living here in our physical bodies is a very different world from that in which the Masters live, the liberated Spirits of our race; just as if you were living illuminated by a particular kind of light, if that light were suddenly changed, every object around you would also change in colour, so is it, nay, more than that, when you contrast the way in which the dwellers in this mortal world look on the world around them, and as They look upon it whom we speak of as the Masters, Those whose vision is purged, whose discrimination is perfect. There will lie the difficulty of all who take this view of the Society, and, if it be the truer view of the two—for both in a

sense are true—if this be the deeper view, the more real view, then we shall look on all the difficulties with which the Society meets, to take but a single illustration, in an entirely different light. Those who look upon this Society as one amongst many will be troubled by the great crises which take place in it from time to time, crises which they will face with dislike, with the desire to avoid them. Wishing to lead a peaceful and quiet life among their fellows, they naturally shrink when some great trouble arises within the Society, and at once they look for some outer reason why that trouble should have come about. This person has made a mistake; the other person has spoken very unwisely; why do the leaders of the Society make so many blunders? We have heard that criticism made from the earliest days of H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott. Always we have found that they, in their time, were being blamed, because it was said they made unnecessary difficulties, because their unwisdom caused troubles to the Society in the world, and because the steps that they took, unconventional, not easy to be justified to the outer world, were the things which, it was said, made trouble which a wiser policy would have avoided; and, it was said, a more discriminating reason could have been used for the saving of the Society.

If, on the other hand, you are looking upon the Society as being really guided, not by those who appear to guide it in the outer world, but by those great Ones who have sent it forth as a messenger to the world, to express to the world the possibilities of the future, and to re-proclaim to the world the ancient spiritual truths; if you look at it thus, then when one of these

troubles arises, you will not so much be inclined to criticise the causes which seem to have led to it, as to endeavour to understand its meaning and its purpose, and the lesson which from it the Society is intended to learn. You will, in fact, rather take up the position of a soldier in an army who, knowing that his general is wiser than himself, and that he is working out the plan of a campaign with a knowledge that the soldier himself does not possess, says: "I know my general, and although he may seem to have allowed me to fall into an ambush, and although he may have sent me on a mission which it is impossible to fulfil, although he may have commanded me to perform a task for which my strength is inadequate, yet I am prepared to fall into the ambush and suffer from it, I am prepared to attempt the task however difficult, I am ready to obey, because I trust in the knowledge, in the skill, which is guiding not only my own little part of the army, but the whole great army in which I am only an insignificant unit."

And such a Theosophist, looking to the true Leaders of the Society, will realise that while They are working with very imperfect instruments, that while those instruments lack knowledge and power and may make many a blunder, many a mistake, they can never injure the Society by their blunders and their mistakes so long as the true Leaders are there, guiding and directing, and using even the blunders to bring about some great end which is more effective than could have been reached by some apparently wiser policy. Personally I learned that lesson long ago while H. P. Blavatsky was still with us. Living with her, as I was privileged to do, observing her closely in order that I might try to understand, I always took in relation to her not

the attitude of the critic, but the attitude of the student. And, taking that attitude to her, I learned much of the occult ways of life and of action. Very, very often she asked us to do a thing that from the worldly standpoint was unwise, and even undesirable. Very often she would provoke a conflict which it would seem to us easy to have avoided by a little more worldly wisdom, a little more tact, and a little more discretion. But I noticed that when some of those to whom she made the suggestion did not carry it out fully and thoroughly, then really difficulties arose; and I found, invariably, that if with whole-hearted trust and confidence one went along the path that she suggested, while the path was rough it was also short, and led to the goal which was being aimed at; I learned that my wisdom lay in obeying one who was wiser than myself, rather than in hampering her by foolish criticism and by choosing the way of the world instead of the occult method. And, learning thus from her, I have been able to apply it to many things that have happened in the Society. Looking over the last five-and twenty-years, or even going rather farther back than that, to the time of the Coulomb difficulty, one sees how one part of the world after another is thrown into a turmoil, how one country after another is tried; and as one watches the method of the trial, one sees that it is constantly directed against some national weakness which it is desirable to eliminate from the Theosophists who belong to that nation. In the Coulomb trouble—that which was stirred up by the Christian missionaries—we see how the choice placed before the Society was whether they would walk along the occult path or the worldly path, whether they would stand firmly by H. P. B., with her knowledge which

was the beacon light of the Society, whether they would recognise the facts of the occult life, whether they would acknowledge the truth of the existence of the Masters behind her, or whether they would go along the easier road of teaching metaphysics, science, including a certain amount of theoretical occult science, and so avoid the difficulties which she had so heroically confronted. For the time, on the whole, the Society on that occasion showed badly. It rather left her on one side for a very considerable time. It was not prepared to face the difficulty of recognising the existence of occult forces in the world. It was not ready to admit that the existence of the Masters was really the *raison d'être* of the Society; and so you have those phrases that come out here and there, about "our Theosophical Ship," which They were not to be permitted to steer in Their own way, and the statement of one of Them: "If the Society cannot make up its mind about us, we can step back into the silence in which we have so long lived"—and for a time They did so. For a time the Society gave itself completely to that line of outer study, and only a few here and there were willing to stand by the assailed and slandered teacher of Occultism, and to declare that, whatever the world might say of fraud and charlatanry, we *knew* that H. P. B. was the Masters' Messenger, and therefore had a claim to our allegiance and was entitled to our support. And so to those who gathered around her at that time she gave the teaching which she alone was able to give, and the mass of the Society for the time went quietly on, peacefully on, for many years.

And then came another trouble which rent the Society in America, which circled round the person of

William Quan Judge—a difficulty which arose, and shook the Society almost to its foundation. And we must never forget in looking back to him, that it was to his efforts that the building of the Society in America was practically wholly due; that it was his devotion, his unwearying services, which planted Theosophy in America and spread it over the whole of that vast continent; and if it be, as some of us think, that in the later years he was himself deceived, and so unhappily deceived some others, never must we forget the debt of gratitude that the whole Society owes to him as one of its pioneers for the work which made possible the present position of the Society in America; he left behind a name which will shine out ever the more brilliantly as the temporary errors are forgotten, as they already well-nigh are, and the lasting work is seen which he so splendidly wrought.

And after that again a time of peace, and then a shaking in 1906, which tested more, I think, the English part of the Society, perhaps, than the Society in any other part of the world. For it challenged what we always find in England, a certain hypocrisy which likes to shut its eyes to some of the facts of life and to blame those who force them on attention. The English, as a whole, would rather see thousands ruined behind a decent veil of silence and say nothing about it, than see an attempt made, perhaps a mistaken attempt but still an honest one, to deal with one of the greatest problems of the time;¹ and so we had here a great shaking, and we find large numbers of our older members leaving us; for there is nothing harder to face than misconstruction by the society in which you are

¹ See *Youth and Sex*, Jack's People's Books, for statements on the terrible prevalence of sexual mischief among the young.

living, by those who surround you, on whose good-will too many of you let your peace of mind depend.

The trouble we are having at the moment is chiefly found in India. But the curious thing about the trouble in India is this, that it is a newspaper trouble and not a real one. I mean by that, that the whole of the turmoil is caused, is made, by some four or five papers, that do not really influence the public opinion of India, nor practically affect the credit of the Society as a whole. And one very simple proof of that is the fact that during the last few months, when the newspaper turmoil has been at its fiercest, more people have come into the Society—something like one hundred a month—than have ever come into it during the whole of its previous existence in India, I believe, showing how little the movement is affected by the attacks which, after all, are chiefly levelled against myself.

But if you want to estimate the nature of the attack, you will find that the greater part of it comes out of causes not connected with the Society as such. Two causes are at work in India to make the present difficulty. First the political, which comes from the anarchists, who realise the fact that the Theosophical Society is composed of law-abiding people who set their face steadily against every form of violence, who stand for unity between Englishman and Indian, for fraternal co-operation between the two races, for the building up of a mighty Empire in the future, in which each country shall be the better for being linked with the other; who look on the future of England and India as a common future, in which both shall co-operate in the building up of a greater and nobler type of humanity. Now that ideal has been held up definitely, was advanced by

H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott when they landed in Bombay.

The second cause comes from the ultra-orthodox, who dislike the liberality incorporated in India partly in the Theosophical Society and partly in the Central Hindū College, so familiar to all of you. Hindū that College has always been, just as in Ceylon, Buddhist Colleges and Buddhist Schools have been built up by the Theosophical Society; for the Society is not a Missionary Society, trying to convert people from the faith into which they were born, but a Society attempting to deepen in each man his sense of the value of the faith to which he belongs, to lead him to spiritualise, to liberalise, his own religion, rather than to attack the religion of his neighbours. Because that has been the Theosophical position wherever we have worked in eastern lands, we have worked for the religion that we find there as the religion of the people, and therefore the Central Hindū College has never been a Theosophical College in the ordinary sense of the term. If it had been, people of every faith would have been freely admitted from the very beginning, and the foundation, the common foundation of all faiths, would have formed the religious instruction. But when that College was built up, the deliberate choice of those who built it was that Hindūism should be the one religion which should be taught within the walls of that Central Hindū College, a Hindūism, liberal, broad, purified from many of the superstitious aggregations which have grown around Hindūism in the course of ages, but recognising that Hindū parents might fairly claim that their children should be brought up on Hindū lines, and that questions of controversy should be left for the maturity of manhood, while

the elements of the ancestral faith should form the religious teaching given to the young. It is true that this College was originally founded by Theosophists; it is true that the spirit of it was the fraternal spirit of the Theosophical Society; it is true that there we viewed no difference of race, and that Englishmen and Indians worked along hand-in-hand in loving mutual respect and mutual regard. That is true. Much of the money was Theosophical money; all, I think, of the voluntary and the honorary workers were members of the Theosophical Society; and that gave rise to the idea of Theosophy in connection with it; people not being very observant, did not realise that its basis was very far narrower than that of the Society. Only within the last couple or three years has the Committee of the College admitted one or two lads of faiths outside the Hindū, and Theosophists have gradually worked to widen—not to impose upon their colleagues a liberality that they have not yet reached. But always the road was open towards the future, so that there was a growing liberality, a growing recognition of the need for the brotherhood of religions.

This in many ways caused antagonism to the Society and the College among the very orthodox Hindūs, and I have been waiting for years for the time to come when the more orthodox would find that we were gradually leading the educated Hindūs into a rational and liberal form of Hindūism. Well enough did I know that, sooner or later, they must discover that we were going with the Spirit of the Age, and were gradually endeavouring to win the people to a more rational form of religious belief; and we knew well enough that, once orthodoxy discovered the fact, its

whole claws and teeth would once again show themselves and would be turned against those who were trying to save the national faith by making it possible for modern thinkers to accept it. Side by side with that came the political anarchism, and when this and the orthodox leaders set themselves deliberately against the College, the trouble began. That has been the great root of the difficulties you now have coming to a head. The anarchists said that we were the worst enemies of Indians, because we drew Indians and English together. They said that we were the obstacles that had to be cleared out of the way, because we made Indian boys love the English when they saw them as fellow-workers and not only as rulers; and so against that Society and that College they gradually directed strong streams of opposition, in order that an effort might be made to change the policy which was working for the common good of the common subjects of the one Crown.

Some of you will remember that I deliberately started a scheme for a Theosophical University, in which all religions should be represented, in which people of every faith in India should take place on the governing body, and I drew together a very strong body of Theosophists of the different great faiths in India, with the idea that every denominational College might be affiliated, but that all should be on a single level, and no one religion should be given any advantage over others. That was the scheme that the late Viceroy so warmly approved, the scheme that I discussed with, as he was then, Mr. Morley, and later with Lord Crewe; the reason that that failed has made very very largely the present position as regards the Theosophical Society in India. The idea was started of a Muhammadan University,

exclusively Muhammadan, with no one on its governing body except the children of Islām. When that scheme was put forward, by a natural rivalry another scheme rose up in the Hindū Community for an exclusively Hindū University, not one in which all faiths should be recognised, not one which was really Theosophical in drawing them altogether, but one which should be as definitely Hindū as the other was definitely Mussulmān.

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The educational work in connection with the T. S. is, however, going on, though we are thrown out of the C. H. C. For to us who believe in reincarnation, the breaking of a form is not a matter of first importance, and as this form was breaking, a new form was being built, in order that the Spirit might reincarnate in a body more fitted for its expanded powers. Being a person who never knows when she is beaten, I invented the scheme of a Theosophical Educational Trust, in which we should lay down broadly and boldly the lines of a Theosophical Trust to follow those designed for the Theosophical University. Boys and girls of every faith should be welcome and should be treated in equal fashion; we should draw together the number of schools which we have started through the Theosophical Society in different parts of the country, and bring them all under a single Trust, openly and frankly Theosophical, and so go forward along the lines that we have gradually been aiming at. As this was thought an impossible thing, I may tell you that, on the 7th July, the Theosophical Collegiate School will open in Benares. I do not know why, in reporting it, the papers said Bellary, a small town in Southern India. We prefer to stay in the large city of Benares,

where we are accustomed to the surroundings, and where we are much beloved; so we bought a very large piece of land there; the money came in for the purchase, and we have now a piece of land as large as that on which the Central Hindū College was built, and we propose there to erect our College buildings. We have many of the staff which made the Central Hindū College what it was, and although our Principal is away for a time, he is Principal of the new Institution and is only here in England on leave. And as he has trained up a very large and fine staff, and has not brought the whole of them over with him here, I am happy to say we are keeping enough of them in Benares to carry on this new work, and all the higher classes of our Girls' School come with us into the Theosophical Girls' School, so that we have both boys and girls, and both of them starting in July, along these Theosophical lines. We are by no means discouraged under the difficulties in India, but are going forward perfectly happily. As soon as it was heard in India that land was bought in Benares, one of our Indian Theosophists sent us word that he would contribute 600 rupees a month in order that we might have sufficient, if necessary, to pay our staff, and so our financial difficulties quietly disappeared, and we have simply now to collect the money for the building, which I shall proceed to do on my return to India; and because, as we know, most of the money came from Theosophists before, I have very little doubt that we shall be able to raise again the funds that are necessary for this cherished work. Thus the only result of struggle is a new departure of definitely Theosophical Education, which I believe will gradually spread over India, and make for

that liberalising spirit which is necessary for future progress, and for that same spirit of co-operation between Englishman and Indian which it was our aim to secure in the Central Hindū College.

But we must remember that that will not be confined entirely to India—our Theosophical Educational Trust—for since I came to England I have come across a very good idea, which is that we should also after a time have a Theosophical School and College in our English country, where the same lines of education will be pursued.

So that here, even in the very middle of the struggle, you can see the impulse which is being given to the work of the Society, and it is in that, for my own part, that I see the proof of those superphysical Powers which lie behind it. That very temporary defeat only means new strength and new vigour, the truth which was put into words by Edward Carpenter when he spoke of the struggle of man with Satan, that "every pain that I suffered in one body was a power that I wielded in the next". If you look at the Theosophical question from this standpoint, you will not fear the stress of pain, you will not fear the shock of battle, for you will know that, in that spiritual alchemy which is ever going on behind the veil, pain turns to power, temporary defeat means greater victory. That is the standpoint which I take for myself; I do not ask any to accept it who do not naturally place their feet on that rock on which, as we believe, we stand; it is the idea that everything must work for good for those who desire to serve with pure hearts and single aim; that nothing can hurt us save our own weaknesses, and even they will only be a road to greater strength. There is

nothing that can hurt the soul that trusts in the inner God, and looks to Those in whom God is more manifest than He is as yet in ourselves.

As you look over the world you see that it is not only the good things that work for good; the evil things also are made to work for good by the Supreme Good who turns all things according to the counsel of His own will. For all forces, rightly looked at, make for progress—those that resist as well as those that impel—for resistance brings strength, developing the power to overcome; it is those who face obstacles who grow strong, and not those who live the easy, calm and quiet life. The peace of the Spirit is not an external peace, but an inner serenity. The outer world may be as tumultuous as it will, but the spiritual man is peaceful in the midst of strife and is able to fight without revenge. Quiet times are not times of growth. It is in the storm that most rapid growth goes on, and there is no reason therefore to be troubled because winds may beat upon our house; within the house is peace, and for the first time in the history of our Society, all the attacks are coming from outside; none are coming from within—a mark of progress.

There is only one part of our Society that might have made such difficulty for us during the coming year: our German brethren, whose view of Theosophy is rather—in fact I may say much—narrower than our own; who are not willing to take in all opinions, all views, all thoughts, but would rather choose one view only and follow that; they would have been hindrances to us as regards the toleration and the width of our Society; we should have had growing a German-Theosophy in contradistinction to a World-Theosophy, and that

would have done us harm and caused confusion in the time to come. It is better, where there is a fundamental difference of that kind, that there should be separation, and even if on their side the separation is somewhat bitter and accompanied with many harsh words, yet, if we do not answer harshly back, then before long the bitterness will vanish, and we shall be able to go on side by side, each following its own path—we, intent on keeping Theosophy broad and clear and liberal, and leaving the other Society to carve out its own way, and to teach those whom it may perhaps more easily reach than we can reach them, thus filling a place in the great forward movement, belonging to the Theosophical Movement if not to the Theosophical Society. And so perchance in years to come they will make a useful road for many to walk upon who are not willing to walk on a road so wide that the absence of barriers makes them feel that they will fall over the edge; there are some who need the protection of the limiting wall, in order to feel that they are safe on the road along which they go. So that one apparently great loss that we have had, the loss of our German brethren, will not, I think, in the long run be a loss. Gradually and steadily the new German Section is growing up, largely thanks to the efforts of our veteran Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, who has steadily held up the banner of liberty in the midst of bitter opposition, and has gradually gathered around him a number of workers who will be able to carry the work on along these broad and tolerant and liberal lines.

So, looking at our position, I see nothing which need make us anxious. You need not trouble about that

suit which is going on against myself. It advertises Theosophy, for while I try to keep Theosophy out of it, my opponents were determined to work Theosophy into it, and the result has been that in the open Court, statements of Theosophical principles have been made which could not otherwise have been made. It matters nothing that a great deal of mud is being thrown against myself, provided it is not thrown against the Society; that which is thrown is warded off from the Society: It matters very little that that mud may for the time fall on an individual, for there is one thing of which you may be absolutely sure, and that is that no amount of mud, thrown on a person who is trying to live her best, can for very, very long remain upon that person. Life is stronger than any form of opposition or misrepresentation, and I know of no function which is a greater privilege than that, when an attempt to injure the Society is made, it should be turned aside on to the individual who has the honour to represent it before the world. For all through, in Madras, it has been definitely said that Theosophy has come clear out of the attack. And while I do not think that that has found its way over to your papers here, because the agency that supplies the news is hostile, that has been the verdict of all the Madras papers except one, and they agree that the Society is uninjured.

Looking then at the opposition, what is there that we should fear? What we have the right to look for is that as soon as this passing trouble is over, the Society will spring forward more rapidly than it has ever done before.

There is only one real danger that I see near us, and I would put that to you as I close. Some of our

older members are inclined to forget that the future is with the young, and not with themselves. Every generation has its own way of dealing with its problems. Every generation must have its own eyes, and see through its own eyes, and not through the eyes of its elders. And we must remember that if this movement is to go forward, it will go forward by winning the younger generation, who will carry it further than we have been able to do. Some ten or fifteen years ago there was a general complaint that the young people did not join us, that the young men and the young women were not attracted to us. Our members were mostly composed of middle-aged people—some even beyond middle-age. The young who came were very few. But now things are changed; the young ones are crowding in; the young men and the young women are taking a very active part in the movement; and it is our duty to help them to take the places to which they are entitled, and not to insist that they shall follow the policy of the elders, instead of their own policy. I would leave that with you as an earnest warning here as elsewhere. We, who are older, have largely done our work. We have no right to claim the work of the future as our own exclusive privilege. We have worked in the past, and we have made a foundation for our right to serve in the future, when we shall again be young. But meanwhile the younger ones who are to lead the Society into new fields of thought, into new aspirations, into the realisation of new hopes, into the seeing of new visions, they are to have the greater opportunities.

Let us offer to the younger such wisdom as we have gained by experience, but do not let us try to

coerce them, do not let us try to make them walk along our lines; because these were good for us, it does not follow they are best for them. Give the younger ones every hand and help, but do not try to coerce or control; give advice, but not orders; aid, but do not seek to rule. Learn the wisdom of age, which is to give counsel; feel with the young and sympathise with them; encourage their hopes. They may not be realised wholly, but they will be realised more if we encourage them therein, than if we throw cold water on their new ideas, and are trying continually to hold them back instead of encouraging them to go forward.

For it is the work that matters, and not you or I. It is the progress of the Movement that is important, and not whether this person or another shall stand as leaders in the Society. This great Movement to which we have given ourselves, it is the Masters' work, not ours. It is Their Society, not ours; Their Movement, not ours; and our place is that of service, eager to do Their will, eager to catch Their wish, and to carry it out. And part of that duty, it seems to me, is to give the younger ones the opportunity of showing what they can do, and how fast they can go forward, and not of our being a drag upon the coach, but only helpers, counselors, and advisers.

Then the energy of youth shall flow also into the elders; then we who are old shall remain enthusiastic, as the young are enthusiastic around us. As we think with them, work with them, are glad with them, their youth will flow into our older veins, and we shall go forward side by side into a better and more beautiful to-morrow, and come back—we older ones—younger

than those who now are younger than ourselves, to take from their hands the banner that they will have carried farther than we can carry it. Let them take it from us now, and in the future we again shall take it from them.

Annie Besant

THE DAY OF EXPLANATIONS

In the day of explanations
When all the truth is told
And all mistakes are righted
None will look harsh or cold.

In the day of explanations
When all the lies fall dead
And the scandals are forgotten
Love will rise up instead.

In the day of explanations
When everything is known
Then Love will reign triumph
Upon his golden throne.

MARGUERITE POLLARD

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

Does this Clash with the Evolutionary Theory?

By ELSIE HORDER, F. T. S.

IN the days when Byron was fashionable, and "Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean" a favourite recitation, the poetically minded, when oppressed by a realisation of the transitory nature of this world's power and glory, were wont to address to the ocean the passionate enquiry: "Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage where are they?" and to receive a very uncomfortable reply. History repeats itself in no more obvious and arresting way than in the rise and fall of nations. And truly, if we have no key to the meaning of this oft-repeated process of birth, development, decay and death, history is a depressing study and the historical student a frequenter of graveyards and decipherer of epitaphs. Backwards and ever backwards the history of mankind is seen to recede, as the discoveries of archæologists reveal the remains of ancient civilisations; civilisations that flourished and died long before the birth of Assyria, Greece, Rome or Carthage. Indeed these names of ancient history are becoming by comparison quite uninterestingly modern. For the lost Atlantis, regarded a few years ago as a purely legendary land, is to-day attesting its reality, and from recently unburied cities in Yucatan and Guatemala evidence

is accumulating of a powerful and enlightened race, a race that had telescopes, and printed books, a calendar and art of a high order, before the days of Egypt and Babylon. How many thousand years separate the printed books of lost Atlantis from William Caxton's printing press in England, I leave the archæologists to guess. Little did Edward IV and his wondering queen and courtiers dream, when they visited the printer and saw his wonderful new writing machine, that history was but repeating itself, and that many, many thousands of years ago, a great catastrophe, legends of which came down the ages in the story of Noah's flood, swept from the face of the earth a great and powerful people to whom the art of printing books was well known. And since no great civilisation can spring from nothing, the civilisation of Atlantis must have had its forerunner, which also had its day and ceased to be.

So we of the British Empire see ourselves as the last in line of an endless series of civilisations and kingdoms and empires, and on many sides the question is being asked: Is history repeating itself? Are we to go the way of all nations in the past? Has the process of decay already set in? Comparisons between our own times and the period of decay of the Roman Empire have become commonplaces; books by serious and weighty historical authorities dealing with the subject continue to multiply. It is satisfactory perhaps to know that those who diagnose our social and political disorders as senile decay are in a minority; still, if history teaches anything clearly, it teaches that the time of decay and death must come, and the British Empire must be one grave more in the vast cemetery of nations.

There was a time, and that not very long ago, when the peculiar make-up of the British mind rendered possible the belief that the British Empire was unique, and not subject to the laws which governed "nations not so blest". It was indeed conceived of as the consummation of things, the grand result of past experimenting at civilisation and empire-building, and as such destined to endure to the end of the world; just as the Christian religion, as interpreted by the British Protestant mind, was regarded as the only revelation of God to man. Such beliefs, like the belief that the earth is the centre of the solar system, were only possible to ignorance, and a wider knowledge of history, and contact with the 'heathen' have undermined, if not completely destroyed, both.

How near or how far off is the fall of our Empire matters little. History says emphatically that it must go. The Roman dreamed of his eternal Empire, and men were amazed and their hearts failed them when that mighty edifice tottered and fell, burying in its ruins the familiar Gods, and the religious sanctions of the mighty past. There was a spirit of intense pessimism abroad in the declining days of Rome. Men cannot hope greatly when they have no great and vital religious faith. Does not history repeat itself in this particular too? We are not a happy people; in every department of the nation's life there is discontent and unrest. Old landmarks have been removed, organised religion has ceased to hold the people, the mass of men know not what they believe or for what they are to hope. What does it all mean? It all seems "a striving and a striving and an ending in nothing". Do we just go round in a circle, and is the future in very truth just the past

re-entered by another door? Does the world never solve its problems? Maybe the Phoenix is no symbol of hope, but is merely the type of the unsolved problems of mankind, springing with new life and vigour from the ashes of one civilisation to find a home again in a later one. Long ago a royal pessimist, oppressed by history's constant repetitions, declared that there is nothing new under the sun. It looks as if all life is just "a climbing up a climbing wave," and that Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters were right, who, seeing death as the end of all, turned their backs upon life and chose as their portion rest and dreamful ease.

What then becomes of evolution, that magic word that has revolutionised the thought of this generation? When we speak of evolution the idea connoted is of a gradual advance from lower forms to higher. The biological point of view, by means of which the idea of evolution was first given by Darwin to the world, has long since been enlarged, until every department of life is seen to be under the law. The logical conclusion of the application of the evolutionary theory would seem to be that latest results must always be the best, the nearest to truth and perfection. Maybe reliance on the apparent logic of this reasoning is responsible for the widespread assumption that our civilisation is the finest that the world has seen, that ours is an age of enlightenment such as the world has never known. Think of the contemptuous attitude of the average Briton towards men of the older civilisations, towards all men of a complexion different from his own. Think of the scant respect paid to the religious beliefs of other peoples, as evidenced by our crude though well-meaning missionary efforts. It is true that the field of foreign

missions has always had its great men, its saints and martyrs, and that a broader spirit is making itself felt to-day, but the majority of missionaries still go forth in the serene belief that "their souls are lighted" in some exclusive way "with wisdom from on high," to break the heathen of his pernicious habit of bowing down to wood and stone, without thinking it worth while, if the 'heathen' should belong to an old civilisation, to know anything of his point of view, or of his ancient faith.

Does it not seem as if the evolutionary theory bolsters up this exclusiveness and conceit? Are not we, the heirs of all the ages, models to the rest of the world? Listen to the latest words of the veteran scientist Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace. At ninety-one years of age this strenuous thinker thus passes judgment upon us. After surveying "the various forms of social immorality which have accompanied the economic development of our civilisation," he says:

Taking account of these various groups of undoubted facts, many of which are so gross, so terrible, that they cannot be over stated, it is not too much to say that our whole system of society is rotten from top to bottom and the social environment as a whole in relation to our possibilities and claims is the worst that the world has ever seen.

In the same number of the *Christian Commonwealth* in which that book was reviewed, the Rev. R. J. Campbell makes these striking remarks in a sermon:

I ask you to take stock of the benefits of progress and enterprise up to date in this favoured land of ours. I deliberately challenge the assumption that England is to the rest of the world an example of the way to live and the ideals at which we ought to aim. We are so used to the assumption that we scarcely ever think of questioning it I ask you this morning to conceive it possible that we may be all wrong, that we have developed our resources mistakenly, that we have got into a cul-de-sac, and will have to find our way out again somehow.

What then we may ask again, in justifiable bewilderment, becomes of evolution? Is history in our time, to the confusion of our ideas of continual progress, repeating some phase of the world's story, such as the degenerate days of the Roman Republic, with its wealthy aristocracy and its hideous poverty, its luxury and ostentation based upon slavery? Yet is the idea of evolution so woven into the texture of our thought that we know it must be somehow true, or our world is chaos.

Yet we doubt not through the ages, one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Perhaps we have been merely mistaken in our idea of the way in which the increasing purpose manifests itself. We think of evolution as progress in a straight line, a steady mounting upward step by step. The truth is, and this when applied will be found to be the explanation of the apparent contradictions of evolution which we have glanced at, that evolution is progress upward, but by a spiral movement, not in a straight upward line.

Keeping in mind for the purpose of illustration a spiral staircase we can see that in mounting, at the first turn of the spiral, we reach a point exactly above our starting point but one turn higher up. Similarly all succeeding steps bring us to points just above those on which we stood as we traversed step by step the first turn of the spiral. We are covering again the same ground on the next turn of the spiral, and this process is repeated the whole way up. If the energy, the life, the Spirit, call by what name you will the upward driving force which we call the law of evolution, travels

by a spiral movement, we can see how inevitable it is that history should repeat itself. And we can see that the repetition means neither stagnation nor retrogression, but progress all the time.

For the purpose of illustration let us take a well-known cycle in the world's story, the period that separates the Roman domination of the world from the British Empire of to-day. What are the salient points of that cycle? Rome having reached the height of her power started on the downward path, and the process of disintegration continued until she fell a prey to the barbarian nations of the north; then the slow civilising of these barbarian people through the centuries that make up the Middle Ages of Europe, now one, now another nation making a bid for dominion over the others, until at last England emerged as the new world power, the new Rome. When we have completed the turn of the spiral we shall be just over the point that marks the greatest power of Rome.

There are some who think that we have already passed that point and are standing over the point of the beginning of Rome's decline. But what was the essential work of the Roman Empire? Above all things its work was the introduction of the idea of unity into the world. Rome grasped at a world-empire. By her magnificent roads she linked together far distant countries and diverse peoples; her system of provincial administration gave to all parts of her vast empire the unifying power of a common idea, the idea of dominant Rome as the centre whence radiated law and order and authority. The Roman Empire as a unifying idea was most powerful. It is true the unity was based upon conquest, and was maintained by military power

and expressed by the payment of tribute money. It was a rough sketch of a real unity.

Now, amid all the confusion of our present social and political conditions, what is the dominant note that is being struck? Who can doubt that it is unity, brotherhood? On the physical plane the distance between nations is being continually lessened by improved methods of travelling, time is set at naught by cables and wireless telegraphy. Nations can learn to know each other as they never could in the past, and with knowledge come respect and the possibility of real unity. Think of the movements having unity as their aim—the Peace Movement, the great International Councils representing various activities to which delegates come from all parts of the world; that most significant gathering held some two years ago in London, the Inter-racial Conference; the rapid growth of the Theosophical Society, having a belief in universal brotherhood as its sole test of admission. The idea of brotherhood is the enduring element in Socialism, as it is the basic truth of Democracy, though now so overlaid by falsehood that it is hard to discover it. What is the significance of all the activities, if not that the British Empire is destined to fill in the rough sketch drawn by Rome, and bring about a real brotherhood of nations and of classes? And thinking this we may hold the opinion that the turn of the spiral is not yet complete, and that our Empire has further greatness in store before the coming of old age.

Following up this line of thought history takes on a more cheerful aspect; the sense of futility, of moving in a circle, vanishes. If the work of past nations is taken up and carried to completion by later ones, we see how

the evolutionary force, if you put it that way, or the will of God guiding His universe to its destined consummation, if you put it another way, is working ever upwards. If we could see far enough backwards, far enough forwards, doubtless we should see the work of all nations that have ever been, taken up and enriched and brought nearer to perfection by some succeeding people. It is true that the beauty of Greece remains unique; that no society has in later times evolved a social order comparable in dignity and spirituality with that of which we catch glimpses in ancient India; that in the records left us of Chaldæa and Egypt we have hints of scientific knowledge and of mystic lore that the world has not yet recaptured. But cycles are of every duration; and in the infinite number of spiral movements making up the world's progress, the turn of the spiral is sometimes short, sometimes very long. Certain it is that nothing is lost, though all cannot manifest at once; and in the fullness of time who can doubt that the beauty of Greece, the spirituality of India, the hidden lore of Egypt and Chaldæa shall appear once more, enlarged, enriched, grown nearer to perfection? And as it does not yet appear what man shall be, our argument implies that in the long journey to the goal of evolution, whatever that may be, all the movements which we know as history shall appear and disappear many times as the spiral mounts upwards, each reappearance marking a turn in the long ascent, a stage nearer to the ultimate truth and perfection.

So we need not be depressed, if, when we ask of the ocean the whereabouts of Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, our question is evaded or answered in a

pessimistic vein. For we have our answer. But have we answered the problem set by apparent retrogression, by the existence of those social conditions in the world's leading nation which called forth the just condemnation of thinking men of such different types as Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell?

Setting aside for the moment that special problem, let us see what apparent evil and retrogression are, considered from the point of view of special progress. When the evolutionary force has carried a movement to its destined height, it withdraws from it gradually, and disintegration sets in. Naturally enough those who have identified themselves with any movement, who have become accustomed to a certain environment, regard the passing of the old order with regret, and see retrogression and decay. Could the Roman, when his great civilisation was shattered by uncouth barbarians, see anything but a turning back of the wheel of progress? Yet the future lay with these same barbarians. The Roman civilisation had done its work, and a new one was to be built. The form was broken up, and the life-force passed on to the building up of a new form. Or to take another illustration. With what misgivings must the men who made the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," when England was a "nest of singing birds," and throbbed with great hopes and aspirations, have viewed the oncoming tide of Puritanism, with its harsh views of life, its stern contempt for art and culture. Yet the Puritan Revolution had its necessary work to do, a work as great, if not so attractive, as that of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists. Or again, see how those who were moulded by the early Victorian theology despaired of the young generation,

which, under the impulse of the new scientific spirit, and a more sensitive imagination and broader humanity, discarded the terrible, and to us blasphemous, beliefs in eternal punishment and hell fire and an angry God, and refused to believe, in the interests of a liberal interpretation of the seven days of creation, that God put fossils in the rocks to puzzle the geologists.

We are far enough from that time, though the early Victorian theology still survives in many places, to realise how necessary was the breaking up of the old forms that new and better ones should be built. But it was a very evil thing to our grandparents. It appears then that what we call evil and retrogression consists in the breaking up of the particular form with which we have been associated. We travel with the increasing force to a particular point in the spiral, then the force turns and travels apparently in the opposite direction, and we cannot realise that it is bearing humanity with it back to the same position on a plane higher up. We can realise that this is so of the past, but it is hard to realise it of the present, of the forms with which we are associated. How hard it is, we have lately seen delightfully set forth in Arnold Bennett's play 'Milestones'. This process of the building up, and the breaking up of forms is repeated in the life story of every man; who is born, comes to maturity, grows old and dies. But though man shrinks from death, the wise have said that death is the gate of life, and so we see it to be in the larger processes of history.

Touching our own social evils, the unrest and misery among us to-day may be interpreted as the result of the breaking-up of an old social order. As a matter of historical fact we have had no social

order since the Wars of the Roses dealt a fatal blow at the Feudal system. Feudalism has been dying in England ever since, and to the making of a new order many new factors have come, notably our great industrial growth, and increasing power over natural resources. In our efforts to solve our problem of social reconstruction we seem to have got into a dreadful muddle; we have as the Rev. R. J. Campbell puts it developed our resources mistakenly, guided by the spirit of materialism. Feudalism was no ideal system, still it established human relations between classes, while we have merely class antagonisms. The lord owed protection to his vassals and they owed him service in return, and in the great baronial hall with its common dining-table we have an indication of the idea of brotherhood. It is true that the idea of brotherhood expressed by the Feudal system would be most unacceptable to modern Democracy which regards brotherhood and equality as synonymous terms, but it is just this confusion of terms which has led to the many blunders of the democratic movement; blunders which as their evil results become increasingly apparent, are undermining the general faith in Democracy as the solution of our social and political evils. For brotherhood implies differences of age and capacity. Can the members of a family be all of an age, or have they all equal or similar gifts? No, in a family the older must care for the younger, the strong protect the weak; and it is this idea of brotherhood, which, becoming stronger among us as the wealthy and cultured realise increasingly their responsibilities towards their less fortunate fellows, will, when the turn of the spiral is complete, bring about a reincarnation of the human

relationships of the Feudal system enriched by the experiences of the intervening centuries.

Is it necessary now to defend by further argument the idea of the spiral movement we call evolution? Its best defence is that it explains the facts, whereas the idea of movement in a straight line does not. We know that for more than a quarter of a century after the publication of Darwin's discoveries, men applied the evolutionary hypothesis to many departments of knowledge, working on the assumption of a steady upward advance in a straight line from crude beginnings to large results. Invaluable as this work proved for future progress, logic, working from a false premise led them into positions which have proved to be quite untenable as more facts came to light.

It would take too long to review even the best known of false conclusions of the last generation of scientific workers, conclusions which the present generation is by degrees abandoning. I mention only by way of illustration the theory of the comparative mythologists, who thought that they had found the seed of the mighty tree which is religion, in the nature-worship of primitive man, and traced back all man's immortal longings and beliefs, all the experiences of Mystics and Saints to the fear-inspired superstitions of savage man. Taking a broad view, it is safe to say that the scientific materialism of the last generation was the logical result of a mistaken idea of the method of progress. Coming into contact, as we often do, with members of that large section of society to which the ideas which represented the advanced thought of fifty years ago have just filtered down we can realise how arrogant and how deep rooted that materialism was.

Who does not know the type of man who quotes Huxley and Haeckel and thinks himself up to date, merely pitying you as an early Victorian survival if you suggest that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy? The daily papers contained an amusing instance a short time ago. You may remember that a prominent Wesleyan clergyman, at the recent annual conference of that denomination, had the temerity to suggest that, as truth is so vast a thing, our ideas of religious truth, like our ideas of scientific truth must be subject to the law of growth. In the excited controversy which this tremendous statement evoked, a correspondent in a daily paper quoted S. Paul as an authority, whereupon he was promptly taken to task by an enlightened man, who poured scorn on S. Paul as an authority for anything, suggesting that he was all very well for the primitive times in which he lived, but that we live in an enlightened age, and two thousand years of progress have made us so vastly wiser than S. Paul that only the foolishly old-fashioned would dream of taking him seriously. That instance is a striking example of the common assumption that by the law of evolution the latest results must be the best, and that mere lapse of time involves all-round superiority. It is reasonable to believe, as probably all of us do, that S. Paul said many things that applied only to his own age, notably his views on the woman question of his time; it probably never entered his head that such sayings would be regarded as divine commands for all time. It is true that we might surprise him with telephones and phonographs, and that he had no knowledge of airships, or even of trains, but

only the conceit of ignorance could imagine these other than small things compared with the knowledge of the man who could say, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain," and know what he meant by it.

Does the idea of spiral progress need in addition to its power to explain facts the support of great names? Someone with a knowledge of the history of philosophy alone could deal adequately with that line of argument. I can only say that I believe the idea of a progressive spiral movement to be as old as religion. Certainly it is to be found in the ancient Hindū religion and history is only repeating itself as the idea reappears among us. So far as I know, James Hinton was the first to express the idea in England. More than fifty years ago he wrote as follows:

The idea that that only which is bad needs to be reformed, superseded, done away with, is perhaps the greatest hindrance to our progress in every respect. We must learn to see that everything, the good and necessary just as much as any other, requires to be reformed and superseded by the opposite when it has had its day; that, in truth, everything that is, is good and needs to be replaced by the opposite because it is good, and has therefore prepared for the opposite; that progress is spiral, and all things are unipolar and demand their opposite. To recognise this thoroughly and wisely would put a complete end, it appears to me, to all the intellectual errors that oppose progress.

So the philosopher expresses the idea; does not the poet mean just the same thing when he says:

The old order changeth yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Yes, surely this great idea is true. We cannot look upon a tree or a plant without seeing an illustration of spiral progress. Are not all leaves and branches arranged in a regular order on the trunk or stem, following the spiral winding or the windings of two interlaced

spirals? Can we think of a quality that has not its upper and lower aspect? Foolhardiness reappears at the turn of the spiral as courage, knowledge as wisdom, desire as aspiration. The idea is as inspiring as it is true. Almost it seems that we might say as the equivalent of the statement, progress is spiral—all things reincarnate. Nations reincarnate as we have seen. It is difficult for those to whom the idea of reincarnation is a belief, to hold back from the deduction that those who made a nation in the past reappear at the appointed time to carry their work up to a higher point. Whether you think this a fair deduction or not, the idea of spiral progress remains an inspiration. With this key to history the world ceases to be a vast cemetery of nations. Like the children in 'The Blue Bird,' we see the tombs disappearing, and to us, asking in glad surprise, "Where are the dead?" the answer comes, "There are no dead."

Elsie Horder

WOMEN AND PUBLIC SPIRIT

By K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

"**C**HERCHEZ LA FEMME" is the cherished tradition of criminal departments. Police inspectors and private detectives, to whom the daughters of Eve are the mothers of mischief, make use of the phrase to give utterance to their hereditary belief in woman as the origin of evil. We readily admit that, by virtue of a certain elusive quality, which may be termed the power of suggestion, woman is not infrequently the instigator to crime. This, however, is only half the truth. The same quality makes her the inspirer to deeds of valour and virtue, but the public mind is still so little acquainted with the laws of true perspective that it has never yet occurred to anybody to quote the phrase in connection with woman and the production of anything good.

Is there a painful scandal public or private? "*Cherchez la femme*," says the man in the street knowingly. "*Cherchez la femme*," echoes the man in the club complacently. How great their mutual amazement, were some illustrious visitor to the East, sight-seeing at Agra or Benares, to pause before the mournful glory of the Tāj Mahāl, or linger in the learned precincts of the Central Hindū College, to exclaim "*Cherchez la femme*". We fear no royal patron has so much as

murmured it at the laying of the foundation stones of those great palaces of pain we call in the West our city hospitals; but both the eastern monuments to art and culture and the western tributes to philanthropy are laurels laid at the feet of womanhood, man's witness to the world without of woman all glorious within, his response to her inspiration, his acknowledgment of her devotion. Without her it is doubtful if they would ever have arisen to bless the world with the triple gifts of beauty, knowledge and healing. Let women point their detractors to such monuments. What is early-Victorian tittle-tattle, the scandal of clubs or the censure of drawing-rooms to women whose own works praise them in the gates? Nor was there ever a more eloquent reply to evil-speaking than well-doing.

There is moreover a permanent Court of Appeal from the verdict of any particular day to the judgment of posterity. Women may await with patience the time when the world will wish to inquire more closely into the personalities of some of those world-awakeners who brought about the abolition of slavery, the reformation of prisons, the skilled tending of the sick, the diminishing of drunkenness and vice, the spread of education, the passing of the 'Married Women's Property Act,' the rescue of young children from crawling upon all fours as beasts of burden in the coal-mines, the reconciliation of rival religions, the recent revival of spirituality in both hemispheres, and many other such-like things. A society formed to inquire into these matters might appropriately adopt as its device the legend "*Cherchez la femme*".

Meanwhile something may be attempted even in the limits of a short article. Let us 'seek woman' not as the

cause of crime but as the agent turning men to righteousness. We shall then witness her extraordinary powers of suggestion put in exercise. We shall see how a certain dynamic force of hers is pent up in a frail body. Often it is handicapped by poverty and social obscurity or by conventional restrictions; yet this spiritual force will shake off every fetter to give so mighty an impetus to the moral evolution of the world that the impulse lasts even for centuries.

Who but Sītā is the well-spring of inspiration to Hindū womanhood? The bride of Shāh Jehan reigned in the house of her husband, but Sītā—where in all the history of the whole world will you find such a Queen of Hearts? You question if she ever lived? There seems to be pre-historical foundation for the existence of her father Janaka, King of Kosala, and as to Sītā, why according to the Hindū chronicles she died eight hundred thousand years ago, but she is more alive at this moment than any modern maiden—she is inextricably interwoven with the fabric of Indian life. The hand of Sītā is like the head of Charles I, which you will remember could *not* be kept out of the memorial.

Do you doubt this? Walk with some Indian lady friend and, as you talk, try to keep Sītā out of the conversation. You will fail. Do you so much as catch your raiment in the sea-prickles—

"Beware!" your Indian sister will instantly exclaim. "Beware of the whiskers of Rāvaṇa!"

"Rāvaṇa!" you repeat irritably. What in the world have anybody's whiskers to do with your predicament? But you are soon abashed by a superb smile of superior wisdom:

"Rāvaṇa, who ran away with Sītā!"

Then you give it up, for you perceive plainly that this is a world of Māyā in which you are only part of the illusion, whereas Sītā is a supreme reality, an eternal verity. It is for love of Sītā that the Indian woman scorns to make her life a pleasure-chase, setting her footsteps firmly on the road of renunciation. Western women in their nervous restless lives sometimes think wistfully of Sītā, so safe among—

The immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence, live
In pulses stirred to generosity, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self.

India gives us the adoring wife, but we must turn to the West to find that flower of humanity—its maidenhood. But for early marriages, what might not India's maidens have been?

"I would have the men pure and the maidens brave," said a holy father.

"Surely the maidens pure and the men brave is what you would say, good father!" corrected a critic.

"No," was the reply, "Nature has done that. I meant what I said."

Then if courage be the crown of maidenhood, let France be proud of her maidens. She does not only boast 'The Maid' of all history; she has other daughters, worthy of their illustrious sister. Take for example that *demoiselle d'honneur* of Marie Antoinette, who, when the infuriated rabble that sought her royal mistress in the Tuileries burst tumultuously into the ante-chamber and broke the bolt of the last barrier, thrust her slim arm into its place to make a moment for the Queen's escape. Nor is she the last of these remarkable maidens. In the heart of the Pyrenees a sorrowful spectacle takes place almost daily. Hundreds

of sick folk, helpless guests in the Hostel of Our Lady of Pain, lie on their couches in the open square, awaiting the passing of the Host. Simultaneously a colossal pilgrimage of friends and sympathisers ascends the broad sweeps of steps that conduct pilgrims to the portal of Our Lady of Lourdes. From England and Germany, Alsace and Switzerland, Austria and Italy, they come, each with his candle and his psalter book. Now the sonorous Spanish, now the guttural German, takes up the eternal chant: Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

Sometimes you will see pilgrims rise from their beds, or fling away their crutches, and rush to bless the Madonna and to kiss Her feet. Some speak openly of miracles. Others talk cautiously about "a consensus of thought power" and the "action of suggestion upon the sub-conscious mind". Nobody denies the existence of thousands of discarded crutches. "Seek for the woman." You find a simple Pyrenean maiden. As she knelt upon the mountains, she received a commission from the Queen of Heaven. "The place she knelt upon was holy. . . the waters were healing. . . there was to be a shrine. . . a Church must be built. . . signs should follow. . . the Madonna would bestow a blessing." Strange tale to have to tell to nineteenth century France. How absurdly it must have sounded in the mouth of an ignorant, moon-struck, poverty-stricken peasant girl. Orthodoxy did its best to stop the movement, but neither the dissuasions of Pope and Cardinals, nor the sneers of agnostics and sceptics, could daunt the 'formidable innocence' of Bernadette and, in short, there it stands, the Church of her Vision, three tiers of it, based on a great basilica above the waters of the miraculous source. Thirty Archbishops presided

meekly at its consecration. In France "*l'homme propose mais la femme dispose!*" Truly a Maid of Destiny was Bernadette.

"I will that my ashes rest upon the banks of the Seine among the French people that I loved so much," wrote the Man of Destiny. But was it the French people that Napoleon loved or was it a certain phantom—a goddess called La Gloire? One wonders, for the French people seem indifferent to their departed Lover; but they all love Bernadette—Bernadette, who outbraved the ridicule of the most agnostic nation in the most materialistic age and is still a living factor in the lives of thousands. To her, as to many women, death is only the beginning of their life-work. She has made the grave a pulpit from which she, "being dead, yet speaketh" to the French people. You may burn a maiden or you may bury her, but you cannot bury a movement, and as to the maiden—she will rise again. But ah! how black to Heaven is man's ingratitude! He abandons Sītā to years of lonely exile, Hypatia he tears in pieces, with devouring flame and suffocating smoke he silences Joan of Arc, yea, and with a sword he even pierces the soul of the Blessed Virgin.

Would you seek the woman in Spain? You need not go far. At Barcelona you already come upon the statues and portraits of Isabella the Catholic. To her in the dark hour of his despair came Christopher Columbus. Strange freak of fate for this forlorn adventurer to find a sister in the Queen of Castile! Scorned and condemned by Church and State, his future prospects must indeed have looked hopeless. None the less, Isabella stood his friend. Isabella sold her jewels to obtain his ships, and upheld his sinking

spirits till those last moments when she stood upon the shore to bid him God-speed in his hazardous enterprise. May we, without *lèse-majesté* cry: Bravo, Isabella?

In Spain Columbus is the national hero, but Teresa is the national Saint. Picture, if you will, the indomitable Carmelite crossing and re-crossing the Spanish Peninsular in a little wooden cart, becoming the life and soul of the counter-reformation, founding her twenty-eight reformed religious houses, braving storms without, quelling mutinies within. "You have deceived me in saying this was a woman; she is a bearded man." To day the modest MS. of the great Active rests in the Escurial among the treasures of the Spanish Kings.

Italy contributes another of these moving Spirits. Catherine of Siena—not to be confounded with her namesake of Alexandria—the Italian maiden, now, we are assured, "one of the fourteen most helpful saints in Heaven," forms with her followers the connecting link between S. Francis and Savonarola. She rendered her chief service to the mediæval world when in the matter of the exiled Popes she proved a successful mediator where Dante and Petrarch had failed. Gardner writes:

Her letters are addressed to Kings, Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, conventual bodies, political corporations and private individuals. Their historic importance, their spiritual fragrance, and their literary value combine to put their author on a level with Petrarch as a fourteenth century letter-writer. Her language is the purest Tuscan of the golden age of the Italian Vernacular, and with spontaneous eloquence she passes to and fro between spiritual counsel, domestic advice and political guidance.

The subject is fascinating, but we dare not linger over Elizabeth of Hungary, whose apron full of rose-leaves has inspired the artist as Beatrice has inspired

the poet; nor yet upon "the little Wilhelmina of almost too sharp wits," to whom Carlyle makes such handsome acknowledgments in his life of her brother, Frederick the Great. There remain still England and America to be briefly dealt with.

The names of Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale are household words wherever English is a mother-tongue, nor were either of their public ministries limited to their native land. Elizabeth Fry made several extended tours, in the course of which she visited French, Swiss, German, and Danish prisons, and before her death she saw the adoption of many reforms. The English are a compassionate people, and perhaps had they to choose a companion Saint to their S. George, they would select Santa Filomena as the poet has re-christened our "Lady with the Lamp".

One instance of the courage of English maidenhood may fitly be given. The authoress of *The Road-mender* fell victim to a grievous malady in her twenty-second year.

When first she could no longer go about she took up modelling . . . too ill for that, she wrote . . . when she could no longer sit up she wrote lying down . . . her right hand failed, she wrote with her left . . . her sight went and she dictated . . . Such the dire conditions under which the *Road-mender* was finished—

America gives us a marvel of patience and perseverance in Helen Keller, born deaf, dumb, and blind but now the possessor of a B. A. degree. One more example from over the Atlantic. Eighteen years' residence in Cincinnati had familiarised the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with every detail of the slave trade. That such a book should ever have been completed amid poverty, ill-health and domestic duties seems little short of miraculous. Her manuscript lay upon the kitchen

dresser, and was written a few words at a time in intervals between washing-up and preparing the next meal, often with her baby in one hand and her pen in the other. When published it had a phenomenal success, was translated into twenty-three languages and read by all the Prime Ministers in Europe. It was certainly a factor in the abolition of slavery.

It seems impossible to put any limits to the influence of one simple woman. When Queen Victoria passed over, an obscure Japanese journalist complained of loneliness in the columns of a Kioto journal. Exactly in what way the great gentlewoman had imparted to him a sense of companionship it might be difficult to say, but had she not that touch of nature that "makes the whole world kin"? She was a universal sister. Would that a double portion of her spirit might descend on the women of the Empire she once ruled! Good women, kind women, are plentiful. Their private charity is often wonderful. Lady Bountiful and Madame Liberality go hand in hand. But great women? Why is a great woman so much rarer a phenomenon of Nature than a great man? You ask what constitutes a great woman? What has Sitā in common with Victoria, Helena Blavatsky with Harriet Beecher Stowe, Bernadette with Santa Filomena, Isabella with Annie Besant? Only their womanhood and their public spirit.

A very illuminative conversation took place recently between a noted alienist and an old abbé; the great specialist was full of impatience:

"Bah! Monsieur l'abbé! Do not speak to me of Jeanne d'Arc. Hysteria! Neurasthenia! Come to the Salpêtrière. I will show you fifty Jeanne d'Arcs!"

The abbé elevated his eyebrows.

"Indeed, Monsieur," he replied politely, "and which of them have given us back Alsace and Lorraine?" In other words, which of them has shown any practical patriotism, for it is not her visions and her voices that have immortalised the Maid of Orleans. It is her public spirit.

We hear much in these days about "Universal Brotherhood," whether as sentimental theory from the pulpit or scientific fact from the socialistic platform. The universal brother has 'arrived,' be he Briton, Bahai, or Burman. But his counterpart, the universal sister, where is she? How the wheels of her perambulator loiter! It looks as though she were not born yet, but how long will Feminism stop short of Humanism? You talk of universal service from men in time of war? Why not a universal service from women in time of peace? "I would have man master of himself that he may be the servant of all," wrote a great statesman. If this be the goal of manhood, then to be mistress of self and servant of all is the twin goal of womanhood. Every woman must not only recognise but realise herself as member of the Commonwealth and servant of the State. To be mistress of self and handmaid of all is the great enfranchisement of women, of which no Government may deprive them. Government may prevent your being happy; it cannot forbid your being good. It may refuse to admit rights; it cannot regard duties as contraband. You will wait for the power of the vote? But why wait? any woman worth her salt can make her own power. What can she do? Take one simple yet ghastly thing—take War. Ruskin has pointed out that "if war only broke the china on ladies'

drawing-room tables, no war would last a week". Men have little to gain by it beyond dead men's shoes, and women have certainly everything to lose. Let women arise and put an end to war. Take another public problem—Education. If the care of the child be not a woman's work, what is?

Quite recently in India a large meeting was held on the subject of Education. It was attended by hundreds of men and *one woman*. Anglo-India will soon identify her, but . . . are there no more?

Surely she must be on her way to us, the universal sister of our dreams. Has not the poet told us how he looked into the Heavens and longed, and longed, and looked, and how at last, in answer to his ceaseless Ave Maria,

The blessed damosel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven.

And even as the poet, one day we shall wake up and find her, the universal sister—a woman with a planetary patriotism, that makes distinctions of race and creed, colour and caste, seem childishness, and war a squabble in the nursery; a woman whose ears are opened alike to the howl of the animal, the sighing of the prisoner, the calling of the sick, and the crying of the child; a woman who bears on her brow an invisible name that nobody sees and that every one knows, the name of Help, who is at once a maid of all work and a Queen of Hearts, nor would ever "abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next door neighbour". In her social ministries, the universal sister never draws the line anywhere; he who halts to paint her, he would limn her arms encircling the globe. Let one who has seen her speak:



It was the terrace of God's house
That she was standing on,
By God built over the sheer depth
In which is Space begun ;
So high that looking downward thence
You scarce could see the sun.

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in solemn Heaven
On earth has he not prayed ?

"Yea, verily ; when he is mine
We will do thus and thus :
Till this my vigil seem quite strange
And almost fabulous ;
We two will live at once one life ;
And peace shall be with us."

O woman, does man still blame you for his Paradise
Lost ? You shall open to him the gates of Paradise
Regained.

K. F. Stuart

The idea of self-denial for the sake of posterity, of practising present economy for the sake of debtors yet unborn, of planting forests that our descendants may live under their shade, or of raising cities for future nations to inhabit, never, I suppose, efficiently takes place among publicly recognised motives of exertion. Yet these are not the less our duties ; nor is our part fitly sustained upon the earth, unless the range of our intended and deliberate usefulness include, not only the companions but the successors of our pilgrimage. God has lent us the earth for our life ; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us ; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath.

Ruskin, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*



THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS

IV

Govind Singh and the Preservation of Sikhism

By DOROTHY FIELD

IT has been necessary to consider at some length the lives of the nine Gurus who preceded Guru Govind Singh—the last and greatest of the Sikh prophets. The history of the Sikh religion is so closely bound up with the development of its doctrine that it is

impossible to separate the two. As a feeling of antagonism spread among the Muhammadans, warlike tendencies grew up among the Sikhs, and gradually became part of their religion. The Moghul rulers of Delhi were largely responsible for this.

Fearing any power which seemed to threaten their supremacy, they encouraged the fanaticism that was inherent in their Muhammadan subjects, and thus the persecution of the Sikhs began. Whereas Nānak, the founder of Sikhism, had been very friendly to the Muhammadans, and had made a bitter attack on the Hindūs, this state of affairs was gradually reversed, and by the time of Teg Bahādur it had actually become possible for a Sikh Guru to offer himself as a martyr in the Hindū cause. This Guru, ninth in succession from Nānak, finding that Aurangzeb was seeking to destroy the Hindū religion by force, determined to embroil himself with the Emperor, and thus distract attention from the Hindūs to himself. He thereby hoped to give his countrymen some respite, and at the same time to create an opportunity for proclaiming his purer doctrine. This sacrifice involved a cruel death, which Teg Bahādur fully expected, and which he refused to escape by recantation.

It will be remembered that the martyrdom of Arjan, the fifth Guru, had given a great impetus to the warlike tendency of the Sikhs, and that his successor had surrounded himself with an army. These results were infinitely greater in the case of the death of Teg Bahādur, and they came just at the very moment when the sect was in most danger of extermination. Isolated individual actions sometimes affect the history of vast continents, and by them great causes stand or fall. The

death of Teg Bahādur makes history as it is to-day. It gave the inspiration that formed the Khālsa, and the Khālsa saved the Empire for the British. The failing courage of the Sikhs was thereby restored, and Govind Singh, with his father's death in mind, accomplished one of the most magnificent tasks that the world has ever known.

He first proceeded to collect an army, and to make his position as strong as possible. Every disciple who came to him was taught the science of warfare and was enrolled as a soldier. The Guru himself became so magnificent a warrior that it is said by the chronicler that "his splendour shone like the sun". Some of the Sikhs protested against this extreme development, but the Guru replied that he had been sent by the Immortal God to preserve the sect, and to defend it against all oppressors. For this purpose he proceeded to the great work of his life—the institution of the Khanda-ki-Pahul. This took place in the following manner.

When the Sikhs were assembled on a certain day, Govind Singh drew his sword, and asked if any were ready to die for him. Five were found willing to do so. After putting these to the test the Guru poured water into an iron vessel, and stirred it with a khanda, or two-edged sword. He then repeated his Jāpji, the Jāpji of Nānak, Amar Dās Ānand, and other compositions of his own. He then baptised the five Sikhs by giving them five palmfuls of the water to drink, and by sprinkling it five times on their hair and their eyes, causing them all to repeat *Wah Guruji ka Khālsa; Wah Guruji ki Faṭah*. He gave them the surname of Singh, and the five distinctive signs, bidding them wear long hair (Kesh), a comb for it (Kangha), a sword

(Kripan), short drawers (Kachh), and a steel bracelet (Kara). The Sikhs then in turn baptised the Guru, showing that the Khālsa had now definite religious power. In the Guru's words: "The Khālsa is the Guru and the Guru is the Khālsa; there is no difference between you and me."

Govind Singh then sent to the hill chiefs and Rājās, beseeching them to strengthen themselves by means of this ceremony against their enemies, both spiritual and material. They replied: "How can we, who are weak like sparrows, overcome through your baptism the powerful enemies of our faith, who are strong like hawks?" "I will make," replied the Guru, "humble sparrows, by virtue of this baptism, beat the aggressive and powerful hawks, and then call my name Govind Singh." This prophecy has been amply fulfilled. The Pahul has been described by a Sikh writer as the "incomparable miracle of India". It is certainly an astounding fact that Govind Singh by this means did succeed in reclaiming a vast outcaste population. He converted men supposed to be unclean and polluted from their birth into exceptionally fine types of humanity—brave, self-respecting, upright and fearless warriors. Countless pariahs and outcastes, in defiance of age-long prejudice and conservatism, were received into the Sikh community, where they were on equal terms with all other baptised persons, of whatever caste. They all showed bravery and charity one to another, fighting side by side and sharing a common meal.

Govind Singh then laid down very definite rules to be observed by the Khālsa. Besides taking the baptism, they were to regard themselves in other ways as distinct, though they might have dealings with everyone.

They were to bathe every morning before dawn, chant the hymns of the Gurus, meditate on the Creator, share a common meal, disregard caste, and believe in the equality of all men. The Rahiras were to be repeated in the evening, and the Sohila at bed-time. They were neither to smoke nor to drink wine, but they might eat flesh-food—with the exception of that of the cow—provided that the animal had been slain by one blow dealt by a Sikh. No Brāhmaṇa priests were to be employed in domestic affairs. Sikhs might only marry within their own community and according to Sikh rites, and a special burial service was also to be used. No Hindū pilgrimages or ceremonies were permitted, and Sikhs were bidden to assist one another in time of trouble. Loyalty to the ruling sovereign and to the sword were insisted upon, and at the present day an injunction is added at the time of baptism to be loyal to the British Government, which the neophytes solemnly promise.

It will be noticed that a large number of these rules make for strong physique—such, for instance, as the eating of meat, the wearing of long hair, the practice of regular bathing and early rising, the regular use of arms, abstinence from wine and tobacco and from unhealthy and exhausting pilgrimages.

Govind Singh repeated the prophecy of his father concerning the coming of the English with still greater distinctness. These words are full of interest to-day:

What God willeth shall take place. When the army of the Muhammadans cometh, my Sikhs shall strike steel on steel. The Khālsa shall then awake, and know the play of battle. Amid the clash of arms the Khālsa shall be partners in present and future bliss, tranquillity, meditation, and divine knowledge. Then shall the English come, and, joined by the Khālsa, rule as well in the East as in the West. The holy

Bābā Nānak will bestow all wealth on them. The English shall possess great power and by force of arms take possession of many principalities. The combined armies of the English and the Sikhs shall be very powerful, as long as they rule with united councils. The Empire of the British shall vastly increase, and they shall in every way obtain prosperity. Wherever they take their armies they shall conquer and bestow thrones on their vassals. Then in every house shall be wealth, in every house religion, in every house learning and in every house happiness. The English shall rule for a long time.

The Khālsa grew rapidly in strength, men of every caste, or none, flocking to the Guru's standard. The Sikhs were involved in many engagements with the Muhammadans, and were frequently worsted, but their phenomenal courage made them fight to the death against tremendous odds, and their physical strength soon became famous. Upon the death of the Emperor Aurangzeb their political position improved somewhat, and Govind Singh was personally on friendly terms with the Emperor Bahādur Shah before his own death came in 1708. He died as the result of a wound received from a Muhammadan. No successor was appointed, since the Khālsa was now firmly established. Govind Singh declared that the Khālsa and the *Granth* were an embodiment of his "mental and bodily spirit," which he infused into them. He also said that wherever five true Sikhs were assembled he would be in the midst of them. They might baptise and absolve any sinner, for they should be "priests of all priests".

Besides his great work for the consolidation of the sect, Guru Govind Singh was a fine poet. He left many hymns, which break away somewhat from those of his predecessors. In the *Granth*, compiled in his name after his death, there are several new elements.

Doctrinally, the Guru was of a more mystical turn of mind than his predecessors, and reverted somewhat more to the attitude of Hindū Pantheism. Then again, the hymns devoted to warfare and in praise of the sword were new, and were calculated to inspire bravery. New names were given to God, such as All-steel, All-death, Great-steel, Great-death, and so forth. The Guru also made more distinct claims for himself and for his mission. In his own account of his spiritual history, he says that he was performing penance on the mountain of Hem Kunt when he attained Nirvāṇa. God then besought him to assume birth, saying: "I have cherished thee as my son and have created thee to extend my religion." Realising that the world was going astray, Govind Singh then took birth, declaring: "Recognise me as God's servant only; they who call me the Supreme Being shall fall into the pit of hell"; but in another place he says: "God and God's servant are both one; deem not that there is any difference between Them."

The subsequent history of the Sikhs is well known. Their gradual welding together into a great nation, which became master of the Punjab, is a matter of common knowledge. Ranjit Singh recognised fully the prophecies of Teg Bahādur, and remained always on the best terms with the English. During his lifetime his wisdom was fully rewarded, and it was only after his death that the words of the Gurus were temporarily forgotten. In their thirst for warfare the Sikhs involved themselves with the English, but after the Sikh wars were over their allegiance was restored to the doctrines of their religion. It would be vain to attempt to enumerate the countless examples of self-sacrifice in the British cause that have since been made.

The prophecy of Teg Bahādur led the Sikhs to Delhi, and was the war-cry during the assault : and since those dark days it has continued to identify Sikh interests with those of the English.

From the foregoing survey, then, we may safely say that there is nothing in the history or theology of Sikhism to warrant its discouragement in face of every dictate of good policy. On the contrary, the more it is studied, the greater do its claims on our attention appear. We see how we owe to it the saving of our Empire; and with increased knowledge of these facts, gratitude should have some real weight with us. That that sentiment has not hitherto influenced our actions is deplorably evident. We are responsible for its decline—not passively, but actively : not merely through neglect, but through definite blundering. Let us consider for a moment what we have actually done for the faith that led the army at Delhi.

We gave to a German missionary the task of translating the *Granth Sahab*—the “visible body of the Gurus”. This man, a Swabian by birth, was in the employment of the C. M. S., and had been sent as a missionary to Sindh. He went to Amritsar, where priests had assembled to assist him, and smoked in the presence of the sacred volume, knowing full well that tobacco was forbidden to Sikhs, being termed “world’s filth”. The priests fled in consternation at this insult, and the missionary could only get assistance from a half-educated and unorthodox Sikh (termed *lucha*—of loose character), who worked with him for about a year. The result of these labours appeared at Munich in 1877, entitled *The Holy Scriptures of the Sikhs*. It contained but four of the thirty-one ‘rāgs’ or musical

measures, of which the *Granth* is composed ; and this small portion was full of inaccuracy and mistranslation. The English was frequently unintelligible, and much *odium theologicum* was introduced. The religion was declared to be powerless to extend morality, and to recognise no standard of virtue. Har Govind was said to have misappropriated money, and Govind Singh to have offered a human sacrifice. All these statements being totally false, the Sikhs immediately petitioned the Government to remedy the error. They said that they felt sure that those in authority were not aware that a great insult had been offered to their faith, and that they could not cite a thousandth part of the libels and misrepresentations. These representations, though formally made many times over, were either ignored, or met with the reply that assistance should be sought from native priests or princes. It was not until 1893 that a loyal-hearted Englishman realised the continued injustice, and, upon earnest representations made by Sikhs, gave up his post as Divisional Judge in the Punjab to undertake the work of accurate translation. By this time the labour had greatly increased in difficulty. The dialects of the *Granth* were very rapidly altering and disappearing, and the Gyānis dying out. Many journeys had to be taken to remote parts of India—sometimes for the elucidation of a single phrase. Valuable manuscripts were bought up, and printed proofs circulated throughout India for comparison and correction, and as many Sikhs as possible were given hospitality at Amritsar for the benefit of their criticism. The opinion of Sikhs themselves was in all cases consulted. The book occupied sixteen full years, apart from previous preparation, and it accomplished a task

which, a generation later, could not have been done at all. When it appeared in 1909 recognition was at once requested of the Government, in order that Sikhs might yet feel that the Rulers were interested in their cause. After some delay, and only under pressure, £300 was offered as a token—this being promptly rejected, in view of the fact that over £12,000 had been expended and an immense degree of labour given.

Reparation was thus made by an individual and the wrong done by the missionary righted. But it is sad to feel that in many ways this has been too late in coming, and that the enthusiasm of the brave warriors of the Punjab had meanwhile waned. The new translation has been hailed with delight by the orthodox, but many have lost interest owing very largely to the attitude of the Rulers. The whole story of our dealing with the Sikh Scriptures is typical of our religious policy.

Such persistent failure to realise the meaning of religion to the Indian is the source of our worst mistakes, from the Mutiny onwards. To some of those unfavourably inclined towards ourselves our conduct might seem worse than a blunder. It might appear that we only adopt the policy of religious neutrality when it suits ourselves. This is the way in which we alienate some of the most loyal subjects of the Empire.

There is, however, much that can still be done to preserve the Sikh genius, even *without a radical change of policy*. This, of course, is finally to be hoped for, and should be the end in view; but the way must be carefully prepared, so as to avoid the risk of setting Northern India ablaze. The following suggestions have been made in the preface of the standard work on the Sikh

religion by the Sikhs themselves, and elsewhere. Though very important in themselves, they must necessarily be subservient to that new spirit of sympathy and interest which alone can make the movement a success. With this point gained, further opportunities for help will present themselves to the experience of every individual.

The suggestion that has most frequently been put forward is that Punjabi should be an alternative official language in the Punjab, of which it is really the mother-tongue. Neither English nor the alien Urdu can make a stepping-stone to the reading of the *Granth*, and thus, at present, education leads the young Sikh daily further from his religion. Such a change would be of great advantage, and opposition from other Indians where Sikhs are in the majority should be disregarded.

Much might be done, also, for the appointment of officials in the Sikh States. There is here a good deal of out-voting by Hindūs and Muhammadans, who side together against the Sikhs. Sikh officials of ability and integrity should hold the high offices as far as possible.

Something could also be done for the Khālsa College at Amritsar. It should be put under proper management, and should then receive every encouragement. Sikh chiefs and nobles should be sent there, rather than to the College at Lahore, where their distinctness is far more difficult to maintain.

Enlightened British officers have already done much good by sending recruits to receive the baptism of Govind Singh. This could always be made a necessary qualification for civil and military posts. Denominational Sikh education should be encouraged, and as

much facility as possible given to Sikh priests to spread their doctrines.

Some day it may be hoped that grants in aid may be given for the definite upkeep of the religion. Many of the great world-religions would have perished but for the timely assistance of State support. Certain grants made before the Mutiny to Hindū temples and Muhammadan mosques are still continued, and it may be hoped that the bugbear of religious neutrality will not forever hinder us from recompensing the heroes of Delhi. On no ground could such a policy be opposed, even by those from whom prejudice might most be expected; for a missionary has lately said that Sikhism is the one Indian religion that is of definite assistance in preparing the way for Christianity.

The Sikhs themselves can help their own cause. They can deliberately resist the movement which would include them as a sect of the Hindūs, remembering that had they in reality remained such they would not have become a race of universal military fame. The ministrations of Brāhmaṇa priests should be rejected, and Sikh marriage and funeral rites invariably used. Sikhs should remember the injunction of Govind Singh to marry only among themselves, if they wish to remain distinct. The rules as to caste, wine, tobacco and meat should be carefully borne in mind. Orthodoxy in these matters would do much to preserve the religion. Again, the daily services are elaborate, and require much leisure for their performance. These might be abbreviated, so as to meet the increasing demands of modern civilisation. Another suggestion that has been made is that the *Granth Sahab* might be printed or written in separate lines and separate words, as all poetry is now written or

printed in Europe. The Scriptures would thus be much easier to read.

The purpose of these articles has not been to suggest for a single moment that the Sikh religion should be *forced upon* any part of the Indian community, but only that it should be preserved where it does already exist—as a valuable asset to the Empire. This is not to hinder a process of natural decay by artificial means, but rather to induce a more normal state of affairs by resisting unnecessary suffocation, thus allowing the religion free scope for its healthy and spontaneous growth. Not until we Englishmen realise the essential pre-eminence of religion as a life-giving force to the human race, the strongest motive-power to action, shall we begin to understand the problems with which we have to deal, and the people over whom we have to rule. Let us give religion in India every chance; and let Sikhism, on account of its inherent merit, its fine history, and its present unsatisfactory position, have the very first claim on our attention. It is not too late to meet with a response. There are still countless loyal earnest young Sikhs who would welcome any movement which would revitalise their religion. Let us extend to them the hand of sympathy, and friendship, remembering that the words of the seer and warrior Govind Singh were not spoken in vain:

“The English and the Sikhs shall be very powerful, so long as they rule with united councils.”

Dorothy Field

ANCIENT PERU

By ELISABETH SEVERS, F. T. S.

IN recently reading Sir Clement Markham's very interesting book, *The Incas of Peru*, I was struck by the many remains he records of the prehistoric civilisations clairvoyantly seen and described by Mr. Leadbeater in his articles on 'Two Atlantean Civilisations,' incorporated into *Man: Whence, How and Whither*.

Sir Clement tells us how the sight of the country of the Incas fascinated him as a navel cadet, an interest fed by the study of Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*. Before undertaking any personal explorations in Peru, he visited Mr. Prescott in his American home. But "since the publication of his historic work a great deal of subsequently discovered material has quite altered our views of some things and thrown entirely new light on others".

Mr. Leadbeater describes the prehistoric Peruvian as "having the high cheek-bones and the general shape of face which we associate with the highest type of Red Indian—and as always more Aryan than Atlantean; in the higher classes keen intellect and great benevolence frequently showing themselves. In colour he was reddish bronze." Sir Clement describes the Incas as shown by their portraits in the Church of Santa Ana at Cuzco: "The colour of the skin was many shades

lighter than that of the down-trodden descendants of their subjects; the forehead high, the nose slightly aquiline, the mouth and chin firm, the whole face majestic, refined, intellectual."

Mr. Leadbeater shows how the government of the country was autocratic, and sub-divided "until we come to a sort of centurion, an official who has a hundred families in his charge for whom he was absolutely responsible". Under the Incas there was an officer called Llacta-camaya in charge of a hundred families, whose duty it was to divide the cultivable land annually into topos, three being assigned to each head of a family, sufficient for the maintenance of himself and his people and for the payment of tribute to the State and religion, one-third for each. Over a thousand families there was another officer selected from the Llacta-camayas. A varying number of these huarancas made a huna, and over every four hunas there was an imperial officer called a Tucuyricoe, the literal meaning of which is 'He who sees all':

His duty as overseer was to see that the whole complicated system of administration worked with regularity and that all the responsible officials under him performed their duty efficiently. There was also a system of periodical visitors to overlook the census and the tribute, and to examine minutely and report upon the state of affairs in each district. Other visitors, in consultation with the local officials, selected young people of both sexes for employment in the service of the state and of religion, according to their various aptitudes. Marriages were also arranged by the visiting officials.

Mr. Leadbeater's account of weddings runs:

The wedding could not however take place until the proper day arrived when the Governor of the district or town made a formal visitation and all young people who had attained the marriageable age were called up before him and officially notified that they were now free to enter the state of matrimony. Some proportion of these had usually already made up their minds to take immediate advantage of the

opportunity and the Governor after asking a few questions went through a simple form and pronounced them man and wife.

The Incas, who were great conquerors of the surrounding more savage tribes, respected the organisation of the people who came under their rule and did not disturb or alter the social institutions of the numerous tribes they conquered.

Their statesmanship consisted in systematising the institutions which had existed from remote antiquity and in adapting them to the requirements of a great Empire. Not the least important part of that system was the policy of planting colonists, especially in provinces recently conquered or supposed to be disaffected. This colonising policy not only secured the quiet and prosperity of recently annexed provinces. It also led to the increased well-being and comfort of the whole people by the exchange of products. Colonists sent up cotton, capsicum and fruits and received maize, potatoes and wool in exchange. The colonists in the Eastern forests sent up supplies of cocoa and of bamboos and of chonta wood for making weapons and received provisions of all kinds. This system of exchanges was carried on by means of couriers constantly running over excellent roads. A third important end secured by the system of colonists was the introduction of one language to be used through the whole Empire, a result which followed slowly and surely and was an immense help in facilitating the efficient working of a rather complicated system of government. . . . The Inca organisation was not the creation by a succession of able princes. The Incas found the system of village communities prevailing among the tribes they conquered and made as little alteration as was compatible with the requirements of a great Empire. The Incarial system of government bears some general resemblance to a very beneficent form of Eastern despotism such as may have prevailed when Jamshid ruled over Iran. There was the same scheme of dividing the crops between the Cultivator and the State, the same patriarchal care; but while the rule of Jamshid was a legend that of the Incas was a historical fact. The condition of the people under the Incas, though one of tutelage and dependence, at the same time secured a large amount of material comfort and happiness. The eye of the central power was ever upon them and the never failing brain, beneficent though inexorable, provided for all their wants, gathered in their tribute, and selected their children for the various occupations required for the State according to their various aptitudes.

Readers of *Man* will remember in how many points this Government of the Incas accorded with the ancient tradition. Sir Clement continues:

This was indeed Socialism such as dreamers in past ages have conceived. It existed once, because the essential conditions were combined in a way which is never likely to occur again. These are an inexorable despotism, absolute exemption from outside interference of any sort, a peculiar and remarkable people in an early stage of civilisation and an extraordinary combination of skilful statesmanship.

Mr. Leadbeater goes into some detail with regard to the prehistoric architecture and its extraordinarily massive character, and Sir Clement describes some interesting existing ruins of Peruvian architecture built, he thinks, in the Megalithic age and of similar massive type. On the plateau of Lake Titticaca are ruins of a great city by the side of the Lake, the builders being entirely unknown.

The city covered a large area, built by highly skilled masons, and with the use of enormous stones. One stone is 36 feet long by 7, weighing 170 tons, another 26 feet by 16 by 6. Apart from the monoliths of ancient Egypt there is nothing to equal this in any other part of the world. The point next in interest to the enormous size of the stones is the excellence of the workmanship. The lines are accurately straight, the angles correctly drawn, the surfaces level. The upright monoliths have vortices and projecting ledges to retain the horizontal slabs in their places, which completed the walls. The carvings are complicated, and at the same time well arranged and the ornamentation is accurately designed and executed. Not less striking are the statues with heads adorned with curiously shaped head-dresses. The builders may best be described as a megalithic people in a megalithic age, an age when cyclopean stones were transported and cyclopean edifices raised. We only have tradition to indicate the tradition whence the megalithic people came. I am quite in agreement with Dr. Brinton "that the culture of the Andean race is an indigenous growth, wholly self-developed and owing none of its germs to any other races".

Mr. Leadbeater attributes the perfection of the Peruvian system to a revival of the ancient Atlantean system in Peru, and to the principles of Government

founded by the Divine Teachers of man who in the infancy of the race incarnated for the purpose. With regard to the ancient religion, Mr. Leadbeater describes it as a kind of Sun worship. The Incas called themselves Children of the Sun, and behind the deities worshipped by the people the worship of the fabulous ancestor or originator of each clan was universal. The Incas believed there was a Supreme Being, called Illa Tici Uira-Cocha.

The first word means light; Tici means 'foundation or beginning of things'. Uira is said to be a corruption of Pirua, meaning the 'depository or store-house of creation'. The ordinary meaning of Cocha is a lake but here it is said to signify an abyss—profundity. The whole meaning of the words would be: "The splendour, the foundation, the creator, the infinite God". Some of the hymns addressed to the Almighty were written early in the seventeenth century by a native. Spanish translations published in 1892, show a plaintive cry to the Deity for a knowledge of the unknowable, which is touching in its simplicity.

Oh Uira-Cocha! Lord of the Universe,
 Whether thou art male,
 Whether thou art female,
 Lord of reproduction,
 Whatsoever thou mayest be,
 O Lord of Divination,
 Where art thou?
 Thou mayest be below,
 Thou mayest be above,
 Or perhaps around,
 Thy splendid throne and sceptre,
 Oh hear me!
 From the sky above,
 In which thou mayest be,
 From the sea beneath,
 In which thou mayest be,
 Creator of the world,
 Maker of all men,
 Lord of all Lords,
 My eyes fail me
 For longing to see thee;
 For the sole desire to know thee.
 Might I behold thee,
 Might I know thee,

Might I consider thee,
 Might I understand thee.
 Oh look down upon me,
 For thou knowest me.
 The sun—the moon—
 The day—the night—
 Spring—winter,
 Are not ordained in vain
 By thee, O Uira-Cocha!
 They all travel
 To the assigned place;
 They all arrive
 At their destined ends,
 Whithersoever thou pleasest.
 Thy royal sceptre
 Thou holdest.
 Oh hear me!
 Oh choose me!
 Let it not be
 That I should tire,
 That I should die.

One of the hymns is composed as from an aged Inca on his death-bed, praying for light and for a knowledge of the Deity.

O Creator of men,
 Thy servant speaks,
 Then look upon him,
 Oh, have remembrance of him,
 The king of Cuzco,
 I revere you too, Tarapaca.
 O Tonapa, look down,
 Do not forget me.
 O thou noble Creator,
 O thou of my dreams,
 Dost thou already forget,
 Am I on the point of death?
 Wilt thou ignore my prayer,
 Or wilt thou make it known
 Who thou art?
 Thou mayest be what I thought,
 Yet perchance thou art a phantom,
 A thing that causes fear.
 Oh, if I might know!
 Oh, if it could be revealed!
 Thou who mad'st me out of earth,
 And of clay formed me,
 Oh look upon me!

easy approach and here the great cyclopean work was constructed. It consists of three parallel walls, 330 yards in length each, with 21 advancing and retiring angles, so that at every point an attack could be enfiladed by defenders. The outer wall had stones of the following dimensions; 14 feet high by 12; another 10 feet high by 6. Its origin is as unknown as that of the Tiahuanacu ruins. The Incas knew nothing. There is nothing of the kind which can be compared to them in any other part of the world.

I think I have quoted enough to show to any one interested in this subject of Ancient Peru that Sir Clement Markham's book, the result of modern research, following up Prescott's fascinating *Conquest of Peru*, also testifies to the many historic surviving customs and traditions of the prehistoric civilisation that superphysical methods of investigation have disclosed for our knowledge—a civilisation of which even the Spanish invaders wrote: "There was much in their rule which was so good as to deserve praise and to be even worthy of imitation."

Elisabeth Severs

THE LOGOS

Out of the womb of night
I come: I who am Light.
From Numberless Bliss I fall
To a multiple pain. I am ALL.

The Shadow of Me is as smoke
On the face of a glass. I am Fire.
My outpoured Breath is the Soul of the World: my
Cloak
The pleated folds of the rainbow robe of Desire.

War-god am I: My sceptre-rod is a spear.
On the anvil of Night with the hammer of Day was
fashioned a bladed Fear.
Eternity whittled the shaft from the bulwarks of Time,
And painted thereon as a Voiceless Word the power of
a cosmic rhyme.
As a javelin I leap through the echoless chasms of
space;
Singing and slaying, and sowing the seed of the Children
of Marvellous Race!

Gwendolen Bishop

Who art thou, O Creator?
Now I am very old.

Another hymn to Uira-Cocha is attributed to the Inca Rocca. The Inca Rocca is the great pioneer of the Peruvian Empire, and he secured the sovereignty of the people by a ruse. He was of the blood royal, and before his accession among his intimates he was called Inca or Lord.

Oh come then,
Great as the heavens,
Lord of all the earth,
Great First Cause,
Creator of men.
Ten times I adore thee,
Ever with my eyes
Turned to the ground,
Hidden by the eyelashes,
Thee am I seeking.
Oh look on me!
Like as for the rivers,
Like as for the fountains,
When gasping for thirst,
I seek for thee.
Encourage me,
Help me!
With all my voice
I call on thee;
Thinking of thee,
We will rejoice
And be glad.
This will we say
And no more.

Sir Clement gives some interesting details of the Sun worship at Cuzco:

The splendid temple was built of masonry, which for the beauty and symmetry of its proportions and the accuracy with which the stones fitted into each other, is unsurpassed. The cornices, the images and the utensils were all of pure gold. The elaborate ritual and ceremonies necessitated the employment of a numerous hierarchy, divided into many grades. The high priest was an official of the highest rank, often a brother of the sovereign. He was called Uillac Uma, "the head which counsels". He was the supreme judge and arbiter in all religious questions

and causes relating to the temple. His life was required to be passed in religious contemplation and abstinence. He was a strict vegetarian and never drank anything but water. . . . He received ample rents, bestowing the greater part on those afflicted by blindness or other disabling infirmities. He appointed the visitors and inspectors, whose duty it was to report on all the temples and idols throughout the empire and the confessors who received confessions and assigned penances and he superintended the record of events. On his death his body was embalmed and interred with great pomp on some high mountain.

Mr. Leadbeater gives an elaborate account of the manner in which pure gold was used for ornamentation. Sir Clement saw in 1853 gold plates worn on the breast by the Incas and the great councillors, relics of the past which unfortunately have since disappeared.

But the Spaniards in Pizarro's time, before the execution of Atahualpa, received about £3,500,000, chiefly in the form of square or oblong plates which had been used to adorn the walls of houses. A far greater amount was concealed and has never yet been found, though the secret has been handed down, and on one occasion a small portion was used in the interests of the people. When the old chief Pumacagua was about to head an insurrection against the Spaniards, he had no funds for procuring arms and ammunition. (1815 when Pumacagua was 77.) After obtaining from him an oath of secrecy, the then guardian took him blindfold to the place where the vast treasure was concealed. He had to wade up a stream for a long distance. His eyes were then dazzled by the vast masses of gold, and he was allowed to take enough to meet his needs. No one else has ever been admitted to the secret. His conductor was the last who knew the secret, for when Pumacagua was killed he despaired of his country, and died without revealing it to a successor.

The wonderful fortresses which Mr. Leadbeater described seem to have had their successors in the more modern civilisations:

In Cuzco there is a cyclopean building in the *Calle dell Triunfo*, with a huge monolith known as the "stone with twelve corners". But the grandest and most imposing work of the megalithic builders was the fortress at Cuzco. The Sacsahuaman hill on which the fortress stood overlooking the city, was practically inaccessible on two sides and easily defensible on another. But the eastern face was exposed to

IS JESUS CHRIST A HISTORICAL FIGURE?

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE, F. T. S.

A SHORT time ago Albert Schweitzer published a very important book giving an account of the researches made, and of the theories existing, in regard to the life of Jesus Christ.¹ In this work the author only dealt with modern researches; otherwise he could not have omitted to cite such writers in the early Christian centuries as Faustus of Mileve and Marcion. We should also mention here that S. Jerome, even in his day, complained that the Latin versions he used differed so much one from another that there were as many different copies as there were copies in existence.² The Pope Damasus, to whom Jerome makes this complaint, replies that he does not mind about accuracy so long as the doctrines are useful.

At the end of the eighteenth century Reimarus, and others who followed him, began to criticise the traditions we possess of the life of Christ and, to give only a few names from the long list of students who have been working on the subject, I may mention Hase, Schleiermacher, Strauss, Bruno, Bauer, Renan, Wrede, Loisy and Drews. At the end of the nineteenth century

¹ The first edition was entitled: *Von Reimarus bis Wrede*; the second edition, which has just come out, is called: *Geschichte des Leben Jesu Forschungen*.

² S. Jerome præf. in *Josue in Evangelista ad Damasum*.

a very important group of critics existed also in Holland and at Tübingen. Loisy and Drews are the leading critics at present and both have many disciples, but I think that Drews' studies have attracted even more attention than those of Loisy, which are rather more for specialists. An enormous number of books and pamphlets have been written in Germany for and against Drews' theories, and the struggle between critics and liberal theologians still continues. I want to explain in a few pages the principal results arrived at by this modern German school of criticism, of which I share most of the opinions and entirely approve the methods. I shall only give what I consider the most striking arguments.

The documents at our disposal for solving our question: "Is Jesus Christ a historical figure?" may be divided into three categories:

- A. Non-Christian documents.
- B. The writings of S. Paul.
- C. The Gospels.

The non-Christian documents may again be divided into two: (1) Jewish; and (2) Roman.

The evidence afforded us by Jewish documents is negative; that is to say a silence so general as theirs proves that they had nothing to tell either about Jesus Christ or about the early Christians. It is astonishing enough that Philo (30 B. C.—50 A. D.), who speaks of the religious sects in Palestine, should say never a word about the Christians, but it is quite incomprehensible that Justus of Tiberias, a historian living at Tiberias, quite near Capernaum, at the time that Jesus is supposed to have lived, should never mention the

³ *Die Christus Mythe*, I and II, 1911.

preaching, miracles, or death of Jesus. We do not know the chronicles of Justus himself, but we have the statement of Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople in the ninth century, that he had searched the writings of Justus in vain for any reference to Jesus. It is the same with Flavius Josephus (30—100 A. D.). In his *Jewish Antiquities* (XVIII, iii. 3) we do find a reference to Jesus, but here we have to do with a forgery of a kind which was by no means rare. To satisfy the early Christians, who probably asked for documentary proofs of what they were told about the Founder of their religion, several false documents were fabricated, such as *The Acts of Pilate*, a letter from Jesus to the King of Edessa (in *Eusebius* i, 13), a letter from Pilate to Tiberius, and sundry other documents recognised as forgeries even by those who defend the historicity of Jesus. Josephus can certainly never have written the passage mentioned above, in which Jesus is referred to in the most orthodox Christian terms, and is even called the Master of Men, a name which a Jew like Josephus would never have applied to Jesus. In the same book (*Jewish Antiquities*, XVIII, v, 2) S. John the Baptist is mentioned, but this passage is no less a forgery than the other, and besides, the existence of S. John would not suffice to establish ~~the~~ existence of Jesus. The *Talmud* gives us three passages in which sayings of Jesus are quoted, or mention is made of His teachings and of His disciples, but these portions of the *Talmud* belong to the beginning of the second century of our era and it is generally agreed that Christian traditions already existed at that date. Attempts have also been made to prove that the *Gospel of S. Matthew* was already known about the

year 70 A. D., because a phrase from that Gospel is quoted in a judgment reported in the *Talmud*. But in order to get this date of 70 A. D. it would be necessary to identify a person named in the suit in question—which suit is a mere fiction as shown in the text itself—with the Simeon ben Gamaliel of the *Acts of the Apostles* (v, 34), and there is no warrant whatever for doing so. Other passages in the *Talmud* which might be of interest in this enquiry belong to the third and fourth centuries and are therefore without value for its solution.

We turn now to the Roman documents.

Pliny, when Proconsul of a province in Asia Minor, mentions the Christians in a letter addressed to the Emperor Trajan in the year 113 A. D., but no reference is made to the Founder, and the existence of Christians at the beginning of the second century is not contested by anyone. Marcus Aurelius speaks of the Christians (A. D. 175), and Porphyry, who lived between 232 and 304 A. D., does the same; but neither mentions the Founder. Suetonius (77—140 A. D.) seems at first sight to merit more attention when, in his biography of Claudius (Chap. xxv), he tells how the Jews were expelled from Rome by this Emperor as “they were incited to rebellion by Chrestos”; but on closer consideration we see that ~~there~~ is nothing here of the nature of a proof. In the first place reference is made to Chrestos not Christus; secondly, the first of these names was often given to liberated Roman slaves; thirdly, the passage in Suetonius would lead us to suppose that this Chrestos was himself in Rome at the time of the expulsion; fourthly, if the teaching, and not the person, of Christ was intended, is it probable that

that would have incited the Jews to rebellion? lastly, it is certain that when, ten years later, S. Paul came to Rome to preach Christianity, its doctrines were absolutely unknown to the Jews.

Tacitus too seems, at first sight, to have an importance which completely vanishes, however, when subjected to the following reflections. In his *Annals* (xv, 44) Tacitus speaks of Christ as of a historical person. In relating how, in the year 64, the Christians were martyred because they were thought guilty of the burning down of Rome, the historian adds that the founder of the religion was Christ who, in the reign of Tiberius, had been executed by Pontius Pilate. But Tacitus wrote his *Annals* in the year 117 of our era, when Christianity was already an organised religion with its own traditions, and so only repeated here what was said by Christians in Rome at the beginning of the second century, when three of the four Gospels already existed or were about to be written. Moreover the authenticity of the passage is by no means certain and we may again be dealing with a forgery, not only as regards what is said of Christ but also of the martyrdom of the first Christians, which perhaps never occurred at all. As to Tacitus, a hypothesis exists that the whole of his writings are the work of a Humanist of the Italian Renaissance, Poggio Bracciolini.¹

These few references are all that we find in the non-Christian literature of the first centuries. They afford no evidence whatsoever of a positive nature, and a silence so general on the subject of our enquiry may rather be interpreted as a proof that there was nothing

¹ Ross: *Tacitus, und Bracciolini*, 1878. Hochart: *Etude au sujet de la persécution des Chrétiens sous Neron*, 1885. Hochart: *De l'authenticité des Annales et des Histoires de Tacite*, 1890.

to relate. Moreover the fact that a document, purporting to be a report of the trial and execution of Christ, was fabricated in the second century—and everyone agrees that the document is spurious—would show that the real report was non-existent, and, when we consider the great regularity and order with which reports were always sent in to Rome by the different Governors of the Roman possessions, especially at the time of Tiberius, the absence of such a document acquires special importance.

We now pass on to S. Paul, who, by his own admission that he had never known the Christ save in spirit, can furnish no first-hand evidence of the historical Christ. We will not discuss the authenticity (often disputed, especially by the Dutch critical school) of the Pauline Epistles. We only want to enquire if S. Paul himself was convinced of the existence of the historical Christ.

As a general rule we may say that S. Paul speaks of Christ the Son of God rather than of Jesus Christ, and in terms which do not seem to indicate that he thought of Him as a real being. He often says that we should unite ourselves with Christ and be crucified with Him, that Christ should be born in us, and so on, using expressions to which it would be difficult to give any other than a very mystical interpretation. Besides this, S. Paul speaks of the salvation of the world by the Son of God, a doctrine known in the religions of Babylon, Greece, Asia, North Africa, Syria, Phrygia, Egypt, the Gnostics, and many others. In this conception God becomes a human being, and when S. Paul refers to it he simply states a theological idea and does not give any proof of his belief in a historical Christ. True, he

sometimes speaks of Jesus Christ in a more realistic way, but the passages in which this occurs are anything but conclusive; firstly, because they all refer to the fulfilment of the prophecies of Isaiah liii and Joel iii, 1, and secondly because all scholars of exegesis agree that S. Paul's works are full of interpolations. Great importance was attached to making things harmonise with Old Testament prophecies (even the passage in Josephus reminds us how everything had been predicted). Anyhow S. Paul does not make of Christ a more realistic figure than that of Adam. They represent the two poles of the drama of Humanity; but belief in the real existence of the one would imply that of the other, and would lead us back into orthodoxy of the narrowest kind. The burial and resurrection we find in Isaiah liii; Pentecost is the echo of Joel iii, 1. As to Chapter xv of I *Corinthians*—which speaks again of the resurrection—and to verses 23-25 or 31 (or perhaps even the whole) of Chapter xi, it is possible that they may be interpolations, and thus the whole story of the Lord's Supper, as a fact in the life of Christ known to S. Paul, would fall to the ground. A more realistic way of speaking of the Christ is to be found in I *Corinthians* ix, 5, and in the *Epistle to the Galatians* i, 19, where S. Paul mentions the brothers of the Lord. If the word *brothers* is to be taken in the ordinary sense, then *the Lord* too must refer to a real figure. Only it is very probable that the expression "brothers of the Lord" merely refers to those who live after the commandments of God becoming—in the sense used in *Romans* viii, 14-17 "sons of God," "children of God," "and if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ," who, in verse 29

is styled "the first-born among many brethren". In *Matthew* xxviii, 10, Jesus calls his disciples *brethren*, and in *Mark* iii, 35, states that: "Whosoever shall do the Will of God, the same is my brother and my sister and my mother". So too Origen (*Contra Celsum* i, 47) speaks of S. James as a brother of Christ "because he is believing and virtuous".

Then again we find S. Paul speaking of "the words of the Lord". If the Lord pronounced words, He must have been living among men. S. Paul refers to words of the Lord in I *Corinthians* vii, 10 and ix, 14. In the first of these references divorce is forbidden in agreement with S. *Matthew* v, 32, and xix, 9; but a similar prohibition is also to be found in the *Talmud*.¹ As to I *Corinthians* ix, 13-14, in which S. Paul says that they who serve the altar should live by the altar, it is true that this repeats portions of *Matthew* x; but on the other hand we find the same precept also in *Deuteronomy*, xviii, 1. So that it is by no means certain that S. Paul was referring to actual Sayings of Christ, rather than to the commandments of the God of Israel, recognised by S. Paul in II *Corinthians* iii, 14-16. We find many instances in which S. Paul is in agreement with the New Testament, but generally this agreement is no greater than with similar passages in the *Talmud* and Old Testament. Again "words of the Lord" was a term applied in the Old Testament and *Didache* to the sayings of a person under inspiration. S. Paul gives no details of the life of

¹ Gittin, 90-90b; Pesaach, 113.

Rom. ii, 1; *Matth.* vii, 1; *Talmud*, Pirke Aboth I, 6; *Sanhedrin*, 100; *Rom.* xii, 14; *Matth.* v, 44; *Ps.* cix, 28; *Talmud*, *Sanhedrin* fol. 48; *Baba Mesia*, 93. *Rom.* xii, 21; *Wisdom of Sol.* vii, 30; *Rom.* xiii, 7; *Matth.* xxii, 21; *Talmud*, *Shekalim*, III, 2; *Pirke Aboth* III, 7; *Rom.* xiii, 8-10; *Matth.* xxii, 34; *Talmud*, *Shabat* 31; *Rom.* xiv, 13; *Matth.* xviii, 6-9; *Talmud*, *Tanchuma*, 71 and 74; I *Corinth.* xiii, 2; *Matth.* xxi, 21; *Talmud*, *Berachoth*, 64; *Erubin*, 29.

Christ which are not contained in the Gospels—to which he never refers—and seems to have known but a small portion even of the details given in the Gospels. He often fails to quote sayings of Christ, or facts in His life, which would support what he himself is saying, and this proves that S. Paul did not know those sayings or facts and cannot have known the Gospels. Besides, as we said before, all scholars agree that S. Paul's Epistles are full of interpolations, and a good number discard them altogether as unauthentic.

Raimond van Marle

(To be concluded)



DIFFICULTIES IN CLAIRVOYANCE

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

IN the early days of the Theosophical Society there was an impression current among us that psychic powers could not be developed except by one who from birth had possessed a physical vehicle of suitable type—that some people were psychic by nature, in consequence of efforts made in previous lives, and that others, who were not so favoured, had no resource but to devote themselves earnestly to whatever physical-plane work they could do, in the hope that they might

thereby earn the privilege of being born with a psychic vehicle next time. The fuller knowledge of later years has to some extent modified this idea; we see now that under certain stimuli any ordinarily refined vehicle will unfold some proportion of psychic capacity, and we have come to be by no means so sure as we used to be that the possession of psychic faculties from birth is really an advantage. It is quite clear that it is an advantage in some ways, and that it *ought* to be an advantage in all; but as a matter of experience it often brings with it serious practical difficulties.

The boy who has it knows a world from which his less fortunate fellows are excluded—a world of gnomes and fairies, of actual comradeship with animals and birds, with trees and flowers, of living sympathy with all the moods of nature—a world freer, less sordid and far more real than the dull round of every-day life. If he has the good fortune—the very rare good fortune—to have sensible parents, they sympathise with him in all this, and explain to him that this fairy world of his is not a separate one, but only the higher and more romantic part of the life of the gracious and marvellous old earth to which we belong, and that therefore every-day life when properly understood is *not* dull and grey, but instinct with vivid wonder and joy and beauty.

There can be no question of the advantage here; but unfortunately, as I have just said, the sensible parent is rare, and the budding poet, artist or mystic is quite likely to find himself in the hands of an unsympathetic *bourgeoisie*, wholly incapable of comprehending him, and thoroughly permeated with fear and hatred of anything which is sufficiently unusual to rise a little above the level of the deadly dullness of their

smug respectability. Then is his lot indeed unhappy; he soon learns that he must live a double life, carefully hiding the romantic realities from the rude jeers of the ignorant Philistine, and but too often the crass brutality of this most reprehensible repression stifles altogether the dawning perception of the spirit and drives him back into his shell for this incarnation. Hundreds of valuable clairvoyants are thus lost to the world, merely through the unconscious cruelty of well-meaning stupidity.

Some boys, however, and perhaps still more often some girls, do not entirely lose their powers, but bring through some fragments of them into adult life; and not improbably the very fact that they have thus direct knowledge of the existence of the unseen world draws them to the study of Theosophy. When that happens, is their psychism an advantage to them?

There is no doubt that it ought to be. Not only do they know as a fact of experience many things which other students accept merely as a necessary hypothesis, but they can also understand far better than others all descriptions of higher conditions of consciousness—descriptions which, because they are couched in physical language, must necessarily be woefully imperfect. The clairvoyant cannot doubt the life after death, because the dead are often present to him; he cannot question the existence of good and evil influences, for he daily sees and feels them.

Thus there are many ways in which clairvoyance is an incalculable benefit. On the whole, I think that it makes happier the life of its possessor; it enables him to be more useful to his fellows than he could otherwise be. If balanced always by common-sense and humility it is indeed a most excellent gift; if not so

balanced it may lead to a good deal of harm, for it may deceive both the clairvoyant himself and those who trust in him. Not if proper care is exercised; but many people do not exercise proper care, and so inaccuracy arises.

Especially is this the case when the operator endeavours to use the powers of the higher vehicles, because in the first place long and careful training is needed before these can be rightly used, and secondly the results must be brought down through several intermediate vehicles, which offer many opportunities for distortion. A good example of the kind of work in question is the investigation of past history or of the previous lives of an individual—what is commonly called examining the records. In order to obtain reliable results, this must be done through the causal body; and to chronicle the observations correctly on this lower plane we must have four vehicles thoroughly under control—which is a good deal to expect.

The physical body must be in perfect health, for if it is not it may produce the most extraordinary illusions and distortions. A trifling indigestion, the slightest alteration in the normal circulation of the blood through the brain, either as to quantity, quality or speed, may so alter the functioning of that brain as to make it an entirely unreliable transmitter of the impressions conveyed to it. A similar effect may be produced by any change in the normal volume or velocity of the currents of vitality which are set flowing through the human body by the spleen. The brain mechanism is a complicated one, and unless both the etheric part of it through which the vitality flows and the denser matter which receives the circulation of the blood are working quite

normally, there can be no certainty of a correct report; any irregularity in either part may readily so dull or disturb its receptivity as to produce blurred or distorted images of whatever is presented to it.

The astral body, too, must be perfectly under control, and that means much more than one would at first suppose, for that vehicle is the natural home of desires and emotions, and in most people it is habitually in a condition of wild excitement. What is wanted is not at all what we ordinarily call calmness; it is a far higher degree of tranquillity which is only to be obtained by long training. When a man describes himself as calm, he means only that he has not at the moment any *strong* feeling in his astral body; but he has always a quantity of smaller feelings which are still keeping up a motion in the vehicle—the swell which still remains, perhaps, after some gale of emotion which swept over him yesterday. But if he wishes to read records or to perform magical ceremonies he must learn to still even that.

The old simile of the reflection of a tree in a lake can hardly be bettered. When the surface of the water is really still we have a perfect image of the tree; we can see every leaf of it; we can observe correctly its species and its condition; but the slightest puff of wind shatters that image at once, and creates ripples which so seriously interfere with the image that not only can we no longer count the visible leaves, but we can hardly tell even what kind of tree it is, an oak or an elm, an ash or a hornbeam, whether its foliage is thick or thin, whether it is or is not in flower. In fact, our interpretation of the image would, under such conditions, be largely guesswork. And that, be it

remembered, is the effect of a mere zephyr; a stronger wind would make everything utterly unintelligible.

The normal condition of our astral bodies might be represented by the effects of a brisk breeze, and our ordinary calmness by the ripplings of a light but persistent air; the mirror-like surface can be attained only after long practice and much strenuous effort. When we realise that for a reliable reading of the records we must reach that condition of perfect placidity not in one vehicle only, but in four, no one of which is ever normally quiet even for a moment, we begin to see that we have a difficult task before us, even if this were all.

Not only must the astral body be tranquil before the investigation is begun, but it must remain unruffled all through the work—which means that, if he wants to get more than a general impression, the seer must not allow himself to be excited by anything which may appear in the picture. Be it observed that the nature of the excitement makes no difference; if a spasm of anger or fear is fatal to accuracy, so also is a rush of affection or devotion. If he is to be rigorously truthful in his report, the watcher must record what he sees and hears as impartially as does a camera or a phonograph; he may allow himself the luxury of emotions afterwards when recalling what he has seen, but at the time he must be absolutely impassive if he is to be reliable. This makes it practically impossible for the emotional or hysterical person to be a trustworthy observer on these higher planes; he surrounds himself with a world of forms built by his own thoughts and feelings, and then proceeds to see and to describe those as though they were external realities.

Often such forms are beautiful, and their contemplation is uplifting, so that, even though they are inaccurate, they may be of great help to the seer. Indeed, his experiences may be useful to others also, if he has the discrimination to relate them without labelling his actors as deities, archangels or adepts. But it is usually precisely such figures as those that his imagination evokes, and it is merely human nature to feel that the person who comes to *him* must surely be some Great One. The only way to secure oneself against self-deception is the old and irksome way of a long hard course of careful training; except by some vague intuition a man cannot know a thought-form from a reality until he has been taught their respective characteristics, and can rise sufficiently above them to be able to apply his tests.

Calmness is necessary in the mental body as well as the astral. A man who worries can never see accurately, because his mental body is in a condition of chronic disease, a perpetual inflammation of agitated fluttering. One who suffers from pride or ambition has a similar difficulty. Some have supposed that it matters little what they think habitually, so long as during the actual investigation they try to hold their minds still; but that idea is fallacious. In this vehicle, also, the storm of yesterday leaves a swell behind it; an attitude of mind which is constantly or frequently held makes an indelible mark upon the body, and keeps up a steady pulsation of which the owner is as unconscious as he is of the beating of his heart. But its presence at once becomes obvious when clairvoyance is attempted, and makes anything like clear vision impossible—all the more since the man, being ignorant of its existence, makes no effort to counteract its effects.

Prejudice, again, is an absolute bar to accuracy; and we know how few people are entirely without prejudices. In many cases these mental attitudes are matters of birth and long custom—the attitude, for example, of the average Brāhmaṇa to a pariah, or the average American to a negro. Neither of those could report accurately a scene in which appeared any members of the classes they instinctively despise. I may give an example which came under my notice some time ago. I knew a good clairvoyant with strong Christian proclivities. So long as we were dealing with indifferent subjects her vision was clear; but the moment that anything arose which touched, however remotely, upon her religious beliefs, she was instantly up in arms, and became absolutely unreliable. Being a highly intelligent person in many directions, she would have checked this prejudice if she had been conscious of it; but she was not, and so its evil influence was unrestrained. If, for example, a scene rose before us in which a Christian and a man of some other religion came in any way into conflict or even appeared side by side, her description of it was a mere travesty of the reality, for she could see only the good points in the Christian and only the evil in the other man. If any fact appeared which did not fit in with the alleged history contained in the Christian Scriptures, that fact was ignored or distorted to suit her preconceptions; and all this with entire unconsciousness, and with the best possible intentions. That is only one small sample of the unreliability of spontaneous untrained clairvoyance.

No wonder that it takes many years of patient and careful training before the pupil of the Master can be accepted as really reliable. He must discover all these

unrecognised prejudices, and must eliminate them; he must evict from the recesses of his own consciousness other tenants even more firmly attached to the soil—pride, self-consciousness, self-centredness.

This last is a condition from which many people suffer. I do not mean that they are selfish in the ordinary gross meaning of the word; they are often far from that, and they may be kind-hearted, self-sacrificing, anxious to help. Nor do I mean that they are offensively proud or conceited; but just that they like to be under the limelight, to be always well on view in the centre of the stage. Suppose such a person to be psychic from birth; in every case where there is a personal experience to be related, that psychic will necessarily and inevitably magnify his or her personal part in the affair, and that without the slightest intention of doing so.

We know that it sometimes happens that a beginner in astral work identifies himself, in his recollection of some event, with the person whom he has helped. If he had during the night been assisting a man who was killed in a railway accident, he might wake in the morning remembering a dream in which *he* had been killed in a railway accident, and so on. In something the same way, when the self-centred psychic comes across in his investigations some one with a fine aura, *he* immediately remembers himself with such an aura; if he sees some one conversing with a Great One, he promptly imagines himself to have had such a conversation, and (without the slightest intention of deceit) invents all sorts of flattering remarks as having been addressed to him by that august Being. All this makes him distinctly dangerous, unless he has quite a phenomenal power of self-effacement and self-control.

Members of the Society who have flattering experiences of this sort have been encouraged to send an account of them to the President or to some other trained seer, in order that the facts (if any) may be disentangled from the embroidery, in the hope that such correction may enable them by slow degrees to learn how to winnow the chaff from the wheat. They come with stories of the marvellous initiations through which they have passed, of the great angels and archangels with whom they have familiarly conversed, and the tales are often so wild and so presumptuous that it requires a great fund of patience to deal adequately with them. No doubt it requires a good deal of patience on their part also, for again and again we have to tell them that they have been watching some one else, and have appropriated his deeds to themselves, or that they have magnified a friendly word into an extravagant laudation.

We may easily see that, if the self were just a little more prominent, they would *not* come and ask for explanations, but would hug to their bosoms the certainty that they really had become high Adepts, or had been affably received by the Chieftain of some distant solar system. So we come by easy gradations to those who have angel guides, who hear divine voices directing them, and are the constant recipients of the most astounding communications. It is no doubt true that in some cases such people have been charlatans, and that in others they have been insane; but I think it should be understood that the majority of them are neither mendacious nor megalomaniac, but that they do really receive these bombastic proclamations from entities of the astral world—usually from quite undistinguished members of the countless hosts of the dead.

It sometimes happens that a preacher, especially if of some obscure sect, becomes a spirit-guide. In the astral world after death he discovers some of the inner meanings of his religion which he had never seen before, and he feels that if others could see these matters as he now sees them, their whole lives would be changed—as indeed they quite probably would. So if he can manage to influence some psychic lady in his flock, he tells her that he has chosen her to be the instrument for the regeneration of the world, and in order to impress her more profoundly he often thinks it well to represent his revelation as coming from some high source—indeed, he usually supposes that it does so come. Generally the teaching and advice which he gives is good as far as it goes, though rather of the copybook-heading style of morality.

But to that dead preacher come presently people who will have none of his sage moral maxims, but want to know how their love affairs will progress, what horse will win a certain race, and whether certain stocks will go up or down. About all such matters our preacher is sublimely ignorant, but he does not like to confess it, reasoning that as these men believe him to be omniscient because he happens to be dead, they will lose faith in his religious teaching if he declines to answer even the most unsuitable questions. So he gravely advises them on these incongruous subjects, and thereby brings much discredit upon communications from the other world in general, and upon his own reputation in particular.

The untrained psychic among ourselves is often put in precisely the same position, and he or she rarely has the courage to say plainly: "I do not know." One of

the very first lessons given to us by the great Teachers is to distinguish clearly between the few facts that we really know and the vast mass of information which we accept on faith or inference. We are taught that to say "I know" is to make a high claim—a claim which none should ever make without personal experience to support it. Short of that actual personal certainty, men are wiser to adopt the humbler formula with which begin all the Buddhist Scriptures: "Thus have I heard."

The advantage of the pupil who, not having been psychic in the beginning, is afterwards instructed in these matters, lies, I think, in this: that before the attempt is made to develop any such powers, he is trained in selflessness, his prejudices are eradicated, and his astral and mental bodies are brought under control; and so when the powers come, he has to deal only with the difficulties inherent in their unfolding and their use, and not with a host of others imposed by his own weaknesses. He has learnt to bring his vehicles into order, to know exactly what he can do with them, and to make allowance for any defects which still exist in them; he understands and allows for the action of that part of the personality which is not normally in manifestation—that which has been called by the Psychical Research Society the subliminal self.

When the powers are opened he does not proceed immediately to riot in their unrestrained use; laboriously and patiently he goes through a series of lessons in the method of their employ—a series which may last for years before he is pronounced entirely reliable. An older pupil takes him in hand, shows him various astral objects, and asks him: "What do you see?" He

corrects him when in error, and teaches him how to distinguish those things which all beginners confuse; he explains to him the differences between the two thousand four hundred varieties of the elemental essence, and what combinations of them can best be used for various sorts of work; he shows him how to deal with all sorts of emergencies, how to project thought-currents, how to make artificial elementals—all the manifold minutiae of astral work. At the end of all this preparation the aspirant comes out a really capable workman—an apprentice who can understand the Master's instructions, and has some idea of how to set to work to execute the task confided to him.

The person who is born psychic escapes the trouble of developing the powers; but this great gain brings with it its own peculiar temptations. The man knows and sees, from the first, things which others about him do not know and see; and so he often begins to feel himself superior to others, and he has a confidence in the accuracy of his power of sight which may or may not be justified. Naturally he has feelings and emotions which are brought over from past lives, and these grow along with his psychic faculties; so that he has certain preconceptions and prejudices which are to him like coloured glasses through which he has always looked, so that he has never known any other aspect of nature than that which they show him. The bias which these give him seems to him absolutely part of himself, and it is exceedingly hard for him to overcome it and see things at another angle. Ordinarily he is quite unaware that he is all askew, and acts on the hypothesis that he is seeing straight, and that those who do not agree with him are hopelessly inaccurate.

From all this it emerges that those who possess the psychic faculties by nature should exercise them with the greatest care and circumspection. If they wish that their gift shall be helpful and not harmful, they must above all things become utterly selfless : they must uproot their prejudices and preconceptions, so as to be open to the truth as it really is ; they must flood themselves with the peace that passeth understanding, the peace that abideth only in the hearts of those who live in the eternal. For these be the prerequisites to accuracy of vision ; and even when that is acquired, they have still to learn to understand that which they see. No man is compelled to publish abroad what he sees ; no man need try to look up people's past lives or to read the history of æons long gone by ; but if he wishes to do so, he *must* take the precautions which the experience of the ages has recommended to us, or run the terrible risk of misleading instead of feeding the sheep which follow him. Even the uninstructed clairvoyant may do much good if he is humble and careful. If he takes for a Master some one who is not a Master (a thing which is constantly happening) the love and devotion awakened in him are good for him, and if in his enthusiasm he can awaken the same feelings in others, they are good for those others also. A high and noble emotion is always good for him who feels it, even though the object of it may not be so great as he is supposed to be. But the evil comes when the erring seer begins to deliver messages from his pseudo-Master—commands which may not be wise, yet may be blindly obeyed because of their alleged source.

How then is the non-clairvoyant student, who as yet sees nothing for himself, to distinguish between the

true and the false ? The safest criterion of truth is the utter absence of self. When the visions of any seer tend always to the subtle glorification of that seer, they lie open to the gravest suspicion. When the messages which come through a person are always such as to magnify the occult position, importance or title of that person, distrust becomes inevitable, for we know that in all true Occultism the pupil lives but to forget himself in remembering the good of others, and the power which he covets is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men.

Psychic powers are widely desired, and many men ask how they can unfold them. Yet is their possession no unmitigated blessing, for at the stage which the world has reached to-day there is more of evil than of good to be seen by the man who looks with unclouded vision over the great mass of his fellow-creatures. So much of sordid struggle, so much of callous carelessness, so much of man's inhumanity to man, which indeed makes countless thousands mourn, and might well make angels weep ; so much of the wicked calculated cruelty of the brutal schoolmaster to his shrinking pupil, of the ferocious driver to his far less brutish ox ; so much senseless stupidity, so much of selfishness and sin. Well might the great poet Schiller cry :

Why hast Thou cast me thus into the town of the ever-blind, to proclaim Thine oracle with the opened sense ? Take back this sad clear-sightedness ; take from mine eyes this cruel light ! Give me back my blindness—the happy darkness of my senses ; take back Thy dreadful gift ! ”

Truly there is another side to the shield, for so soon as one looks away from humanity to the graceful gambols of the jocund nature-spirit or the gleaming splendour of the glorious Angels, one realises why, in

spite of all, God looked upon the world which He had made, and saw that it was good. And even among men we see an ever-rising tide of love and pitifulness, of earnest effort and noble self-sacrifice, a reaching upward towards the God from whom we came, an endeavour to transcend the ape and the tiger, and to fan into a flame the faint spark of Divinity within us. For the greatest of all the gifts that clairvoyance brings is the direct knowledge of the existence of the great White Brotherhood, the certainty that mankind is not without Guides and Leaders, but that there live and move on earth Those who, while They are men even as we are, have yet become as Gods in knowledge and power and love, and so encourage us by Their example and Their help to tread the Path which They have trodden, with the sure and certain hope that one day even we also shall be as They. Thus we have certainty instead of doubt; thus we have happiness instead of sorrow; because we know that, not for us alone but for the whole humanity of which we are a part, there will some day come a time when we shall awake up after Their likeness, and shall be satisfied with it.

C. W. Leadbeater

SOME ODD HAPPENINGS

By T. L. CROMBIE, F. T. S.

IN these days when psychic experiences are being more openly talked about, one finds that scarcely any of one's friends has been without some glimpse into the unseen, and so one gradually gains confidence and begins to tell one's own little tale.

I have experienced four incidents which have made an indelible mark on my memory: the first two of these can scarcely be called psychic, because a purely physical reason could be found to explain them, and must, of course, be accepted, whatever I personally think of such an explanation. The remaining two are certainly lifted above the plane of the everyday world.

In all four, however, there have been no events that led up obviously to these experiences, no eerie forebodings of psychic power, nothing at all out of the ordinary course of events. This makes them all the more valuable to me, as often and often I have felt as if I were about to pierce the veil of the unseen world, and though in such moods I have never seen anything, yet if I had, the vision would probably have been ably assisted by my imagination. In the cases recorded, I was taken completely unawares.

As has been said, my first two experiences have possibly nothing to do with the unseen; they are

interesting inasmuch as they are rather curious, and similar in character, and so I give them for what they are worth.

When I was about ten years of age, I lost my temper rather badly, and rushed out of the dining-room in a huff—we had just finished lunch. To go to the schoolroom, which was my harbour of refuge, I had to pass through a heavy swing-door, and then down a long corridor. I pushed the door open, roughly in my rage, and fled down the passage. When I got to my destination, I became full of revengeful thoughts, and the idea came into my head to go back to the swing-door, and place in front of it a heavy iron weight, which was used to keep the door open if required. My sister would, on trying to push open the door, meet with an unaccountable obstruction and might possibly fall.

Such were my thoughts, but fortunately my better nature came to my rescue, and I abandoned my fell design. A little later, my sister came running into the schoolroom, and upbraided me for my ungentlemanly conduct in so placing the heavy door-weight as to cause her a possible accident.

I was much astonished at what she said, and told her at once that I had meant to do so, but had thought better of it as it would be "rather a low-down sort of thing". She was good enough to take my word absolutely in the face of the most contrary evidence, but I have not to this day found a satisfactory explanation (to me) of how the weight was placed before the swing-door in the very few minutes that elapsed between my going to the schoolroom and my sister's arrival there. Anyhow, I comfort myself with the knowledge that I did not put the weight there consciously.

The next experience occurred when I was in my second year at Oxford. I had just emerged from the rather invidious position of a freshman, and thought myself quite an important person. Before I had entered the University, I had spent some weeks in the town of Oxford, coaching for the First Public Examination, properly known as 'Responsions,' but familiarly known as 'Smalls'.

My coach was then in his fourth year at the University and was brilliantly clever: he was also one of the most charming men, and knowing that I was alone in 'digs,' and furthermore had no acquaintances in the town, he introduced me to many of his friends, and gave me a thoroughly good time.

One of his friends, a particularly brilliant student, had a brother coming into residence the following year, and I looked forward to our being freshmen together. However, when I eventually did come up to Oxford I never got introduced to young Brown, and as my coach went very shortly afterwards to the other side of the world, it seemed likely that I should have to bide my time until I found a common friend to introduce us. Thus the whole of my first year passed without our meeting.

The first term of my second year I arranged with a man at Christ Church who, I found, knew Brown quite well, to ask us to dinner together one night; and, as I now felt that we should eventually meet, I ceased to think any more about the matter. I have never yet understood why I made such efforts to get to know Brown, but my efforts were crowned with success.

There was a custom at Oxford in my day, and I suppose it still obtains, that, though it was the correct

thing for a senior man to leave his visiting card on a freshman he might wish to know, the freshman, in returning the call, might not leave *his* card, if he found the senior man out, but had to call and call again until he found him in. I had discovered by chance that two or three freshmen on whom I had left my card, had made several vain attempts to return my call, and so, to make matters right, I asked them to tea. During tea my scout brought in a letter, addressed to me in a handwriting unfamiliar. I opened it and read:

DEAR CROMBIE,

I am very sorry I cannot come to you this afternoon, as I am engaged to go to tea with a friend at Balliol.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. Brown.

My astonishment was great. Of course I had never invited him, not knowing him, and my first thought was: "Thank heaven he did not come," for I should have been most embarrassed, and utterly at a loss. This awkwardness was spared me, and I turned to attend to the wants of the freshmen who devoured hot tea-cake and spoke very little.

When they had gone, I decided to call on Brown and ask for a personal explanation why he thought I had invited him. I went to his college. I had no friends there and was totally unfamiliar with the 'lie of the land'. A porter kindly directed me, and after some searching and much climbing of stairs, I found Brown's rooms. He was out, but on my return I met a man who looked at me for a moment, and then stopped me, asking if I were Crombie. It was Brown, who had recognised me from a photograph he had seen which

belonged to my coach. He had heard of me, and said he was so sorry he had not been able to come to see me, and thought it was most kind of me to have waived all ceremony and asked him. He had found my visiting card on his table that morning, with the invitation written on the back of it. I asked to see the card. It had disappeared, so that avenue of inquiry was stopped. However, we had at last got to know each other, and the somewhat strange introduction led to an acquaintanceship which lasted during my time at Oxford—but no longer. Indeed it has always seemed strange to me that a friendship I had anticipated rather eagerly, should have been so utterly without anything to mark it save the manner of the introduction.

I sought in every possible way to discover *how* my visiting card had got into Brown's rooms. My friend at Christ Church had not called on him that term, so could not have left an old card of mine by mistake. All my friends at college denied any knowledge of it. My enquiries were searching, but personally I have never doubted since the moment I received Brown's letter that there was something weird in the whole incident, and I have always connected it with that extraordinary happening of my childhood just related.

My third experience is distinctly one recognised by modern psychism. I saw a thought-form. For me, henceforth, it is and must be a fact that "thoughts are things"; but I regret to say that, even so, thought-forms have never much interested me, and it is a matter of wonder to me that one of my few glimpses into the unseen should have been the vision of a thought-form, and also its effect on the person towards whom it was directed.

Late one afternoon, when living in a London boarding-house, I was sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, drawn up close to the fire. My mood was perfectly quiescent, and I was not best pleased when one of the boarders opened the door and disturbed my solitude. I remained perfectly still, but was somehow aware that the intruder had not shut the door. I have a great dislike to sitting in a room with the door open, and I thought instinctively, "I wish he would shut the door," at the same time deciding that possibly it would be less disturbing to wait until my friend had sat down, and then go and shut the door myself. I felt that I had not the energy to form the words to *ask* him to do so. My sudden desire had taken form. I saw a greyish-blue object, shaped like a boomerang, issue from the back of my head, and strike my friend on the forehead before he had reached his chair. He hesitated perceptibly for a second and then went back and shut the door.

When I returned to a more 'normal' condition of mind, I marvelled how I could have seen anything coming out of the back of my head, and travelling behind me. I have since been able to reproduce in my mind the idea, but am conscious of effort and of the fact that in so doing I make a *series* of mental images, passing them in review in rapid succession, as in a cinematograph; whereas at the time I could see myself and my companion, simultaneously, and without difficulty, from several points of view.

So much for the solitary thought-form that has deigned to manifest itself to me.

My fourth experience is of the nature of clair-audience. Some years ago a friend played to me

Rubinstein's 'Melody in F,' and I was much struck by this, and whenever I could, I got her to play it. I am fond of music, but lack that essential quality of 'ear' to make me in any way a musician. I could never mentally reproduce the melody, and this vexed me, because I often tried to do so, without success.

One day on a bus in London, I heard, above the roar of the traffic, the 'Melody in F' being played, and I vaguely wondered whether my friend were playing it. The next moment the music ceased, and I had no power to recall it. Several times, and in different places—once while in Italy—I heard the 'Melody' thus played. It suddenly began to 'play itself,' if I may use the phrase, but the playing resembled that of my friend. I could not establish the fact that I was really hearing her playing at a distance until one December.

I was spending Christmas with my brothers in Aberdeen and Mrs. R — was in London. At dinner, when I was in the midst of enjoying the customary turkey, and thinking of nothing beyond the very physical plane, I heard the 'Melody in F' played from beginning to end, most clearly. I believe my brother spoke to me. I did not answer, but after the music ceased, I recovered my manners.

The time was about 8-30 P. M. We dined at 8, and I knew Mrs. R — usually dined at 7, so there would be time for her to have finished and to be playing in her drawing-room.

I made subsequent enquiries. Just about 8-30 P. M. of that night, she began playing Rubinstein's piece, and her son said: "I do wonder if Mr. Crombie will hear it this time." I did. The fact was established, for me, that I had been hearing at a distance. Since then I

have never heard it again. The power has come to me to recall the tune whenever I will, and I have lost the ability to listen to my friend playing over the many miles that separate us.

Such are my four experiences.

I have had a few others which rather baffle any sort of description. I have been consciously out of my body and painfully aware of the re-entry into my physical frame. I have felt a vast depression being raised from, or purified out of, my bodies, leaving me free, light, and happy, but so utterly surprised that it took me nearly ten minutes to realise that I was no longer depressed, even though I had felt the depression go, as if it were some physical weight being lifted off me.

Once on waking, I found myself in a state of happiness I have seldom experienced. Every nerve of me had soothing; I felt in a condition of perfect rest, and the reason was, I knew, that I had come into contact with someone on another plane who had surrounded me with, and bathed me in, the quality of Gentleness.

These experiences cannot be described, nor are they of any particular value to others. But they are of value personally, for they bring a reality where there was formerly a doubt, and they confirm one's belief in those who see further than we see, but at whom the world scoffs as charlatans and impostors.

T. L. Crombie

HUNYADI JANOS

By MAJOR C. G. M. ADAM, F. T. S.

IT is not easy to disentangle the various and conflicting accounts of the life of this celebrated character, as some give details which are quite contradictory to those of other historians; where this is the case the writer has followed the versions of Gibbon and Coxe.

One of the most obscure things about his life is the origin of his family. According to Pray, the annalist of Hungary, he was of a noble family of Transylvania, but other accounts say that his father was a Wallachian, and his mother a Greek. He was born in 1387 at Corvinum, a small village, whence came his surname of Corvinus. This name gave rise to the idea that his father was descended from the Roman family of that name, while his mother has also been supposed to be descended from the Byzantine Emperors. However this may be, he appears to have owed his elevation to his own efforts and talents. He commenced his military career early in life; as a youth he served in the wars of Italy, and was retained with twelve horsemen under his command by the Bishop of Zagrab. He appears to have gained the soubriquet of the White Knight of Wallachia (*Chevalier blanc de Valaigne*). Subsequently he served in Italy under the Emperor Sigismund, and next in the army of Philip Maria Visconti, who was Duke of Milan from 1412 till 1447. On his return to Hungary he received from Sigismund the small estate of Hunniad, on the frontiers of Transylvania and Wallachia, and afterwards served

with the rank of captain, under the Hungarian prefect of Halle, in a campaign. He appears also to have taken part in the Hussite war in 1420, and in 1437 he drove the Turks from Semendria. For these services he got numerous estates and a seat in the Royal Council. In 1438 King Albert II made him Ban of Szoreny, a position entailing constant warfare with the Turks. He married a wealthy lady of noble family, and gradually becoming more conspicuous both for bravery and military talent, he rose to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Hungarian forces. He is mentioned in all English books under the name of John Hunniades, the surname being derived from his estate.

It is not until 1439 that we find him taking a prominent part in politics, but in that year Albert II died, and his widow Elizabeth being *enceinte*, there was every opportunity for a glorious state of confusion concerning his legal successor. The States of Austria and Bohemia agreed to wait till after the birth of the child before taking any other steps, but the Hungarian nobles forced the Queen to send an Embassy to Vladislas, King of Poland, offering him her hand and crown. By the time Vladislas reached Hungary, escorted by a large army in case of any objections being raised, the child had been born and proved to be a son, Ladislaus; so Hungary was now divided into two camps on the question of the succession. Hunniades however, supported Vladislas, principally, no doubt, because he was a distinguished soldier and would be a useful ally against the Turks. The party of Vladislas and Hunniades, consisting of the Poles and the majority of the Hungarians, and supported by the despots of Bosnia and Servia, was too powerful for the adherents of Elizabeth, and

Vladislas was crowned, though not with the crown of Stephen, as Elizabeth had pawned this to the Duke of Styria. This somewhat troublesome lady departed this life suddenly, and not without suspicions of poison, in 1442, which simplified matters for Vladislas, who soon afterwards concluded a three years' truce with his only remaining opponent, the Duke of Styria, and was thus left with a free hand to devote his attention to the Turks. For his share in this enterprise Hunniades was rewarded with the title of voivode of Transylvania, and was also made captain of the fortress of Belgrade. During this time he had been continually fighting the Turks. In 1441 he delivered Servia by the victory of Semendria, and the following year he first annihilated an immense Turkish army near Hermannstadt, recovering for Hungary the suzerainty of Wallachia and Moldavia, and soon after defeated a third army near the Iron Gates.

About this time Julian, a Cardinal and Papal Legate, organised a crusade against the Turks, who were in possession of Bosnia and Wallachia, and the city of Adrianople, though Belgrade still retained her liberty, and Constantinople was still the capital of the moribund Greek Empire. The western nations remained unresponsive, but the Polish and Hungarian Diets voted unanimously for war, while the maritime Republics of Venice and Genoa contributed their navies. Accordingly Vladislas advanced in 1443 at the head of the united Polish and Hungarian armies. Hunniades, at the head of the vanguard, crossed the Balkans, captured both Nish and Sofia, and then, uniting with the royal army, defeated Amurath at Snaim, in spite of the fact that the latter possessed the double advantage of both position

and numbers. The approach of winter forced a retirement, which was effected without opposition, and the entry into Buda partook of the nature of a triumph. The consequence of this victory was a deputation from the Turks offering to restore Servia, to ransom the prisoners, and evacuate the Hungarian frontier. Accordingly Vladislas agreed to a ten years' truce on these terms, but before the conference had dispersed, news arrived that the allies were continuing the war. The Greeks had in fact invaded Thrace, while the allied fleets were masters of the Hellespont, and, ignorant of any treaty negotiations, awaited the return of the Hungarians. Urged on by the Papal Legate, who absolved them of perjury for the broken treaty, the Poles and Hungarians returned to the Danube, though now deserted by their German allies and reduced to a strength of only twenty thousand men, and advanced to Varna, expecting to meet the confederate fleets. Unfortunately, however, owing to treachery on the part of the Greeks or the Genoese, the Sultan Amurath had crossed over from Asia Minor and was now advancing from Adrianople at the head of sixty thousand men. Hunniades counselled a retreat, but the King resolved to conquer or die, with the result that not only did he himself die, but ten thousand of his followers fell with him.

The throne being now again vacant, a provisional government was formed, Hunniades receiving the Transylvanian provinces as his district; but the following year, 1446, he was unanimously elected Governor or Regent of Hungary with regal powers. He now made war on the German King, Frederick III, who refused to deliver up the young King Ladislaus, and ravaged Styria, Carniola and Carinthia. In 1448 he received a

golden chain and the title of Prince from the Pope, and the same year, no doubt on the principle that the offensive is the best defensive, he again invaded Turkey. He had penetrated into the heart of Bulgaria before he encountered on the plains of Kossovo an enemy of four times his strength; nevertheless he managed to hold them for three days. Finally he escaped alone into the woods of Wallachia, and either here or during the battle he was taken prisoner—the accounts vary in different books—but while his captors disputed for the possession of a gold chain that hung round his neck, he seized a sword and slew one, whereupon the other fled. He was subsequently taken prisoner by George, despot of Raseia, but obtained his liberty and returned to Hungary, which was now distracted with internal commotions, and exposed to foreign enemies.

In 1453, a deputation from Hungary requested the young King Ladislaus, who was now only fourteen years old, to assume the reins of government. The Count of Cilli, the King's favourite and an enemy of Hunniades, dissuaded the King from entering Hungary on the ground that Hunniades was all-powerful, master of the principal fortresses, and too ambitious to submit to a superior. Influenced by this advice the King summoned the Regent to Vienna, intending to seize him, but the latter declined the invitation, declaring, however, that he was ready to obey the King in Hungary. After further attempts at treachery on the part of Cilli, which the Regent avoided by his prudence, a reconciliation was effected, and Hunniades surrendered several fortresses and sent his son Matthias to Vienna to be educated. Soon afterwards Ladislaus came to Buda and treated Hunniades with every mark of respect and confidence, and

brought about an apparent reconciliation between him and Cilli. This was a matter of importance, as, owing to the fall of the Greek Empire, and the increasing power of the Turks, the kingdom was menaced more than it had ever been previously.

The victorious Sultan, Muhammad II, who had recently succeeded his father Amurath, having captured Constantinople, and established himself firmly in that part of the country, was turning his attention to the West, and planning the conquest of Hungary. He burst through Servia, and, reaching the Danube, invested Semendria. Hunniades now approached and compelled him to raise the siege; but he left thirty thousand men behind as a covering force, whose camp Hunniades surprised in the night, carrying off the Turkish Commander a prisoner to Belgrade. The following year, 1454, Muhammad collected two hundred thousand men and besieged Belgrade. Hungary trembled before the approach of this overpowering force, and sought assistance from the rest of Europe. Capistran, a Franciscan monk, collected a rabble of forty thousand men, whom Hunniades reduced to order and discipline, and at the head of this crowd and a corps of Hungarians he hastened to Belgrade. This town was reduced to the last extremity, as it was invested not only by land but also by a Turkish flotilla on the Danube and Save. Accordingly Hunniades collected a considerable number of small vessels which sailed down the Danube flanked on either shore by squadrons of cavalry, and thus attacked the enemy's fleet. Hunniades led one division of the flotilla, Capistran the other, and roused by the heroism of the former and the eloquence of the latter, the crusaders completely destroyed the Turkish flotilla

and opened a way to Belgrade, enabling the garrison to be revictualled. Muhammad next ordered a general assault, which so nearly succeeded that the crescent already floated from the ramparts, but Hunniades rallied the defenders to a counter attack, repulsed the Turks, and turned their captured cannon on to their own camp, so that after a battle of twenty-four hours' duration the Turks retired at night with a loss of thirty thousand men.

This, the most glorious military achievement of Hunniades, was also his last, as soon afterwards, in August, 1454, he died at Semlin from a fever brought on by his mental and bodily exertions, leaving a widow and two sons, Ladislaus and Matthias, to whom Cilli transferred the hatred he had felt for their father. The Hungarian nobles however, who detested Cilli, supported the cause of the brothers, and were enraged when the King appointed Cilli governor of the kingdom. A few months later Ladislaus Corvinus mortally wounded Cilli in an unpremeditated duel, and was subsequently imprisoned and beheaded by the King, notwithstanding the fact that he had previously given him a free pardon. At the same time his brother Matthias was also thrown into prison. The King soon paid the penalty for his treachery, as before the end of this year, 1457, he died at Prague.

According to custom, the King having died without issue, the Hungarian nobles assembled to elect his successor. This gave rise to a somewhat dramatic incident, which may be quoted in the words of Philip de Commines:

Whilst they were mightily divided, and in great controversy about the election, the widow of the White Knight and mother of Matthias entered the town with a very splendid equipage, for she was very rich, especially in ready

money, which her husband had left her, by means of which she was able to raise men immediately, and besides, it is not improbable that she had partisans in the town. As soon as she came into the city, she marched directly to the prison and released her son, upon which some of the barons and prelates who were assembled fled in terror out of the town, and those that remained chose Matthias for their King, and he reigned among them in great prosperity, with as much applause and esteem as any of his predecessors, and in some things with even more. He was a man of as much courage as any of that age, and obtained many signal victories over the Turks. . . . He managed his affairs discreetly both in peace and in war.

As regards his personality, Hunniades is described as being "remarkable no less for the comeliness of his person and the beauty of his countenance than for his bodily strength and activity". Gibbon tells us that "his wise and facetious sayings are registered by Galestus Martius of Narni"; here is a chance for some scholar who can cope with mediæval writings!

Sir William Temple, in his essay on 'Heroic Virtue,' includes Hunniades among the seven Chiefs who have deserved, without wearing, a royal crown, the others being: Belisarius, Narses, Gonsalvo of Cordova, William, first Prince of Orange, Alexander of Parma and Scanderbeg.

With regard to the opinion which the Turks entertained of their mighty opponent, Gibbon remarks that their hatred is the proof of their esteem; they used his name as a bogey to frighten naughty children, while on hearing of his death, Muhammad II sighed that he could no longer hope for revenge against the only enemy who had ever defeated him, a remark which Gibbon describes as "his most splendid epitaph," a comment which does scant justice to his achievements as a statesman or his personal character.

C. G. M. Adam

REVIEWS

Epochs of Civilisation, by Pramatha Nath Bose, B. Sc. (Lond.) (W. Newman & Co., Calcutta.)

Mr. Bose divides the growth of civilisation into three epochs, in the first of which man is chiefly concerned with his animal existence and the dominating spirit is predatory; brute force rules; but the Arts, being connected with the senses, flourish. In the second, intellectual development is most prominent; science and philosophy appear. In the third, spirituality reigns; self-sacrifice and benevolence become widely diffused. These three stages form "an Epoch of human progress," and of these Mr. Bose considers three. The first is from B. C. 6,000 to B. C. 2,000; the second from B. C. 2,000 to A. D. 700; the third is now existing. These dates appear to us to be far too modern for an accurate study of human progress. To put "a new race, the Aryan," as arising in the second epoch, is surely unreasonable, and B. C. 2,000 is given as the "generally accepted date of the Indo-Aryan immigration". Even the restricted view of ordinary western scholarship scarcely supports Mr. Bose on this point.

Mr. Bose next analyses the "factors of civilisation," and we are in hearty sympathy with his concluding words: "The leaders of Greek thought, from Pythagoras to Aristotle, were mostly persecuted, some were sent into exile and some condemned to death. There is, perhaps, no tyranny more incompatible with higher culture than the tyranny of an ignorant democracy."

An interesting chapter follows on the "survival of civilisation," Mr. Bose showing, by a careful historical review, that a community "engrossed with material pursuits" is doomed to decay. If it can reach the third stage, in which matter is brought under the control of the mind and the spiritual life unfolds, its persistence during long periods is secured. India

and China are the longest-lived of nations because they have regarded virtue and wisdom as higher than wealth. "It is their ethical development which enabled the Hindūs also to integrate the foreign elements into their system of civilisation and thus place it on a stable basis". "In the beginning it [the caste system] was flexible enough to permit the admission of the lower into the upper classes. But it attained such rigidity towards the end of the third stage that the fissures between the different classes became almost impassable." This contributed to the loss of political independence, but "their moral and spiritual culture" enabled their civilisation to survive and largely to Hinduise their conquerors. "The main condition of social efficiency is not perpetual strife, but rather a cessation of such strife, not physical but psychical strength, not the military and predatory spirit, but righteousness and benevolence." Various civilisations are next brought under review, and we note that both in Egypt and in Babylonia woman is spoken of as being "on an equal footing with man". This is, of course, accurate, and it is well to remember it in view of the preposterous claim that Christianity has raised the status of women. Women in these two Empires were far more free and independent than they are now in modern Christian countries. Their position in ancient India is also noted, and the *Rgveda* is quoted for the remarriage of widows—the well-known passage, X, xviii, 8—for post-puberty marriage, and for the absence of caste. The chapter on the second epoch in India deals with the philosophic systems, and that on the third, beginning with Buddhism, carries us through Paurāṇic Hinduism, Shaivism, Vaishnavism, and the later Buddhism to ethical, literary and scientific development, legal institutions, arts, manufactures and trades. The ancient Hindūs are spoken of as "bold and expert surgeons," and the forms of judicial procedure receive well-merited praise.

Mr. Bose deals finally with Greece and with western civilisation; the latter is traced through its first stage with unrelenting severity, and its horrors are remorselessly unveiled. The second stage sees the rise and triumph of science, and its progress is sketched most effectively. The third stage is scarcely entered as yet in the West, though many individuals show a noble altruism. A painful picture is drawn of the treatment of coloured men by the white—a picture, unfortunately,

of facts—and severe condemnation is bestowed on the exploitation of the East by the West. "The object of the western conqueror or exploiter is to squeeze as much as possible out of the conquered and the exploited peoples, and enjoy it at home," and the author remarks that the notion that "Europeans are on a benevolent mission of progress and civilisation in Africa, the Oceania and the East" makes "one suspect a vein of irony". After a powerful sketch of the evils of industrialism, the book closes on a note of hope, looking to the arising of "a fabric of civilisation grander and more majestic than any the world has witnessed as yet".

Mr. Bose's book is a valuable one, and deserves careful reading.

A. B.

Hypnosis and Suggestion, by W. Hilger, M. D. (Rebman Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

Although primarily addressed to the medical profession, this book abounds with interest for all who are seeking to relieve human suffering. Hypnotism is here defined as "a condition of sleep which is characterised by rapport—that is to say, a condition of sleep in which the exchange of thoughts is possible between doctor and patient". The whole subject of sleep and reflex action is described from an impersonal standpoint of scientific observation and practical treatment, for the author wisely steers clear of the conflict of personal opinion which impeded so much of the early researches. The cases narrated are numerous and convincing, and open up a wide field for further enquiry. We cannot refrain from our usual note of protest wherever we find experiments on living animals condoned, even by being quoted as cases of physiological action, but this is only in passing. Perhaps some students of psychology might wish for a little more in the nature of an explanation of the phenomena described, but it is very doubtful whether much can be advanced in this direction at the present stage of investigation. It is evident, however, that nothing has been introduced into this work that is not amply supported by reliable professional evidence, and herein must lie its value as a record of progress.

W. D. S. B.

Yatindra-Mata-Dīpikā or the Light of the School of Sri Rāmānuja, by Srinivāsa. Translated into English, with Notes, etc., by A. Govindāchārya Svāmin, C. E., M. R. A. S., etc., (The Meykandān Press, Madras. Price Rs. 2.)

There is surely no want of small introductions to the Pantheistic Vedānta (as distinguished from the Illusionist and the Pluralist interpretations of the Vyāsa-Sūtras), such as the *Catechism of the Visishtādvaita Philosophy*, by N. Bhāshyāchārya.¹ But an "academic work" which might serve as a "book of reference for all time on the Visishtādvaita Philosophy and Religion" has so far not been accessible to the English-reading public.² This is now placed before us in the form of a translation of that famous manual, the *Yatindra-mata-dīpikā*, which has long since been recognised, in the Paṇḍit world, as the best hand-book for beginners in the study of the Vishishtādvaita.

The translator is A. Govindāchārya Svāmin of Mysore, so well known by his works on the Drāviḍa Saints, etc., and his useful contributions to the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland.

The work consists of ten Avatāras or Advents, as the word is very happily rendered in the translation, these chapters dealing respectively with (1) Perception, (2) Inference, (3) the Word (i.e., the authoritative literature), (4) Matter (constituting the visible Universe), (5) Time, (6) the Spiritual Universe, (7) Attributive Consciousness, (8) The Soul, (9) God, (10) Non-Substance.

We should like to say something more on the contents of each chapter, but we have to confine ourselves to pointing out one or two interesting passages. On p. 20 we read that dream-cognition is not a delusion, and for what reason. On p. 70 we are informed that the senses (i.e., the power of

¹ Obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras.

² Obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price Ans. 6. See further *Vade-Mecum of Vedānta*, by A. Govindāchārya Svāmin; *Sri Rāmānujāchārya*, by S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar and T. Rajagopalachariar; *The Life and Teachings of Sri Rāmānujāchārya*, by C. R. Srinivasa Aiyangar; etc., etc.

³ V. A. Sukhtankar's dissertation on *The Teachings of Vedānta according to Rāmānuja* is excellent, but that it is not exhaustive, may be gathered from the fact that one of the six Substances, viz., Pure Matter (*shuddha sattva*), is not even mentioned in it.

seeing, hearing, etc.) of one who dies as a Mukta do neither accompany the latter nor perish, but abide here till the Period of Dissolution and may meanwhile be reappropriated by somebody else who is in need of them. Pages 109 ff. teach a good deal on Bhakti-Yoga. On p. 123 we learn that there is consciousness also in the lower kingdoms of nature. Pages 126 ff. give information on the liberation of those who wish not for union with God (attainable through Bhakti) but for "the metaphysical soul-bliss secured by the Path of Knowledge (*jñāna*)". This soul-bliss "is experienced in a Corner of the Spiritual Universe—in the manner of the wife who has lost her husband," or, according to some, in a corner of the physical Universe.

Many passages being unintelligible to the average reader without a commentary, foot-notes have been added on almost every page. Still in some important places they are unfortunately missing. For example, not everybody is likely to understand why Pure Matter (*shuddha-sattva*) is on p. 65 one of the six Substances, but on p. 156 a Non-substance.¹ Nor is it quite a patent fact that consciousness is non-conscious or non-sentient (pp. 91, 98), unless the latter be explained to mean: different from the subject of consciousness.

The translation is faithful, on the whole, but we cannot quite agree that the translator has always "done his best" (p. iii). What is the unfortunate reader to think when he is told (on p. 76) that Earth is "(1) All-odorous, (2) Odorous and neither warm nor cold to touch"? The passage should run (as is shown by the context as well as the editions): "(1) All-odorous, (2) Savourous, and characterised by Touch".² A similar mistake occurs on p. 73, l. 2 where we read "colour" instead of "smell"; and on p. 66, l. 13 where "Avyakta or Indiscrete" must be replaced by "Vyakta or Discrete".³ On p. 138, l. 8-9 we are struck by the notice that God has everything as His body "excepting His own body and consciousness";

¹ The solution is that there is also a Quality called Pure Matter inherent in the Substance Pure Matter.

² "Neither warm nor cold to touch" is added in the following sentence.

³ Cf. Varavaramuni in *Tattvatraya-bhāṣya* ed. Skt. p. ४९: अव्यक्तमित्युच्यते (also p. ९०), and *Tattvatrayacūlikā-samgraha* p. ३: एतदेव ब्रह्म विषयपरिणामरूपां व्यक्तमिति नामान्तरेण कथ्यते.

In order to understand an author's work in the way he meant it to be understood, i. e., to understand it aright, we must make it our constant endeavor not merely to search into the visible letter of the text and all the details of documents, but also to live and think with the author himself, to enter into his spirit.

The longest study is that devoted to Aristotle, as befits the almost unique position the Stagyrte has occupied in the shaping alike of European thought and religion. But it is surely a significant sign of a quickly changing world that Jacob Boehme, a prince of Mystics, is in this work designated "the German Philosopher" and his work seriously studied from the philosophical standpoint. In the treatment of Socrates it is his philosophy and work that is studied, "the doctrine he taught his disciples and left to the world". As he left nothing in writing his soul and his feelings are indecipherable. M. Boutroux sums up Socrates as "the man whose ideas are most instinct with life in contemporary society," after careful scrutiny of his purpose, his methods and his teaching and a careful analysis of his views. However steeped in Socratic lore he may be, the specialist, much more the general reader, will find some new light thrown upon Socrates' thought by this incisive and finished study. Of Aristotle our author writes: "In him the philosophic genius of Greece found its universal, its perfect expression." And in truth as one scans the long list of his writings, many of which have not come down to us, it appears that Aristotle preceded Lord Bacon in taking "all knowledge as his province". A short biography is given and his method discussed; M. Boutroux considers Aristotle above all a historian. It is probable that, as regards this extraordinarily many-sided man, each will see in him that aspect which personally appeals most to him. He was also a logician.

while the correct translation is: "Having as His body all the Substances excepting Himself (or: His own, i.e., the sixth Substance) and His consciousness (belonging to the fourth Substance)" (cf. p. 65). How is it, by the way, that our friend the translator, renders, on p. 105, *Bhagavato 'nanta-kalyāṇa-guṇāḥ* by "the innumerable Blessed Attributes of God," and not (as would be in accordance with the practice adopted by him since the end of the long discussion on the term *bhagavat* in J. R. A. S.) by "the innumerable auspicious attributes of the Blessed One"? Is it because he feels the impossibility, in English, of applying the word 'blessed,' which is passive both in form and meaning (*favoured with bliss*) to the giver and source of bliss? If so, why reject 'holy' (suggested by the reviewer) which, according to the Oxford Dictionary, means, among other things, "morally and spiritually perfect"?

Another not very pleasant feature of the translation is a certain mania for using uncommon, or inventing new, words: moiety (p. 77), septuplicatory (*ibid.*), three-propriety (p. 78), cognoscitiveness (p. 115), liegent *cum* cognoscitive (p. 117), nucleolus (p. 119), in-dwelling (p. 144), mal-odour (p. 163), etc., do all not sound very well and will, it is to be hoped, not return in any future works. Perhaps our translator had also better desist, in future, from speaking of Knowledge and A-knowledge instead of Knowledge and Ignorance (p. 95).

In concluding let us say that the Preface contains some valuable biographical material, to which also Professor Narasimhaiyāgar of Bangalore has contributed one or two pages.

F. O. S.

Education and Ethics, by Emile Boutroux, translated by Fred Rothwell. (Williams & Norgate, London. Price 5s. net.)

"The present volume," writes our author in his valuable introduction, "consists of lectures delivered, at various times, at the Fontenay school, a training college, so to speak, for teachers in elementary schools," and the object he sets himself in these lectures is to show what is, in his opinion, the real aim of education, and to try to inspire his audience with his ideal.

Education, in its true and complete meaning, is not the acquisition of any particular habit or knowledge, but rather the cultivation of the human being with all his physical, intellectual, and moral powers; it is not the confiscation of his freedom for the benefit of a machine, however scientific and powerful this latter be regarded; it is the development of this very freedom itself. The task of the educator is a strange one: to act on mind and conscience in such a way as to render them capable of thinking and judging of themselves; to determine initiative, arouse spontaneity, and fashion human beings into freedom.

Ethics, M. Boutroux holds, are a part of education, and three of his lectures are devoted to different ethical systems; the Hellenistic or Esthetic; Christian or Religious; Modern or Scientific. He distinguishes these very ably:

The Greek sages heeded neither theology nor science; they simply asked themselves what it was that constituted supreme beauty, the one sovereign boon. Christianity created its type of moral perfection even more freely, liberating itself from all exterior necessity and taking account of none of the conditions of earthly life. Science which finds itself faced with these moral traditions purposes to find their bases in the necessary laws of nature.

It is a pity that in dealing with religious ethics, the author should exclusively confine himself to a consideration of Christianity, which, after all, is but one religion out of many, and all have their moral codes. Different ways of inspiring the young to study, the educative value of reading aloud, and the advantages of the interrogatory method in teaching are all considered, and the author has written a volume which may be most warmly recommended to those who intend to adopt the art of teaching.

T. L. C.

The Soul of India, by George Howells. The Angus Lectures of 1909-1910. (The Kingsgate Press and James Clarke & Co., London. Price 5s. net.)

Dr. Howells' book contains a mass of information on India of a valuable and interesting character in a very convenient form. It is divided into five books covering the field of: The Land, its Languages and its Races; Historical Survey of Indian Civilisation; The Evolution of Indian Religion and Philosophy; A Comparative Study of Hinduism and Christianity; Hinduism and Christianity in historical contact.

The generally recognised Indian authorities have been consulted and used in the making of this book, completed by a map of India and Index. It is of course with the author's

personal views on the many vexed questions arising from the forced contact of two great religions that we find points of disagreement. The standpoint taken is: "I have tried earnestly to avoid misrepresenting in any degree any phase of religious thought and to make my criticisms above all things fair." But Dr. Howells is the Principal of Serampore College, Bengal, a Baptist College originally founded for the training of Indian Christian Missionaries and for the education of Indian Christians; and so, unless he were more than human, a predisposition in favour of his own religion must be suspected. One knows oneself, even when one has left orthodoxy behind in favour of the wider view that all religions equally lead men to God, how difficult it is to shake oneself free from original theological prejudice. And after the adoption of this impartial standpoint has been categorically set forth, it is something of a shock to read in the notice concerning the Theosophical Society, ranking it as among the "new currents of great force operative in Hindūism through the impact of western civilisation and Christianity":

Mrs. Besant has done much to encourage higher education on Hindū lines and to discourage child-marriage. At the same time she encourages educated Indians to utilise modern science for the defence of such glaring evils as charms, spells, incantations, astrology, idolatry and caste. Theosophy can tolerate any form of faith except a living Protestant Christianity: that believes in Christ as the Light of the World and the Saviour of mankind, and in loyalty to Him feels itself in duty bound to seek to discipline all the nations.

I have never heard or read, and probably I know more of Mrs. Besant's activities than Dr. Howells does, of Mrs. Besant encouraging charms, spells and incantations. As for astrology, idolatry, and caste: in the former a great revival of interest is now taking place in the West, and Christianity itself uses idols, as, I suppose, a Protestant would describe the images in Roman Catholicism and for the same reasons. While Mrs. Besant allows their necessity she does not encourage it. She recognises as the Hindū villager tells Dr. Howells: "We want something to worship that we can feel, touch and handle." If Protestant Christians—and Dr. Howells is apparently a Baptist—could but realise what one would have thought a very small experience of Indian ryots would have shown him, that one religion, or rather one presentment of religion, cannot fit all men's needs, what an increase in religious tolerance would result. And for caste too a good case can be made out, if caste is on the

original lines laid down by the Manu, and not the multitude of subcastes existing in modern India. Indians, who ought to know, say that if caste were abolished they do not know what would take its place in organising and restraining India's social and religious life. It is quite conceivable that if caste prematurely vanished, the last state of India might be worse than the first. Many Theosophists also quite agree with Dr. Howells that Christ is the Light of the world, and are doing their best to ensure that His Light may soon again illuminate our day, and so are trying with him to discipline all the nations, and with some success, as the widespread organisation of the Order of the Star in the East proves. The occult power of sound is believed in by Mrs. Besant, and perhaps that is what is meant by her encouraging the use of spells and incantations. But it is very difficult to censure practices of one religion without in reality censuring all, even your own. In all set forms of prayer there is an element of incantation, and the power attached to sacred names by almost all religions is naturally known in India.

The *Bhagavad-Gītā* is said to be "from the standpoint of religious philosophy the most notable product of ancient India". The common element in the theology of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* and the New Testament is dwelt on at length and the unifying tendency common to both noticed. The very vexed point as to whether the teaching of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* and the devotional Kṛṣṇa cult were borrowed from Christianity or not is also considered, with the result: "I think there is considerable ground for suspecting Christian influences in both cases, but the data are not sufficient to enable us to come to a definite decision in the matter." The Theosophist would probably account for the similarities between the Christian and the Hindū teaching, I imagine, by a recognition that human nature is everywhere the same, shows the same traits, has the same needs, and is given by the great Ones the spiritual food it needs. The *Bhagavad-Gītā* includes the teaching of all the six schools of Indian philosophy, is intended evidently to be a Scripture with an appeal to every Indian school of thought—a catholicity of doctrine which has caused astonished comment, when in one Chapter one method of progress is recommended and in the next Chapter another standard is adopted. It is hardly likely that an Indian Scripture, with its incorporation of

these different elements of Indian philosophy, would borrow from an alien faith. And so with the Kṛṣṇa legend and cult, with its strong resemblance to the Christ story and the Christian devotion to the Christ as babe and boy. Theosophy recognises that the lives of great Avatāras are built on the same plan, their exoteric life-stories are intended to arouse certain devotional feelings while symbolising also the long pilgrimage of the soul on the different stages on the path, each with its own trials and its accustomed setting. Kṛṣṇa and Christ are two persons but one Spirit, on whom centres the love of the greater portion of devout humanity.

But within his limitations the author means well to India. We are all one with him in his final words: "In the spirit of Christ help your Indian brother to realise his own soul." Exactly the work the Theosophical Society is trying to do in India as elsewhere; though our methods may be different to those of Dr. Howells, our aim is the same.

E. S.

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

This deeply interesting book has had a popularity which has carried it triumphantly through twelve editions already, and we predict for it several more. There is no path of psychic investigation which this author has not pursued with his enquiring mind and his observant eye. The result is a comprehensive survey of the entire field of research, not only interesting but valuable to the student. If Gladstone was correct as to the enormous importance of such work to the world, then the services of Professor Hudson are among those which will be even more appreciated by posterity than by present day students. He will then be recognised as one of the first fruits of the revival of spirituality and consequent belief in the immortality of man at the close of the last century. Most of his investigations are directed towards the establishing of this truth.

K. F. S.

The Secret of Efficiency, by Grace Dawson. (William Rider & Sons, London. Price 1s.)

That additional attention should be paid to the laws of health and life, with the increased strain upon the nervous system, and the intelligent application to life of the great principle of rhythm is the theme of this practical hand-book for the mind and body. It proves, both by precept and example, that when we work intelligently with the law of rhythm, life becomes easier, and that when we work against it, either wilfully or through ignorance, everything is more difficult. Efficiency—the power to produce the effect intended—can be ensured only by learning how to bring the nerves of every member of the body under the direct control of the brain. The book treats of economy of energy by rhythmical movements; the saving of muscular and nervous energy; the preserving of health, strength and vitality by the quite simple method of learning the principles of tension and relaxation. Ignorance and apathy are the two foes that prevent the great majority from learning how to have full control of their own nerves and muscles. To economise energy in every possible way is the secret of tirelessness. A useful chapter is devoted to the use and abuse of muscular and nervous power in games and various actions. The secret of mental efficiency is valuable in its teaching the discipline of dominating thoughts instead of being dominated by them.

G. G.

The Social Basis of Religion, by Simon N. Patten, Ph. D., LL. D. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 2s. net.)

This book is not an apology for religion but a "constructive defence," and is written from the point of view of "social pragmatism". "Religion," says our author, "begins not with a belief in God but with an emotional opposition to removable evils. It is a psychic reaction, not an intellectual conviction, and its one essential element is its programme for saving social outcasts." Professor Patten argues that thought has three stages: the traditional, the metaphysical and the pragmatic. In the first all actions are judged by the authority which sanctions them, in the second by their antecedents, in

the third by their results. Activity, he says, has in many ways passed into this last stage, and religion, if it is to be effective as a regenerative force, must pass into it also. Religious aspiration in some form or other will never die out as long as men hope to become better and fear to become worse; but the time is at hand when the process, already well under way, by which religious concepts become socialised must be recognised as making for progress and encouraged. The chief problems with which religion is concerned are degeneration, regeneration and the will. These subjects the author discusses with great originality and vigour. The book is interesting and well worth study; those who enjoy bold generalisations will find in it matter to their liking. The spiritual ideal set forth in it, an ideal of brotherhood and social responsibility, is a high and beautiful one, yet the reader feels unsatisfied at the end of the volume. This sense of something lacking is caused no doubt by the fact that the author interprets life always in terms of the physical body and its requirements. Such an outlook on the world as his is bound to limit his views and lessen his insight into life's problems.

A. de L.

The Fourth Creative Hierarchy, by E. L. Gardner, with Astrological Analogies, by H. Veale. (Published by the author, London. Price 1s.)

This little book is a Transaction of the Blavatsky Lodge, London, and is especially welcome as showing the revived activities of that well-known Lodge after a period of temporary 'obscuratation'. It is based primarily on a careful study of *The Secret Doctrine*, and will appeal only to earnest students. Mr. Gardner has provided his text with coloured diagrams to illustrate the fruits of his labours, and Miss Veale has contributed an admirable astrological treatise, showing from that standpoint the results of her study. Both of these students are to be congratulated on their work, and we hope that this Transaction will be the forerunner of many others in the future.

T. L. C.

The Adyar Bulletin (October). This is a very interesting number. A lecture by Mrs. Besant on 'The Coming of the World-Teacher,' dealing with the subject from the emotional point of view, in distinction from the intellectual aspect treated last month, forms the *piece de resistance*. Mr. Leadbeater contributes an original and interesting article on 'The Physical Body of the Master,' while Mrs. Adair's paper on 'The Reality of Thought' is well-considered and helpful, possessing great literary charm. In lighter vein is a duologue by K. F. Stuart, entitled 'The Public'. 'On Tour,' by T. L. Crombie is a brief description of a visit that eight people from Adyar made to Palghat to attend a Theosophical Conference. A delightful poem by H. M. Barnard concludes this excellent number. With the exception of the Editor's notes, which, as always, are full of interest, the permanent features of the magazine are conspicuous by their absence—owing possibly to pressure of space.

Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co. of Madras have issued *Philosophic Thoughts*, by V. Nagalingaiah Devara (Ans. 12) and *Studies in Local Self-Government, Education and Sanitation*, by A. P. Patro (Ans. 12), which embodies the "author's experience of Municipal and Local Boards Administration," and provides very useful hints and suggestions. *How Not to Grow Old*, by J. Stenson Hooker (Fowler, 1s.) is the revised third edition of a popular book, good of its kind. *Saving Health* (Sherratt and Hughes, 1s.) contains six essays in Mental Science. *This Work-a-day World and the Next*, by Ben Adhem (Weekly Post, 6d.) is a collection of articles "being a resurrection of certain hebdomadal ephemeralities intombed in the newspaper necropolis"! *The Character and Call of the Modern Age*, by T. L. Vaswani, is yet another (No. 17) tract from this indefatigable worker. *Social Problem*, by Maharaj-Kumar Sailendra Krishna Deb (Ans. 4) is the Presidential Address delivered to the Hindū Marriage Reform League printed in handy form. It is very interesting and useful. *The Origin and History of Reincarnation*, (Power Book Co.) is a symposium arranged by S. George from the writings of Archdeacon Wilberforce, Mrs. Besant and others. It is a very imperfect and not quite impartial collection on the subject, and totally fails in its purpose. We wish some one more judicious and careful and better-read in the subject would produce a symposium worthy of the great theme. We regret we cannot recommend this booklet.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

AUSTRIA

The General Secretary writes of vigorous propaganda in Vienna. The Monday evenings at Mrs. Luckeneder's, in the old House of the Knights of Malta, are being continued, whilst on Thursday is held a study class on *Man*. The ethical side, studied in the lately translated *Initiation*, and *At the Feet of the Master*, is cultivated on Saturdays. A new feature is that a theme is given out for the Monday evenings on which members are invited to speak, thus rousing interest in many, besides the one lecture of the evening. A long course of weekly lectures is arranged for, and meetings are held for the answering of questions.

GERMANY

Herr Lauweriks, the General Secretary, is starting a National Theosophical Journal, in which enterprise Austria is participating, thus combining the German-speaking Lodges in this new venture. The title is to be, *Organ der Theosophischen Gesellschaft in Deutschland und Oesterreich*. Mr. Ostermann is generously assisting in this, in spite of his great interest in French activities.

An Occult Congress is to be held in Berlin in the spring of 1914, and various organisations are being invited to take part therein. An interesting article on it has appeared, and it is looked forward to with much interest.

AUSTRALIA

The Theosophical Society has to mourn the loss of a good worker in the passing away of Mr. J. W. Hunt, the father of our well-known Melbourne worker, Mr. H. W. Hunt. Mr. Hunt was prominent in the Temperance field, and many other useful civic activities, and his place will be hard to fill. May the Light Eternal shine on him.

Launceston, in Tasmania, has now its own Lodge building, after living for seven years in hired rooms. A convenient house has been bought, and the Lodge is installed therein.

BELGIUM

A report on the Theosophical Society was presented by Mr. Wittemans in the name of the Belgian T. S. to the World-Congress of International Associations, held in Brussels.

ENGLAND

The propaganda season is open, and much activity is visible. Mr. Ransom is lecturing in Leicester, Loughton, Peterborough, Swadlincote, Derby, Nottingham, Mansfield, Birmingham and Wolverhampton. Hampstead has issued a syllabus of Sunday evening lectures through October and November, in which Mr. Sinnett, the Vice-President, Miss C. E. Woods, Mrs. Ransom, Lady Emily Lutyens, and others are taking part. The Blavatsky and H. P. B. Lodges are also busily at work. A Theosophical School is being opened at Letchworth by Mrs. Ransom, aided by Miss Hope Rea.

INDIA

The meetings of various Federations in the South have attracted much attention in the Madras papers, and have been fully chronicled. Members have been coming into the Section at the average rate of over one hundred a month. The Kumbhakonam Fellows have formed a League for the helping of the Depressed Classes, and have started a school, opened by the Hon. Mr. Justice Sadashiva Aiyar, who went down for the purpose from Madras.

One of our Adyar students, Mr. H. K. Mehta, has been doing some very good work since he left us, visiting the T. S. Lodges in Kathiawar and Gujerat. He reports great interest throughout the student population and school teachers have also come in large numbers. Many Hindû ladies have attended the lectures, and some meetings were specially arranged for ladies only, teachers and girls gladly attending. Some of the Chiefs of the Kathiawar States were, as usual, glad to welcome the Theosophical lecturer. Mr. Mehta, after his tour, has settled for a time in Bombay, and is working hard there. It seems as though those who study for a time at Adyar and then go out to work carry with them a special force and a special blessing.

FRANCE

The General Secretary reports the opening of the autumn campaign, and states that the new Headquarters' building is rising rapidly.

U. S. AMERICA

A most successful Convention has been held in Chicago, and Mr. A. P. Warrington was unanimously re-elected as General Secretary. It is amusing to read in the Chicago *Daily Journal* that a great split was expected, and then to receive the news of the perfect harmony which prevailed! But it seems that the Chicago papers were hoaxed by a local enemy of the Theosophical Society, who has thus injured her future power for evil-doing; for American Editors are not 'had' twice. Nothing, in fact, is more remarkable just now than the complete solidarity of the Society all over the world.

ANNIE BESANT

By C. SHERIDAN JONES

[We take the following from *Everyman* of September 28th, 1913.]

I

Thirty years ago, on a certain July afternoon, a remarkable event took place within the precincts of the House of Commons—an event that served to stamp the impress of a woman's personality on the British people. Inside the Chamber itself there was being enacted one of the fiercest episodes that marked the long and dramatic struggle then being waged by Charles Bradlaugh—a struggle, crowned, as we know, by a complete victory for the member for Northampton. Outside, blocking the traffic, thronging the corridors, passages and lobbies, was a crowd of many thousands, not Londoners only, but sturdy miners from the North, factory hands from Northampton, Lancashire lads from the mills, all of whom had come flocking to London in their tens of thousands to "back Charlie". To control them there was only a handful of amazed policemen, and when the rumour ran from lip to lip that their hero was being ejected by force, the few constables on the spot—there was no time to get reinforcements—despaired, for the mob, angry, sullen, and masterful surged up into the central lobby, and, with a roar, faced about to rush the Commons. "Nothing can save it," said an old officer on duty at the doors. For the first time since the days of Lord George Gordon the Imperial Parliament was going to be stormed.

It was then that the incident I refer to occurred. A slight, rather fragile woman advanced from behind the police, who told her that she was attempting the impossible. But she went on. She held up her hand; she spoke, quietly, simply, effectively, scarcely raising her voice, and with only that one forbidding gesture. Even as she spoke the crowd paused, listened, hung back, and within a couple of minutes had drawn off orderly and subdued. That woman was Annie Besant.

II

It must seem to Mrs. Besant now-a-days a far cry indeed from those times of storm and stress; of riots and demonstrations; of repeated bye-elections and prosecutions; of science classes to artisans and of fierce polemical journalism. To-day she has, to quote her own words, "struggled through the storm and found Peace beyond"—Peace and the Theosophical Society! To-day she is the central figure of a faith whose cardinal doctrine is serene detachment from the mundane

affairs of life; whose message to man is to rise above the very causes in whose service her energies were poured out like water. The arch materialist has become the greatest force for occultism in the modern world; the eloquent champion of the people a firm adherent of aristocracy. And yet those who know her best see through all these and the other startling changes that have marked her life one thin but golden thread of consistency. Annie Besant is at once the child and the victim of a sympathy that causes her always to think of herself, her position, her logical justification even—last. "Looking back over my life," she once said, "I see that its keynote—through all the blunders and the blind mistakes and clumsy follies of the past—has been a longing for sacrifice to something felt as greater than the self. It has been so strong and persistent that I recognise it now as a tendency brought over from a previous life and dominating the present one. The efforts to serve have not been painful acts of self-denial, but the yielding to an overmastering desire. We do not praise the mother who, impelled by her protecting love, feeds her crying infant and stills its wailings at her breast; rather should we blame her if she turned aside from its weeping to play with some toy. And so with all those whose ears are open to the wailings of the great orphan Humanity. I now know that it is those wailings that have stirred my heart through life—that drew for me, as a child, alluring pictures of martyrdom, breathed into the girl the passion of devotion, and sent the woman out into the world to face scoff and odium."

III

It is in these words that we have the key to all the kaleidoscopic transformations that have marked her wonderful career; that changed her from a devotee of Dean Stanley to a colleague of Bradlaugh, and then again into the disciple of Madame Blavatsky. But through it all she was obsessed with that passion for service which has, consciously or unconsciously, marked all really strong souls; that antithesis of indifference which is the essence of greatness. "To follow it," she has well said, "is not the act of a deliberate and conscious will, forcing itself into submission, and giving up with pain something the heart desires, but a joyous springing forward along the easiest path." It is this resistless, this ever-flowing sympathy that has given Mrs. Besant her unmatched power as a speaker, a power that has not perhaps been equalled in this generation, and which places her far above any other woman orator that I have ever heard. The cadence of the voice, the beauty of the gestures, so sparingly used, the wealth of language and amazing power of illustration, even the marked lucidity of the argument—all these are as nothing to the strange, hypnotic power which compels her to lose her own individuality in that of the audience, sitting silent and intent—

to wake at the conclusion of her speech with a start as though released from a spell.

IV

This intense interest in the world around her has carried Mrs. Besant far beyond her platform successes, wonderful as these have been. Her industry is almost devouring. Her power of application nothing short of astonishing. Turn to the catalogue at the British Museum and you will find no less than eight pages devoted to her works—works on subjects as varied as, to take some at random, "Occult Chemistry," "Legends and Tales," "Trade Unions," "Heat, Light and Sound". Her mind is wonderfully accurate, tireless and retentive, and she absorbs and arranges the most complex facts with a rapidity and sureness that probably only Mr. Gladstone ever approached. It may be doubted, however, if, on the critical side, she is anything like so well developed. A practised debater, she can in argument easily outmatch most of her opponents; but, probing some of her later works, one finds again and again that logic is sacrificed to rhetoric. Yet she is always well grounded in the grammar of the science she is elucidating. Her science hand-books are even to-day, and after more than thirty years, among the best for students, and as an exponent of Theosophy and occultism she is, of course, unapproached by either writer or speaker.

V

But it is more, far more, in her personality than in her writings that Mrs. Besant is a force. One may question, indeed, if fifty years hence any one of the memorable volumes that she has poured forth will be recalled. But very certain is it that no one who has ever met her or heard her speak can fail to remember the striking impression that she leaves, even on the least responsive of mankind. When she was identified with doctrines that seemed abhorrent to thousands of well-meaning folk, the simple dignity and calm repose of her bearing brought her thousands of adherents; men who had come to break up her meetings were stayed by that quiet, intent look which quelled the mob at Westminster, and were won over by a few words from that wondrous voice.

And yet, despite all these triumphs, Mrs. Besant always remained a true woman. There is a delightful touch of feminism in her autobiography which is well worth recalling. She relates how, even in the days of her greatest platform triumphs, shyness never left her. "I shrink from a quarrel in the home," she writes, "although a good fighter in public; when I have been lecturing and debating with no lack of spirit on the platform, I have preferred to go without what I wanted at the hotel rather than to ring and make the waiter fetch it; and, as the young mistress of the house, I would let careless

work pass rather than bear the pain of reproving the ill-doer." Yet, as we have seen, she could on occasions display astounding courage, wonderful firmness.

VI

One of the greatest triumphs of Mrs. Besant's life was her splendid leadership of the match girls of the East End, who, with Herbert Burrows, she brought out on strike against conditions that were probably unequalled for injustice. Mrs. Besant made the cause of the girls known to all England, and their success was practically the commencement of the modern movement for women's Trade Unionism. Her pamphlet, "White Slavery in London," stirred the nation profoundly, and led, after many years of agitation, to the abolition of that appalling industrial evil—"phossy jaw". The struggle was a desperate one. The cause of the girls seemed at first hopeless. For a fortnight Mrs. Besant worked as she had never worked before in her life, and then it was that the Match Girls' Union won recognition, and one of the most notable movements of modern times received a stimulus that is not yet exhausted.

VII

It was from movements like these, from helping the dockers, from pleading for woman suffrage and for the poor, from organising the unemployed and helping to fight for Free Speech in Trafalgar Square, that Mrs. Besant turned to Theosophy. When she found it, it was a discredited cult, with few supporters, almost exclusively of one class; with its organisation preyed on by charlatans and its message ridiculed and misunderstood. Mrs. Besant changed all that. She made Theosophy a force in two hemispheres. She interested the people in spiritual matters as they had not been interested since the days of Wesley. Thousands of men and women to-day think of her with gratitude and affection as having changed life for them and given it a new significance. Thousands have been led to think on a spiritual plane for the first time through hearing her speak.

In an age of materialism and indifference she has won converts by the hundred for a religion that was derided almost before it was known. I do not believe that there is any other man or woman alive to-day who could have survived the attempt, still less achieved the thing.

[This is the woman who has placed her services for twenty years at the disposal of India, and whom some Indians—unknown outside Madras till they attacked her—are seeking to destroy.]

THE PERSIAN ORDER OF SERVICE

By CAPTAIN E. G. HART, S. & T. CORPS, F. T. S.

This Order of Service has been formed for the service of a great and very ancient Empire which has now fallen on evil days and would almost seem to be near its end. It is intended to be as catholic as possible and so it is divided into five sections (which may be increased later if found necessary); hence, although started under the auspices of the Theosophical Society and with the kind permission of its President, Mrs. Besant, those who find themselves in disagreement with the principles and objects of that Society need have nothing to do with the two sections which alone represent it and the Order of the Star in the East. It is very necessary to organise and combine the various and scattered efforts at present being made to help Persia into a single and homogeneous whole, and it has been thought that no better way of doing this could be effected than through an Order divided into a number of different sections, in one or more of which those interested in the welfare of the country could find vent for their energies according to their tastes and capabilities. Practically all who are so willing to help must agree to the main tenet of Brotherhood of the Theosophical Society, and as that Society admits as Theosophists all those who make this principle a working factor in their lives, whether they be members or friends of the Society or not, there is no reason why the Order should not work under its auspices although only one of the sections is pledged to work for it.

Persia as a country is admittedly in a very bad way. Her independence has almost disappeared, whilst internally there is only anarchy in the land and it seems as if her days as an independent Empire are numbered. To all Muhammadans to all subjects of the British Empire, and to all philanthropists this is a consummation to be avoided at any cost, and all those who do desire to avert this disaster to a once great and glorious Empire should join the Order to help the Persians to help themselves; for it is not intended in any way to be a merely charitable concern nor indeed a material charity at all.

Although Persia is a country of from ten to twenty millions of inhabitants it is probably in more urgent need of outside intellectual assistance than any other country in the world. Countries with small populations like Norway, Switzerland, New Zealand, etc., all have their National Sections of the Theosophical Society, always a mark of the intellectual advancement of a land; in Persia it is doubtful if seven Theosophists could be found in the whole country. In the same way there is not a single decent school in Persia, and

every year dozens of young Persian boys are sent to Europe and India, often to very indifferent schools, from which they return with a superficial intellectual, and no moral, training to despise their own country for the rest of their lives. The whole country is crying out for intellectual help and rescue from the remnants of an autocratic and religious tyranny which has prevented the ingress of modern ideas and thought. In the West we have ready to hand an organisation unfettered by political or religious bonds which can be utilised for the help of Persia in the translation and publication of literature likely to assist the Persians and in the organisation of schools. These will all be carried out on business lines, and there should be little difficulty in making them pay their own way once a start has been made, for Persia is by no means a poor country; but funds will be required at first to make a start, after which it is hoped to utilise the profits on the literature, at any rate, wherewith to publish more and more. Books are so very expensive in Persia, and there is such a demand for literature of the class it is hoped to supply, that quite fair profits should be made whilst selling books at a much cheaper rate than they can be obtained in the country.

The Sections into which the Order is divided at present are as shown below, and it is hoped that all who are interested and willing to assist with service or money will fill in the form enclosed and send it to the organiser. In particular an appeal is made to Parsis to help their Motherland, which, it is believed, many of them still hold very dear.

1. General Education Section.
2. Islamic Section.
3. Theosophical Section.
4. Order of the Star in the East Section.
5. Miscellaneous Section.

The *General Education Section* will bring to the Persians the treasures of ancient and modern thought by the translation and publication of such literature, etc., as may be thought to embody it; and possibly later on by the publication of a high class quarterly, or even monthly, review, for which it is thought there is a very real need, there being at present nothing beyond very poor daily and weekly news-sheets, and very few even of these. This Section might also take up the question of education, and help to start a Trust of schools, on the pattern of those which have been so successful in India at Ajmere, Rajkot and Indore, etc., for the sons of Indian Chiefs. The whole question of female education is also in crying need of attention.

The *Islamic Section* will do all it can to revive and strengthen the national religion in consonance with the highest

and noblest of its Founder's ideals, and at the same time to free it from the bigotry and narrow-mindedness which must militate against its real acceptance by the more educated of the community.

The *Theosophical Section* will strive to spread a knowledge of Theosophy in Persia and to enlist members for the T. S. Its funds will be devoted to the printing and publishing of notices and pamphlets and of Mr. Leadbeater's *Outline of Theosophy*, all of which have been translated already whilst others are in the course of translation. A few copies will be sent free in order to advertise them.

The *Order of the Star in the East Section* will have similar objects to the above. *At the Feet of the Master* and a shortened version of Professor Wodehouse's pamphlet have been translated and await funds for publication. There is a likelihood of this Section making a very strong appeal to the Persians, many of whom are expectant of the nearer coming of the Twelfth Imām.

The *Miscellaneous Section* will be for those wishing to serve Persia along other lines than those noted above, and may be expanded into further Sections as the need arises. For the present, sub-sections can be formed for the assistance of Jews (who need assistance badly), Christians, Bahais and others, and one of them might endeavour to get other movements with the same object to co-operate with the Order.

It is hoped that a number of Persians themselves will be enlisted in the Order and will assist in the work of translating and spreading a knowledge of the literature published, and arranging with local booksellers for it to be stocked. With regard to other members, all will be welcomed who are genuinely anxious to serve, but those who have a knowledge of the language or are well acquainted with the country and the people, especially as regards their tastes in literature, etc., will be especially useful. Those wishing to make themselves acquainted with the country and its people are advised to study the following works:

Sketches of Persia, by Sir John Malcolm.

Hajji Baba Isfahani, by Morier.

Persia, by Lord Curzon.

Persian Revolution, by Professor Browne.

Strangling of Persia, by Mr. Shushter.

Further enquiries should be made to

The Organiser,
Persian Order of Service,
Theosophical Society,
Adyar, Madras, S.
E. G. Hart

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

T. S. CONVENTION AT BENARES

PROGRAMME

December 26th to 31st, 1913

Friday, December 26th

- 9 A. M. General Council Meeting
- 4 P. M. Questions and Answers with Mrs. Besant

Saturday, December 27th

- 8 A. M. E. S. (General) In the Section Hall
- 12 Noon. Convention of the T. S.
 - (i) Presidential Address
 - (ii) Reports from National Societies and Unsectionalised Countries
 - (iii) Reports of Subsidiary Activities
- 4-30 P. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant
I. "The Past of the Caste System"

Sunday, December 28th

- 8 A. M. E. S. (Section) In the Shrine Room
- 12 Noon. Convention of the Indian Section
- 4-30 P. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant
II. "The Present of the Caste System"

Monday, December 29th

- 8 A. M. E. S. (General) In the Section Hall
- 12 Noon. Convention of the Indian Section
- 4-30 P. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant
III. "The Place of Theosophy in India"

iv SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST NOVEMBER

Tuesday, December 30th

- 8 A. M. E. S. (Section) In the Shrine Room
12 Noon. Open Discussion for Members
4 P. M. Anniversary Meeting

Wednesday, December 31st

- 8 A. M. T. S. Members' Meeting for Admission of New Members
12 Noon. Open Discussion for Members
1-30 P. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant
IV. "United India"
and
Closing of the Convention by the President
Other General Council and Indian Section Council Meetings
will be arranged as convenient.

SUBSIDIARY ACTIVITIES

(Membership in the T.S. is not necessary for working in these)

Saturday, December 27th

- 6-30 P. M. T. S. Order of Service

Sunday, December 28th

- 6-30 P. M. Order of the Star in the East
Mr. P. K. Telang

Monday, December 29th

- 6-30 P. M. Brothers of Service
Professor C. S. Trilokekar

Tuesday, December 30th

- 6-30 P. M. Sons of India
Professor Sanjiva Rao

Wednesday, December 31st

- 9 A. M. Educational Conference

1913 SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

v

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th September to 10th October, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	RS.	A.	P.
Miss N. Weekes, Chicago, dues for 1913	15	3	0
Mr. F. L. Hurt, 12s., dues for 1913	9	1	0
General Secretary T. S., Rangoon, dues for 1913	75	0	0
Mr. Hereman Hellner, Sokaren Lodge, dues for 1913, £5-10-0	81	7	8
Mr. Haji Mirza Abdul-ul Hussain of Persia, dues for 1913 and 1914	3	0	0

PRESIDENT'S TRAVELLING FUND

Presidential Agent from South American Lodges, £20-0-0	296	7	4
Donation from Mlle. Cruz	20	0	0

DONATIONS

Donations under Rs. 5	2	12	0
	Rs. 502	15	0

A. SCHWARZ,
Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 10th October, 1913.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th September to 10th October, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	RS.	A.	P.
Mr. M. H. Master, Nanderbar, Khandesh	5	0	0
Mr. N. Chandrasekara Iyer, (Food Fund)	10	0	0
Mr. Marius Blanc (through Mr. Charles Blech, France). £7-18-1	118	9	0

vi SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST NOVEMBER

			Rs. A. P.
A Friend of Col. Olcott, £100-0-0	...	...	1,482 9 0
Donations under Rs. 5	...	...	2 2 0
			Rs. 1,618 4 0

A. SCHWARZ,

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10th October, 1913.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Wilmington, Delaware, U. S. A.	Wilmington Lodge, T. S.	21-6-13
Albany, New York, U. S. A.	Harmony "	25-6-13
Reading, England	Reading "	5-7-13
Newport, Monmouth	Newport, Mon. "	7-7-13
Minneapolis, Minnesota U. S. A.	Star of the North "	24-7-13
Wallace, Idaho, U. S. A.	Wallace "	24-7-13
Chetla, Calcutta, India	Chetla "	11-9-13
Hissar, Punjab, India	Hissar "	20-9-13

ADYAR,
9th October, 1913.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

THE THEOSOPHIST

The largest international Illustrated Theosophical Monthly, royal octavo, 160 pages

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VOL. XXXV



No. 3

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE Appeal case has gone against me, and the judgments—probably because the Judges did not see the witnesses—are distinctly more harsh than that of the lower Court. All that was favourable to me in Mr. Justice Bakewell's judgment has been reversed, except the one fact that the crime alleged did not occur. All that was unfavourable has been confirmed. My grounds of appeal to the Privy Council are, roughly, that the Court has no jurisdiction, that the mandatory injunction is in the teeth of § 55 of the Specific Relief Act, and that the judgment is against the evidence. English readers must not regard a Court of Appeal here as being in any way like that in England. Here any Judge sits in any Court, and a junior, in the Court of Appeal, may set aside the judgment of a senior in the lower Court. The Lords of Appeal in England are, of course, a senior body, regarded as especially learned and of great experience, so that its judgment carries more weight than that of a lower Court. Here, there are merely two Judges instead of one. While, as the fact of my appealing

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shows, I believe the judgments to be wrong in law, I have no complaint to make as to the Judges. As I said, they heard me with courtesy and patience, and that is all a suitor can ask for. If they have decided wrongly, their judgment will be reversed on appeal. If they have decided rightly as to the law, then one can only say that the law should be altered in a way which will make it conform to the best traditions of Chancery, so as to protect children in future; but meanwhile: "It is the law."

* * *

Realising this, I have been doing my utmost to obey what the Court has ordered; I do not yet know with what result. But for the boys' sake, I have offered to give up my right of appeal if the legal guardian will consent to allow the education of the young men to be completed in England, and to permit a settlement to be made upon them that will amply suffice to cover all expenses. I do not ask for any control over them; that they may continue their education in peace, at any cost of humiliation to, and sacrifice of, myself is all I have asked. If this be refused, it will be clear that the object of the suit is merely to injure me and not to secure any good for the boys. This has been frankly stated in the presence of more than one person by one of the supporters of the successful plaintiff. But to prove that this is so by his conduct will be a public scandal.

* * *

While Mr. Narayaniah's counsel, honestly desiring to do his duty, to gain a great advantage for his client, and to secure the welfare of the Wards of Court, at once approved the offer I made and submitted it to his client,

his client was taken out of his hands. After some days, counsel had told me that Mr. Narayaniah wished me to agree to his eldest son going to England to be with the two already there, and it was understood that he was to share their University education at my cost; this was, generally, confirmed by letter. He also wished the Wards to come over, the three brothers returning together to England in July, 1914. I at once agreed to the first, though thinking it very strange that after asking the Court to remove two of his sons from me, he should now ask to place another under my maleficent influence. That was, however, his business, not mine. On the second point, I could only answer that I had no power to bring over the boys. I am applying to Chancery for help, but they are resisting the application. Properly speaking, Mr. Narayaniah, not I, should be left to make this application, but I am doing it, because I feel bound to use every possible method of compulsion, in obedience to the Court. The fact that I regard the decision as bad in law, and as entirely wrong on the merits—as shown by my intention to Appeal—does not absolve me from obedience to it while it remains unreversed. While Mr. Narayaniah's counsel was negotiating with me, he took the matter out of his counsel's hands by the extraordinary course of publishing my letter to his counsel and an answer, which at the time of writing (Nov. 17th) has not reached me. It would be difficult, in England, to imagine a grosser insult from client to counsel, and no barrister there would continue to act for a client who had sent to the press a letter addressed to himself in the course of confidential professional communications. Such conduct, rendering all professional negotiations impossible, would bring about an

immediate severance of relations, but, of course, I cannot judge professional etiquette here.

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This is not the first breach of the ordinary decencies of legal proceedings made by Mr. Narayaniah. In the course of the civil proceedings, he obtained from his counsel copies of notes taken from documents I disclosed. These were conveyed to the counsel defending Dr. Nair in the Police Court case, who had no power to obtain them directly. It would be difficult to conceive of anything more unfair than this or a greater demonstration of my contention that the whole of these proceedings are the connected parts of a concerted attempt to ruin me, carried on by a small group of people, using the Courts of Justice as their tools. Dr. Nair's attack on me was, superficially, an independent one; but we find Mr. Narayaniah supplying him with documents that could only be obtained in the civil case, with an utter disregard for any injury he might inflict on his counsel professionally. Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar acted most honourably in the matter—thus laying the foundation of my respect for him. I at first supposed that the betrayal of documents was due to him. I found, however, that he was entirely blameless in the matter, and he did his utmost, as an honourable man, to prevent the use of the documents so unfairly obtained; but he was powerless in the matter. Mr. Osborne and his solicitors withdrew from the case at this juncture, and its conduct passed into other hands. While speaking of this, I may add that Mr. Shama Rau informed me that the statements which I had characterised as false were not his own, but were only made on instructions, which he was bound professionally to follow, and he said quite

openly to myself and others that, personally, he had never believed Dr. Nair's statement about me to be true, and that Dr. Nair would have withdrawn it, had I asked him to do so, as he also did not believe it was true. On this, I wrote to him that I made no imputation on his personal or professional character, but that it was necessary for me to say that the statements themselves were false. On that, he withdrew the suit, despite the pressure put on him to carry it on by the people behind the whole thing. I believe that Mr. Shama Rau really did not intend to injure me, but felt bound to carry out his instructions, and I am very glad to be able to think of him better than I did. The bringing of the suit seems to have been forced on him, as he knew how cruelly unfair were all the attempts to fasten on me an opinion I had never held. The suit against Dr. Nair was begun by Don Fabrizio Ruspoli, not by me, and he offered Dr. Nair the opportunity of withdrawing it before he applied for a summons, and Dr. Nair refused. When my name was substituted for that of Don Fabrizio's, it did not strike me to ask again for a withdrawal; I did offer the opportunity to Dr. U. Rama Rao, the other person concerned, but no notice was taken of it. Well, they succeeded, as Mr. Narayaniah succeeded; but some of the inner history of the case is leaking out gradually, including Dr. Nanjunda Rao's share in it throughout, and more and more, as time goes on, it will appear in its true light. Meanwhile, I must be content to be blackened by the inimical group, though I am bound to say that the mud seems to fall off as rapidly as it plastered on. They will be pleased to know that the futile attempt to prove publicly what everyone now

recognises, that the statement made was untrue, cost Rs. 5,485!

Friends will be glad to know that Rao Sahab G. Soobhiah Chetty, who was recently decorated by Government for his thirty years of flawless honesty and integrity in Government Service, as the Commissioner publicly stated, has, since the judgment, been asked to remain for a year longer in the Service, so complete is the trust of his superiors in his stainless good faith. I am very thankful that his goodness, in bravely bearing testimony on my behalf, has not injured him.

Dr. Nanjunda Rao, who is said by *The Hindu* to have enabled the plaintiff to bring the suit, has written another letter, practically threatening an application for contempt of Court, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Sundara Aiyar—a Judge of the High Court on sick leave—has actually written to *The Hindu*, prejudging the question of my obedience or non-obedience to the Court's order, and directly accusing me of disregarding "the mandates of the Judges of the land". Incredible as this will seem to my English readers, it has none the less occurred here. Both the Hon. Justice and his friend the doctor forget that the application has yet to be made, and that it is indecent to prejudice beforehand my defence, if it should be made. "Contempt" must be "wilful" to be punishable, and when everything that it is humanly possible to do has been done, one has a right to suppose that nothing more will be demanded. If it be otherwise, one can only submit.

It is funny to see *The Hindu* supporting breaches of the law in South Africa, while it piously rebukes me for an imaginary intention to defy it. The heroic 'passive resisters' in South Africa are actually breaking the law, and going to prison for 'contempt of Court,' as Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar put it in a mass meeting the other day. *The Hindu* applauds them. Yet they really do defy the mandates of the Judges of the land. Such 'defence' against intolerable legal oppression, where the oppressed do not riot but only suffer, has always been applauded by posterity. In my own case there is no defiance, for there is no public legal oppression, and defiance on my part would be a breach of good citizenship. But *The Hindu* is swayed by hatreds, not by principles.

My willingness to make peace with this journal was much disapproved in many quarters, which seem to have judged the policy of the paper better than I. I foolishly expected generosity for generosity, but it seems that *The Hindu* only wanted to free itself in order more safely to recommence attack. It is clear now why the Editor would not say a friendly word. All the friendliness was on my side, after two and a half years of silently borne cruel attacks. One amusing thing has happened. It published various letters, accusing me of intruding into a political meeting—to which I had been officially invited—and of interfering with the conclusion of the Chairman's speech. That same Chairman, the Hon. Mr. P. Kesava Pillai, one of the leaders of the advanced party in the Madras Presidency, very kindly put off leaving Madras in order to take the Chair for me at one of my lectures,

thus quietly giving the lie to the whole fabrication in *The Hindu*, and administering to it a well-deserved rebuke.

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Its latest outrage on the amenities of society is to accuse me of trying to corrupt Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar! The accusation shows the type of mind of Dr. Nanjunda Rao, who makes it, and of *The Hindu* which prints it. Because the opposing counsel and myself behave with courtesy and urbanity, like people of decent breeding and not like savages, we are accused of dishonesty. If I have been polite, it has injured no one but myself, since my clever and courteous opponent has beaten me all along the line. One is inclined to think that they wish him to throw up his client's interests, in order to gratify their mad desire to injure me; for he was trying to obtain from me every possible advantage for his client in the proposed compromise, while they, by this silly move, are doing their best to sacrifice Mr. Narayaniah and his sons merely to harm me. They forget that the duty of an honourable counsel is to serve his client's interests, not to prostitute himself to be a tool of the hatred of outsiders. If Mr. Ramaswami Aiyar, by behaving like a gentleman, has gained more for his client than if he had behaved as a ruffian, so much the more credit is due to him, and so much the more trust does he deserve. How petty this will seem a year hence.

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Lectures have been many since I last wrote. The course of eight lectures was carried through in Victoria Hall with crowded audiences, and all the lectures were very fully reported. *The Hindu*, in its anger, says the

audiences were composed of students; students form a large part of every great meeting in Madras, and as they hold the future I am always delighted to see them. It was Young Italy who recognised Mazzini as prophet, and in Young India is our hope. When they are men, *The Hindu* will lose its power! As Dr. Nanjunda Rao has stated that I invited Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar to take the Chair at the last lecture but one, I may say that when he accepted it early in last September, we thought the case would have been over long before the date of the lecture arrived, and he is not, of course, one of the fanatics who want to forbid me to serve India, because I sought and accepted the office of guardian to Mr. Narayaniah's sons, and faithfully carried out the duty (it may be remembered that in the witness-box the plaintiff said that he had no objection to me). Mr. Ramaswami Aiyar, like nearly all the leaders of the Indian community in Madras, presumably thinks my public work useful, and, being a patriot, prefers that it should not be destroyed: to have been associated with so eminent a set of Chairmen would have been helpful to a young and rising leader. As, however, the case dragged on so unexpectedly, the lecture fell due just when the negotiations for a compromise had begun, and it seemed better that he should not take the Chair; so the Hon. Mr. P. Kesava Pillai, knowing the circumstances, very kindly took his place. Other lectures in Madras were given: on 'Handicrafts and Machine Industries,' to the S. Indian Association; to the Students' Club, on 'The Basis of Morality,' when the chair was taken by the Hon. Mr. B. N. Sarma, one of Mr. Narayaniah's supporters, but a much-respected gentleman, liberal enough, like Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, to recognise

what is good in a public worker, even if opposed to her in the Law Courts; to the Hindū High School Literary Society, on 'The Value of Ideals,' with the Hon. Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Iyer in the chair; to the Excelsior Club, on 'The Value and Use of Emotion,' with the Hon. Mr. Justice Sadasiva Aiyar in the chair; to the Students' Philosophical Society, on 'The Message of the *Gita* to Modern India,' with the Hon. Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Iyer again in the chair. This does not look as though my public work were injured; in fact, it is only *The Hindu* and its friends who are trying to hound me out of public life, and are failing dismally. Moreover they are discrediting themselves, for ceaseless and malignant persecution rebounds on the persecutors.

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The last lecture of the Social Reform series was delivered to a record audience. Usually, the number of people admitted is limited to the seating capacity of the hall. On this occasion, as for the South African meeting, the bar was removed, and the crowd packed every inch of the hall, including the platform. Dewan Bahadur L. A. Govindaraghava Aiyar made a weighty and thoughtful opening speech, and my lecture was followed with the closest attention. At the close, the audience rose and cheered vehemently, and so came to a close a most successful, and, I hope, useful series of lectures.

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There is much public feeling in Madras, both in City and Presidency, against a Medical Registration Bill, brought into the Legislative Council by the Hon. Dr. Nair. It strikes a cruel blow at the ancient medical system of the country, the Ayurvedic and

Unāni, so much more suited to Indian constitutions than the western allopathic, with its violent and alcohol-tainted remedies. I was at one of the meetings called by the Musalmāns to oppose it, and, at the wish of the Sheriff of Madras and the Committee of the Association, took the chair. The Sheriff has issued a very valuable paper, pointing out the serious defects of the measure, and the cruelty of the proposed exclusion of the Indian Vaidyas and Hakims from the privileges of medical men. The speeches were mostly in Hindustāni, some English being interspersed. The Bill is supported in the Legislative Council by the Government, and that of course means that it will pass; but some alterations are to be introduced, so it is referred to a select Committee. That much has been gained by the popular agitation against it.

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There was an immense meeting which packed every inch of space in the Victoria Hall, platform, gallery, passages, to protest against the atrocious treatment of Indians in South Africa. The Hon. Mr. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, of the Servants of India Society, moved the first resolution in an admirable speech, lucid, firm, and logical. The other most notable speeches were those of the Hon. Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Iyer, Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, and the Hon. Mr. B. N. Sarma. The first was stern in its warning, the second fiery and incisive, the third sardonically humorous and strong. Other leaders of the community were there, and the level of speaking was very high. Mr. G. A. Natesan, the Secretary of the League, made an effective appeal for funds, Mr. Devadoss seconded with a practical scheme, and I wound up this part of the proceedings.

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Outside Madras, I visited Madura and Trichinopoly addressing huge audiences in each, and in the latter opening the fine building erected by the Lodge. Tirupati, Madanapalle and Kumbhakonam remain to be visited at the time of writing, but fall within November. The Kumbhakonam Girls' School has been handed over to the Trust, and I hope to lay there the foundation of a new building. This record of lectures should satisfy anxious friends that I am not suffering from ill-health.

* * *

We begin a big new job with the New Year weekly journal, which is intended to carry out the policy sketched in 'United India,' and also to subserve the purpose, in Great Britain and the Colonies, for which the Servants of the Empire is formed. With the much increased public work in which I am engaged, with the view of helping forward the changes which will prepare the way for the Coming Teacher, it is necessary to be more in touch with current events than is possible through monthly magazines. The title of the new paper is *The Commonwealth*, a journal of National Reform, and its motto: "For God, Crown and Country". The word 'Crown' is used, because 'King' is not proper for India, and 'Emperor' is not proper outside India. 'Crown' is equally significant in every part of the Empire. The paper will appear on January 2, 1914, and on every succeeding Friday. A fuller prospectus appears as a 'Supplement' to this issue of THE THEOSOPHIST, and I ask the co-operation of our readers in this new venture.

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The Comte Armand de Gramont, F. T. S., has been named a member of the French Institute, in recognition of his valuable scientific work. It is good that the bearer

of a great historic name should distinguish himself as a scientist. His many friends in England, as well as his compatriots, will congratulate him on this well-deserved honour. M. de Gramont has also conducted with some of his scientific friends a very useful series of careful experiments with Eusapia Palladino.

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There will be many in England and in India who will have a pleasant remembrance of Mrs. Owen, who stayed with us for awhile at Adyar. She was an earnest and devoted member of both T. S. and E. S. She was rather haunted by the idea that she would be killed while travelling, and left us for her journey to England in some trepidation. Her prevision came true, for she was killed in a railway accident between Liverpool and Manchester on October 17th. The London papers remark on her death that she was the daughter of a very well-known railway-man, the late Sir Charles Scotter, long the Chairman of the London and South-Western Railway. Mrs. Owen had lost both husband and father by death within the last few years, and she will feel that she has "gone home". Another London member, Mrs. Scott, has also been killed in a railway accident since.

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The progress of the Theosophical Society in India during the present year of storm has been remarkable. 36 new or revived Lodges have been established, as against 22 last year; 1071 new members have entered, as against 416 last year; there have been 50 resignations as against 24, but the lapsed, from non-payment of subscriptions, are only 161, while 806 dropped out from this cause last year. 5 Lodges and 74

members have been detached from India to Burma, but that is, of course, no loss in our general strength, and, despite this transfer, the Indian roll touches the highest point it has ever reached, 5890. Perhaps it will be 6000 by the Convention. How true it is that persecution strengthens instead of weakening a spiritual Society. Benares, this year, has been a centre of inspiration instead of one of depression, and the choice of the universally respected Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu as General Secretary has been more than justified. The financial position is encouraging, for the annual subscriptions of members amounted to Rs. 11,706 as against Rs. 7,983 last year, and the total receipts were Rs. 28,848 as against Rs. 22,774. The 'act of faith,' in abolishing entrance fees for the year, has not only resulted in no deficit, but the credit balance shows a substantial increase, for it stands at the same figure as that of last year, and last year, it contained a sum of money earmarked for a special purpose, and this year that sum has been spent on the said purpose, and the full balance is wholly at the disposal of the Section.

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Mr. K. Narayanaswami is working very actively in the Punjab, with occasional excursions outside. The strength of the Lahore Lodge has risen to close upon 40, and many books have been sold. His Saturday lectures have been attended by from 300 to 500 people, and he has also lectured on Sundays. He has done some useful work for religious education, having induced the Director of Public Instruction to sanction the use of Part III of the *Sanātana Dharma Elementary Textbook*, issued by the C. H. C., as an extra English Textbook in the S. D. School in Lahore. He has also established a

Religious Examination, which can be attended by any student in the Punjab, who is in the Matriculation or Pre-Matriculation Class; the best student is awarded a gold medal. Visits to sixteen towns complete the tale of useful work.

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Professor D. K. Karve, of the Widows' Home, Poona, has published a very interesting and valuable paper, entitled *My Twenty Years in the Cause of Indian Women*. It was read before a public meeting in Poona, presided over by the Hon. Mr. C. H. Hill, C. S. I., and its issue will enable it to reach a much larger public than can take part in a meeting. Professor Karve relates, in a very simple and direct manner, his own experiences in the uphill work to which he has devoted his life. Such men deserve well of their country, for they cut the path of progress through the jungle of custom and ignorance.

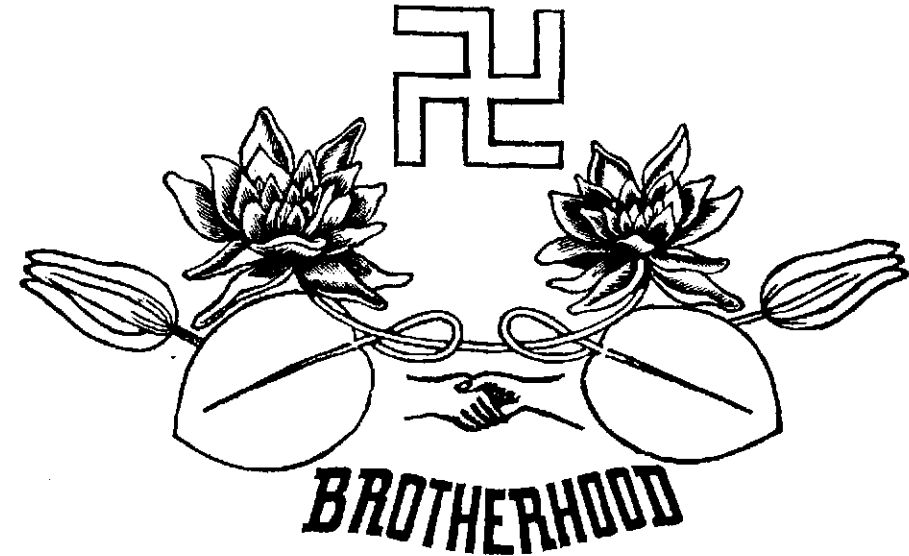
* *

It is lamentable that a great paper like *The Times* should show such constant opposition to all the aspirations of India. If there is an outrage, it ever makes it a text for cruel comment and for suggestions of increased repression. The opponents of all national feeling in India, like Sir Valentine Chirol and Sir J. Bampfylde Fuller, always find the columns of *The Times* open to their malevolent comments. "Crush out! crush out!" is their war-cry. Now *The Bengali*, owned and edited by Mr. Surendranath Banerji, is denounced in language which practically accuses it of conniving at crime, because it opposed the particular measure introduced by Government after the Delhi outrage. Mr. Surendranath Banerji has always been vilified by the anarchists, and

it is *The Times* which plays into their hands by its frequent attacks on the educated Indians—its special bugbear. “The most careful control must be exercised over the whole education establishment, particularly in regard to the selection of teachers.” How much further than it has already gone, does *The Times* wish the Government to proceed in its “careful control”? It has muzzled the Deccan Education Society; it has practically dismissed three provisional University Lecturers for active sympathy with suffering Muhammadans. What would *The Times* have? I am glad to remember that *The Times* condemns the work of the Theosophical Society in India; its spirit of brotherhood, its disregard of the Colour Bar, its stimulation of a self-respecting Indian nationality, properly make it anathema to *The Times*.

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The Viscountess Churchill—the President of the T. S. Social Committee in London—has asked me to say that she would be very glad if members of the T. S., belonging to any nation, who are thinking of visiting London and require any assistance, would write to The Secretary, Social Committee, 19, Tavistock Square, London, W. C., mentioning the time of their arrival, and asking any questions as to addresses of hotels, lodgings, etc. They would then be met on arrival and assisted in every way possible.



IS BELIEF IN THE MASTERS SUPERSTITIOUS OR HARMFUL?

By ANNIE BESANT

FRIENDS:

Among the saddest pages of human history are those pages on which are written the stories of religious controversies, of religious persecutions, of religious wars. Look back, far back in history, and you will find many such pages in the past; and for the most part those controversies arise not over the deep, essential, and spiritual truths of religion, not about those vital facts on which human souls are fed and human conduct is based. More often controversies arise on subsidiary questions,

¹ A lecture delivered on 12th March, 1911, at the Victoria Hall, Madras, Sir S. Subramania Iyer, K. C. I. E., LL. D. in the chair, two months after Dr. Nanjunda Rao and the *Hindu* newspaper began the cruel persecution of which the late suit was the result.

and most of the bitterness which we find in them is due to comparatively trivial differences of opinion. There are, however, certain facts, common to all religions, which from time to time are challenged by materialists, sceptics, unbelievers of every kind: there are certain points common to all religions, round which from time to time controversy arises; and while it is not worth while to add to the turmoil of battle where unimportant and trivial matters are concerned, it may be worth while, when some general truth is attacked under a special form, to draw the attention of the thoughtful to the importance of that truth, and to defend it from attack levelled perhaps at a special conception, but none the less in reality undermining the central thought of all the religions of the world. Violent State persecution has for the most part passed away in civilised lands; and yet almost all civilised countries, I am sorry to say, still find it necessary to defend by the laws of the land feelings which would be outraged by attack, beliefs which, because sacred and holy to many, might stir the passions of men in defence when ruthlessly and thoughtlessly assailed. Even in England, where one religion for the most part rules, there have been limits set to the controversies allowed on religious subjects. Argument, respectful and thoughtful, that is now everywhere in England permitted; but ridicule, assault, attack, causing pain to the holiest feelings of humanity, that even in free England is punished by the law of the land. Here in India where many religions live side by side, the law is very much sterner on this question. Quite lately in Burma, for instance, a Burman monk was arrested because he had attacked Christian missionaries, and thereby outraged Christian feeling.

I believe that human nature is fundamentally good and not evil, and that where pain is given it is given thoughtlessly for the most part and not deliberately. Because I would fain, if I can, make you realise a little of how religious feelings may be pained and outraged by things that are said in thoughtlessness, I would ask you to substitute the name 'Theosophy' for your own faith, whatever it may be, and the name 'Master' for the name holiest to you in the faith which you profess. I would ask the Christians amongst you to think how you would feel if the divine name of your Teacher, the Lord Jesus, were assailed as the Masters are assailed. I would ask those of you who are Musalmans to think how you would feel if ridicule and outrage and insult were poured out on the name of your great Prophet, Muhammad. I would ask you who are Buddhists to think how you would feel if similar treatment were meted out to the Lord Buddha; and you who are Hindūs to ask yourselves how you would feel if the sacred name of Shri Kṛṣṇa took the place which has been occupied by the name 'Masters'. I know that this substitution cannot be, for the law would not permit it. If that were done in any Indian paper, at once the Government would step in and stop it. I ask you, is it generous, to say nothing of justice, because people are in a minority, to allow their holiest feelings to be ridiculed and outraged with impunity? Because they are known to be peaceable and law-abiding, it is thought safe to allow them to be villified and insulted. And I would appeal to all that is best in you, most generous and most noble, to set your faces against a line of attack that in every great city in the land has outraged the feelings of some of the noblest of your citizens; for there is no one great

city in India where some of the leading citizens are not Theosophists, men who are respected for their knowledge, venerated for the nobility of their lives, leaders in every good work for their religion and their country. It is not alone in Madras that we are represented by such men as Sir S. Subramania Iyer, who is seated here. There is no one great city in India where such men are not among us, and is it right, is it generous, whether you agree with them or not, to pour outrage and insult upon them? I leave it to you to judge, for it is not we who are hurt by such attack. There was a time in the Roman Empire, at the beginning of the present era, when Christianity was persecuted, when Christians were spoken of with insult, when monstrous crimes were imputed to them, when they were charged with practising immorality at their sacred feasts, and with being worshippers of an ass's head. That did not rebound on Christianity to injure it, but it re-acted on the ancient Paganism to destroy it. And that is what always happens, for truth cannot be killed by persecution; it is the persecutor who always, in the end, is slain.

Now I will not answer abuse by abuse; I believe that pain inflicted is inflicted for the most part ignorantly and thoughtlessly; I believe in that great excuse spoken by the Christ when His enemies slew Him: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I would try to explain our beliefs rather than strike back at our assailants, and it is because of that, that I come among you this afternoon, simply to lay before you something of what I believe and know of the Masters of the Wisdom. Then you may judge, after listening to our side of the question, how far such belief is either superstitious as regards religion, or harmful to the

State or the community in which such a belief may prevail.

And first, in order to make quite clear what I mean, I may define the word 'Master'. For it is a term which has been specially adopted by us who are Theosophists to indicate a certain definite status in Occultism. 'Master' is an English equivalent for a name more familiar here, the name Jivanmukta, the liberated Spirit. We mean a man who has become perfect; it is not equivalent to the Hindū Avatāra, nor to the Christian Divine Incarnation—a coming down of God in human form; but it indicates, on the contrary, a slow climbing up by man in life after life, until the God within him has become manifest and shines out through a perfect humanity to the world; a man who through hundreds of past lives has struggled and has fought; a man who, having reached a high point in human evolution, has then placed his feet on the Path, of which later I shall have something to say; who has trodden that Path of Holiness step by step; who has passed Initiation after Initiation: and who has finally reached human perfection, but remains in touch with the world of men, in order to help others to tread the Path which He has trodden, and to reach the perfection which He has reached. That is what the Theosophist means when he speaks of a Master. A perfect Man in whom the divine Spirit is unfolded.

If you realise that that is the thought underlying the word, you will recognise at once that there is nothing in it repellent in any way, or possibly harmful. I ought perhaps to say that no member of the Society is asked to believe in the existence of these Masters. We do not ask that any one joining us shall

affirm belief in the existence of these perfect Men. But at the same time I am bound to say that where that belief is strong, there the Society goes forward, and where it is weak, there the Society is of little effect. For so inspiring is the conception, so ennobling is the idea, so truly does it make one realise that what man has done man can do, that the very thought uplifts. For These are not Gods of a different nature from ourselves, who have done what we cannot do; but They are bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, human with our humanity, having lived on earth as we are living to-day. Out of that imperfection They have climbed, step by step, with toil and struggle and anguish, and now having reached the liberation which opens to Them the gateway of Nirvāṇa—of that which the Christian would call final Salvation—They have turned back from its threshold for the helping of Their weaker brethren, in order that they too may find the Peace, that their weakness may be aided by the strength which These have achieved. That is meant by the name 'Master'.

And now to explain the rest of the title. I will take 'superstitious' to mean—for the time, it is not a full definition—a belief which is not founded upon reason. The fuller explanation would be: "A belief which, being irrational, takes the unessential as the essential." But the absence of a rational basis for a belief may serve as a fair working definition of a superstition. The man does not know why he believes it; he has no evidence for it; neither by the testimony of his senses nor by the logic of his reason is he able to justify his belief. My duty is, then, to answer the question: "Is belief in the Masters a superstition?"

There are two ways in which you may regard this idea of Masters, one general and one particular. Both are important in the forming of your judgment. In the first place, the general, we seek to discover whether there are, in the history of the world, Men who have fulfilled the conception which I have just sketched to you, Men who have become perfect and yet have remained in touch with man. Now if we look at the history of the great religions, we shall find mention made of such Men in every sacred literature, Men who embody divine perfection in a human form. You cannot read any of the ancient books of the Hindūs without finding the mention of Men who had reached liberation, who were what is called *Jīvanmukṭas*; Their stories shine out from page after page, history is full of Them. If you read the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata*, or even later books, you find Them. In the *Purāṇas* you constantly see mention of the presence of such Men, who, from time to time, at Their own will and not at the command of any one else, manifest Themselves as Men among men. Nārada, the great Ṛṣhi, visits the Kings of ancient India, to enquire as to the welfare of their kingdoms, the discharge of their royal duties. Many names will spring to your memories, those of Yājñavalkya and of many another. You have there Men who had reached liberation, some of whom take pupils to guide them in the Path to liberation, mingling from time to time in human affairs, more and more rarely in later days; right down the great stream of Indian history, so long as she was really great, you find these living Men manifesting, giving counsel, instruction, and reproof. Unless Hindūism, as a whole, be a superstition, These, whom we call Masters, have existed and continue to exist.

The same is true of the great religion founded by the Lord Buddha. He with His disciples, the Arhats, bore testimony in the world of His day to the reality of the Path and the truth of liberation; if you go to Burma now you will find the Burmans believing that among Those who were His disciples there are still some who, instead of leaving the earth as They have the right to do, are remaining upon earth in order to guide and to instruct; and when I asked a Burman how you can attract the attention of such a one, if you desire to tread the Path of Holiness, I was told in answer that They see the man in whose heart the flame of love is lighted, and that They reveal Themselves to him and teach him. Moreover, all Buddhists believe in the present existence of the Bodhisattva, the Supreme Teacher, the next Buddha, and they look for His coming to the world as the Lord Gautama came twenty-five centuries ago. Unless Buddhism be a superstition, These, whom we call Masters, have existed and continue to exist.

In Zoroastrianism you find the testimony to one mighty Teacher, whom it calls the Prophet, the Founder, of the faith. It was Zarathushtra, the divine Man, who laid the basis of that ancient and mighty religion. And if you come, still down the stream of time, to Christianity, you find there the conception of Jesus, Perfect Man as well as very God. And those who believe in Him think that He is living in a physical human body, for how does the article of the Church run? "Christ did truly arise again from death, and took again His body, with flesh, bones and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature; wherewith He ascended into heaven, and there sitteth, until He return to judge all men at the

last day." The Christian falls into heresy, if he denies the continued existence of the physical body of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The Prophet Muhammad was Man among men, and I do not know how far in popular Muhammadanism the Muslims regard their Prophet as still within the reach of human cry; but among the Sufis, tracing their teaching down from Ali, the beloved son-in-law of the Prophet, there is certainly the belief in the existence of Teachers who may be reached by the earnest and the devoted, and they acknowledge also the existence of the same Path which is believed in by the Hindū and the Buddhist, the Path by which men may become divine, may reach perfection. I ought also to mention that the Roman Catholics, among Christians, teach the existence of that same Path, by treading which sainthood is attained.

The only difference between the Theosophist and any one of you is that we believe in the great Prophets of all religions, while some of you believe in your own Prophet, and deny Those of the religions to which you do not belong. But it is surely no great fault in us that we honour and respect all divine Men without exception. Every faith has at its heart, at its core, the belief in such a Being, the life of such a Man.

Now, of the existence of all these great Teachers in the past, with the exception of the Lord Buddha and the Lord Muhammad, there is very little evidence which would be called historical, proving that They existed. The historical evidence for the existence of the Christ—I do not challenge it, because I know that He lived—is very very small, and any one who has studied Christian history is well aware that contemporary evidence to His existence is lacking. His

Church and His Faith prove Him to have existed far more effectively than any document which could be brought forward as evidence for His life on earth. And the same is true as regards the Hindū R̥shis. There is nothing that the western scholar would accept as evidence for the historical existence of Those. And that is worth remembering, for though it in no sense disproves Their existence, it thrusts you back upon the deeper testimony of religious consciousness and of unbroken tradition. There lies your only proof that They were and are. And any blow that you may strike at the belief of others rebounds upon yourselves, for the very existence of your R̥shis, of your Christ, is far more open in many ways to challenge. Only the materialists and the unbelievers will triumph, if a fatal blow can be struck at the belief of God manifest in human form, the just Man made perfect, the Master.

I do not know if objection will be made by any believer in any religion to the testimony of those who speak from their own experience, a testimony which is, to me, far stronger than that which can be found in any literature which western scholars may rend into pieces, which to me is far surer and far loftier than the authority of any priest or preacher. This testimony is the love that pours out to Them from millions of human hearts. Modern Kings and Popes cannot rival this; no conqueror in history is crowned with fame so undying, no physical benefactor with love so immortal. Who shines out as the object of adoration so profound, so lasting, as the Lord Buddha, as Shrī Kṛṣṇa, as the Lord Christ? That is practically impregnable, even though the scholars may deny the historical proof of Their existence. They live in the hearts of men; They are no dream.

But you may say: "That is all very well as a general principle. We will even go further, and admit, as you have elsewhere argued, that it is logical that some men should have advanced very far, have climbed very high during the immense time through which humanity has existed; we do not deny that some figures shine out in history as mighty Rulers, as mighty Teachers; moreover reason admits the possibility, since humanity has been living on earth for so many million years."

But you may say that there is a difference between you and Theosophists. Theosophists believe that such Men are still living, and that the Path to perfection is still open. As to these ideas, most religious people apparently hesitate to affirm their belief. In some far-off heaven, perhaps, but not at hand, not living upon earth, not men as we are men, though higher, grander, more perfect than we are. I admit the difference. We, who are believers in the Masters, believe in the reality of the Divinity of the human Spirit, climbing to-day as he climbed in ages past, showing out and unfolding now his Divinity as in the past he unfolded that same Divinity among our ancestors and forefathers. That is true. But do you declare that the divine Spirit no longer lives in man, or that his divine strength is weaker? We believe that men to-day may climb as men in the past have climbed; we believe that the Christ spoke no impossible thing when He said to the disciples round Him: "Be ye also perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Do Christians believe that to be a possibility? If so, they admit the possibility of the existence of Masters in the flesh to-day. If they do not believe it, they brand their Lord as giving them

a command impossible of fulfilment. Surely it must be sad to hold so exquisite an ideal and at the same moment to deny it, to declare it to be impossible, a dream never to be fulfilled.

Turning to particular evidence, you say: "What evidence have you of Their present existence?" There is far more evidence available for any of you of the existence of the Masters whom we speak of as behind the Theosophical Society, than there is for the existence of any great religious Teacher of the past, who is revered by those who follow Him. That is the point to which I next wish to bring you. The others are far away in the past, and we cannot cross-examine the witnesses. But the witnesses to this are among you at the present time, or have only lately passed through death, leaving their testimony behind them. Some are still living among you, as I say, and their testimony is open for any one of you to investigate for yourself. Let us quietly look into it.

Now there are four ways in which any one may come into touch with a person at a distance. One is by travelling; then the physical body of the one comes face to face with the physical body of the other. That, to most people, would be the most satisfactory of all, and that we have. Secondly, a person at a distance may go in the subtle body to a place where another is in full waking consciousness, and there may materialise himself, so as to be visible to ordinary eyesight. That evidence we have. Thirdly, there is testimony which may be given by any one whose inner eyes have been opened—who is clairvoyant—and who, living in the physical body and in full waking consciousness, can see a man in what we call his astral form. That was very much challenged and

thrown aside by almost every one in the early days of Madame Blavatsky, but now many of our scientific men affirm it, and very few are prepared to deny the possibility of it. There is so great a weight of evidence with regard to its possibility, that it may fall into the third class of evidence; the observer is waking and in the physical body, and the observed is in the subtle body. That evidence we have. Then there comes the fourth possibility, for those who have developed the power of leaving the physical body at will, without loss of consciousness; they can go to the places at which the Masters live, in the various countries of the world, and see the Masters in Their physical bodies while they themselves are in the subtle body. That evidence we have.

There are thus four classes of evidence; (1) where both are present in one place; (2) where a materialisation of the one visible to the physical sight of the other is present; (3) where the clairvoyant observer is in the physical body and the observed is in the subtle body; and (4) where the observer is in the subtle body, and the observed is in the physical body. Now we have a mass of evidence of all these four classes. A good many of the people who give it are still living and reachable, so that they can be directly questioned and judged by the ordinary canons of evidence. The two who first gave evidence of all the four classes—Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott—passed away, but have left their testimony. On Madame Blavatsky's name I pause for a moment, because of the insults of those who did not know her, who accused her of chicanery and fraud; but we who knew her and still know, we bear our testimony that no nobler, wiser man or

woman has lived in the present generation upon earth. The insults, the mud, which fanatics and sceptics throw upon her memory, disgrace only the throwers. Evidence of the possibility of the facts she alleged has been accumulating since she passed away. Those who have looked into the evidence against her know how weak it is.

Let me take one illustration. I have seen the testimony of Dr. Hodgson in the P. R. S.'s report. But had he had any serious experience in psychical matters when he came out to Adyar? Did he not, later in life, with his riper judgment, admit as possible and real a mass of phenomena such as he denied in the crude days of his youth, when he set himself to investigate the psychical phenomena at Adyar? I met him before he died, after he had gathered much experience, after he had investigated such phenomena for years, and had experimented with Mrs. Piper and others; he then told me honestly enough: "If I had known then what I know now, I would never have issued the report as sent out." She came into conflict with the materialism of the day, and she broke it with her lion's strength, and on her devoted head have fallen all the insults, while the beliefs that she asserted are now becoming the beliefs of the scientific world. Colonel Olcott was never accused of fraud; he was said to have been hypnotised, psychologised, a very usual form of accusation, and one which it is practically impossible wholly to rebut. His testimony was clear and strong, that in America he had seen his Master with his own physical eyes, and had received from Him His turban, which he always treasured; that here in India he had seen Him many times, and he placed some of these on record in

the *Old Diary Leaves*; one of which he tells us was that the Master Morya visited his bungalow in Bombay in the flesh, coming in full daylight and on horseback; Master Koot Hoomi he met at Lahore in His physical body. He saw Them often with his physical eyes—he was not clairvoyant—when They materialised. The late Subba Rao and Mr. Leadbeater, in their physical bodies, visited the Nilgiri Master in His physical body in His own home, and the latter met physically the Master Rākoczi in Europe, the Master being also in the physical body. The testimony is clear; hallucination does not explain it, nor is there any sign of hypnotisation. But you may say that, after all, Colonel Olcott was dominated by this idea, was prepossessed by it. He was not dominated by it in New York, when he did not believe, but was convinced by his own eyes. What about Paṇḍit Bhavani Shankar, who is still living, still available, who writes: "I have seen the latter [my venerated Gurudeva, K. H.], my Master, in His physical body and recognised Him." Take, if you prefer it, the testimony of an Englishman, Mr. Brown, who has said in print that he saw the same Master in Lahore, "in His own physical body". Damodar has left on record that he saw in His physical body at Lahore the same Master whom he had seen in astral form at Adyar; and also that he met Him in Jammu, and was in an āshrama for some days where he met several Masters. Mr. Mohini Chatterji says that he met the same Master in the Madras Presidency. Mr. S. Ramaswamier and Mr. R. Kesava Pillai, Inspector of Police, also saw Masters in the physical body near Sikkim. I am quoting from statements mostly made close to the time of the seeing, available for any of you. Can a little of

such evidence be brought to sustain the existence of any great religious Teacher in the past?

Can you say that all those men are deliberately deceiving the people around them? But why? A man who deceives has an object in deceiving—money, fame, credit, or some such thing. But by confessing that he has stood face to face with a living Master he receives only scorn, contempt and insult. Why should a man go out of his way in order to gain such a reward? And there are others similarly whose records are some of them given in the little book of mine called, *Madame Blavatsky and the Masters of the Wisdom*, wherein you may read the first-hand testimony of those who, in their physical bodies, have seen the Masters in Their physical bodies face to face, and who in their physical bodies saw the Masters in the subtle. Mr. Ross Scott, the late Judicial Commissioner of Oudh, sitting in the shadow of a veranda at Adyar, when the library was in full light, saw the figure of the Master, apparently a living physical man, walking to a table, whereon a letter was subsequently found. Numbers of people now living amongst you have seen similar things; you can ask them, question them. Government officials, many of them, reasonable men respected in the community to which they belong. What right have you to brand them all as liars or unconscious deceivers? Their testimony would hang a man. You would send a man to jail for life on the testimony of one or two of them. If you refuse that same testimony when it is not a matter of criminal law, but a matter which your prejudices prevent you from believing, then we have the right to say you do not wish to know, you have made up your minds that such things cannot be. But the evidence is there.

Take the second kind of evidence; those who in waking consciousness have seen Them materialised. Very many bear witness to that, and the evidence is in print for all to read. Many again in waking consciousness have seen Them clairvoyantly. I myself have seen Them in both these ways. I was never accused of falsehood until the *Hindu* began its persecution of me. Throughout my long public life that accusation has never been made. I do not look particularly hallucinated, for I am able to keep on its lines an International Society, that has its representatives in nearly every civilised country of the world. If I am a hysterical, emotional, or hypnotised person, I am concealing it very cleverly. And, despite the *Hindu*, I think I may claim to be believed when I speak. Now I have seen these two Masters while wide-awake in my physical consciousness, They sufficiently densifying Their body for me to see Them with my physical eyes. In the early days I could not see, as I can see now, subtle forms of matter, for it was just after I came into the Theosophical Society. And yet, in 1889, in Fountainebleau, I saw the Master, clear, definite in form. I knew Him not. At the time I was only impressed with the splendour of His appearance; but when next day I described what I had seen to H. P. B., she at once recognised the description, as I myself later recognised its accuracy when I grew familiar with that great Teacher. So on many occasions, I have seen others of the White Lodge, over and over again, in houses in other lands as well as in Their own āshramas, to which I have learned to go in the subtle body. You may do the same, if you will pay the price. Many others, men and women of different nations, western as well as eastern, who have developed

the power to see, the power to know, bear similar testimony. Are all these reputable men and women, respected and honoured in the various circles in which they move, to be branded as deceivers, or as hallucinated, because they bear testimony to the fact which they know to be true? After all you take testimony on any point, provided it be not that of the existence of a perfect Man. You have not been to Central Africa, and yet you are willing to take the testimony of people who have been there. Many of you have not seen the King-Emperor, but you believe those who have seen him, and you do not ask that he should be produced for your amusement at a particular place, in order to convince you that such a person exists. Still more is that the case when you are dealing with experiences of your own, which are not always subjective but also objective. How many Christian Saints have borne testimony that they have seen their Master, the Lord Jesus? How many Yogis in this land bear witness that they know their Teachers, have been in Their presence, have learned from Their lips? You must take up the attitude of Lombroso, that all religious experiences are hallucinations and madness, if you deny; and then you rob humanity of all that is fairest in its experience, of all that is oldest in its life on earth. Both generally and particularly the evidence is overwhelmingly strong from every religion, from each religion, from a large number of educated men and women who bear testimony to the existence to-day of Those whom we call the Masters. Moreover there is a growing body of scientific testimony to the fact of materialisation. Apart from Sir William Crookes, early in the field, you have Alfred R. Wallace, you have the sceptic

Lombroso, just mentioned, converted by his own experiments; you have Gurney, Myers, hosts of witnesses. To deny this possibility now is merely to prove that you are ignorant. The denial is no longer a cautious scepticism, it is deliberate prejudice and wilful obstinacy.

But it may be said that even if there be evidence that the Masters exist, is it not dangerous, mischievous and harmful to believe in Them? How, and in what? I said I would speak of the Path by which they have become Masters, the Path which some of us are treading to-day and which you may tread, if you will. Now it is recognised at least in four great living religions of the world, Hindûism, Buddhism, amongst the Sûfis in Islâm and among the Roman Catholics in Christianity, that there is a Path of swift evolution whereby man, the man of the world, may become a Saint, may reach to perfection. The Roman Catholic Church has a discipline, clear, definite, and precise, through which it leads those who have a true vocation for the religious life: the Path of Purgation or Purification; of Illumination—where divine knowledge illumines the mind; of Union—where the man becomes one with God. That is the Christian view. The Buddhist and the Hindû give the same account of the Path, and it is marked out in definite stages. The names are different, but the meaning of each name is closely similar. You may read of it in the writings of Shrî Shaṅkarāchārya, you may read of it in the Buddhist Scriptures, wherein you have the record of a great Teacher's instructions. It is said that when a man through many many births has fixed his heart and mind on reaching perfection, that in one birth he comes to the point where he is within

measurable distance of that perfection, and the lives that lie before him are limited in number. In order that he may approach that Path and pass through its stages there are certain conditions laid down. These are the conditions necessary to make a man fit to learn the Vedānta, to become the Adhikāri, the man ready for instruction. Probably, you all know these qualifications, four in number and you can say if the practice, the evolution, of these can be harmful to any one. The first is Discrimination between the real and the unreal, the fleeting and the eternal; surely no harm can be done by trying to develop this. The second is Dispassion, the conquest of the lower nature, the transmutation of the lower desires into the higher, until at last no desire is left but that of doing the divine will. Then come the six mental jewels: control of mind, control of body, speech and action, endurance, tolerance, cheerfulness, faith. There does not seem to be anything harmful in these. Lastly, there is eagerness for union, love of God and man. Hindūs and Buddhists are entirely at one in prescribing these as qualifications for admission to the Path, and they are sometimes called the Probationary Path. They are virtues of which every religion is in favour. They are more precisely laid down in the eastern religions than in the western as definite qualifications, which must be developed to some extent before the Path itself can be entered. But the Path of Purification of the Roman Catholic is the same as this Probationary Path. Even if there were no Path, if it be only a beautiful dream, yet the men who developed these qualifications would be better citizens and better members of the community than those in whom they were not developed. Surely there can be nothing harmful in preparatory

teaching of that kind, which, we say, leads to a knowledge of the Masters.

The second and third stages of the Roman Catholic are covered by the five Initiations of the Hindū and Buddhist. The first of these is the Parivrājaka, the homeless man, according to the Hindūs. For he is seeking for his home in a higher region, and earth has no longer power to hold him. The Buddhists call it the Sroṭapatti, and speak of the new Initiate as 'he who has entered the stream,' of which the other shore is Masterhood. In that he may stay for seven lives; before he leaves it he must cast wholly off the 'fetters,' which are doubt, superstition and the sense of separateness. Surely again there is nothing harmful. And then, when those are wholly thrown aside, the second Initiation comes, the Kutichaka, 'he who builds a hut,' for he becomes the builder of his subtle bodies, and makes them capable of activity in the higher planes of existence. The Buddhist calls him the Sakṛdāgāmin, he who takes but one more compulsory birth. Then the third, the Hamsa, "I am He," called by the Buddhists the Anāgāmin, "he who receives (compulsory) birth no more". Herein he casts off all passion of every kind, utterly and forever, and all possibility of anger, even the subtlest and most refined. There again there is nothing harmful, even if you do not believe. And the striving after these is the treading of the path. Then he becomes the Paramahamsa, "above the I," or what the Buddhists call the Arhat, the venerable. He is on the verge of union, compulsory rebirth for him is over, and when he has cast off the fetters which still clog his feet, the last traces of desire for any special life in the form or the formless worlds, when he has thrown away pride,

when he cannot be disturbed or shaken, when ignorance falls off from him as a veil, then he has reached human perfection, and then, and then only, can he present himself for the fifth great Initiation, that which makes the Master, the Jīvanmukṭa, the liberated Spirit, the perfect Man. He is crowned with knowledge, he reaches the last goal that can be reached by man, and he becomes the Immortal, the Free, the Master of life and death, the Man who has become divine, a Saviour of the world. By the treading of that Path is the Master made.

I ask you to judge what in it there is that can be harmful to any human being, what in that teaching, known to the most ancient faiths and believed in practically by ourselves, can harm any country in which we happen to be citizens. That is what we are trying to do; that is the goal we are endeavoring to reach; and if amidst the storm of detraction we remain peaceful and happy, it is because to some extent we have acquired some of the qualifications which are demanded by the ideal towards which we strive.

I am Irish by birth and temperament, with the hot temper of my native land. When I was a freethinker and a politician, I was not the most peaceable of human beings, but struck hard with pen and tongue when struck. If I am not mingling in these newspaper controversies in Madras and Bombay, it is because in so doing I should only embitter strife, and I may not use the weapons of untruth and misrepresentation used by my antagonists. I have the right to defend the Society, but I would fain try first to exhaust enmity by forbearance, rather than give reviling for reviling, or railing for railing. Without the use of very plain speech, which would hurt the feelings of my assailants, no effective

answer is possible. Let us try if good life and silence will avail against vituperation and slander. I believe that truth wins by life rather than by talk; and I, who know how to use both tongue and pen in defence of aught that I believe to be good, I would not, if I can avoid it, speak one word to injure one human heart, nor reply with one bitter sentence to all the bitterness that has been heaped on that which I love more than life. For the world is so built that victory in the long run lies with truth and not with falsehood. You may attack, slander, abuse, you may impute motives and say cruel things without investigation into whether they be true or not. There are two ways of answering an attack: to fling back mud for the mud that is thrown, or to follow the example of the great Teachers of the world and realise that "hatred ceases not by hatred, but hatred ceases by love". And so this afternoon I have tried only to explain our position, and to show you why we believe, and what the effect of such belief must be upon conduct. I ask you, if you will, to ask yourselves whether there is anything in that belief which is not noble and worthy, which is not likely to inspire to noble living and to help men to strive towards all that is best and purest in humanity. We do not do you any harm, we Theosophists; I may go further and say that we have done you much of good. Before Theosophy was heard of in India, Zoroastrianism, Hindūism and Buddhism were despised and looked down upon by the western world. Even Government admits that Theosophy has had a great share in the revival of Hindūism; but I will tell you where we do sometimes make enemies. We are against the rigid literal interpretation of dogmas that cause bitterness and controversy

in the modern world. We speak for liberty, tolerance, width of view, the striking off modern excrescences upon the ancient faiths, and we show how their noblest promises are possible of realisation to-day. Contrast the India of to-day with the India of 1880, and you will measure something of the change that the teaching of the Ancient Wisdom has brought into your land. And so we ask that you will at least give us credit for good intentions, that you will realise that we are doing our best even if, not knowing us, you think many ill things of us. All through the world's history, leaders of a new religious movement have been attacked and reviled, and yet in the long run they are recognised as light-bringers to the world. If only I could share with any one of you, who misunderstand us, the strength and the joy, the power and the serenity, that come from the knowledge that the Masters *are*, that we are not orphans in a world bereft of God, that we do not cry out and have no answer, that we are not deserted in a desert, without a guide, without a friend. I bear you witness, I who know, that what your Scriptures tell you is true; that there is a subtle body of the Spirit that can leave the physical, and know what in the physical body you cannot know; what your teachers have taught you and you have forgotten. If you believed Hindūism—you do not really believe it or you would not laugh at us who do believe it—then you would know that its glories are true and possible for you to realise, that all the greatest things that religion has promised are promises of truth and are not lies, that men can climb the Path, can scale the mountain. If you do not agree with us, at least let us go our own way, doing our work, striving to help, to comfort and to console.

We cannot keep to ourselves the truth we know, but we never attack the faith of another man. We cannot remain silent where we are bidden to speak, but we speak gently and persuasively, and we blame none if they do not believe. And so, friends, whether you agree with us or not, take at least this thought from me, who know the existence of the Masters to be truth and light and life; if it be true, no attacks upon it can prevent the spreading of the truth; if it be a dream and false, it will perish by its own falsehood. In the days of the childhood of Christianity a wise Jewish Judge once spoke a word of wisdom. The teachers of Christianity were brought before him as disturbers of the peace, as madmen stirring up the commonwealth. "Refrain from these men and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

I repeat to you in the twentieth century those words spoken in the first. The fire of time tries every work and will burn up the stubble; only the pure gold will remain. We are content to stand that test. We are willing to face the world with our message, and to be, as our forerunners were, despised, rejected of men. Some of you will believe, for your heart will answer to the message; some of you will answer, for your own past will voice itself in heart and brain. For you who do not believe, and are angry because we believe where you do not, on you may there be the blessing of the Peace which is incarnated in the Masters, and may the Light come to you from other lips and in other ways, although from us you may despise it and reject it.

Annie Besant

Basque,' to the subdued humming of drum and guitar. They were both dressed in blue satin—the Spanish dress—and had tambourines. Slowly the dance, almost Moorish in its immobility of limbs, began, a swaying hither and thither: it grew swifter and swifter, till they seemed two blue tongues of flame, swaying and dashing up under the moon-like light of the electricity. And the old legend seemed true of these two who were Basques, from the 'mysterious people' of the Hescualdun; they were indeed "son and daughter of the Initial Fire," born of the Fire-dragon hissing under the Pyrenean Range, where the knights of mediæval Europe came to seek the Grail. The muffled, strange sound of the drum recalled the impression of their national cry, the "Terinzina," which no one who hears it forgets. Such sounds live only where Atlantean blood still throbs, on isles that were summits of the lost continent.

And behind them seemed to rise the mute, gigantic figures of the Atlantean world, of the Chinese stone Dragons watching in Temples of the Far East, amidst vast plains—of the Sphinx under the violet sky of the Desert, of Easter Island in the desert of the seas, where the huge statues of Lemurian art look to the West, waiting.

All the vague, deep, reminiscences of human eclosion, dormant in every soul, linking all—for all have been through these stages of past races, each of us through the race of each of our fellow-men—all this was stirred up. And I regretted to see no child of the race of the Euskara, no Basque called to the Congress of Races in Europe, no spark of the 'Initial Fire' with its bright purple playing on our hearts.

Neither was there a child of another hearth of humanity, no gleam from the Northern Light of Iceland. Iceland, the land of the green ray that glides over the cold waters of the extreme North, that ray that touches with its glamour—so seldom beheld—the shores of the Hebrides, as it lit millions of years ago the sky of new-born Humanity.¹ Iceland, which for four centuries, through the Middle Ages, was the sanctuary of the old chivalrous pagan Ideals of the Vikings. Iceland, that has just fulfilled its thousand years of life, as a member of 'civilised' humanity. But how old? how wise? Only her geysers, foaming with hot silver spray, under the pale skies of polar summer, under the dark skies of grimmest winter, eternal like the springs of Life—only they could tell; and the ice that covers the dead glory of Hyperborea, of Groenland, her sister, the 'Green Land' of the First Spring.

The Saga of Nial shows the first court of justice held in Iceland on a coral volcanic rock, in a chasm, over the Mystery of Earth—under the indicible tenderness of the sunlit, rosy night of May or June.

They know so much, they could teach the younger peoples—and yet none of them was called.

The United Races aspired to build their Future and yet forgot their common Past. When an Armenian spoke, he spoke only of modern strife and Turkish rule. To none it occurred how sacred was the ancient land, at the foot of the range of Prometheus, where—in some rocky desert—still may sit the mighty statue of Gää, our Mother-Earth, raised by the hand of Hettea.² The land where the Amazons—that enigma of human

¹ *The Popol-Vuh.* v, the account of the dawn of creation and arrival of the Gods.

² See Sayce's splendid book, *Hettea, the History of a Forgotten Kingdom.*

evolution—fought the first battles of woman, and conquered. In the dimmest recesses of memory they still gleam

Le fier profil d'une guerriere d'Ophir
... Son casque aux ailes d'or ...

The heroic image is still to be seen on the beautiful Etrurian Sarcophagus in Florence. Etruria! even she was forgotten, and yet Italian Science and Italian Art were represented by names well-known to students and thinkers—Italian names, maybe of those families who sometimes, in a careless perusal of antique stones on their domains, in some still evening twilights, read in Etruscan characters this very name, their own.

It may then be suggested to future Congresses to give one part of their time to the common memories of mankind. The name and image of a mother has often stilled bitterest enmity between brothers driven apart by life. Nor should any of the living be excluded. Not only those who live far apart from the rest, like Iceland, or the sweetest isle of the Pacific whence the summons came for the next Congress to assemble *there*—in Honolulu. But the sylph-like charm of its beauty did not suffice to induce assent.

Nor should those be forgotten who hold now the land where the cradle of modern Aryan Europe stood—the peoples of Central Asia, of whom none pronounced even the name.

And yet how strong, how strange, the vibrations of that ancient soil, of the old legends dormant on it with the sands of the Kara-Kum, the Black Desert, of the Kizil-Kum, the Red Desert—how strong they are still! One night I knew them. I was going into the heart of Central Asia and was half-asleep in my

commodious Russian car, when a peculiar hollow sound of the train roused me and, looking out of the window, I saw we were crossing a small bridge. Under it a silver, moon-lit current ran into the night of distant mounts: the Herirud! the River of Horus, the stream of Afghanistan, the only 'Hermit-country' on Earth, now Korea's yellow rocks are unveiled. It ran between its steppes of sand, its jungles of tamarisks hiding up north mines of rubies and of turquoises, nourishing gardens of fairy-fruit like the crystal-apples of Aladdin... it ran to the forbidden cities and to the cave of the Seven Sleepers, who woke but twice: when Hazrat Esah came—the Christ—and when the Prophet passed here. Here had passed Alexander the Great to his world-throne of Ecbatane; here he met Rosana on the cliffs of the Sogdian fortress—and fittingly Egypt made the image of their son into an image of Horus. Here, in his steps, the rosy light of Greek art shone into the moonshine of Persian lore, like a ghost-light in a ruined desert-temple. Here the disciple, the divine disciple, Jesus, came to bid farewell to his Mother, on His way to the Old Path of Wisdom open in India, the Path to which lead all roads to Unity.

Nina de Gernet

[This pleading, early in 1911, had no effect. The attack, becoming ever more virulent, continued to be met by silence until the autumn of 1912. At last I was dragged into the law-courts. Even there, to my own great loss, I clung to the higher law, and did not seek to injure my antagonist more than was absolutely necessary to protect his son. Mr. Justice Oldfield blames me for not putting Mr. Krishnamurti into the box. I would not, to defend myself, outrage all Hindū feeling by making the son bear witness against the father. It is pretty certain, now that the matter is out of my hands, that the English lawyers in defending the young man, will—especially after Mr. Justice Oldfield's indication—put him into the box, and justify me where I would not justify myself. I still believe that at last—it may be a long last—"Truth conquers, not falsehood."]

CHILD-MARRIAGE

Sweet daughter of the Motherland
 I loved your baby-face,
 You stole away the heart with your
 Bewitching baby-grace:
 "Behold it was but yesterday
 That you were born," I sighed;
 "But by the jewel at your throat
 You are a baby-bride!"

A widow's white, unbroidered veil
 They wove the little wife;
 To show her how the glory had
 Departed from her life;
 And she, sedate and solemn-eyed,
 Must sit in solitude.
 Alas! the locust-eaten years
 Of hopeless widowhood!

Now tho' men quake at Death, He is
 More merciful than man;
 He does not seek to lay upon
 A babe, a widow's ban.
 When Death held out his mighty arms
 For refuge and for rest,
 The weary baby-widow fell
 Asleep upon his breast.

K. F. Stuart

TOWARDS THE NEXT RACES CONGRESS

A SUGGESTION

By NINA DE GERNET, F. T. S.

THE heart is wiser and knows more than the 'reason'—thus the Pythagorean's thought. It occurred to me several times during the Races Congress in the summer of 1911. Science, diplomacy, international links of industry, commerce and art—this is all very well. It does help, it makes things clearer. But one touch of high emotion—of the buddhic plane—one glimpse of the Spirit-Truth behind the dream of earthly life, that brings people together and rivets them with chains of love eternal. It makes our enemy our own kin with a clearness, a self-evidency, no reasoning can give.

How easy it would be to render the nations dear and interesting to each other by some of these simple means, a 'passing' impression of art or of everyday life with an all-human vibration in it. I shall never forget the first appearance in this my life of the first nation that was born in Europe, the only European aboriginal people; the Basque. It was in the North, in Russia, in a 'summer theatre' near the Baltic; a Spanish company of guitarists and dancers was performing. They looked cold and weary and the audience was cold also. Then, at the close, a man and a girl came up for the 'Danse

QUALITY VERSUS QUANTITY

By CAPTAIN E. G. HART, F. T. S.

THE most fundamental idea in the world is that of increase, and this applies as much to societies, with perhaps a few abnormal exceptions here and there, as to individuals. Our own Society has been no exception to the rule, and no sooner does the average member join it than he yearns to bring all his relatives and friends within its charmed circle as well, feeling that it cannot but be as beneficial for them as it has been for him. Now if we were all built on one and the same pattern and were at the same stage of evolution this would not matter; but we are not. There is no use blinking our eyes to the fact that Theosophy appeals only to a certain number of the forty-nine types and sub-types, and then only to those who have reached a certain stage in their evolution. This, of course, is one of those occult truths with which we can hardly expect the beginner to be conversant, but it is certainly one with which the average member should acquaint himself and which he should impress upon the novice.

The result of this enthusiastic but not otherwise policy has been that a number of people have been brought into the Society who have been in no way fitted for membership in it, either because they are not of the types to whom it appeals, or else because they have not arrived at the proper stage of evolution; and it is

undoubtedly due to their introduction into the Society that most of our 'troubles' have been brought about. It is true that these 'troubles' have all turned out to be for the good of the Society in a most wonderful way, as for instance in this year 1913, when it seems that we shall have a phenomenal increase of members owing to the advertisement we have had through them; but still that does not mean that we should consciously employ methods which we see to be wrong, even though Those who are responsible for the direction of the Society on the higher planes do utilise our mistakes for the good of the world.

It should be realised that progress can be made in two directions, that is to say in quantity and in quality, which may be said to correspond to matter and Spirit. Progress in both directions is essential, if we do not wish to become lopsided in our development. Our numbers at the end of this year should be about twenty-five thousand, and they are well scattered all over the intellectual world. It is for us now seriously to consider whether the time has not come when we should call a halt to recruiting as far as consciously directed efforts go, and turn all our energies towards inner organisation and improvement. It is now very apparent that we did not come into being as a Society for mere moral and intellectual dilletantism, although it is possible to contrive such a purpose from the original prospectus. There is a very definite goal before us, but it is by no means an easy one to attain to. It will take our very best to reach it, and we can only apply our best by turning our attention to it and improving ourselves by all the means in our power. In an army it is recognised that a regiment whose factor of efficiency in musketry is '80 is worth more than two regiments whose factors are

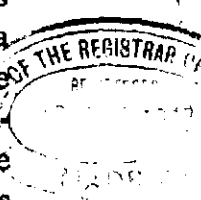
only '40, for it will obtain as many hits in action and will eat less and require less in the shape of auxiliary services than the other two. In the same way a Lodge of half a dozen really earnest members will do the cause of Theosophy far more good than another of twice to three times the number of easy-going ones. All movements must start by enlisting numbers, so as to have the raw material on which to work, as well as to get itself known and to enlist sympathisers as well as the active fighters: after a while there must come a weeding out and disciplining process, and it would seem that we have now arrived at this stage.

It is not a pleasant stage at all. It is so very much easier to wave flags and shout 'hurrah,' and to go about telling everyone what a fine cause is ours; and it is so very dull and boring to start goose-stepping and to sit down to an ordered discipline of doing what one is told to do within a certain time. It is a stage which we must make up our minds to accept, however, if we mean to be among those who are to be present at Armageddon and the other fights, great and small, which are to be our lot as a Society. We started on the general principle of brotherhood, just as Garibaldi started on the general cry of freedom for Italy; but Italy would never have gained her freedom had his followers been content to go shouting about freedom and do nothing else. Doubtless then, too, as now, those who disliked doing anything else but shouting about freedom made a noise at being gently ejected from the ranks of his followers; and possibly even gave many of those who remained doubts and fears as to the eventual success of their cause when so many were leaving it and making attacks on the integrity of their leaders: yet

looking back on it all we can see that Italy would probably never have been free had these valiant chin-waggers remained in the field.

So we must not waste regrets over the defection of those who have been shaken out and are now in the process of being got rid of, but at the same time we must make the process as easy a one as possible. For the most part *they* are not to blame, but *we*, who have induced them to enter the Society. A retreat is always unpleasant, and there are few to whom a retreat from a Society with ideals as great as our own cannot but be intensely disagreeable as an acknowledgment of a failure to be able to live up to them. It must be all the harder as in many cases they are as far and perhaps often further advanced in evolution than many of us, but, like brilliant mathematical but poor classical scholars, may feel that it is useless their remaining on at a school where the latter branch counts by far the most. There are other societies and groups where these members may be able to do far more useful work towards that evolution for which we are all working, and because they leave us we must not adopt an attitude of superiority or pity, or look upon them as blacklegs. Such behaviour on our part will only serve to embitter future relations and cause unnecessary friction with the groups which they join, and can do our Society no possible good whatever.

At the same time there must be no hesitation now in trying to get rid of those who are not with us, for if they are not for us they must be against us, whilst they remain in the Society. There should be the less hesitation in such a course of action when we remember that there is very little difference between what a member and one interested in, but not a member of, the Society



can get out of Theosophy in the shape of information and all other material advantages, and in fact non-members often get a larger share of attention and interest than do newly-joined members whose needs are as great. Whilst we are thus clearing our ranks of the disaffected and half-hearted, we must also take steps to see that no more of the same sort join, and one of the best methods would appear to be that adopted in Freemasonry, where no one is allowed to ask another to become a member, but each must do so on his own initiative. This does not mean that obstacles should be placed in the way of membership, but simply that neither advice nor encouragement one way or the other should be given. Further, it would seem to be open to consideration whether full membership should not only be accorded after a probationary period during which stock should be taken of the candidate. There are of course innumerable dangers and pitfalls in the way of such a procedure, but at the same time there seems to be some urgency for a change in the present very easy-going conditions of membership.

There can be no doubt that membership in the Society would be far more highly valued and sought after if it were made more difficult of attainment, and there are many who at present take it lightly who would probably become far more energetic if the conditions were made more difficult. Of course this ought not to be so, but we have to deal with facts as they are and not as they ought to be. It would not be a bad thing if those proposing and seconding candidates were made to feel more personally responsible, and in some way be held to blame when one of these turned out a black sheep. We shall not be doing the world or individuals any

harm in thus refusing them membership on easy terms. It may here and there serve to keep out one who is keen and might develop later into a good Theosophist; but those who are really keen will not be put off by the more difficult conditions of membership, and we shall be well rid of the Mr. Wemmick breed, the type who say: "Hallo! here's a Society: let us join it." Pure Theosophy is only for the few, or rather only for certain types and classes of people, and they will do better by studying the others and watering down the pure Theosophy they know so as to suit them.

It is along the line of internal development and progress that we must now travel for awhile, and both as Lodges and as individuals we should consider how we can advance the cause of Theosophy. It will be by the probity of the lives of individual members and by the energy and well-doing of Lodges that the right sort of people will be attracted into the Society, and that men generally will be drawn to study the truths of Theosophy. There must be no more internal quarrels and treacheries, or fighting over insignificant details. We have a great goal in view, and we can only reach it if we are united in our policy and in our devotion to our leaders, and this we can only be by sinking our own opinions on details and subordinating them to the opinions of those who have shown us the way to think straightly on the greater issues of life. Bernard Shaw has scoffed at soldiers for their unthinking devotion in the carrying out of the commands of their superiors, a devotion which has been well immortalised by Tennyson in his 'Charge of the Light Brigade':

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.

And yet a higher stage of evolution may be shown in this apparently unthinking devotion than is even dreamt of in the Shavian philosophy; for a man who has learnt to 'reason why', and then learns to subordinate that power as a sacrifice, is surely superior to one who can only reason and insists on doing it in and out of season, so that people shall not forget about it. One cannot help thinking that among those who rode to sudden death at Balaclava there were many of this breed, and we, who have not only Balaclavas but Thermopylaes and Armageddons ahead, must develop the same great spirit of self-sacrifice as inspired them, if we wish to see our cause triumphant and our ideals realised.

E. G. Hart

THE UNIVERSALITY OF WALT WHITMAN

By MARGUERITE POLLARD, F. T. S.

I charge you forever reject those who would expound
me for I cannot expound myself,
I charge that there be no theory or school founded out
of me,
I charge you to leave all free, as I have left all free.
I call to the world to distrust the accounts of my friends,
but listen to my enemies, as I myself do.

IT is with the memory of this charge in their minds that the friends of Walt Whitman must always write about their prophet. It is no easy matter "to leave all free," to cast out the self and the limitations of our own personalities and to enter into the boundless world of this great teacher. Prejudices, conventions, antipathies, are difficult to cast aside, but they must be cast aside if the universality of the poet, his most striking characteristic, is to be appreciated.

Come, said the Muse,
Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted,
Sing me the Universal.

In these words Walt Whitman announced what he felt to be his peculiar poetic vocation—his right to declare the goodness of all things:

Nothing is sinful to us outside of ourselves, whatever appears, whatever does not appear, we are beautiful or sinful in ourselves only.

If we are lost, no victor else has destroy'd us,
It is by ourselves we go down to eternal night.

So there is nothing in all the universe that is forbidden, there is nothing in itself that is hurtful or evil but as man makes it so by his own evil and unclean thoughts :

All is eligible to all,
All is for individuals, all is for you,
No condition is prohibited, not God's or any.

Great is "keen-eyed towering science," but the soul is above all science :

For it the partial to the permanent flowing,
For it the real to the ideal tends,
For it the mystic evolution,
Not the right only justified, what we call evil also justified.

In the Great Plan of spiritual and intellectual evolution there is no waste, there is no mistake, nothing is to be regretted ; in time the masks will be cast aside, and from craft and guile and tears shall emerge health and universal joy :

Out of the bulk, the morbid and the shallow,
Out of the bad majority, the varied countless frauds of men and states,
Electric, antiseptic yet, cleaving, suffusing all,
Only the good is universal.

Other poets and prophets have heard the "still sad music of humanity," but to no other has it been given to hear more clearly the Song of the Risen Saviours, who having descended into the lowest hell return with triumphant feet to the highest heaven.

Listen to the wondrous words of hope and joy :

Over the mountain-growths disease and sorrow,
An uncaught bird is ever hovering, hovering,
High in the purer, happier air.
From imperfection's murkiest cloud,
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light,
One flash of heaven's glory.

To fashion's, custom's discord,
To the mad Babel-din, the deafening orgies,
Soothing each lull a strain is heard, just heard,
From some far shore the final chorus sounding.

O the blest eyes, the happy hearts,
That see, that know the guiding thread so fine,
Along the mighty labyrinth.

There is no liberation for man so long as he is under the illusion of the opposites, no deliverance from evil except through the realisation that there is no evil, no cessation of hatred but through love, no conquest of Death but through the certainty of Immortality, no happiness in separation but only in union. Life in manifestation is an ever-becoming, a growth or evolution of spiritual faculties ; to this end the Great Mother clothes her children for a time in garments of flesh.

All, all for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping all,
Nature's amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.

This is the thought that the poet would fain utter and in which he would have all whom he loves believe :

Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld, withhold not from us
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Do we deceive ourselves ? are we fond dreamers living in some fool's paradise unconscious of the hard realities of life ?

Is it a dream ?
Nay, but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.

A belief in the universal imparts to the soul a power of synthesis. Anyone who is free of the illusions of the opposites walks among men as a reconciler of opposites, unifying contending factions, fusing and

aggregating races and nations and holding up the ideal of a united humanity.

Therefore when Walt Whitman listened to "the Phantom by Ontario's shore," he heard the voice arise demanding bards to fuse the States into "the compact organism of a Nation". Politically they were already a nation but

To hold men together by paper and seal or by compulsion is no account,

That only holds men together which aggregates all in a living principle, as the hold of the limbs of the body or the fibres of plants.

With veins full of poetical stuff, he felt that of all races and eras the States had most need of poets, and that they were destined to have greater poets than those of Europe and the eastern World.

The immortal poets of Asia and Europe have done their work and pass'd to other Spheres,

A work remains, the work of surpassing all they have done.

Feeling strongly that the poet with his "soul of love and tongue of fire," with his power of idealising and of reconciling is the "leader of leaders," the divine unifier, Walt Whitman was at pains to indicate the task he should set himself. In thus describing the bard of the future as the poet of *America*, Walt Whitman showed his awareness of the great mission America will hold to the rest of the world in the development of those ideals of unity which are to be pre-eminently characteristic of the coming Sixth Race.

"The poet of these States is the equable man"; he must sound the notes of Universality, of Equality and Liberty. Let no man rashly arrogate to himself this great office or "he shall surely be questioned beforehand by me with many and stern questions". If he

has merely come to say what has already been better said, let him be silent for

Rhymes and rhymers pass away, poems distill'd from poems pass away,

The swarms of reflectors and the polite pass, and leave ashes.

Admirers, importers, obedient persons, make but the soil of literature.

He masters whose spirit masters,

He or she is greatest who contributes the greatest original practical example.

He must have studied the land, its idioms and men, he must have left all feudal processes and poems behind him and have assumed the poems and processes of Democracy, he must be very strong and really of the whole people, not of some coterie, school or "mere religion," but possessed of a message that answers universal needs, that will improve manners and meet "modern discoveries, calibres, facts, face to face".

Whitman's portrait of the true bard of humanity is glorious in its Titanic force. His great organ-voice peals forth eloquently in praise of this ideal being and forces from us the conviction: "Thou art the Man."

Of these States the poet is the equable man,

Not in him but off from him things are grotesque, eccentric, fail of their full returns,

Nothing out of its place is good, nothing in its place is bad,

He bestows on every object or quality its fit proportion, neither more nor less,

He is the arbiter of the diverse, he is the key,

He is the equaliser of his age and land,

He supplies what wants supplying, he checks what wants checking,

In peace, out of him speaks the spirit of peace, large, rich, thrifty, building populous towns, encouraging agriculture, arts, commerce, lighting the study of man, the soul, health, immortality, government,

In war he is the best backer of the war, he fetches artillery as good as the engineer's, he can make every word he speaks draw blood,

The years straying toward infidelity he withholds by his steady faith.

He is no arguer, he is judgment, (Nature accepts him absolutely)

He judges not as the judge judges, but as the sun falling round a helpless thing,

As he sees the farthest he has the most faith,

His thoughts are the hymns of the praise of things,

In the dispute on God and eternity he is silent,

He sees eternity less like a play with a prologue and denouement,

He sees eternity in men and women, he does not see men and women as dreams and dots.

This marvellous many-sided complex being, this ideal, was never more fully incarnate than in Whitman himself. None was ever more fitted to sing the songs of the universal than he, nor did he hesitate to claim his heritage:

Give me the pay I have served for.

Give me to sing the songs of the great Idea, take all the rest.

For the great Idea, the idea of perfect and free individuals,

That, O my brethren, is the mission of poets.

Students of Indian philosophy are familiar with the idea that the universe is a projection of the Universal Mind held stable by the force of the Universal Will. In man there exists a similar power of projecting and holding stable thought, and though he cannot say with Brahmā that the whole universe would crumble into nothingness if for one instant He withdrew his attention from it, yet to some powerful thinkers it is given to project thought-forms that exist for centuries. In every age the Manu, or out-thinker, of humanity projects the new ideals which mankind has to realise or materialise in the coming cycle. For the coming Sixth Race the ideal is that of solidarity, of universality, and all who sound their note are His servants, builders of the new age.

Universality, however, implies absence of all sense of separateness or isolation, therefore it is not possible for the builders or out-thinkers of the new era to sever themselves from the past or in any way to repudiate it. They must not reject precedents but "initiate the true use of precedents," seek not to blot out the past but to reconcile the past and the present with the future. Whitman recognises this reconciliation as part of his poetic work:

I, chanter of pains and joys, *uniter of here and hereafter*,
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them.

In the poem called 'With Antecedents,' he shows how the present has grown out of the past and how true the ideals of past ages were:

We touch all laws and tally all antecedents,
We stand amid time beginningless and endless,
All swings around us, there is as much darkness as light.
As for me
I have the idea of all, and am all and believe in all,
I believe materialism is true and spiritualism is true, I reject no part.

(Have I forgotten any part? anything in the past?
Come to me whoever and whatever, till I give you recognition.)

I respect Assyria, China, Teutonia, and the Hebrews,
I adopt each theory, myth, god and demi-god,
I see that the old accounts, bibles,
Genealogies, are true without exception,
I assert that all past days were what they must have been,

And that they could no-how have been better than they were,

And that to-day is what it must be, and that America is,
And that to-day and America could no-how be better than they are.

I know that the past was great and the future will be great,

And I know both are curiously conjoint in the present time.

In 'Passage to India,' while singing, as he says, the "great achievements of the present," all the marvels of

our modern civilisation which rival the famous seven wonders of the ancient world, Whitman asks: "What is the present after all but a growth of the past?"

The past is infinitely great and the present is utterly formed and impelled by it. Not only will he sing of the "strong, light work of engineers," of the mighty railroads and "seas inlaid with eloquent gentle wires," but also of "the dark unfathom'd retrospect, the sleepers and the shadows".

Although a prophet of a new worship, the poet of explorers, engineers and machinists, singing of roaring locomotives and the "shrill steam whistle," yet he is also the first

.....to sound, and ever sound, the cry with thee,
O soul,
The Past! the Past! the Past!

He would see "the past lit up again," the retrospect brought forward.

Not you alone proud truths of the world,
Nor you alone ye facts of modern science,
But myths and fables of old, Asia's, Africa's fables,
The far-darting beams of the spirit, the unloos'd dreams,
The deep-diving bibles and legends,
The daring plots of the poets, the elder religions;
O you temples fairer than lilies pour'd over by the rising sun!

O you fables spurning the known, eluding the hold of the known, mounting to heaven!

You lofty and dazzling towers, pinnacled, red as roses, burnished with gold!

Towers of fables immortal fashion'd from mortal dreams!

You too I welcome and fully the same as the rest!

You too with joy I sing.

It was a grand conception to sing materialism equally with spiritualism, to reconcile the here and the hereafter, to rejoice in the physical universe but at all times to see behind it the spiritual universe and to glory in it too, a grand conception and gloriously accomplished.

Greater than all the partial revelations of former teachers, greater than all the diverse ideals of earlier poets, was this justification of *the whole* earth by Walt Whitman:

Nature and Man shall be disjoin'd and diffused no more,
The true son of God shall absolutely fuse them.

For those that have heard the song of the universal there is no more fear, there is no more evil, no shrinking from experience, no clinging to particular times or localities. A trumpet-voice rings always in their ears:

Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless, O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
And we risk the ship, ourselves and all.
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! *are they not all the seas of God,*
O farther, farther, farther sail.

We who believe in the incarnation of great Ones among us may well ask who was this Man to whom so mighty a message was given, who this poet who came to sing of no less than the All, this great out-thinker projecting ideals for the coming Race; but there is none to tell us:

The master songs are ended
And the man who sang them is a name,
And so is God a name and Love and Life and Death
And everything.
But we who are too blind to read what we have written
Do not understand, we only blink and wonder.
Last night it was *the man* who was the song,
To-day it is *the song* that is the man.
We do not hear him very much to-day,
His piercing and eternal cadence
Rings too pure for us, too powerfully pure
Too lovingly triumphant and too large.
But there are some who hear and they do know
The song he sings to-day shall ring to-morrow
For all men and that all times shall listen.
The master songs are ended and the man that sang them
Is a name and so is God a name.

Marguerite Pollard

IS ANYTHING EVER LOST?

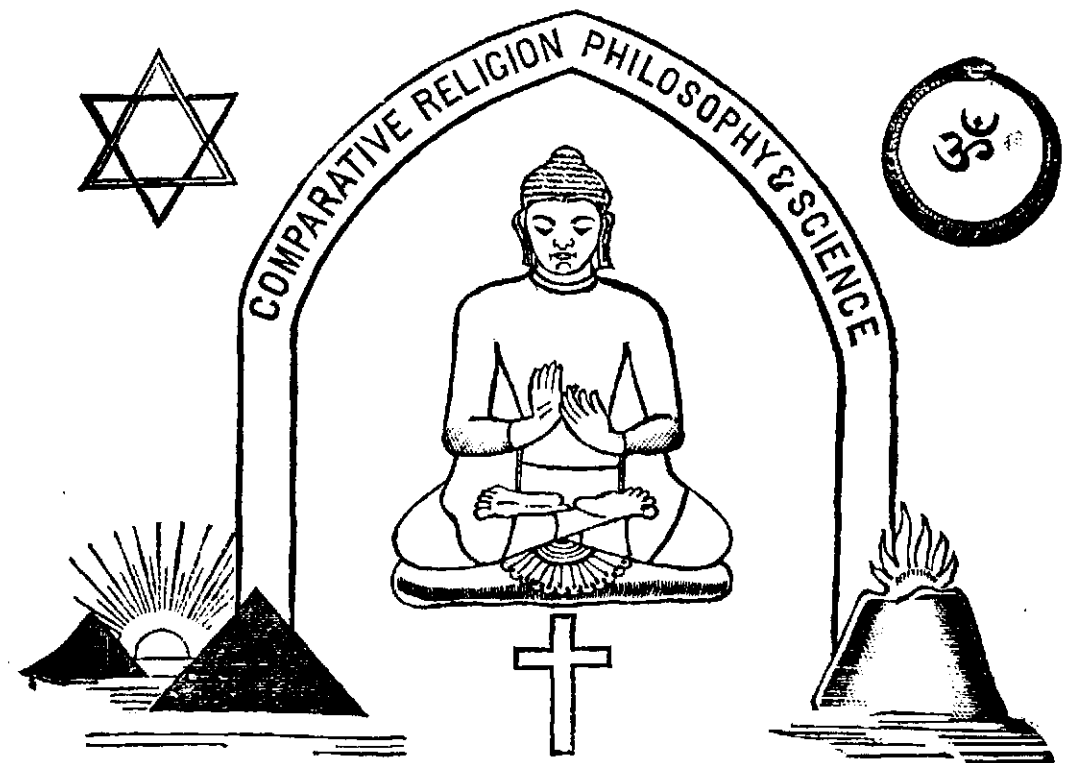
Our conception of the primeval, the ultimate and the eternal *Unity*, contradicted, counteracted and blurred by the apparent *multiplicity* in space, in time, and in world-processes (the evolution of kingdoms, stars, rings, rounds, races, and individuals), yet undoubtedly forever present in the Self, is at times, even if only for a few moments, reflected in our lower mentality as the Sun in the waterdrops, and becomes clear, axiomatic, unchallenged. It is wise to keep those moments of a higher vision, a greater comprehension and a wider consciousness constantly before our mind; if that is done, it will prevent us from falling into the fatal heresy of separateness.

One of those moments when the ever-changing, ever-moving panorama of past, present and future became lit up from within, its different views being united and concentrated in the Eternal Now, I will here put on record. Whenever I think of that scene, behold, *it is with me*, just as all experiences of this nature are, under similar circumstances.

On a fine spring morning a few years ago I was out walking, and I came to a street crossing, where in earlier days my beloved wife, now no more with us on the objective plane, had often met me. I recalled how she used to come round the corner with a bright, sunny smile, and in my thought I saw her come, now as then. Every moment my thought-form of her grew more vivid, and when with a sigh of sadness I spoke to myself: "*This was, and it is no more,*" the image suddenly grew quite concrete and life-like. It came very near to me, and I heard the dear, soft, loving voice breathe: "*I am here. I am with you now, as before, and so I will be. Our happiness that was still is. Nothing can take it away from us. What once becomes a fact cannot be undone.*" And she flitted close to me for a few steps and continued to smile, as she used to in the happy days of our long, unbroken friendship of our courtship and marriage. My sadness was gone. And when the beloved form disappeared, dissolved, I heard as a faint whisper those words, which to my intense delight she had so often spoken when with me in the body:

"*Useless would our love be, were it not to make both of us better than before.*"

JACOB BONGGREN



RSHI GĀRGYĀYANA'S PRANAVA-VĀDA¹

Translated by Babu Bhagavan Das

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

YOU are now met in conference in the city where the light of Theosophy came to me thirty-one years ago; where, a few days later, some friends, in conjunction with myself, had the privilege of starting a branch; and where, also shortly afterwards, as President of the

¹ This paper was originally read to a Theosophical Conference at Madura.

branch, I welcomed our late President-Founder on his first visit to the place, when he did me the honour to be my guest in my own house. In such circumstances, it cannot but be a source of intense gratification to me to find that the centre which we established for the spreading of Theosophy has grown in strength and is shedding its influence far and wide. May your Conference be an effective channel for the outpouring of the grace of the great Ones is my fervent prayer, as it is yours.

As regards what I have to say to you, a circumstance, which came to my notice just when the request for a paper from me for the Conference reached my hands from your Secretary, suggested the subject upon which I shall now offer some observations, in the hope that they may attract attention to a book which has, for some considerable time past, been a source of instruction and inspiration to me. I mean the *Pranava-Vāda*. The circumstance in relation to it which makes me speak about it is that as yet but few copies thereof have found their way out of the publisher's hands, though it is more than a year since two of the volumes appeared; thus leading to the inference that their contents are not as widely known as they, in my humble judgment, deserve to be. Among the innumerable services which Mrs. Besant has rendered to the thinking world since she became a Theosophist, none, I hold, is greater than the part she had in bringing about the publication of this richly annotated and scholarly translation of the ancient and unique treatise of Gārgyāyana, by the talented and erudite translator Babu Bhagavan Das, a born philosopher and metaphysician, whose labour of love

Publication of the *Pranava-Vāda*, an important service to the thinking world.

for years in this respect can never be too highly praised.

My opinion as to the worth of the work may seem exaggerated to persons who have not had the opportunity of becoming sufficiently acquainted with it.

Pranava-Vāda, a store-house of knowledge and wisdom.

But those who can bring themselves to peruse its pages in the right spirit will, I think, come to agree with me that they contain much wisdom and knowledge, which are not available in so short a compass and in so connected a form in the whole range of the extant Samskr̥t literature.

The aim of the venerable author, R̥shi Gārgyāyana, in writing the book, was to bring within the reach of a certain class of students—the middle class—accurate knowledge of the great outlines of the Indo-Āryan Philosophy, the highest yet vouchsafed to humanity in its present stage of evolution. I cannot do better here than to quote a few sentences from the concluding part of the R̥shi's preface.

Gārgyāyana's explanation for composing the work.

He writes:

The immediate occasion for the composition of the work, of which the contents have been indicated above may now be noted.

The science of the *Pranava* is necessary at the very outset of all study, because only by means of it are the reconciliation and synthesis of all sciences possible. Without the help of this supreme and all-comprehensive science, the various sciences, which are but parts of it, appear as disjointed, separate, independent and even mutually contradictory, as is shown in the *Nyāya* system of philosophy. For this reason larger and smaller works on the Science of the AUM have been written and used in all times, according to the needs and capacities of the races concerned, and the special requirements of each cycle. *Pranava-vivechini*, *Pranava-prabhā*, and *Pranava-pradīpikā* are previous works on the same subject, of very small extent and fit for the study of children.

There is the great *Pranavārṇava* also on the other hand. The present work, named *Pranava-Vāda*, has an extent of sixteen-thousand shloka-measures, and has been written in order to convey to youthful students some general knowledge of the science so far as I myself have been able feebly to gather it from our ancient works.

I pray that the many shortcomings of the work be forgiven, and I earnestly exhort all to study this illuminating science, in some way or other, as it is the very root of the knowledge contained in the Vedas with their Āṅgas and Upāṅgas, and is the only means of realising the true Unity of all things and beings. (Vol. I, pp. 7-8.)

That the author has performed the noble task, thus imposed upon himself, with consummate ability, goes without saying.

And it is equally certain that the method of exposition, adopted by him, was well suited to his time. But, it may be a question whether that is so at the present day. The author starts by taking as the symbol of Brahman, the Absolute, the Samskr̥t syllable Aum, or Pranava, which gives to the book, the name *Pranava-Vāda*, as distinguished from Ārambha-Vāda, Pariṇāma-Vāda and the like. The four letters making up the said syllable represent the four primal constituents of the Absolute. Of those letters, A, U and M only are patent, the fourth E being latent or hidden, as it were, in the rest. The coalescence of the last letter with the others, according to certain archaic rules of Samskr̥t grammar, resulting in the syllable, is said to illustrate the conjunction and disjunction of the primal constituents of the Absolute. From Aum, other letters come forth, viz., those forming the Gāyatrī and the Mahāvākyas. These, in their turn, give rise to the innumerable words of the Vedas as a whole. From them again proceeds the still larger vocabulary of the

The method adopted by the author.

Vedāṅgas, Upāṅgas and Shāstras endlessly. As the Aum represents the Absolute in its transcendence, so the Gāyatrī and the rest typify the Samsāra, or the infinite Kosmos and world-systems, issuing from and resting on the Absolute. All this would appear to most readers of the present day as mere juggling with words. But the sympathetic and attentive student will find that the method adopted by the author helps him in grasping the thoughts and ideas, which are naturally abstruse. Nay, he will see that the method is an ingenious, convenient and effective one for the systematic exposition of the philosophy.

The essential thing for the student, who is not repelled by the form of the exposition in question, is to master the idea underlying the whole book, as expressed in the Mahāvākya of the *Aṭharva Veda*, "Aham Eṭaṭ Na"—'I, This, Not.' The four constituents of the Absolute are 'Aham,' Ātmā or the Self (A in the symbol); 'Eṭaṭ,' Anātmā or the Not-Self (U in the symbol); Na, the relation between the two—a negation of one another (M in the symbol); and lastly, the Shakti, the energy, the necessity, the principle of the successive conjunction and disjunction of 'Aham' and 'Eṭaṭ,' the Self and the Not-Self, in and by the Negation; this Shakti (E in the symbol), being immanent in the Self and the Not-Self and the Negation.

Now in the aspect of the Absolute in Its transcendence and unlimitedness the 'Aham' is the one reality; the 'Eṭaṭ' being but a mere foil, as it were, posited and affirmed by the Self for the purposes of Its own Self-realisation and *simultaneously* negated as indicated by the 'Na,' the conjunctive and disjunctive relation between

The basic idea of the philosophy of the *Pranava-Vāda*.

the two. The affirmation and negation of the 'Eṭaṭ' being thus simultaneous in the Transcendent, Aham, the Self, remains the sole Reality—the Saṭ. But, in the aspect of the Absolute as Samsāra, the limited in the aggregate, the case is different. For, the affirmation and negation, which by their simultaneity cancel each other in the Transcendent, can operate and do operate in the limited aggregate only *successively*, becoming therein the universal and eternal law of action and reaction, expansion and contraction. The result of such successive action and reaction is to invest the Samsāra with a pseudo-reality, making it Saḍasaṭ, Real-Unreal. Herein, of course, Aham is the Real and the Eṭaṭ the Unreal. Furthermore as Aham is omnipresent and eternal and in conjunction everywhere and at all times with each and every one of the individual Eṭaṭs, making up the aggregate 'Samsāra,' this latter comes to possess a pseudo-infinity and a pseudo-eternity. The infinity consists of the countlessness of the individual Eṭaṭs constituting the aggregate. The eternity is by reason of the beginninglessness and endlessness of the Eṭaṭs themselves in the abstract; though with reference to any particular or concrete evolution of an individual Eṭaṭ, there is doubtless a beginning and an end. "Saṭyam, Jñānam, Anantaṁ Brahma," says the Mahāvākya. And Brahman is Anantaṁ, endless, in both Its aspects, Nir-guṇam the unmanifest, and Saguṇam the manifest. This last is nothing else than the infinite Kosmos, or the non-transcendent aspect of the Svabhāva of Brahman. In short, that Brahman, whether viewed as the root of the Ashvatṭha tree of Samsāra or as that tree itself, is "Anādyanantaṁ"—beginningless and endless—is the final conclusion of the Praṇava-Vādin or Brahma-Vādin.

Now, once the fundamental idea of the philosophy in question, very briefly indicated above, is assimilated by the student, he will find no difficulty in following the teachings in the book. The study thereof will, perhaps, be comparatively easier to Hindū students, inasmuch as the expositions are made to fall under heads familiar to them, for example, the Gāyatrī, the Mahāvākyas, the Ṛk, Vedas, and so on. I may also note that they will find that the veneration in which this part of their sacred writings has been held for ages is

Study of the treatise comparatively easy to Hindū students.

traceable most likely to the circumstance that, in some mysterious way, it contains the key to the ideation of Mahāviṣṇu, the Solar Logos, the Ruler of the system, with reference to the genesis, preservation and dissolution of the system, as well as to the processes taking place during the whole course of its life. As the work of guiding these processes is in the hands of the Trimūrti, Brahmā, Viṣṇu and Rudra and their Sub-Hierarchs, they alone know how to use the key with reference to the discharge of their respective functions. It appears that "Samsārapara," according to Gārgyāyaṇa, is the name of the language in which the ideation alluded to found original expression. Presumably, it is this language which is spoken of in the *Secret Doctrine*, as the Senzar language of the Hierarchy and the Adepts.

With these remarks, by way of preface, I now proceed to indicate the main contents of the six sections forming the treatise, now and then selecting special subjects treated of in certain important chapters for a somewhat detailed notice. In doing so, I shall, for the most part,

Probable reason for the veneration in which Veda is held by Hindūs.

The essence of the book.

make the author speak for himself, since his meaning none else can better convey, the R̥shi being, as the learned translator puts it in one place, possessed of profound insight into the very heart pulsations of world-processes and a marvellously comprehensive grasp alike of the Infinite and of the infinitesimal. Voluminous and subtle and at times intricate as his teaching may seem, yet I venture to say that nothing can excel it in its brevity and simplicity in its substance, as well as its utility from the practical point of view. For the essence of the whole book is that man's greatest teacher is the world around him; his best education, the patient, assiduous and unbiassed study thereof; and his highest dharma, the unswerving, perfect and joyous performance of every duty to hand, with the imperturbable conviction that amidst endless diversity the one Absolute Unity, which is eternal Peace, Bliss and Wisdom, is ceaselessly at work.

SECTION I

Turning now to the first section, it is called Sandhi-

The three ultimate constituents of the Absolute and the far-reaching law of tri-unity in world-processes and examples.

Prakṛti-Prakarana. It is a very short one and consists almost entirely of aphoristic statements which, without explanatory comment,

would seem hardly to interest the reader. However, this section, though, as recommended by the learned translator, it may be passed over in the first instance, yet the reader must necessarily return to it later on. For here the Ultimates in their primal nature are dealt with, together with their conjunctions and disjunctions and the far-reaching law of tri-unity emphasised. The

Ultimates, as will appear from what has been already said, are the Self, the Not-Self and the Relation between the two. This tri-unity in the Absolute, of course, necessarily manifests itself in the world-process, which is but the reflexion of the Absolute in the Limited. In other words, the world is triple everywhere and in all its departments. Examples thereof must be familiar to all. As, for instance: (1) being, non-being, and their mutual pervasion, i.e., becoming; (2) birth, life and death; (3) Prakṛti, Jīvātmā and Paramātmā; (4) saṁtva, rajas and tamas; (5) past, present and future. Now, with reference to the triune constituents, it should be re-

Absence of real succession and precedence in the tri-unity.

membered there is in reality no succession or Parasparaṭva. The view of succession is only from the

standpoint respectively of the two so eternally conjoined, as for instance, Jīva and Deha. For they are interdependent and, in truth, successionless. Every coalescence, relation, or conjunction of different things is essentially a denial of their difference. Thus, if many plants arise from one seed and many seeds from one plant, where is the difference between seed and plant? Because they are not different in reality, therefore is a combination, a mutual reproduction, of them possible. No doubt, for example, the past and the future appear as opposed to, and different from, each other, yet, neither of them is; only the present is, and it implies both the past and the future. Greatness and smallness, again, appear as hopelessly opposed; yet, neither is anything in reality; what is great from one standpoint, that same thing is small from another. Taking another instance, that in the statement that Ātmā is omnipotent, what is really implied is that the potencies of all three

years 117 and 138.¹ But there is nothing to prove that S. John's Gospel existed before the year 150.² For the arguments in support of these dates I must refer the reader to Mr. Mead's book. Two statements of Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis, have been taken as proofs of the authenticity of the Gospels of S. Mark and S. Matthew. These statements, which Papias is supposed to have made about the year 150, are reported to us by Eusebius more than one hundred and fifty years later. A certain John of Ephesus is alleged to have told Papias that Mark was the interpreter of Peter and had written down all that Peter had related about Christ, but without being instructed to do so. Now this script by Mark can never be the same as the Gospel attributed to that name, as, in the latter, the life of Christ is related in perfect order. Besides, even supposing the narrated words to be authentic—although reaching us through a report of more than a century and a half later—there is nothing to prove that the Peter here referred to is the Peter of the Gospels; so that it might be quite possible that Mark received his information from a person of no authority named Peter. Moreover the name of Jesus does not appear in this statement, but only that of Christ. Papias gives John as a reference for the truth of his statement, and later this John was identified by Jerome and Irenæus with S. John the author of the Fourth Gospel, although there is nothing to warrant this. On the contrary, Papias speaks of two different Johns.

Through the same channel (Papias-Eusebius) we learn that "Matthew wrote down the words of the Lord

¹ Mead: *The Gospels and the Gospel*, p. 146.

² *Ibid.* p. 122.

in Hebrew". Here again it is possible to understand "words of the Lord" in the sense we have already discussed above, but in any case it seems clear that their transcription cannot be identical with the *Gospel of S. Matthew* as we know it. The description given by Papias, "... sayings of the Lord in Hebrew which everybody interpreted as best he could," hints at difficulties in grasping their meaning which would not apply to the *Gospel according to S. Matthew*. Besides the Gospel could not be described as simply a transcription of the "words" or "sayings of the Lord". S. Justin, again, refers to the *Memoirs of the Apostles*, but the extracts he gives from them are never identical with what is said in the Gospels. There exists a theory that Mark, whose Gospel is the shortest, may have been the principal source of information for Matthew and Luke; but as the two last give a great many facts not mentioned by Mark, they must also have had some other source. Besides, *S. Mark's Gospel*, as we know it, is not supposed to be the original version but a second one, and I do not think that we can regard it as so approximately accurate as to have been the source of the other Gospels, especially as the authors of the latter are at so little pains to report what is told by Mark. For this reason some students of the subject have adopted the theory that the Gospels are not meant to be a history of the Founder of Christianity but a Confession of Faith. We also have the statements of those who have seen older manuscripts than those we possess now, regarding the important differences which existed between them and ours. S. Gregory of Nyssa, S. Jerome and S. Euthynius tell us that the last chapter of *Mark*, which treats of the

are conjoined; and the separate and exclusive mention of Ātmā is intended simply to show that the manifestation of the potencies is possible only in apparent separateness. That Negation, the third factor, is, and has a potency is clear from the fact that 'to not-do,' to refrain from doing, is also a power. Yet another instance is furnished by the procedure of all Shāstra, which is, having known such and such things as separate, in their diversity, let us know them as one, in their unity, in their relations with each other, whereby they are bound together and made an organic unity. Hence the incontestable conclusion that the coalesced AUM, which is the symbol of Brahman, is denial of the Many (as other than and separate or apart from the One) and an assertion of the fact that all is but the unperishing includes all differing things and abolishes all differences. It will thus be evident from this and the following sections that the purpose of this work is, in the opening words of the author in this section, to explain the

Explanation of the world-process; chief purpose of the work.

world-process, the laws that govern it, the order that prevails in it, and the necessity of every factor of it—

all as contained in and evolving out of the Absolute, symbolised by the three-lettered sound AUM.

S. Subramania Iyer

(To be continued)

IS JESUS CHRIST A HISTORICAL FIGURE?

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE, F. T. S.

(Concluded from p. 262)

WE now come to the Gospels.

Critics of the Gospels as historical documents have more than once drawn attention to the mythical elements which they contain.¹ A great number of facts related in the Gospels seem to echo old myths, especially Solar Myths. This is certainly an argument against the historical value of the Gospels, but, as a spiritual explanation has been given why and how this is so, I prefer to adduce other arguments for the incoherence of the Gospel version of the life of Christ.

The Gospels do not even pretend to be original documents, for their titles describe them as being *according to*, not *by*, S. Matthew, S. Mark, etc. Prior to the year 110 A. D. we find no trace of the Gospels, as Mr. Mead² concludes: "Neither in the genuine Pauline letters, our earliest historic documents, nor in any other Epistle of the New Testament, nor in the earliest extra-canonical documents traditionally attributed to Clemens Romanus and Barnabas, nor in the *Didache*." As to their dates, Mr. Mead thinks it probable that the three first were written between the

¹ A. Besant: *Esoteric Christianity*. Drews: *Christus Myths*, and many others.

² Mead: *The Gospels and the Gospel*, p. 101.

Resurrection, was not to be found in the oldest manuscripts, and that the seventh verse of I *John*, v. ("Ipsi sunt qui testimonium," etc.) was only found by them in the Syriac texts. It is more or less accidental that we have these statements, but that does not at all mean that there are no other differences. As we saw before, S. Jerome complained of the many differences he found, and the two instances we quote here prove that those differences were not of small importance.

The Gospels constantly contradict each other, and S. John's is so different from the other three that a division has been made by all scholars between it and what are called the three synoptic Gospels. Nevertheless at the end of the second century S. *John* was pronounced to be authentic at the same time as the three others. Apart from the fact that S. John's way of speaking of the Christ is very different from that we find in the synoptics, he does not mention the Lord's Supper, he gives a different day for the Lord's death, speaks of three feasts of the Passover where the others speak but of one, and relates almost all the incidents of the life of Christ as taking place at Jerusalem, whereas, according to the synoptics, only the end of His life was spent there. In S. John's version the character of John the Baptist loses almost all its importance; the miracles are quite different, becoming more astonishing and, at the same time, more symbolical; the whole character of Jesus is much more divine and more like an aspect of the LOGOS than in the synoptics; but at the same time he speaks of Jesus as the son of Joseph, and does not mention the birth from a Virgin. There are two passages in S. *John* which clearly show that the author was not a personal witness of the life of

Christ, namely xix, 35, where he says: "And he that saw it bare witness," etc., and xxi, 24: "This is the disciple which testifieth of these things...and we know that his testimony is true." To several scholars it has appeared probable that the author of the *Gospel according to S. John* was a Jew of the school of Philo of Alexandria, who knew the Gospels but introduced the Alexandrian philosophy into the story told by them.

But neither do the so-called synoptics agree together. To begin with, the date of the birth of Jesus is fixed by Matthew as occurring four years before our era at the very latest (under Herod). Luke makes it ten years later (during the enrolment), or in the year 6 A. D., yet states, further on, that in the fifteenth year of Tiberius—our year 29 A. D.—Christ was about thirty years old. The dates in S. *John* are in absolute contradiction with these two and make the death of Jesus much later. The miraculous birth is not related by S. Mark; S. Matthew and S. Luke give two quite different genealogies for Christ's descent, through Joseph, from King David, but these, though fulfilling the Jewish tradition that the Messiah should be a descendant of David (*Mark*, xii, 35), are in contradiction with the story of His birth from a Virgin. Had Mary and Joseph known of the miraculous birth, would they have been astonished when Christ spoke in the Temple of his Father's business (*Luke* ii, 50)? The miracles related by the synoptics are much alike, but the circumstances under which they are stated to have occurred are very different, and might show that only the facts, and nothing more, were known to the authors. The greatest miracle—the raising of Lazarus—is related only by S. John. The other miracles are healing,

exorcisms and often allegories (the multiplication of loaves, the changing of water into wine, etc.). The names of the persons at the foot of the cross are not given alike in two places. On the subject of the Resurrection the synoptics differ considerably. What Mark says in xvi, 9-20, is an appendix added afterwards. Luke undertakes in his preface to give a historical version of the life of Christ, but fails to give a single date, contenting himself continually with such indications as "on the Sabbath," "at the same time," etc. His historical indications are false. Herod was never King, but a Governor. Cyrenius, whom he brings into his history of Jesus, governed from the year 7 to 11 A. D., and had consequently nothing to do with the story. He also mentions the name of Lysanias, although he had died thirty-four years before Jesus was born. Pilate comes in at the right time, but the weak portrait we get of him is very different from the energetic Pilate known to us through Flavius Josephus.

As to geographical details, too, the Gospels are extremely inaccurate. The *Talmud*, which gives the names of sixty places in Galilee, makes no mention of Nazareth, which does not exist, nor of Gethsemane, Golgotha, or the Gergesenes of *Matthew* (called Gerasenes and Gedarines in *Mark*). As to the name Nazareth, a prophecy existed that the Messiah would be a Nazarene (*Matthew* ii, 23), which might as well mean *Offspring* (from the Hebrew: *natser*), or *saint* (*Judges* xiii, 7, Hebrew: *nasir*), or again *watcher* (Hebrew: *nasar* = *watch*).

The Gospel writers cannot have been familiar with the customs of the Jews in Palestine, when they speak of baptising in a river, and especially in the Jordan,

where even bathing was prohibited. In *Luke* we find two High Priests, Caiaphas and Annas, existing at the same time, which is impossible. We find Jesus preaching in the Temple where only sacrifices took place, the synagogue serving for preaching. Through Josephus (*Antiq.* XVIII, ii, 2) we know that on the night of the Passover it was the custom for the priests to open the doors of the Temple a little after midnight, when everybody gathered in the Temple, so that the arrest of Christ at that time must have caused a great scandal, which the Jewish priests did not desire (else why arrest Him at night?). There was never any question of witnesses, who appear at once at the judgment of Christ, as predicted in *Psalms* xxviii, 12. Executed criminals were thrown into a common trench, so that the story of the tomb which was found empty after the Resurrection seems very improbable.

It must also be noted that we find the greater part of the Crucifixion story in the Sacaea feasts in Babylon and Persia, in which a condemned criminal was dressed up as a King and paraded in triumph through the town. At the end of the feast his clothes were stripped off him, he was beaten, and then hanged or crucified. Philo tells us that at Alexandria such people were called Karabas, but, as this word has no meaning, it is very probable that it should read Barabbas, which in Aramaic signifies "the son of the father". Now the Gospel story exhibits the Christ to us as a complete Karabas, or Barabbas, figure. Moreover Origen, about the year 250 A. D., read in an old manuscript of the *Gospel of S. Matthew* that Jesus was called Barabbas. All which makes it very probable that Jesus was executed not in preference to Barabbas but in his own quality of

Barabbas. The Gospel writers being ignorant of the rite made up the story as they understood it.

If we compare the Jewish Legal Code with the Gospel story we come across very strange contradictions. It was strictly prohibited to hold judicial proceedings on days of religious feasts, so Jesus could never have been judged on the day of the Passover. It was also forbidden to carry arms on such days, so that the chief priests would never have sent the Temple Guard to arrest Christ, and Peter would certainly not have worn a sword. Again, it was forbidden to hold judicial proceedings at night as, according to the Gospels, was done in the case of Jesus. All scholars of Jewish Law agree that Jesus would never have been condemned for blasphemy for declaring himself to be the Messiah; the basis of the charge would certainly have been His sayings against the Temple. The penalty for blasphemy was lapidation (we find in a Jewish document of the second century that Jesus was lapidated), but no one would ever have thought of crucifixion. There was even a prohibition against breeding cocks, and especially against leaving them at liberty, so that the crowing of the cock when Peter betrayed the Lord becomes almost an impossibility. Still other objections may be made. Is it likely that a Roman Governor would wash his hands—as a sign of repudiating responsibility or a judgment—when this was purely a Jewish custom? It seems impossible too that the Governor should have given the people every year the choice between two criminals; but as this resembles, more or less, a story we find in Livy, it may possibly point to the Roman origin of this part of the Gospel story. Still

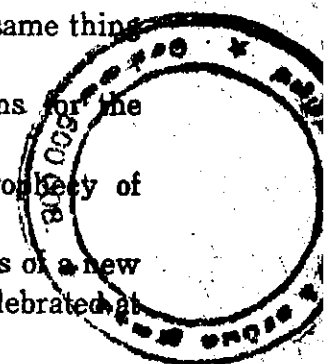
¹ Reinach: *Cultes*, i, p. 337. *Orpheus*, p. 337.

another difficulty confronts us when we come to enquire who could have reported the words of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, when all His disciples were asleep. We will not speak of the many points in the Gospels in which, from a psychological standpoint, the actors of the drama are absolutely incomprehensible. Even if the whole were an invention, it is astonishing that the authors should not have found conditions and characters bearing a little more semblance of probability. The fact that so many different names come into the Gospels has been brought forward as an indication of reality, but to this we may reply that the same thing occurs in many Jewish mythological stories.

Stondel¹ suggests seven possible reasons for the redaction of the Gospel stories:

- (1) To show the fulfilment of the prophecy of Isaiah;
- (2) To make the death of Jesus the basis of a new Covenant to be set off against the old one celebrated at the Passover;
- (3) To fulfil a quantity of obscure sayings of the prophets;
- (4) To create an ideal character personifying righteousness and victory over sin;
- (5) To give to the early Christians an example of patience;
- (6) To furnish answers to many questions by putting the answers in the mouth of Christ;
- (7) To give to the first members of the Christian sect a symbolical and typical image of the ideal life they should lead in the midst of the difficulties which they encountered.

¹ *Im kampfum des Christus Myths.*



I certainly think that the outline of the history of Jesus as given in the Gospels has been determined, in many of its details, by the prophecies to be found not only in *Isaiah* liii, but in *Joel* iii, 1, *Judges* xiii, 7, *Micah* v, 2, *Psalms* xxii and xxvii, 12, *Amos* ii, 16, *Mark* xiv, 51-52, etc. One has only to look up a New Testament in which references to parallel passages in the Old Testament are given, to see how frequent these are. Very great importance was attached to these correspondences. The interpolator of Flavius Josephus cannot refrain from expressing his satisfaction about them, and in the Gospels we find several references to the fulfilment of Scripture (as, for instance, in *Mark* xiv, 49, *Matthew* xxvi, 56, etc.). Matthew especially tries to prove the Messiahship of Jesus by references to the Old Testament.

One point of special interest to us is the pre-Christian Jesus of whom much has been said in the latest controversies, and on whom Smith wrote an important book.¹ It seems that there existed a collection of sayings of the Christ which are put into the mouth of the Jesus of the Gospels. Often one might even think that certain questions are put in order to allow Jesus to give an answer which had been previously prepared. Drews declares that he does not know where these sayings come from. The Gospel writers agree almost entirely in regard to them. Drews shows that many of these sayings are to be found in the *Talmud*, but then it is also in the *Talmud* that we find the pre-Christian Jesus spoken of. So it is not impossible that the sayings pronounced by the Gospel Jesus may be the words of the real Jesus Christ, of

¹ Smith, *Der Vorchristliche Jesus*.

whom our Theosophical teachers speak as having lived about a century B. C. It might be that collections of these sayings were made, and that Papias referred to one of these when he said that Matthew made a collection of sayings of the Lord in Hebrew.² Thus the beautiful sayings which form the basis of the Christian religion might still have been uttered by the real great Teacher. As to the facts of His life, it is also possible that there may be some truth at the bottom of the Gospel story; but the way in which symbols, legends and facts have all been jumbled up together to form one realistic biography makes it impossible to recognise anything.³ I agree here with what has been said by two celebrated Christians, namely Pope Leo X, who spoke of "the fairy-tale of the Christ," and S. Augustine, who declared that were it not for the authority of the Church he would not believe anything in the history of Christ.⁴

For me the strongest proof that Jesus did live is the fact of the existence of Christianity. Not only is the spiritual impulse of a great Teacher necessary for the bringing into existence of a Religion, but, moreover, no one has yet given a satisfactory explanation of how legend and myth changed into religious worship. There might, however, be a possibility for this if we could suppose a gradual development; but in the case of Christianity this seems to be out of the question, as it appears to have had a definite form from its commencement, which shows that inspiration was imparted to it

² The same may be true of the Logia, or sayings of our Lord, found in 1897 and of the 'New Sayings of Jesus' discovered in 1903 (both published by Grenfell and Hunt), where we find some sayings which are familiar to us through the Gospels and some quite unknown.

³ This is not only the case in the New Testament Gospels but also in many of the Apocryphal ones, and in the Fragment of a lost Gospel (published by Grenfell and Hunt), and most probably was also true of the many versions of the history of Jesus spoken of by Luke (i, 1-4).

⁴ In his treatise against the epistle *Of the Foundation*.

at a certain moment and in a precise manner, and that we are not dealing here with a progressive growth of existing elements.

I hope that the reader will understand that I have no wish to say anything derogatory to the greatness of Jesus Christ, or to make people doubt His existence; nor do I pretend that the New Testament of our day—especially the writings attributed to S. John and S. Paul—have no great spiritual value. I only want to state that they afford no proof of the historicity of Jesus Christ. I feel sure that particularly the authors of the original portions of the two writings just mentioned would have been very much astonished to see the Christ, as they understood Him—namely, as the highest manifestation of the Divine Spirit—ever identified with a World-Teacher.

Those who have read what Mr. Leadbeater says of Christianity in *The Inner Life*, Vol. II, are already aware that the traditional conception of Christ is far from correct, and that the Gospels never could afford any reliable information. I have attempted here to give the standpoint of the scholar who arrives at the same conclusion. I hope I may have done a little to encourage the reader to take that difficult first step towards a right knowledge of the life of Jesus Christ, which consists for the moment in giving up erroneous traditional ideas on the subject. I do not know where the documents are to come from that shall give us the true biography of Jesus. Of course they may be discovered some day; but I hope that he, whose occult investigations have already given us some very important facts as to the truth about Christ, may some day give us complete the real story of the last earth-life of the present Bodhisattva.

Raimond van Marle

VYOMA-KESHA

OR THE MEANING OF THE 'HAIR OF SHIVA'

By JAGADISH CHANDRA CHATTERJI, B. A. (CANTAB)

VIDYĀVĀRADHĪ

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“WHAT’S in a name?”—this is a sentence which is often repeated by people to show how insignificant the question of a name or names is. There is, no doubt, much truth in this contention in many an instance. The study of the meaning of names, however, especially when they have come down from remote antiquity, is not only of the greatest interest, but often reveals a philosophic view of things which is most wonderful. How such a common word, for instance, as *padārtha*, meaning an object or thing, really involves a whole system of philosophy may be comparatively readily seen by most thoughtful people. The late Professor Max Müller, who was much struck by the deep philosophy of Samskr̥t words, alludes to the significance of this word, *padārtha*, somewhere in his writings, perhaps in his *India: What can it teach us?* But there have been, so far, very few systematic efforts made by any modern scholar, as far as I know, to trace

and rebuild the philosophy which is contained in ancient Samskr̥t names. Yet such a line of inquiry is sure to yield results which would be most astonishing.

How this may be possible may be seen from the following explanation of the meaning of the name 'Vyoma-Kesha' as applied to Shiva. Being engaged for several years now in the study of the Advaita Shaiva Philosophy of Kashmir (specifically called the Trika, which is so little known even in India, but which is a most wonderful system, being what may be called a synthesis of the Sāṅkhya and the Vedānta), I have had opportunities of knowing something of the mystery which there is in the meaning, not only of this particular name of Shiva, but in that of most other names which are given to Him. And as I have learnt this mystery of their meaning, I have simply been astounded, and felt almost giddy to look into the depth of philosophic thought so thinly covered over by these wonderful words, of which the word 'Vyoma-Kesha' is explained here only as an instance. (For explanation of other names of Shiva, the reader may be referred to the writer's new book, *Kashmir Shaivism*, which is now in the press and will soon be out.)

What then is the meaning of Vyoma-Kesha? To answer this, we must first inquire into the meaning of Vyoman.

Ordinarily this word, of course, means Ākāsha. But what do we understand by Ākāsha? Here again, ordinarily, Ākāsha means to most people the *wide expanse* of space which is spread all around us. That is to say, Ākāsha ordinarily conveys the meaning of a something which has length, breadth and depth. But if this were the real and primary meaning of Ākāsha, it

could scarcely have been likened to kesha, or hair, by the first givers of the name 'Vyoma-Kesha' to Shiva, who was so conceived because the Ākāsha was regarded as His hair. Nobody will surely seriously contend that the ancient R̥shis were so deficient in the art of finding similes that they spoke of Ākāsha, in the sense of an *expanse*, as the hair of Shiva. We must therefore search for some other meaning of the term Vyoman—a meaning which is other than Ākāsha in the sense of a *wide expanse*. This meaning will be discovered at once if we inquire into the derivation of the word Vyoman, and also into its application in senses other than that of Ākāsha (meaning a *wide expanse* of Space).

Taking the question of the various applications of the words first, we find that Vyoman is used also in the sense of Dik or Dīśah, i. e., *Directions* of Space (see *Nirukṭa*, i.6, Dīā-nāmāni).

Now, it should be noted that the *Directions* of Space can only mean *lines*, like threads, stretching away everywhere from an experiencing entity, as a centre, and, as such, they are to be distinguished from Ākāsha as an *Expanse*. The Direction distinction can be made clearer if we compare Ākāsha to a piece of cloth, a pall, which, covers and encloses everything in its all-embracing folds. For, in that case, the Dīśah, or Directions of Space, as *lines*, would be the threads of which this cloth is woven. This is indeed a simile which we find actually used many a time in the Veda; and it is very significant. For it tells us at once how Ākāsha as an Expanse has really no other meaning than that it is what the Dīśah, as lines, weave themselves into. That Ākāsha is essentially this, that it has no other meaning, has been

Hearing and Sound (Shabḍa); and it is only later that Ākāsha is substituted for the Dishah as the product of Shabḍa as a Tanmātra.

How the Dishah, as the essential constituents of Ākāsha, are produced from Shabḍa-Tanmātra (or Sound, as such) has been clearly shown in *Kashmir Shaivism* by the writer.

And it is these Dishah, as *lines*, which spreading out everywhere, are likened to *Hair*, a likeness which, as will be readily seen, is most appropriate.

And whose hair can they be but those of the universal Being, or Shiva? Shiva is therefore called Vyoma-Kesha—He who has for His hair the *Directions* or *Lines* which constitute Ākāsha or Space.

The 'lines' or hair, of Shiva, again, are not, as we are repeatedly told, and as has been shown in *Kashmir Shaivism*, merely imaginary *i.e.*, objectively non-existent things. But they exist *really* as '*lines of force*' in nature, upholding all things in their various positional relations (See *Hindu Realism*, by the writer, pp. 54-61).

* That the all-upholding Dishah, as the 'hair' of Shiva spreading everywhere, are really existing *Lines of Force* need not be an absurd idea. The existence of similar *lines* would seem to be recognised even by modern western Science, in *certain respects at any rate*. We are told how there are what would appear to be '*lines*' of forces radiating from the poles of a '*magnet*,' which '*lines*,' being cut by a conductor, give rise to an electrical current. Electricity is again, we are told, somehow mysteriously connected with Ether, which would seem to be the same thing as the Ākāsha of the Hindas, that is, Ākāsha which is made up *essentially* of the lines of the Dishah or of the '*Hair of Shiva*'.

May not these 'lines' of the magnetic field be connected with the lines of electrical energy?

That such a connection may not be impossible will be apparent from the fact, that the earth is regarded as a vast electrical reservoir—the common reservoir, as it is called. It is also regarded as a vast magnet, from which magnetic lines of force are constantly emanating. In the same way, the centre of the universe may be conceived as a still vaster magnet, or an electrical reservoir, from which similar *lines* of force are undoubtedly emanating in all directions. And what can this centre of the universe be but the divine Reality, which again is the innermost Self of every being? The lines of force, emanating from this centre, would then be the *Dishah* of the Hindūs, the 'Hair of Shiva,' to which are essentially related the lines of Force which demonstrably emanate from every magnet.

And if we understand all this fully, we shall see what a wonderful idea this is—this idea of Shiva as Vyoma-Kesha, Shiva covering and upholding the universe with his *hair*, spreading out everywhere as the Directions of Space and as lines of force, which maintain everything in its proper place, while yet all are being hurled onward by Kāla, which also is only Shiva in another of His aspects, the aspect of the all-changing and all-moving Power (see *Hindu Realism*, pp. 54—61).

May we be given that light of intelligence, made steady by the still atmosphere of perfectly passionless, unselfish and unwavering devotion, wherewith Shiva is seen in this His universal Glory, and may we ever be enabled to contemplate Him in this His all-upholding aspect as Vyoma-Kesha!

Jagadish Chandra Chatterji



AN ACTIVE DOUBLE

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

THOSE of us whose names are known in connection with Theosophical work have usually a vast correspondence. It often happens that those who have, as they would probably put it, "lost" friends or relations by death, write to us either for news of the departed or for general consolation. In addition to these we get numerous accounts of psychic experiences, and indeed of occurrences of any sort which are out of

after she had left me, she walked along the path beside the railway as usual, and suddenly heard the footsteps of someone following her. Turning to see who it was (for the place is lonely) she saw to her intense surprise that it was I, and she asked me if I had made up my mind to accompany her to town. I did not answer her, and a moment later she was alone. Though much startled at my disappearance, she reasoned with herself, and decided that this must have been a delusion of her mind; so she went on her way, though feeling rather nervous.

When she reached the town she visited various shops, and just as she was leaving the first one it began to rain heavily. She hurried across the street, and entered another shop where, to her intense surprise, she saw me standing by the counter; but again I vanished, and she began to wonder whether any accident had happened to me. (I ought to explain that earlier in life she had herself been mediumistic, and so was perhaps less alarmed at these strange happenings than some ladies might have been.) As she walked back to the car on her return, she again noticed me following her. But when she descended from the car, and started along the path by the railway line, I was not to be seen.

It was growing very dark and stormy then, and in order to avoid some pools of mud, she began to walk on the railway line itself. Suddenly she felt herself seized by the body and lifted off the line; and at that very moment an engine rushed by. She had not heard its approach, so unquestionably the intervention saved her life. She had thought herself perfectly safe in walking along the line, as she knew that there was no train due for hours; but she had not calculated upon a casual

light engine. When she turned to thank effusively the person who had saved her life, she saw that it was I; yet once more I vanished as she began to speak to me. Nevertheless, on several occasions on her way home she turned and saw me following her at a little distance, but I did not remain when she tried to speak to me.

I had been completely conscious and hard at work during the whole time of her absence, so, although this seemed to me a very remarkable occurrence, I was disposed to dismiss it as some sort of imagination on my wife's part, and it did not really make so serious an impression upon me as might have been expected, although I was, of course, very grateful that my wife had been saved from such imminent danger. But about a year later another similar phenomenon took place, for which it was quite impossible to account by means of any such supposition as that.

It was once more a Saturday, and at about four o'clock in the afternoon I started off in a boat on a fishing expedition, accompanied by a sailor. We anchored our boat, threw over our lines, and waited patiently; but we had no fortune, and at eight o'clock I gave up the attempt in despair, and returned home to supper. On the next day, Sunday, I went into town, and called at a well-known and fashionable chemist's shop, kept by a friend of mine. (I should explain that with us the chemist sells all sorts of cooling drinks in the summer, and his shop is used, almost as a café would be, as a meeting-place of the people, who sit at little tables on the pavement and gossip, while they drink their non-alcoholic beverages.) When I entered the place there were some twenty persons sitting there in conversation, among them the mayor

of the city, some physicians whom I knew (I am a doctor myself), and a prominent lawyer. When my friend the chemist came up to welcome me, I noticed that his right hand was bandaged, and at once asked him what was the matter with it. Instead of answering, he laughed immoderately, and looked at me rather oddly. Then, seeing that I was surprised, he said:

"Well, well! you ask me what is the matter with my hand, when you yourself stood close by me and witnessed the whole affair last night."

My astonishment may be imagined, and I protested that I had not been in town at all the previous evening. My friend the pharmacist continued to laugh at me heartily, and his merriment attracted the attention of all the other gentlemen present. When they asked him what was the joke, he explained that I was trying to make him believe that I had not been in town the previous evening. All the gentlemen present began to laugh also, and said that, of course, I was trying to avoid being called before the Court as a witness to what had happened.

I could make nothing at all of all this, and could only imagine that they were all combining to play a trick upon me; so I turned away from the shop. Immediately afterwards, however, a friend of mine who is a detective came up to me, and I told him laughingly how ridiculously I had been treated by my friends; but to my intense surprise he gave me a full history of what had really occurred there the evening before. I should perhaps have explained that my friend's shop is situated close to the City Hall, and that there is a square in front of it, surrounded by trees, where the band plays in the evening, and people are in the habit of strolling about.

All the houses round the square are provided with balconies, and the families often seat themselves in these to enjoy the music and the fresh air.

It seems that on the previous evening several gentlemen were sitting by one of the doors of the shop, talking politics. Among those was a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Smith. Presently among the strollers there passed another gentleman (let us call him Mr. Jones) who was by no means friendly to Mr. Smith; and as he passed him he threw out some jeering remark. Mr. Smith, being already somewhat excited by the conversation, jumped up angrily, and struck at Mr. Jones with his cane. The latter instantly lost his temper and retaliated, and there was something very much like a free fight. Smith got the worst of it, and fell heavily to the ground.

"At this moment," continued the detective who was telling me the story, "you made your appearance, and helped me in raising the man from the ground, and taking him inside the chemist's shop. As soon as he was in safety you left without a word, and I remember that it struck me as remarkable that you, being a doctor, did not stay to examine his wounds. As to the chemist, he was struck heavily upon the hand while trying to separate the two men."

I assured the detective that he was making some strange mistake, for I had not been in town at all during the previous evening, but had been fishing all the time, as I could prove by the evidence of the sailor who had been with me, and of my family, who had seen me set out and return.

The detective only smiled, and said that he perfectly understood my position, that as a professional man I did not wish to be mixed up in a political case in the Courts:

but that there could not be the slightest doubt that I had been there, as he had recognised me with absolute certainty—and not only he, but several other gentlemen who were present. He also explained that some of those who were looking on from neighbouring balconies had made their depositions in regard to the affray, and that several of them had mentioned me as among those who were in the thick of it. This was all incomprehensible to me, but I saw that it was impossible to convince the detective, so I said nothing more, but left him and turned homewards.

A few minutes later I met in the street a doctor who was a special friend of mine, and asked him if he was in the square the evening before, and if he knew anything of the fight. He told me that he had arrived just when the incident was over, but that he certainly saw me leaving the place, and observed that I climbed upon a car. I was beginning to feel considerably upset, but I left my friend without further remark. Next day as I was going along the street, I met my friend the detective again, and he informed me that when in Court the Judge had asked him to give a list of witnesses, he omitted my name (having plenty of others to testify) as a special favour to me, as he had seen from what I had said the previous evening that I did not wish to be mixed up in the affair. I thanked him heartily, and left the matter there. It will be seen that in this case there were at least twenty reliable witnesses who saw me in town when I was quite certainly some miles away and otherwise engaged.

Only a few days ago another similar manifestation took place, but it was to some extent a reversal of the last which I described. In this case I was in town

attending a meeting of my Lodge. I returned home about eleven o'clock, and as I approached my house I noticed that it was unusually brilliantly illuminated, and that my wife and my eldest son were standing waiting for me at the door. I thought that something unusual was going on, and feared that it might probably be some sickness, or some other unpleasant happening; but my boy ran to meet me, and told me that his mother was in an exceedingly nervous condition, because she had seen my double (as we called it) during a good while that evening, and had even conversed with it.

Of course, I asked my wife to tell me what had happened; and she said that as she was in the act of going upstairs with our youngest child in her arms, ready to put him to bed, she saw me entering the house by the front door. She was somewhat surprised that I had returned so much earlier than usual, but she went on up the stairs and into the bedroom, and I followed her. I entered our bedroom, and changed my clothes and shoes; and while I was doing this she asked me several questions, which I answered quite satisfactorily, and in a normal manner. Then I left the room, she following me; but on the way down I suddenly disappeared, and she thought that I must be trying to play some joke upon her. She asked my son, who was sitting in the room below studying his lessons, whether he had seen me. He replied in the negative.

"Well," my wife said, "you must have been deeply concentrated on your problems if you did not see your father. He passed quite close to you, went to his room, changed his clothes and shoes, and has been talking to me for a good while; and I suppose now he must have hidden in the bathroom in order to play a trick upon us."

My son jumped up and ran to the bathroom, but found no one there. Then my wife began to call me, and hunted all over the house for me; and when she was at last convinced that I actually was not there, she had a fit of nervousness, although my boy, who knows a good deal about our subjects, explained to her that this by no means showed that I was dead, as men often leave their bodies purposely.

A fact which may or may not have some connection with these curious phenomena is that I have frequently done work of a professional nature in a somnambulist condition during the night. On one occasion I was called by my wife at midnight to give medical attention to one of my children who was very ill, and she told me that I did my duty in the affair exactly as though I had been awake, although when next day she referred to the matter I did not understand a word of what she was saying, as I had no recollection whatever of having left my bed. On another occasion I worked hard for over two hours during the night with one of my boys who had some trouble with his heart. As he was comparatively well next day, it happened that no reference was made to the affair until three months afterwards, when, as the boy began to show some symptoms of the same trouble, my wife casually mentioned them as resembling those with which I had dealt so satisfactorily before; and then for the first time I came to know of what I had done. Now these may have been merely instances of ordinary somnambulism; but I have sometimes asked myself whether my physical body remained in bed the whole time, and the work was really done by this mysterious double of mine.

The case above described is a most interesting one, and I shall be glad to hear whether there is any further manifestation of the phenomenon. Remarkable as are the circumstances, they are by no means unique, as a considerable number of other people have had a similar experience. The possession of a double which can be seen by many people simultaneously, and can act fully and intelligently at a distance from the place where its original is physically present, is uncommon; but still, there are a number of instances of it. Several of them will be found cited in *The Other Side of Death*, chapter xiii, page 166. Still more exactly corresponding to this recent case was that of the late Mr. W. T. Stead, whose double frequently appeared in places where he was not, and seems to have been fully capable of speech and action.

The double above described must have been at least partially materialised when it lifted our friend's wife off the railway line, and probably also when it helped to raise the wounded man in the square, though in that case we are not certain how much physical help was actually given. The fact that, on another occasion, his wife held a conversation with the double does not definitely prove materialisation, because it would appear that the lady is sometimes mediumistic, and therefore probably clairvoyant and clairaudient.

There are several possibilities in the case. The double is probably a thought-form, but it does not follow that it is made by its original; it may equally well be made by someone else. I have heard of a case, for example, in which a somewhat similar form of a certain man was made by the thought of a lady who was violently in love with him. It would usually require

some abnormal stimulus of that kind to enable an ordinary person to create a thought-form sufficiently strong to be seen in that way. Such a thought-form, when once made, may be inhabited and used by any dead person, or even by a nature-spirit. It is a common belief here in India that such a thought-form can be utilised by the ego of the man whose image it is, and that he can temporarily work through it; but we have as yet no direct evidence of this. If that theory be true, it was probably our friend himself who saved his wife's life by lifting her off the railway line; but it might equally well have been some passing invisible helper, who saw her danger, and thought the husband's form the best one to take in assisting her, in order to avoid alarming her by the sight of a stranger.

The question arises as to what steps a person ought to take who finds himself thus unexpectedly personated. It is obvious that such a phenomenon might place a man in a distinctly unpleasant position, for it would be practically impossible for him to convince ordinary people that he was not present where they actually saw him. In the case above described, the conduct of the double appears to have been on all occasions irreproachable, but obviously it might not always be so, and there is here a certain element of danger.

One would be disposed to advise a person who found himself in this position to take certain definite precautions on the physical plane, so as to guard himself as far as possible against any mischance in the future. It might be well for such a man to draw up a statement of the facts in one or two cases in which he could produce definite testimony as to where he really was at the time. In the case in which our friend appeared

in the chemist's shop, I suppose that the fact of his presence at home that evening, of his having gone out fishing at a certain hour and returned at a certain time, could be attested by his wife and family; while the fact that he was in the boat during the intervening period could probably be proved by the sailor who accompanied him. There would be no difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of attestations of the simultaneous appearance of his double in town. His wife's testimony could be given as to that other occasion when the double saved her from accident, and it is likely that he could find some one to prove that he was at home at that time.

If he had definite records (sworn if necessary before a notary) of these strange happenings, it would go far towards clearing him of suspicion in case anything untoward should happen in the future. There is no reason to anticipate anything of the sort, but still it is obviously possible that the double might involve himself in some difficulty or commit some improper act. If that should happen, our friend's story—that he was ignorant of it all—would quite naturally appear incredible to any ordinary judge or jury; but if he could produce evidence that this curious phenomenon had occurred before, it would establish a presumption in his favour.

It might also be desirable for a man under such circumstances to take some trouble to see that his movements are always fully known to his own family, so that they can testify where he was at any given time, and so prove an *alibi* for him in case of need. It seems wisest to treat it as though it were a case of personation on the physical plane—as though some one else, for purposes of his own, or for mere amusement, chose to dress himself in imitation of a certain man, and play

occasional harmless tricks in his name. In such a case one would probably warn one's friends that such a personation was being attempted, and that they must therefore be upon their guard. This semi-astral personation is more subtle and more dangerous; but in the case which we are considering there is absolutely no evidence so far that the entity who is responsible is in any way hostile; on the contrary, it would appear that he is animated by a friendly feeling.

The whole subject is one of great interest, about which we have as yet but little information; if any of our readers know of other similar cases which are thoroughly attested, they would probably do a service to the progress of psychic science if they would note them carefully down, and forward them to the Editor.

C. W. Leadbeater

FREE WILL AND DETERMINISM

By C. SHUDDMAGEN, PH. D., F. T. S.

IT is the peculiar province of Theosophy to pick out the elements of truth in opposing philosophies and recombine them into an organic whole, consistent in all its parts and presenting to lovers of the wisdom such a comprehensive view of the Truth as is possible for man to obtain at the time. It is almost an axiomatic truth for those imbued with the Theosophic knowledge that all doctrines and forms of belief, all systems of science, philosophy and religion, which have been advanced with sincerity and believed by some body of men for some time, contain at bottom some degree of truth, something which fits in with the great Plan of the LOGOS for our human evolution. Theosophy regards all such beliefs as being to some, however slight, extent ensouled and vivified by the Truth, that without such contact with Truth there could not be anything which would draw forth assent from sincere thinkers and searchers for the Truth. For just as it is the One Self which is loved in all its manifestations in the lower world by all beings, so it is the One Truth which is believed in by all men in various beliefs, even though this ensouling truth may be only too often misunderstood and degraded.

Very often two groups of men hold contradictory views about certain problems of life, at least they regard

them as contradictory. Now, perhaps the greatest cause of this curious phenomenon in the world of thought is easily recognised by the Theosophist as being found in the complexity of man's being and the multiform character of the world of his evolving—in short in the fact that life evolves on more than one plane of Nature, and has bodies and consciousness on several planes simultaneously. One school of philosophy may have come to regard a certain world of man's evolution as the only one, regarding other phases of man's consciousness as merely accompaniments or accessories, which are caused within the single field which it recognises as having to do with consciousness. Another system of thought starts from quite a different set of ideas concerning the universe and life, and naturally finds sufficient support in the facts of Nature to justify itself. All this is well known among philosophers, but the reason why this state of things is as it is, and must be as it is, and the fact that two such systems of thought are not so much contradictory as mutually supplementary, are not easily understood except by Theosophists.

The whole philosophy of materialism is based on the idea that the material, physical universe is the fundamental reality; all other phenomena are regarded as secondary and dependent upon the material. Idealism, on the other hand, regards the world of ideas as the real and true universe, and the physical world as merely a set of forms in which some ideas are clothed. Both systems accept the facts of Nature, but evaluate them differently, give them different interpretations. The materialist evaluates facts from the point of view of matter; the idealist, from that of mind. To the Theosophist neither system is complete, although the

idealistic philosophy is much to be preferred. Both have their limitations, but those of materialism are so very great that but little of the truth can find a comfortable home in it. In spite of all this, materialism has given to the world some very wonderful truths, and is by no means to be wholly set aside. To be sure, these truths can only be partial, since they have to submit to the general narrowing and cramping which goes with materialistic thought. At some stage of their evolution they have to be properly modified and the limits of their action or applicability clearly marked out.

The Darwinian theory is a case in point. It has brought about an entirely new attitude of mind with regard to the workings of Nature in the physical world, and has greatly increased the respect of man for the handiwork of God, for the lowly forms as well as those more highly organised. It proved conclusively and with finality that the laws of Nature must be observed directly in order to secure accurate knowledge, and that the dicta of theology cannot be regarded as in any way authoritative in matters of science. But Darwinism was carried too far and much in it that was believed to be true is now known to be in error. The most ardent Darwinists now recognise that the theory has its limitations, that it cannot explain the whole problem of evolution. What they had left out of account is the evolution of Life, as is emphasised so strongly in *Evolution of Life and Form*, and that is the most important part.

Again, in more recent decades, we have seen the recognition of the wonderful law of Mendel in regard to the hereditary transmission of physical characteristics. The law is verified with mathematical precision in the

vegetable and animal kingdoms. In the human kingdom it has not been thoroughly tested, for the life of a generation is much too long for the ordinary methods of observation, but the indications are that it does not apply with the same regularity. And in attempting to apply the rule in mental and moral characteristics which show forth in physical bodies great irregularities are discovered, in fact it seems that the law fails to hold true. All this points out, to those who have the key, the influence of karma in human life, and its complexity even in such a material problem as the building of a human physical body.

Materialistic psychology, by long and laborious researches into the influence of environment upon men, has demonstrated, at least to its own satisfaction, that the circumstances of the man's environment, together with his own state of material organisation, determines each and every one of his actions, and that thus his character is slowly modified in accordance with his mental state, itself regarded as a product of material conditions, the action and reaction of a material organism and its material environment. The theory that man is the creature of material circumstances is known as *Determinism*. It holds that man's actions, feelings and thoughts are exactly determined by the influences which play upon him, that the feeling of power to choose is illusory, a mere recognition of more than one possibility of action. It is asserted by the advocates of determinism that all forces acting at any moment on a man are subject to the well-known mechanical law of acting as a determinate single force, called the resultant of the system of separate forces; motion takes place in the direction of this resultant force; and all forces which affect man are

material in character, and all alike obey the force laws of mechanics. What really takes place when the man considers two possibilities of action and feels able to choose either one of them, is that he becomes aware of the various forces which are acting. When the moment comes for decision, the resultant of the forces will determine the course which will be pursued, and the man's recognition of this resultant is by illusion taken to be his choosing between them. In other words, Puruṣha, the Spirit, is watching the activity of Prakṛti, matter, and mistakenly identifies itself with that activity. Only, the Puruṣha of the materialist is a mere accompaniment, a phenomenal attribute, of matter.

Now the fact about determinism, as seen from our knowledge of fundamental Theosophical principles, is that it is a fact. The forces which act on a man on the physical plane, which is the only one that the materialistic psychologists admit as existing, do actually determine the actions of the man according to the rigid mechanical law of the single resultant of many simultaneous forces. But there is this to be added: not all the forces which act on the physical plane have originated there. Most of them, whatever their origin in ages past, may now be considered as belonging to the physical world, but there is always the possibility of new forces pouring into the physical plane from the astral plane. It is such as these which are neglected by the materialistic philosophers, with the result that their views of Nature are very limited, although perfectly true as far as they are supposed to apply. Were the materialistic psychologist able to watch all the forces which act on man he would undoubtedly see some, appearing from nowhere, mingle

with the rest and influence the resulting motions. Furthermore it is reasonable to suppose that just as there are forces coming into the physical plane from the higher planes, so there should also be forces going back from the physical plane to the astral plane. In fact, as we are on the upward arc of evolution, moving from the material pole to the spiritual one, it seems reasonable and logical that the energies disappearing from the physical plane exceed those that come in from the astral plane. This means that not only would our ideal scientist, who is watching all the forces acting on man, see forces appearing apparently from nowhere, but he would see other forces disappearing or weakening in a way to him unaccountable. What really takes place is that energies (matter in motion) are materialising and dematerialising right under his eyes. They come into the three-dimensional space of the physical plane from the four-dimensional space of the astral plane—which would mean for the scientist who limits himself to three dimensions a sudden creation of matter out of nothing. This phenomenon is contrary to reason and has been excluded from the calculations of modern science. But just as soon as scientists realise the truth that their three-dimensional space is merely the boundary, or a part of the boundary, of a four-dimensional one, then a vast and wonderful vista of possibilities will unfold themselves before their enlarged vision.

Determinism, then, is true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It is not scientific, because it leaves out of account forces which arise on higher planes, yet manifest on the physical plane. What determinism has done is to show the inevitableness of

First we may be quite sure that the astral plane as well as the physical has a rigid determinism as long as only astral forces are considered. There is this difference: as far as human evolution is concerned, the physical world is the lowest, most material plane—the end of the cable-tow—and it is fixed. Forces can only come into it from one direction, from the astral plane. But the astral plane has *two* neighbouring planes, the intellectual and the lower mental. Forces may therefore come into it from two directions, from the plane below as well as the plane above. However, as the physical plane motions are determined, except for the introduction of forces from the astral plane, it will be clear for these two lowest planes, when considered together, that again a system in which motions are completely determined, with the exception of forces which may be introduced from outside, or the lower mental plane. The same line of reasoning may be continued, and we reach the generalisation: any number of consecutive planes of a kosmos, including the lowest plane, form a system in which all motions are rigidly determined, provided forces from the next higher plane are either excluded or allowed for.

Forces, or rather energies, pass rather easily from the sub-plane to the neighbouring sub-planes, but they pass only with difficulty from one plane to another plane. Just as the energy of steam and compressed gases can be made to move machinery—a stepping down of the sub-planes. Desire-forces, on the other hand, do not so much pass down from the astral into the physical, but rather act as directing or attracting centres, planning and constraining the forces on the physical plane. And of the tremendous force of the Will there

is at most only a very little which can actually appear in the physical world. Each plane is evidently constructed to retain its energies to itself as much as possible, but is always influenced slightly by higher forces, or rather by the constraints of forces of higher planes. Energies on the two lowest planes are guided and manipulated by entities which have more or less intelligence. This intelligence, a mental plane development, is the bridge by which the guiding influences of the higher, spiritual planes are caused to be transmitted to, the planes of action.

change his whole nature, not in a moment but in the course of many lives, the time required depending very much on the strength of his effort and its persistent application.

The matter and its motions in the system of the 'three worlds' may be taken to represent the world and its karma. If left to follow mechanical laws without the influencing forces from higher planes, there could be no assurance of progress in evolution, indeed chaos would soon take the place of order. The influencing forces represent the guidance of the spiritual Beings in charge of the evolution of life and form in the lower planes. They are slight only from the point of view of the moment; regarded from the standpoint of a world-period they are enormous, infinitely more powerful than the sum of all the energies of the lower planes. We may realise this more easily by considering that the only conceivable way in which the lower planes with their tremendous energies could have resulted in the beginning is by the steady force of the Will and other high spiritual forces steadily acting downward, and collecting the primitive, inchoate matter into more complex conditions and aggregations.

How do the spiritual forces of higher planes influence the lower ones? Can energies be moved directly from plane to plane? It seems most reasonable that the answers to these questions may be found in responsive vibrations on the lower planes to the vibrations of the higher. We must remember that Spirit is found on all planes; it is however under certain limitations of manifestation; it cannot show forth the freedom of motion in the lower planes that it has, say, on the nirvāṇic plane. For an object to exist in the

physical world means that it has existence on all the other planes. Spirit under various degrees of limitations forms the objects on the different planes. And there is continuity of Spirit all through the various planes, although the ever-increasing limitations as the planes approach the physical, appear to cause breaks in this continuity.

Now it is precisely through this continuity that responsive vibrations can be set up. Thus it is always possible for the higher vibrations to cause corresponding lower vibrations. The evolution of man consists largely in the perfecting of bodies, the instruments which are to respond freely to spiritual vibrations and influences. The energies in these vibrations remain for the most part upon their own plane, being merely transferred from one being to another, or from the general world of spiritual matter to an individual spiritual body. A very little may actually pass from plane to plane, by way of the different bodies which may be tuned to vibrate together. After a long period of receiving such energies in his lower bodies from the higher, man may himself learn to set in motion in his lower bodies such matter of the higher sub-planes which will cause responsive vibrations in the matter of the spiritual planes. This means the sacrifice of self, and its perfection means the attainment of Adeptship.

We may now conclude that free will can be exercised in any plane (or number of planes) only if influences can be impressed on the man's being in that plane (or planes) by that part of his being which exists on still higher planes.

The higher influences which act on the personality, or man in the three worlds, may come either chiefly

from the ego or from the Monad. Those from the ego are found in the voice of the conscience and should not really be considered in the question of free will, except that it is worth while to notice this case as a lower analogy. When the personality acts in harmony with his conscience, the man is said to be conscientious. It is clear that the animals not yet individualised cannot act conscientiously, and even for an animal just individualised conscience is only just beginning to be formed, for a large store of experiences has to be accumulated from the successive personalities before there can be a fairly well-developed conscience. There are frequently cases, such as acts of heroism, in which the ego largely controls his lower vehicles, the personality, directly; and these are distinctly cases where the determinism of the lower planes is for the time quite set aside. In these cases there is also likely to be considerable force used from the *âtmic* plane, that is from the Monad.

True free will should mean the ability of the Monad to control to a large extent his lower representatives, the ego as well as the personality. When this is possible, the determinism of the lower planes may always be interfered with when the ego or Monad sees that it is tending to bring about results which would not be in harmony with the major evolution, the will of the LOGOS. Such free will means that the man has attained to the power of Yoga, to harmonise his self with the One Self; he has renounced the separate will and is looking to the life beyond individuality. Perfect free will would evidently mean that the man has become a Master—neither his personality nor the ego has any desire save to do the Will of the LOGOS. Right

here is seen again the curious paradox which comes in at almost every point in the Theosophic life, and which the man of the world can never understand. To say that perfect free will can only be possible when the man has renounced not only his personal desires but also his individual will is to the ordinary man a flat contradiction, a violation of the logic of thought. But this is because he views the question from the standpoint of his ego as a separate and individual entity, whereas the Theosophist knows that there is in very truth but One Will, and that his individual will can only become truly free when he merges it into that One Will of the Self.

We may consider what the man of the world understands by free will, and we shall see that there is nothing free about it save the *māyā* of free will. Free will for him is the freedom from outside interference, while he is weighing and evaluating the respective advantages and disadvantages of two or more courses of action which lie before him. The interference from outside refers to other people or beings whom he regards as possessing free will like himself. This man does not realise the binding action of determinism, or karma, in the worlds in which he lives. His higher Self, the Monad, is as yet inchoate and powerless to direct the lower vehicles, and the possibility of influencing them to any considerable extent, by causing responsive vibrations has not been reached in his stage of evolution. He acts, therefore, usually with that part of the ego which is limited by the personality.

Suppose that the average man has two paths or courses of action open before him, each with its peculiar advantages and attractions, the two being nearly

balanced in these. If there is no coercion from other men, he would say he was free to choose between the two. As a matter of fact he would literally be torn in opposite directions by the conflicting forces; his consciousness would enter into these forces and identify itself with them. The man would feel very strongly that he wanted to do both things. Finally one set of forces would prevail, and he would say that he had chosen that course. What this really means is that in the conflict and neutralising of opposing forces, one side had gained the mastery, and the man's consciousness in the residual, prevailing force had recognised this resultant, remaining to a certain extent identified with it. That this description is very close to the truth may be inferred from the fact that the man does not immediately start on the chosen course of action with a great deal of energy or vigour. He is somewhat exhausted in the conflict of forces in which he took part on both sides, and can only start to act with such energy as belonged to the forces after the neutralisation. On the other hand the man who is highly developed spiritually, having the power of Yoga, and is really able to use his will in a similar case, will carefully remain outside of the astral and lower mental forces, study them from above, evaluate them not from the standpoint of the personality but from the much higher standpoint of the One Self, balance them and recognise from above which side prevails, then strongly will to have the personality follow that course. Then his *Ātmā* is set in a certain state of vibration and causes similar but slower vibrations in the grosser matter of the causal body, and this is again repeated in the personality; which means that the self-chosen course

of action is started and followed out to its conclusion with enormous power if need be.

Between these two cases falls that of the man who has developed a strong individuality but is not yet very spiritual. Such a man may to some extent withdraw himself from the personality and refrain from entering into the forces which act in opposite directions, but he views the matter from a much more limited standpoint than the harmonised man, and may on occasion act against the Good Law. He has not yet the true power of free will, that is, he cannot directly make use of Ātmā consciously but only of its lower reflections or correspondences, and he does not start the vibrations within the Monad but within the ego.

The man of the world, ignorant of the Divine Wisdom, might see men of the three types just described, dealing with problems which involve the choice of one course of action over another, and he would not be able to observe any great difference in the things that took place. It is even quite conceivable and possible that a certain alternative placed before the three men in turn might result each time in exactly the same choice and in the things that follow after, as far as outward appearances were concerned. But from the inclusive view-point of the Perfected Man there would be enormous differences. The undeveloped man would be kârmically led to his choice, and from that would perform actions resulting almost wholly in physical karma for the future. His determinism is exact but limited. The strong individualistic, egoistic man would still be almost wholly under the sway of karma, but one of vastly greater complexity. As he throws his egoic powers into the choice and in the

resulting actions, he will make for himself a more advanced and complicated karma, in which the lower mental and astral elements may largely outweigh the physical element in importance. His determinism is not so exact and complete, but of much greater extent. And the perfected man, whose will is free, who is not influenced by personal and egoistic motives, makes no karma whatever, on the planes of form at least. For him alone determinism in the lower planes has ceased to exist, for he in the Self is the determining power Itself. He is still limited in his expression on lower planes by the general laws and limitations of those planes. But they no longer use him; he uses them, as far as they can be used, to further the work which the One Will has undertaken to do.

Free Will and Determinism are really the same thing, looked at from two opposite standpoints, that of Spirit and matter, that of inclusiveness and limitation. There is a Unity, a Oneness, in all of the manifestation of the LOGOS, but that unity is not obvious to limited intelligences on the lower planes. The interest in life could not be maintained by any being if he knew that all phenomena were rigidly determined, no matter how complex that determinism might be. Such a condition would do away with any incentive to put forth effort; there would be no reason or justification for striving to reach any goal—in fact there would be no goal. A world with all its changes governed by mechanical law and nothing more would not interest human beings permanently. On the other hand a world in which each separate individual could have independent free will would be impossible, since the different wills would clash and interfere, so that they really would not be

free. So free will in an absolute sense is a contradiction in itself.

It is evident that the way to make the beginning in setting the will free to act in the lower planes is to live the Theosophic life which aims at Yoga. Ignorance must give way before the knowledge of the Science of the Self, and by long-continued practice of meditation and other spiritual exercises the aspirant for freedom of will (liberation from the sway of karma) must learn to live in his higher bodies, to cause them to grow and to organise them until his consciousness can use them as instruments. This must not be done from motives in which the feeling of separateness enters, but must rather be the natural result of the action of the spiritual forces of the Self upon a willing instrument, co-operating with them from below. In other words the aspirant must make himself negative to the spiritual forces, and to them only; he must learn to dominate all the lower forces of the personality. As *Light on the Path* says: "Grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, yet eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air."

C. Shuddemagen

BENEDICTIONS

(ADYAR)

By ALICE E. ADAIR, F. T. S.

Dawn—The Hour of Purification

IT is on 'Masters' Land' and the Brother awakens to the sound of the waves, a long lingering boom, as they break continually on the shores of the bay. Save this, naught troubles the pure stillness enwrapping the earth and the majestic beauty of the starlit heavens. Then—a soft rush as of a wind-swept harp or silken draperies brushing the earth. 'Tis the God of Sleep flying before the unleashed hounds of the dawn.

The Brother rises, bathes, and, clad in white garments, makes his way to the place of prayer. The cool sweet tang of the unlit morning air, the vital essence of the rested earth, fragrance of flowering shrubs and cadence of falling waves, thrill every sense with joy and lift the heart in praise to God. As he passes through the grove, clear drops of blessing fall upon him from the tapering fingers of the dew-drenched palms, and with this baptism he enters the holy place. Out of its deep shadow gloom the forms of other worshippers, and he takes his place amongst them.

Then, in the silence of that hour and in that quiet place, when half the world is still a-sleeping, streams of adoration, yearning and resolve ascend, converge with kindred rays, and rise flame-pointed to the Sun of Truth. Who shall question the response? . . .

The shadowy forms are now defined, the room is filled with light, the meditation of the dawn is over, and the Brother turns to the outer world.

A golden glory floods the earth, the sun rising slowly over the curve of the sea. Every tree and shrub is limned with fire and from each slender grass blade droops a pendant of pearl. The whirr of busy wings, the carolling of birds, and the squirrel's cheery flute anthem the new-born day.

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Source of all Light! Thy Light is the life of men.

Noon—The Hour of Praise

The sun is approaching the zenith and all nature throbs to his power; arrayed in her bravery of gold and blue, of rose and green, she attends with rapturous joy the triumphant march of her lord. In the gardens on 'Masters' Land' eastern and western beauties mingle in riotous confusion of colour and perfume; hollyhocks, champaks, salvias, tuberose, syringa, jasmine, and many other flowers vie with each other in perfecting its loveliness. Butterflies in thousands, dancing in the sunlight, fill the air with movement and themselves with pleasure.

The river floats, an azure ribbon, to the sea, and under the fountain's sparkling canopy the Naiades scatter grateful largesse to the thirsting plants. The dome of the sky is a blaze of blue and the sea reflects its splendour.

Out in the world men are fighting for bread, for wealth, for fame; and the fight is often so terrible that they have not time to realise that life is a song, and that power means peace, not strife. Here in this retired spot also, the wheels of life revolve with an amazing

speed, albeit silently; and the soul is dumb before the wonder of creation

Suddenly there comes a moment of hushed expectancy—even the droning of the "little brethren" is still-ed. It is high noon and the whole earth seems to listen, eagerly waiting—for what? And from the shaded quiet of the rooms overlooking the gardens, rises the midday invocation—the note of thanksgiving, the longing for realisation, the will to serve.

* * * * *

Source of all Life! Thy bounty giveth us continuance.

Eventide—The Hour of Remembrance

On the East lies the blue expanse of the Bay of Bengal, at the margin of which the waves are ever prostrating themselves and laying snow-white garlands at the feet of Mother Earth. On the other side, in silhouette against the western sky, stretches a grove of casuarinā trees, like the battlements of an ancient fort, with here and there a solitary palm rising above watch-tower-like. Beyond this shadowy fort glows the indescribable glory of the heavens, as the Sun-God draws around him the curtains of the evening—rose, amber and amethyst. Stray clouds in the East flush to his parting kiss, and as the daylight slowly, softly fades, sea and sky merge in a purple haze.

Along the beach the fisher-folk pass homeward to one or other of the villages that dot the coast, carrying empty creels and chattering of the bargains of the day. Seated on the sand-dunes, either alone or in small groups, the Brothers engage in reverie or quiet talk according to their mood. Gradually silence steals over

the tired earth and enfolds them, and thoughts of gratitude for opportunities given, thoughts of duties done or left undone, thoughts of the world, its sorrows and its needs, fill their hearts and minds.

Then from the heart of each to the Heart of All goes up a passionate cry for suffering humanity and for renewed strength in order to serve more truly.

* * * * *

Source of all Love! Thy Gentleness shall make us great.

Nightfall—The Hour of Rest

The moon rides high in silver majesty over the star-strewn heavens, and fills the night with beauty and enchantment. The spirits of air and water have spun a shining pathway over the dark waves, which, if you follow it, will lead you to the land of dreams. Flower-scented breezes whisper of love triumphant in darkness and death, and the ceaseless roar of the untiring sea proclaims the Eve-Being of Eternity, beating on the shores of Time.

There is magic in this hour and wonderful, wonderful peace; the ties of earth are gently loosened and the world of the Spirit draws near.

Again the Brothers meet before the Shrine at this perhaps the holiest of all hours—the hour of Sacrifice. Another day is ended and its work is over, but there yet remains one act of worship—the laying of the fruits upon the altar, a joyful offering to the Supreme Giver.

Borne upward by the strength of the elders in their midst, the thoughts of the worshippers wing their way to the white Sanctuary of the Snows, and, reaching it, find rest.

To that Holy Spot, the abiding fount of spiritual force, pour in from every side the heart-cries of humanity, and they are never left unanswered. The selfless prayers of votaries return therefrom like homing doves with messages of peace. On that high altar is heaped the fuel of man's toil for man, his heart-burnings, his frustrate efforts—"The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard"—his broken idols; and through its Officiants the Light of the Awful Presence, forever brooding over the darkness of earth, finds Its way to the hearts of men.

* * * * *

Source of all Power—In Thy Will is our peace.

While in the East the full-orbed moon and myriad stars keep watch and man is wrapt in slumber, in western lands the sun shines out in all his power and man wakes, and waking, toils. Night and Day, Death and Life, Manvantara and Pralaya follow each other in unalterable sequence; but Light shines equally in all the pairs.

Purification, Consecration, Illumination, Union—each marks a stage in Soul-life where Wisdom-Truth shines out in man in greater purity, splendour, beauty and power; and when the Divine Beauty in nature and the Divine Wisdom in man meet in worship, then is nature linked with man and man with God, and the Soul knows Itself.

Alice E. Adair

AS IT HAPPENED

(LEAVES FROM A SKETCH-BOOK)

By K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

The President at Trichinopoly

ON the right bank of the river Cauvery rises the world-famous Rock of Trichinopoly, three hundred feet of solid crystalline schist standing in splendid isolation in the centre of a vast plain laden with rich crops of cotton, millet and tobacco. Round about the rock lies the fort, and below it the city of Trichinopoly, formerly the battle-ground of the French and English—a city once as famous in history as now it is celebrated in commerce and agriculture. Our kind hosts, the President and the members of the local T. S. Lodge, had made arrangements for their guests to visit the celebrated rock and the other objects of interest in the neighbourhood. By means of a covered staircase, which afforded us protection from the sun, we made the ascent through many carved gateways, some of them dating from the fifth century, to the summit crowned with a Shiva Temple. Looking down from this commanding situation we noted the various landmarks. On one side lay the great Island-Temple of Seringam, court after court enclosing shrine after shrine, half-lost in the beautiful woods that surround it. Upon the other side we saw the house of Clive—now a Jesuit College—the palace of the Nawāb and the flower gardens for which the city is famed.

The descent accomplished in safety, we drove to the new Lodge, about to be opened by the President. The

members of Trichinopoly may well be proud of it, for they have secured a fine site in front of a large open space most suitable for open-air public meetings. The Lodge stands in an acre or two of its own grounds, and is a well-proportioned building with a Hall below and an E. S. room above, surrounded by spacious verandahs. Here we found preparations going on apace and everything in a state of bustle and activity, carpets going down and canopies going up. The floral decorations at Trichinopoly really surpassed anything we remember to have seen—even in India. Upon the platform was an arbour or bower of pink and white blossom fit for a fairy Queen, upon which the western visitor could only look in wonder that anything short of elfin fingers could have constructed such a thing of beauty. By night-fall everything was in readiness and we sallied forth to meet the President, escorted by two amazonian ladies who carried what appeared to be itinerant street-lamps poised upon their heads. How they got there, and how, in all the hustle and hurly-burly of the jostling street crowds, they managed to remain there was another mystery to the bewildered guests, who felt as though under the superintendence of Aladdin's genii. When we reached the central square we found it a seething mass of eager, struggling humanity. The people made way for us however, and indeed pending the arrival of the real cause of the excitement—the Procession—we became objects of interest to the citizens. Young Trichinopoly inspected us carefully from the crowns of our hats to the tips of our toes. So far as we know the verdict was withheld; we can only trust it was favourable. Presently the lively strains of a military band announced the arrival of the President

and then the tamasha began in real earnest. A lordly elephant was led forth and made to take his place at the head of the Procession. Mr. Graham Pole, the Scottish General Secretary, was requested to mount it; accepting the invitation, he succeeded in scaling the animal in triumph and took his place beside the mahout, whereupon the elephant marched off and a camel with it. Next followed a carriage and pair with the Organising Secretary and his wife, and then the President, accompanied by Mr. Wadia, covered with wreaths and garlands and surrounded by enthusiastic welcomers.

The formal opening of the Lodge, however, did not take place till next day; it was then declared open by the President. The ceremony was followed by a particularly interesting lecture on 'The Value of Hindūism'. The Lodge was packed with students. Is it not significant, this response of the young to the Message of Theosophy? Nothing is more marked at Theosophical gatherings than the demeanour of the Indian student. He arrives eager; he attends strictly; he departs thoughtful. Surely this seed-sowing must bear fruit in days to come and the citizen of to-morrow, we venture to predict, will show himself conspicuous for his sense of duty and responsibility as well as for his love of the Motherland. Every evening there were large gatherings before the Lodge grounds. At these Anglo-India was represented as well as the citizens of Trichinopoly. Of the success of each and all of these functions there can be no doubt, and our best congratulations are given to the President and members of the Lodge, to whom we also tender our thanks for their past hospitality and our good wishes for their future work.

Mr. Wadia and Party in Travancore

Upon the return of the President to Adyar, accompanied by Mr. Graham Pole, the rest of the party journeyed southwards into Travancore under the leadership of Mr. Wadia, who is both well-known and greatly sought after as a spiritual teacher by many an ardent seeker after truth in Southern India. Travancore runs for 150 miles along the south-west coast of the Peninsula to Cape Comorin. This State, though only sixteenth in point of area, is third in point of population; and as regards education, particularly that of women, it is the first of all the States. As soon as we crossed its frontiers we became guests, and never were visitors more thoughtfully and generously provided for. At Quilon, our first halt, we found a good-sized gathering collected in a local club. The Lodge at Quilon not being a large one, we felt great credit to be due to the energetic Mr. C. Raman Tampi, who had managed to arrange so good a meeting at such short notice. We were greatly taken with Quilon and could not be torn away from its quaint old houses and picturesque river-craft, which we insisted on inspecting thoroughly. Pending the advent of the railway, much of the traffic of Travancore is carried on by means of light covered-in canoes navigated by means of a punt-pole. The following day however we were obliged to bid it farewell, and mount the great Juggernaut of a motor car, that was to carry us over the intervening forty-four miles to the capital of Travancore. Across the country then behold us flying—and such country! Up and down we went over the great billowy folds of the western Ghats, clothed with primeval forest, the home of elephants, leopards, bears and bison. In addition to a

network of waterways, the State has also a fine system of roads upon which a regular motor service is kept up. About four o'clock we reached Trivandrum, the capital of Travancore, the seat of H. H. the Mahārāja; there we beheld a college that he has built, a school for girls, a training college for teachers, a school of arts, a hospital, and a medical school. But of all the sights in Travancore that which delighted us most was to see happy care-free maidens of fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, possibly even older, walking through the streets with lesson-books and slates in their arms, instead of the inevitable tiny baby one sees throughout India. The sight gave one to think. Was it to the holy influence of its departed saint, Shrī Ananta Padmanabhasvami, that Trivandrum owed its exceptional blessings...did he perhaps watch over its welfare from the Heaven-world...or was it...? At this point in our meditations the char-a-banc came to a sudden stop, and there filed past us some carriages, the first of which contained H. H. the Mahārāja. We felt ourselves fortunate to have even a passing glimpse of this Prince, who has the welfare of his people so much at heart, and whose domain is as remarkable for material prosperity as it is for good administration. The Mahārāja is directly descended from Cheraman Perumal, who reigned about 378 A.D. over United Malabar. It is rather curious and interesting to note that in Travancore the succession goes through the female line.

A large notice of the Conference to be held was now placed over the front of the motor, and thus announced we progressed through the town to the Lodge, where a warm welcome awaited us, from the President and the members. In spite of the monsoon, which now

descended upon us, all the meetings at Trivandrum were well attended and characterised by great cheerfulness and cordiality. Among those attending this Conference were some whose lives are somewhat lonely—who are, so to speak, on outpost duty. These tasted to the full those joys of fellowship to which those happy people privileged to live at Adyar become so accustomed that they accept them as a matter of course. The Town Hall Lectures, at which the Chair was taken by several of the High Court Judges in succession, were a great feature. They were packed, although the weather did its worst. Notably was this the case on the night Mr. Wadia spoke on 'Man the Maker of his Destiny'. It seemed to some of us that on this occasion he rose even above his usual level of spontaneous eloquence, and that there descended upon him in a marked degree both the spirit of wisdom and the power of utterance. Mrs. Gagarin held a most attentive audience throughout a lecture on 'The Building of Character'. Mrs. Best both on and off the platform converted everybody to a belief in astrology. Mr. Rohde lectured most ably on 'The Races of Humanity,' and had a most appreciative audience. Mr. Best, besides giving a lantern exhibition, also spoke on behalf of education, with a special plea for the education of the mothers. We must not omit to mention a small incident that perhaps was not without a certain esoteric significance. We were seated in our rooms one afternoon when suddenly a clear childish voice broke in upon our talk announcing gleefully: "My mother comes, my mother comes!" And so she did, and one or two others also, and of course we were delighted; nor was this all; for even at the public meetings there were always some of

our Indian hostesses present to sit beside their European guests and illustrate the Universal Sisterhood. Of our kind hosts Mr. and Mrs. Ananda Row we can only say that they forestalled our every want. We are particularly grateful to them for affording us a fascinating peep into Indian home life—a thing which many Europeans have desired to see and have not seen. It will live long in our memories. Dr. Wilson, who was also present at some of the meetings, sympathised in our efforts to avert the evils of child-marriage. Let any who desire to acquaint themselves more fully with this curse of India consult the medical authorities. They will furnish details of the unspeakable and the utterly unnecessary suffering caused by this system. It is said that:

Men must work and women must weep.

True, but not *children*, they surely were meant to play. Is not the voice of Nature the voice of God?

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
 The young birds are chirping in the nest,
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
 The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly!
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
 In the country of the free.

If India is to rise among the nations it must be upon two pinions—her manhood and her womanhood; then let every true patriot make it part of his life-work to restore to the Indian woman the years that the locusts have eaten, the locusts of ignorance, cruelty and lust. Let the plaintive voice of the child-mother and child-widow be heard no more in the land, and let India have a maidenhood once more.

K. F. Stuart

REVIEWS

Thirty Songs from the Panjab and Kashmir: Recorded by Ratan Devi. (Sold by Messrs Luzac, 46 Great Russell Street, London.)

Those interested in Indian Music will welcome this well produced book, in that it records for us specimens of the songs of the people of Northern India. Too little has been rendered available to us of music of this type. Such collections represent far more truly the musical tastes of the people than those abstruse—and hitherto very incomplete—studies of the complexities of what may be termed Southern Indian Music, which are now being issued to the public at frequent intervals.

The present most interesting volume presents to us songs of every type, invocations, religious songs, love, marriage and cradle songs, garnered from many widely separated places in the North of India and from persons of every class. A slight sketch giving the general reader an outline of the Indian musical system by Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy precedes them. The music, in European notation, so transcribed that some idea of the actual Indian accentuation may be obtained, is accompanied by a verse or so of the song in its original language and followed by a translation of the full song in English. The picturesque and poetical beauty of some of these ballads is very striking and in many cases the music, though of a type unfamiliar to the western ear, possesses an undeniable charm. We sometimes wonder however if musicians are, as a race, entirely lacking in a sense of humour. One invariably fails to find in collections of this sort any example of facetiae, and the present volume is no exception to the rule, yet such form no small part of the music of the masses. The book is enriched by photographs of Indian musicians, characteristically posed, which will not fail to interest those unacquainted with the country. We are surprised to note that there is neither table of contents, list of songs nor index, an omission decidedly inconvenient in a work of this kind.

C. R. H.

The Little Wicket Gate, by Algernon Petworth. (A. C. Fifield, London. Price 6s.)

This book is another of the increasing number of novels with a purpose. The purpose apparently in this case is to forecast a Utopian scheme of existence in which co-operation replaces competition, private property is done away with, and a scheme or system of communistic labour—labour limited to three and a half hours a day—is found sufficient to supply all the needs of a pleasant and even luxurious existence.

This scheme of life is one more attractive and reasonable than those some idealists have produced; it is fuller of colour and not so monotone in tint. It recognises that all men are not equal, and the necessity for the fullest self-expression is one of the keynotes of the life at Odi, as the town is called in this country of Tiflihin, boasting in all a population of forty millions. Some of the domestic arrangements, particularly with regard to the great part machinery plays therein, suggest Mr. Leadbeater's forecast of similar arrangements in the future sixth Race colony in America.

One point the author has recognised and stated clearly, instead of slurring it over in silence, as is generally done with unpopular novelties, is that a system of this nature must, as human nature is now, be founded on tyranny. As an exponent of the life at Odi says frankly;

It began by tyranny, in making those work who could but would not The great difficulty we found was in enforcing the duty to labour for necessities on all; to support that duty tyranny was obligatory and still exists though now unfelt There is the tyranny of the Loc and our master [The system of government, E. S.] All the necessities of life are subject to tyranny. And on this tyrannic basis the whole life of our people is raised, so that all compete in all necessary for common advance, common evolution. By a tyrannic abandonment of useless competition for necessities, we open full competition to all in a higher form of life. And this competition spells competition in self-expression.

Apparently at Tiflihin sufficient faith was felt in the autocracy of the few wise to compel the salvation of the many foolish.

A love motive is introduced and the book, as it affords food for both the imagination and the reason, can be heartily recommended. It is quite possible, I should imagine, that some of the suggestions here put forth in the form of fiction may some day be working realities in the new race that is to be.

E. S.

Nature Mysticism, by the Rt. Rev. J. E. Mercer, D. D. (George Allen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

The object of this book is to show the influence that nature exerts over those who truly love her. The writer would deplore with Wordsworth the attitude of the man to whom

A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

So Dr. Mercer proceeds to consider the effect certain aspects of nature exercise on humanity. Roughly, the volume is divided into two parts. The first few chapters are devoted to an explanation of what the author exactly means by Nature Mysticism. This involves the reader in a rather complicated philosophical and metaphysical argument, as the writer wishes to defend his position against objections that might be raised by other schools of thought, and desires to demonstrate the limits of his discussion.

. the Mysticism here contemplated is neither of the popular nor of the esoteric sort. In other words, it is not loosely synonymous with the magical or supernatural; nor is it a name for peculiar forms of ecstatic experience which claims to break away from the spheres of the senses and the intellect. It will simply be taken to cover the causes and the effects involved in that wide range of intuitions and emotions which nature stimulates without definite appeal to conscious reasoning processes. Mystic intuition and mystic emotion will thus be regarded, not as antagonistic to sense impression, but as dependent on it—not as scornful of reason, but merely as more basic and primitive.

Nature Mysticism, Dr. Mercer thinks, is not for the few, and its appeal "will lie to faculties which are shared in some degree by all normal human beings though they are too often neglected if not disparaged"; but the author holds that though it can be at home with diverse world-views, it is incompatible with "the world-view which is based on the concept of an Unconditioned Absolute". He also rejects "Symbolism," on the ground that "it furnishes a quite inadequate account of the relation of natural phenomena to the human mind". On both these points he has a good deal to say.

It is, of course, obviously impossible here to enter upon a metaphysical argument, but one feels that Dr. Mercer's line of reasoning is not entirely convincing. It is always interesting, however, if sometimes not altogether clear.

After this "metaphysical bath"—the author's own phrase—he enters upon the consideration of Nature Mysticism in connection with poetry, mythology, and the race. He traces far back into history the effects that water, air, fire, and earth, in their different aspects, have induced in the human mind, and tells of some of the emotions they produce, illustrating his points by various quotations.

In Chapter XIV the relative nature of ugliness is well worked-out.

The ugly, then, is not to be opposed to the beautiful as its contrary, but as standing in the relation to it of the less to the more perfect. There will thus be grades of beauty as there are grades of reality. And mystic intuition will have corresponding grades of dignity and insight.

This is further exemplified by the following passage:

The use of discords in music is singularly suggestive in this regard. There are combinations of musical sounds which, when produced as isolated combinations, are harsh, and even painful. But let them be heralded by other chords, and let them be parted from them by suitable resolutions and they can charm, or thrill, or kindle deep emotion Discords in music, when used with knowledge and mastery do not take their places as aliens in musical progressions—as insertions of ugliness in a texture of surrounding beauty—but as themselves beautiful.

In a word, the Nature Mystic in some sense pierces the consciousness of nature and apprehends to a greater or less degree the life within the form, seeing the permanent beyond the ever-fleeting. His experiences are of great value to himself, and, as far as he can express them, to others of a kindred mind. But Mysticism must ever remain the heritage of the Mystic alone, for the concrete mind feels out of element in this realm of what it terms, 'the vague'. In the hearts of the former, however, Dr. Mercer's book will surely find a place.

T. L. C.

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

Psychology, by H. J. Watt, M.A., Ph. D.

As our readers are already aware, the People's Books are nothing if not up-to-date, so we are not surprised to find among them a volume devoted to that youngest of modern sciences—psychology. Here the author gives us the benefit of much careful investigation into the nature and course of experience, as he defines the word psychology, and it is at once evident that his exposition demands considerable study on the part of the reader. To speak frankly, the book is not calculated to attract the superficial enquirer, for its brevity tends to concentrate rather than curtail the matter dealt with. But we are safe in promising anyone who is not afraid of technical language and close analysis a compact storehouse of experimental data bearing on these marvellous organic units that we call ourselves.

W. D. S. B.

Hypnotism and Self-Education, by A. M. Hutchison, M. D.

This is such a healthy and practical little book that we should like to see it in the hands of all concerned in the bringing up and education of children. Hypnotism is expounded in its broadest sense with a sanity and sincerity that carry conviction. A concise history is given of the work that has already been done in this direction from the time when Anton Mesmer first drew attention to the possibilities of healing without drugs, and enough is said about the functions of the brain and nervous system to enable anyone to form an adequate idea of the mechanism of the suggestive process, whether in the waking state or in varying degrees of somnolence, without going into professional details or speculative theories. But the most commendable feature we find is the strong emphasis laid on the necessity of personal effort on the part of the patient towards self-control, and particularly control of thought. It is rightly urged that the work of the true hypnotist should be confined to arousing and guiding the patient's own will-power by reasoning and sympathetic suggestion, while any attempt to force or dominate is strongly deprecated as impermanent and injurious, even when done with the best of motives, and needless to say no other motives

are tolerated by the writer. We repeat the hope that this brightly written contribution to the literature of mental healing will do much to spread a safe and common-sense view of the powers for good which all can command if they will.

W. D. S. B.

The Oxford Movement, by Wilfrid Ward.

Three names stand out prominently in connection with the Oxford Movement, those of Pusey, Keble, and Newman, but the greatest of these is Newman. "The Movement of 1833," Mr. Ward tells us, "was directly theological and ecclesiastical"; but there seems to have been a gradual preparation of the ground to make it blossom into activity. This little volume is divided into two parts: 'The Story of the Movement,' and 'The Significance of the Movement'. The history of the Movement is so well-known, and has been so often written, that Mr. Ward is to be congratulated in treating the subject again with freshness. He considers, as is perhaps natural, that Newman was the most important figure of the time, but throughout he has written without prejudice. The significance of the Movement, the author thinks, does not lie entirely in the "renewed influence of Catholic doctrine and ceremonial in the Church of England". The idea in the mind of Newman was rather that "in reviving the idea of the Church of England as part of the Church Catholic, he was indicating a philosophy of belief suitable for the times". He would thus give the less philosophical minds a much needed support for their faith in a "secularistic civilisation". But the Oxford Movement has not yet receded sufficiently into the past to show us its real significance, and this will be the work of the future. However, this book is a welcome addition to the series of 'People's Books,' as it deals with a subject about which everyone ought to know something.

T. L. C.

Everyday Law, by J. J. Adams, M. A.

"Ignorance of the law excuses no one" is a legal truth well-known; but undoubtedly it is through such ignorance that many breaches of the law are committed. We must be grateful, therefore, to Mr. Adams for having put in a handy form

such a clear exposition of the most obvious pitfalls into which the unwary may blindly stray. We are told of such subjects as divorce, slander, partnership, leases, the responsibility of the owner of a boarding-house, etc. These are dealt with alphabetically, which arrangement is most convenient, as it enables the layman to find out, in a moment, a summary of the important points connected with everyday law, without having to consult some expensive legal tome. It is a book essentially for the people, contains much useful knowledge, and ought to have a large circulation.

T. L. C.

The Bible and Criticism, by W. H. Bennett, M.A., D.D., Litt. D., and W. F. Adeney, M. A., D. D.

The terms Criticism, Biblical Criticism, Higher and Historical Criticism are, as is very necessary, first defined in this little hand-guide to a very large subject, which however succeeds in clearly and concisely stating the present generally held position with regard to the Old and New Testaments, for which Dr. Bennett and Dr. Adeney are respectively responsible, the book being divided into these two parts.

Part I includes Chapters on Higher Criticism; Principles and General Results; Higher Criticism; Results as to Individual Books; Historical Criticism; Text, Canon, Apocrypha;

Part II: Textual and Historical Criticism; The Writings of S. Paul; Hebrews and the General Epistles; The Synoptic Gospels; The Johannine Writings; The New Testament Canon.

And the result?

The Old Testament in itself remains what it was before the work of modern criticism Traditional views as to date, authorship, and mode of composition have been seriously modified . . . We have also learnt that many of the narratives can no longer be regarded as historical or scientific records.

With regard to the New Testament we are warned against expecting finality of judgment and learn that "the extension of the time and personelle of the authorship of the New Testament leaves the reader free to recognise the Divine Spirit's work as covering a larger area than had been supposed".

A Bibliography and an Index complete a useful précis on a subject not very accessible to the general reader.

E. S.

Turkey and the Eastern Question, by John Macdonald, M. A.

In this little book of about ninety pages Mr. Macdonald traces the history of the Balkan peoples from the time when they first entered the Balkan peninsula as savage invaders, through their struggles with the Byzantine Empire, up to their conquest by the Turks, and then through long centuries of oppression—the 'Turkish night'—to the struggle for freedom in the nineteenth century which culminated in the recent war.

The author writes from personal study of the Balkan races, and deeply sympathises with their national ideals, and their hatred of Turkish rule. Indeed, at times one feels that this book, intended to give the general public an outline of the question, should have been written in a less partisan spirit. Not that the author omits to give the Turkish point of view, or to explain the difficulties of their rule, but his greater understanding of the Slavs biases him in their favour in dealing, for instance, with the question of brigandage in Macedonia.

The book was unfortunately written before the recent war against Bulgaria, so that the author's anticipations of the future need revision.

H. T. R.

Gardening, by A. Cecil Bartlett.

It would at first sight seem impossible that any book on general gardening, consisting only of 94 pages, could be of any real value. Yet by a process of concise statement of fact, elimination of all but essential details and rigorous exclusion of long lists of plants, Mr. Bartlett has achieved the seemingly impossible. General principles of sound practice are expounded in relation to all departments of the well-ordered garden. We are glad to see the inclusion of a chapter on 'Intensive Culture,' which we trust will help to stem the tide of those unfortunate and ignorant people who, owing to the booming of the halfpenny press, invest their small savings in an undertaking which cannot possibly render them an adequate return. It is interesting to find the results of comparatively recent scientific investigation in the chapter headed the 'Treatment of Sick Soils'. The astonishment of the average amateur

gardener when one suggests the possibilities of soil sterilisation is often remarkable. This is the more curious when we see that in other pursuits in which he is interested, such as motoring, yachting, etc., the amateur is keen enough on assimilating the latest results of science. The article on 'The Lawn' is particularly good, and those who, sadly contemplating their own plot of grass, mentally compare it with those lovely stretches of smooth emerald turf for which England was once noted, cannot do better than study this section. Any one who, taking up gardening, is bewildered by the tangled growth of garden literature, would be wise to get such a general view of the whole field as may be obtained from this little book, after which more advanced works should prove easily intelligible.

C. R. H.

Trades Unions, by Joseph Clayton.

Trades Unions is another marvel of condensation. Only the intimate knowledge and experience of a lifetime, passed in the midst of many of the people and events discussed, could produce such a clear, and comprehensive description of this epoch-making movement. It would appear, however, that Mr. Clayton's suggestion that 'Syndicalism' is the coming Unionism is somewhat beside the mark. It is much more likely that 'Syndicalism' will develop into, or be displaced by, 'Guild Unions,' which will work in co-operation with the State, as foreshadowed in the virile pages of *The New Age*. Certainly for the future there must be either one of the two forms: Unionism with, or apart from, the State.

It is a good augury for the world, that books on such subjects are in demand. Messrs. Jack are to be commended for anticipating and supplying the demand in such a neat and comprehensive form.

H. R. G.

Labour and the Churches, by Reginald A. Bray. (Constable & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

Enormous energy has been wasted by the endeavours of well-meaning persons to reconcile the irreconcilable, to bring into closer relationship sections of society, or institutions, which under the existing economic system are, and must be of necessity, at opposite poles of thought and action. Wage-labour for instance, can no more co-operate with capital than the proverbial lamb can co-operate with the proverbial lion. Capitalism lives on the wage system, struggling ever to maintain and strengthen its dominance. Labour lives under the wage system, battling more or less unconsciously for the overthrow of that system. How then can there be any community of interest? Equally true is it that there is, and can be, no community of interest or co-operation between the churches and organised labour. In his book, *Labour and the Churches*, Mr. Reginald A. Bray proves this conclusively, in spite of a very obvious bias in favour of the latter.

In stating the problem, Mr. Bray takes 'The Churches' to include all sections of organised religion, and 'Labour' to embrace all forms of organised labour. This rather extensive definition clears the ground for the author to argue, in Chapter V, that these two bodies, by virtue of their being organised, must have an aim, and, having an aim, each must have faith in the possible achievement of that aim, and further, that this mutual attitude of mind should form a basis for co-operation. This rather daring suggestion would be productive of most important results if placed as a principle before, say, the combatants in the Balkans.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Bray's case that truth should compel him to draw such odious comparisons between labour and the churches. The churches are described as "relatively unimportant . . . and acutely conscious of unsuccessful effort," while labour is active, progressive, catholic, humanitarian, and idealistic. Furthermore, the churches as organised bodies have proved by their conduct in all ages that they are but class institutions, working only for the benefit of the dominant class. All this, and more, Mr. Bray admits by inference, yet still pleads hard for his pet idea.

He is not by any means blind to the faults of labour, however, though even then the scale goes down with a bang

on the side of labour. It is pleasing to read his tribute to the unselfishness of labour, and his scathing condemnation of the current cant talked of its materialistic tendencies is much to the point. His condemnation of 'Syndicalism,' as the acme of unsocialism, is well based. He should remember, however, that the desperate condition of the workers impels them to follow the counsels of despair.

On the whole, Mr. Bray would have done better to have used his faculty of clear and forcible exposition solely in the cause of labour. While conscious of the idealistic motives behind the labour movement, he attaches too much importance to the churches as institutions, and does not seem to realise fully that the religious impulse would still operate in the hearts of men if all the churches were abolished. Brotherhood is the keynote of the working-class movement. The world-tendency to-day is towards the disintegration of sectional unionism.

H. R. G.

L'Autre Miracle, by Aimee Blech. (Perrin et Cie, Paris. Price 3s. 6d.)

For Theosophists, the chief interest in this story lies in that fact that Theosophy is here made to play the part of peacemaker between widely divergent temperaments. The plot is a very simple one, yet is full of human interest. Calculating and mercenary parents force their daughter into marrying a man of wealth and reputation who loves her, but in whom she is not in the least interested. The result of this step is, of course, most unsatisfactory, and causes much suffering to the two persons chiefly concerned. The wife's outlook on life is that of the religious mystic of a rather narrow kind; the husband is frankly materialistic in his views. Neither understands the other and the breach between them widens as the weeks pass. A piece of very good karma brings them a Theosophical friend who gradually, by explaining the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom to them, brings about their mutual appreciation and finally bridges the gulf that yawned between them. We heartily recommend the book as one which will help its readers to solve some of the very common problems of life.

A. de L.

Dante and Aquinas, by Philip H. Wicksteed. (Dent & Sons, Ltd., London and Toronto. Price 6s. net.)

Anything, either written or spoken, by Mr. Wicksteed, Dante's most popular English exponent, is well worth attention, as the present reviewer, with pleasant and vivid recollections of his beautiful and enthusiastic Dante lectures, well knows. This book, the substance of the Jowett lectures of 1911, is a welcome and scholarly contribution to existing Dante literature. Of the scholastic philosophy of Thomas Aquinas, *Doctor Angelicus*, *Doctor Universalis*, not much is known outside the ranks of the Roman Catholic Clergy. The celebrated Encyclical of Pope Pius XIII made Aquinas' teaching the basis of the Roman Catholic theological doctrine. So, though dead, the "Angelical Doctor" still speaketh, and is in fact a vital influence in modern thought and life, though his audience cannot compare with that of Dante. For Dante shares with Shakespeare the position of being a poet for all time and all people. The poet whose *Vita Nuova* is the lovers' *vade mecum*, and the *Commedia* the poem "to which both heaven and earth have set their hand," appeals equally to the devout and the carnally minded. The contents are: Mediæval Thought and Greek Philosophy. Neo-Platonism and Christian Neo-Platonism. The Migrations of Aristotle and the Transformations of Aristotelianism. S. Thomas Aquinas. Dante and Aquinas. Psychology and the Doctrine of the Soul. Hell. Purgatory. Heaven. There are also a postscript to Chapter vi and appendices to Chapters from the third onwards, appendices dealing mostly with Latin quotations from Avicenna and Thomas Aquinas.

It is generally said of Dante that his *Commedia* gathers within its limits all the theology and the learning of his times and does not go beyond. But here the relation of Dante's work to that of the great theologian is considered in detail, with the result that "while Dante habitually moved within the circle of scholastic ideas he did not allow it to confine him, when his own thought or his poetic vision broke away from its limitations". The book gives interesting sidelights on Thomas Aquinas, the man, as distinguished from the scholar. "The dumb ox," as he was nicknamed by his fellow-students owing to his broad bovine face and habitual habit of silence, has amply justified Albertus Magnus' prophetic saying: "I tell you

all the world will re-echo to the instruction of his lowing." Enjoined "in the name of obedience" to defend a difficult thesis, Thomas first prepared himself by prayer, and then so ably dealt with his subject as to elicit this exclamation.

Having set himself, in his celebrated *Summa Theologica*, the gigantic task of reducing to writing the sum of all known knowledge, subject however to the dictates of the Church, Aquinas finally abandoned its completion. "For while celebrating Mass some time before his death Aquinas had a wonderful spiritual experience," and as a result he said: "My writing days are over, for such things have been revealed to me that all I have written and taught seems of but small account to me." He had found, perhaps, as many a one both before and after Aquinas has found; "The tongue of that man is dulled who has known God." The scholastic philosophy founded on Aristotle—those doctrines of Aristotle being deleted which did not agree with Christian dogma—is decidedly stiff and requires both effort and perseverance to grasp. In this book, however, a great deal of the preliminary work has been done for the student by an expert, and a very interesting and valuable study is the result.

E. S.

Meditation for Beginners, by J. I. Wedgwood. (The Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d.)

We are glad to note that this is the second edition of this useful little book. Being the result of Mr. Wedgwood's own experience it carries a practical message which should be most valuable to those who feel their meditations to be vague and without system. If carefully studied and its suggestions followed, it should aid the student in realising his identity with the real Self and should give one-pointedness and clarity to his aspirations. The record of personal experience differs somewhat with every individual, therefore each man's sincere account has its own angle of helpfulness. It is difficult, almost impossible, to describe in words the processes of spiritual unfoldment. Mr. Wedgwood has done his task well and his words will "serve as sign-posts pointing out the way to that which is ineffably glorious, so that the pilgrim may know whither to direct his steps".

G. W.

The Ancient World, by C. Du Pontet. (Edward Arnold, London. Price 4s. 6d.)

Except in so far as anything that relates to education and history in general may be, indeed must be, of interest to our readers, there is no particular note in this volume to appeal to the Theosophical reviewer. It is nevertheless exceedingly interesting; and, although written primarily for schoolboys, we believe that the older, and shall we say wiser, people will find it both profitable and pleasant reading. 'Cleopatra's Needle' on the Thames embankment is made the starting point from which the author sets out on his travels in the Ancient World; there he unfolds Prince Housain's carpet and spirits the reader away to hoary-headed Egypt. Where she came from nobody knows: "So far no record, however old, has yet shown us Egyptian science or art in a state of infancy." But of her customs and her life, how she sought wisdom and prayed for light, built splendid monuments and honoured her dead, of these things we may learn much. These are outlined in M. Du Pontet's sketch, where he makes Egypt the central figure round which he groups the other great nations of antiquity. The story of their relations with each other and with her, through the long period of her youth, maturity and old age, is vividly told. Babylon, Assyria, Judah, the 'forgotten empires' of Crete and of the Hittites, India, China, Macedonia and Greece, Rome and Carthage, all take their place upon the stage, "have their day and cease to be". The story ends with the murder of Cæsar in 44 B. C. The following quotations may serve to give some idea of the author's method and style.

The first two will indicate some of the writer's clever devices for fixing facts in the memory. In one he summarises the history of several countries at a given period, for each central fact will call up all the other facts connected with it; in the second he drives home a dull item by coupling it with another more dramatic.

Solon was a contemporary of the Tyrants Periander and Peisistratus, the millionaire King Cræsus, the prophet Jeremiah, the philosopher Pythagoras, the royal organiser of Rome, Servius Tullius, and Æsop the writer of fables. During his lifetime great Nineveh fell, never to rise again, and Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Jerusalem.

Alexander was born in 356 B. C., the same night that the lunatic Herostratus, for notoriety's sake, burnt down the great temple of Artemis at Ephesus.

The characters of historic personages are boldly drawn:

Alcibiades was a clever but conceited and unsteady adventurer; Nicias was a thorough gentleman, of high principles and fair ability, but lacking in decision and initiative; Lamachus was a sound but unpretentious soldier.

Pithy sayings and amusing remarks give point to narrations which are in themselves never wearisome, as when, describing that queer medley of burlesque, tragedy and melodrama—Xerxes' march into Greece, which included such items as the lashing of the Hellespont and the decapitation of the bridge-builders because a storm had destroyed his bridge of boats—the author laconically adds: "Life with an oriental potentate is never dull." Or, again:

Rameses was an organiser both political and financial; he may have found a training-ground for his powers at home, for he had a family of a hundred and eleven sons and fifty-nine daughters.

And what could be more apt than: "Laws are duller than wars, but the world owes them more."

Many illuminating comparisons are drawn between ancient and modern history, and the events of the outer world are cleverly linked with the Bible stories. Nor is the pointing of the moral forgotten upon significant occasions: "Carthage had stood for seven centuries; but she had preferred wealth and ease to service and strength, and the price she paid was to be blotted out of the map."

The chapter called 'A Golden Age,' dealing with Greek Art and Literature, cannot be too highly praised; the author's love for that richly endowed nation radiates from every page.

We congratulate M. Du Pontet upon the happy result of his effort "while avoiding excessive detail, to emphasise the main outlines and to be interesting rather than exhaustive, refusing to strip the old stories of their romantic and picturesque elements," and so to attract young minds to further and deeper study. And we feel sure that he cannot fail to arouse in them the sense of world unity which he desires.

But the world was never built in water-tight compartments, and, no matter how early the period, there was never a time when great neighbour nations had not some knowledge of and some dealings with one another.

The book is of convenient size and the name of the publisher sufficiently indicates the excellence of its production.

A. E. A.

The Bible and Christian Science, by "Christian." (Arthur F. Bird, London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book is an *apologia* in defence of Christian Science, written by one who has enthusiastically embraced its principles. Its purpose is to help the suffering, to supply the fundamental doctrines of Christian Science, and to answer its sectarian, medical, and literary critics. The most cogent point made is the frequent appeal to results, for it is undoubtedly true that results of a beneficial nature do follow on Christian Science treatment in many cases though not in all. The book is certainly much easier to read and to understand than Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health*, the difficulties in connection with which the author notes. In the final chapter probably many Theosophists will be rather surprised to read that "Mrs. Besant is gradually coming back from whence she started, but free of sectarianism." Such considerable confusion of mind is shown to exist in the author's brain on the coming of the World-Teacher and the relation between the Christ and Jesus, that it seems a pity he should have introduced the subject until he himself had studied it more carefully so as to understand it. The existing confusion is shown by the author's final conclusion: "The world is not ready for a teacher at present; for apart from the dissensions in Christianity there are millions—the greater portion of the world's inhabitants—whose sympathies are not Christian." But the author's ignorance of the movement is evidenced by his contention that it is "to the comfortable, the intellectual and they that are whole" to whom it appeals. It is on the contrary the sick and sorrowful, the poor and needy, as to whom he questions what it has to offer, who are among the members of the Theosophical Society. Such find in its teachings explanations of *why* they are sick and sorrowful, poor and needy, and instructions how to live so as to better their condition. But at the same time, and here part of the comfort for the afflicted lies, Theosophy recognises in common with all the world's religions—with the exception apparently of Christian Science—that in poverty, sickness and sorrow the soul may learn some priceless lessons. For pain educates; and we are here to learn.

E. S.

NOTICES

We have received Part V of *Visvakarma*—the name of the celestial architect. Under this title, which is unfortunately meaningless to the ordinary English reader—and the series seems meant for the ordinary reader—we have Dr. Coomaraswamy's collection of examples of Indian architecture, sculpture, painting and handicraft. The present Part consists of 12 collotype prints from photographs, and is entirely devoted to ancient decorative sculpture. The first six plates represent figure-subjects and the remainder are of animals, gathered from such places as Elephanta, Elurā, Sārnāth, Sāñchi and Māmallapuram, and will no doubt be of value to those interested in archæology.

The October number of *Orpheus*, the well-known Theosophical quarterly magazine of art in picture song and story has two plates, one a well conceived mystical picture entitled 'St. Bride' by John Duncan, which exhibits some pleasing qualities and the other a lithograph, by Cecil French. In 'The Birth of a Song,' by Dermot O'Byrne we have a tale in the manner of what may be called the Gaelic school of fiction; a school which is very popular at the present time and of which, 'The Crock of Gold' is perhaps the most popular example. Mr. Marriott-Watson gives us four Japanese poems, which are rather slight for publication, in view of the many more interesting specimens available elsewhere. For the rest we have 'The Unicorn,' by Herbert Farjeon, 'Credo' and 'Make-Believe,' by Cecil French, 'An Imaginary Portrait,' by P. W. Robertson, 'Sonnet,' by Anatolius, and 'The Young Knight's Quest,' by Althaea Gyles. We must not omit to commend the witty review signed 'A.' Altogether the present number well maintains the standard of its predecessors.

C. R. H.

Carnacki the Ghost Finder, by William Hope Hodgson (Eveleigh Nash, London), has run into a second edition, and we judge that there is a goodly number of a certain type who consider Mr. Hodgson's hero a very bright and clever fellow indeed. To the Occultist, however, these tales are utterly absurd, and surely must sound grotesque to any man who has even cursorily investigated psychic phenomena.

We congratulate *The Times of India* on the handsome Christmas number of its 'Illustrated Weekly'. Particularly noticeable are its full-page coloured gravures and its photographic reproductions. These are up to the highest standard of excellence and give life and warmth to the context, which deals most interestingly with different phases of eastern, particularly Indian, life.

G. W.

The Historicity of Reincarnation is an interesting pamphlet from the Folkestone Lodge, written in reply to a letter (part of a newspaper correspondence) from Canon Mason, who was for some time Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. The disputed points are the doctrines of pre-existence and reincarnation. The Canon objects to the two being classed together as though they were one, and holds that there is not the slightest evidence that the latter was held in any form in the early Church, while admitting the acceptance of the former by Origen and Clement. Though the opinions expressed in the pamphlet are no doubt interesting and valuable as opinions, yet, with one or two exceptions where authorities are quoted, it seems to us that it contains very little in the nature of evidence that would give final satisfaction to a scholar like Canon Mason.

A. E. A.

Mrs. Musæus Higgins' nicely written *Tales of Ceylon* has been translated into German, under the title of *Sagen und Geschichten aus Indien und Ceylon für Jung und Alt*. We hope it will have a good circulation in its new dress.

A. B.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

AMERICA

The following resolution was offered by Mr. Henry Hotchner and Mrs. Grace Shaw Duff at the recent General Convention and was unanimously and enthusiastically passed: "Whereas, our honoured President Mrs. Besant is passing through difficult times, when an expression of our deep sympathy and appreciation would be opportune and welcome,

"Be it resolved: That this Convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society hereby records its entire confidence in her conduct of the lawsuit in India, its admiration of her valiant defence of the honour of the T. S., and its recognition of her splendid administration of the affairs of the Society: be it further

"Resolved, that this Convention sends to Mrs. Besant its loving gratitude, its loyal greetings, and its fond hopes that she may be unanimously re-elected as President next year and continue its executive head during the rest of her life; be it further,

"Resolved, that this Convention also expresses its warm appreciation of Mr. Leadbeater's many years of devoted service to the cause of Theosophy, and its deep sympathy for the merciless persecution to which he has been subjected; be it further

"Resolved, that copies of this resolution be sent to Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, and that a brief message of love and sympathy be sent to them by cable at once."

A Finnish Theosophical monthly has been founded by the Kipina Lodge, Cleveland, O., entitled *Teosofian Valo—the Light of Theosophy*. There must be a large colony of Finns in America to make such a venture possible.

The work of helping prisoners goes forward well. The following letter from Mr. Catlin will be read with interest:

"The 'word of honour' idea is spreading. During the past year and one-half I have sent every clipping bearing on this subject I could get hold of to the Governor of Illinois and the Warden at Joliet. A Warden resigned in July, and a more progressive man has taken his place. It will please you to learn that Illinois has finally decided to try the new system of trusting to the men's word of honour, and last week on Tuesday morning forty men walked out of the State Penitentiary at Joliet, and boarded a train bound for Dixon, Ill., where they will establish a camp and work on the roads. The men were all convicts. They will not wear clothes to mark them as felons, and on Sundays they will be allowed to receive visits from friends and relatives. No guards accompany them and they will be strictly on honour. An experienced road-builder will be manager of the camp, and he will be assisted by the highway commissioner of the county in which the men are working. No prison officials near! Illinois is the first State east of Colorado to try this, and the experiment will be watched with interest in the East—and in Anconada, too—'believe me!' It's up to every Theosophist to help to create favourable public sentiment in favour of more humane treatment of prisoners."

The Lodges of the Eastern Division gathered in combined meeting at New York last October, and Mrs. Russak was Barnabas, 'the chief speaker'. Her lectures everywhere drew much admiration.

BURMA

The Annual Convention has been held, and sent a warm message of trust and confidence.

ENGLAND

Miss Codd and Mr. Sidney Ransom continue to be very active in the lecture field. Headquarters' building goes on but slowly, but, as energetic Lady De La Warr has taken the matter in hand, we may hope for swifter progress. The Blavatsky and H. P. B. Lodges work hand-in-hand with the happiest results, arranging both for the study of members and for the spreading of the results of that study among the thoughtful public. The *Herald of the Star* is to take a new

departure as a monthly in January, 1914, and will deal with the general movement towards better conditions in all its aspects.

FRANCE

The French Executive has unanimously endorsed the General Secretary's nomination of the President for re-election. The building of the Headquarters is going on well, and the frames of the second storey are being placed in position. Mlle. Blech is making a tour in Algeria. Madame Blech went to London for the Star Conference. The first issue of the organ of the French division is out. The President of the Republic, M. Poincare, on a State visit to Spain, refused to attend a bull-fight organised in his honour, and the King of Spain also stayed away from it in consequence. M. Poincare's courage does honour alike to his country and to himself.

INDIA

Federation Meetings are very numerous, and do much to encourage the members, by helping them to feel that they are parts of a great movement. A very notable address was given at the Behar Federation by Rai Bahadur Purnendu N. Sinha on the Two Kṛṣṇas. The first Federation Meeting in Travancore was very successful, the gatherings being presided over by High Court Judges in succession; Mr. B. P. Wadia was the chief speaker. Miss Stuart's lecture on "Woman, Whence, How and Whither" aroused much mirth and enthusiasm and will be long remembered. The general progress made in India during the current year is noted in Watch-Tower.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the *Theosophist*

DEAR SIR,

I have just seen the criticism made in your pages by Mrs. Besant of a recent magazine article of mine, or rather of the editorial that accompanied it. I should be the last to expect Mrs. Besant to remember even as much as she does of me. There must be hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people who are pouring their love and devotion at her feet, and serving her cause to the best of their ability, and who was I that she should single me out to remember me? It is now eleven years since she admitted me in person into the E. S. at Manchester, and on that occasion I begged to be allowed to come and work with her, or rather for her in India. She told me to wait, and, as she remembers, I proceeded to do so in Simla. My 'intention' was certainly to renew my offer of service at a later date, but naturally neither she nor any one else was aware of this intention. It is unfortunate that my being in India made it impossible for me to correct in time the editorial remarks to which Mrs. Besant refers, and they were not contributed by me. It was not "as the result of a full investigation of Theosophy in India" that I renounced it, but simply because I entered the service of Christ, and found the two allegiances incompatible. I wrote this to Mrs. Besant at the time, and she answered with her own hand. May I add, though it will doubtless not interest her, that my profound personal regard for her remains unchanged, and to have to oppose my sometime Guru is a great pain to me.

I do not think that the biographical mistake to which attention has been drawn is of any importance, or in any way affects the contention of my article that Theosophy and Christianity are incompatible.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

E. R. MC. NEILE

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

1913 lies behind us; all thanks be to the High Gods therefor. A painful year and an evil it has been, and no tears fall upon its grave. Let us bury it joyfully, and with it bury all its memories that speak of strife. Let us carry forward into the New Year only the good things it brought—the proving of the love and faith of old friends, tested in the fire and found pure gold; the affection of new friends, the dearer because found in the midst of bitter strife; the added knowledge, the stronger heart, the keener intuition, evolved in the dark hours of struggle; surely all these are jewels, like the stars that gem the dark mantle of the moonless night. 1914 opens before us. Welcome, New Year! Whatever you may bring of weal or woe, it is well.

* *

One matter of impersonal strife 1914 will surely bring, a matter on which depends the life of Hindûism in Southern India, and therefore the freedom and progress of the South. It is the new campaign of the Protestant missionaries against Theosophy, the

campaign in favour of obscurantism, bigotry, and falsehood. In Europe, Christianity is emerging from its past errors, and is becoming more worthy of the Christ. It is recognising the value of Mysticism, is shedding the dark dogmas of the Middle Ages, is proclaiming the Love of the Universal Father against the 'Wrath of God to Man,' to use the title of Anselm's famous work, and with that recognition of the Love of God there inevitably goes out also Love to Man. Hell has disappeared, with its threat of everlasting torture. Vicarious atonement has vanished, with its premium on evil living. Only the ignorant proclaim their belief in the narrow theology of the past, and the deep spiritual truths of Hindūism have modified and beautified western Christianity. The splendid work of Svāmi Vivekānanda, made possible by the Theosophical Society in the West, showed that a Hindū could teach Christians the eastern secret of spirituality; he has but few nominal followers there, but his teachings have permeated Christianity.

* * *

But here, in Southern India especially, the old bitter spirit of past Christianity, the spirit of Anti-Christ, is incarnated in missionary propaganda. It draws the young into its clutches by opening schools in which much of the regulation fee is remitted, and subtly undermines their loyalty to Hindūism. Missionary schools have spread materialism here, and only the revival of Hindūism—largely due to the Theosophical Society—has saved India from becoming denationalised. Indian Christians complain of the scorn with which they are treated by the 'foreign missionaries,' and of the pride of the white man coming through the veneer of Christianity. Missionaries fawn upon a few prominent

Indians, and mask their contempt for 'the heathen' whom they defame in England; but if they succeed in their anti-Hindū work, these also will be brought to heel, and made to rue bitterly their folly in strengthening the enemies of their religion and their country. The missionaries are the worst enemies of India in England, and much of the growing antagonism to Indians there is due to the scandalous falsehoods spread about them in missionary meetings, and reported fully in the press. The shutting out of Indians from the Colonies is largely due to the same misrepresentations, which cause the Colonists to look on Indians as an uncivilised and inferior race. They blacken India everywhere, declaring that Christianity only can save it from the vices which degrade it. And in India itself they spread European vices, and drunkenness is seen following in the wake of their teachings. The school and the grog-shop appear side by side wherever their influence spreads, the one materialising the mind while the other destroys the body. They do not teach their pupils to avoid the bad customs which have crept into Hindūism, but they describe Shri Kṛṣṇa as a profligate, and travesty Hindū doctrines. They bring the spirit of persecution into India, and enthrone Anti-Christ instead of Christ. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

* * *

Their Indian converts do not seem to be having a very happy time under them. One of these complains that

There are in our midst missionaries who look down with lofty contempt on everything *native*, and treat their Indian Christian co-workers as their slaves. It was only the other day that an educated and cultured Indian Christian mission worker complained of the ill-treatment of him by an ill-educated Christian missionary, who evidently preferred this

high and noble calling to other callings, swayed by material considerations. "The missionary vocation," says the Rev. Dr. Cust, "has degenerated into an easy means of subsistence to numbers of half-educated youths of the lower middle class, who want an income upon which to marry young. Early marriage appears to be one of the common incentives to the missionary life, one of the frequent hindrances to missionary work, and one of the chief causes of the misapplication of missionary funds." Is there not a great deal of truth in these matters? Too often race-prejudices mar the feeling of brotherhood that must exist between the missionaries and the Indians for whom they are sent. Here are the words of an eminent Hindū gentleman which I quote for the benefit of certain missionaries: "The religion which a conquering nation, with an exasperating consciousness of superiority, condescendingly offers to the conquered must ever be disgusting to the recipient, however good it may be." (From *Hindu*.)

Here and there a noble missionary is seen, and in Northern India men of better birth, education and breeding seem to be found than are usually discoverable in the South. The half-educated are generally narrow-minded, and it would be a happy thing for Christianity in India if these people remained in England, where they can do little harm, instead of coming over here for the very peculiar reasons given by Dr. Cust, where the mere colour of their skin gives them a position which they cannot enjoy in their native country.

* * *

I have received an appeal from a northern school and orphanage, which is established for "poor boys and girls of European descent"; the institution seems to include both European and Eurasian children. The appeal asks help to rescue "children living in shameful degradation, surrounded by heathen, and growing up without any sort of education". The fact that their being "surrounded by heathen" is joined to their "living in shameful degradation" is hardly likely to appeal to us heathen. Nor are the influences which

would surround them in the school and orphanage, judging by this expression, likely to bring them up as good citizens of heathen India.

* * *

During the coming year it will be well to work for the increase of our numbers as well as for the spreading of our ideas. The battle of free speech has been won in England, and, with that victory, the necessity for lessening the power of the Church was over. H. P. Blavatsky's vigorous onslaughts on 'Churchianity' had behind them the same necessity as those of Charles Bradlaugh—the necessity for free speech. Here in Madras, the missionaries have control of most of the halls, and shut out anyone whom they dislike. For the Church has not lost its old spirit of persecution, although it shows it with more discretion than of old. We must make over here the free platform we have won in England, and to that end we must increase our numbers. In most of the mofussil towns we have members among the Hindū leaders, and so can readily obtain a hearing, but in Madras itself the missionaries are dominant, and use their power ruthlessly. A vigorous propaganda is the only way to break down the bigotry, which is an anachronism, a survival of the Dark Ages.

* * *

Mr. K. Sundaramier, M. A., a retired Professor, writing to the *Hindu*, makes the admirable suggestion that the Madras Hindūs should raise a sum of five lakhs to safeguard the various struggling Hindū educational institutions in the Presidency, forming in fact a Hindū Educational Trust. I sincerely hope that the idea will be carried out, and that Mr. Sundaramier and his friends will soon be able to show a long list of Hindū schools

rescued from destruction and supported by Hindū gifts. No national service is more needed than the spreading of education and the maintenance of the Hindū religion in the coming generation.

* * *

A Buddhist Educational Trust has been incorporated in Ceylon, another move in the right direction. I hope that it will take over the Colleges and Schools now controlled by the Buddhist Theosophical Society, as well as all the Buddhist Schools which are in private hands. Then the consolidated Buddhist ranks would be able to hold their own against the aggressions of the missionaries. The Theosophical Society has done its duty, when it has started and fostered during its infancy an educational movement for the benefit of any special religion; and the moment a body of its religionists are ready to take control, the T. S. should always relinquish it, and go on to do the pioneer work elsewhere.

* * *

I learned that some people supposed that some of the Rs. 5,485 spent by me to obtain justice in the Police Court went to Mr. Shama Rau, so wrote asking him if he would like me to say that this was not so. He sent word in the affirmative; so I willingly state here that Mr. Shama Rau has never received a pie from me, nor was there a word to suggest this in what I wrote. This large expenditure was rendered necessary by the continued and most annoying adjournments of the case by the magistrate, who would only take a fragment of it at a time, without the slightest care for the trouble and cost imposed on the unfortunate people concerned.

* * *

The leading Hindūs of Benares have been very generous to us in providing accommodation for our Convention delegates. H. H. the Mahārāja has lent one of his Benares houses, the one near the College in which he resides when he visits Benares, and has also lent two large shamianas for the lectures. Rājā Madhōlal, the Manager of the Rājā of Vizianagram, Bābū Moti Chand Sāhab and others have lent house-room; a neighbour has allowed a big shed to be erected on his land for an Indian dining-room, and tents, tables, chairs, etc., have been sent in. We are very grateful for all this help. The Managing Committee of the C. H. C. kindly offered guest-rooms, but, as they would not allow me to lecture in their hall, the Executive Committee of the Section did not care to accept the invitation.

* * *

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." The volume is issued in boards, and is priced at Ans. 12, though it has reached 303 pages. In order to cover the cost at this price, we have printed a very large edition, but as the subject is a burning one, we hope that it may go out of print.

* * *

It is a good thing to hear that there is a general recognition among our members in South India of the necessity for Social Reform, and a willingness to work actively along the lines sketched out. Let us see what of real work will be shown during 1914. How many will disregard caste restrictions? How many will

keep their girl-children at school instead of marrying them? There lies the test.

The first number of our new weekly, *The Commonweal*, goes forth amid good omens. A very warm welcome has been extended to it as filling a much-needed want, and quite a respectable list of subscribers is already filed. The first number contains an editorial, 'Our Policy,' which outlines the aims of the journal, and we trust to be able to fulfil them gradually. An article on 'Colour' deals with some of the present difficulties in India and elsewhere, caused by the attitude engrained in the white races where the coloured are concerned. We shall always be glad to receive notes and news touching on matters of interest, religious, educational, social and political.

The attacks made on Mr. Leadbeater by those who, without any justification, change his opinion on a question of admitted difficulty into uncleanness of life—a patent falsehood to all who know his ascetic habits—are leading to a reaction among decent-minded people, who compare the purity of his life with the lives of some of his assailants. For the first time since he returned to India, he has accepted an invitation to preside at a Conference, and I notice among those who take the chair at his lectures a Judge of the Chief Court of Mysore, and one of the High Court, Trivandrum. In February, Mr. Leadbeater leaves India for a long tour, which will include Burma, Java, Australia and New Zealand. These countries have long been begging for visits, and he has, at last, consented to go. He will be away nearly a year.



MEMORIES OF PAST LIVES¹

By ANNIE BESANT

THERE is probably no man now living in the scientific world who does not regard the theory of physical evolution as beyond dispute; there may be many varieties of opinion with regard to details and methods of evolution, but on the fundamental fact, that forms have proceeded from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, there is complete harmony of educated opinion. Moreover, the evolutionary idea dominates all departments of thought, and is applied to society as much as to the individual. In history it is used as the master-key wherewith to unlock the problems of the growth of nations, and, in sociology, of the progress of

¹ This article is written from a report of a lecture given in S. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, in March, 1912, with the Lord Provost of Glasgow in the Chair.

civilisations. The rise, the decay, the fall of races are illuminated by this all-pervading idea, and it is difficult now for anyone to throw himself in thought back into the time when law gave way to miracle, and order was replaced by fortuitous irregularity.

In working up to the hypothesis of evolution small indications were searched for, as much as long successions were observed. Things apparently trifling were placed on record, and phenomena apparently trivial were noted with meticulous care. Above all, any incident which seemed to conflict with a recognised law of nature was minutely observed and repeatedly scrutinised, since it might be the indication of some force as yet undiscovered, of some hidden law working along lines as yet unknown. Every fact was observed and recorded, challenged and discussed, and each contributed something to the great pyramid of reasons which pointed to evolution as the best hypothesis for explanation of the phenomena of nature. Your dog turned round and round on the hearthrug before composing himself to sleep; was he not governed by an unconscious memory from the times when his ancestors thus prepared a comfortable depression in the jungle for their repose? Your cat pressed her fore-paws on the ground, pushing outwards repeatedly; was it not an unconscious memory which dominated her from the need of her larger predecessors, encircled by the tall grass of the forest hiding-place, to flatten out a sufficient bed for luxurious rest? Slight, in truth, are such indications, and yet withal they make up, in their accumulation, a massive argument in favour of unconscious memories of past lives being wrought into the very fabric of the animal body.

But there is one line of questions, provocative of thought, that has not yet been pursued with industry equal to that bestowed on the investigation of bodily movements and habits. The questions remain unanswered, either by biologist or psychologist. Evolution has traced for us the gradual building of our now complex and highly organised bodies; it has shown them to us evolving, in the long course of millions of years, from a fragment of protoplasm, from a simple cell, through form after form, until their present condition has been reached, thus demonstrating a continuity of forms, advancing into greater perfection as organisms. But so far science has not traced a correlative continuity of consciousness—a golden thread on which the innumerable separated bodies might be threaded—a consciousness inhabiting and functioning through this succession of forms. It has not been able to prove—nay, it has not even recognised the likelihood of the possibility—that consciousness passes on unbroken from body to body, carrying with it an ever-increasing content, the accumulated harvest of innumerable experiences, transmuted into capacities, into powers.

Scientists have directed our attention to the splendid inheritance that has come down to us from the past. They have shown us how generation after generation has contributed something to the sum of human knowledge, and how cycle after cycle manifests a growth of average humanity in intellectual power, in extent of consciousness, in fineness and beauty of emotion. But if we ask them to explain the conditions of this growth, to describe the passing on of the content of one consciousness to another; if we ask for some method, comparable to the methods observed in the

physical world, whereby we may trace this transmission of the treasures of consciousness, may explain how it made its habits and accumulates experiences which it transforms into mental and moral capacities, then science returns us no answers, but fails to show us the means and the methods of the evolution of consciousness in man.

When, in dealing with animals, science points to the so-called inherited instincts, it does not offer any explanation of the means whereby an intangible self-preserving instinct can be transmitted by an animal to its offspring. That there is some purposive and effective action, apart from any possibility of physical experience having been gained as its instigator, performed by the young of an animal, we can observe over and over again. Of the fact there can be no question. The young of animals, immediately after coming into the world, are seen to play some trick whereby they save themselves from some threatening danger. But science does not tell us how this intangible consciousness of danger can be transmitted by the parent who has not experienced it to the offspring who has never known it. If the life-preserving instinct is transmissible through the physical body of the parent, how did the parent come to possess it? If the chicken just out of the shell runs for protection to the mother-hen when the shadow of a hawk hovering above it is seen, science tells us that it is prompted by the life-preserving instinct, the result of the experience of the danger of the hovering hawk, so many having thus perished that the seeking of protection from the bird of prey is transmitted as an instinct. But the difficulty of accepting this explanation lies in the fact that the experience necessary to evolve the instinct can only have been gained by the cocks and hens who

were killed by birds of prey; these had no chance thereafter of producing eggs, and so could not transmit their valuable experience, while all the chicks come from eggs belonging to parents who had not experienced the danger, and hence could not have developed the instinct. (I am assuming that the result of such experiences is transmissible as an instinct—an assumption which is quite unwarranted.) The only way of making the experiences of slaughtered animals reappear later as a life-preserving instinct is for the record of the experience to be preserved by some means, and transmitted as an instinct to those belonging to the same type. The Theosophist posits the existence of matter finer than the physical, which vibrates in correspondence with any mood of consciousness—in this case the shock of sudden death. That vibration tends to repeat itself, and that tendency remains, and is reinforced by similar experiences of other slaughtered poultry; this, recorded in the 'group-soul,' passes as a tendency into all the poultry race, and shows itself in the newly hatched chick the moment the danger threatens the new form. Instinct is "unconscious memory," "inherited experience," but, each who possesses it takes it from a continuing consciousness, from which his separate lower consciousness is derived. How else can it have originated, how else have been transmitted?

Can it be said that animals learn of danger by the observation of others who perish? That would not explain the unconscious memory in our newly-hatched chicken, who can have observed nothing. But, apart from this, it is clear that animals are curiously slow either to observe, or to learn the application to themselves of the actions, the perils, of others. How often do

we see a motherly hen running along the side of a pond, clucking desperately to her brood of ducklings, that have plunged into the water to the manifest discomfort of the non-swimming hen; but she does the same thing brood after brood; she never learns that the ducklings are able to swim and that there is no danger to be apprehended when they plunge into the water. She calls them as vigorously after ten years of experience as she did after the first brood, so that it does not look as if instinct originated in careful observation of petty movements by animals who then transmit the results of their observations to their offspring.

The whole question of the continuity of consciousness—a continuity necessary to explain the evolution of instinct as much as that of intelligence—is insoluble by science, but has been readily solved by religion. All the great religions of the past and present have realised the eternity of the Spirit: "God," it is written in a Hebrew Scripture, "created man to be the image of His own Eternity," and in that eternal nature of the Spirit lies the explanation alike of instinct and of intelligence. In the intellect-aspect of this Spirit all the harvests of the experiences of successive lives are stored, and from the treasures of the spiritual memory are sent down assimilated experiences, appearing as instincts, as unconscious memories of past lives, in the new-born form. Every improved form receives as instincts and as innate ideas this wealth of reminiscence: every intellectual and moral faculty is a store of reminiscences, and education is but the awakening of memory.

Thus religion illuminates that which science leaves obscure, and gives us a rational, an intelligible theory of the growth of instinct and of intellect; it shows us a

continuity of a consciousness ever increasing in content, embodying itself in forms ever increasing in complexity. The view that man consists not only of bodies in which the working of the law of heredity may be traced, but also is a living consciousness, growing, unfolding, evolving, by the assimilation of the food of experience—this theory is an inevitable pendant to the theory of physical evolution, for the latter remains unintelligible without the former. Special creation, rejected from the physical world, cannot much longer be accepted in the psychical, nor be held to explain satisfactorily the differences between the genius and the dolt, between the congenital saint and the congenital criminal. Unvarying law, the knowledge of which is making man the master of the physical world, must be recognised as prevailing equally in the psychical. The improving bodies must be recognised as instruments to be used for the gaining of further experiences by the ever unfolding consciousness.

A definite opinion on this matter can only be gained by personal study, investigation and research. Knowledge of the great truths of nature is not a gift, but a prize to be won by merit. Every human being must form his own opinions by his own strenuous efforts to discover truth, by the exercise of his own reasoning faculties, by the experiences of his own consciousness. Writers, who garb their readers in second-hand opinions, as a dealer in second-hand clothes dresses his customers, will never turn out a decently costumed set of thinkers; they will be clad in misfits. But there are lines of research to be followed, experiences to be gone through and analysed, by those who would arrive at truth—research which has led others to knowledge, experiences which have been found

We cannot deny to these the name of memory, these experiences out of the past that assert themselves in the present. Study these traces, and see whether they are explicable save by the continuity of consciousness, making the Self of the savage the Self which is yourself to-day, seeing the persistence of the Individual throughout human evolution, growing, expanding, developing, but a fragment of the eternal "I am".

Annie Besant

(To be concluded)

A CAROL

Into the woods my Master went
Clean forspent, clean forspent,
Into the woods my Master came
Forspent with grief and shame.
But the Olive trees remembered Him,
The little grey leaves were kind to Him,
The Thorne tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
Well content, well content,
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came.

Author unknown

ART AS A FACTOR IN THE SOUL'S EVOLUTION

By CAPTAIN OSWALD KUYLENSTIERNE, F. T. S.

Die Kunst, o Mensch, hast du allein.—Schiller

IT is difficult to define Theosophy with a phrase; but were one asked so to define it, perhaps one could hardly do better than to say that it is a new way of looking at the world and its activities, a way of looking at the universe and man from the standpoint of their Creator. To look at everything from the standpoint of God and not of man—this is the gift that the Divine Wisdom bestows on those that cherish her. Hence it is that there is nothing in life that is not interesting to the Theosophist; the speck of dust on the ground and the glowing nebulae in the heavens that are to form solar systems, the tiny living cell with its untold mysteries and the Elder Brothers of our race that are the glory of our humanity—all these have their message for him and tell him something of Theosophy. Science and Art, Religion and Philosophy, every conceivable branch of knowledge, is but a means whereby he gains a glimpse of the Divine Wisdom that is the manifestation of the Mind of God.

With this old and yet ever new synthesis of life's activities to guide his vision, man looks on the universe with new eyes; he holds in his hand the key to the

fruitful in results. To these a writer may point his readers, and they, if they will, may follow along such lines for themselves.

I think we may find in our consciousness—in our intelligence and our emotional nature—distinct traces from the past which point to the evolution of our consciousness, as the recurrent laryngeal nerve and the embryonic reptilian heart point to the ancestral line of evolution of our body. I think there are memories forming part of our consciousness which justify belief in previous existences, and point the way to a more intelligent understanding of human life. I think that, by careful observation, we may find memories in ourselves not only of past events but of the past training and discipline which have made us what we are, memories which are imbedded in, which form even the very fabric of our consciousness, which emerge more clearly as we study them, and become more intelligible the more carefully we observe and analyse them.

But, for a moment, we must pause on the theory of Reincarnation, on the broad principle of consciousness in evolution.

This theory posits a Spirit, a seed, or germ, of consciousness planted in matter, and ultimately, after long ages of growth, becoming ready to enter an undeveloped human body, connected by its material with three worlds, the worlds of mind, of desire and of action, otherwise called the heavenly, intermediate and physical worlds. In the physical world this growing Spirit gathers experiences of varied kinds, feels pleasures and pains, joys and sorrows, health and illness, successes and disappointments, the many changing conditions which make up our mortal life. He carries these on

with him through death, and in the intermediate world experiences the inevitable results of desires which clashed with the laws of nature, reaping in suffering the harvest of his blundering ignorance. Thus he shapes the beginnings of a conscience, the recognition of an external law of conduct. Passing on to the heavenly world, he builds his mental experiences into mental faculties, until all the food of experience being assimilated, he begins again to hunger, and so returns to earth with the elements of a character, still enveloped in many-folded ignorance, but starting with a little more content of consciousness than he had in his previous life. Such his cycle of growth, the passing through the three worlds over and over again, ever accumulating experience, ever transmuting it into power. That cycle is repeated over and over again, until the savage grows into the average man of our time, from the average man to the man of talent, of noble character; then onwards to the genius, to the saint, to the hero; onwards still to the Perfect Man; onwards yet, through ever-increasing, unimaginable splendours, vanishing into blinding radiance which veils his further progress from our dazzled eyes. Thus every man builds himself, shapes his own destiny, is verily self-created; no one of us is what we are save as we have wrought out our own being; our future is not imposed on us by an arbitrary will or a soulless necessity, but is ours to fashion, to create. There is nothing we cannot accomplish if we are given time, and time is endless. We, the living consciousnesses, we pass from body to body, and each new body takes the impress made upon it by its tenant, the ever-young and immortal Spirit.

I have spoken of the three stages of the life-cycle, each belonging to a definite world; it must be noted that in the physical stage of the life-period, we are living in all the three worlds, for we are thinking and desiring as well as acting, and our body, the vehicle of consciousness, is triple. We lose the physical part of the body at death, and the desire-part at a later period, and live in the mental body, in which all good thoughts and pure emotions have their habitat, while in the heavenly world. When the heaven-life is over, the mental body also disintegrates, and there remains but the spiritual body whereof S. Paul speaks, "eternal in the heavens". Into that, the lasting clothing of the Spirit, are woven all the pure results of experiences gathered in the lower worlds. In the building of the new triple body for the new life-cycle in the lower worlds, a new apparatus comes into existence for the use of the spiritual consciousness and the spiritual body; and the latter, retaining within itself the conscious memory of past events, imprints on the lower, its instrument for gathering fresh experience, only the results of the past, as faculties, mental and emotional, with many traces of past experiences which have been outgrown, and remain normally in the sub-consciousness. The conscious memory of past events being present only in the spiritual body, the consciousness must be functioning in that in order to 'remember'; and such functioning is possible through a system of training and discipline—yoga—which may be studied by anyone who has perseverance, and a certain amount of innate ability for this special kind of work.

But in addition to this there are many unconscious memories, manifesting in faculty, in emotion, in power, traces of the past imprinted on the present, and

discoverable by observations on ourselves and others. Hence, memories of the past may be clear and definite, obtained by the practice of yoga, or unconscious but shown by results, and closely allied in many ways to what are called instincts, by which you do certain things, think along certain lines, exercise certain functions, and possess certain knowledge without having consciously acquired it. Among the Greeks, and the ancients generally, much stress was laid upon this form of memory. Plato's phrase: "All knowledge is reminiscence," will be remembered. In the researches of psychology to-day, many surges of feeling, driving a man to hasty unpremeditated action, are ascribed to the sub-consciousness, *i. e.*, the consciousness which shows itself in involuntary thoughts, feelings and actions; these come to us out of the far-off past, without our volition or our conscious creation. How do these come, unless there be continuity of consciousness? Any who study modern psychology will see how great a part unconscious memory plays in our lives, how it is said to be stronger than our reason, how it conjures up pathetic scenes uncalled-for, how at night it throws us into causeless panics. These, we are told, are due to memories of dangers surrounding savages, who must ever be on the alert to guard themselves against sudden attacks, whether of man or beast, breaking into the hours of repose, killing the men and women as they slept. These past experiences are said to have left records in consciousness, records which lie below the threshold of waking consciousness, but are ever present within us. And some say that this is the most important part of our consciousness, though out of sight for the ordinary mind.

We cannot deny to these the name of memory, these experiences out of the past that assert themselves in the present. Study these traces, and see whether they are explicable save by the continuity of consciousness, making the Self of the savage the Self which is yourself to-day, seeing the persistence of the Individual throughout human evolution, growing, expanding, developing, but a fragment of the eternal "I am".

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With this old and yet ever new synthesis of life's activities to guide his vision, man looks on the universe with new eyes; he holds in his hand the key to the

riddle of the universe; and even if, when veil after veil is lifted, there must be veil after veil behind, yet each raising of a veil will only be to add new glory to his vision.

With the first true glance into the real meaning of life that comes with the study of Theosophy in its modern presentation, three facts will ever stand insistent before the consciousness of man. Of these the first is that everywhere in the universe, at every conceivable point in space, and yet outside it all, there is a Consciousness, the expression of whose Will is the universe visible and invisible. Call it by what name we will, the fact is the same; God, Absolute Spirit, Divine Law—these are merely so many different ways of conceiving this truth. We may regard God, the one Consciousness behind all things, with many a philosopher as Pure Being; or as the Eternally Holy from the standpoint of religion; it will be the aim of this paper to point out the significance of yet another aspect, as the Infinitely Beautiful.

It is this aspect that the divine Plato revealed to the world; and the few in Persia and India that follow the mystical philosophy of the Sūfis still attest to this day that it has not been altogether forgotten.

Furthermore, this Consciousness, or Being, of God manifests itself in the universe, we are told, in a trinity of threefold activity, symbolised in diverse ways in the world-religions; of these many trinities, which are symbols, one is taken for the purposes of this paper—that of Power, Wisdom and Mind. Usually this trinity is thought of as Power, Wisdom and Love; but Mind is here substituted for Love for the following reasons. A difference is meant to be conveyed between Mind and Wisdom; Mind it is that gathers facts of consciousness,

analyses them, synthesises them, and thus slowly comes to certain conclusions, and finally to generalisations; through the workings of the mind there arises knowledge, as distinct from wisdom. But Wisdom does not analyse or synthesise; the thing or law is known by another process, whose faint manifestation among us now is that of intuition; it is known from within and not from without. When Wisdom works, for an instant the duality between knower and the thing known ceases, and the new fact of consciousness is gained from within.

Wisdom, then, is the second aspect of this trinity. But in reality Wisdom is, to our consciousness, a flashing back and forth between a duality of Beauty and Love; there may be knowledge of a thing or person through the working of the mind, through reason, through judgment; but the Wisdom of it arises when through a flash of what to us is love there arises a momentary identification of knower and known, and with that the sensing of the Pattern or Archetype, the Beautiful-in-itself, of which the thing known is a particular manifestation. Beauty then cannot be separated from Love, nor Love from Beauty, for they are the inseparable dual manifestations in time and space of Wisdom.

The second great fact that is understood with the true vision of life is that everything in the universe is directed by intelligence. We realise that the scheme of life and activity that we call evolution is the result of a conscious direction; and that this direction is in accordance with a plan made by a Master-Mind. Facts of evolution, from this standpoint, assume a new significance, for evolution is the realisation in our world of

consciousness of this divine Plan. Nature is not then blindly working to produce forms that will adapt themselves to changing conditions; but it is a chaos that is being slowly and laboriously moulded into a cosmos, after a Pattern that exists from the beginning of things.

This Pattern is Plato's World of Ideas, in which exist the archetypes of things. In one of its aspects it is Kant's world of the things-in-themselves, out of space, time and causality; it is, too, the Divine Mind of Berkeley. What the general concept is to the particular, such is the relation of the archetypal world to our world of time and space.

Before the beginning of evolution the Divine Mind conceives the archetypes of forms in which the divine life is to manifest; but before man's consciousness, that is an expression of that life, can exist in full self-consciousness in the archetype, it must first slowly be conscious on a lower realm in the several manifestations of that archetype. Let us consider, for instance, what seems an evident fact, that it is in the scheme of evolution that the human soul is to be clothed in the future in an ideal form, perfectly beautiful and a full expression of the life within. The Divine Mind conceives the archetypal form, and thence it exists as an absolute reality in the world of ideas. But a long process of evolution has to be gone through before this aim can be realised, and the human soul in full consciousness can take the archetypal form itself as its vehicle. First the archetype is brought down from the world of ideas into lower regions; when this happens the archetype, that is the reality at the back of a general concept, at once manifests itself as many particulars; forms then are to

be built up in matter with these particular manifestations as models. Furthermore as self-consciousness in the human soul is first developed in the lowest realms of matter, these particular types will there appear; they will perhaps be hardly recognisable as particulars, for the virgin matter is difficult to mould and the forms will be of the roughest and crudest. But slowly the guiding intelligences shape these crude manifestations one after another, and then perfect them; and thus the human consciousness is taught to pass from a vehicle of one particular type to another, and so slowly onwards to the realisation of the archetype.

This then is the reason, when we consider the human form, that we can trace its broad outlines in the lowest vertebrata and the planning for it in yet earlier forms; the slow laborious march of evolution through one kingdom of nature after another, and, in the human, through one race after another, is all but the work of teaching the divine life that at one stage is the human soul to grow in power, till it shall be able to exist in the archetypal form itself and so stand in the presence of God the Father as His perfect Son.

Similarly, too, just as there exists as the perfect vehicle of man's consciousness the archetypal form to which we are marching, so also are there archetypes behind all particulars, whether they be forms, sensations, emotions, or thoughts; and the work of evolution is to train man to live in these archetypal ideas and emotions and not in their particulars, and so realise his divinity.

Three facts, it was stated, stand clearly before the student of Theosophy; of these, two have been mentioned: first, that there is in the universe behind all force and matter a Consciousness, omnipresent and eternally

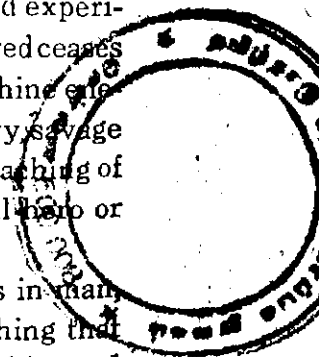
beneficent, call it by what names we will; and second, that this Consciousness has at the beginning of things made a Plan in accordance with which evolution is being guided. The third follows from these two, and it is that man's duty is to understand what is this Plan and to work in harmony with it, for his progress and happiness lie in that alone. It is the understanding of the Plan and the harmonious working with it that is the theme of this paper, showing in what way Art may be a means.

Now man, the child of God, is made in the image of God; and just as there is in the Unity of the Divine Consciousness a trinity of manifestation, three similar aspects are found in man also. The divine trinity of Power, Wisdom and Mind finds its reflection in man as Spirit, Intuition and Intelligence. In the growth of the soul the expansion of consciousness proceeds from below and hence the first to manifest in man is Intelligence; and then what is designated by the term Intuition, which embodies in itself not only a sense of unity through love but also the essence of intelligence; and finally when man approaches perfection, Spirit manifests in all its power, containing within itself all that was the life and soul of intuition and intelligence. Man's duty is to work with the divine Plan. But at first man's soul is but feebly conscious, with but little intelligence, and he finds himself united to an animal of much power that has been slowly built for him through the ages through the long process of evolution. The body and its energies are the vehicle of the soul, but they have come from the animal world, bringing with them the animal tendencies of self-assertion and selfishness and the strong instinct for the need

of a struggle for existence and self-preservation. Were man left alone to evolve by himself at this stage, progress would be infinitesimal, and indeed there would be far more a reversion to animal brutishness than an evolution to human virtue.

But man is not left alone to evolve; teachers and law-givers, the perfected men of a past age with a knowledge of the divine Plan, now appear and direct the growth of the souls of men. At first, very largely, an element of fear comes in the rules of guidance, for the only thing that the savage knows is that pain is to be avoided; he has intelligence only working in him, and only this can be appealed to; and the guiding rules are of such a nature that even his dim intelligence can assent to them, seeing how according to them transgression and pain follow in quick succession. There is nevertheless in him intuition, a higher faculty than intelligence; it is feeble, only a spark that has just come from the flame. This is a far more potent factor in the soul than the intelligence, and even at this early savage stage an appeal is made to this nascent Godhead within. Hence there are proclaimed to him dictates of altruism, proved more false than true within the limited experience of the dawning intelligence, such as: "Hatred ceases only by love," "Return evil with good," "Love thine enemies"; and we shall find that in almost every savage community there exists, or has existed, this teaching of altruism, generally attributed to some mythical hero or God.

We must not forget this fact, that always in man, even at the lowest, there is within him something that can respond intuitively to the highest code of ethics and give assent thereto, though it may be almost impossible



to put it into practice ; it is this that shows the possibility—an inspiring silver lining in the relentless cloud that overshadows humanity in its struggles to seek for happiness—that a human soul may evolve through good alone to possess in perfection and strength all those qualities of heart and mind that normally are strengthened, but never originated, in the struggle with temptation and evil.

There is a natural melody, an obscure fount, in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced—but it is there. At the very base of your nature, you will find faith, hope, and love. He that chooses evil refuses to look within himself, shuts his ears to the melody of his heart, as he blinds his eyes to the light of his soul. He does this because he finds it easier to live in desires. But underneath all life is the strong current that cannot be checked, the great waters are there in reality (*Light on the Path*).

Slowly man evolves through experience. At first many experiences are required to teach him one law ; he has but the mind to work with, and many isolated experiences does he go through before there rises in his mind the generalisation that is the law of conduct or the truth of nature. Life after life he lives on earth making slow progress, slowly generalising, one at a time, the immutable laws of things. At first carried away by the impetuosity of the desires of his earthly garment, he is unjust to many ; and through that comes much suffering, the result of his injustice to others ; but slowly there arises in his mind the idea of justice as a law of his being. Again, too, being almost the slave of “the will to live,” and with a fierce thirst for sensation, he goes to extremes, recoiling from the excess of one kind of sensation or emotion to excess of other kinds, suffering much in the process and learning little ; but still gradually, as the outcome of his experiences of pleasure

and pain, there arises within him another law of being, temperance. Similarly, too, through refusal to recognise the just bounds that are imposed upon him by the eternal laws, through impatience to obtain what is not yet his due, he brings suffering on others by these means ; and himself suffering in return, he slowly learns patience to plan and to achieve, and to suffer without complaining.

Each of the virtues that the man learns throughout his many lives becomes a law of his being ; it is a generalisation from many particular experiences, but when once generalised is his own for ever, a part of himself ; and in so far as he thus generalises, he gains a glimpse of the divine Plan in which the generalisations exist as archetypal ideas.

We now see the usual method of evolution ; man learns the immortal virtues through experience. But experience is a slow teacher, for many particular experiences, requiring perhaps many lives on earth, are needed to instil into the man's soul one truth. Is this the only method of building into our inner natures the virtues of Loyalty, Honour, Purity, Sincerity, and the others ? Were there no other method, evolution would achieve too little at the expense of much energy dissipated.

There is however another way. Man has not only the one aspect of intelligence ; there is a higher one of intuition—Buddhi is the name we give to it in our Theosophical studies. Beauty and love are its dual manifestation, but through either it is awakened. When then, as a man, he lives his lives on earth and loves a few here and there with whom he comes into contact, the Buddhi, the soul of intuition, grows within him. For love, in truth, manifests the immortality within, because it is a desire for the everlasting possession of the good and the beautiful.

Here then is a new factor to help his evolution. Intuition transcends reason; wisdom comes from its exercise, not merely knowledge, as from mind; intuition generalises from within and not from without, not through many particulars, but by sensing the archetype itself. We see thus a new method of realising the virtues through their archetypes, the divine Ideas themselves, a method by which evolution can be hastened *by anticipating experience*. Man thenceforward begins to live in the Eternal.

Now we can understand the place of Art as a factor in the soul's evolution. Art, in its highest manifestation, always deals with the archetypes. "Its one source is the knowledge of ideas; its one aim the communication of this knowledge" (Schopenhauer). Music, the Drama, Poetry, Sculpture, Painting, and the other branches of Art, in so far as they show us types of life and form, are true manifestations of Art; in so far as they fall short of this, they are but playing with fleeting shadows.

We must here distinguish between a higher and a lower form of Art. The divine ideas are archetypes of natural things, objects and forms that manifest in the orderly process of nature, as a result of the unseen forces that guide evolution; the beauty in these is a reflection of the beauty of the archetypes. We have however many things of man's manufacture that may be beautiful, lovely designing and ornamentation, work in silver and gold.

Now it does not follow that because we postulate the Idea, or archetype, for such a natural object as a tree or a flower, that there is of a necessity an archetype for an artificial, manufactured article like a chair, or a table, or a book; nevertheless these latter may be beautiful,

if in them the artist tries to embody reflections of several concepts of the archetypal world, such as grace, rhythm, harmony. We see the distinction between the higher and lower forms of Art when we examine, for instance, sculpture and architecture. Sculpture chiefly deals with the human form; the present human form is but a foreshadowing of the greater beauty of the archetypal form; the sculptor then in his higher consciousness will be sensing this archetype; and so sensing it, he will try to show the beauty and the grace of the form in its movements, aiming at giving expression to a generic type of figure and movement. But it is different with architecture. The finest Greek temple is but an adaptation of the primitive hut to give shelter to man; it is but a house, a manufacture of man. There will be no archetype at the back of it as a whole. Nevertheless architecture can put us in touch with the realm of Ideas by telling us the laws of proportion, visible not only in the one building alone, but also in the whole universe, by giving us concepts of gravity, hardness, rigidity, rhythm, harmony, by making us understand "the bass notes of nature," as Schopenhauer puts it.

When the artist deals with a natural thing, he must try to sense the archetype; if he paints a rose, he must suggest to us through its species the particular conception, a rose, and through that the archetypal idea, flower, an eternal concept; does he merely paint a hand—then the more it suggests to us the archetypal hand the more beautiful it will be. And here we see the true significance of genius. It is the ability of the human soul to come into touch with the World of Ideas. But it is not the artist alone who is a genius; the philosopher with his broad generalisations, the pure-hearted

saint in his lofty contemplation, the lover who through human loves rises to one divine, all live in a realm where "eternity affirms the conception of an hour," for genius "is the power of giving expression to the unexhausted forms of creation potentially existing in the mind of the Creator".

The true function of Art is to put us in touch with archetypal concepts, and true Art in reality does so. Sculpture tells us of grace, that "proper relation of the acting person with the action," and reveals to us the "idea" of the figure. Painting shows us more the character of the mind, and, depicting passions and emotions, shows the soul in its alternations between willing and knowing; historical painting, again, through particular individuals that have helped the race by the nobility of their conduct, suggests to us types of men and women; portrait-painting, though there may be a faithfulness in portraying a living individual, yet is only great when through the person on the canvas a type can be suggested or hinted at, sometimes merely the particular manifestation of an archetype in humanity; in painting, landscape-painting perhaps brings us nearer to the World of Ideas through the beauties of nature. It may be the simple picture of a sunset, but the artist will be great if, through the harmony of light and colour, he can suggest to our intuitions the "archetypal sunset," with its many more dimensions than we can cognise now.

Poetry has much in common with sculpture and painting. It deals with concepts, depicting them with the music of words, with metre and rhythm as a veil to awaken our deeper intuitions, to penetrate behind. The true poet reflects the archetypal ideas in the mirror of his own experiences, real or imaginary. He looks on the world, and his genius enables him to see

the reflections of the archetype round him, and he tells us of joy and sorrow, hope and despair, typical and universal, in the hearts of all men; he gives us the abiding truths which so often vanish in the calmer analysis of the lower mind. In epic poetry, the poet shows the heroes of antiquity as types of men, and a Ulysses or a King Arthur, moving about with an atmosphere of his own, makes us dimly feel that there must be and there will always be such men in our midst. In lyric poetry, the poet becoming himself a mirror to reflect typical emotions in others, feeling them, as it were, himself, sings of men as he sees them with those "larger, other eyes" than ours.

No branch of Art, perhaps, except Music, can help man to rise to higher levels than the Drama. For the drama shows the inner conflict in man. The true dramatist fastens on flashing reflections of archetypes in humanity, materialises them, and then on a stage makes them live; and through these types he sounds for us the deep notes in humanity, the pain that is not uttered, the temptations that beset men, their failures and success, the destiny that makes effect follow inexorably upon cause, and the purification of the human soul through self-sacrifice. For a few hours we are to forget ourselves, and, like the Gods, watch mankind in its struggles. We contemplate life, impartially and impersonally, through these types on the stage, and begin to understand life as it is, and not as we think it is. And as before, the nearer the dramatist in his creations comes to types in humanity, the greater is he. The types of men and women in Aeschylus and Sophocles, those that the prolific genius of Shakspeare has created for us, Tannhäuser, Wotan, Brünnhilde, Siegfried, Amfortas, Kundry and

Parsifal from the mind of Wagner—all these are ever in humanity; and our knowledge of them gives us a larger view of life. Through watching their experiences too, we anticipate experiences for ourselves, thus hastening evolution and passing on more swiftly to the goal. Looking at the world through the eyes of the dramatist, we may ourselves become “serene creators of immortal things”.

But what shall be said of the greatest of all the arts—Music? In ways not possible to other branches of Art, music makes us feel our immortality. It tells us of that archetypal world directly, of things of that world without their veils; tells of sorrow, not mine or yours, but Sorrow itself—God’s Sorrow, if you will; of love, not mine or yours, not of this individual or that, but love of Love; for music is the soul of Art and talks to us with the language of God.

True Art, then, will always call forth a response in man from the higher intuition, the buddhi, whose heritage is the archetypal world. It will always suggest something of the World of Ideas. Art, from this standpoint, is always didactic, can never be anything else. It does not necessarily teach us our known ideas of ethics; but it will always show to our intuition how to look at man and the world from the standpoint of God, that is, in their true relations. It will teach us to “cast out the self,” the true aim of Ethics, Religion and Philosophy. Art then is a means for the quickening of the buddhi, whence come swift generalisations from within of the meaning of life’s activities and the hastening of evolution.

Art can help the evolution of man in another way. Sooner or later in the endless life of the growing soul, there comes a time when an inner change takes place within him; life loses its old attractions for him, and he seeks for something more abiding than the world can

offer him. He has come to the end of the Path of Outgoing and begins to tread the Path of Return. There is the “reversal of motives,” and he yearns for things eternal. If he has in his previous lives loved beautiful things, not merely through the senses, but rather through his intuitions, then, slowly, without violent transitions and without deep inner struggles, he passes from his life of worldliness and enters upon the higher way. For the higher path is not so radically different from that lower where it was pleasant to live and love beautiful things; the higher is but the lower transformed into one of absolute beauty and happiness, without the dross of mortality that made all things lovable transient, so that they fell short of our desire. Truly it might be said of the new life of eternal beauty: “I pluck’d a rose, and, lo! it had no thorn.”

Further, as the man grows to his fuller life through Art, he grows from within, as the flower grows, and there is a harmonious development of all the faculties of the soul, not losing in breadth what he gains in intensity. He grows to be a harmonious and musical soul. He treads, swiftly as surely,

... the Middle Road, whose course
Bright Reason traces and soft Quiet smoothes.

No longer a creature vacillating between changing “moods,” his keynote of character now will be Sophrosyno, sound-mindedness, health of heart; and through love of the sciences and fair philosophies, he learns how to blend all human feelings and thoughts “into an immortal feature of perfection”.

But more wonderful than all these is the vision he gains of the divine Plan; he becomes a knower of the inner nature of things; he feels and thinks the archetypal,

the truly 'ideal' emotions and thoughts. Through them he sees in what ways he can become a co-worker with God, how he may be God's messenger on earth to tell of Heaven. A greater happiness than this is not possible to any man, and it is this that comes to him through Art.

Yet Art is not the end. Man has in him a more Godlike aspect than intuition; it is Ātmā, Spirit. Through the exercise of intuition Spirit will reveal itself; and what Art is to the dreary view of life of the unevolved man, so will the Spirit-aspect of life be to Art. Of this we know nothing; and yet do we perhaps discern a reflection of that undreamt-of view of life in the lives of a Buddha and a Christ? Has not every utterance from them an archetypal character, flashing forth into many meanings in our minds? Do they not seem to live a life that is a symbol, every event of their lives being, as it were, a symbol of some deep living truth in the Eternal Mind of the Most High? Is it not to this new aspect of life that Art itself is but the threshold? Who but the greatest of artists can tell us of that glory that shall be revealed? Yet, till we come to that day, we have Art to guide our footsteps. "Die Kunst, O Mensch, hast du allein"—Art that shall lead a man's feelings and not follow them, that shall make him "autourgos," in the image of his Maker. For Art is life at its intensest, and reveals the beauty and worth of all human activities; and yet it shall be the mission of Art, now and for ever, to show to men that life, even in all its fulness, is like a dome of many-coloured crystals, reflecting but broken gleams of the white radiance of Eternity.

Oswald Kuylentierne

DIFFICULTIES WHICH THEOSOPHY CREATES

By CAPT. A. E. POWELL R. E., F. T. S.

MOST Theosophists will probably agree that the teachings of modern Theosophy, when first presented to them in an acceptable form, burst upon their lives as a powerful illuminant, throwing light where previously there had been darkness, converting a little-understood chaos into a fairly well-ordered cosmos. So many baffling problems resolved themselves in terms of reincarnation and karma: phenomena before incomprehensible now were easily explained. Secrets of our own nature now revealed themselves: the purpose of life at last became intelligible, life with its manifold experiences of pleasure and of pain, its problems of morality, its ethical puzzles, its troubles and its complexities.

There appear to be many who do not grow beyond this stage, who remain satisfied that the key to the mysteries of life and death is to be found in a few simple teachings, dealing with reincarnation, karma, man and his bodies, the mechanism of thought, the existence of the Path, and so on. For them Theosophy "explains so much" that difficulties vanish and life becomes simple and easy. Their programme is plain: all they have to do is to "help evolution," to work with that mysterious something glibly summed up in this comprehensive term—"evolution". What nobler plan of life could the heart of man desire, and what simpler or easier to understand?

To avoid misunderstanding, let me state, definitely and emphatically, that modern Theosophy *does* explain

a very great deal which otherwise remains inexplicable, and *docs* throw a flood of illumination on life's puzzles for which I, for one, can never sufficiently express my gratitude. But the tale does not end here; this is but the beginning; a few letters of the alphabet have been conned. Before us lie the pages of a vast literature, the very existence of which has before been scarcely suspected.

A good many years ago, an old member of the Society said to me: "Your difficulties do not end when you join the Theosophical Society; they begin then." At that time Theosophy had just brought me to the first stage of omniscience, and the remark, little understood at the moment, was stored away for future cogitations. Now I am beginning to see the truth of what my friend said, and the reasons why what he said necessarily must be true, if modern Theosophy is what it claims to be.

The difficulties which Theosophy creates are twofold: firstly, those which result from the clash of Theosophical with pre-Theosophical thought; secondly, those which accompany the discovery of new lands and new problems. The first group is familiar to everyone who takes Theosophy at all seriously, and the more earnest and logically whole-hearted in Theosophy a man is, the more will this class of difficulty make itself felt. To take a few concrete examples, of a comparatively elementary character: a true Theosophist, with love for other kingdoms besides his own kindled in his heart, refuses to eat the flesh of slaughtered creatures; at once he is met with family or social opposition; travel takes on an additional inconvenience; society regards him as a nuisance. He renounces the alcohol and tobacco habits as enemies of physical purity; his friends denounce him as unsociable, and apply to him the contempt usually

meted out to teetotalers. If a woman, garments of fur and feather are rejected as unworthy of one who has any pity for the unfortunate animals and birds murdered in cold blood to secure these luxurious articles of dress or adornment; fashions are thus offended, and the offenders dubbed eccentric and hyper-sentimental. Blood-sports, dear to the heart of man, have to be renounced as cruel and unworthy of a Theosophist; the scorn levelled at the teetotaler is multiplied tenfold for the man possessed by what are deemed such effeminate notions and such maudlin sentimentalism. Time is considered too valuable to throw away on foolish chatter, on enervating frivolities and amusements; society knows well how to administer rebuke, and goes out of its way to make the path of the transgressor unpleasant. Instances could be multiplied; at every turn difficulties and opposition are met with, and must be expected. The Theosophist sees, or believes he sees, further than other people; his code of morality is that of the future; the ways of the present cannot suffice for him, for he is attempting to achieve to-day what the world will achieve to-morrow, and to live to-day as the world will live to-morrow. The more advanced his views and his methods are, obviously the more different will they be from those of his fellows; and to be different, to refuse to conform, to break its rules, to cease to bow down to its idols of convention and custom—these are the unforgivable sins of society; and, as we have already said, society knows how to make hard the way of the man or woman who refuses to comply, and elects to be different.

The second group of difficulties necessarily arises from the widening of the horizon brought about by the advent of Theosophy. With Theosophy, life becomes

much deeper, hence it is easier to drown; life becomes vaster, hence it is easier to lose one's way; more important, hence more difficult to direct well. With Theosophy comes increase of responsibility; for does not Theosophy mean more knowledge, and is not enlarged knowledge synonymous with enlarged responsibilities? Increase of responsibility does not simplify life, but lends to it additional complexity and difficulty.

Once again, let us examine a few concrete examples and observe the application of the principles just enunciated. Suppose that Theosophy has given to one a knowledge of reincarnation and karma. Is life thereby rendered easier? Is it simpler to direct one life, or a virtually unending series of lives? Which are the things most worth doing? Causes initiated now will live for ever in their effects; is it so easy, with this knowledge within us, to lay our hands on those actions which the course of time will prove to be the best? We wish with all our hearts to do that which will prove of greatest benefit to the world, viewed not by immediate effects but by the sum of the whole series of effects, remote as well as near. Is it so easy to select the best course of action? Is our knowledge so vast that it can direct us in our choice of alternatives? Which are the things most worth while? Which of our many pursuits are valuable or most valuable, and which are least valuable, valueless? Perhaps we have talent and are engaged in some technical occupation. Will it be better for the world—in the long run—for us to pursue our task and give to civilisation and to science the products of our labours, the results of our researches, or to leave this task on one side, for the present at least, and to go abroad lecturing on Theosophy, and teaching a few hundred people the

elements of reincarnation, karma, thought-power, and the like? Who can sum up the two series to the end and say which total is the greater? Shall we become unswerving and unflinching Occultists, act out our principles without turning aside one hair's breadth, whatever society and the world says or does, feeling that *in the long run* our ideas will prevail, the pioneer will be acknowledged, and the flouting of society will be justified and amply repaid; or will it be wiser to temper our theories, to water our teachings, to compromise with the ways of the world, and thus to secure greater influence at the moment, and produce greater results in the immediate future? Shall we be prudent, and careful not to offend others, insinuating our teachings gently and with tact, or shall we fling prudence to the winds and proclaim the naked, stinging truth at whatever cost, leaving it to soak into men's minds, and the seeds to grow and bring forth fruit in the far future, when we who sowed the seed have been forgotten?

Anyone can see which method is the easier: but which will be productive of more good *in the long run*? To multiply instances further is unnecessary, for it must be abundantly clear that increased knowledge, by enabling us to look at questions from more points of view, and by opening our vision to more factors round every problem, renders decision and choice more, rather than less, difficult. The beggar thinks it easy to be a King; the man in the street thinks it simple to rule and make laws; the person of little knowledge invents wonderful theories for the better governance of society; "the fool steps in where angels fear to tread".

Only the weak-kneed and timid, and those who have not grasped the fundamentals of evolution, will be sorry

that this is so, that difficulties increase as knowledge grows and power develops. The strong man, the man who appreciates the purpose of evolution, is grateful for the compliment that nature pays him by offering to him delicate and complex problems, difficult to solve. The man who leads an easy life, who is never faced with fierce difficulties and powerful obstacles, is to be pitied rather than envied: for how is he to evolve or increase his power to serve the world? A child can repeat a task it has done before; the most mediocre individuals can solve problems well within their capacity; the man who wishes to learn, to develop, to grow, must ask to be given tasks which will try his faculties to the utmost, which will need all his strength, which will be more difficult and more subtle than anything he has attempted before. The Occultist must break new ground, must possess the courage and spirit of the explorer and the conqueror, for he has set himself the task of exploring and of mastering a kingdom of no mean pretensions, an empire of vast proportions.

Many have found in Theosophy a haven of refuge; a glorious haven it is; but not a haven of ease and stagnation. Many have found in Theosophy peace; peace there is, a mighty peace; but not the inglorious peace of the coward, afraid of battles. Many have found light in Theosophy; light there is; not a light that makes their way easy, but a light which enables them to pierce the darkness ahead, and to reveal the difficulties of the path they have chosen, to display the obstacles to be surmounted, the barriers to be overcome. And it is very good that this is so.

A. E. Powell

THE HARMONIOUS DEVELOPMENT OF A CHILD¹

By ALBA, F. T. S.

THE famous formula "the harmonious development of a child" has long ago been brought to the foreground by the representatives of the most advanced education, and it is being considered in the home and in school by parents and tutors who pay serious attention to problems of education. This formula is beautiful and full of meaning, because it comprehends all the spheres of a child's life as a whole, and points to the necessity of cultivating all the abilities entold therein. Thus the problems of physical, ethical and spiritual education are understood in it, *i.e.*, the satisfying of the needs of the body, the soul and the Spirit.

From a general point of view the life of a man is divided into two parts: the materialistic (the life of the body), and the spiritual (the domain of emotions and thoughts). But from the standpoint of Theosophy we must accept three divisions: (1) the physical sphere (life of the body); (2) the ethical sphere, the domain of feeling and thought (the life of the soul); and (3) the spiritual sphere, the life of the immortal ego, the Thinker himself, whose proper attribute is the creative will, *i.e.*, the will illumined by love and true

¹ Education, as carried on in Russia, with its results on the Russian youth, offers a problem of profound interest to other nations.—Ed.

knowledge and wisdom. This sphere is in close union with the religious consciousness of man. Let us consider this formula from the Theosophical standpoint.

First of all we will consider the physical education in this light, next the education of the mind and feelings, and lastly the education of the will of a child.

During the last few years, physical education at home and at school has made rapid progress. Attention has been drawn towards the necessity of providing good air, right movements, a regulated succession of work and rest, regularity in sleep and food—all this has been a subject of lively discussion between educationalists, and it is reflected in the educational literature of our days. The importance of gymnastics has particularly been brought forward, as well as out-of-door games, manual work and excursions. In this respect both school and family owe much to the untiring energy of the late Professor Lesgaft, who organised special lectures for men and women educationalists, creating a new and deeply interesting movement in education. From a Theosophical standpoint such an energetic setting forward of the problems of physical education is of very great importance and value, but there still remains much to be desired. As long as schools are not built outside towns, and children are not in constant lively communion with nature, it cannot be said that the problems of physical education have been entirely solved; the more so as work in the open air can only be properly organised under such conditions. Excursions cannot be the same to children as the constant living amid cosmic vibrations, sun-rays, nature's sounds and colours. We mark with joy the first efforts at building schools under such conditions, amid woods and

fields, as well as the settling of some parents in suburbs, forming new types of intellectual colonies; but these are only the first swallows, promising the coming summer.¹

Now let us pass to the education of the mind, first to the intellectual development, then to the emotions:

Intellectual work must first of all be divided into two parts: the gathering of material knowledge, and the working over these materials. Concerning the former, the gathering of knowledge, it is being done in such dimensions that the question involuntarily arises of an overloading of materials, which children are incapable of mastering; in truth our programmes are, for the most part, only formal, and the working for examinations often causes nervous disorders and all kinds of exhaustion. As to independent mental work, it has but very small scope. Children either repeat the conclusions given in their books, or the opinions of their teachers. And it really cannot be otherwise with the solving of questions entirely out of the reach of the pupils. But can mental education in such a case be considered as directed along its proper lines?

Is there not a pernicious chase after quantity to the detriment of quality? Are not educationalists too enthusiastic over certain theories, regardless of their doubtful adaptability in practice? Do they not forget that the question is not as to the quantity of books read, but as to the learning *how* to read; not as to the quantity of compositions written, but as to the ability to grasp the materials, and to mark out the way of correct work? If parents and teachers did not

¹ Such are the schools of Madame Levitsky in Tsarskaje and Madame Kir-jotchuikoff, near Moscow.

so impetuously pursue the formal carrying out of programmes, the preparatory work at home and the work at school would not wear such a hasty, feverish appearance. The aim of education would not be the passing through a certain course of studies, but the training of the pupils to see their way through the scientific matter set before them, the teaching them how to work. From the standpoint of Theosophy this alone is of value, for only conscious and independent work teaches how to think and induces true development. That which is habitually understood by the word development, *i.e.*, the knowing how to discuss many topics, only induces idle empty talk and very undesirable presumption.

It may perhaps be said that parents and educationalists are not at all enthusiastic over formal knowledge, but that they are forced to take the formal demands of the Government schools into consideration. But such an answer is of no avail with regard to the new free schools, where yet the same enthusiasm concerning quantity exists, though in another direction; there, also, it is not the question of quality of knowledge that stands foremost.

It is true that the ancient languages are put aside; but instead of them the new programme is so overloaded with such enormous quantities of mathematics and natural history—without counting the so-called practical studies in the laboratory—that the same tendency of pouring as much knowledge in as short a time as possible into the heads of pupils is but too evidently visible. There is no time, with such a system, for earnest thought and classification of materials; no time for considering questions philosophically; no time for synthesis. All is snatched hastily at haphazard. There

is no time for setting a sound foundation, and the building must of necessity prove unsound.

In addition to this there is yet another still more dangerous tendency in the new schools—it is the effort to give the scholars as little work as possible. The chief point, according to the most ardent representatives of this tendency, is to save children from a feeling of repugnance towards any subject, and for this reason studies are organised in the most attractive way, are illustrated by the most interesting experiments, the lesson is turned into a lively discussion or an interesting lecture. The chief work is done in the class, the greatest part of the work is done by the teacher; the greatest exertion falls to his lot, the lesser part is left to the pupils; but even this small part gives rise to irritability and protest on their part, as soon as the charm of novelty is worn out and a few moments of concentration are required, thus changing their passive attention into an active one. To set the element of pleasure so much in the foreground is dangerous. I do not mean to say that lessons must not be interesting and lively, but still it seems to me that a sense of duty and a serious bearing towards study should hold the first place. With such a way of considering the question, work becomes a terrible phantom, and study is accepted as a tedious necessity, which must be surrounded with the most compensations possible; parents and teachers are anxiously busied with the seeking of these compensations. As a result of this we find the capacity for work diminishing year by year, as well as the capacity of endurance; and, as a natural consequence appears the decreasing of moral strength and intelligence in the pupils. In this respect it is difficult to imagine more unsatisfactory con-

ditions and sadder results than those we are witnessing in the present Russian schools and Russian society.

Thus we come to the conclusion that the Government school leads to the accumulation of formal knowledge, an unproductive capital which is stowed into the store-rooms of the brain, fated to be forgotten there; and the new school leads to idle talk, self-sufficiency and inability for work.

One may draw my attention to the practical work in the new school, which may to a certain extent serve as a palliative against the general idling of scholars; but even if it be so, I ask: "*At what price?*" There is a tendency to keep a tacit silence concerning doubtful facts in contemporary education, but such a silence only proves that the teachers themselves do not feel upon firm ground, and for that reason they prefer avoiding certain questions. But Theosophy teaches us to throw the light of truth upon all the events of life, and not to fear that light, even if it hurts us to fix our gaze upon it. We must have that courage. Parents and teachers are thinking too little upon the moral side of the so-called 'practical study,' when children, to prove the words of the teacher, dissect and draw fishes and frogs, previously killed in their presence. And it is even questionable whether the animal that is being sacrificed is entirely dead. Not long ago a teacher of natural history confessed to me that, on the whole, one never can be quite sure of this. But let us even admit that it is so: the fish or frog is eventually killed—in some schools dozens of them are brought and every pupil receives a live specimen for his scientific experiment; but still it is killed, *i.e.*, *life is sacrificed to so-called study*. Life is taken away in order to allow a number of thoughtless children to realise more clearly the direction of a

certain vein, or to hear more distinctly the beatings of the living heart of the tortured living creature. Such a careless attitude towards the life of others, even if it be but the life of a fish, frog or insect, inevitably leads to moral coarseness, cruelty and rough manners, without mentioning a monstrous selfishness. I have heard from children of 11, 12 and 13 years of age how hard it was for them at first to settle down to practical studies, how cold and faint they used to feel, and what dreadful dreams they dreamt in those days. "But," they added, "now it is all right; now I am used to it; now *I do not feel pity, but interest.*" Perhaps some teachers will rejoice at such results of scientific experiments, but to me these words seem terrible. When the heart loses its dominion over a man, and cold reason and utilitarianism take the first place, then an involuntary fear overcomes one for the future of the younger generation, especially in such a hard, coarse and complicated time as ours, when coarseness of manners is growing but too rapidly around us.

Compassion for the suffering of animals is called sentimentality, and cruelty towards them is excused by calling it austere necessity; and thus scientific men are justified who wish to base their conclusions upon experiments. But even if it were so, Theosophy admits of no such compromises and reminds us that the end *never* justifies the means; even if it were so, what right have boys and girls of 12 and 13 years of age to consider themselves as learned investigators, when but one-tenth part of them perhaps reaches the higher schools? The value of life is brought down to such a low level in our days, life is exposed to such a coarse violence from all sides, and there are so few people

who know how to respect it in the widest sense of the word, that one cannot comport oneself carefully enough towards it, one cannot instruct children earnestly enough to be attentive and loving towards all that lives. We must agree that if, under such conditions, a large amount of intellectual knowledge be acquired, this would be gained at the detriment of more important sides of the human soul. So that so far the formula of "harmonious development" does not prove satisfactory.

Let us now turn to another state of the life of the soul, to the sphere of emotions, with which the mental reason is closely related. Out of different thoughts definite emotions are born, and *vice versa*. What are the emotions which are most trained at home and at school? Are children taught to respect other people's personality, other people's work, other people's rest? Are they taught how important it is to show attention, gentleness and patience? Are they taught tolerance? Are they taught to value all that is beautiful and noble, to revere greatness, to worship beauty? Do they at least learn to be grateful for all the labour and strength spent upon them? In examining contemporary education more attentively, we must confess that it is most deficient in the domain of emotions. Because children are not trained in emotions of love, their bearing towards their elders is free and exacting, towards their equals rude and intolerant, towards those younger than themselves thoughtless and cruel. At home they give free vent to a monstrous selfishness, and with this selfishness they come to school, where they often find a not less favourable scope for it. Children are not taught to love, but they learn all too soon how to be self-sufficient and to claim their rights. Why

should they practise modesty and gentleness, when they can live more comfortably and gaily without them? What need to be polite and prudent, when one can be exacting and almost command? This is a much more advantageous and tempting part. Children very easily get into the habit of ordering, and imperceptibly a very ugly kind of intercourse with their elders is taken up, especially with teachers and parents, and this it is very difficult to alter afterwards. It is a slow but entirely definite process, during which the soul of a child gradually loses its equilibrium, and easily falls into all kinds of extravagances. It begins with the children constantly feeling themselves to be the chief centre round which are busied all the thoughts and cares of their elders, who serve them with entire self-forgetfulness; and this feeling of being the centre imperceptibly passes into the coarsest selfishness, which refuses to take anything but itself into consideration.

But, it may be said by the new school, one is making serious efforts to train children and to awaken a social instinct in them, which must hold back the too much developed feeling of selfhood in them. Such efforts are in fact being made. But social feeling, if it is only developed in theory and has no chance of practical application, cannot stand upon firm ground; it but too easily degenerates into a mere phraseology and the worst kind of sentimentality. Social feeling is no doubt developed on the ground of comradeship and the friendly life of the class, and in this direction the work of the school can be very valuable; but the purely utilitarian regulation of this question, as is in most cases being observed, cannot bring a final and right solution

of this question. It can only be solved satisfactorily when the child is raised to a higher sphere, the spiritual sphere, where it will realise its moral responsibility towards all for its own manifestations.

There are certain emotions which serve as an awakening of spiritual life by touching the deepest and most tender strings of our hearts. I mean the æsthetic emotions, always so closely connected with the ethical ones, when they are true and not counterfeited. All that is pure, high and beautiful brings them to life. Beauty, beginning with the beauty of sounds and colours, and ending with the beauty of feelings and thoughts, *i.e.*, the beauty of an ideal character—beauty is the source of æsthetic emotions, and it must therefore become the atmosphere in which the younger generation lives; it must surround children, enter into their life, constantly inspire them. The atmosphere of beauty is as necessary for the soul as oxygen is for the lungs. It is the bread of life, without which the soul is dwarfed, decays and fades. This is perhaps the most important of all the elements which the formula of the “harmonious development” comprehends.

What is done for children in this respect? In what conditions do they work and play? How are the lessons of Art organised, and to whom has such an important mission been entrusted?

We must confess that in this respect affairs have a very sad appearance. The nursery, decorated with pictures too inartistic to be hung up in the drawing-room, and the school-room with its black-board, black furniture and bare yellow walls, are all that for the most part surround children. What do they read? If

the choice is made by their teachers, they often read anti-artistic works, with a tragical note of sadness and despair in them; if the choice is their own—things are still worse: they read Pinkerton, Mayne-Reid and Artsybasheff, all heaped together. A complete chaos pervades this region and children have no wise help to guide them and train their taste. The reading-stock for children is in itself a question of vital importance and requires particular attention. As to Art, at home it is almost ignored and at school it plays the pitiable part of a complementary subject, which nobody takes much into consideration and which only a few gifted pupils are left to study. The school of beauty is transformed into a worshipping of talent, and along this line an ugly rivalry is set up. The so-called “ungifted” are simply sent out of this “holy enclosure”. From the standpoint of Theosophy, whose attention is ever directed to the Spirit, to the contents and not to the form, such a way of putting the question is wholly wrong. Beauty is the very first teacher of spiritual life; it teaches us to love, to worship, to imitate, and no child should be deprived of its blessed help. The whole atmosphere of home and school must be pervaded by it, teachers must be inspired by it, and the hearts of children must kindle and glow in it. This is why the arts must have a place of honour in questions concerning education. Of how great a value the influence of beauty is upon the soul of a child is proved by the great part it has ever had in the education of remarkable thinkers, and we can all witness with what deep gratitude they always look back upon those first luminous rays of their childhood. We need but read the autobiographical indications

religious emotions must be satisfied and their religious consciousness must be awakened. In every child, even the most neglected and lonely, there is a need to satisfy its religious feelings, and if we deprive that feeling of its lawful and indispensable food, it will for a long time decline, to the detriment of the whole moral growth of the child, or it will take a disfigured and ugly shape, which must inevitably be reflected upon the child's spiritual nature. We have no right to stunt any of the child's capacities, for we know that the laws of nature cannot be disregarded with impunity. And therefore the unwise teachers, who treat too lightly this deepest and subtlest need of the child's soul, are guilty of a very great fault.

It is an interesting fact that thoughtful teachers, even those of a positivist turn of mind, all notice the important value of the religious feelings of children, and many of them recognise that a religious disposition in childhood and especially in youth, is usually a sure sign of a deep and spiritually rich nature. On the contrary, a child or youth of an irreligious nature gives no great hopes for the future.

Why is it so? Where lies the mystery? The fact is that a religious disposition awakens all the spiritual forces of a young being, and his soul expands and grows as joyfully and swiftly as nature grows after a bright, warm shower. During religious elevation, man realises the divinity of his higher Self, and both his power and responsibility are revealed to him. For this reason teachers and parents must be guided by religious feeling, and the whole of education must be religious in its tenor and bearing. Education at home and at school must be understood in this unity of

disposition, uniting all teachers into one great friendly family, making them enter the nursery or class-room as one enters a church. A teacher, thus attuned, will particularly value the emotions of love and beauty, because he knows that under the influence of beauty and love the God within us is for an instant brought into contact with the God outside us, the God of the part with the God of the whole; and this coming into touch with Divine Beauty transforms our enthusiasm into wings, upon which we in truth rise to heaven. Where such moments of high enthusiasm and inspiration are not to be found, there such wings cannot grow, neither can strong personalities, greatness or heroism of love exist. That is why in our days, when people feel so strongly and so much, when they think so intensely and anxiously, when in their fancy they are ready to rebuild the whole world, and in reality cannot even master their own moods—that is why nothing complete, strong and great can be achieved. There is no strong will, there are no strong characters, there are no capacities for loving entirely, and as entirely serving. These capacities will come to a regenerated humanity, when the centre of education will be the training of an active will, when living great ideals will be set before childhood, when its atmosphere will be harmonious, when teachers will realise the unity of ethical, æsthetic and religious problems, when the whole school will be transformed into a school of love and beauty, and when the light of Theosophy will by its quality of synthesis illumine all the spheres of human activity, all the sides of the life of the world. Then the formula of "harmonious development" will in truth be realised in life in all its wide meaning, and the aim of education

will not be to create a candidate for one or another diploma, nor a man of science, nor a clerk, nor even a citizen, but simply a real *man*—a *man* in the deep, all-embracing sense of this word.

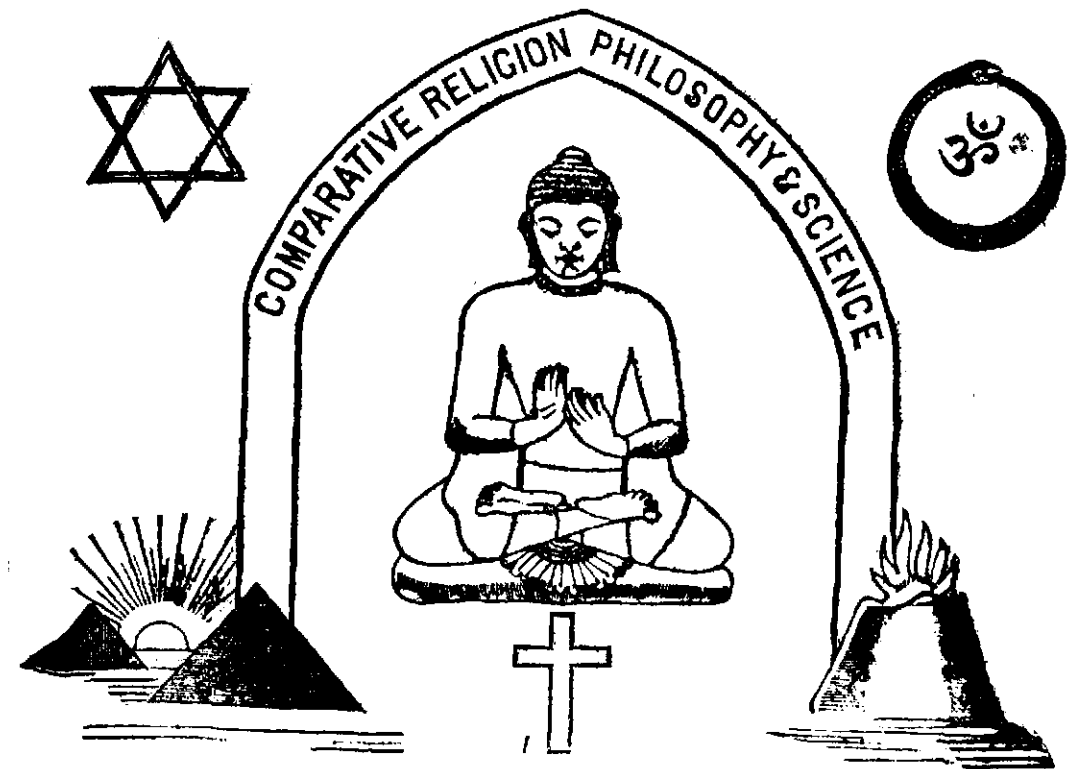
Alba

PEACE COMES AT LAST

Peace comes at last ; seek on, O captive soul,
Bound by the fetters of the changeless past,
For still the future lies in thy control
Peace comes at last.

Restless thou art and weary, clinging fast
To these same chains until the great bell toll
The hour, when all thy fetters thou shalt cast
To the four winds and forward to thy goal
Race swift, to glory unsurpassed.
Peace comes at last.

Marguerite Pollard



R̥SHI GĀRGYĀYAṆA'S PRANAVA-VĀDA

Translated by Babu Bhagavan Das

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K. C. I. E., LL. D.

(Continued from p. 392)

SECTION II

IN pursuance of the purpose indicated in the last paragraph the author proceeds in this second section, called Sandhi-Prakṛti-Pra-karaṇa, to explain the methods of the conjunctions of the ultimates, as those conjunctions are to be seen operating in

*Manifestations of the
Ultimates in World-pro-
cess: (1) Cognition, (2)
Action, (3) Desire.*

Samsāra, or the World-process. In Samsāra, the correspondences of the manifestations to the Ultimates are as follows: Self, Cognition, Jñāna (A); Not-self, Action, Kriyā (U); relation between the two, Desire, Ichchhā (M). First the author dwells upon the importance and the consequences of the knowledge of Brahman. The following are among the most suggestive of his observations on the point:

The manifestation of the trinity which constitutes the one or, rather, the numberless Brahman, is Samsāra, the World-process, so that we may say that Samsāra, in its totality, is Brahman; and the endless combinations and permutations of the three factors make the many ways or methods or laws of this manifestation or 'becoming' which is Samsāra.

These many methods have to be studied by every one who would understand the real significance of Brahman. And they have to be studied in the World-process itself, that is to say, by observation of it all around us. For there is no greater teacher than this World-process itself, and study thereof is the real and genuine tapas and yoga, austerity and self-development. To know *all* is to know Brahman. It should be borne in mind however that to know *all*, in the totality of its endless detail, is not achievable in any limited space and time by any being limited by space and time. Only the *All* itself knows the *all*. Various sciences study only various aspects of Brahman or Samsāra. What is needed and is possible is that the student should secure a general idea of the whole and of its unity. Such knowledge is the source of that deliberate and true altruism which arises necessarily in the jiva which has attained to *nivṛtti* and universalism.

It is only when the jiva realises the illusoriness of the separateness of jivas from each other, the separateness of many selves, which is the sole basis of the distinctions of sin and merit, that it becomes capable of the performance of desireless action, work without attachment, duty for the sake of duty, and so becomes a participant in *mukṭi*, liberation, the true deliverance of the soul, which is deliverance from selfish desire and so from all possibility of suffering.

The jiva that has realised this underlying unity of the diverse world transcends and transmutes selfishness and unselfishness into duty; the elations of health and the depressions of disease into the steady equability of perfect life; *regularity*

and irregularity into living and flexible routine; deprivations and gifts into the justice that is ever adjusting the balance of all things by means of punishments and rewards. (Pp. 19, 20, 21.)

The yogi is he who 'joins together all things into one,' who knows that all experiences come to all. The *mukṭa* is he who is 'delivered' from the belief, the heresy, of the separateness of the Three. The *brāhmaṇa* is he who knows Brahman. (P. 38.)

In the course of further discussion the author observes: "By mutual reflections, cognition, desire and action become triple, each of them in their turn," adding at the same time the caution that "it must be borne in mind all along, however, that all these are subdivisions of one and the same consciousness, and are, hence, identical in essence". A few of the author's statements as regards some of the special aspects of *Ichchhā* and *Jñāna* may with advantage be here added. The place and play of Desire in the World-process is thus explained:

While the whole is always full and complete, each part is not such. We thus have an absence of fulness, an imperfection, noticeable in any and every part, howsoever we take it, of Samsāra. At the same time, every jiva, being identical with the Self, is identical with the whole, and contains all within itself. The result of this double identity of the jiva, with the whole (Self) on the one hand, and with a part (of the Not-Self) on the other, is, that there is necessarily and inevitably an incessant progression in each part towards the fulness of the Whole. And, as said before, the constant co-efficient of this necessary evolution is desire.

It is, I think, here necessary to notice the special significance attached by the author to *Ichchhā*. He speaks of it as "the expression of the negation".

Upon this seemingly obscure statement the learned translator makes some very valuable comments which I

quote, as calculated to remove all difficulty in grasping the idea so full of truth :

This statement, *viz.*, that desire corresponds to Negation, is, at first sight, apt to be very puzzling ; Desire seems to be something so positive, indeed, the root of all positive action..... It may perhaps be helpful to point out that negation hides affirmation within it. When the World-process is summed up in the words 'I-This-Not,' it is described as the eternal and changeless realisation of the Self by Itself in one single act of consciousness, as being 'nothing else than Itself'. In this act of consciousness, the 'else' is denied, negated, is declared to be nothing, but in the moment of so denying it, a false possibility of existence, a pseudo-existence, is given to it, is affirmed of it. Hence Negation becomes the Shakti, the Energy, of affirmation-negation in the successive procession of the world, from the standpoint of the limited 'else'. And this is the very nature and essence of desire ; it affirms and denies ; it craves and suffers surfeit ; it loves and hates ; it is desire and aversion. Because the aspect of it, which is dominant or uppermost, which is so to say final, is the negative one, because in the Logion and in actual world-fact, Negation is the real relation of the Self to the Not-Self, therefore, in this book, desire is said everywhere to correspond to and to be of the nature of Negation. The discussion of the value of Negation or the Negative is perennial in modern logic ; though the standpoint is very different yet still if the reader has followed it in any good treatise, *e.g.*, Sigwart's *Logic*, Vol. I, ch. iv, and has resolved in mind all the bearings of Spinoza's celebrated saying, '*omnis determinatio est negatio*,' he will have prepared his way to the very comprehensive significance given to the Negation here. (Pp. 59-60.)

Out of those considerations dealt with in regard to the other manifestation, *viz.*, cognition, the views propounded as to the aspect thereof as Smṛti, or memory, merit special attention. The following quotations embody those views :

The knowledge that is or lies between Ātmā and Samsāra, that is to say, the knowledge of Samsāra from the point of view of Ātmā and the knowledge of the Self from the point of view of the world—this is smṛti or smarāṇa. 'The world is'—this is the knowledge (of the world) by the Self. 'The Ātmā is'—this is the knowledge of (the Self by) the world. The binding together of the two in the way or by the means of is—is smṛti. The connectedness, the conjointness, the condition

Cognition in the aspect of memory.

the other manifestation, *viz.*, cognition, the views propounded as to the aspect thereof as Smṛti, or memory,

of their being merged together, is dhr̥ti. Thus it is said that the world is *held* within the Self, and the Self *held* within the world. That the world never exists apart from the Self, and the Self never apart from the world—this is the nature (and consequence) of dhr̥ti. The standing together, the conjunctive condition, of things which have one common being, which are not in reality separate, but appear as separate—this is memory. Its nature, its form, is that of the mutual dependence and implication of all things whatsoever ; everything contains all things whatsoever. Even in separateness, the two, the Self and the Not-Self, are connected as 'other-and-other,' 'each-other,' *paraspara* ; this reference to 'the other' exists invariably and necessarily in each. Therefore the combination of the two (or, rather, the holding of the whole Not-Self in the Self by the Self) is memory (*i.e.*, is the fact or the principle which manifests in consciousness of the individual jiva as memory).

Cognition, knowledge, is possible only by means of the senses, (that is to say, only when the Self has become identified with a limited organism), and only when two things (subject and object on the one hand, and the two factors of opposed pairs, *dvandva*, both factors falling under the term 'object,' on the other hand) come together. (Pp. 43-44.)

Memory embodies all procession, all progress and evolution. Taking shape as an ideal to strive after, working in the way of the constant contemplation of the lives of the Great Ones, it leads on the small to become like the great. Indeed, memory may be said to be identical with the whole of the World-process itself, being immanent in the conjunction of Self and Not-Self, Ātmā and Samsāra, Aham and Bahu.

We may distinguish between jñāna and smarāṇa or cognition and memory by saying that the second stage or condition or transformation of cognition is memory ; jñāna precedes, smarāṇa succeeds. Jñāna belongs to all time, is beginningless and endless, inasmuch as it belongs to the present which includes past and future ; while memory belongs to the successive, to succession, to the beginnings and endings in time. Jñāna as a whole belongs to all-time, *i.e.*, to time as a whole ; but its parts equally necessarily belong to the parts and succession of time. These parts of jñāna or knowledge are named smṛti, recollection. (Pp. 46-47.)

The *uddharāṇa*, 'up-taking,' 'recovery' of any particular item of this potential all-knowledge is memory. (P. 52.)

The last statement furnishes the clue to the rationale of meditation and referring to it the learned translator observes :

Memory with reference to Meditation.

Taken together with the important distinction pointed above between the transcendental all and the comparative all,

this sentence seems to throw much light on the significance and value of processes of meditation, the steadying of the chitta-atom and so enabling it to reflect the all instead of a few. (P. 52.)

This section also contains a subtle disquisition on bhāva and abhāva, being and non-being, to which I refer only to draw attention to the fact that it concludes with the very profound statement: "by metaphysic, fact and consciousness mean the same thing".

Identity of fact and consciousness in metaphysic.

SECTION III

Having dealt with Ichchhā and Jñāna and their mutual reflections in the last section, the author devotes this third section to an exhaustive consideration of the remaining manifestation, namely Kriyā—action, calling the section Kriyā-Prakaraṇa. This is the largest in the work covering three-fourths of the whole. Its very wide scope is pointed out by the author himself thus:

It deals with action, which presupposes cognition and desire. And for this same reason, in this section, the whole circle of knowledge and all the Shāstras, sciences, are outlined. The seed and origin of all things whatsoever that are to be found in the world-process is traced back into the AUM, and shown as present in the interplay of the Self and the Not-Self, the Limited and the Unlimited; and, finally, the nature of action and reaction actor, instrument, object, motive, etc., is explained.

Author's explanation of the comprehensive character of the section.

In connection with the element of knowledge, or cognition involved in action, there are described herein the successive evolution, from the AUM of the *Gāyatri* and the *Mahā-vākyas*, the *Vedas*, the *Āngas*, the *Upāṅgas*, etc. Then follow considerations as to volition, i.e., desire in action, active desire. Then numbers are spoken of as lying at the root of manifest action proper, the creation of the worlds. Afterwards, the seven root-elements, their qualities and activities, and their dissolution and repeated formation are mentioned. (Pp. 4-5.)

Taking up the first chapter of the section, it is to be observed that Kriyā is the fruit of cognition and desire. This Kriyā, the modifications or operations of consciousness which appear as doings, actions, movements, should be regarded as equivalent to the whole of Samsāra, the World-process. These three together with the fourth, their summation, their unity, make the four noble truths of Brahman. As right action is possible only after right knowledge and right desire, the mastery of the Veda or knowledge connected with Brahman is the first step in life. The four Vedas are the four noble truths mentioned. The Rg-Veda is devoted to cognition; the Yajur-Veda to action; the Sāma-Veda to desire; the seed and the unity of these is the subject of the Aṭharva-Veda. That whereby is known, *ṛkṣhaṭē*, the *taṭṭva*, the essential truth, of Brahman is the Rg-Veda-Samhitā. That whereby is made, brought about, in sacrifices, *yajaṭē*, the manifestation of that *taṭṭva*, is the Yajur-Veda-Samhitā. That whereby are balanced *sāmyaṭē*, brought together, connected, by desire, the other two, viz., cognition and action, that is the Sāma-Veda-Samhitā. That whereby the fruit of these three is obtained, *aryaṭē*, is the Aṭharva-Veda-Samhitā.

Action, the fruit of cognition and desire.

Veda, the knowledge of Brahman; Four Vedas, four noble truths of Brahman and etymological proofs.

Cognition, desire and action are all equally necessary means to mokṣha, liberation, deliverance from pain and sorrow and limitations. All and each is dependent on and supported by all and each. This is what is meant by statements like this, viz.: "By the knowledge of a single atom may knowledge of Brahman be obtained." From the point of view of relativity all are small and all are great. Each atom is Brahman, because cognition, desire and action are present everywhere and in each atom. To see, hear and fully know one atom is therefore to know Brahman. But by such knowledge alone the transcendental state of Brahman is not wholly attained. For Brahman is the transcendental and infinity and totality of

with only limited details. We have no words for matters beyond Mahā-Vishnu. *The Mahā-Veda*, which is known only to Mahā-Vishnu and the three Gods immediately next in degree, deals with such matters. Our knowledge, *i.e.*, the knowledge of jivas belonging to our particular world-system, can range only within the limits of these Vedas, from an atom (in size) and a thousandth of a *ṛuti* (in time) to Mahā-Vishnu.

It is to be added that the science of AUM itself comes down by a beginningless tradition, being coeval with the World-process.

The chapter on the genesis of the Vedas under reference concludes as follows :

Birth, stay, and death ; becoming, succession, relation ; origin, middle, end ; cognition, desire, action ; such triplets make the World-process, and also each world-system, a *trībhuvanam*, a triple world, a triple-becoming, a constant illustration of the tri-unity of the absolute Brahman.

S. Subramania Iyer

(*To be continued*)

THE ALLOPATHIC AND AYURVAIDIK

SYSTEMS OF MEDICINE

By H. SUBBA RAO, KAVIRATNA (CAL.)

I. THE ANTIQUITY OF THE ALLOPATHIC SYSTEM OF MEDICINE

IT is said that Celsus was the first author who wrote the History of Medicine, and he lived at the time of Augustus, in the first century of the Christian era. Though he adopted the theory of Asclepiades with a mixture of humoral pathology, and wrote on the History of Medicine in a pure and elegant style, yet even such a great historian and physician had meekly to confess that he merely narrated the opinions of others rather than wrote a work of his own. Living, as I do, at the beginning of the twentieth century, after many authors of the highest genius and world-wide fame have written immortal works on the History of Allopathic Medicine, I naturally feel diffident in taking up my pen upon the subject, to present to the public a bare idea of the development of the Allopathic and Āyurvedik systems of medicine, since their origin several centuries before the Christian era. Like Celsus, I can do nothing more than narrate the opinions of that galaxy of writers, whose successful practice gave shape and form to a system that goes by the name of Allopathy, which is now the

all things, great and small (and such mere knowledge can therefore amount only to a third of Brahman and not to a full realisation of the whole of It); for that full realisation of It which is meant by moksha all three, knowledge, desire and action, are necessary. He who has the power of knowledge, of desire and of action, he alone is the knower of the *Veḍa*, he is the finder, winner and possessor of Brahman.

Hence the fourfold Āshramas, which means that

The four Āshramas, i.e., the four aspects of consciousness, essence of the whole of life.

'wherein people rest or are rested on (Āshrayantē Asmin)'. In other

words, these Āshramas are resting-places, or the aspects of consciousness

which are the essence of the whole of life. In the Brahmacharya Āshrama the *Veḍas* are mastered. The Householder transcends *mamaṭa* gradually. The consciousness belonging to *Vānasprastha* is: all action is necessary, and not dependent upon the capricious will of anyone. In *Samnyāsa* the consciousness is that there is no necessity and no contingency; nothing belongs to others or to us, to all or to anyone; whatever is, is the Trinity only. In short, acquisition of knowledge in Brahmacharya; practice thereof in *Gārhasṭhya*; certainty in *Vānaprastha*; realisation in *Samnyāsa*—such is the distinction between them.

The relation between the four *Veḍas* and the four Āshramas respectively is explained thus:

The World-process is said to be tri-guna in its nature; the three *guṇas* or attributes being *sattva*, *rajas* and *ṭamas*. *Sattva* is cognition; *rajas*, action; *ṭamas*, desire; the summation of the three is the fourth (*viz.*, life or consciousness). The birth, maintenance, and death of *sāttvikas*, i.e., all things or objects in which the *sattva* attribute predominates, and their fruits are described in the *Rk*; the origin and activities etc. of the *rājasas*, in the *Yajuh*; of the *ṭamasas*, in the *Sāma*; the summation of the three, the accomplishment of their conjunction, the connection of cause and effect, and the relation of all things whatsoever to each other—all this is explained in the *Aṭharva*.

It is said sometimes that the *Rk* is for the accomplishment of karma or action, and the *Yajuh* and the *Sāma* for that of *jñāna* or knowledge. But the main interest of *Rk* is *Jñāna*, and it is 'for the accomplishment of karma only because *jñāna* is necessary to karma. So the *Yajuh* and the *Sāma*, dealing with karma (and *ichchhā*) mainly, give to *jñāna* its proper scope and purpose by such treatment of karma, action being the very fruition of knowledge (through desire).

Brahmacharya is realised by means of the *Rk*; *gārhasṭhya* of the *Yajuh*; *vānaprastha* of the *Sāma*; and *samnyāsa* of the *Aṭharva*. Thus do the four Āshramas correspond to the four *Veḍas*.

In the chapter devoted to the genesis of the *Veḍas* the authors thereof are described as follows:

The World-process works by means of hierarchies of rulers, endlessly graded as subordinates and overlords, all classified by functions under cognition, desire, action and summation, and dealing with definite cycles and extents of space and time, i.e., world-systems, on all scales, ever minuter and ever vaster. Each world-system has a *Brahmā*, a *Viṣṇu* and a *Shiva*, the three being subordinates to a *Mahā-Viṣṇu* [or *Mahā-Shiva* or *Mahā-Brahmā* according as Cognition, Action or Desire constitutes the dominant note of the system]. *Mahā-Viṣṇu* ideates, places before himself, the *Aṭharva-Veḍa*, and deals with the summation; *Viṣṇu*, the *Rg-Veḍa* and cognition; *Brahmā*, the *Yajur-Veḍa* and action; and *Shiva*, the *Sāma* and desire. That whereinto all enter, *vishanti*, is *Viṣṇu*; he who covers up, *vrñutē*, envelopes, surrounds, undertakes all, is *Brahmā*; he who sleeps, *shetē*, in everything, is *Shiva*. *Shiva* sleeps, lies hidden, in all and everything as the nexus, the bond, and this is the nature of desire. *Vrñutē* signifies the envelopment, the covering with an envelope, the demarcation of the limiting bounds or the periphery, and so the formation or creation (of all forms); and this is action presided over by *Brahmā*. *Viṣhantīsarvāni* indicates that all things enter into It and It into all, and such is the Self, connected with cognition and *Viṣṇu*. The summation or totality of these is *Mahā-Viṣṇu* [*Mahā-Shiva* or *Mahā-Brahmā*].

That the *Veḍas* referred to but correspond in our system to the still higher *Veḍas* governing greater world-systems is pointed out thus:

It is true that the world extends endlessly beyond *Mahā-Viṣṇu* also, but we, as limited individuals, can deal

prevailing system in America, Germany, and other civilised western countries.

I shall in these pages divide my short narrative into ten periods, and trace the growth of the Allopathic system in each period, with the prevalent theories and their apostles.

This was a period when the ancient Hindū civilisation was at its height, and it was probably at this period that the celestial beings taught their divine Art to the descendants of the R̥shis inhabiting the slopes of the towering Himālayas.

We derive the knowledge of this period from Holy-Writ, as I shall hereafter show when treating of Āyurveda. Here I can only say that the Egyptians derived their knowledge of medicine from the Hindūs and gave it to Greece.

This period entirely covers up the development of medical science by the Greeks, and it is to this that the modern system of Allopathic medicine feels indebted; because "theirs in fact, are the only complete works on this art that have descended to us". The early history of this period is enveloped in mystery, for a spirit of sacerdotalism reigned supreme. Not until the time of Hippocrates—the father of the present system of medicine—was a true and scientific system of medicine practised, some 460 years before the Christian era. A word or two about this great man will not be out of place here. "He was the son of Heraclides, born in the 80th Olympiad"—which roughly approximates to the time of Solon who flourished about

The first period,
2000 B. C.

The second period,
2000—1660 B. C.

The third period,
1660—460 B. C.

580 B. C. In the *Dictionnaire de Medicine* we find the following account of him: "Strong in the knowledge of his contemporaries and predecessors, he collected their different opinions, and was the first to form an imposing system, which gave a rank to medicine and a separate existence." The personality of Hippocrates is very important to us because it was he who first found out the sacred Āyurvedik truths. According to Āyurveda, health is the result of the proper admixture of the humours of the body, viz., vāta, pitta and sleshma, or wind, bile and phlegm respectively. We call the proper admixture of these humours health, and an improper admixture disease. By the improper admixture of these humours a morbid matter is formed in the body and this is "materies morbi" or the real, exciting cause of disease. There are two ways in which diseases terminate: one is by excretion of the morbid matter, and the other is by its deposition. The example for the first is the continuation of the morbid process and of excretion after it comes to maturity, as in bronchitis. The second is the deposition of the morbid matter, which is expelled only in such diseases as inflammations, swellings of joints, etc. How beautifully this doctrine of Hippocrates coincides with our own we shall presently see. Dr. Barker says:

Hippocrates never attempted to cure a fever, according to the common acceptation of the word, i. e., to put a stop to the febrile emotions or to extinguish the fever by the rules of the art. His principal object was to assist nature in her efforts for the expulsion of the morbid matter: correct her when wrong, but not to interfere in her operations, when they are properly directed.

Though Hippocrates' method of treatment was to produce diaphoresis in fevers, to administer evacants in bowel complaints, and so forth, he sometimes

adopted the opposite mode of treatment and this exactly coincides with our ancient method, as given in Charaka.

When we compare his doctrine with that of Āyurveda we feel inclined to say that Hippocrates was in reality our celestial Dhanvantari, who, after giving the knowledge of the sacred art of medicine to the people living on the borders of the Gaṅgā, took birth in ancient Greece, like the Egyptian phoenix, and revealed the art to the people inhabiting the other side of the globe for their future guidance. I shall presently show how by our fidelity to those sacred teachings we have still kept up the reputation of our system, while the unfaithful apostate systems are tottering.

The state of the Allopathic system during this period is beautifully portrayed by a writer of note:

After Hippocrates a new sect was formed, that of dogmatists. Struck by the vanity, the variety, and the contradictions of the prevalent theories, and the absurdity of the modes of treatment adopted in consequence, certain physicians attempted to bring back the practice of medicine into the path it had pursued before. Like the sect of sceptics who submitted all philosophical opinions to the most rigid test, they rejected all opinions and theories not capable of proof, and based their treatment of disease on experience alone. They considered the search after causes which do not fall within the sphere of senses not only useless but detrimental. This was the origin of the sect of Empirics, which continued for six centuries and until nearly the time of Galen. After this, Empirics degenerated. No longer taking experience as their guide, they prescribed remedies without rule and without judgment. Instead of continuing to be the followers and disciples of Hippocrates, they became apostates to his doctrines and the founders of the modern sect of Empirics.

A word more about this famous portrayal of the state of the Allopathic system of medicine will take all significance out of it; and so I am highly contented if I show to the reader that in spite of twenty centuries of

civilisation the Allopathic physicians still find themselves classed with the dogmatists of the first century by their practices in the present day.

Seeing that the doctrines advocated in the previous periods ruined the cause of the true Hippocratic system, the Guardians of nations saw the danger facing them, and sent Galen to save the wrecked truths:

The fifth period,
1st and 2nd centuries.

With a modesty and nobleness of mind, that always accompanies true genius, he avowed himself to be the disciple of Hippocrates—the restorer of his doctrine and of his practice. As a matter of course, he succeeded in his endeavours and the Hippocratic doctrine again became prominent although under a new name—that of Galenism.

Galenism took hold of people from the second to the seventh century. The sixth was a period of progress of the Allopathic system based on Hippocratic and Galenic doctrine. About this period a noted author says:

The sixth period,
7th—12th century A. D.

In the seventh century a work called the *Pandectes of Medicine*, written by Aloum, a Christian priest of Alexandria, and composed of extracts from Greek authors, was translated into Arabic, and complete translations of Greek writers were published between this and the ninth century. To this source the Moors were indebted for their knowledge of medicine. But, what is still more singular is they had also made considerable progress in chemistry, as well as in medicine.

We learn that it was Geber of Mesopotamia who first prepared corrosive sublimate; nitric acid; nitre; muriatic acid; red precipitate and blue-stone. All this occurred at the time when the Moors conquered Spain. The Moors encouraged medical learning by establishing Schools and Libraries. It is said that this beneficent act of the Moors enabled French students to study and translate Greek medical works into their own language. As a result there was a medical revival in

all Europe. In the twelfth century France established its first medical school.

With the discovery of the art of printing, the works of Hippocrates and of Galen and several other writers of their school were printed and made textbooks

The seventh period,
12th—16th century.

on medicine. In the seventeenth century the discoveries of Newton and his theories regarding the Laws of Nature, based on the mathematical sciences, tended to give a fresh impetus to the Allopathic system. During this period another theory was promulgated by a noted physician—Basil Valentine—on the basis of the Hippocratic doctrine, that salt, sulphur and mercury were the primary elements of all bodies. Later on this theory was supported by Paracelsus and Willis. It has a very close resemblance to our doctrines, as in almost all of our Āyurvaidik preparations we use sulphur and mercury in fixed proportions. We believe these elements enter into each humour and exercise some specific action.

The beginning of the seventeenth century saw the establishment of two societies, the Rosicrucians and the Rosians.

The eighth period,
17th and 18th centuries.

These were established to propagate the doctrine of Paracelsus on the action of sulphur, mercury, and salt on different humours, which happily approximates to our doctrine. At this time there was a claimant to dispute the authority of the Paracelsus doctrine. This was Van Helmont. According to him: "Each individual possessed a principle which he called 'Archæus,' and which, different from the soul, presided over all the phenomena of life." When the Archæus was deranged—the seat of which was considered to be in the stomach—the result was a ferment, which being

दोषाद्यामाशयाश्रिताः ।

बहिर्निरेक्ष्य कोष्ठमि ज्वरदाह्य रसानुगाः ॥

Some of the theories propounded during this period gave rise to three schools of medicine, *viz.*, the chemical school, the mechanical school and the mathematical school. Sartorius, professor at Padua in the seventeenth century, was the founder of the mechanical school which was subsequently called the iatro-mechanical school. Iatro-mathematicians were the disciples of Descartes. Boyle, Glisson, Pilcairn, Cole, and Cheyne were the disciples of the chemical school, and they attributed diseases to changes in the blood, to acid fermentation, etc. The mathematical and mechanical schools attributed them to stagnation of circulation, thickening of blood in the capillary system or flow of the circulating fluid. Baglivi at this time, though belonging to the Iatro-mechanical school, avowed himself a disciple of Hippocrates. During this period appeared a work written by Sanctorius in defence of the ancient doctrine, and his work is supplemented by George Hoffman and Prosper Martian later.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the whole medical world was revolutionised by the labours of Haller, Morgagni, Nicholas Fontyne, who were respectively the original founders of the Physiological, Pathological and Anatomical schools. The labours of Haller and Nicholas Fontyne dwindled into insignificance after a time, because they mistook effects for causes in their

The ninth period,
18th and 19th centuries.

treatment of diseases. But Morgagni's foundation of pathological science survived for a time. "Instead of attributing disease to the state of humours, to derangement of the Archæus, to mechanical causes or chemical agents, it was attributed to the solids—to inflammation and changes in the different tissues and organs." This theory of Solidism was supported by Cullen (a professor at Edinburgh), Gregory, Macbride and Musgrave, but this was strongly opposed by Brown—a professor of the same school to which Cullen belonged—and he started the doctrine of Sthenic and Asthenic Diathesis which means that "all diseases of the body are occasioned by too many or too few stimuli". As a result of this doctrine, the experiments of Rosori, an Italian professor at Genoa, showed that from April to October 1800 there were no less than 7,810 deaths in Genoa alone. About 1816 there appeared a 'medical Messiah' to preach a new doctrine. Before him Baglivi had taught that the seat of fever was in the mesentery, Sylvius in the pancreas, and Clutterbuck in the brain. But all these theories were abandoned when M. Broussais appeared on the stage and showed that "all the essential fevers may be attributed to a gastro-enterite, either simple or complex". Even this theory was short-lived and after a time the founder had to abandon his treatment and practice.

After all the age arrived when there was no obstruction to the progress of medical

The tenth period,
20th century.

science. The theory of to-day is not the theory of the morrow. "Our notions of physick," says Dr. Barker, "change with our philosophy and at last we turn to old ones again."

II. THE PRESENT STATE OF THE ALLOPATHIC SYSTEM OF MEDICINE

I turn to this subject with feelings of great humility, natural to a man who has not studied the western system of medicine. The present age with all its "electrical enlightenment and occidental civilisation" counts a host of physicians and surgeons who are hall-marked with degrees; the theories propounded by them are also legion. The list of drugs they propose is almost numberless. The amount of money they invest on medical research amounts to crores. And all this for what? In spite of so much anxiety and bustle in the medical world, is there any remedy even to this day which is considered a specific for cholera and plague in the whole range of Allopathic medicine? Let us take an example: cholera once prevailed in England with a virulence that was never known before, and finally it seems to have settled in India. Our sympathetic Government have expended millions of pounds sterling to stop this dreadful scourge of humanity, but its visitations are not limited. Dr. Parkes, who had the honour of treating cholera patients both in India and in England, exclaims in despair thus:

The antidote for this tremendous poison has not yet been discovered and the resources of modern European science have opposed its destructive action with as little effect as the untutored efforts of the most barbarous nation to whom its ravages are known. The efforts of European science have indeed, as it appears to me, in many cases proved hurtful.

Dr. Rush asks:

What have physicians, what have Universities or medical science done, after the labours and studies of many centuries, towards lessening the mortality of pestilential diseases? They have either copied or contradicted each

ther in all their publications: for plagues and malignant evils are still leagued with war and famine in their ravages upon human life.

Not only do Allopathic physicians express their despairing thoughts of their medical treatment regarding venereal diseases, but the most eminent among them are themselves coming forward to show that their system is not a science (if not unscientific). M. Claude-Bernard, in his introductory lecture at the College of France, says:

The science of medicine that I am appointed to teach you does not exist. The only thing that we have to do is to prepare the foundation for future generations; to create the physiology on which this science may be hereafter established.

On another occasion he said:

We may yet affirm, that after 23 centuries of practice and of teaching, we have still to ask, if this science of medicine really exists. It presents, in fact, this melancholy spectacle, that ignorant men and quacks are more successful in practice than learned physicians who have passed all their lives in its study. These are then reasons for believing that medicine has not yet become a science (*n'est pas encore faite*) for it never occurs in fixed sciences for a savant and an ignoramus to be confounded together.

Greatly humiliated by the present degraded Allopathic system of medicine, the great and talented editor of the *Medico-chirurgical Review*, the late Dr. James Johnson, gave vent to his feelings thus:

I declare it as my conscientious opinion, founded on long experience and reflection, that if there was not a physician, surgeon, apothecary, man-midwife, chemist, druggist (not a drug) on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevail.

III. THE CAUSES OF THE ALLOPATHIC DOWNFALL

The chief causes for such a degraded state of the Allopathic system of medicine are:

1. The abhorrence of Allopaths towards their ancient system as advocated by Hippocrates. Sydenham remarks:

Our misfortune arises from having long forsaken our most ancient and most skilful guide, Hippocrates, and the ancient method of healing, based on a knowledge of conjunct causes—these being deduced with certainty; so that the art which is practised at the present day, having been invented by shallow-minded men, is one of babbling and of talking, rather than of healing.

Professor Boerhaave referring to the false theories, says:

If we compare the good which half a dozen true disciples of Esculapius have done, since their art began, with the evil that the immense numbers of doctors have inflicted upon mankind, we must be satisfied, that it would have been infinitely better if medical men had never existed.

2. The folly of deducing laws of nature from arbitrary ideas, as Descartes, and afterwards applying them by synthesis to particular cases. This method is quite opposite to the path pointed out by Bacon and Newton.

A noted author says on this:

.... following in the path of induction, philosophers and physicians would—to employ the comparison of Bacon—have resembled bees, which gather honey from flowers at every season, assimilate it to their nature, and prepare it for the use and pleasure of man; instead of which, the advocates of modern systems, like useless spiders, draw from their own body the feeble web that only serves them to entrap the insects in their obscure den.

3. Their imagining that they could ascertain the changes that occurred in an organised body during disease, by reference to the combinations that take place in inorganic substances; and that they could control these actions by those means which nature never employs in the interior of our organs. The consequence of such action is the destruction of our bodies.

4. Their ignorance of morbid phenomena during life. At present the Allopathic doctors deduce causes by examining the body after death. They are quite uncertain whether the effects then observed existed during life or at the commencement of the attack.

Owing to these four potent causes and several other personal weaknesses, as pride, arrogance, conceit, etc., the Allopaths have wandered far away from the right path which the ancients have pointed out. It is to their interest to reform. In the meantime, let no Allopath lay violent hands on other systems of medicine with which he cannot sympathise directly or indirectly, as such a step would bring greater humiliation and shame on the adherents of the ancient systems of medicine. If these suggestions are followed and a carefully sketched-out reform is effected there is no doubt that a sure foundation will have been laid for future generations, as Claude Bernard desired.

IV. THE ANTIQUITY OF ĀYURVEDA

Any one who knows the history of the Āyurvaidik system of medicine will not stop to decry it, but will always speak of it with praise, for Āyurveda is the father of all other systems of medicine. Āyurveda flourished long before the birth of the Grecian or the Egyptian Esculapius. That there were physicians in Egypt we learn from the Hebrew Testament: "Joseph commanded the physicians to embalm his father and the physicians embalmed Israel." As this history is referred by chronologists to 1660 years before the Christian era, it would be about 100 years after the foundation of Greece. The inference that we draw from this is that Greeks derived

their knowledge from the Egyptians. But John Parkin, M. D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, says:

Independently of the Egyptians, the art of healing was practised among the Hindūs from a very early period: as far back, in fact, as their history extends. With them also, the Brahmins, who cultivated all other sciences, were the first physicians.

Many a European doctor of established fame has acknowledged our system of medicine as being the most ancient and perfect system in the world. Professor J. F. Royle, M. D., F. R. & L. S., Professor of Materia Medica, King's College, London, in his essay on the antiquity of Hindū medicine, says:

Being satisfied with the existence of these Samskr̥t medical works at a period antecedent to the Arabs, it would no doubt be interesting to know something more of their contents. The antiquity and independent origin of their medicine display, I conceive, considerable merit, not only as showing that they had at an early period paid attention to what now constitutes the several branches of medicine, but also they had discovered various kinds of remedies as well as modes of applying them.

George Clark, M. A., M. D., speaks of our system thus:

If the physicians of the present day would drop from the pharmacopœia all the modern drugs and chemicals, and treat their patients according to the method of Charaka, there would be less work for the undertakers and fewer chronic invalids in the world.

I have a number of authoritative pronouncements in our favour, but space will not permit me to quote any further.

V. ORIGIN OF ĀYURVEDA

There are many mythological stories about the origin of Āyurveda; but historical evidence seems to prove that Dhanvantari, the Prince of Benares, was the

first preceptor who taught Āyurveda. Dhanvantari gave his knowledge of the sacred science to his chief pupil Sushruta, son of Vishvāmītra. By this we may infer that he was a contemporary of Shrī Rāma. We do not know if we hear of Sushruta in the *Rāmāyaṇa*. His great work in Samskr̥t exists at present as our chief guide.

Another great work which we possess at the present day is that of Charaka, who seems to have been born at Benares, 360 B. C. We have also Agnivesa's text of Charaka, who was a disciple of Sushruta. The Āyurveda, as it existed of old, consists of 100 sections of 1,000 stanzas each, and it is divided into eight parts :

1. Salya—Extracting extraneous substances, as wood, metal and bone.
2. Salaka—Treatment of diseases of eyes and nose.
3. Kayachikitsa—The science of medicine proper.
4. Bhūtavidyā—Restoration of faculties from a disorganised state induced by demons, etc. (A reference to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* will explain the existence of such demons).
5. Kumārabhriṭya—Diseases of females and children.
6. Agada—Administration of antidotes.
7. Rasāyana—Chemistry.
8. Vajikarṇa—Treatment of nervous debility and impotence.

In these eight divisions there is nothing omitted which is found in the modern Allopathic system, which claims so much of original research. A great authority on the English system of medicine wrote after reading Sushruta's great work : "In one department, *viz.*, midwifery, the world has advanced very little beyond

the stage to which this branch of medical science was carried in Sushruta's time."

Other standard works on Āyurveda are :

1. *Aṣṭāṅgahr̥daya*, by Vāgbhatta, who lived in the second century A. D. *Mādhava Nidāna*, *Chakraḍaṭṭa Saṅgraha*, *Bhāvaprakasha*, by Bhavamisra who lived about 1550 A. D. *Chikitsāratna*, *Sanḍehabhañjani*, *Bhyshajyaraṭnāvali*, *Sāraṅgaḍharasamhitā*, *Rasendra-saṅgraha*, *Rasaraṭnāvali*, etc. Vijaya Rakṣhiṭa, a great Āyurvedik scholar of old, wrote on Asmari, Calculi, in his commentary on *Mādhava Nidāna*.

That ancient Indian Universities, such as Nalanda, Odantapuri and Shriḍhanya-Kataka, during the Brāhmanical and Buddhistic periods, had reserved professorial chairs for the Āyurvedik system of medicine is shown by the following. It is stated that Aṭreya—a R̥shi who had written directions on the art of painting under inspiration from the divine architect Vishvakarma—was a professor of medicine at Takṣha-Shīla. In the anecdotes of Buddha's historical life, the account of His physician Jivaka throws some light on the educational system of the time.

The University of Takṣha-Shīla was a Brāhmanical institution, pure and simple. Its influence extended to Persia in the west, to Bactria in the north, and Magadha and Prachya in the east. With it the fame of Brāhmanical learning had spread far and wide.

Professor Satish Chandra, in his work on Buddha, narrates an interesting anecdote of the royal physician Jivaka, who had cured both King Bimbisara of Magadha and the great Buddha himself of some painful diseases :

He was born at Rājagṛha in South Behar. Being desirous of studying medicine and also of learning any of the sixty-four handicrafts, he had to proceed to Takṣha-Shīla. On arriving there, he presented himself before Aṭreya, the R̥shi

professor of medicine. Jivaka studied the art of healing and the science of medicine under the Sage for seven years. At the final examination, Jivaka was required to describe the use of all vegetables, plants, creepers, grasses, roots, etc., that grew within a radius of fifteen miles round the city of Takṣha-Shila. After four days' examination in medical botany, Jivaka submitted the results informing his professors that *there was hardly a single plant which did not possess some medicinal property.*

The Samskr̥t medical works in the Bowen manuscripts, which were unearthed about twenty years ago at Yarkand, clearly show that there still exist standard works on Āyurveda. They were deciphered by Dr. Hoernle and published by the Asiatic Society of Bengal.

Siddha Nāgārjuna was another great physician and alchemist in the Buddhistic period. The opinions of Professor Wilson, Professor P. C. Roy, and Dr. Hoernle go to show that *Charaka*, *Sushruta* and *Mādhava Nidāna* were translated into Arabic about 775 A. D. in the time of Kaliffs Harun and Mansun, and I have evidence also to prove that Āyurveda was held in great esteem under the Moghal dynasty in India; for we learn that great immortal works like *Vaidyamṛta*, written by Bhattamanikēya, *Bhopadeva Saṭaka* by Bhopadeva, and *Vaidyajīvana* by Lolamba were written between 1627, 1633 and 1670 A. D. respectively. Sushruta has since been translated into Latin by Hepplar and into German by Vallars.

H. Subba Rao

(To be concluded)

THE VIRGIN BIRTH

By CLARA BAKER SMITH

THE festival of Christmastide is one which perpetuates the memory of a so-called historical event of some nineteen hundred years ago, and is identified with the Christian beliefs. It is of religious origin, and is in a strict sense observed and urged by the Christian ritual. Like many time-honoured customs, its ancient sanctity has become in a degree obscured by the material and pagan practices which have intermingled with it, and which are exercised in various forms according to place and modes. The story of the Nativity at Bethlehem, as recorded in New Testament Scriptures, is familiar to many and within the reach of all, so that its reiteration is not necessary in these pages, since it is the metaphysical and spiritual signification of its allegorical or figurative teachings, in contradistinction to the literal and specifically concrete event, which is here urged. The human mind accepts the record as it appears in the text of the would-be historical narrative, and the ecclesiastical traditions of theological authority have emphasised the limited, literal, and finite acceptance of the asserted event.

Favoured personalities have been regarded as exemplary individuals connected with an especial family, while a divinely miraculous circumstance is supposed to have occurred, the overshadowing of a maiden by the

Holy Spirit, and the consequent conception of a child. This has been taught as an orthodox dogma, though from time to time heterodox thinkers have challenged the claim to veracity of such a doctrine.

Tradition and dogma have hopelessly failed to satisfy the earnest enquiry of a progressive age, notwithstanding the Galilean Prophet's declaration (*S. Luke viii, 17*): "Nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither any thing hid, that shall not be made known and come abroad." In harmony with this promise, corroboration is enshrined in the command: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (*S. Matt., vii, 7.*)

Right motive and desire are necessary in the consistent quest of Truth, while a solution to the problem, and an explanation of the theme under consideration are found as indicated. "Ask me of things to come concerning my sons, and concerning the work of my hands command ye me." (*Isa. xlv, 11.*)

This invitation urges the seeker to try to apprehend the method of procedure, and to apply the same throughout his investigations; and, in logical sequence, this will command and ensure success.

The Virgin Birth is a spiritual event which appertains to the metaphysical realm, and cannot therefore be apprehended or explained by any physical interpretation, since such is an inversion of the spiritual and real. The attempt has been made in sincerity by the finite mind, but has resulted in a travesty of Truth. The subject of this article is one of the hidden mysteries to which the Galilean Teacher refers (*S. Mark iv, 11*): "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but unto them that are without, all these

things are done in parables." "The understanding and recognition of Spirit must finally come, and we may as well improve our time solving the mysteries of being through an apprehension of Divine Principle."

The necessity to recognise God, Good, as Spirit, the Father-Mother of all spiritual being and reality, is the initial imperative and the imperative initial. The sons and daughters spiritually created are therefore Ideas in the Divine Mind, and are inheritors of all good. In the realms of Infinite Mind there are no accidents and no errors, since "God is the law-maker" "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." (*Jas. i, 17.*)

Exceptions to law are unknown and impossible in eternal Being, while the defence, made by the worn-out adage, "the exception proves the rule," becomes a subterfuge, and in no degree excuses inability, but is self-condemned. It is the human ignorance of God, or Good, and of the operation of divine legislation which has plunged the physical beliefs of humanity into a chaos of doubt and uncertainty regarding the metaphysical.

A response to the invitation: "Come now and let us reason together" (*Isa. i, 18*), is our only way of escape from ignorance and its fruition, and since "with God all things are possible" (*S. Mark x, 27*), the divine interpretation of life and being is our sole refuge, and the "understanding" of the same is "the rock" which will destroy all difficulties and grind them to powder, including the one under present consideration.

The idea of God as a personal being or magnified man, belongs to the child-like age of belief and faith, and though the latter "was counted unto Abraham for righteousness," "understanding" is the foundation of

the progressive and reconciliatory religion of the future. "Prove all things" (*I Thess. v, 21*), is valuable advice, and embodies the certainty and reliability of scientific law in the realms of eternal and unchanging Intelligence.

The pioneer thinkers of the past and of the present are agreed in the recognition of a metaphysical organisation in which law and justice, which admits of no exception, rule nor can it make any allowance for human misunderstanding. "I am the Lord, I change not" (*Mal. iii, 6*), is a verity which the Master emphasised in his assertion: "Before Abraham was, I [the Truth] am." (*S. John viii, 58*.) God being Love and Law, and the former of the couplet the fulfilling of the latter, a metaphysical comprehension of the invisible realities is an obvious necessity. As already stated, the miraculous conception and the subsequent Virgin Birth are of the mysteries of the soul: spiritual not material; metaphysical not physical; of operative invisible good not of bodily activity; not a propagation of sense but a procreation of soul; not a corporeal or physical manifestation but a spiritual and invisible idea, related to the heavenly and not to be apprehended by the finite perceptions; unseen to human sense but comprehended by soul-consciousness, which operates through the spiritual faculties of mind; formless, since the parentage is Infinite Mind and could not be represented by inversion or finiteness; boundless in potentiality, even, as the Creator of the same. Hence the inability of the human mind to grasp the metaphysical reality, since the spiritual senses only can take cognisance of spiritual existence and activities, "because they are spiritually discerned". (*I Cor. ii, 14*.) 'The Virgin

Birth' becomes therefore a misnomer, or a misapplication, a false doctrine on the physical plane, while its claims are an insult to the so-called intelligence and regularity of natural laws relative to human generation. The parody becomes a menace to society, which denies such exceptional probabilities, since "agamogenesis does not apply to the human species".

"Truth, Life and Love are a law of annihilation to everything unlike themselves, because they declare nothing except God"; hence the scientific test should be applied to the beliefs and opinions embraced in the subject of this article.

The counterfeit teaching which has obtained during this material age has obscured that which it has attempted to simulate; but "the day is at hand" when a new Gospel Interpretation "will turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the Lord, to serve him with one consent" (*Zeph. iii, 9*), because they will understand God and His universe, including the spiritual man and woman of God's creation.

Limitation, with its fruitage materialism, is responsible for the erroneous teaching of the subject in hand. God's realm being spiritual and mental, the claim in its true sense refers to the Mary, Maria, or spiritual representative of the maternal or feminine nature of God, and is the title and possession of each individual consciousness or reflector of Good. In this same consciousness there is no trace of any carnal condition or manifestation, no sense of earthly desire or demand; and, being absolutely free from materiality and finiteness, the consciousness of the reality of Being "is Virgin, and a fitting bride for the Divine Spirit". The overshadowing of Love ensures the conception of a

spiritual idea, which is duly brought forth by the Virgin Mother, or the maternal reflector of God, the pure consciousness of the individual spiritual identity.

The dual ability to reflect intelligent and intuitive understanding is the endowment of each individual consciousness, as was promised: "Even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee." (*Zech. ix, 12.*)

Thus the Truth is manifested in divine energy, and the Christ within is born of Spirit, repeatedly expressed in active operation. The effect is liberation from all that is contrary to spiritual good, and it is recognised as Jesus, or the Saviour from our lower nature.

To realise the Christ power of our true being, and its effect or result, the Joshua or Redeemer, is to apprehend the heritage of man, and to prove that "God is no respecter of persons," but that 'Christ Jesus' is the epithet to which we can all make claim, since we are "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ" (*Rom. viii, 17*), the only 'Jesus' which can save us being the attendant and consequent of the active Christ of our specific spiritual consciousness.

'Jesus' is, therefore, not an exclusive name or address, assigned to a special teacher or personality, who loyally and with exemplary spirituality showed us 'the way' to immortal life, but, metaphysically understood, is applied to the effect produced by the Truth He taught.

The 'Mary' of the original religious teaching of the Roman Catholic Church was the Soul-Conceiver of the fruition, or Christ, as herewith urged, however the same idea may have been distorted by later interpretations and practices.

A metaphysician of no mean repute authoritatively defines the Christ as "incorporeal, spiritual, yea the

divine image and likeness, dispelling the illusions of the senses".

'The Holy Family' of Christian teachings is by no means an exclusive idea, or a doctrine peculiar to modern times; for the religion of Ancient Egypt antedated this expression in prophetic significance, by the realisation of the actuality of the same truth, depicted in the symbolical personalities of Osiris, Isis and Horus.

"There is no new thing under the sun," hence the scientific enquirer will find harmony in ancient and modern fundamentals, and in reference to the Truth will recognise a repetition of the fulfilment of the prophecy, "Out of Egypt have I called my son," in the operation of recurring law and its multiplied expression.

To those who rely on sense instead of on soul apprehension, on form instead of on the invisible reality of mind, on dogma instead of on scientific law; who are satisfied to believe rather than to understand; who accept the letter and ignore the spirit; who prefer the sympathy of general opinions to reliance on individual quest and effort; who trust sense impressions instead of inner convictions; who accept traditions, rather than the proofs of operative law; who regard God as a person instead of Infinite Spirit, Intelligence, Life, Law, Good, All-Being, and themselves as bodily realities instead of spiritual ideas and reflectors of Good; to all these this teaching may appear undesirable and even dangerous, because contrary to that of the past, notwithstanding the scientific fact that progress is the law of life, and religion is a progressive revelation.

The Athenian spirit which prevailed in the early Christian era (*Acts xvii, 21*) foreshadowed the religious

tolerance and progressive thought of our day, which will prove useful assets in the reception of the revelations by the "new tongues" (*S. Mark xvi, 17*) of the approaching Dispensation in the readjustment of spiritual teachings.

"The corporeal man Jesus was human," while the Jesus, Joshua, or saving effect (from all error) of the operative Truth is the son of the Virgin of the pure soul-consciousness of our spiritual being. The metaphysical phenomena are recognised in the beneficial demonstrations over the ills of humanity.

The Galilean Prophet's appearance in the world was due to the same processes of generation as for other physical personalities, but His greater ability to apprehend and demonstrate the Truth, was due to His greater spiritual unfoldment. He was therefore enabled to illustrate His teachings with unique power, which entitled Him to the position of Teacher and Leader, to which He was divinely appointed.

Many previous exponents of Truth have illuminated humanity's pathway at various periods of time, while the verities they taught and demonstrated "reveal the eternal chain of existence as uninterrupted and wholly spiritual". Such names as those of the Buddha, Kṛṣṇa Zoroaster, Confucius, Moses, Elijah, and others serve to illustrate the foregoing claim.

The differentiation exists in the non-essentials, while the main expressions follow in logical sequence, confirming that "the Unity of Good" is "one Lord and Father of all".

The human messengers in the different ages were units from their respective communities, while their apprehension of a need, attended by a divine ability to

meet the same, resulted in promoting a necessary spiritual impulse to the world in the mental quest which demonstrated the law of progress, or unfoldment.

These human personalities cannot, with safety to themselves or their followers be deified; but they stand as honoured witnesses, prophetic of the possibilities of the future, to which the Nazarene gave earnest emphasis when He said: "He that believeth on me [understandeth the Truth], the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." (*S. John xiv, 12.*)

Beyond question herein is enshrined the progressive revelation and understanding, which the future has in store for us, while the object of the near interpretation is "to show unto man his uprightness". (*Job xxxiii, 23.*)

The reappearance of 'Jesus Christ' will therefore be obscured for the mind which is enveloped in the clouds of sense and limitation, though the spiritual comprehension will recognise 'the Second [or repeated] Coming' in the Truth which convinces and redeems from error and its consequences.

In the peace of the spiritual consciousness, the united testimony will witness to the fact that 'Jesus Christ' [the Truth] is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." (*Heb. xiii, 8.*)

By no stretch of the human imagination can we henceforth accept the erroneous dogma which located the name and office exclusively to one particular personality and time, since that which is physical is also temporal, mortal and not eternal.

The sciologist with superficial knowledge may apply his own restricted and literal acceptance to the promise,

"Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son." (*Isa.* vii, 14.) But the spiritually scientific mind reads below the surface and discovers by the aid of divine principle and law a link in the harmony of Being, and the legitimacy of the spiritual interpretation of the Scriptures.

Science is "the key of the house of David" (*Isa.* xxii, 22), used by him "that openeth [clearly interprets] and no man shutteth; and shutteth [proves the falsity of error or truth] and no man openeth" (*Rev.* iii, 7), and by this same understanding "the book of life" (*Rev.* xx, 12) will be interpreted and rendered clear and available to all.

Clara Baker Smith



A VISION OF THE MINUTES

By C. V. MADDOCKS

ONE day I was feeling tired, and thought to myself: "I will sleep for ten minutes." So I closed my eyes, and as I sank into unconsciousness the last thought in my mind was: "My other self will have to count the minutes as they pass."

I found myself in an unknown room, long and bare, watching a curious sight. From an unseen source at one end of the room ran continually a fine thread, to which was attached in some way a constant succession of fine transparent oblong forms of a deep rose-colour;

each was of the same length and divided from the next by delicate lines. And these passed me slowly but unceasingly, to wind themselves into a great coil at the far end of the room. To my surprise, I realised that these fragile Things, moving continually on the fine Thread, were the passing Minutes of my Day. Deeply interested in my discovery, I longed to know more about the matter. An unseen Guide answered the questions in my mind, and explained to me the laws which govern the appearance of the minutes. I was also shown many types of form and colouring, in order that I might more clearly understand the teaching.

When I awoke, that is, when the ten minutes had passed, I tried to recollect what I had learned, and the following explanation gives the theory of the subject, so far as I am able to remember it.

In a secret place at the back of every man's consciousness is kept the Record of his Days, and what he makes of the passing minutes. The fine thread, to which the minutes are attached, is the Purpose-of-Life. The minutes come forth from the unknown, are acted upon and influenced by the man, and pass on to form part of the Record of the Day. At their first issuing forth they are transparent and almost colourless as a rule, and the changes which are effected in them as they pass, take place according to the following rules:

1. The feeling or emotion of the man causes variation in *colour*.

2. The mental attitude of the man causes changes of *form*, outline and design.

3. The spiritual principle in man, when developed, causes *light* to glow from within, giving a lovely radiance to the colouring.

Colour: The minutes of dull, hum-drum work would be of opaque browns or reds, unless the work is done from high motives of duty, love or sympathy; in which case the brown becomes tinged with, or even entirely superseded by, lovely transparent rose-pink, blue or green. One example was shown from the working-minutes of a factory-hand, where, although the brown colour was still visible, it was beautified by tints of purest rose-colour and pale blue, and the light which shone softly through these colours showed that the man was being guided by his spiritual Self, even in the narrow circumstances where he was placed, and in his life of drudgery. The typical minute of a selfish, worldly man would always be opaque, and dull as to colour. The nobler and finer the feelings and emotions of the man, the more delicate and exquisite are the varying colours with which his minutes are tinted.

If any particular emotion is anticipated for any part of the day, when those particular minutes arrive, they are found to be already tinged with the appropriate colour for the expected emotion, such as a dull grey for fear or grief, and it takes some effort to modify their colour.

Form: The mental development of the man is strikingly shown by the great variations in form which are to be observed. And it is an interesting fact that a minute, while, of course, always the same length, varies considerably in breadth. Narrow and poor-looking in the undeveloped man, it increases in breadth as in beauty with the advancement of the man in mental power and culture.

The average minute of a dull, unthinking, plodding man, would be narrow, regular and plain in outline.

A man who is methodical and purposeful, acting from good motives, would be likely to have a perfectly plain straight outline to his average minute, but there would be beauty in the design, probably geometrical, which would be seen in the minute. Sometimes in this case the same design continues more or less all day, showing the method and regularity of the mind.

An equally methodical man who had no good motive behind his work would have no design, but plain dull lines running throughout his normal minutes.

A man who is erratic and changeable in his ideas, shows this in the outline of his minutes, which look wavering and flame-like at the edges and have little or no continuous design.

The man of artistic temperament is likely to affect the outline of his minutes in much the same way, but in his case there might be the most exquisite designs, varying considerably from minute to minute, and the border would be more beautiful and delicate. Typical minutes of this sort have been seen to resemble innumerable flower-petals at the outer border; a graceful flowing design, glowing with the richest colours, completing the beauty of these minutes of inspired art.

A man of taste and culture, who had learned to control his mind and emotions, would have a broader type of minute than the ordinary man. One case was observed, in which the breadth showed development of character, the regularity of outline denoted method and self-control, its graceful curves showed artistic perception, and the well-formed design proved that the man's intellectual powers were not small.

A curious fact in connection with these minutes, is that a wasted minute—one that is not used for any

good purpose whatever, becomes partially detached from the thread Purpose-of-Life, and hangs down, opaque and yellow, looking like dried seaweed. And yet it is not quite detached, but is carried on by the Thread to form part of the Record of the Day.

Stray, disconnected thoughts and purposeless actions have very much the same effect upon the minutes; they become partially detached from the Thread of Purpose, and hang down or float in the air; in this case, however, if the thought or deed be good, the colours may be clear and even brilliant.

Light: When the spiritual principle is working through the life of the man, the colours become glowing as if light were shining through them. The normal minute of a man who is spiritually and mentally advanced is a very beautiful sight. It is a broad band, of wonderful design, with glowing translucent colours, calling to mind, though far transcending in beauty, some exquisite piece of embroidery. The purity and delicacy of the colours show the loftiness and holiness of his feelings and emotions; the breadth of the band, its intricate and marvellous design, its regularity and evenness of outline, show the culture, the intellectual power and the self-controlled habit of his mind; and the soft light shining through it all shows that his Higher Self is illuminating each minute as it passes, and is consciously One with the Purpose-of-Life.

C. V. Maddocks

DEATH AND AFTER

By O. S. MOHAMMADU, F. T. S.

[The writer of the following paper has passed away from earth, and the following tribute was sent by a friend, with the MS.]

Death has robbed us, early this month, of a public-spirited and useful citizen in Mr. O. S. Mohammodu, Secretary of the Hatton District Court. He had served Government faithfully and efficiently for a period extending over thirty-three years. He first served as Chief Clerk of the Dikoya Police Court in the early eighties and when the Courts were removed to Hatton he came here, and was till four years ago Chief Clerk and Interpreter Mudaliyar. On the District Court being established he was appointed Secretary, which post he held up to the time of his death. During all these years he had not taken long leave and worked continuously until his fatal illness. The late Mr. Mohammodu was an upright man with a strong character and unobtrusive ways, and was the friend of everybody and the enemy of none. He was a staunch Muhammadan, and was looked upon by the local members of his community as their champion; besides being a philanthropist he took a practical interest in religious movements, and was one of the first in the District to start a local Red Crescent Fund in aid of the sufferers in the recent Turko-Balkan War. He was a linguist of no mean order and besides English and Tamil he was able to speak and write fluently seven other languages, including Arabic, Hindustāni, Sinhalese, Maldivian, etc.; his knowledge of Arabic was sound, and he had the rare distinction of being the recognised Arabic Interpreter to the Government of Ceylon, and was also entrusted with the translation of the Maldivian despatches to the Ceylon Government. As an Interpreter he stood in a class by himself. He always rapidly grasped the meaning that a witness meant to express, and conveyed it to Judge and Counsel in a very clear and lucid way. Unless a statement appeared real to himself he would not interpret it, and would persist in getting to the bottom of a long and confused story before he would interpret; owing to his great skill as an Interpreter he was held in the highest esteem by the

various Magistrates and Judges under whom he had served during his long career. He was possessed of a knowledge of the law that the average lawyer of the present day could hardly boast and his great legal knowledge and upright character gave him the position of confidant and advisor to many a junior Civil Servant drawn into the judicial branch, under whom he was called to serve. Among those he had served are the Honourable Mr. H. R. Freeman, G. A., Western Province, Mr. R. G. Saunders, O. A. W., H. B. Carbery, District Judge of Puttalam, etc., from whom he won golden opinions. Among his personal belongings that he valued most were the autographs received by him from his past chiefs. He was appointed Arbitrator in several important cases that came before the local Courts, and his awards were more often than not upheld by the Supreme Court in appeal. He was, among other things, a member of the Theosophical Society and of the Order of the Star in the East, and as such he took a lively interest in their teachings, and on several occasions contributed interesting articles to their respective publications. As Vice-President of the Hatton Men's Mutual Society he took a practical interest in the work of that institution. It was only a few days prior to his death that he was booked to read the paper on 'Death and After,' but his serious illness came in the way, and I send the paper for publication.

Alas, how significant and true are the opening lines he wrote: "Death is an incident, which every one of us has without doubt sooner or later to face in our life, when we leave this world characterised as 'the Vale of Tears'." We wonder whether he had foreseen, when he wrote the lines, that he himself was to face the grim hand of death so very much sooner than later. At a meeting held last Wednesday the Society passed a vote of condolence, and conveyed the same to the widow and the relatives of its deceased Vice-President. The District Judge, Mr. G. Furse Roberts, at the weekly sittings, spoke in feeling terms of his late Secretary's character and worth, and the senior lawyer of the Bar, Mr. T. C. Van Rooyen, associated himself with all that fell from the Judge. A vote of condolence was passed and the same was conveyed to the widow of the deceased gentleman, the concluding lines of the letter to Mrs. Mohammodu being: "We feel that we have lost in him not only an honourable and capable Secretary of this Court, but also a real friend."

Immediately on the receipt of the news of the death of Mr. Mohammodu, Mr. Roberts had the work of the Nuwara Eliya and Hatton Courts suspended, enabling the staff to proceed to Kandy to attend the funeral and pay their last respects to their deceased colleague, whose relations with them were of the pleasantest character. The late Mr. Mohammodu

was married to a daughter of the late Mr. Siddi Lebbe, the well known Moorish Proctor of Kandy, herself an accomplished and talented lady and a friend of Their Excellencies Lady Blake and Lady McCallum, who often visited and lunched with her during their periodical stays in the Hill Capital. Mr. Mohammadu's only daughter is married to Mr. Cassi Lebbe, the well known Gem Expert of Kandy.

D. S. C. W.

Death is an incident, which every one of us has without doubt sooner or later to face in our life, when we leave this world characterised as "the vale of tears". Hardly a day passes without our hearing the sad news of the death of some near and dear relative, friend, or some well-known person. We know the effect it produces in homes, how a family in the midst of unalloyed happiness is suddenly deprived of its breadwinner, thrown into mourning, and its members reduced to poverty and distress.

Since death is an event in life which cannot be avoided, there is wisdom in trying to unravel its mystery and learn something beforehand, so as to be prepared to meet its frowning majesty with a certain amount of respect and self-composure.

As a rule when a man intends to make a journey to a foreign country, he tries to learn something about it, either from books of travel or by interviewing someone who has been there before—some description of the place, its scenery, climate, people, customs, etc. Naturally we all have a desire to know something about "where we go after we are dead". Unfortunately for us no traveller who has crossed over that bourne has been known to return, and no accounts have been published of that "beyond" for the guidance of mundane

dwellers; that murky region remains an unexplored and unknown country to the majority of the denizens of our planet. There is prevalent among all men, ancient and modern, civilised and barbarous, a belief in a future state of existence, which will be one of unalloyed bliss or suffering, in accordance with one's actions in this phase of existence, and this belief acts as a sort of balance-wheel, regulating our conduct of life.

This subject has formed the theme of very learned lectures by able and learned men before this, and I have no doubt that most of you here have heard or read of them. I have read some of them myself, but I found it difficult to gain a clear notion of the subject from the lecturer's point of view. Without claiming to be a critic or specialist on the subject, it is my endeavour in this paper to explain to you what we Muslims are taught and believe about death and the *post-mortem* life of man.

In this age of enlightenment and learning, an age which has witnessed the most remarkable discoveries in science and the birth of wonderful inventions, there is hardly a department of nature that man has not attempted to explore. Natural science has made such vast strides in its progress, that whereas there was an unbridgeable gulf between materialism and spiritualism about the end of the last century, to-day we find their votaries working in harmony, and they have come to the conclusion that the end of materialism is the beginning of spiritualism.

There were men who believed our earth to be flat and stationary, and that the sun moved round it. That was certainly due to a delusion of our senses; the contrary view is now accepted as the truth. Many

phenomena of nature which remained a puzzle to our forefathers, and around which there were raised all sorts of superstitious structures, have had their correct solution given by men who had made them their special study. It is one more delusion to regard his physical vesture as man. This belief has led astray many an earnest student of this subject. It can be proved that man is not the physical body he is in, just as he is not the clothes he is wearing. So before we speak about death we should have a clear conception of what Man is.

"Know thyself," was the exhortation of the Delphic Oracle; and any attempt to study man without regarding him as part of the Kosmos would undoubtedly lead the student astray. The ancient Sages called Man the Microcosm (a world in miniature), as opposed to the Macrocosm, the Universe.

Ali, the son-in-law of our Blessed Prophet, the most learned man of his time, said: "The cause of sorrow and its remedy are in man. He, through ignorance, fancies that he is this little body; but there exists involved in him the great Universe." The Blessed Prophet has declared: "He that knows his true Self shall really know his God." The meaning of Ali's saying is that so long as man identifies himself with the physical body, which is impermanent, he will be grasping the shadow and will be doomed to disappointment, and his fate will end in sorrow; but the remedy lies in his realising his true Self as the living soul, which is a spark of the Divine Being. The same truth is taught by the Blessed Prophet. He who realises the fact that what he regarded as his Self (the physical body) is a delusion, will know his true Self as divine and permanent. Islām regards the

Universe as the manifestation of God. It is also called the 'Book of God,' since every object in nature is the expression of a divine Idea.¹ As an object is known by its attributes, so by the contemplation of nature and by the study of objects in nature in their various phases, we infer God's Existence, His Wisdom and His Power. Man has his root in God; he is divine in his essential nature. God is the divine Sun, and man a ray from it.

In the process of manifestation the divine spark focusses itself in different vehicles, corresponding to the different planes, which are four in number. Its home is the divine plane (Alam Lahot). In this plane the human entity or ego has its subjective existence (Aiyanthabita). From there it descends to the plane immediately below it, the mental plane (Alam Jabaroot). In this plane it takes on a mantle of mental matter; here the soul obtains its distinct individuality; it is then called the thinker (Nefs Natiqah), the Jīvātmā of the Hindūs. It is self-conscious, and has life, intelligence, will and energy. The next plane below is called the angelic, or emotional, plane (Alam Malakoot). Into this the ego enters by donning an astral body, called the simulacrum (Mithaly). From there the ego is ushered into this physical plane, the vale of tears, clad in a coat of skin furnished by the parents, the masons who prepare only an earthly tenement for the strange pilgrim, wandering in search of his true home, where is the heavenly Father, his true nature.

It is clear, from the Islāmic point of view, that man is not the physical body, but is a spark of the spiritual sun, and it is his birthright to inherit the attributes of his divine Author. When the true man, the human

¹ This fine idea was taught also by Giordano Bruno.—ED.

ego, realises his origin in God, the One Living, Eternal, Omniscient and Omnipotent, and burns the idea of separateness in the divine fire, he then gains Immortality. Till then, man's epithet as mortal remains.

Death therefore is nothing more or less than the withdrawal of the ego from the physical body on its way to the true home.

There are some who believe that man is nothing more than the physical body, which, at most, is a bundle of energies, and that the really wonderful faculties of the mind are the products of brain cells, a sort of ethereal fire-works. This paper is not meant for such suicides. The contention of the materialists, that the animal intelligence is the result of organisation, has been repudiated and disproved by investigations made by well-known savants of the present day, men like Crookes, Charcot, and a host of others. Any one who has made a study of hypnotism cannot fail to observe the fact that when the brain is paralysed and refuses to respond to any external stimulus and the heart almost ceases to pulsate—in fact the heart's action cannot be detected without the help of the most delicate instrument—the subject displays the most remarkable mental faculties, which are entirely absent while the brain is in its normal state, indicating thereby that the brain is not the manufacturer of intelligence, but is only an imperfect channel through which the intelligence manifests.

Death is of the Physical Body only. When the heart, the seat of the animal soul, whence the life-force is distributed through the entire body, fails through disease or accident; when the lungs, which oxidise the blood collapse, or the brain, the battery for conserving vital force, receives a shock; then the physical body

dies. The human soul, the true man, a spark of the divine Sun, quits its earthly tenement which has become untenable; this is the mystery of Death. To assert that that which is ever-living—by virtue of its nature being life—could die would be a contradiction in terms.

It is said that there are three ways by which the ego at death passes out of the body. These are not details for a paper like this.

What the moribund Individual sees. When the pulse is sinking and the patient is unconscious of his surroundings, there passes before him a complete review of the life just closed. Those whom he loved the most, whether alive or dead, are present to him. He sees and converses with his spiritual preceptor, or Guru. His daily prayers, his objects of adoration or meditation, any particular person or Prophet he has had a special attachment to, are present. Twelve different kinds of scenes have been named as likely to be witnessed by the dying man, if his life had been a pure and good one, and his death-bed experiences would then be of a most pleasing description. On the other hand, a man who had led a bad life would experience what would be far from happy. He will reap there what he has sown. He may have been a wolf in sheep's clothing; at death his wolfish characteristics will show forth, and he will find himself haunted by his human victims. As a child born into the world shows the characteristics of the parents, so on the death of the physical body the ego has a new birth into the astral world, where it displays the characteristics of the physical body it has just quitted.

The plane into which the ego passes at death does not differ much from the one he has just quitted; for

some time the surroundings are similar to that he has just left; his state is very much like that of one in a dream. He thinks that he is still in the physical world, and regards his corpse as himself. He may follow his own funeral to the burial-ground, and fancy himself to be the corpse. It is not till the corpse begins to decompose that the truth dawns on him. He then awakes and studies his surroundings. His conceptions of space and time take on a different value. He perceives the sorrow and mourning of those he has left behind. If he has been a miser and hoarded wealth, he will have the chagrin and mortification of seeing his gold and jewels divided among wrangling and cursing heirs. As he gets inured to his new surroundings, he becomes gradually weaned from his attachments to earthly things.

Our teaching is that the human ego keeps on moving round the three worlds, the physical, astral and mental worlds, and that it enjoys the fruits of its thoughts, emotions and actions. If they are good, the experiences are happy and pleasant. The three stages of happiness, or realms, are known as Jannatul Mauva, Jannatul Naeem, and Jannatul Firdows; they are also called Jannatul Afall, Jannatul Kuleeb or Sifat, and Jannatul That. They mean: happiness on the terrestrial plane as rewards for good actions; on the astral plane for moral perfection; and on the mental plane for spiritual and intellectual refinement. The ego will be confined to these planes till it realises its divine nature, when all limitations will end, and it will be merged in the Divine and be one with God.

Some observations about Heaven and Hell. Since the evolution of the divine Man was the aim of creation, heaven and hell followed as a natural corollary. Hence

it was that man alone was entrusted with the burden of responsibility, the liberty of independent choice and action, a responsibility which all other created beings, from the highest Angel down to the mineral kingdom, excused themselves from sharing. The acceptance of this burden by man brought in its train reward and punishment, to be experienced by humanity throughout its existence.

The Wheel of Existence. The figure of a circle is employed for explaining the above. It typifies absolute existence. A line is drawn dividing it into two halves; the right half typifies Spirit and the left half matter, and God has written across the whole circle: "In the name of Allah, the Merciful and Compassionate." The first part of the formula is inscribed in the right half, and the concluding portion in the left half. The meaning of this is that the right half is the cause and the left half the effect, and they both fall within the circle of Existence; that matter is a reflection of Spirit; that Spirit is reality, and matter is its shadow; that during the period of creation or manifestation a differentiation takes place. Absolute consciousness would represent the undivided circle. This consciousness conceives space and eternity as its attributes, which become the ground for the play of the forces of manifestation, a Trinity in Unity which is a philosophical concept. Consciousness in its noumenal aspect involves itself in matter, according to the density of which and the limitations into which it puts itself, the planes are named. First the Universal Mind, Universal Spirit and Universal Soul; they are also known as the plane of Spirits, the plane of souls, and the plane of embodied beings; and lastly the human plane.

Till the human plane is reached the differentiated consciousness manifests in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms under the law of evolution; it is only as man that the consciousness realises the idea of "I Am," as an individual and free agent. This is the mystery of man's assuming the burden of responsibility. With this responsibility there followed reward and punishment, heaven and hell, for man.

The Mystery of Hell. There are seven hells, but they have no existence independent of the individual responsible for their existence. They exist as an effect, and with the disappearance of the cause in the sufferer his hell also disappears.

The first hell is named the "hell of the Avenger," and is set apart for those who sin against society, transgressors of the religious commandments, revelling in falsehood, indulging in pride and vanity, gambling and drink, neglecting their own duties.

'Retribution' is the name of the second hell, for those who practise deception and cheating, who follow false ideals, rebelling against established forms of Government without justification, murderers and robbers and oppressors of the weak and innocent, etc.

The third hell is reserved for those known as of hard-hearted villainous natures, the miser and hoarders, while the needy stand crying for relief. The jealous, avaricious, and the lovers of the world.

The fourth is for hypocrites, egotists and pretenders.

The fifth for social windbags, and impudent intruders, and the supercilious.

The sixth is reserved for those possessing a devilish nature, who incite people to acts of mutiny, incendiarism, and brutality, etc.

The seventh is specially reserved for the Atheist and those who try to caricature God.

Every individual who harbours in his heart one or more of the aforesaid qualities will suffer both here and hereafter.

As the hells are the manifestations of God's wrath on the material plane, the heavens are manifestations of God's love and grace to His creatures on the spiritual planes.

It will be seen that the heavens and their pleasures result from the practice of the virtues, as opposed to the acts of evil which created the hells for the wrong-doers.

The number of heavens is eight, and they are distributed through four planes.

The first is named 'the heaven of peace and rewards' and is created out of men's righteous deeds. None can enter here except through his meritorious acts. Here is sowing and reaping.

The second is known as 'the heaven of attainments'. Here men are rewarded for their faith in God and correct beliefs. There is no room for rewarding physical deeds here. The materials and objects of this heaven are evolved from the mental attainments of its inhabitants.

The third is called Jannatul Hiba, 'the heaven of divine gift'; it is cosmopolitan in character. Neither meritorious deeds nor varieties of faiths count here. Men of all faiths and nationalities are found here. Christian, Jew, Hindū, and Buddhist fraternise here. It is the heaven of refuge, and a special gift of God to those who realise the brotherhood of humanity.

The fourth is called 'the heaven of plenty and abundance,' and is reserved for those who have sacrificed

everything in this world in the service of God, and have cut themselves off from all worldly attachments.

The fifth heaven is 'Paradise'. Persons who have perfected themselves in various branches of arts, science, philosophy, and other subjects, find their enjoyments here in gardens with trees, the stems of which are of coral, their foliage of emerald, their buds of pearls, and their blooms of rubies and garnets; among their branches beautiful birds with golden plumage chant sweet music for the delectation of dark-eyed houris, and rivers of milk, honey, or nectar flow here. The inhabitants of this region are happy in their contemplation of God's works, but there are few in this region.

The sixth heaven is 'the heaven of divine felicity'. This is for the lovers of divine truths.

The seventh is for those who have realised the truth of their divinity, and it includes all the prophets and other guides of humanity.

The eighth is for the Saviours of the World.

O. S. Mohammadu

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET

By K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

THE water-carrier halted upon the rock-hewn pathway and dexterously deposited his waterpots. As he did so, he beheld approaching him a Samnyāsin in a yellow robe with a string of ebony beads about his neck and a little handful of leaves in his hand. The water-carrier salaamed and the monk stopped and pointed to the waterpots.

"Whence is the water?" he enquired.

"O Samnyāsin, this is holy water, we bring it from Benares."

"Eight hundred miles!" cried the monk. "Impossible!"

"The Samnyāsin doubts, but it is even so," persisted the waterman, "eight hundred miles do we bear it from the sacred river—"

"But for what?"

"To wash the pavements in the Temple of the Lord of the Moon."

"Such is your devotion!" exclaimed the traveller.

"Such is our duty," responded the other simply.

The Samnyāsin fell into a reverie during which the waterman eyed him curiously. He was not tall, but his carriage was very upright and dignified. The fire of the Rājput smouldered in his dark eyes; but the mouth

betrayed his gentle-heartedness. The waterman took courage to address him:

"Whence cometh the son of the Fireborn?" he asked.

"From the Temple of the Flaming Mouth," replied the pilgrim.

"That is a famous shrine!" remarked the other. The face of the Samnyāsin kindled with enthusiasm:

"Famous indeed! Tongues of fire leap out of the very bowels of the earth day and night. They are the devotees of Ḍurgā. All men marvel at the Flaming Mouth."

"But the Temple of the Lord of the Moon is the wonder of the *Gods*!" cried the waterman. "Let the Samnyāsin follow me to the Shrine of Shiva. His devotees are mightier than the devotees of Ḍurgā. Moreover they are numberless as the stars of Heaven!"

The waterman resumed his burden and led the way, and about a hundred yards further on they came to a bend in the road and there before them lay Somnāth, the famous Temple of the Lord of the Moon, a low square building surrounded with cloisters and adorned with rich sculpture. Served by a thousand priests, visited by tens of thousands of pilgrims, this Mecca of Hindūism was the wealthiest shrine in Hindustan.

"O Son of the Fireborn, behold the worshippers of Shiva!" cried the waterman pointing to the waves, for about this holy place of pilgrimage the azure waves of the Indian Ocean rose eternally, only to prostrate themselves perpetually before the footstool of the great God. Submissively they crept along the sands to lave His feet.

The up-countryman was familiar enough with the desert; but this was his first sight of the sea, and he

stood speechless with amazement. Perhaps the water-carrier had experimented upon previous pilgrims; at any rate he had not miscalculated the effect of the natural phenomenon upon the ardent soul of the Fireborn. The Samnyāsin remained rooted to the spot, watching wave after wave as it rose and fell, lived and died upon the shore.

"Do they never cease?" he asked at last.

"Never," returned the other.

"Ceaseless adoration!" exclaimed the monk. "Shiva! Shiva! Thus should Thy devotees adore Thee, O Lord of Life and Death!" He prostrated himself three times with solemn reverence, then rose as though to proceed, yet still he lingered fascinated.

"The Samnyāsin is a Shiva-bhakṭa?" asked the water-carrier.

"From a babe," returned the pilgrim. "Shiva! Shiva!" he whispered softly to himself, "Thy name is like a spell!"

They mounted the steps, and in the portals of the Temple lounged a haughty-looking priest:

"O Svāmi, behold one who seeks the feet of Shiva," said the Samnyāsin humbly. The priest looked superciliously at the little handful of bilva leaves; what were they to bring to a shrine at which the Rājput princes left chariots of silver and gold, laden with jewels? He leant against a pillar in indolent fashion and made no effort to welcome the pilgrim. Suddenly, however, from out of the Temple itself there came forth an aged man clothed in ragged raiment. He wore ashes upon his head. His beard was milky white. His eyes were like a flame of fire. The Samnyāsin, filled with awe and wonderment, prostrated himself. Who was this

Being with the garments of a beggar and the features of a God? This must be some great R̥shi.

"My son, I have waited long for thee!"

"For me? Svāmiji," exclaimed the traveller bewildered. "Nay, that cannot be! This is but a poor countryman, who seeks the feet of Shiva!"

"I know thee, Ishvaraḍās," returned the R̥shi. Then, with a sudden sternness that made his aspect truly terrible in its majesty:

"Thou seekest the feet of Shiva. Tell me, my son, wherefore dost thou seek Him? Dost thou desire mokṣha, liberation?"

"Mokṣha, I?" exclaimed the monk. "Nay, but if it were mine—if it were mine, O Guru," he exclaimed passionately—

"What then?"

"Why then I would not take it. Give me the body of a dog, but let me return to serve."

"Enough, enough," returned the Yogin. "Enter, for to the Server the holy Mysteries may be revealed. First then let me show thee the miracle of the Temple of the Lord of the Moon."

The monk followed him through the cloisters and the outer court with its pillars and its painted roof, from which hung jewelled chandeliers, to the innermost sanctuary where a single lamp burnt dimly. A massive gold chain, several hundred pounds in weight, hung from the roof. It served the priesthood of Somnāth for a bell. In the centre of the sanctuary was the miracle—the heaven-fallen Liṅga—a boulder of black marble suspended in mid-air, to all appearance without natural support. The countryman beheld this miracle unmoved. At the suggestion of the Yogin he passed

his staff beneath it and examined the gorgeous canopy surrounding it; but to the Guru, watching him attentively, it was soon apparent that, though his guileless mind could not conceive of trickery, the man-made miracle possessed no attraction for the child of nature. Indeed the fiery soul of him burst forth at last impatiently:

"Doubtless it is a great miracle, Svāmiji! But then I do not seek miracles. I seek the feet of Shiva!"

"Have you ever had vision of the Three-eyed?" asked the Guru. "He seeks eternally among the sons of men."

"Whom doth He seek?" asked Ishvaraḍās.

"Those whom He loves," returned the R̥shi.

"The saints and sages then," observed the Samnyās-in, not without a touch of wistfulness.

"The saints and sages," repeated the R̥shi; then, laying his hand graciously upon the young man's shoulder, he added kindly: "And dear to Him also are the simple-hearted."

Ishvaraḍās went forward and laid a little handful of the bilva leaves, that Shiva loves, on the shrine of the God. The Yogin then seated himself and soon became lost to the lower world. The Samnyās-in also seated himself and fell to telling his beads. They remained thus for some time; but when the sun had sunk into the sea, so that there was darkness in the solemn aisles of the Temple, a strange thing befell. Perhaps it was the presence of the great R̥shi that uplifted the consciousness of the humble Samnyās-in so that all his senses were quickened. Strange forms and faces passed before his eyes; he began to hear sounds that filled him with horror and dismay—long-drawn sighs and half-choked sobs—as of souls in anguish and terror. Greatly alarmed, Ishvaraḍās would have roused

the R̥shi from his meditation, but he could not. Gradually the sobbing and wailing became more definite, till it rose into a veritable dirge of misery. He could distinguish fragments of it.

"The glory is departed.... destruction is come upon us.... Arise! Let us go hence."

Ishvaraḍās fancied he could feel floating draperies against his face. He put out his hand but there was nothing. Again it came, that long, low wail of misery, but it grew fainter and fainter till at length it died away. A foreboding of evil seized him—so powerful was it that he became completely panic-stricken, and he cried and called upon the Guru, till at last he succeeded in recalling that soaring Spirit to its human abode.

"The Devas are deserting the Temple," he cried in his ear. "Svāmiji, awake!"

The Yogin roused himself:

"Doubtless they know the hour is come and that we must all perish," he said solemnly.

"Perish?" exclaimed Ishvaraḍās. But even as he spoke the solemn stillness was broken by fierce shouts, followed by the clash of steel, and footsteps drawing nearer and nearer. Attracted by the fame of its treasure-chambers, the Moslem army had surprised the Temple. The priesthood, taken unawares, fought desperately but in vain.

"Dīn! Dīn! The faith! The faith! Down with idolaters! Death to all infidels! In the name of the Prophet—Dīn!"

The sacred precincts swarmed with triumphant Musalmāns. Flaming torches lighted up their fierce faces stamped with the lust of gold. The R̥shi laid his hand upon the shoulder of the monk:

"Hearken, O Ishvaraḍās, thou art young and life is sweet. Yonder door leads to the vaults, whence there is a passage to the sea; run for thy life!"

"Run? Nay, am I not a Rājput?" responded the other proudly. "The sons of the Fireborn are the defenders of the Faith, Svāmiji!"

"But it is useless," urged the Guru, "moreover it means death!"

"But if it mean death, how could one die better?" asked the monk.

"So be it," yielded the Yogin. "Farewell, my son; peradventure we shall meet in Svarga." His aspect was no longer terrible; when he looked at the Samnyās-in there was only tenderness in his regard. The triumphant Mahmud, flushed with the victory, soon came rushing towards them, and Ishvaraḍās would have flung himself in his path; but the Yogin, with a surprising feat of strength in one so aged, flung him aside, only to be himself hewn down by a single blow from that powerful scimitar.

"Die, accursed priest," cried Mahmud, and, disregarding Ishvaraḍās, he sprang forward, and hurling the symbol of Shiva from its place he dashed it in pieces upon the pavement. Horror-stricken at this act of sacrilege, the monk ran to the inner sanctuary and took his stand before the miraculous Liṅga. With the courage of despair he stood, staff in hand, prepared to beard the victorious son of Allah. The shrine rang with Mahmud's scornful laughter.

"By the tomb of the Prophet, what have we here? O warrior with the wooden staff, art thou in love with death?"

"Maybe so," returned Ishvaraḍās.

"Know you that the sons of Allah are sworn to give no quarter to an infidel?"

"'Tis well, seeing no Rājput would take it," cried Ishvaraḍās. "With them it is Death or Victory!"

"Dog of an idolater! know you who I am?" roared the lion of Islām. "I am Mahmud, the idol-breaker!"

"And I am Ishvaraḍās, defender of the Faith," returned the Hindū steadfastly.

"Nay, by Allah, thou art a cursed idolater. Die, infidel dog!" With uplifted arm Mahmud sprang forward, but suddenly, his scimitar in mid-air, he paused transfixed with astonishment gazing upwards to the apex of the shrine. Above the canopy encircling the monolith appeared the faces of some of the Brāhmaṇas. They regarded the sacrilegious intruder with indignant hatred.

"Die, O blasphemer," they hissed. "Behold the power of Shiva, of Shiva the Destroyer!"

Then, as Mahmud stood regarding them, still paralysed with astonishment, behold, the mighty monolith shook, reeled and fell forwards with a thunderous crash upon the Temple floor, missing him by a hair's-breadth. There was a silence of consternation, then:

"Behold the power of Shiva!" cried the Samnyāsin faintly. He was aghast.

"The power of Shiva? Nay, thou cursed son of superstition, 'tis but some devilish trickery. Guards! Go fetch me those murderous priests," he added, "they shall die every one with tortures. But as to thee, O infidel, since Allah hath saved thee twice, maybe death is not thy fate. Bind him and cast him out of the Temple." He directed his men, and the Moslem soldiery seized Ishvaraḍās. As they led him away Mahmud set his foot exultantly upon the monolith:

"As to thy God, O infidel!" he cried after him, "know that he will make a goodly doorstep for a mosque!"

The men bore the struggling Ishvaraḍās down the steps and out into the moonlight. Upon the seashore they loosed him and threw him down in a huddled heap, and hastened back to the rich loot. The monk lay motionless upon the sands. The Temple was soon to be a smoking ruin, the holy place had been defiled, the priests were dead, his Guru was slain, and he, Ishvaraḍās, lived still! There lay the sting. He, a Rājput, to survive defeat! It was intolerable. Rage and despair took hold of him; he rose and ran along a rocky promontory, intending to leap into the sea; a voice however arrested him.

"Ishvaraḍās, why weepest thou?" Surely he knew that voice.

"Svāmiji, I wept because I could not save thee!" he cried as he sank down trembling.

"Save Me!" echoed the voice, "O Ishvaraḍās! who then am I?" Ishvaraḍās looked up and, though half-blinded by a dazzling silver radiance, he thought he could still discern the form and features of the great Rṣhi, but now the beggar bore the semblance of Shiva the great God, the azure-throated and the wondrous-eyed, with the holy ashes on His head and the emblem of the moon upon His brow.

"Behold! now Thou art Shiva, the Terrible One, the Lord of Heroes!" he exclaimed with awe.

"Even so," returned the Vision. "Tell me, then, O son of the Fireborn, *do you protect Me or do I protect you?*" The piercing irony, nay, the tender raillery of the divine voice! Ishvaraḍās was silent a moment; then he broke into fresh lamentations.

"O Mahādev, Thy House is desolate!"

"Howbeit I am not homeless."

"Thou art not homeless?"

"Have I not high Heaven and the Hindū heart?"

"Thou hast no servants!"

"I have kept Me a holy and humble man of heart to be my servant."

"But Thy priests are slain!"

The brow of Shiva darkened:

"They were the sons of avarice and pride; wherefore I slew them—even I, Shiva—the Destroyer."

"Slay me also, O Terrible One."

"I have not saved you thrice to slay you now, O Ishvaraḍās! Hearken, O Hope of the Hindūs!"

"What saith my Lord unto His servant?"

"He shall not die."

"Not die for the Faith?"

"Nay, am I not Lord of Life and Death?"

"What then shall he do?"

"Live, and defend the Faith—the Faith of his forefathers."

"Thy people have perished; can he live alone?"

"I will be with him, even I, Shiva, the Lord of Heroes. Now that I have proved him I will protect him."

"For ever?"

"For ever, for the tusks of the elephant go forth but they never go back. Even so are the words of Shiva."

K. F. Stuart

S. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

OR THE MYSTERY OF THE UNION JACK

By THE REV. F. C. MONTAGU POWELL

(Late Lieutenant, R. N.)

I WANT to put before you a few thoughts connected with S. George, our Patron Saint. I want to try to show you how he may become to us a source of strength just where and when we need it. But I find that I cannot do so without reference to another Saint in our Calendar, to one whose name is still more widely known. I mean of course S. Michael, linked with S. George in our great Colonial Order of SS. Michael and George. But first I would wish to say that the choice of a Patron Saint is by no means arbitrary, nor is it a matter to be lightly undertaken. We think perhaps that the choice is ours, but it is not; it is the choice of those whose fortunes have been linked with ours ever since "the world began," and so however arbitrary the choice may seem, it is not so, and one day we shall see that it is not so.

I am not in the least concerned with the history of who or what S. George is, or may be. There are plenty of guide-books to tell us that, so far, that is, as history is concerned. But I know that he is a reflection, or double,

of some vaster Intelligence, whose features he has caught and whose work he both prefigures and repeats.

A hundred years ago, two enterprising Dutchmen, called the Brothers Houbraken, set out to engrave a series of portraits of illustrious Englishmen. These portraits they embellished with certain details, which described figuratively the fortunes good or bad, and the life-work, of the one represented. Thus a Poet had his Pegasus, a Chancellor his privy purse, a Traitor the headsman's axe, and so on. So I think that there is a detail in all presentments of S. George, which will give us the clue we want, and that is the Dragon.

Here of course we touch upon a line of most fascinating symbols. Wherever you find Dragons, or Serpents, or, in the case of Egypt, Crocodiles, you may be sure you have hold of a clue that will lead to a treasure. Take one point only. No one who knows what little a European may know of China, but knows how the Dragon has entered into their very life. He is their national 'sigil,' their national emblem. Flaunting countless banners, their very houses, with their curved and twisted outlines, repeat his form.

It is quite allowable to make reference on the historical plane for this. It is conceivable that the Chinese represent the surviving remnants of the great Lemurian Race, which flourished even before Atlantis. There are traces of great knowledge and even of the Ancient Wisdom in China. There is small doubt that the Great Wall—a wonder of the world—was meant by its curious serpentine construction to serve a double purpose. It was meant to keep out the Huns, and it was meant to keep out evil forces and evil spirits as well.

In the outward form of the Dragon, we may well have a trace of race-memory. There is no doubt that in ancient Lemuria the Ptero-dactyl, or winged Crocodile, was still existent, and a feature in their landscape. Few could forget the sight of a flight of these weird creatures, from five to twenty feet long, snapping their great jaws.

But let us come to the significance of the Dragon as a companion, or victim, of S. George. Better, because more widely known, are S. Michael and his Dragon. But I believe that they are related to each other, as, shall I say, shadow to substance, object to its reflection?

What then is the meaning of the Dragon? and in seeking an answer, we shall find ourselves at once in company with the Dragon that guarded the Hesperides, the 'loathly worm' from which Perseus rescued Andromeda, the Python slain by Apollo, Kaliya slain by Kṛṣṇa, Typhon by Osiris, and perchance the serpents in the Scandinavian story who gnaw the roots of the Ash Yggdrasil, the Tree of Life.

Great Orme's Head, or the Head of the Great Worm, or Sea-serpent, will bring the story still nearer home.

Now, can we find any common term which will explain the connection of all these reptiles with the heroes who slay them? I think we can. We have, I think, in the case of S. George, an emblem of one, like ourselves, seeking knighthood, seeking Initiation into the Mysteries of Being, undergoing therefore the fierce, first test of Purification. The Dragon, depicted without him, is really within. It represents, does it not, the passionate nature of man, and, as such, has to be slain before the first of the three steps to knighthood could

be taken. As a national 'sigil,' or emblem, can anything be finer or more significant? For nations and races have 'souls' as well as men and women. They are judged as we are, only collectively, not individually.

Might we not ask here, whether we as a nation have wholly slain our Dragon—say of commercialism, competition, greed, complacency, brag and bluster?

If not—then let S. George be our example to stimulate and strengthen us for the task. But if these symbols mean anything, and to my mind they link us on with unknown forces of even cosmic significance, what must I not say respecting the Banner which the traditional S. George is said to have carried at the battle of Ascalon, from henceforth forming the groundwork of our national flag? For the Union Jack is, as you know, compounded of three separate flags, those of S. George, S. Patrick and S. Andrew, thus:

S. George has a red cross on a white ground.

S. Andrew for Scotland, a white saltire on a blue ground.

S. Patrick for Ireland, a red saltire on a white ground.

But it is not of the Union Jack that I wish to speak, except perhaps to express the hope that it may go down to posterity, unmutated, unimpaired, but of the Red Cross of S. George alone, known in H. M. Navy with the Jack in a Canton, as the White Ensign.

Now, mark you, it is a red Cross on a white ground, with the red blood coursing through the white body; the four arms of the Cross remind us of the four mystic rivers in Eden, which indeed form the Cosmic Cross in the supernal regions, the four cardinal points of the Compass; and, disconnected from the border, you

have the Svastika, or Cross of Pure Life, the oldest form of the Cross in the world. But the number four is the number of 'manifestation'. Hence we find here a symbol of the White Bread of the Eucharist, and of the Red Wine: "This is My Body," "This is My Blood." And here we touch on a deep alchemical mystery: the purifying and separating of the soul from the body, as expressed by the Consecration of the White Bread, which is the first part of the alchemical experiment; and the separating of the soul from the Spirit, which is expressed by the Consecration of the Red Wine, and is the second part of the work. The re-co-ordination of Spirit, soul and body in a re-integrated whole is its consummation.

Thus from the Stone at the White, symbolised by the Bread, do we pass to the highest sublimation possible, namely the Stone at the Red, symbolised by the Cup.

Is it possible that Roman Catholics, in denying the Cup to the laity, are conscious of this differentiation? Is it a tacit admission on their part of the inefficiency of the Rite as performed by them, whether as regards their Priesthood or their lay-people? May we who have the privilege of Communion in that Cup of blessing, receive it, conscious of the greatness of the gift?

It is very curious and deeply suggestive that S. George's Banner has so often been shown in early Christian and Renaissance Art, as the Banner carried by Our Lord.

If we venture thus to appropriate it for ourselves, does it not become a Eucharistic symbol, indicating that the *True Eucharist*, as distinguished from the sacramental, is partaken only by Him who has conquered, and has risen above the lower planes of being?

Is not this thought illustrated by these exquisite lines from the Scotch Communion hymn :

Too soon we rise : the symbols disappear,
The Feast, though not the Love, is past and gone,
The Bread and Wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

In this sense indeed may 'Britannia' rule the waves, not of the ocean, but of the astral sea, the turbid flood and passionate desires in one sense, and the loosely elementated matter surrounding the physical in another—which must be 'ruled' and 'crossed' before entering the divine planes beyond.

Christ, being beyond the astral stage, of necessity transcends and 'walks' upon the waters. S. Peter leaving the 'boat,' i. e., his physical body, attempts to walk across the 'astral sea' to Christ, and stumbles and falls midway; being not fully perfected, the illusions of the astral plane nearly overcome him and overwhelm him.

So did Icarus, in the old story, attempting to reach the sun; his wings of aspiration and preparation, being too weak, were melted by the blaze of the Christ-Light, and so he fell into the sea. The 'Stone'—remember Peter means 'Stone'—must be properly 'confectured' or developed in us before it can rise into consciousness. In other words, Christ must be formed in us by a process of gestation, before He can be born into realised consciousness.

Thus was Christ conceived in the heart of Mary before she could do so in her body.

In Roman Catholic countries the Mass, which in its pure form is an exposition of spiritual alchemy, is celebrated daily. Yet in countries like our own where

that office does not prevail, God has not left Himself without witness. Just as the Master was lifted up that He might draw all beneath Him to Himself, so is the Host daily elevated in Nature by unseen hands, as the Fire-body of the Sun rises from the horizon to the zenith, to revivify all beneath it. And so also whilst the human physical body is entranced, can the higher Self in man be lifted up in consciousness, that (1) it may redeem and transmute the lower, carnal self, and become clothed upon with the Fire-body of divine glory, and (2) that it may attain whilst in that glorified body, and, by a still more transcendent act of consciousness, realise union with God.

These two processes are the attaining of the Stone at the White and at the Red respectively. The White Stone, or Stone at the White, is given to them who have overcome the lower nature (and with a new name written upon it which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it). The Red Stone, or Stone at the Red, is the promised lot of those who have completed their union with the Divine, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. The two colours are blended into one, and are thus transcended in the perfection of Sainthood.

Will you be reminded of this, each time you see the Union Jack, our National Flag?

F. C. Montagu Powell

(I am indebted to my friend Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst joint Editor, with Mr. Percy Lund, of the *Seeker Magazine*, for the thoughts embodied in this paper.—F. C. M. P.)

A PRAYER

"Needs only—eyes to see,
And every grain of dust a diamond will be."
Be this our prayer—"Raise us not from the dust
But give us eyes to see."

"Needs only—ears to hear,
And every hope were an echo, a melody every tear."
Be this our prayer—"Spare not one agony,
But give us ears to hear."

"Needs only—feet to climb,
And we can mount these long steep hills of time."
Be this our prayer—"No resting-place we crave,
But give us feet to climb."

"Needs only—hearts to feel,
Then every thorn shall hidden rose reveal."
Be this our prayer—"Not that the thorns may cease,
But give us hearts to feel."

"Needs only—to aspire,
And we shall soar beyond earth's thorns and mire."
Be this our prayer—"Spare neither frost nor fire,
But wings! Give wings! That we may go where we
aspire."

Lily Nightingale

THE HEALER OF ASNIERES

In *Le Miroir* (Paris) of 30th March, 1913, the account of an interview with Madame Lalloz of Paris and Asnieres, appears. She has more than once been prosecuted by the Faculty of Paris for the illegal practice of medicine, and has recently been acquitted from one such charge. She is described as quite an ordinary looking woman except for two things—her wonderful dark eyes with their penetrating gaze, which is at the same time powerful and sweet; and her even more remarkable hands. The interviewer describes the latter as suggesting "the hands of the priest who blesses and touches the Host".

She denies any knowledge whatsoever of medicine, has never administered a drug or applied a dressing. "There is all my science," she says, showing her hands. "It is by the simple laying on of hands. I have nothing more than that; Nature has made of me what I am—a wonderful instrument that doctors might study and utilise for the good of the suffering." Her gift is hereditary, her mother and grandmother having also possessed it, and in her earliest childhood she used to amuse herself by placing her hands on plants and flowers, which would unfold their leaves and petals at her touch.

She calls the 'fluid' which emanates from her hands radio-activity, and regards her power as a heaven-sent gift which she is to use for the relief of human suffering. She never advertises and seeks no honour, though decorations relieve the whiteness of her nurse's uniform; and yet even the quiet of her private home is invaded by the crowds that seek her aid, and her letter-box overflows with every round of the postman. This 'fluid' is powerful enough to make impressions upon photographic plates in the dark. Some of these were shown to the interviewer. There are some interesting

points in connection with these impressions. In some instances the pictures have taken tints of red or gold, and in others not only the hand itself but the bones are seen as in an X-ray photograph. One plate gives the exact reproduction of a two-franc piece, and another shows the usual photograph of Madame's hand but at the centre of it there is a small clearly defined ring. Madame Laloz explains it thus: "At the moment when I put my fingers on the plate, I was speaking of the Christ. 'He also,' I said, 'must have sent forth powerful radio-activity. They accused Him also of crime; He was condemned, crucified' The instant I uttered the last word, I felt in my hand an acute pain, exactly as if some one had driven a nail through it. There it is; you can see for yourself." Another interesting feature in this 'case' is that Madame bears in her own body the sufferings of those whom she has healed. In bad illnesses the pain is very great, and she has had to abandon the treatment of epileptics altogether. When she is suffering, her husband or brother by magnetic passes helps to soothe her pain, but that is all that is done to help her and the pain at length goes away of itself. Distance makes no difference in her power; examples are given of her having healed across the ocean. She says: "Distance does not exist for me; the radio-activity that I discharge can produce effects as well in Toulon as in Paris, in Martinique as in Siberia, or at the world's end."

Efforts are being made seriously to interest the medical profession in this remarkable healer, but so far they have not met with success. Madame Laloz is willing to submit to any tests they choose.

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Flowers and Gardens, by C. Jinarājādāsa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE Adyar, Madras. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

By some mischance this exquisite little book, which calls itself "a dream structure," has been overlooked on our review table.

"I have just had a vivid dream, and though I am now thoroughly awake, I am living in that dream still." Such are the opening words. In the dream, everyone is "obsessed with the idea that the State exists for the sake of the children," the country is the "children's land" and patriotism is "child-service". The children themselves "are continually thinking of the aged," and "each citizen considers as next to his duty to the children his duty to the aged and infirm".

That which men here call the soul, these people call "the flower in man," and each of the outer flowers of their world is to them the mirror of a virtue. The State is "Our Garden"; weeds which are growing in it the citizens transplant to a special place, but they do not allow them to flower and thus produce new seeds. Evil is natural, but it is a survival, an anachronism, and any evil done by a man is to be thought of as not having been done, so that it may be eradicated by changing the past.

The leaders of the people are "the Gardeners," and the two Chiefs are the Head and the Heart; the Head gives the people power, the Heart gives them knowledge, the Head is as electricity, the Heart as sunshine.

But there! take the little book, reader mine, and dream over it for yourself; dream where the rippling waves are laughing softly to the shore, or where the mind is murmuring soft nothings to the palm-leaves, or where the moon-light is stooping from the zenith of a cloudless sky to kiss gently the smiling streamlet. Dream over it rather than read it; and perchance to you also may come a dream, a vision, of a Golden Age in a world which is still in the womb of the future.

A. B.

Minds in Distress, by Dr. A. E. Bridger, B.A. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

In these days, when the race is slowly becoming psychically more sensitive, not a few people suffer from those vague changes from normal consciousness which in more extreme form are known as hysteria and neurasthenia. A slight lack of nervous energy and a small want of proportion in the balancing of ideas are too often the origin of one or other of these troubles. Such persons will find the present volume of the greatest service.

The human mind is here classified into masculine and feminine types. No sex limitation is implied by this division. It refers merely to mental characteristics, and in some cases the attributes of both types are to be found in the same individual. In the view of the author, hysteria is to be found associated with the feminine type, while the masculine mind is liable to neurasthenia. Indications are given us of the methods by which the often obscure causes of these abnormalities may be discovered and an outline of the best treatment to adopt is suggested. The symptoms of hysteria are extraordinarily various, and among them we are interested to find that which is termed the perverted maternal instinct. As it sounds a useful note of warning, we here quote a paragraph referring to it. "The perverted maternity instinct is seen in an extreme devotion to animals, or even to inanimate objects, and in the various ways of 'mothering,' in a weak, silly manner, productive of little good, the heathen, the drunkard, and especially the vicious who are its objects, often harming them and bringing ridicule upon otherwise lofty causes."

The friends of neuropaths would do well to hand the book not to the patients but to the doctor in charge, since the line of cure will be more effective if the mechanism of it is not disclosed. To those less happily situated, who have vague mental symptoms, afflicting them with disquieting fears of insanity, and who have hesitated to confide in friend or doctor, we strongly recommend this cheerfully written little book, the more valuable in that the author himself was for some years a neurasthenic. It will do much to clear away the cobwebs and to enable the sufferer to take once more a happy healthy view of life.

C. R. H.

Studies from an Eastern Home, by Sister Nivedita. (Longmans, Green & Co., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

India is myriad-sided and responds to many temperaments in many ways. In these studies Sister Nivedita, with her usual charm, paints pictures breathing Indian sentiment and grace in a striking fashion, and for those who want to understand the real India of the Indians the volume is indispensable. These pen-sketches portray various phases of Indian life and thought, and while the ancient spirit permeates the book, it is not devoid of modern incidents and occurrences. A new point of view is to be found here by the non-Indian; the ancient atmosphere could be breathed here by the Indian. It gives pause to the scoffer at the ancient ways of an elder people; it inspires the men of newer lands and times to gain a spiritual perception of worldly affairs.

This volume, published after her death, contains 'In Memoriam' by S. K. Ratcliffe, and tributes from Professor Patrick Geddes, Mr. Nevinson, Professor T. K. Cheyne and Mr. Rabindranath Tagore. The following extract from the last-named writer is interesting:

I have not noticed in any other human being the wonderful power that was hers of absolute dedication of herself. In her own personality there was nothing which could stand in the way of this utter self-dedication. No bodily need, weakness or craving; no European habit which had grown up from infancy; no family affection or tender tie of kinship; no slight received from her own people; no indifference, weakness, and want of self-sacrifice on the part of those for whom she had devoted her life, could turn her aside. He who has seen her has seen the essential form of man, the form of the spirit. It is a piece of great good fortune to be able to see how the inner being of man reveals itself with unobstructed and undiminished energy and effulgence, nullifying the obstruction of all outer material coatings or impediments. We have been blessed in that we have witnessed that unconquered nobility of man in Sister Nivedita.

A few such souls contribute more towards drawing the East and the West closer, towards bringing the many nations and races of the world to a realisation of the Brotherhood of man, than the effusions of the followers of many creeds whose lives belie their platitudes.

B. P. W.

Cosmic Symbolism, by Sepharial. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Anything written by Sepharial, the celebrated exponent of Astrology, is well worth attention. The book is of interest to those who are inclined to Symbology, and especially to Astrology, for the suggestions.

The author asserts the fact of planetary influence in human life, though he does not dogmatise as to the *modus operandi*. He holds that there is a concert of action between the various cosmic centres and their corresponding principles in man, such as to uphold the Theosophic conception of man as a Microcosm. That there is a proper choice of time, technically called "the doctrine of election," for specific purpose, which leads man consciously to co-operate with nature is clearly shown by many examples, a typical one being that of the Titanic disaster. The cyclic law and the law of periodicity have greater bearing on national prosperity and adversity, showing how the cycle of 265 years, arising out of the periodic conjunction of Saturn and Mars, makes an epoch of great political disturbance in those areas where the conjunction occurs. Those who are interested in the Kabala of numbers will find the 13th and 14th chapters very instructive. Though we do not know why a particular number is given to a particular planet, still the fact remains that there exists a certain method underlying the planetary numbers which fits in admirably well with the whole working out of the system. Some efforts have been made to show that the planets affect us only in terms of ourselves, and that they do not of necessity influence us by their direct rays, but by the changes that they cause in the earth's magnetic aura at various points in the circle of the visible heavens. Consideration has been given in the "lumber room" chapter to Indian Astrology by bringing out into prominence the discarded symbols of the Moon's Nodes, the Dragon's head and tail. The Chapter on 'The Law of Sex' seems to be original and fascinating, and is worth study, especially by gynecologists who may have practical interest in the question of ascertaining the law controlling sex.

We regard the book as a valuable addition to the astrological works extant.

J. R. A.

Life of Allan Octavian Hume, Father of the Indian National Congress, by Sir William Wedderburn, C. B., (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 5s. net.)

This brief life of Allan Octavian Hume by Sir William Wedderburn well deserves to be read by all who are interested in India and her right government; even by all governors all over the world. It was said by one who knew and appreciated the work of Hume that if Britain could keep up the supply of such men, then the British Raj would last for ever. Considering Hume's career, and his noble scheme for the harmonious evolution of East and West, Sir William is reminded of Prometheus, the spirit of progress, "he who thinks forwards," withstood in all ages and among all races by Epithemeus, "he who thinks backwards," the prototype of blind authority, which learns nothing and forgets nothing. In every nation the great struggle goes on between enlightenment and obscurantism, between progress and autocracy. It is probably not too much to say that Hume gained more satisfaction of the travail of his soul than falls to the lot of most reformers; his "great and enduring hope" was partially realised before his death in 1912. India, since Lord Morley's Act of 1909, possesses some share of representative institutions, a share that will undoubtedly increase. "The life" shows how Herculean has been the labour required, how potent are the forces of reaction, how bitter was the storm of vituperation and misrepresentation. It needed a strong man to put his hand to the work, for its opponents, the bureaucracy of the India Office and of the Government of India, were also strong men, admirable in many ways, but possessed of little belief in India's possibilities, unwilling on the whole to accept patiently any criticism of themselves and their work. James Darmesteter declared many years ago that the Government of India is one of the great and admirable things in the world to-day, an opinion in which all who know India, including Hume and Wedderburn, fully concur. But it is not perfect; in several respects it could be much better, and it is just at this point that our great Anglo-Indian bureaucracy and those who have ventured to criticise it part company. This *Life of Hume* proves up to the hilt that criticism is justified; no candid, dispassionate reader can come to any other conclusion.

Eighth and youngest child of Joseph Hume, the great economist and reformer of the first half of the nineteenth century, Allan Hume had special qualities, physical, mental and moral, for his task.

His biographer says:

In him we see the true Aryan breed; of the Western type in character and physique; with the Norse strain that belongs to Scotsmen dwelling by the North Sea, fair and blue-eyed, stalwart and active, a dauntless lover of freedom. He had within him the compelling spirit of the Berserker, though his craving was not for battle but for peace and goodwill. He was thus in full brotherly accord with the Aryan of the East, the meditative and saintly type; and it pained his very soul that West should deny to East the joys of freedom, which should be the common heritage of both. He had the necessary elements of genius—the power to formulate a lofty ideal, with infinite patience and industry to work out the practical details.

Not the least of Hume's gifts was his fine personality and charming manner. Tall, magnificently built, possessed of natural dignity, courtesy and gentleness, he had all the appearance of a distinguished courtier; his manner was a blend of extreme simplicity and kindliness. His keen eye, that of a naturalist and a hunter, missed nothing, seemed to see right through to the hearts and motives of men.

His natural equipment was exceptional; his education at Haileybury, before the era of the competition-wallah, was one of the best then obtainable. Mr. Hume related an interesting incident to the present reviewer. After his education was completed and before he had obtained a post in India, he and several youths of about twenty enjoyed a brief period of absolute liberty. Several of the young men were guilty of grave excesses. Their parents were informed that the Hon. East India Company would not require their services, since their servants must be absolutely trustworthy.

Hume sailed for India in 1849, aged twenty. He was at first clerk of a Police Station and had two other humble posts before he was permitted to try his first case of petty assault. It was the days when there was little paper work at the desk, and a vast deal of open air life and direct contact with the people. Very soon, for he was of the stuff of which great rulers are made, he became Collector of the Etawah District in the North West Provinces, and we find this young man of twenty-six governing 1,693 square miles of territory with a population of 722,000 souls. His enthusiasm and energy were boundless; the breadth of his mind enabled him to attack all

the problems of Government at once, and his high executive ability ensured success. Popular education was firmly established by 1867, the year when Mr. Hume was promoted to be Commissioner of Customs. There were then 250 village schools at work with thousands of scholars in attendance; the teachers received from 4 to 6 rupees per month, and were, for that pay, "very able men"; he established besides a Central English School (Secondary) and partially endowed it from his own purse. He effected the reform of the police; carried out the Government policy for obtaining larger sums from the liquor traffic (abkaree) whilst condemning it as one of the greatest blots on our administration; started a useful vernacular paper, *The People's Friend*; founded a juvenile reformatory where bad boys were really reformed; forwarded schemes for irrigation, cotton-growing and many other agricultural operations. Little wonder that visitors to Etawah recorded their admiration of the ability, energy and judgment which Hume displayed as Collector.

The Mutiny broke out during his administration, and there is a spirited account of how he dealt with it and suppressed revolt. At a later period, rebels prayed that they might fall into his merciful hands, rather than those of his enraged countrymen. Mr. Hume was made C. B. in 1860 for his services, a small reward for immense and judicious exertions.

During the second period of his career in India, he was Commissioner of Customs from 1867 to 1870. Here again he carefully studied the conditions and produced a scientific readjustment of taxation, especially by the abolition of the great Salt Barrier; by the scheme which he substituted the Government gained twice as much money, whilst the consumer paid half the former amount of tax.

The third period of Hume's career lies between the years 1870 and 1879. Two great stars were in the Indian firmament, Lord Mayo the Viceroy, Hume the Secretary to the Viceroy's Council. Both were eminent, able, conscientious and had deeply at heart the welfare of the Indian peasantry: moreover both were genuine practical agriculturists. Lord Mayo used to tell how "many a day have I stood the livelong day in the market selling my beasts". Both knew that the Indian sheep must be fed as well as sheared, that the advent of India

into *Weltpolitik* would have disastrous results if agriculture were not organised scientifically, and above all, something done to prevent the grievous mortality of cattle, the peasant's capital, which occurs yearly through starvation during the six weeks before the advent of the monsoon; Hume calculated that ten million beasts perish which might be saved by adequate organisation. The Viceroy and Secretary worked out an admirable Agricultural Department for the vast territories of India; it was no secret that Hume would make an admirable Director-General. It is a melancholy illustration of the "unspeakable benefits of British rule" that the scheme was altered to its most serious detriment in the India Office; adverse influences were so powerful that it was whittled away to nothing; everything was lost on which its success depended. Similarly, Sir William reminds us, the scheme for agricultural banks in 1884 "was stabbed to death in the dark when it entered the portals of the India Office". It might perhaps be well if the friends of animals did not read Mr. Hume's moving remarks on the sufferings, starvation, sickness and disastrous mortality of the plough-cattle of India; at least it would save a pang. The consequent enslavement of the peasantry to the money-lenders is another aspect of the same material difficulties which this great scheme for agriculture would have lessened at a far earlier date than has actually been the case. It is pointed out in this biography how men are chained to their desks writing reports for other chained overlords to read and report upon in Simla or Calcutta. It is the System. Did they but move among the people as Mayo and Hume moved, could they be the seers that they were, the scheme for agriculture would have been carried and the poverty of India would have been lessened sooner. One may call to mind Ruskin's profound observation: "There are a hundred men who can think for one who can see."

There is no more telling chapter in Sir William's book than the one which deals with Hume's summary ejection from the secretariat, a step which even the Indian press characterised as a "great wrong," "the grossest jobbery ever perpetrated," "shameful and cruel treatment". The year of the assassination of Lord Mayo marks the introduction of a fresh policy in the Viceroy's Council; the change was initiated under Lord Northbrook and carried to a higher point under Lord

Lytton. It prevented adequate discussion of any measures proposed in the privacy of the Viceroy's Council; no reporters were present; the members had previously been in the habit of expressing their views fully and freely. The Viceroys named carried their theory of official subordination to such a point that they considered once they had given a hint of their personal wish in any direction, this hint should close the discussion! The most autocratic Governments do not always carry things with a hand so high as this. Rulers have often been dismissed, become the victims of revolutions, for no greater blunder.

How shall a man bear injury, injustice, a severe blow at his life's work, and that work altruistic? Hume was degraded to a post at Allahabad and retired from the Service in 1882. He thought long and anxiously over the future of India; he recognised the undoubted benefits of British rule; but he knew that the millions of India must be rescued from ignorance, destitution, famine, disease. He has left on record how he joined a society of native gentlemen who were also seeking the moral, religious and material welfare of India. By God's blessing, he was enabled to do a greater work for India than any he had yet achieved. It has been shown how the thought was in his heart himself to do great things, and how far he was able to achieve his aims. But he now realised that India must do great things for herself, if she would have the work endure and extend. It was in 1885 that he founded the Indian National Congress. Sir William alludes to the secret discontent of the people and to evidence that was placed before Hume that there was "tremendous danger in the immediate future" from the misery of the masses. He was shown seven large volumes containing a vast number of entries, mainly the reports of Chelās to their Gurus. At a later date doubt was cast on this evidence, but the course of events justified Hume's credence in these warnings. It is well known that he was a keen student of eastern religions and himself a disciple of the Mahātmās. Indeed it was Hume's close and intimate knowledge of Indian life in every walk and class that made him a valuable servant of the Government, the one whose opinion was at all times deserving of attention and respect. The devotion with which both he and Sir W. Wedderburn inspired the Indian peoples was summed up by *The Leader* of Allahabad,

which declared recently that they are the two "worshipable men who laid aside every consideration of self and of race in order to strive nobly and work actively for the regeneration of an ancient land now low in the confederacy of nations, but with rich promise of coming into her own".

The founder of the Indian National Congress had a great aim, no less than the conversion of "the precarious domination of a foreign bureaucracy into a stable National Government under the ægis of the British Empire. India will then become a tower of strength to the Empire." So well have the foundations been laid, that the whole reform movement closely follows the lines laid down by the founder and his colleagues. Congress has compelled recognition. Despite the stream of vituperation that has been turned on it, Indian policy has been greatly modified; it is certain that many of the claims of Congress will yet be met.

The letter that Mr. Hume addressed to the Graduates of Calcutta University in 1883 has been wisely reproduced for us; "it stirs as well as stings". He reminds them that if they are not prepared to strike a blow for their country, if they prefer their own advantage to the public weal, then they are rightly kept down and trampled on, they deserve nothing better, for India then neither lacks nor deserves any better Government than she now enjoys. He bids them in that case not complain that Englishmen are preferred before them to all the important offices; "rulers and taskmasters they must continue, let the yoke gall your shoulders never so sorely, until you realise and stand prepared to act upon the eternal truth that, whether in the case of individuals or nations, self-sacrifice and unselfishness are the only unfailing guides to freedom and happiness".

This biography does not stand in the category of masterpieces; it is not of the calibre of Carlyle's *Life of Stirling*. But it is eminently readable, the record of great devotion, of a high sense of duty, of achievement in the face of grave difficulty. As such, and as the life record of a man who has left a deeper impress on India than all the generals and soldiers to whom we raise monuments, it deserves to be read and pondered by every man and woman who has at heart the well-being of India.

C. S. B.

The Praṇava-vāda, Volume III, translated by Bhagavān Dās, M. A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 4-8 or 6s. or \$ 1.50.)

With this volume Bābū Bhagavān Dās Sahab finishes his monumental work of a summarised translation of the *Praṇava-vāda*. We have already noticed the preceding two volumes, and have drawn the attention of our readers to the value of the work; this third volume completes the great message which has, through the translator, been given to the world.

For the general reader, chapters XXIX, XXX and XXXVI, all dealing with Love and Hate, will probably prove the most attractive. The basic principle must first be seen: "In the Logion, I-This-Not, what subsists between the I and the This in the nature of interdependence, be it cognition or anything else—that is the sūtra, the thread." And so with the other permutations of the three words, taken in pairs. From this arise the "limited sūtrātmās, thread-souls or group-souls, individualities, graded as higher and lower". These "threads of individuality" are necessary for manyness, unity and diversity being only realisable when both are present. The unity is the root of Love, the diversity is the root of Hate. Love, *rāga*, is the realisation of the Oneness of the Self, and from this realisation must inevitably arise sympathy, the 'feeling with' others, rejoicing in their joy, sorrowing in their sorrow; from this comes the desire to share with those who have less, to raise them to the level of the loving 'I'. Hate, *doṣha*, is the realisation of the manyness, and hence the setting of one separated self against another, the desire to crush, to drive away, in order that the hating 'I' may be secure in his own position. It is obvious that the true Self cannot hate, there being no 'other,' but, deluded by matter, he falls into the heresy of separateness.

Moods of Love and Hate are next considered in the three main sub-divisions of superiority, equality and inferiority—the sub-divisions familiar to all who have read the translator's admirable work on *The Science of the Emotions*, or the *Saṁātana Dharma Text-Books* of the Central Hindū College. Useful details on these may be studied in this chapter. In chapter XXXVI—it is not clear why this chapter is so widely separated from its context—a new definition of 'emotion' is given: "The 'recollection' of these two, love and hate, mixed with

a sense of effort, of activity, a tendency to act, is emotion." The kriyā aspect of the Self is thus made to enter into emotion, as well as the two aspects more generally regarded in connection with it, mind and desire.

Chapters XXXI and XXXII deal with triplets, in which "all the world may be 'resumed,' summed up". One triplet gives birth to another within each of its members, three become nine, and so on endlessly. Manas arises from chit influenced by kriyā—cognition influenced by activity—whence the appearance of separateness. "The non-recognition of unity is manas." Very suggestive is this, and the student will find it useful in his study of the nature of mind. Chapters XXXII and XXXIII, on 'substance, attribute and movement' will probably be found less interesting than the others, and some doubt may be felt as to these forming a true triplet.

The fourth section consists but of one chapter, and deals especially with our world-system, as "one part out of the continuum of world-systems". It contains a very interesting discussion on 'sevens' and related kingdoms and planes. We have before noted the curious similarity of attitude in *The Secret Doctrine* and the *Pranava-vāda*, indicating a certain community of thought; this may throw light on a statement which, the translator says, "is wholly dark". Four kinds of creation are posited (p. 173), arising from three pairs of elements plus one=seven. If H. P. Blavatsky had written this, it would mean: two elements, positive and negative, of 'This'; two, positive and negative, of 'This-not'; two, positive and negative, of 'Not-I'; and the seventh, the summation of the six. The translator often seeks the help given in Theosophical books, and they might be resorted to for many additional explanations. Section V deals with Ethics very soundly, and recommends the Jiva, the man, to "study and imitate as far as possible the precept and example of the" "Hierarchs that guide and govern evolution". Section VI and last points to 'The Achievement of Freedom,' and the nature of Mokṣha, Liberation, is explained. We very earnestly hope that this labour of love and of unstinted diligence may bring to its translator the fruit for which he wrought it—the enlightening of ignorance and the leading of the restless into peace.

A. B.

Towards Liberty, by Lucy Re-Bartlett. (Longmans Green & Co., London. Price 1s.)

These three essays come to us as a fresh breeze from a psychological sea. They deal, it is true, with the well worn subject of militant suffrage—but from the mystic standpoint. The commonplace restricted explanations with which our ears have been wearied, the author sweeps aside, and we see this astonishing movement not as a fortuitous and unrelated struggle, but as a breaking forth on the physical plane of mighty inner forces. The author holds with *Light on the Path* that man stands ever in advance of himself—that he must be free inherently before he can be outwardly free. She likens this spirit-born cry for liberty to the struggle of a choking man for air. The means by which it is attained may be crude, but these are only ephemeral and do not matter. What does matter is that the will is awakened, pushing old forms aside, as the delicate mushroom lifts an obstructing pavement. It is not opposition to political enfranchisement that Mrs. Re-Bartlett deplures; it is the lack in so many women of the urge, the "mystical possession," without which they are empty vessels, contributing nothing to life. Militancy is divinely crowned with its own inspiration; for this she makes no plea. Her pity is for those of the general public who are opaque to this light. The home she considers the laboratory of the new spirit of liberty, fit only for the strongest. She marvels that the anti-suffragist should speak of it so lightly. For the militant spirit can express itself in the home as well as in the prison. The woman who refuses to hide under subterfuges, who looks husband or father in the eye and says: "I am what I am, this is the truth of me," is a militant. Man's whole idea of woman is being changed—not lowered—while woman is recreating herself. When she has learned as a sex to consecrate herself to an ideal, when she has lost her life in the personal in order to find it in the impersonal, then will she be worthy to mother the higher race which will arise. We are glad that the author clearly shows the nature of true freedom and does not confuse it with egoism. The one is will, untrammelled by the self, primarily altruistic, the other is self-will.

In short, hers is an appeal to the heroic life, to that spirit which scorns the body and dares to act in the face of pain and even death. It is this spirit which counts, not the mistakes in

accomplishment. It is this selfless courage which glorifies the militant movement and gives to it its vital significance.

There is much meat in this small volume. The author develops her argument logically, with a clarity and one-pointedness that is a delight to the reasoning mind, while her mystic interpretation leaves one breathless with a sense of the inner life and the immanence of wonder.

G. W.

A Plea for the Thorough and Unbiased Investigation into Christian Science, by an Enquirer. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

This is another of those apologia of Christian Science which seem appearing with some frequency. The author "desires it to be understood that I do not write as a Christian Scientist but as a Free Churchman, who has proved by personal experience the value of Christian Science as a system of healing". It is a clearly expressed and thoughtful book, and carefully explains that "in healing the consciousness is changed from the material to the spiritual". "The practitioner turns in thought to God alone," though how this turning to a power that is, according to Christian Science philosophy, apart from and opposite to matter should beneficially affect that matter, is not further explained. We are told that we must look for the solution of the problem of evil apart from God "into whose perfect consciousness no evil can enter," though we are also told that God is instrumental in healing illness—certainly an evil. Christian Science is—from its teaching as to the separateness of God and imperfection "for into the consciousness of God imperfection cannot enter"—a dualistic system, and can offer no help in dealing with the problem of the existence and the *raison d'être* of evil. But with all its limitations contradictions and deficiencies in logical presentment, Christian Science has undoubtedly helped many people badly in need of help, and so justified its existence from the practical pragmatic standpoint. It is, as William James defined it, the religion of healthy-mindedness, and this little book defends it with spirit and some success, and also gives a plain and easily comprehended summary of its teachings.

E. S.

Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures. From the Chinese, translated by George Soulie. (Constable & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

According to the author, the Chinese, once out of school, are more prone to the reading of novels and ghost-stories than to the reading of their classics. The *Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures*, written in the second half of the eighteenth century by P'ou Song-lin, illustrate in a striking way the idea of the Chinese on the life after death. The Magicians of the Tao religion play a great part in these stories, some of which are gruesome, and many of which are threaded on the idea of metempsychosis. The names of people and of places are, as is usual with the Chinese, poetically suggestive and call up vivid mind-pictures to the reader; for instance, Pure-whiteness, living in the period of Eternal-happiness in Yellow-peach-blossom-city, who has adventures of uncanny nature at the hour of the Kat! Good things happen to you in China seemingly when you are dutiful, but evil overtakes you more rapidly there than in other places when you are not blameless, as you may learn from the story of 'The Tenth'. An undutiful son who had called his father "Fool," had to work for long at cleansing the River of Sorrows ere he again found his feet on the path leading to the City-of-all-virtues. Well got up and in good print, these stories give a glimpse into Chinese Imagination-land.

M. McC.

Some Indian Conceptions of Music, by Maud Mann. (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d. net.)

We are very glad to have the paper read by Mrs. Mann before the Musical Association, London, in the permanent form of this pamphlet. A very large amount of information has been compressed within the twenty-two pages of which it consists. We are given an outline of Hindū musical science and a description of its various subdivisions. The theory underlying these is touched upon, and we have also examples of both *rāgas* and *talas*. The author has the gift of clearness, and has succeeded in making this difficult subject quite easily intelligible even to those who are not musicians.

As an introduction to the study of Indian music we know of nothing more suitable than this little paper, while those of our readers attracted to things Indian will find here much to interest them.

C. R. H.

Light of the Avesta and the Gathas, by F. K. Dadachanji.
(Published by the author, Bombay. Price Rs. 4 or 5s. 4d.)

"The book strikes out into paths untrodden yet in Zarthoshti literature. It will appeal only to those who care to eye religion in its metaphysical, occult, philosophic, and esoteric aspects," says the preface. We do very much "care to eye religion" from these points of view, but even so we regret to record that we find the book disappointing. Metaphysics and philosophy, not rich of their kind, are dealt out in small quantities; of occultism and esotericism—there is none. But the book is in many ways a useful compilation and if not a thorough and masterly production, it is certainly a labour of love for which the Parsis will thank Mr. Dadachanji. A Theosophic current runs through the volume, but a greater application of our teachings would have decidedly improved it. If the young author reflected as much as he studied, if he had put himself in the place of his reader while he was engaged in writing, if he had observed simplicity of expression and purity of language and paid more attention to the technique of writing, and if he had curbed the great enthusiasm for and exaggerated notions of his theme, his then modest volume would have served its purpose and its author would have attained his goal. But there are several good points about the book: it is a painstaking production; its plan is well conceived; it is permeated by the religious fervour of its author. Its verbosity makes the reading dull, but does not entirely deprive it of its usefulness. One admirable purpose it does serve—the writer's endeavour to fathom the esotericism of the Avesta enables him to make out a good case in favour of the living mystic interpretation of religions against a dead letter wooden one. We wish, for that reason, if not for any other, that all educated Parsis would read this book, written with a praiseworthy motive and for a noble purpose.

B. P. W.

A Prisoner in Fairyland, by Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

It would seem that Mr. Blackwood frequently borrows the ideas round which he weaves his tales from the teachings that Theosophy sets forth. The present story is no exception to the rule. The central theme, long familiar to our readers, is that mental pictures upon the same subject, of even widely separated individuals, coalesce to make a single thought-form to which all have access. Around this conception the author has written a most charming story. It concerns a retired and prosaic business man who discovers in his dreams a Star Cave, a place of delight filled with all the unused starlight that falls upon the earth. Meeting there a happy family of children he joins them in bringing joy and courage to all the unhappy sleeping mortals whom, during the brief hours of night, they can reach. We are told of the difficulty of aiding the sleepers who too often are enveloped in an almost impenetrable cloud of their own gloomy thoughts. In such cases various helpers are called to aid in hope that the special characteristic of one or the other, be it love, sympathy or understanding, may pierce the cloud and reach the consciousness within. This is perhaps the most happily suggestive passage in the book. The children have much difficulty in arousing their friends to a consciousness of other planes, a process which consists in pulling them out of their bodies. We cannot help thinking that the picture would have been more beautiful had the writer, on this point also, followed Theosophical teaching, and described the people as drowsily dreaming, enwrapped in their many coloured auras until with brilliant play of auric colour they are awakened to full consciousness of their surroundings. The introduction of a visitor from the Pleiades and the marriage with her of the central figure in the story is not we think a very satisfactory ending. It will be seen that there are no fairies or other non-human persons, for Mr. Blackwood's fairy world is peopled only with human beings. The various characters are very well depicted, that of Minks, the private secretary, being particularly well drawn, but perhaps the eldest child of the family is somewhat too reminiscent of Wendy in Peter Pan. There are some exceedingly clever nonsense rhymes scattered throughout the book and we hope more of them will be given us in the future. The prolixity and

repetition of the idea so noticeable in Pan's garden is unfortunately apparent here and is inclined to engender a loss of interest during the latter half of the book. It is a fault against which the author would do well to guard. Shorn of its redundancy and reduced to half its length the story would have been far more vivid and arresting. None the less those to whom this writer's previous books are a delight will derive equal pleasure from this new volume from his pen.

C. R. H.

The Faith of all Sensible People, by David Alec Wilson. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net).

To begin with, the reviewer negatives the very ambitious and arrogant title of the book, many of whose sayings seem to suggest the faith of the ignorant rather than the sensible. This faith is said to be that of Thomas Carlyle, Confucius and Heraclitus, Epictetus and the author of Job, Spinoza and Goethe, and the book grew out of an attempted life of Carlyle. With some of the main conclusions these celebrated men may have been in accord, but with very many of Mr. Wilson's dogmas we doubt very much Goethe, Spinoza, or Heraclitus agreeing. This book certainly betrays the absence of any inner wisdom illumination, but Mr. Wilson's unfortunate failure does not negative others' success. The existence of the religion of Buddhism convicts Mr. Wilson of inaccuracy, to state the case mildly. After the ignorance or prejudice displayed on this point, it is not surprising to find that nothing can be known about life in other worlds, and "that of what happens after death we can know nothing". Also "vain is it to lament that we know nothing for certain except our own consciousness—through it we have to look, but not to it, and attention given to it is so much loss of energy". With this modern writers on psychology would hardly agree. Two other very curious statements among many, and for which no reason is given except the author's *ipse dixit*, are: "It is remarkable that the present deterioration in the minds of English clergymen has coincided with the rise of brotherhood, and a decline in the vigour of German thought is expected by intelligent Germans as a result of the present revival of the power of a 'celibate clerus'." We wonder also how the author

reconciles the statement: "all our 'evils' are either imaginary or of human doing," with natural catastrophes such as earthquakes or floods? His warmest admiration is reserved for the Chinese nation and for the teachings of Confucius—a significant admiration which quite explains the strongly materialistic tone of his faith, while the book is written throughout in a dogmatic and self-assertive spirit far from agreeable. However we are glad to find ourselves in accord with some of its final conclusions, the doctrine of the unity of the world, and that "the soul of all things is good". But we feel it the kindest thing to recommend to the author before further publication some study of the results of psychic research and of modern psychology and of the thought of modern philosophy—particularly Bergson—with regard to the value of the intuition. For such studies cannot, as the religious situation stands to-day, be profitably omitted from any book dealing with either faith or philosophy, and there seems little internal evidence in this book of such study.

E. S.

Dante and the Mystics, by Edmund G. Gardner. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Aldine House, London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

University Extension Lecturers know very well that there is no subject that appeals more to the general public than the study of Dante. Add to this well-known fact the obvious amount of interest now shown in Mysticism, as instanced by the wide-spread popularity of authors such as Miss Evelyn Underhill, and it will become apparent that the author of *Dante and the Mystics* is likely to command the attention of an appreciative public. His scholarly treatise includes portions of lectures delivered at the London University College, and the aim and scope of this book is to show the close relationship existing between the Poet and the long line of medieval Mystics, who constitute his spiritual ancestry. The author is deeply versed in all the writings of S. Augustine, Dionysius, the Victorines, the Franciscans and the two Mechthilds, and he shows in numerous passages from their works how Dante was the heir of all their wisdom; at the same time he was an original and powerful thinker.

While, however, on the one hand he succeeds to the accumulated stores of mystical inspiration, upon the other the Poet is heir to all the Troubadour traditions of Provence and the Due Cento, as the author points out in an interesting passage (on p. 10.)

It will be clear from the following that the writer is not only familiar with that state of spiritual exaltation known as illumination, but that he actually lays claim to receiving it:

To understand which things we must know that the human intellect when it is exalted in this life because of its being co-natural, and having affinity with a separated intellectual substance, is so far exalted that, after its return, memory fails, because it has transcended the measure of humanity. And this is conveyed to us by the apostle speaking to the Corinthians, where he says: *I know such a man (whether in the body, or out of the body, I know not God knoweth), that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard secret words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.* Lo, after the intellect had passed beyond human measure in its ascent, it remembered not the things that took place outside its own range. This also is conveyed to us in *Matthew*, where the three disciples fell upon their faces and related nothing afterwards as though they had forgotten. And in *Ezekiel* it is written: *I saw and fell upon my face.* And if these suffice not the invidious, let them read Richard of St. Victor in his book *De Contemplatione*. Let them read Bernard in his book *De Consideratione*, let them read Augustine in his book *De Quantitate Animae*, and they will not grudge assent. But, if they carp at the assignment of so great exaltation because of the sin of the speaker, let them read Daniel, where they will find that Nabuchodonosor too by divine inspiration saw certain things against sinners and dropped them into oblivion, for He "who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust," sometimes in mercy for their conversion, sometimes in wrath for their punishment, reveals His glory in greater or less measure, as He wills to those who live never so evilly."

According to the views of Miss Underhill this subjective knowledge of Mysticism is essential. She will have none of theoretical Mystics, who, as she graphically puts it, are no more really Mystics "than the milestones on the Dover road are travellers to Calais". In regard to this sentiment of hers probably opinions will differ, and some readers will be more inclined to agree with this author that both objective and subjective forms of Mysticism undoubtedly exist and, in some rare and remarkable instances, co-exist in the same person—as in the case of Santa Teresa. This book should be both interesting and instructive to a large section of the public and we wish it good-speed.

K. F. S.

The Making of the Better Man, by F. T. Brooks. (League of the Helping Hand, 7 Mandavali Lane, Mylapore, Madras, S.)

This little book is worth reading, for it contains some good ideas put in an original way. Mr. Brooks divides his subject into: 1. The Making of the Better Mind. 2. The Making of the Better Heart. 3. The Making of the Better Body. It is addressed especially "To the League of the Helping Hand," which has the admirable object of wanting "To make the better Man and Woman of to-morrow, all the world over, by making many thousands of better boys and girls to-day." Each takes a pledge, and tries to be true and kind.

The book begins—omitting the preface—in very simple style, suitable for boys, and later changes so as more to reach their elders. In the section on Mind we are told that the rule for "getting is giving," a catching way of putting a great truth. Then the mind must "be true," since truth alone makes it fit to receive knowledge, and truth is "the only right condition of our minds". Truth is defined as "agreement between mind and fact"; falsehood makes the mind crooked, as a mirror which distorts objects placed before it. Hence "untruth is the killing of your mind". Quite sound doctrine, wherever it is lived.

For "the making of the better heart," we are bidden: "Be kind." Again the rule for "getting is giving"; make others happy, and you will find that you yourself are happy. Love is present when "taking trouble over" a person or a thing "becomes a joy"—perhaps the most original definition in the book, and one which is profoundly true, as all know who really love.

The motto for the "making of the better body" is: "Be healthy." There is much plain speaking in this third part, but no real coarseness, because the thought behind the speech is clean. In dealing with the question of sex, Mr. Brooks shows that he has grasped the central truth concerning it, that conservation, not wastage, of the Creative Power during adolescence is the condition of the development of health and strength. The more this is preached, the better for the lads of India, as for those of every other land.

A. B.

Legends and Tales, by Annie Besant. LOTUS LEAVES FOR THE YOUNG Series No. 1. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar Madras. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

This pleasant little work from Mrs. Besant's indefatigable pen forms a welcome specimen of literary activity in a line which is different from that usually associated with the author's name. It contains seven charming tales told to the young by a lover of the young; stories of high deeds and noble thoughts. They were written many years ago, and enjoyed a very wide circulation when they were originally published in 1885, but for a number of years they have been out of print. It was a very happy thought to issue them again, and we do not doubt that they will find an interest, which may prove even greater than the previous one.

Two of the stories are taken from Indian lore—that of Gangā, the River Maid, and the drowning of the world. Two others come from Greece, which tell of the stealing of Persephone and of Perseus. Two more recount Christian stories, one telling of Hypatia, the other of Rosetta the peasant girl; and the remaining tale is that of the Wandering Jew. This little collection, is the first of a series called, 'Lotus Leaves for the Young,' intended to include similar tales.

In the original edition three other stories were included which have been left out in the present one. Two of them were about Jonah and Moses, which will not be so much missed; not on account of the way in which they were related but because the subjects may be for many less attractive. The third—about Giordano Bruno—would however have been very welcome indeed, if only as showing how, even in her free-thought days, Mrs. Besant was instinctively attracted by that character as well as by that of Hypatia. The story of Giordano Bruno was also by much the longest of those contained in the first edition; it has however recently been included in another publication, and has hence been omitted.

R. v. M.

The Cult of Higher Men, by Dr. D. P. Thakore, Ps. D. (South Indian Press, 18 Linga Chetty Street, Madras, E.)

Dr. Thakore's book is worth reading for its outspokenness, its evident effort to say exactly what is believed by the author to be true, and its command of vigorous and poignant speech. It has the defect of its qualities which may be summed up as a violence of feeling expressed in language which defeats its own object by revolting instead of convincing. The author evidently feels that he does well to be angry, and later in life it is probable that the at present ungentled horses may become high-spirited and powerful steeds.

Dr. Thakore begins with a frank declaration that variety and inequality are the immutable law of nature, and that man's attempts to establish an indiscriminate equality "find him landed in the hopeless tangle of warring elements". But should he link brotherhood and equality as he does, following the usual formula? A young man of eighteen may be the brother of a babe of two years old, but surely they are not equals? Human society, however ideal, cannot present a level of equality, but it should be formed as a brotherhood of elders, contemporaries and youngsters, bound together by mutual duties and a ready and loving mutual helpfulness.

To Dr. Thakore, Freedom is man's goal, and there is a profound truth in the thought; mukti, liberation, is the Hindū goal also of human life, and Dr. Thakore's idea of freedom is nearer the truth than the average Hindū's idea of liberation.

A very illuminative thought is propounded in the perfection of memory in the 'subjective mind,' that which is often called the 'sub-conscious,' in modern psychology. Dr. Thakore probably does not admit the existence of that which the Theosophist would call the 'super-conscious,' and indeed modern psychology does not yet recognise that its 'sub-conscious' is dual, the true sub-conscious retaining the memories stored up from past evolution, and the dawning super-conscious containing the indications of future evolution. He is crippled by his too purely intellectual view of life, and his agnostic attitude towards its spiritual side.

His remarks on the treatment of 'criminals' are exceedingly good, and are summed up in the sentence: "The entire aim of the criminal law and its application, as it is in vogue to-day, is to punish the offender, but not to reform him."

In his passionate indignation against the evils consequent on early marriage, and the avalanches of epithets precipitated on the parents who bring it about, Dr. Thakore writes as though he objected to marriage in itself, and was in favour of its abolition, leaving all sexual unions to be free and temporary. But he probably does not mean that, and it would be wise to rewrite in more careful language the greater part of chapter IV. He very rightly protests against there being one law of morality for men and another for women, and says that if widows should not remarry neither should widowers. He denounces the view that early marriage is a remedy against the 'social evil,' and declares that it removes the restraints which check youthful excess with loose women, and that the father, desiring to save his son from "the supposed or real evil" substitutes for it "another evil of much greater magnitude and of far-reaching consequences. He marries his son," thus "undermining at the same time his physical as well as mental constitution, if he has any at all". But surely this ignores the moral effect of the two courses, even taking marriage as a mere union of bodies. For in the case of the one there is a sense of dishonour, of unworthy self-degradation, of the social degradation of the woman, and also the misery-breeding feeling of fear and shame. In the other there is the reverse of this; granted that there is a frightful amount of intemperance in marriage, it is yet free from the haunting sense of shame. And as Dr. Thakore rightly thinks so much of the laws of nature, is there no indication, I would ask him, in the fact that 'the hidden plague' which is reaching such terrifying dimensions in the West has its root in prostitution, not in marriage? I wonder when people will begin to realise that the *one* lesson for the youth is absolute continence, the abstinence from *every* form of sexual excitement, solitary or associated, until he is, at least, over twenty-one. Such complete conservation during adolescence of vital energy within the body it should build up and invigorate is the only way to health and to old age. A useful chapter on 'Methods of Attainment,' and some less useful 'Aphorisms and Paradoxes' complete the book, which is to be recommended as provocative of thought.

A. B.

MRS. BESANT CHALLENGES THE BISHOP OF MADRAS TO DEBATE

The following letter appeared in the *Madras Standard*, after it had been sent to the Bishop of Madras by Mrs. Besant.
MY LORD BISHOP,

You have thought fit to put your name to a pamphlet attacking "Mrs. Besant's Theosophy" in which you seek to fasten on me advice I have always repudiated, and to represent this as my "Theosophy," ignoring the whole of my teachings on Theosophy for twenty-four years. You have further permitted your name to be used to endorse an electioneering attack on myself, without troubling to look into the official documents, which show that the forfeiting of the German Charter was due to the infringement of the Constitution of the Theosophical Society ensuring liberty of opinion to its members: that the General Council, of which I am the Executive Officer, ordered the cancellation on the above ground; that the German General Secretary declared that the German Section had ceased to exist, five weeks before I declared the Charter forfeited, and transferred it to German Lodges who were faithful to the Constitution.

Your authority, my Lord Bishop, is being used to deceive the public; you have attacked me by name, and have represented as my "Theosophy" advice for which there is no word of support from me. You know that, in the poisoned atmosphere created in Madras, chiefly by the libels constantly appearing in *The Hindu*, there is no chance for me of legal redress if I should bring a suit against you. I therefore take the only course left open to me, and challenge you to make good your statements in a public debate on: "The relative morality of Church Christianity and Mrs. Besant's Theosophy." You cannot refuse to defend your position on the ground that I am a woman for you have attacked me, a woman. You cannot refuse on the ground of your dignity, for my name has weight in every civilised country, while you are but little known outside your diocese. You cannot refuse because you are the recognised spiritual head of the scattered Christians of the Anglican Church in the Madras Presidency for I am the elected head of over 23,000 people of education, standing and culture scattered over the

civilised world. You cannot refuse because in the world of literature you hold a higher position than I for my books are circulated by tens of thousands yearly, while yours? I do not know. Above all, as a gentleman, you cannot refuse to meet the woman you have slandered and justify what you have said. If under these circumstances you should refuse, the public will know how to judge between us.

Since I came to India twenty years ago, I have made no attack on Christianity; indeed I have made none since I entered the T. S., and my works and lectures have brought back to the great faith many who had left it in despair. Your missionary supporters have libelled me everywhere since first I set foot in India. You hate me, because I have checked the tide of perversion which was flowing high when I came here, and because I strengthen the young in their own faiths. Your adherents insult me on every possible occasion; they close all their halls in Madras against boys' societies when I am asked to speak or to preside; Mr. Leith throws back in my face a subscription asked for, on the ground that I am too immoral even to give a few rupees to fishermen and your friend *The Hindu* reports the petty insult; I do Mr. Leith injustice; he was willing to take my money provided my name did not appear on the receipt. I know that is only a survival of the spirit that slew Hypatia; that burned the heretic, whether the stake were lit by Rome or by Geneva; that tore out the tongue of Vanini ere it butchered him; that gave birth to Torquemada and to Alva. Now it cannot kill or imprison; it can only slander.

So much the greater your duty, my Lord Bishop, to defend on the open platform that which you are circulating through the press. When you were consecrated, you were bidden to be to the flock of Christ "a shepherd not a wolf". To me it is as a wolf that you are acting. You may retort that I am not of the "flock of Christ," and that therefore you may give me a wolfish bite. Dare you say that I am not one of those "other sheep" of whom the Christ spoke, who hear His voice though not of your narrow fold? If you refuse my challenge here, I appeal to Him as Judge between us, and in His presence, my Lord Bishop, you will be compelled to answer whatever you may do here.

ANNIE BESANT

ADYAR,
13th December, 1913.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE great event for us in the closing days of the last year was the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary of the Theosophical Society, held in Benares. The sacred city of Hindūism—often as we have met there during the last twenty years on Theosophy intent—had never before seen such a Theosophical gathering, and the universal testimony of the visitors was that never before had they had been so comfortable. This was partly due to the fact that, in default of the C. H. C., the leading house-owners in Benares lent their comfortable bangalows, so that the accommodation was more home-like in character. The Mahārājas of Benares and Vizianagram lent their palaces; Rājā Madho Lal, the Hon. Mr. Moti Chand, Bābu Govinda Das Sāhab, and many others, offered either whole houses or accommodation in their own residences. Nothing could exceed the kindness shown. The other fact was the splendid organising faculty of the General Secretary, and his tact and genial ways. We owed to Dr. Tarporewalla, the Headmaster of the C. H. C. School, the admirable lecture arrangements,

the great shamiana, sheltering 2,000 people, beautifully decorated with flowers, and seated with chairs and benches which flowed in from all quarters. Benares is not usually a place for great and enthusiastic meetings—apart from the Theosophists, thronging thereto from all parts—but this year it seemed determined to show its feeling towards one of its citizens of twenty years' standing, so cruelly treated in the capital of 'the benighted Presidency,' which in this has certainly deserved its name. The invitation to me to preside at the All-India Jain Conference, and to preside also at a town's meeting on behalf of the persecuted Indians in S. Africa, with the passionately warm welcome given at each, was Kāshī's rebuke to those who tried to injure the Theosophical Society's Convention by bringing contempt proceedings against its President, so as to prevent her from going to Benares. There are some *ways* of fighting which, whatever their opinion on the merits of any case, all gentlemen condemn. To try to cause quite unnecessary public and private inconvenience is one of these; and though the utterly unchivalrous attempt was partially frustrated by a journey of six days for a visit lasting from midday on the 25th December to midnight on the 29th, it was none the less condemned. But the intensity of the work done made up to some extent for the brevity of the stay, and the outpoured love and sympathy more than repaid the outlay of health and strength on the hurried journey. Where the life of the Masters is freely sent to one pledged to Their service, even a woman's body in its sixty-seventh year can bear strains which would wreck that of a strong man. It is this with which the enemies of the T. S. have not reckoned; they are dashing themselves against the rock of

the Will of the Hierarchy, not against one feeble woman. "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, and on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." The grinding process has begun in Madras.

* * *

The chief characteristic of our Convention was a sober triumphant joy, only clouded now and again for a moment when the danger of imprisonment for the leader made the quick tears rise. But even in face of that, there was the feeling that all was very well, since the divine Ones guide the destinies of man. What matters it, if a few soldiers fall in the great struggle, since there are plenty to fill the gaps, and the final victory is sure?

* * *

The reports from many countries told the happy tale of growing harmony within and of influence without. Scandinavia and Holland had lost heavily by the Steiner secession, but the general increase was so large that it almost wiped out that heavy loss. There was general satisfaction that the insidious attempt to limit liberty of opinion within a National Society—so as to exclude all who did not accept the Christo-Theosophy of Dr. Steiner, with the primacy of Christianity—had been so completely foiled, and that perfect freedom within the Society had been vindicated and preserved. But the bad generalship of Dr. Steiner aroused much wonder, and the attempts to cover it by Mr. Lévy's misrepresentations caused some quiet amusement. Why had the German Section pronounced itself extinct of its own accord, and subsided into the oddly-named Anthroposophical Society? Why had it not retraced its

false step of expelling members for their beliefs, when the opportunity was offered to it by the President, and so preserved its voting power for use against that President's re-election? The only answer seemed to be: *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*

* * *

The appearance of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa in the Convention shamiana was greeted with warmest welcome, for this highly cultured and richly endowed Indian gentleman is respected and loved by all who know him, or have read his exquisite writings. It is one of the great injuries inflicted on my late wards by the Madras suit, that they have been deprived of a companionship of quite unrivalled value.

* * *

As the Bishop of Madras declined either to withdraw his slander on me or to debate the question he raised, I decided to give three lectures, dealing with the matters alleged. These, while originating in the Bishop's unwarrantable personal attack, will deal with principles only, and will be constructive, recognising fully the value to the West of the Higher Christianity. I do not propose to descend to personal attacks on the Christian clergy—following the bad episcopal example in his attack on Mr. Leadbeater and myself. Even were we as wicked as he pretends we are, no argument against Theosophy would lie on such grounds. Wicked Popes and priests are not arguments against Christianity. The lectures are on 'Theosophy and Christianity,' 'Theosophy and Morality,' 'Occultism in the Great Religions'. The lectures will be published under the title: *Theosophy and the Bishop of Madras.*

* * *

Mr. Johan van Manen, F. T. S., the Assistant Director of the Adyar Library, has written an admirable answer to the missionary attack. His wide reading and scholarly culture make him a too formidable opponent for the feeble missionaries, and he reminds one of a knight in armour slaying a peasant, or—to use a more appropriate metaphor—of a steam-hammer descending on a mosquito, I cannot say on a butterfly, for a butterfly is a fairy creature of joy and beauty. The pamphlet, of one hundred and twenty large pages, is published at the absurd price of six annas, and numbers are being distributed gratuitously. A whispering murmur is heard from missionary circles: "Sorry I spoke."

* * *

There is a strangely pathetic idea in the wireless cry for help from within the Arctic circle, a cry from a Norwegian ship which had gone ashore in the far north, 600 miles from the mainland. It was only a whisper, a whisper out of the long night which surrounds the Pole. "Keep off your key. S. O. S. about." So rang round a warning from station to station in Europe, for the whisper of distress was so faint that only through completest silence could it be heard at all. Ship after ship answered the appeal, but what could they do? 600 miles away from Bergen, the nearest station, a ship lay ashore, amid ice and darkness, in the terrible Arctic cold. Did it bring some faint warmth of human companionship to the mariners, that they could hear, however faintly, a human whisper across the ice-floes, and know that human hearts were sympathising, even though no help could come from human hands.

* * *

The New Year has witnessed the birth of a new literary child—*The Commonweal*, with its motto: 'For God, Crown and Country'. It is a 'Journal of National Reform,' and is intended to serve the movement for social amelioration and political progress within the Empire. I have said in an article on its policy:

One thing that lies very near to our heart is to draw Great Britain and India nearer to each other, by making known in Great Britain something of Indian movements and of the men who will influence from here the destinies of the Empire. England will listen eagerly to the views of the coming men of India, of whom, at present, she knows scarcely anything. The views of the English-educated men, who are the voice of India in the present as they are her hope in the future, are but little known to the people of Great Britain. Yet for the sake of both nations it is vital that these should be as well known there as the leading men of England are known here. A few of the Bengal leaders are known—through misrepresentations. How complete these are is shown by the escapades of the *Times*. Mr. Gokhale is known by leading politicians, but to the ordinary man he is little more than a name. The ignorance of the real India is abysmal, and therefore the interest in her is sluggish. We would fain present a living picture of the true India, the India panting for liberty, aspiring to Self-Government, and yet so patient and so hopeful, that England may understand and—sympathise.

The greater part of the above policy is intended to serve Indian reform, but we shall advocate the spirit of these reforms everywhere, and shall seek to draw together men and women of good-will in every land.

I would ask English Theosophists to read the articles in the *Commonweal* with care. Some of them are written by men with special knowledge of Indian thought and feeling, and they deserve careful consideration. The writers, belong, of course, to the "educated minority," so hateful to the *Times*, but England's future depends on her being able to understand and to sympathise with these public-spirited and noble Indians. I am sending the paper to some of our members who "are in Kings' houses," and to others who have influence in the political world. Changes must come, but whether,

in all civilised countries, they come in peace or in tumult, largely depends on the men and women of good-will, of whom we have so many in European countries.

* * *

I would like to draw attention to the article in the *Commonweal* of January 16th entitled 'A Promising Departure'. It is an attempt by the Hindūs and Muhammadans of Madras to place the amenities of social life, accompanied by opportunities of intellectual and physical development, within the reach of the younger generation, by free association between elders and youngers, and the cultivation of mutually useful and helpful relations. An exceedingly strong body has been formed, consisting of the leading citizens of Madras, and the Association has been registered under the name of the 'Young Men's Indian Association'. It is earnestly hoped that the young men who join this Association will become fired with the spirit of Service, which glowed so warmly in the hearts of the students of the Central Hindū College.

* * *

The *Christian Commonwealth* had the interesting idea of asking a large number of people by what faith they lived; naturally, the answers offered a remarkable variety of opinions. One of the most striking was the reply of Charles Bradlaugh's daughter, Hypatia Bradlaugh-Bonner, who declined to label her life-basis as either faith or intuition, and affirmed that she built her life on the sense of duty to the world, the duty of leaving it a little better than she found it. Her noble father also felt in this thought all the inspiration he needed for his splendid and heroic life. Such selfless workers are of the salt of the earth. My own contribution ran as follows:

I believe that man is a spiritual intelligence, sharing in God's Eternity and unfolding the divine powers of his Father through countless ages of progress. To me, thus believing, joy and sorrow are equally welcome, personally, as forces for evolution, as sunshine and rain to the growing plant. Power, Wisdom, and Love guide the worlds, so all is very well. As all men partake in the Divine Nature, all are unfolding towards happiness, knowledge, and power. The less unfolded they are—i.e., the more ignorant—the more are they to be pitied and helped. Sin is only ignorance, and ignorance lessens as we gain experience. Everyone is travelling towards perfection, and our differences are differences of age, not of nature. Theosophy has taught me how to *know*, and life in other worlds, continuous and ever widening, is to me a matter of knowledge, not of faith. Where, then, is there room for sorrow, since God is everywhere, and He is bliss?

If this be true, perchance it adds a note of joy to the view of my old friends. For ineffably sad is it, if the experience of the slum and the gaol is *all* that life has to offer to some of its embodiments.

* * *

The special funds that need helping over here are those which go to the increase of the Adyar Library, and to the strengthening of our centre. The Library is becoming a splendid one, and all members may well be proud of it. Among our magazines, I should like to press *THE THEOSOPHIST* itself; could not each reader find us one new subscriber? It suffers, to some extent, from the very numerous journals which have sprung up around it; yet these are signs of vitality, and the increase should not be regretted. *The Young Citizen* would also be glad of a helping hand, as it seeks to win the younger generation to the great ideals of the future.



MEMORIES OF PAST LIVES

By ANNIE BESANT

(Concluded from p. 494.)

MAY we not regard instincts as memories buried in the sub-conscious, influencing our actions, determining our 'choices'? Is not the moral instinct, Conscience, a mass of interwoven memories of past experiences, speaking with the authoritative utterance of all instincts, and deciding on 'right' and 'wrong' without argument, without reasoning? It speaks clearly when we are walking on well-trodden ways, warning us of dangers oft experienced in the past, and we shun them at sight as the chicken shuns the downrush of the hawk hovering above it. But as that same chicken

has no instinct as regards the rush of a motor car, so have we no 'voice of Conscience' to warn us of the pitfalls in ways hitherto unknown.

Again, innate faculty—what is it but an unconscious memory of subjects mastered in the past? A subject, literary, scientific, artistic, what we will, is taken up by one person and mastered with extraordinary ease; he seizes at sight the main points in the study, taking it up as new, apparently, but so rapidly grasping it that it is obviously an old subject remembered, not a new subject mastered. A second person, by no means intellectually inferior, is observed to be quite dense along this particular line of study; reads a book on it, but keeps little trace of it in his mind; addresses himself to its understanding, but it evades his grasp. He stumbles along feebly, where the other ran unshackled and at ease. To what can such difference be due save to the unconscious memory which science is beginning to recognise? One student has known the subject and is merely remembering it; the other takes it up for the first time, and finds it difficult and obscure.

As an example, we may take H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, a difficult book; it is said to be obscure, diffuse, the style to be often unattractive, the matter very difficult to follow. I have known some of my friends take up these volumes and study them year after year, men and women, intelligent, quite alert in mind; yet after years of study they cannot grasp its main points nor very often follow its obscure arguments. Let me put against that, my own experience of that book. I had not read anything of the subject with which it deals from the standpoint of the Theosophist; it was the first Theosophical book I had read—except the *Occult World*—

and it came into my hands, apparently by chance, given to me to review by Mr. Stead, then Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. When I began to read that book, I read it right through day after day, and the whole of it was so familiar as I read, that I sat down and wrote a review which any one may read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of, I think, February or March, 1889; and any one who reads that review will find that I had taken the heart out of the book and presented it intelligently to the ordinary newspaper reader. That certainly was not from any special genius on my part. If I had been given a book of some other kind, I might have stumbled over it and made nothing of it at all; but as I read I *remembered*, and the whole philosophy fell into order before me, although to this brain and in this body it came before me for the first time. I allege that in cases like that we have a proof of the accuracy of Plato's idea, mentioned already, that all knowledge is reminiscence; where we have known before we do really remember, and so master without any effort that which another, without a similar experience, may find abstruse, difficult and obscure. We may apply this to any new subject that any one may take up. If he has learned it before, he will remember and master the subject easily; if not, taken as a new thing, he must learn step by step, and gradually understand the relation between the phenomena studied, working it out laboriously because unknown.

Let us now apply that same idea of memory to genius, say to musical genius. How can we explain, except by previous knowledge existing as memory, the mystery of a little child who sits down to a piano and with little teaching, or with none, outstrips many who have given years of labour to the art? It is not only

that we marvel over children like the child Mozart in the past, but in our own day we have seen a number of these infant prodigies, the limit of whose power was the smallness of the child hand, and, even with that deficient instrument, they showed a mastery of the instrument that left behind those who had studied music for many years. Do we not see in such child genius the mark of past knowledge, of past power of memory, rather than of learning?

Or let us take the Cherniavsky family; three brothers in it have been before the public for eleven years, drawing huge audiences by their wonderful music; the youngest is now only eighteen, the eldest twenty-two; they have not been taught, but have taught themselves—*i.e.*, they have unconsciously remembered. A little sister of theirs, now five years old, already plays the violin, and since she was a baby the violin has been the one instrument she has loved. Why, if she has no memory?

This precocious genius, this faculty which accomplishes with ease that which others perform with toil and difficulty, is found not only in music. We recall the boy Giotto, on the hill-side with his sheep. Nor is it found only in art. Let us take that marvellous genius, Dr. Brown, who, as a little child, when he was only five or six years old, had been able to master dead languages; who, as he grew older, picked up science after science, as other children pick up toys with which they are amused; who carried an ever-increasing burden of knowledge "lightly as a flower," and became one of the most splendid of scientific geniuses, dealing with problems that baffled others but that he easily solved, and standing as a monument of vast constructive

scientific power. We find him, according to his father's account, learning at the age when others are but babies, and using those extraordinary powers—memories of the past persisting into the present.

But let us take an altogether other class of memory. We meet some one for the first time. We feel strongly attracted. There is no outward reason for the attraction; we know nothing of his character, of his past; nothing of his ability, of his worth; but an overpowering attraction draws us together, and a life-long intimate friendship dates from the first meeting, an instantaneous attraction, a recognition of one supremely worthy to be a friend. Many of us have had experiences of that kind. Whence come they? We may have had an equally strong repulsion, perhaps, quite as much outside reason, quite as much apart from experience. One attracts and we love; the other repels and we shrink away. We have no reason for either love or repulsion. Whence comes it save as a memory from the past?

A moment's thought shows how such cases are explained from the standpoint of reincarnation. We have met before, have known each other before. In the case of a sudden attraction it is the soul recognising an ancient friend and comrade across the veil of flesh, the veil of the new body. In the case of repulsion it is the same soul recognising an ancient enemy, one who wronged us bitterly, or whom we have wronged; the soul warns us of danger, the soul warns us of peril, in contact with that ancient foe, and tries to drag away the unconscious body that does not recognise its enemy, the one whom the soul knows from past experience to be a peril in the present. 'Instinct' we say; yes, for, as we have seen,

instinct is unconscious, or sub-conscious, memory. A wise man obeys such attractions and such repulsions; he does not laugh at them as irrational, nor cast them aside as superstition, as folly; he realises that it is far better for him to keep out of the way of the man concerning whom the inner warning has arisen, to obey the repulsion that drives him away from him. For that repulsion indicates the memory of an ancient wrong, and he is safer out of touch of that man against whom he feels the repulsion.

Do we want to eradicate the past wrong, to get rid of the danger? We can do it better apart than together. If to that man against whom we feel repulsion we send day after day thoughts of pardon and of good-will; if deliberately, consciously, we send messages of love to the ancient enemy, wishing him good, wishing him well, in spite of the repulsion that we feel, slowly and gradually the pardon and love of the present will erase the memory of the ancient wrong, and later we may meet with indifference, or even may become friends, when, by using the power of thought, we have wiped out the ancient injury and have made instead a bond of brotherhood by thoughts and wishes of good. That is one of the ways we may utilise the unconscious memories coming to us out of our past.

Again, sometimes we find in such a first meeting with an ancient friend that we talk more intimately to the stranger of an hour ago than we talk to brothers or sisters with whom we have been brought up during all our life.

There must be some explanation of those strange psychological happenings, traces—I put it no more strongly than that—worthy of our observation, worthy

of our study; for it is these small things in psychology that point the way to discoveries of the problems that confront us in that science. Many of us might add to psychological science by carefully observing, carefully recording, carefully working out, all these instinctive impulses, trying to trace out afterwards the results in the present and in the future, and thus gather together a mass of evidence which may help us to a great extent to understand ourselves.

What is the real explanation of the law of memory of events, and this persistence in consciousness of attraction or repulsion? The explanation lies in that fact of our constitution; the bodies are new, and can only act in conformity with past experiences by receiving an impulse from the indwelling soul in which the memory of those experiences resides. Just as our children are born with a certain developed conscience, which is a moral instinct, just as the child of the savage has not the conscience that our children possess previous to experience in this life, previous to moral instruction, so is it with these instincts, or memories, of the intelligence, which, like the innate moral instinct that we call conscience, are based on experience in the past, and hence are different in people at different stages of evolution.

A conscience with a long past behind it is far more evolved, far more ready to understand moral differences, than the conscience of a less well evolved neighbour. Conscience is not a miraculous implanting; it is the slow growth of moral instinct, growing out of experience, builded by experience, and becoming more and more highly evolved as more and more experience lies behind. And on this all true theories of education must be based. We

often deal with children as though they came into our hands to be moulded at our will. Our lack of realisation of the fact that the intelligence of the child, the consciousness of the child, is bringing with it the results of past knowledge, both along intellectual and moral lines, is a fatal blunder in the education of to-day. It is not a 'drawing out,' as the name implies—for the name was given by the wiser people of the past. Education in these modern days is entirely a pouring in, and therefore it largely fails in its object. When our teachers realise the fact of reincarnation, when they see in a child an entity with memories to be aroused and faculties to be drawn out, then we shall deal with the child as an individual, and not as though children were turned out by the dozen or the score from some mould into which they are supposed to have been poured. Then our education will begin to be individual; we shall study the child before we begin to educate it, instead of educating it without any study of its faculties. It is only by the recognition of its past that we shall realise that we have in the child a soul full of experience, travelling along his own line. Only when we recognise that, and instead of the class of thirty or forty, we have the small class, where each child is treated individually, only then will education become a reality among us, and the men of the future will grow out of the wiser education thus given to the children. For the subject is profoundly practical when you realise the potencies of daily life.

Much light may be thrown on the question of unconscious memories by the study of memory under trance conditions. All people remember something of their childhood, but all do not know that in the mesmeric trance

a person remembers much more than he does in the waking consciousness. Memories of events have sunk below the threshold of the waking consciousness, but they have not been annihilated; when the consciousness of the external world is stilled, that of the internal world can assert itself, as low music drowned in the rattle of the streets becomes audible in the stillness of the night. In the depths of our consciousness, the music of the past is ever playing, and when surface agitations are smoothed away the notes reach our ears. And so in trance we know that which escapes us when awake. But with regard to childhood there is a thread of memory sufficient to enable anyone to feel that he, the mature individual, is identical with the playing and studying child. That thread is lacking where past lives are concerned, and the feeling of identity, which depends on memory, does not arise.

Colonel de Rochas once told me how he had succeeded, with mesmerised patients, in recovering the memory of babyhood, and gave me a number of instances in which he had thus pursued memory back into infantile recesses. Nor is the memory only that of events, for a mesmerised woman, thrown back in memory into childhood and asked to write, wrote her old childish hand. Interested in this investigation, I asked Colonel de Rochas to see if he could pass backward through birth to the previous death, and evoke memory across the gulf which separates life-period from life-period. Some months later he sent me a number of experiments, since published by him, which had convinced him of the fact of reincarnation. It seems possible that, along this line, proofs may be gradually accumulated, but much testing and repetition will be

needed, and a careful shutting out of all external influences.

There are also cases in which, without the inducing of trance, memories of the past survive, and these are found in the cases of children more often than among grown-up people. The brain of the child, being more plastic and impressionable, is more easily affected by the soul than when it is mature. Let us take a few cases of such memories. There was a little lad who showed considerable talent in drawing and modelling, though otherwise a somewhat dull child. He was taken one day by his mother to the Crystal Palace, and saw the statues ranged along the central avenue. He looked at them very earnestly for a while, and then said to his mother: "O mother, those are the things I used to make." She laughed at him, of course, as foolish people laugh at children, not realising that the unusual should be studied and not ridiculed. "I do not mean when you were my mother," he answered. "It was when I had another mother." This was but a sudden flash of memory, awakened by an outside stimulus; but still it has its value.

We may take an instance from India, where memories of the past are more frequently found than in the West, probably because there is not the same predisposition to regard them as ridiculous. This, like the preceding, came to me from the elder person concerned. He had a little nephew, some five or six years of age, and one day, sitting on his uncle's knee, the child began to prattle about his mother in the village, and told of a little stream at the end of his garden, and how, one day when he had been playing and made himself dirty, his mother sent him to wash in the stream; he went in too far and—woke up elsewhere. The uncle's curiosity

was aroused, and he coaxed details about the village from the child, and thought he recognised it. One day he drove with the child through this village, not telling the child anything, but the little boy jumped up excitedly and cried out: "Oh! this is my village where I lived, and where I tumbled into the water, and where my mother lived." He told his uncle where to drive to his cottage, and running in, cried to a woman therein as his mother. The woman naturally knew nothing of the child, but asked by the uncle if she had lost a child, she told him that her little son had been drowned in the stream running by the garden. There we have a more definite memory, verified by the elder people concerned.

Not long ago, one of the members of the Theosophical Society, Minister in an Indian State, and a mature man of ability and good judgment, set to work to collect and investigate cases of memory of the past in persons living in his own neighbourhood. He found and recorded several cases, investigating each carefully, and satisfying himself that the memories were real memories which could be tested. One of them I will mention here because it was curious, and came into a court of law. It was a case of a man who had been killed by a neighbour who was still living in the village. The accusation of murder was brought by the murdered man in his new body! It actually went to trial, and so the thing was investigated, and finally the murder was proved to the satisfaction of the judge. But judgment was reserved on the ground that the man could not bring an action for being murdered as he was still alive, and the case depended upon his testimony alone; so the whole thing fell through.

Memory of the past can be evolved by gradually sinking down into the depths of consciousness by a process deliberately and patiently practised. Our mind working in our physical brain is constantly active, and is engaged in observing the world outside the body. On these observations it reflects and reasons, and the whole of our normal mental processes have to do with these daily activities which fill our lives. It is not in this busy region that the memories of the past can be evoked. Anyone who would unveil these must learn so to control his mind as to be able, at will, to withdraw it from outer objects and from thoughts connected with them, so as to be able to hold the mind still and empty. It must be wide awake, alert, and yet utterly quiet and unoccupied. Then, slowly and gradually, within that mind, emptied of present thought, there arises a fuller, stronger, deeper consciousness, more vivid, more intensely alive, and this is realised as one-self; the mind is seen to be only an instrument of this, a tool to be used at will. When the mind is thus mastered, when it is made subservient to the higher consciousness, then we feel that this new consciousness is the permanent one, in which our past remains as a memory of events and not only as results in faculty. We find that being quiet in the presence of that higher consciousness, asking it of its past, it will gradually unroll before us the panorama through which it has itself passed, life after life, and thus enable us to review that past and to realise it as our own. We find ourselves to be that consciousness; we rise out of the passing into the permanent, and look back upon our own long past, as before upon the memory of our childhood. We do not keep its memories always in mind,

but can recover them at will. It is not an ever-present memory, but on turning our attention to it we can always find it, and we find in that past others who are the friends of to-day. If we find, as people invariably do find, that the people most closely knit to us to-day have been most closely knit to us in the far-off past also, then one after another we may gather our memories, we may compare them side by side, we may test them by each other's rememberings, as men of mature age remember their school-fellows and the incidents of their boyhood and compare those memories which are common to them both; in that way we gradually learn how we built up our character, how we have moulded the later lives through which we have passed. That is within the reach of any one of us who will take the trouble. I grant that it takes years, but it can be done. There is, so far as I know, no other way to the definite recovery of memory. A person may have flashes of memory from time to time, like the boy with the statues; he may get significant dreams occasionally, in which some trace of the past may emerge; but to have it under control, to be able to turn attention to the past at will and to remember, that needs effort, long, prolonged, patient, persevering; but inasmuch as everyone is a living soul, that memory is within everyone, and it is within our power to awaken it.

No one need fear that the above practice will weaken the mind, or cause the student to become dreamy or less useful in the 'practical world'. On the contrary, such mastery of the mind much strengthens mental grasp and mental power, and makes one more effective in the ordinary life of the world. It is not

only that strength is gained, but that waste of strength is prevented. The mind does not 'race,' as does a machine which continues to go without the resistance of the material on which it should work; for when it has nothing useful to do it stops its activity. Worry is to the mind what racing is to the machine, and it wears the mind out where work does not. To control the mind is to have a keen instrument in good condition, always ready for work. Note how slow many people are in grasping an idea, how confused, how uncertain. An average man who has trained his mind to obedience is more effective than a comparatively clever one who knows naught of such control.

Further, the conviction, that will gradually arise in the student who studies these memories of the past, of the truth of his permanent Self will revolutionise the whole life, both individual and social. If we know ourselves to be permanent living beings, we become strong where now we are weak, wise where now we are foolish, patient where now we are discontented. Not only does it make us strong as individuals, but when we come to deal with social problems we find ourselves able to solve them. We know how to deal with our criminals, who are only young souls, and instead of degrading them when they come into the grasp of the law, we treat them as children needing education, needing training—not needing the liberty they do not know how to use, but as children to be patiently educated, helping them to evolve more rapidly because they have come into our hands. We shall treat them with sympathy and not with anger, with gentleness and not with harshness. I do not mean with a foolish sentimentality which would give them a liberty they would only abuse

to the harming of Society; I mean a steady discipline which will evolve and strengthen, but has in it nothing brutal, nothing needlessly painful, an education for the child souls which will help them to grow. I have said how this knowledge would affect the education of children. It would also change our politics and sociology, by giving us time to build on a foundation so that the building will be secure. There is nothing which so changes our view of life as a knowledge of the past of which the present is the outcome, a knowledge how to build so that the building may endure in the future. Because things are dark around us and the prospects of Society are gloomy; because there is war where social prosperity demands peace, and hatred where mutual assistance ought to be found; because Society is a chaos and not an organism; I find the necessity for pressing this truth of past lives on the attention of the thoughtful, of those willing to study, willing to investigate. Realising reincarnation as a fact, we can work for brotherhood, work for improvement. We realise that every living human being has a right to an environment where he can develop his abilities and grow to the utmost of the faculties he has brought with him. We understand that Society as a whole should be as a father and a mother to all those whom it embraces as its children; that the most advanced have duties, have responsibilities, which to a great extent they are neglecting to-day; and that only by understanding, by brotherly love, by willing self-sacrifice, can we emerge from struggle into peace, from poverty into well-being, from misery and hatred into love and prosperity.

Annie Besant

HEIRS OF PROMETHEUS

AUGUSTE RODIN, ÆSTHETE

AN APPRECIATION

By LILY NIGHTINGALE, F. T. S.

AUGUSTE RODIN is an apocalyptic realist. He is also a fearless idealist. Like many other great artists, he has a simple character, a direct outlook on life and art; which simplicity is the result of a titanic mind turned in the direction of the synthesis and unification of life and the arts, rather than of analysis and dissection.

M. Paul Gsell has done a great service to all lovers and students of the genius of Rodin, in the collection of this series of *Discourses on Art* (in duologue form) by the master-sculptor, published by M. Grasset, Paris.

Some of the ideas and opinions expressed therein are of to-morrow, rather than to-day; which is to say, that, like all the finest art work (be it in stone, song, or words), it is universal rather than periodic. Indeed, the book is of vast prophetic value. It is one of the Herald-series of works of genius, of which posterity is the true parent.

The book is, emphatically, one to buy—to possess, rather than to mutilate and disintegrate by quotation. Still, as we cannot present the reader with a complete translation of the three hundred odd pages (without incurring something more severe than wrath on the part of the publisher, and even mild editorial perturbation), there is nothing for it but to discuss, as briefly as possible, a few of the leading ideas of the most truly catholic artist of our day. The writer feels neither

timidity nor reservation in thus naming and hailing Rodin as at once catholic and protestant, poetic and of marvellous technical skill. To his deep-gazing contemplative eye all life is beautiful, nothing is excluded from the arena of art. It is for the artist to unveil the beauty of holiness, and also to reveal the lightning-grandeur and titanic splendour of that "one flash of It within the tavern caught".

It is for this reason that we call Rodin an apocalyptic artist. He is at once a seer and a slayer of illusion, votive-priest of Beauty, implacable enemy of all that is false, sickly-sentimental, and mincingly 'pretty'. To him life is a glorious panoramic vision of the work of the World-Creative Artist. Rodin works upon the kingdom of cosmic beauty, sees it with backward prophetic gaze ever-fresh from the Hand of its Maker, and exclaims: "Behold, it is very good." Perhaps only a truly great artist could say that to-day; for illumined eyes alone can pierce the thick curtain of squalor, sordid misery, and gross materiality which hides so much of life from our poor stunted lives of to-day.

Though Rodin deplores, with vivid Gallic bitterness of expression, that the immediate epoch is that of the Engineer Triumphant, and indulges in mild raillery at the expense of M. Gsell, telling him that an artist to-day is a strange monster, belonging perchance to 'megatherium' and 'diplodocian' ancestry, yet the master contends that neither 'glory' nor 'loveliness' have 'passed away'; it is only that our eyes have become blinded, our senses stultified; and he declares that there are those moving among us to-day (in spite of the hideous twin vices of cloaking and distorting the human form divine), as lovely and fair as in the days

of Phidias. There is a foolish superstition among a certain artistic (?) clique that Rodin worships ugliness rather than beauty; the chapter on Phidias and Michael Angelo should show them the error of their ways.

Rodin is eloquent on the artificiality of that which is technically known as the purely academic school—the 'clinique' of the solemn stereotyped academic attitude, the fixed artificial pose, the unnaturally-retained rigidity of figure and muscular system: in fact the entire paraphernalia of the orthodox 'Life School' is anathema to him. He insists upon the poetry of motion, the free, unstudied grace of volitional movement and natural pose. His mode of work therefore, consistently, consists in, as it were "going to and fro" in his atelier and "walking up and down in it," observing the free, un-ordered, unrestrained movements and gestures of his models; as they roam at will about the atelier, Rodin watches, observes, admires, criticises, (be it noted that discriminative appreciation is the first function of true, æsthetic criticism), and, in short, becomes habituated to the sight of unclothed humanity, moving freely before his eyes, where he can study the grace and the technique of the subjects of his 'airy visions' and the science of the chiselling of the human body, respectively. This constant panorama of the nude, in the natural actions of daily life, was, the artist is convinced, at once the joy and power of the sculptors of ancient Greece. The grammar of the language of form was ever open to their studious and reverent gaze. They knew that it is not only the human face which is the mirror of the soul, but that every muscle, each gesture, is a tone in the harmony of human expression. Among these 'unheard

melodies' the master moves, silently marking the fleeting grace of gesture and momentary action, the energy of muscle, the flowing curve of outlined limb. Swiftly he 'marks' various expressions which either specially appeal to his sense of beauty, or illustrate some particular subject on which he is at work. He then makes a lightning-sketch in clay, and will pass from one to another with extraordinary rapidity and sureness of touch. This is the secret of the marvellous 'life' pulsating throughout Rodin's creations. Whether we 'like' them or not, is another matter altogether—as we stand before them, the 'Balzac,' the 'Vieille Heaulmerie,' the 'Baiser,' to take three typical and widely-differing subjects, we see that they "live and move and have their being," that they are *creations* first, and sculptures afterwards.

When we turn to the philosophy of life expressed in the terse and supple language of one who is an artist in thought, as well as in feeling, we see how the whole trend and make-up of the man follow naturally from his gospel of the catholicity of Beauty—verily and indeed "*Le style, c'est l'homme.*"

In the three chapters 'Reality in Art,' 'For the Artist all Nature is beautiful,' and 'Thought in Art,' the same theme runs, connecting them together with a golden thread of poetic truth and philosophic fearlessness. He 'blinks' at nothing. Sorrow, shame, the ravages of disease and vice, the treachery of a friend, the loss of the Beloved—each and all are chords and notes in the Chorale of Beauty. The discords must enter—they are necessary for the transmutation and sublimation into harmony. It is of profound significance, from the point of view of 'the higher æstheticism,' this spiritualisation and

consecration of *everything that is* in the service of Beauty. 'Optimist' does not define Rodin's attitude to life. It is something more. For Optimism speaks of hope eternal, whereas we feel, as we read the sculptor's *credo*, that he *knows* "all's love, yet all's law". In his own words: "To him [the artist] all is beautiful, because for ever on his path [he walks ever therein] shines the light of spiritual truth. . . . His ecstasy [of joy and pain] is terrific in its intensity, yet it is but a rite in his ceaseless adoration of truth. . . . When he sees, face to face, the *will* that has decreed all these mysterious laws [of human destiny], then, more than ever, he rejoices in the knowledge . . . formidable is the happiness of one who lives thus, upheld by truth." A great faith, a huge force, in this day of small things.

The description of Rodin's personal appearance, gives us the clue to the dual force inherent in his nature. "The eyes of a mystic dreamer. The hands of an inspired workman." The eyes, dreamy, often half-closed, yet sometimes wide-gazing, displaying irises of deep, clear, blue; large hands, short fingers, strong and supple. One the personification of deep spirituality and keen observance; the other the expression of strength and passion. In the chapter on 'Thought in Art,' the sculptor defends himself against another charge frequently brought against him by the clique of 'little critics' and voiced by M. Gsell—*viz.*, that his works make an undue appeal to writers, and the 'faculty of letters' generally; that in the vaulting ambition of literary aspiration he o'erreaches art itself, which does not concern itself unduly with the world of philosophy. To this Rodin replies that, if his technique were unskilful, or if he failed to give life to

his marble creations, his critics would have good cause to complain; but, if the execution be correct, if the subject embody and express the idea, why complain because the artist offers them an embodied thought, an ideal, rather than a clever monument of mere uninspired technique? True artists, says Rodin, are not content with being or remaining merely clever workmen, they are *thinkers*, their thoughts taking substantial form in marble, music, colour, words, or whatever be their medium. He explains how, in sculpture, the worker must make the hand obey the brain, must ceaselessly visualise in the mental world the finished 'image' which daily grows toward its prototype, by the work of hand, obedient to eye and soul alike; and he points out that this ceaseless mental visualisation is not possible save by hard, concentrated and persistent, mental effort. Gsell then puts the age-long question round which the critics still "furiously rage together," as to whether there is not a boundary line of impassable rigidity between the worlds of art and literature? Rodin replies, characteristically, that he is not careful to answer him in this matter, and that, if there is one, he, for one, is not particular to keep on this side of it. He then publicly declares himself a believer in the unity, and therefore the harmony, of the arts, seeing in them all only so many ways of expressing the Inexpressible, and an attempt to give "a local habitation and a name" to that which is of Eternity, beyond space and time, and yet the germ of which is in the heart of every true artist. (We paraphrase and condense, but the faithful meaning is rendered.) The sculptor gives as an example of this basic unity of art, the 'critique' bestowed on his statue of Victor Hugo—that the critic felt it not so

much sculpture, as music—that it had the effect on him of a Beethoven symphony. “I thank Heaven for that,” adds Rodin! Yet the master pleads strenuously for the utmost skill of finished and powerful technique, and is no upholder of the sloppy ‘formless aspirational school’. (That is why we call him ‘Seer and Workman’.) At the conclusion of a dissertation on ‘Mystery in Art’, from which it is almost sacrilegious to quote, as the chapter is a prose poem, a *credo* and dithyrambic expression of poetry in art, after having declared that art is a religion, and that all the greatest artists were and are among the most *truly* religious men, he gives as a parting shot: “It must be remembered that the first commandment in this religion for those who would practise it, is to know the science of modelling an arm, torso, thigh.” A characteristic ending to a chapter headed ‘Mystery in Art’.

In the discourse on the genius of Greece, as exemplified in Phidias, and the spirit of the Renaissance in Michael Angelo, in whom also he sees the *sturm und drang* of the Gothic period, wherein entered the rites of the worship of sorrow, Rodin remarks, in passing, that the popular idea of the Renaissance as the resurrection of Paganism and its victory over Gothic mysticism is incorrect. He points out that Donatello, Ghirlandajo and Michael Angelo, three of the greatest names of that period, were certainly inspired as much by Christian as by Pagan ideals, for in these three we see the storm-wrought beauty of pain and grief, notably of course in Michael Angelo.

After pointing to the exquisite play and distribution of light and shade, the beautiful balance and proportion of the body as a whole, and every member separately,

shown in the representative period of Greek art, the master points the artistic moral, and shows how the antique spirit stands for serenity, joy of life, grace, equilibrium, for a life balanced and perfectly poised. The technical side of Greek art he sums up in one valuable phrase: “The science of planning”. Then turning to Michael Angelo and his school, he shows how this is Night and Shadow in art, as the Ancients revelled in Morning and Light. In Michael Angelo we see the unquiet Spirit, bound in heavy trammels of flesh, seeking to escape the bondage. We hear the very groans of weariness and despair as we stand before the creations of the Titan of Effort—we are veritable witnesses and beholders of the martyrdom of God imprisoned in mortality. Yet over all broods the sad yet sacrificial willingness of the victim. Agony is ennobled by the spirit in which it is endured. Here again we draw near to that sacred land on whose borders all great thoughts meet, for therein were they born. We stand with Dante in the regions of despair, listening to the cries of sinners paying toll of their sin, yet hearing far off the songs of those who have finished their atonement and won the white robes of celestial hue, ‘garments of light’. Michael Angelo has much of the stern tenderness of the Florentine poet, and we see his ‘range’ of expression, too, when we turn from the tortured soul of ‘A Captive,’ to the marvellous lineaments of the Delphic ‘Sibyl’. And we know the life-history of Angelo and how, before physical death came to him, his mighty soul learnt the lesson that even art only brings man to the *brink* of the Infinite, and leaves him there, shivering and unsatisfied. This is perhaps the most precious gift of art, that it speaks as nothing else

speaks of that which is beyond words, and on the further side of music. Rodin confesses that the mystery in things and beyond things haunts him. Nature herself is but a glorious veil, concealing—what? We know not. Fittingly, the artist concludes, in the penultimate chapter, with a confession that he himself has “oscillated throughout his life, between the two great Schools of Sculpture, those of Phidias and Michael Angelo”. M. Gsell tells us with what mastery of skill Rodin made, moulded before his eyes as he watched, two clay figures, respective illustrations and exemplars of the Greek and Italian masters. The sculptor’s philosophy of inclusion is typical of his mind, and his great and sane view of life as the storehouse of all—the expressed, the unexpressed, and that which must remain for ever inexpressible—because it begins where humanity casts off its robe-garment of flesh.

To conclude an all too brief sketch of the trend of this book, grateful as sunlight in spring to the mind arid with twentieth century machine-made objects, wounding the eyes and sensibilities of those who still believe in the ‘Use of Artists’ (the title of the last chapter of Rodin’s discourses), the two themes that reverberate ceaselessly in the sculptor’s thoughts and tones are—the Catholicity of Art, the ceaseless Labour of the Artist—for what? “Art speaks to man of the purpose for which he was created. It reveals to him the meaning of life, illuminates the destiny of man, is for him the *orientation* of existence.” Thus saith a twentieth century Titan.

Who can doubt the source of the inspiration of Rodin? It is the *Wisdom of the Gods*—Theosophy.

Lily Nightingale

EDUCATION FROM THE AMERICAN STANDPOINT¹

By S. E. PALMER, B.Sc., F.T.S.

Principal of the Theosophical Girls' School, Benares

IF you were to ask a citizen of the United States the question: “Of what institution of your country are you most proud?” the reply almost invariably would be: “Of our public school system.” Indeed in this field they recognise only one rival, Germany. People in the highest positions—governors of States, judges, congressmen, millionaires, usually send their children to the public school, at least through the lower grades. Knowledge of human nature and ability to stand on one’s own feet are lessons learned in the public school, and it is deemed that they cannot be learned too early. A child that needs to be coddled, or one who cannot keep up with his class, is sent to a private school. Those wishing some variety of religious instruction send their children to a denominational school, of which there are many sorts. A few for social reasons prefer a private school. Two privately endowed institutions, Harvard and Yale, stand at the very head of all our

¹ A paper read at the Theosophical Educational Conference held in connection with the Thirty-Eighth Convention of the T. S. at Benares on 31st December 1913.

colleges and universities. Vassar, Wellesley Smith and Bryn Mawr, also privately endowed, are the leading colleges for women.

In large cities one finds the greatest extremes of wealth and poverty; but there is practically little mingling of these two classes in the public schools, for this reason: the city is divided into wards, each provided with its own schools. Residence determines the school. Poor people live where rents are cheapest, hence slum children attend slum schools; good schools they are, with well-qualified teachers. If a child of the slums struggles on until he reaches high school or university, he usually has something in him which commands the respect of his associates, and there is generous recognition of his worth. The spirit of fair play works out on the playground and in the class-room, and no child is ostracised merely for his poverty. A boy who puts on airs and looks down upon his fellow-pupils, because of his father's wealth, will soon be taught a few lessons not in the curriculum. There is now in the United States Senate a man who was not only born poor but has been blind since childhood. Every schoolboy likes to feel that, if he studies well, there is a possibility that he himself may attain to the highest office in the gift of the nation. The history of our country justifies such hopes. It is believed that nature's hall-mark is not always according to dollars and cents. The land of Abraham Lincoln must have a higher standard of value.

In order to comprehend our public school system it is necessary to know the source of the funds employed; and here a few statistics will try your patience. It is needless to say the schools are well supported. Private institutions have no better buildings or equipment.

Federal aid, that is, aid from the general Government, is given at present to 87 universities, colleges and schools to encourage special departments. Agriculture is most frequently so favoured. The chief support however of these Government aided schools comes from the State in which the school is located.

When the territories were admitted to Statehood certain unoccupied lands were set apart for the benefit of schools. By the sale of such lands to settlers, or their rental for agricultural, mining or other purposes, a State fund was established, the interest of which is devoted to schools, and for the maintenance of charitable and penal institutions. To illustrate the plan and show the secure foundation of our school system, let me take Minnesota, a State which stands high educationally among her sister States. Minnesota ranks second financially, having a State education permanent fund of 29 million dollars, that is, 870 lakhs of rupees. Officials estimate that present contracts on timber lands and iron ore districts will increase the State fund in the next generation to 150 million dollars, or 4,500 lakhs of rupees. It must be said, however, that the chief support of public schools comes not from this State fund, but from county, district and municipal taxation. These taxes are of course voted by the people themselves. Occasionally a heavy tax-payer of the old sort grumbles a little and demands that education be confined to the "three R's"; but his protest falls on deaf ears. The majority rules in America.

The university of Minnesota received last year over 80 lakhs of rupees as its current income. The universities of Illinois and Wisconsin each expended over two million dollars, that is, 60 lakhs of rupees each.

Tuition in the State university is absolutely free. It may be of interest to Indian friends to know that a few poor but ambitious students earn their board and lodging by performing certain duties within the institution. Four boys in my own class thus paid their way. Three swept the floors of the main building after the day's session, five days in the week. The fourth knew the use of tools and made little repairs when needed. Of the sweepers, one is now a very successful businessman, with a large warehouse of his own, well stocked with goods. One is a popular Presbyterian minister. The third is high up in the educational hierarchy of the State. The mender of broken benches became an attorney for the Northern Pacific Railway. On that side of the world one hears the phrase 'the dignity of labour'.

It is only another way of saying: "A man's a man for a' that."

Many years ago a State High School Board was established under the direction of the president of the State university. Any high school in the State willing to conform to the requirements of the board receives annually one thousand two hundred rupees, a sum usually expended on library, museum and laboratory. Most of the high schools outside of the large cities came under the board's control. The requirements are rigid as regards equipment, sanitation and staff efficiency. University professors in twos and threes are detailed to make the circuit of these schools once or twice a year, and report to the board. Written examinations under strict conditions are held at the close of the school year. Papers are re-examined and checked by examiners appointed by the board and not living in the vicinity.

The pass mark is 65 per cent. In each subject a certificate is given to the successful pupil who, on entering the State university, presents his or her certificates and is exempted from examination in those subjects. I doubt if the pass mark is less than 65 per cent in any school in the State. In the Minneapolis High School the minimum mark was 80 per cent during several years when I was acquainted with the school.

Each year the high schools are re-arranged in the list according to number of pass marks and general efficiency. There is a great rivalry in attaining high places. One school by heroic efforts of superintendent, staff and pupils leaped from No. 19 to No. 1 in one year, and then there was great rejoicing. As the examination approaches the strain becomes great. A single typical illustration will show the earnestness of these high school pupils. A girl in one of the higher classes was fond of society and neglected her work. Several members of her class went to her of their own accord and begged her to work harder or she would certainly fail. They said: "If you will not study for the credit of the school, then study for the honour of our class." Their efforts had the desired effect.

If the visiting agents of the State High School Board commend the class-work of a teacher for several consecutive years, that teacher is given a certificate entitling him or her to act as principal in any high school under the direction of the board, without the usual examination. It represents professional skill in teaching, and in this respect ranks above any college diploma.

It is well known that co-education is the rule in public schools throughout the whole country. Naturally

to all of us the best way is the way to which we have been accustomed from childhood. It is difficult therefore to judge this matter impartially. That the custom continues is a proof of its popularity. Separate play-grounds are used, and boys and girls are generally seated on opposite sides of the room, but often sit together in the class during recitation periods. It is believed that early association of the sexes checks the tendency to sentimentality. Continuous proximity rids the mind of foolish ideas. Distance lends enchantment and glamour and mystery. There is keener rivalry to stand well in the class; neither sex wishes to be outdone by the other. This is but human nature. It is like taking sides on the football field.

The vast majority of teachers in the grades are women. It is sometimes called 'woman's monopoly'. In the kindergarten, now a permanent feature of city schools, women teachers have undisputed sway. In India we often hear it said: "They are little children; anybody can teach them." At home the qualifications of a primary teacher are most carefully considered. The lowest infant room is thought to be the most important of all, and good salaries are paid to the teacher endowed by nature with love, patience and gentleness, and the ability to make simple things interesting to a child.

The most marked tendency at present is the consolidation of rural schools in all States where there are thinly populated districts. There is but one real objection to the plan and that is the distance the children must go. I wrote for information regarding these innovations. My informant visited a typical consolidated school, several neighbouring districts having joined forces. The site chosen was in a village of 300 or 400

inhabitants. There is not another school within a radius of six miles. The sixty-thousand-dollar-building contains fourteen school-rooms with all modern conveniences. It has bubbling drinking fountains and the most approved sanitation. Teamsters are hired just as the teachers are, and transport pupils to and from school. Sometimes, instead of paying the teamsters, the districts concerned grant Rs. 90 a year to each family living more than two and a half miles from the school, to pay for the use of a horse. In these rural schools well-qualified teachers receive from Rs. 135 to 165 per month.

There has been of late a great awakening in what is called vocational training. The idea is roughly expressed in the saying: "No more educated fools going about looking for a job." Manual training and domestic science courses are given in the high schools.

The agricultural course is offered in towns of a few thousand inhabitants. Some agricultural instruction is now given in nearly all schools of the United States. By a recent decision of the Supreme Court, industrial training is within the reach of every child in the State of Minnesota. If it is not available in the locality the pupil may go to any other school, and the home district must pay the tuition fees of such a non-resident pupil.

The health of school children now receives much attention. Defective children are given special treatment. "The extent to which an American child is educated in matters of hygiene appears from a recent episode in a Boston school," says a home paper. "The class had visited the art museum and the teacher wished to learn what the children had observed and how they were impressed. The subject at the moment was the exquisite

head of Aphrodite, one of the chief treasures of the museum. A little boy who frantically waved his hand was called upon. He announced triumphantly: "I noticed she had adenoids."

"Why, Peter," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "what do you mean?" "She keeps her mouth open all the time," was the reply.

In methods the United States, like Germany, is ever ready to discard the old when a better way is found. Love of nature is cultivated by a graded series of object-lessons in the natural sciences continued from kindergarten to high school. Direct observation of nature is required, though excellent guides for the use of teachers are published. Child study is a definite department of nature study, the teacher here being the seeker after knowledge. In this, one does not study text-books but the working of the child's mind, and the evolution of its faculties and powers. Professor Earl Barnes of Leland Stanford University, was a pioneer in this work. Scores of teachers with thousands of school children co-operated with him in his endeavour to arrive at general principles of child growth and mental development. Numerous charts were the result of his observation and experiments. He measured school children at regular intervals and weighed them. This was continued for a long time. On examining his material, he found that every boy and girl, during about one year of his or her life, does not grow at all or increase in weight. A boy reaches the stage a year later than the girl. During this stationary period the child is more or less languid, nervous and irritable, and inclined to melancholy. Parents are asked not to dose such children with medicine but give them pleasant exercise in the open air. A plain but nutritious

diet is recommended. Above all, teachers as well as parents are advised to give such a boy or girl kindness and sympathy even though the varying and often perverse moods may be trying. Growth is resumed in about a year.

In the normal schools, effects of colours on young and sensitive children are observed. For example the professor brings a group of teachers into the room of the infant class. Red screens are rolled down covering all the walls. Red paper is given to the children to cut. There is perfect quiet. The children are accustomed to daily inspection. Soon the pupils show signs of nerve excitability. They are quick in their movements and impatient of control. Presently the red screens are gently removed and blue is substituted in the environment and work. The excited nerves quiet down, and the flushed cheeks regain their usual tint and all is again quiet and serene.

An American primary teacher is careful in choosing the colour of the dress she is to wear in school. Soft pretty tints pleasing to the eyes of a child are selected.

Professor Barnes, through his assistants, asked some thousands of children what colour they liked best. Red was the general favourite, a clear bright red. Blue comes next. Strangely enough more boys than girls like blue best of all. The returns from one section puzzled Professor Barnes not a little. They upset his averages. Enquiry was made as to the cause of this anomaly. It was found that in a recent local election, distinguishing colours of banners and badges had been adopted by the two rival parties. These colours were the ones chosen. During the first four years of a child's life, neither red nor blue is the favourite colour.

Yellow is the colour of the cover of the book the babe reaches its hand to grasp, even though red and blue books are placed beside it. A packet of plain coloured cards was given to little children to sort according to shades and harmonies. The discovery was made that tiny children whose home surroundings were in good taste, had a distinct feeling for harmony.

We teach only five days in the week, and no home work is required in any of the lower grades. In an average well-regulated school the pupils are as busy as a parson preparing his sermon. We have a summer vacation of from two and a half to three months, one or two weeks for Christmas holidays, and one week at Easter at the close of the winter term. During the rest of the year there are few holidays. There is one day each for Washington and Lincoln. Arbour day is given up to tree-planting, with appropriate songs and recitations. A national Thanksgiving Day is a time for family reunions. On Memorial Day honour is paid to the memory of those who fell in the Civil War. The blue and the grey are now impartially eulogised, whether the place be North or South.

Patriotism is cultivated by pretty and impressive ceremonies, when the national flag is unfurled and saluted by school children.

It is not the custom to grant a holiday in honour of the visit of any noted personage.

These observations may give some idea of our public schools as a system, but their spirit is difficult to indicate in words. It may be said that progress is the aim, and fossilisation and stagnation the condition to be avoided at all costs, in American schools.

S. E. Palmer

A GREAT MYSTIC AND WORKER¹

By MISS C. S. BREMNER

SECTION I

“THE Nightingales are ducks ; they have produced a wild swan,” said the mother of the subject of Sir Edward Cook’s deeply interesting biography. Florence was born in 1820, the second of William Shore Nightingale’s two daughters, his only children. The fact that she had a most sympathetic father and no brothers was important in her career. Her father held those views on the Education of Women that are usually ascribed to pioneers. Both girls had admirable abilities, they read Latin and Greek with him with ease and studied history and philosophy. “One should be wise in the choice of one’s parents,” a German proverb tells us, and there is no doubt that Miss Nightingale showed this exceptional wisdom. From her father she obtained a mental grasp, a concentration and a thoroughness which were to make her a power in England. Very early in life she felt a certainty that she was called to some great vocation. She spent at least ten years of her life trying to discover what it could be ; nor was she a ‘comfortable’ woman to live with until the point was settled. Young, rich, handsome, a linguist and a musician, even a thinker, so brilliant a conversationalist

¹ *Life of Florence Nightingale*, by Sir Edward T. Cook.

that she could play well her part in distinguished society, nothing seemed to satisfy her. Life without high purpose seemed to her a dismal mockery, and often she repeated tragically: "My God, what is to become of me? . . . I see nothing desirable but death." There was absolutely no outlet in the forties for a gifted young Englishwoman.

I have said that she was an admirable linguist, a thinker, an observer. When the Nightingales travelled on the continent, Florence was busy taking systematic notes on the social conditions of the people, their laws, and land tenure, showing deep interest in their politics and especially in the state of agriculture. Wherever the Nightingales travelled, they had letters of introduction to the best people of the place, so that their tours were far more instructive than what is styled a continental tour to-day. Brilliant and truly educational as much of it was, she insisted, when she was thirty, that she should be left behind at Pastor Fliedner's Institution at Kaisersworth to study nursing (1850), and repeated her visit in 1851. Then she inspected all the important nursing sisterhoods in France; it was almost as if she had foreseen the exact lines of her vocation. At this time a friend wrote a few stanzas in honour of this earnest and purposeful young woman; they are not only a tribute to Florence Nightingale, but may be cited as an instance of women's wonderful intuitive powers:

In future years, in distant climes,
Should war's dread strife its victims claim,
Should pestilence, unchecked betimes,
Strike more than sword, than cannon maim,
He who then reads these truthful rhymes
Will trace her progress to undying fame.

This prophecy was published in 1852.

SECTION II

The following year Miss Nightingale spent as Superintendent of a small hospital for sick gentlewomen in Harley Street; here this able, clear-eyed, determined young woman learnt something about the puerile and unbusiness-like nature of Committees. There were two of these to manage her; but ere long, she managed *them* and evolved order out of chaos. There sat on one of them Mrs. Sidney Herbert, wife of Sidney Herbert, now Secretary *at War*; the pair had met Miss Nightingale on her foreign travels and been deeply impressed by her great powers. When it dawned on the English people during the Crimean War, that men's lives were being poured out like water, that the sick and wounded were shamefully neglected, there was a terrible outcry in the press. As a result, two letters crossed each other in mid October, 1854, one from Sidney Herbert begging his friend to go out to Scutari and organise the nursing of the sick, the other from Miss Nightingale offering her services. She sailed in less than a week, provided with all necessary powers from the War Office and accompanied by 38 nurses. "I wish those who may afterwards complain about our nurses could have seen the lot we had to choose from," said Miss Stanley. In all, Miss Nightingale only had 125 nurses in this war; during the Boer War there were at least 800 in S. Africa.

It is of little avail to go over all that terrible story of neglect, incapacity, futility, self-satisfied conceit. There lay before these courageous women the damning fact that 42·2 per cent of the men admitted to Scutari hospital died in it; Miss Nightingale and her staff

brought the figure down to 2·2. There were four miles of beds, or what ought to have been bedsteads. Of these there were plenty locked up in the stores, but unobtainable, because it needed some official or board to distribute them, and neither could be found! At 3 or 4 in the afternoon, the stores' department was still busy weighing out raw rations in twos and fours, that ought to have been cooked and served for the noon dinner. Miss Nightingale was a born organiser and administrator, a woman with a massive brain and unconquerable will. Her first order was for 300 scrubbing brushes and all the paraphernalia needed for cleaning. She caustically remarked of the vermin in the Scutari hospital that, with organisation and co-operation, they could have dragged the sick to London and left them in front of the Horse Guards! Every man who wanted things straightening, who wanted the sick to be nursed and fed, welcomed Miss Nightingale and her faithful band. But she had two great lions in the path, military prejudice and medical jealousy. She was a born diplomatist and walked warily. Yet emerge these two bare, bald facts from the long tale of disaster, incapacity, and muddle, that some men cared more for their reputations than for soldiers' lives, and that meanness and jealousy are, or were then, rampant in the Army. As the sick soldiers saw order, cleanliness, well-cooked food, and care for their wounds and enfeebled health, emerge from the chaos at Scutari, they were heard telling each other that if only Miss Nightingale were at the front, Sebastopol would have fallen long ago! That may or may not be, but her biographer holds that a very great commanding genius was lost to England when Florence Nightingale was born a woman. Presumably the

English could not rise to the level of the French, the most military nation of Europe, who in the fifteenth century found only a woman General with enough capacity to rid their land of the foreign invader. It may be well to quote here the dictum of Augustus Stafford, M. P., who afterwards described on the floor of the House of Commons the state of the hospitals before Miss Nightingale's arrival. He said he had "only met two men in the East, Omar Pacha and Florence Nightingale". When all her terrible task was finished, and its details can only be glanced at here, Her Majesty placed a man-of-war at Miss Nightingale's disposal to convey her home. The offer was gratefully declined. The heroine of the Crimea travelled home incognita as Miss Smith, and reached London after an absence of twenty-one months. As she had declined a warship, so she declined triumphal arches, addresses from mayors and corporations, three regimental (and very famous) bands to meet her in London to sound the loud timbrel, numerous proposals of marriage from men who had never seen her. Nearly all the lives of Florence Nightingale, all those written by the sentimental, close at this point. In reality, the Crimea was a brief episode, mere child's play, in her extraordinary career; its real starting-point dates from her return to England.

SECTION III

Miss Nightingale was suffering from neurasthenia and overstrain; she needed a year's absolute rest, perhaps three, *ni lire, ni écrire, ni réfléchir*. But with her nature, this was impossible; she continued to wear herself out, so that she, a young woman of thirty-six,

became almost an invalid, and did not recover her health until her old age. Whilst baby girls, streets, race-horses, wings of hospitals, had her name bestowed on them, Miss Nightingale was burning for her campaign, preparing her great battle for health in the British Army. Her character was based on order and method; its most salient points were deep emotionalism, a firm grasp of general principles, a complete command of detail. She was the heroine of the hour, Kings and Princes were prepared to bow down before her. Probably no one has cared so much or so long for the British soldier as Florence Nightingale; his officers often spoke of him as a drunken brute, and for this reason perhaps afforded him more opportunities of drinking injurious spirits than of rational recreation and education. She returned home filled with a passion of resentment because 9,000 of "her children" had died of preventable disease, caused and aggravated by mismanagement. No one could possibly have been a greater enemy of the muddle-through-anyhow policy than Florence Nightingale. "I stand here at the altar of the murdered men," she wrote in her diary in 1856. When she "took on the War Office business," as she jestingly phrased it, there is little doubt that she merely intended to reform military hospitals, to get them placed during peace on such a footing that they could be of some use during war. From this, she gradually extended her aims so as to include the barracks, their sanitary condition, and the whole life of the soldier. No health could be possible without including everything. From this it was but a step to the War Office itself; Miss Nightingale came very near to reforming that august body. Had it not been for the death of her 'master' and great

collaborator, Sidney Herbert, in 1861, most likely the impossible would have been achieved.

When she saw how thick were the honours destined for her, including a command visit to Balmoral, the friendship of the Queen and Prince Consort, devotion and honour on every hand, she considered that if anything were 'due' to her, it should be paid in the form of something good for the troops. She was supposed to be dying in 1857, and proposed that any money she might be entitled to on the death of her parents should be applied to a model Barracks. She entered into details of day-rooms for the men, gymnasium, reading-rooms, lavatories, and a sort of model dwelling for the married men. A strange ambition for a woman. Sir John McNeil, who had been sent to the Crimea by Lord Palmerston to report on the Commissariat system, and who had also seen the details of the Gigantic Muddle, wrote her, after their return home: "To you more than to any other man or woman alive will henceforth be due the welfare and efficiency of the British Army." I know not whether the reviewers of this able book have not properly read the *Life* in these days of hustle; or whether they do not like to give honour to whom it is due. But so far as I know, scarcely a review credits this great woman with the real work to which she devoted all her long life, a task to which she returned again and again and for which she possessed unrivalled powers. "She is the most gifted of God's creatures," said Dr. John Sutherland, one of the leading sanitarians of the last century. None but she could do it. Her biographer has justly assigned the honour to her; our press, whose main characteristic is lack of courage, has failed to tell its readers what was the great task

Miss Nightingale set herself and how far she achieved success. One of the chief military papers in this country in a long review of the *Life* never so much as alludes to Miss Nightingale's work at the War Office and in India.

SECTION IV

Mr. Herbert was no longer at the War Office on Miss Nightingale's return from the Crimea. There began between them one of those long close friendships based on common interest in a great public work which did infinite honour to both. She herself said that she had never known patriotism so pure as Sidney Herbert's. She had a caustic wit, and commenting once on what wives and mothers pretend to feel, declared that she could mount three widows' caps on her head, one for Herbert, one for A. J. Clough, and a third for her aunt.

There was to be a Royal Commission on the Health of the Army, to inquire into the condition of barracks, hospitals and the Medical Department. Mr. Herbert was President and his collaborator had a great deal to say on the appointment of the Commissioners, on the terms of reference, on minimising delay, on preparing telling questions for those who were to be examined. There were also four Sub-Commissions that required a terrible amount of taskmaster's energy and zeal. Together Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale wrote the Report, and then, most difficult of all, *they started to enforce it*. Almost from girlhood, Miss Nightingale had been interested in statistics. She not only gathered them, but made terrifying inductions and comparisons from them. The state of the barracks was too often

highly insanitary, and justified Miss Nightingale's dictum that there is death in the barracks.

Mortality Rates

St. Pancras civil rate	... 2·2	(per mille)
" " Life Guards	... 10·4	"
Kensington, civil rate	... 3·3	"
Knightsbridge barracks	... 17·5	"

They had to meet the danger of all the proposed reforms being shelved along with the Blue books in which they were recommended. They worked the press industriously. In 1859 Mr. Herbert himself was made Secretary for War under Lord Palmerston; things began to hum. The Sub-Commissions were working hard to reform barracks and hospitals, reorganise army medical statistics, reform cookery—all the time Miss Nightingale was in the Crimea the great Soyer worked hand in hand with her in the kitchens; much needed instruction in hygiene was henceforth to be given to young army doctors, fresh regulations were made for the purveyor's and other departments. "You cannot improvise an army," said Lord Roberts. "You cannot improvise the Army Medical Service," added Miss Nightingale. But in the midst of their arduous labour for hygiene and sanitation in general, she and Mr. Herbert arrived at the inevitable conclusion that the War Office too needed reorganising! The task was so to organise during peace, that *the machinery should stand the test of war*. It is probably near the truth to say that very much was done towards this great aim when Lord Herbert died in 1861. The mainspring however had not been put in, and thus it

seemed as if all were lost, and as if those in power would not advance a step, but rather undo Herbert's work. She wrote to a colleague: "The reign of intelligence at the War Office is over; the reign of muffs has begun." Herbert's death was the greatest grief of her life.

But Miss Nightingale was never more of a General than in the hour of defeat. Lord de Grey (Lord Ripon), a follower of Herbert's, was Under-Secretary of War; she moved heaven and earth to get him appointed Secretary and succeeded. The work of reform went on; but complete reorganisation was not achieved then, nor has it been yet.

SECTION V

Miss Nightingale had already proved by her comparison of barrack mortality with that of ordinary civil life that aggregations of individuals demand special attention to sanitary conditions. By the great work that she did for hospitals and nursing between 1855-1861 she proved from statistics that diseases treated in hospitals have a higher mortality than those treated outside hospitals. In other words, the aggregation of the sick produces special diseases. She wrote a noted work, *Notes on Hospitals*, in which she enumerated sixteen sanitary defects in the construction of hospital wards, which thereby deprive the patients of the air, space and light which are necessary elements in their recovery. She was the foremost sanitarian of her day and carried on the battle for health from her bedroom, having Kings, Princes, and Rulers among her visitors and correspondents, not to mention mere Members of Parliament,

Councillors, Sanitary Engineers, and others. Her advice about infirmaries was almost always to rebuild and not "patch-up their pest-houses". S. Thomas' Hospital with its seven pavilions is an instance of what Miss Nightingale desired. Netley Hospital is on the old plan she condemned; she twice, before it was erected, put up a gallant fight to have pavilions there also. It was during this period of her life that she wrote *Notes on Nursing*, which had an immense circulation and was translated into many languages. It should here be said that the nation had presented Miss Nightingale with £44,000 on her return from the Crimea, a sum to which very few doctors contributed. It was used as a fund for the training of nurses, and a Training School was begun in connection with S. Thomas' Hospital; its supervision, the programme of study, the fitting up of a wing of the hospital for their accommodation, the sending of the nurses out in that capacity, or as matrons and heads of institutions, all took up a great deal of the founder's time and involved her in an immense amount of correspondence. Sir Edward Cook considers that three persons in the nineteenth century did more than their contemporaries to relieve human suffering, Simpson, Lister and Florence Nightingale. It cannot be too often repeated that scientific nursing was merely one facet of her manifold kinds of usefulness. She was the sanitarian of the day; at everyone's beck; a species of consultant whose terms were gratis, the consultation often ending in her subscribing to the needs of individuals and institutions. In the publication of the Blue book on the health of the Army, Miss Nightingale spent £700, scattering it right and left royally, seeing that copies were placed where she and Mr. Herbert wanted

The impelling power in her was tremendous; she lived in absolute seclusion, but in imagination always stood at "the altar of the murdered men". She was a relentless task-master, exacting, thorough, determined, and yet with a charm that could not be withstood. The half-jest about widows' caps for Herbert and A. J. Clough had a great deal of truth in it, for both were men sadly overworked. It looks as if three years at Liverpool Infirmary, with Miss Nightingale as the Lady-in-Chief, had done for the incomparable Agnes Jones, the greatest of all the Nightingale nurses. Her health too seems occasionally to have been an excuse for not seeing people, keeping them dangling, sending down notes to fetch them back at another time. Good Dr. Sutherland was able to stand it for thirty or forty years; probably he was the greatest sanitarian of the day after herself. But he had to rebel, take trips up the Mediterranean, and absent himself for other reasons connected with his work. It is wonderful to see so able a man, and one whose time was very limited, making himself her drudge. They had many tiffs, but he always returned to his duty. Afterwards he was succeeded by Sir Douglas Gatton, a Royal Engineer, who had become a kind of relative by marrying her cousin. We all know that relatives are less amenable to charm than outsiders, and the gallant Captain, though devoted to Miss Nightingale, passively resisted after he had been refused admittance. She grasped the state of things and wrote him: "Your dog will see you immediately." Her service somewhat resembled the trenches at Badajos: others stepped on the dead bodies of those who preceded them and fought in the great Cause of Health. She lived to a great age, dying in 1910. Her

executors refused the offer of burial in Westminster Abbey.

All that she achieved was done by influence, nor could she bear during her life-time that people should know of her work for the Army. Will another woman be able to achieve so much, and is there any adequate reason why she should work behind the scenes, like the mover of some great show of puppets? It seems as if our civilisation were landing itself in a strange *impasse*, when the meanness and vanity of men will not let them admit that transcendent ability must have acknowledgment open and above-board, and that the tools must be to her as well as to him that can use them. Already there is some indication in the spiritual world that the wind of the Spirit can blow where it listeth, since four great religious women teachers have, since 1870, obtained the world's recognition of their services to humanity: Catherine Booth, Mme. Blavatsky, Mary B. G. Eddy, and Annie Besant. It is conceivable that they are "the first-fruits of them that have slept" during long centuries, and are only now awaking to the trumpet-call of duty, of social reconstruction.

C. S. Bremner

(To be concluded)

A REMARKABLE PRIEST

THE Burmese Bhikkhu and High Priest, whose portrait we present to our readers, is leading a great movement in Burma which is of much interest to ourselves.

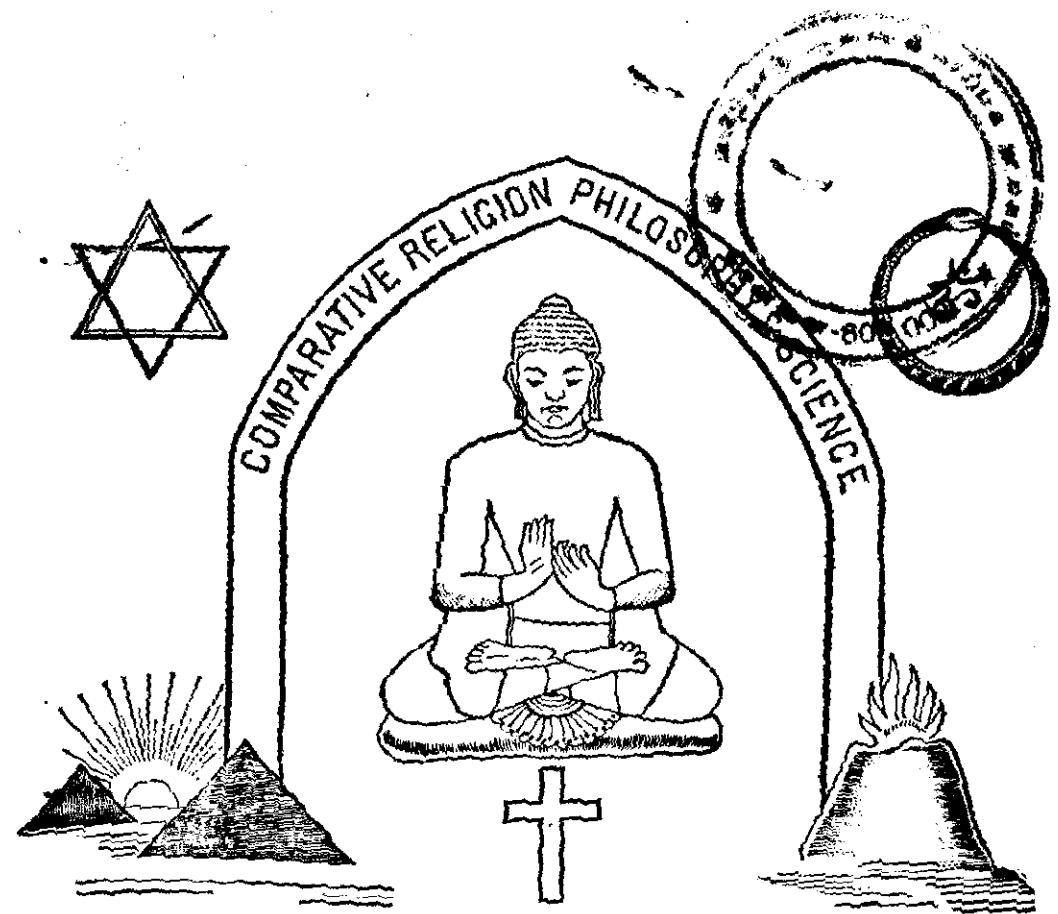
En Magyi Sayadaw U Zaw Tika is but thirty-nine years of age; he resides at Thain Daung Hill, near Wundwin, in the Meiktila District, Burma, and has organised fourteen groups of monasteries, with ninety priests and some seven hundred people, following the rule of life he has laid down. He proclaims the near coming of the Lord Maitreya, the Bodhisattva, and there are nearly fifty thousand people in Burma who have accepted his message, and who are preparing, by meditation and the leading of a pure life, to welcome the coming Lord.

At the age of twelve, the future High Priest meditated deeply over his future work in the world, and there came to him, as an illumination, the idea that he should consecrate himself to an ascetic and solitary life. So he took the yellow robe, and has devoted himself to meditation for the last twenty-seven years. The outcome of this is the message he is now engaged in spreading, with the astounding success which he has so rapidly attained.

This account was taken from his own lips. It is profoundly interesting to learn of this wholly independent movement of preparation in a Buddhist country, where the Lord, when He comes, will evidently find so warm a welcome.



A PROPHETIC BHIKKHU



THE BROTHERHOOD OF ARTS

Paper read at a Meeting

By MABEL BESANT-SCOTT, F. T. S.

THERE are many means of revelation, many ways of finding the Truth, of realising the Divine. To some It comes through meditation, to some through study of and close communion with Nature, to some through service to humanity, to others through Theosophy, and to others again through Art in one or other of its branches. And it is with this last source of inspiration and of uplifting that we are concerned this afternoon.

Art is one, but, like Truth, it shows itself in many aspects—the exquisite colours of the painter, the beautiful forms of the sculptor, the rhythm and balance of carefully chosen phrases and words of the writer, the portrayal in acts and words of the inspiration of the dramatist, the wonderful harmonies and cadences of the musician. To me music is the highest of the arts; and yet what one says of music applies almost equally to the other branches of art. Music appeals first to the senses, then rises through the emotions and the intellect to the sources of our being where it concentrates, striving to get into touch with the Divine Reality, and then to bring it down again through the intellect and the emotions to be expressed on this plane in wondrous harmonies of sound. And that is why we speak of the great composers as being inspired. They have known that Divine Reality, that Divine Inspiration, and so their compositions have been inspired by that greater Power which is the revelation received by them, and transmitted to us in melodious sound. They have used the physical, the emotional, the intellectual, the spiritual, and so have produced that harmony in our different bodies which alone can make us perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect. And so this new body—the Brotherhood of Arts—has been formed, aiming to extend this revelation by means of that art which is to us the expression of the Divine. Each individual member strives to attain perfection in the technique of his particular branch—the love of his art, great though it may be, is not sufficient by itself; the expression must be made perfect or we shall fail in attaining complete harmony.

Mr. Sinnett has a theory why music is perhaps the most popular and the easiest of the arts: it is that music

is carried on into the higher sub-planes, and therefore when the Ego descends again into incarnation it is the *nearest* experience of the ego and consequently the one most easily remembered. If this theory be correct, then surely those of us to whom music is our inspiration should have less difficulty in forging this link which will unite us to the Divine, which will put us in touch with our causal body, the vehicle of the Monad which is our true Self.

There are many other things of which one would like to speak—of the translation of music into colour, of the translation of music into form, or into the melody of poetry. One would like to talk of the spiritual harmonies of Wagner, of the intellectual conceptions of Brahms, the melodious fancies of Mendelssohn, the tenderness and playfulness of Mozart, the newer and more modern school of music into which our composers are translating the more psychic spirit of the age. But time is short, and I can only return to that with which I began, that to the branch of art which I have for the moment the honour to represent, music is the form of revelation which carries us up towards that ideal which we as Theosophists must surely have before us—that perfection of harmony from which the perfect man is evolved.

M. Besant-Scott

R̥SHI GĀRGYĀYAṆA'S PRAṆAVA-VĀḌA

Translated by Babu Bhagavan Das

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

*(Continued from p. 542)*SECTION III *(Continued)*

IN the next chapter, entitled 'The Components of the Vedas,' the relation between the Gāyatrī, the Mahā-Vākyas, the Vedas and Aṅgas and their Upāṅgas are pointed out. Gāyatrī and Mahā-Vākyas the ideation of Mahā-Viṣṇu. Mahā-Viṣṇu, who is the ruler of our Samsāra, and who corresponds in it to the totality of Brahman, first ideates all the laws, methods, means and ends of its procession and then commences actual work instructing the Trimūrtis, who in their turn instruct their subordinates in the matter. Gāyatrī is the "word which embodies the proper time and season of the avadhāraṇa, ideation, which embodies the knowledge that this-and-this fact arises from such-and-such a principle, or seed, or source, and that this is the appropriate method of bringing about this result and for this reason". A Mahā-Vākya embodies the thought of Mahā-Viṣṇu as to each principal method or law of the world-system. Hence is it said that the "Gāyatrī is

the mother of the Veda, the Mahā-Vākya the father, and AUM, the root of all, the grandfather of the Vedas, wherein the Trinity dwells and whence succession flows forth". It is added that "finally, the student obtains the true knowledge of the Mahā-Vākyas and of the Gāyatrī, only after having studied the Aṅgas and the Upāṅgas," the 'limbs' and the 'sub-limbs' which bring out the truths of the Vedas.

In the next chapter much detailed information regarding Gāyatrī and Vyāhṛtis, as bearing upon the World-process, is given. Thereafter the author enters into a very full exposition of Mahā-Vākyas. The matter is so important as to justify the long quotation I make.

'I am Brahman,' Aham-Brahma-asmi, is the source of the R̥g-Veda, corresponding to cognition. 'That I am thus—why is it so and what for?'—such is the significance of the logion connected with the Yajur-Veda and action, viz., Bahuh-syām, 'May I become many'. 'There is nothing here verily,' Na-ēva-asṭi-īha-iti-kiñchana, is the basis of the Sāma-Veda, of the nature of the nexus, desire; its significance is 'How, in what manner, can I be?' Finally comes the logion of the Atharva-Veda and the totality, viz., Aham-Etaṭ-Na-dustaram, 'I-This-Not, the unpassable'; it unifies in itself the other three and explains what is their use, motive, or final cause.

These four logia give birth to the four Vedas. In them, Aham, I, is connected with cognition; Etaṭ, This, refers to Kriyā; and Na, Not, to desire as the nexus. This trinity is unpassable, uncrossable, not to be transcended and got beyond, being everywhere and all-inclusive. The conjunction of Aham with Etaṭ is the birth of Samsāra; and of Etaṭ with Na is its negation or destruction. Therefore Aham-Etaṭ-asmi 'I am this,' and Etaṭ-Na-Aham-asmi, 'I am not This,' are also two Mahā-Vākyas.

It is true that ordinarily Taṭ-tvam-asī, 'That art thou,' Aham-Brahma-asmi, 'I am Brahman,' Sarvam-khalu-idam-Brahma, 'All this verily is Brahman,' and Na-īha-nānā-asṭi-kiñchana, 'There is no many here,' are called the four great sentences. Yet they are such only as means to the primal Logion, I-This-Not. Of these, the first refers to kriyā, wherein is formed the multiplicity of 'thou' and 'I' and 'this' and

'another,' and it is included in the second word of the Logion. The second is the jñāna-mode, included in the first word thereof. The third corresponds to desire, wherein all is negated, and is comprehended in the third word. The fourth amounts to the summation.

So far we have had ten great sentences.

'I am This'—such only is Samsāra. Herein is the combination of cognition and action; desire also is there. Hence arises the eleventh logion: Sattvam-jñānam-anantam Brahma, 'Brahman is truth, knowledge, endless'. Truth is Aham; knowledge is Etaṭ; endless is desire; and the three together are Brahman. By the conjunction of the Ātmā with the Etaṭ arises cognition; knowledge is not possible while there is no conjunction of the two; that conjunction itself, indeed, is knowledge.

That which is knowledge is the truth, and the truth is also the knowledge, and the two together are also the endless.

Again, in the combination of Aham, Etaṭ and Na, a singleness is super-imposed on the whole by the verb-action 'am'; the I is the This, the This is the Not, and the Not again is the I—such is the full significance of the combination. From this results the twelfth *Mahā-Vākya*, Ēkaḥ-Aham-Bahusyām, 'May the one I become many'. Here I corresponds with the one, This with the many; 'may become,' with the Negation. The real inner meaning of this is the logion 'May I not become this' (for I, the one, cannot really become the many) which only declares in another form the sense of 'I-This-Not-am'. These are the twelve *Mahā-Vākyas*. But the chief ones are the four above-mentioned; and even amongst them, the veriest root of all is 'I-This-Not'. (pp. 109, 110, 111, 112.)

In whom this knowledge of Aham-Etaṭ-Na arises, for him is the joy of mōksha. He who knoweth this, knoweth Brahman. He knoweth the essence of his own Self, he knoweth all as him-Self.

As regards the phrase 'Iti-dustaram,' the unpassable, in the logion Aham Etaṭ Na, the following pertinent comment is added by the Rṣhi:

That is impossible to pass, the permutations and combinations of which are beyond counting. On the other hand, from the point of view of the inner relativity and similarity or analogy, all is easy of comprehension; that is to say, if we realise that all this seemingly overpowering endlessness of the object-world is *relative* and *caused* by the endlessness of only our own consciousness, our Self, then

the whole of the World-process becomes simple and easy to grasp, in one act of consciousness, at once. In the supreme idea, I-This-Not, there is no relativity; it is the Absolute that transcends all, includes all, pervades all, while separate and distinct from everything at the same time. By means of and as comprehended in this Law of laws, this great Logion, should the whole of Samsāra be viewed, in order that it may be comprehended truly, for in each individual atom is present this trinity, and nothing else than this trinity, of the Self, the Not-Self, and the Negation (pp. 114-115).

Then follow four chapters respectively devoted to the four Vedas. In the chapter on

Rg-Veda concerns cognition.

Rg-Veda the author refers to the first mantra, 'Agnim-īdē-purohiṭam,' etc., of the first maṇḍala as showing that this Veda concerns cognition. He says:

In Agni, A means Aham, g is the Etaṭ, and ni the Negation. The form of that Agni is light, luminosity. It is true that light is not possible without darkness; but darkness is also inclusively declared here by the word light. Darkness is nothing different or apart from light. As between I and This so between light and darkness there is no separateness, nor any precedence and succedence. 'Agni whose nature is light, the Truth of Brahman, that we would know'—such is the meaning of the mantra (p. 128).

The author further expatiates upon the subject thus:

.... the causes of the origins and destructions of all things: the proper place of each in the World-process; the spatial and temporal extents of all cycles; the growth of individuals out of species and genera, i.e., differentiation; the gradual multiplication of objects by sub-divisions, or embodiment of archetypes and types into concrete individuals; the growth of the heterogeneous out of the homogeneous.... the constant unification of many-seeming things; briefly, the whole of 'becoming' wherein the Self appears to undergo transformations of all possible kinds, to become changed into its very opposite and then to return to its own primal form, to now follow the path of pursuit and now renunciation—the whole of this is described in the Rg-Veda, and the element of cognition is particularly traced and described in all its ramifications through all desires and actions (p. 130).

The chapter on Yajur-Veda is perhaps the longest in the book and consists of so many as seven

sub-sections. Of these, three to seven deal with sacraments prescribed by this Veda. I shall leave the reader to consult the very elaborate explanations thereof, contenting myself with the observation that very intelligible reasons will be found assigned to every one of the sixteen Samskāras in their dual aspect, namely conventional, unreal or formal, and real or metaphysical.

In the opening portion of the chapter under consideration the scope of the Yajur-Veda is thus pointed out:

Yajur-Veda concerns action.

The Yajur-Veda, promulgated by Brahma, is concerned with action. All the laws and methods of all actions whatsoever, from the origin to the dissolution of a world; the working of causes; the connection of cause and effect, of actor and cause; the relations of actor, cause, effect of and motive, with all of which every action is always conjoined; the necessity of all these—whatever, briefly, is included in U; the Etā-factor of the Logion, that makes the contents of the Yajuh (p. 134).

And the above statement is illustrated as follows:

Thus, we hear, 'From ākāsha was born vāyu, air; from vāyu, agni, fire; from agni, āpah, water; from āpah, prthvi, earth; from prthvi, oṣhadhī, herbs; from oṣhadhī, anna, food or corn; from anna, reṭas seed, germ-sperm; and from reṭas, all else.' Such is the course of the procession, samsarāṇā or evolution. (In other words, from the elemental and mineral kingdoms arose the vegetable, and out of the latter, the animal kingdom.) (p. 134).

The author then discusses the question of the relation of action to Mokṣha. The view propounded throughout the work as to Mokṣha is that it consists entirely of the Jīva attaining to universality, i.e., its realising its own identity with the universal consciousness. Consequently the author concludes that even after Mokṣha "performance of paramārtha—work, the acts of duty—remains of necessity; and thus it comes about that jīvan-muktas become the regulators, guides and hierarchs of world-systems". He also adds:

Performance of duty necessary even on the part of the liberated.

Thus, then, action, motion or movement, is a transcendental fact belonging to all time, and mokṣha is not something separate by itself which may be left behind after eliminating all other things. It is rather an all-pervading fact, immanent and included and concealed inseparably within the process of the world, stretching everywhere, in all ways and in all time (p. 137).

Then follow explanations of the well-known terms sālōkya, sāyujya, sāmīpya and sārūpya, which reconcile the states connoted by these terms with the author's definition of liberation.

The next sub-section deals with the subject of the sacrifices prescribed by the Yajur-Veda. The views of the author as to the true meaning of the sacrifices known as Ashva-mēdha, etc., challenge attention. I give the author's explanation below, trusting that the length of some of the quotations will be excused, having regard to the necessity for removing the unmerited slur which the misconception casts upon the scriptures that enjoin these sacrifices. Firstly, as to Ashva-mēdha:

Ashva means that whereby the jīva approaches, ashyatē, comes up to, all beings, i.e., cognition; and mēdha is the act of cognising or knowing. The performance of an ashva-mēdha is therefore the making, the acquiring, of knowledge for the good of all beings. Hence too are ashvas offered up to the fire. Ashvas are objects, things, word-meanings, born of knowledge (i.e., intellectual objects, ideas, or, generally, objects of cognition); the offering of them is the pouring of them into the fire of Brahman (i.e., the assigning to them of their proper places in the Svabhāva of Brahman, the interpreting of them in terms of the Absolute). Hence the statements, as that such-and-such study brings the fruit of a hundred or a thousand ashva-mēdhas. And thus we see how the ashva-mēdha subserves mokṣha (pp. 150-151).

Ashva-mēdha, etc., sacrifices explained; No shedding of blood involved thereby.

As to Go-mēdha:

Go-mēdha is the sacrifice of sound (the sanctification of speech); it signifies the giving or making intelligible of gā or

speech by the medha or intelligence; it is the giving to all of the science of sounds or words. As said before, ashva-medha is the accumulation of all knowledge for the use of all. Even the 'deniers,' nāstikas, who believe the world to be without an Īshvara and without Ātmā, who think that whatever is is of itself, and neither was nor shall be, i.e., who confine themselves to the present moment and refuse to trace any causes and motives for anything into the past or the future, even they actively endeavour to impart their opinions to others. For if all this Samsāra is self-accomplished and without any cause or motive, what is the use to them of entering into this advisory relation with others? Indeed, they do not act up to their views and thereby prove the fallacy of the latter. They find themselves compelled to recognise relations between things; otherwise all advice, counsel and conversation between human beings, such as they also recognise the validity of and themselves indulge in, would be impossible. It appears thus that ashva-medha ought always to be performed; and, indeed, is necessarily and always being performed in greater or lesser degree by every one, even without special or conscious effort on his part.

The transcendental consciousness, inherent in everything, 'May I become many,' is always manifesting itself in the fact of the exposition and propagation by every one of his own views for the acceptance of others. Especially is it the duty of kings to perform this sacrifice; for they are the guardians of dharma, indeed they exist only to guard it; and their prime duty is to provide for the giving to all of such instruction as will enable each to perform his dharma (pp. 157-158).

As to the Nara-medha:

Nara-medha is the link between the preceding two. Nara is the name for that which is the support and substratum of all, and that is ichchhā which holds together all; therefore the sacrifice which makes fruitful the mutual dependence of the two others is the nara-medha (p. 158).

And lastly to the remaining two:

The Go-medha corresponds to the A: the ashva-medha to the U; the nara-medha to the M; and the ajā-medha is the samāhāra. When there is born the consciousness that nothing is born and nothing dies then is the ajā-medha performed; aja means etymologically the unborn. Thereafter comes the fifth or mahiṣha-medha, which is ever performed by Brahmā and is ever connected with all things.

Brahmā, Viṣṇu, Rudra, Mahā-Viṣṇu and others perform these five yajñas and the world manifests in consequence. They correspond to cognition, desire, action and

summation, and, fifthly, the transcendental adhiṣṭhāna, substratum, known as the Pranava (pp. 158-159).

With reference to the question, as to how the slaying of animals at sacrifices came into vogue, see a valuable note at pp. 188 to 190, Vol. II, where a most interesting extract, from Bārṇāyana's Veda Bhāṣya, is quoted and cited as showing the true meaning of a much maligned Vaidic text. The cogent remarks of the learned translator with reference to the extract show most clearly that the practice of slaughter of animals at sacrifices had its origin in the black magic of the Atlanteans, and that the survival of the practice after the passing away of that race is ascribable to the corrupt state of the Society which tolerated it. See also *Ibid.*, pp. 142-146 where Gārgyāyana, referring to the statements that Mimamsa prescribes slaughter of animals at sacrifices and drinking of sacrificial wine, points out that the wine in this context is the nectar of immortality, and that the slaying of animals should not be taken in the literal sense, as such slaying is karma contrary to duty, while karma consistent with duty alone, according to all Shāstras, is conducive to Mokṣha. Mamsa, he explains to mean "the operations resulting from the moods or functionings of the mind (manasam) on which all achievements depend".

The next chapter deals with the Sāma-Veda and is

one of the most instructive and interesting in the whole work, containing as it does a luminous exposition of the Shakti-Energy constituent of the Svabhāva of Brahman, operating as desire in the World-process. The author points out its nature thus:

Ichchhā is the energy of Shiva. It indeed is the energy, force, power, of all and everything that has any power; and

Sāma-Veda concerns
desire, Shakti-Energy.

it is everywhere, omnipresent; without energy relation between two things is not possible. The being together of two things is their relation; and for such relation, such bringing and keeping and being together of two things, a third thing as connecting link is indispensable, a third which may hold the two together. Ichchhā is this third which brings together cognition and action; and this coming together of these is all work, all (the external, objective, real) World-process, the cognition-element being (the internal subjective, ideal) Veda, which is the ideation of Maha-Vishnu. All the 'behaviour,' the 'operation,' of time, space, and motion becomes possible only by means of Shakti, and the World-process is but the proceeding forth of these three (pp. 288-289).

In a later passage it is pointed out that Shakti is supreme internal necessity, which is bound up with the three factors of the Self, Not-Self and the Negation, and it runs thus:

(The primal trinity has been repeatedly declared to consist of three factors, I, This, and Not. What is this Shakti, then; is it a fourth?) It would seem as if it was outside the three. Yet it is not so. It is only the Necessity of the three, and so included in them and not anything apart from them. That which is necessary to any one is included in that one, is part of his being (p. 300).

After describing as above the general nature of Shakti-Energy, the author proceeds to show the distinction between Shakti, Ichchhā and Māyā, and between Māyā and Brahman. He then explains the nature of Mahā-Māyā, and its sub-divisions Yoga-Māyā, Bhagavatī, and Yoga-nidrā.

In the next sub-section detailed explanation is given in regard to particular forms of Shakti-Energy, Sarasvatī,

Lakṣmī, Saṭī, their summation in Paramā and their sub-divisions. At

the end of the first sub-section certain sources of confusion on the matter are noticed. It is pointed out that because different names occur in relation to Shakti, therefore it should not be taken that

Divisions and sub-divisions of Shakti-manifestation.

Differences of names due to differences of situation.

there are different Shaktis, there being but one Energy manifesting itself through individual rulers and hierarchs. It is also pointed out that one and the same name is sometimes applied to a particular aspect of Shakti (*i.e.*, when it is manifesting through an individual ruler), as also to it in its universal aspect—the term Mahā-Māyā being given as an example.

The question of differences of names just alluded to is glanced at again by the author in the chapter on Penultimates, where he says such differences arise out of differences of situation. The following few sentences will be found very instructive, particularly because the different names whose connotations are so clearly pointed out by the author constantly occur in Theosophical literature, such as Daivī-Prakṛti, Paramātmā, Pratyagātmā, etc.

That by means of which illumination, irradiation, play, takes place, Divyaṭe anayā, that is Daivī. Prakṛti is Sva-bhāva; becoming, causing to be, Bhavanam, by one's own effort, Sva-yaṭnena—this is Sva-bhāva; it is doing or acting, Pra-karaṇam, *naturans*, by one's self. And the action of all and everything is the action of the Self. That which lights up and throws into relief both I and this, and is inside of and immanent in both is Daivī-Prakṛti. In its transcendent and universal aspect, it is Māyā. The energy of the conjunction or combination, Yoga, of I and this, is Yoga-Māyā. In a description of the World-process, as the necessity of the contradiction of the unity of I and this, it is Daivī-Prakṛti. In one view Mūla-Prakṛti may be said to dwell within Daivī-Prakṛti and Pratyag-ātmā within Mūla-Prakṛti. It is the energy of the necessity of both. The reason why Daivī and Mūla are both called Prakṛti is that the former has the appearance of being nearer to the latter than to the Self. In one sense, indeed, it may be said that it is peculiarly the necessity of this; that the necessity of I is 'another,' anyat; Prakṛti, (aparā?); and that of Negation, still, 'another,' anyat (Parā?). Both these Prakṛtis, Daivī and Mūla, belong to the Ātmā, which is ever Self-determined. In its transcendental aspect, Mūla-Prakṛti is Anātmā; in a limited Samsāra, it is Mūla-Prakṛti; in a Brahmāṇḍa, Aparā-Prakṛti.

Connotations of Māyā, etc.; Paramātmā, etc.

So, the universal and transcendent aspect is Māyā; that shown in a Samsāra, Daivī-Prakṛti; that in a Brahmānda, Parā-Prakṛti. So, the all-transcendent aspect of the Self is called Ātmā, pure and simple; in contradistinction from and with a comparative reference to limitations, to Upādhi-sheathed selves, it is the Paramātmā, or Supreme Self; with reference to the network of laws, the warp and woof of regulation and administration, it is the Sūtrātmā; as pervading all activity, it is Pratyag-ātmā; as experiencing that activity, it is Jivātmā; and so on endlessly.

Turning to the third sub-section, the first observ-

Bhakti and hymns
means to true knowledge.

ation to be made is that the author departs in the closing words from his usual practice in the rest of the

work, where he habitually introduces a verse of his own to the effect that Brahman or Ātman is over and beyond all and every detail of the World-process treated of under the respective heads of the disquisition. But at the end of this sub-section he quotes from Durgā sap-ṭa saṭi, a hymn invoking the benediction and protection of Devi. This is as it were by way of recognition of the fact that it is this Shakti-constituent of the Absolute that more than any other has called forth from great Sages and Bhakṭas at all times hymns of rare beauty expressive of their rapturous devotion—a fact which makes the *Lalīṭa Sahasranāma* begin with the manṭra Shrī Māṭa, so strongly calculated to inspire in the mind of the Bhakṭa not only a personal relation between him and the Deity, but also in that form which will ever excite tenderest love, affection and reverence in the heart of the worshipper. As might be expected, the author enters in this part into a consideration of the subject of Bhakti and treats of it with peculiar felicity. He shows how Bhakti conduces to Mokṣha, even in the view taken by him of the latter, as will be seen from the following quotation :

... the method of chanting hymns is taught in the Sāma; and such singing or chanting arises only out of Bhakti. A hymn is a description of the deeds, the life-work, of the ideal, and deeds are dependent on the desire, the power, of that ideal. It may be said that a hymn assumes a separateness between devotee and lord; but the conventional relations of greater and smaller do arise in the world by and of necessity, and in these circumstances a hymn is appropriate, (especially, as, though it begins with an assumption of separateness, it aims at union, equalisation). Every hymn signifies: Thou art so great and performest such wonders; teach me how I too may do them, and attain to thy estate. The rule of continuous instruction prevails everywhere in the World-process: 'I teach thee, thou another, that other a third,' etc., and a hymn is intended only to elicit such instruction; it does not create any new and real separateness in the Great Unity. Thus, then, hymns are also means to the true knowledge, for so long as one's desires, one's needs, are not expressed to another they cannot be fulfilled and satisfied by that other (pp. 327-328).

The next chapter is devoted to the Aṭharva-Veḍa, which the author speaks of as the summation of the three. Its scope is thus luminously explained :

In the summation we find at once the seeds which expand into the three [Ṛk, Yajuh and Sāma] and the expression of their fundamental unity. In the Aṭharva the World-process is seen as a whole, as a method, rather than as expressed in its separate characteristics. Its Mahāvākya is therefore that which sums up in a single phrase the whole World-process—I-This-Not. It contains the workings of all activity, the marks of all knowledge, the repletion of all desire, the whole of life, the whole of Brahmadevīyā, the inmost science of the Whole. To know the Aṭharva is to know the essence of the World-process, and the essence of activity of the atom, the junctions, disjunctions, interjunctions and conjunctions which make up that World-process. The Aṭharva is reflected in the Tanṭra, the great science, by which worlds are built (pp. 331-332).

The term Sat-Chit-Ānanda is considered in detail and the unity involved in the idea conveyed by the term is explained thus :

Sat, Chit, Ānanda.

Kriyā, action, motion, involves the idea of space, in which actions begin and end; and space thus involves time; and time involves both motion and space. Thus all involves all. That one attribute is assigned to one, and another to another—as, *Saṭ* is *Brahmā*; *Chit* *Viṣṇu*; *Ananda*, *Shiva*—is due simply to the predominance of one attribute at a special time and in a special space and a special individual. It is important to note that the trinity reappears in each of its members. Thus in *Saṭ*, the *a* is the immortal (the creator), the *s* the mortal (the destroyer), while the *t* (*Viṣṇu*) protects. In *Chit* the *i* is the *Aham-shakti*, the power of the Self (*Viṣṇu*); the *ch* is that which moves, i.e., the *samsāra*, the world (and *Brahmā*); and the *t* is that which consumes (*Shiva*). In *Ananda*, the *a* is the *Ātmā*, together with the *Anātmā* (*Brahmā*); the *nan* is the cognition or the conjunction of *Anātmā* and *Ātmā* (*Viṣṇu*); the *dam* is that which bestows all, necessity, desire (*Shiva*).

The knowledge of the permutations and combinations of these is the end and aim of all *śāstras*, of all teachings, and the practice thereof; the actual formation of spaces, time and movements corresponding therewith is the practice of the true *Sanātana Vaidika Dharma*, the Ancient Religion of Knowledge, is the performance of all *yajñās*, is the attainment of the nature of *Brahman* (pp. 343-344).

Before passing to the next subject it remains to add that the interpretation of the symbology of the *Trimūrtis* begun by the author in an earlier part is here continued. That interpretation will show how information of highest significance regarding cosmic processes is compressed in the forms which find expression in stone or metal in thousands of shrines throughout the land. One cannot but feel what great service to the cause of true religion and philosophy can be rendered if temple trustees will but utilise a small fraction of the funds now lamentably wasted, in providing for learned and eloquent preachers explaining to the worshippers who throng to the shrines that the material object they adore artistically symbolises divine forces at work in the universe around them. The reader who may feel satiated with the metaphysic, so

prominent in the profuse quotations I have made, may perhaps find the following explanations somewhat of a pleasant change:

Saṭ thus corresponds with *kriyā*, presided over by *Brahma*. *Chit*, or *Chaitanya*, similarly corresponds with *jñāna*, presided over by *Viṣṇu*, and *ānanda* belongs to *Shiva*, the lord of *ichchhā*, full of bliss, self-willed, turned inwards away from all outer things, and the cause of the dissolution of all things into the Self. Hence does the hymn sing of *Shiva*:

I bow to him, who sleeps within all beings;
I bow to him, who re-absorbeth all;
Three-eyed, five-faced, bedecked with linked skulls,
Wreathed round with serpents, lord of *Pārvaṭi*.
I bow to him, the source of all the worlds.

Ichchhā, desire, is hid in all things, hence is *Shiva* said to sleep in all beings. He re-absorbs all, as well as is the source of all, because of his nature, the Negation—the Negation which first affirms and then denies, *ichchhā* first coveting with greed and then rejecting with satiety. He is called the Three-eyed because he protects and carries out the triple Negation, triple because covering cognition, desire and action, and again because the Negation is not only itself, but is ever inseparably connected during the World-process with the *Aham* and the *Ētat*. For this reason also is *Shiva*, the feminine aspect of *Shiva*, said to be *tri-guṇa*, possessed of three attributes. There is no World-process possible without this trinity; if there were no *Aham* and no *Ētat* the Negation could not apply to anything, and in their mutual annihilation the Negation vanishes.

Aham is the right eye of *Shiva*; *Ētat*, the left; the third eye above both is *Na*. By this third, *Aham* and *Ētat* are destroyed, and hence comes the tradition that the third eye of *Shiva* is and causes *pralaya*. In the *Logion* also the *Na* is placed after the *Aham* and the *Ētat*, and in the written symbol of the *Pranava* it is the dot placed above the *A* and *U*.

The 'five-faced' *Shiva* has a similar interpretation. In the creative thought, 'I am This—I am *Brahman* taking form,' the *Aham* is one aspect; the desire to create is the second; the shining forth is the third; the performance of actions is the fourth; the result of the actions is the fifth. So in the destructive thought, 'I am not This,' i.e., 'I will destroy this,' the faces are: the *Aham*; the consideration of the nexus between the *Aham* and the *Ētat*; the desire to disunite the two; the breaking of the link and the consequent disappearance of the *Ētat*; and lastly, the disappearance also of the

Aham. Yet again may the faces be translated as jñāna, ichchhā, kriyā, and samābhāra, and their destruction.

The string of skulls, emblem of those changes which are summed up in death, signifies the pralaya-nature.

The wreath of serpents indicates the regulation of time-cycles. Everywhere the World-process proceeds by time-cycles, and the time of pralaya, the Negation, is called vyāla, a serpent.

Again Maṇḍa is the aspect of Māyā which destroys all things, and hence the name of Shiva as 'the Lord of Chāmundi'.

Hence, finally, by the destruction of all limitations and distinctions, the destruction of all separate things, is Shiva identified with ānanda, bliss, which is the absence of all separateness.

Time is triple, following the M, the A and the U. The first, of the nature of M, is the bringer of pralaya, and is called vyāla. These vyālas are represented by the sacred thread, the wrist-chaplets, the ear-rings, and the other ornaments of Shiva, and these ornaments, again, indicate the actions or functions (?). The wrath, the disintegrating energy, necessary for the work of destruction, for the bringing about of pralaya, is the hālāhala the deadly poison. When the ocean of Brahman is churned, of the gems that come forth, Vishṇu takes those that are of the nature of Aham; those of the nature of Eṭaṭ are claimed by Brahma; that of the nature of Na, the hālāhala, is finally taken by Shiva, who, by drinking it, declares his readiness for the bringing about of pralaya. The epithet Chandra-shēkhara, the moon-crested, means he who delights, chandate, or illuminates all (pp. 338, 339, 340, 341).

S. Subramania Iyer

(To be concluded)

THE ALLOPATHIC AND ĀYURVAIDIK

SYSTEMS OF MEDICINE

By H. SUBBA RAO OF ĀYURVEDA KAVIRATNA (CAL.)

(Concluded from p. 558)

I HAVE already pointed out that Ayurveda is based upon the doctrine of three humours of the body, viz., vāta, piṭṭa and śleshma—wind, bile and phlegm respectively—which doctrine the Allopaths had held in great esteem from the time of Hippocrates till the seventeenth century. According to Āyurveda these three humours prevail in the body during life, and the derangement of these humours gives rise to disease; and this is why our Ayurvedik physicians first find out which humour has been affected in any disease, and base their treatment on this humour. I give on pp. 710-711 a tabulated form of these humours, their actions in the body, etc.

The seats and actions of sub-divisions of the primary humours can be well understood by a reference to any Ayurvedik text-book, so I omit them here. Anyone who reads the annexed table carefully and compares it with the theories of the present day will not fail to give the palm to the above system, because our science is based upon actions that take place in the body when life is existent. The situation of liver, spleen, stomach, heart

Name of the humour	Its seat in the body	The time of their being in excess	Causes	Symptoms of derangement	Sub-divisions of the humours
1. Vāja	Between feet and umbilicus. Chiefly in small intestines, buttocks, thighs, ears, bones and skin.	1. Old age 2. Varsha Ritu (July and August) 3. After digestion 4. Evening and before sunrise 5. Cloudy days	Eating hot and excessive food, food that is devoid of all essence 2. Exposure to cold 3. Exertion 4. Anxiety 5. Fear 6. Sleeplessness 7. Wounds from weapons 8. Swimming 9. Loss of semen 10. Fasting 11. Obstruction to natural calls	1. Exhaustion 2. Heat of Body 3. Pricking sensation 4. Sleep 5. Anemia 6. Pain 7. Watery eyes 8. Shivering 9. Dryness of skin 10. Twisting of the body 11. Astringent taste in the mouth 12. Body appearing black or red	Upa-vāyūs 1. Prāṇa 2. Apāna 3. Vyāna 4. Udāna 5. Samāna 6. Nāga 7. Kūrma 8. Krukara 9. Devadattā 10. Dhanañjaya
2. Pitta	Between umbilicus and heart. Chiefly in stomach, umbilicus, eyes, lymph, chyle and blood perspiration.	1. Middle age 2. Midnight and mid-day 3. During digestion 4. Sharad Ritu (January & February)	1. Eating saltish and pungent substances 2. Anger 3. Fasting 4. Exposure to sun 5. Drinking alcohol, kani, curds, etc. 6. Profligacy	1. Thirst 2. Indigestion 3. Perspiration 4. Exhaustion 5. Wakefulness 6. Anger 7. Coldness of the body	1. Pāchaka 2. Rājaka 3. Sādhaka 4. Alochaka 5. Bhṛśjaka

3. Shleshma	Between heart and vertex of the brain, chiefly in heart, throat, head, brain, joints, pancreatic juice, fat, nose and epiglottis.	1. Vasantā (March and April) 2. Mornings and fore-part of nights 3. Before meals	1. Eating heavy and oily food 2. Drinking sweet liquors, curds, milk and sugarcane juice 3. Sleeping during day time 4. Eating leafy vegetables	1. Shining of the body 2. Itching 3. Coldness and heaviness of the body 4. Dropsy 5. Sleepiness 6. Whiteness of the body 7. Feeling sweet and saltish taste in the mouth 8. Laziness, etc.	1. Kleśana 2. Avalambana 3. Rasana 4. Snehana 5. Shleshmana
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and lungs, and also their actions, were known to our ancients long before the birth of Christ. It is indeed a paradox to say that the ancient physicians, who could not approach a dead body on account of the fear of pollution, so clearly saw the causes of disease and found out a most appropriate method of treatment. Their anatomy, as given in Sushruta is ten times greater than that which we have now in Allopathy and their surgical instruments likewise exceed the number that modern surgeons have at the present day. Though I have said that it is a paradox to the Allopaths yet it is not such an enigma as is shown by the advice of some eminent Allopathic doctors, who send their patients abroad for what is commonly called "change of air," either conscientiously believing that their medical art is useless, or in ignorance of the laws of climate on health, when such patients are sent outside, leaving the quiet and comforts of home life to put up with the discomforts of foreign hotels and the noise, fatigue and risks of railroad travelling. There is reason to believe that the ancients knew anatomy without dissecting a single dead body, and without vivisection, so in opposition to the standard set up by some great philosophers and thinkers at the present day.

Look at what a scientific journal said a few years back :

Numerous abnormalities of sense organs are coming into manifestation. We read that a medical man, Dr. F. W. Brett, is the father of a son who possesses X-rays vision. The boy Leo, can see through a person's body, his bones, the inner organs, their colours, normal and abnormal, the blood coursing through the arteries and nerves. The boy is seventeen years of age and uses his wonderful powers to assist his father in his medical practice.

If Dr. Brett's son, Leo, aged seventeen years, can see a man's internal organs with his X-rays vision, it passes beyond my comprehension why we should deny the existence of such a sight to our ancients who lived in happier periods. The above example clearly proves that the present age has still to learn the manifestations of different sense organs that are beyond the reach of science now.

THE CHIEF FACTOR IN ĀYURVEDA

The whole of the Ayurvedik system is not only based upon the above-mentioned theories, but its chief significance consists in the knowledge of trees, shrubs and plants, as that is the main factor in the treatment of diseases. Hence I shall confine myself in the next paragraph to the elucidation of the subject of trees in India, the necessity of their preservation and their contribution to the development of the Āyurvedik system of medicine.

FORESTRY

An investigation into the subject of Indian Medical Botany (which I have specialised for my study) leads one to the knowledge of various indigenous trees. This naturally enables one to acquire knowledge of the amount, condition and value of our forests. When it is seen that hundreds of Indian trees are made use of in the manufacture of Āyurvedik medicines, which exercise miraculous effect in curing certain diseases; when it is known that a number of trees produce the best dyeing materials used for silk, cotton and woollen fabrics;

when it is noticed that almost every tree in India produces either a rich fibrous material or an oil of high commercial value; no true lover of India and the Government will rest quiet, until he gives the widest publicity to the vast resources that lie about him and thus exerts himself to save the Indian forestry from ruin and depredation.

The nations of the West are the first to learn the value of forests after bitter experiences. So long ago as 1669, France pointed with pride and gratitude to the time when the Monarch promulgated the celebrated ordinance of that year, and began a system of forest administration which, with some interruptions, has continued to the present time. When in the time of Louis XIV the woodlands were mercilessly wasted and ill-managed, the cry of Colbert, his great minister: "France périra faute des bois!"—the destruction of forests is the destruction of France—so much inspired the conviction of the value of forests that as a result a bureau of *Eaux et Forêts*, one of the most important bureaus, was established by the French Government even during the Franco-Prussian war; although a law of 1860 appropriating 1,000,000 francs annually for special forestry work expired by its own limitation, the work was continued with only a partial lessening of the expenditure. In 1888 France had 7,500,000 acres of forest belonging to the State. It has at Nancy the greatest Forest Schools in Europe.

The example of France is but an illustration of the general sentiment in European countries regarding forests.

The steps taken by the United States of America in enriching the country by forest products will make

interesting reading and a worthy example to follow. As late as 1880 or so, the United States of America issued circulars to all responsible officers of the States to submit answers to the following queries:

1. What kinds of trees grow successfully?
2. What kinds of trees have been grown and proved unsuccessful?
3. What injuries have been noticed to occur from insects and other causes?
4. General remarks upon the collection and preservation of seeds or young plants, their planting and management, the kinds that promise to be most profitable for cultivation, the preparation of the soil, intervals between trees, and other subjects of interest.

Nearly two thousand replies were received, and no time was lost ere creating a big department whose duty it is to gather up the facts from the wide fields of experiment, and to publish them from time to time, thus extending the benefits of them throughout the States. The State appointed four special agents to report on forest matters, among whom were Dr. John A. Warder of Ohio and R. W. Furnas, both scientists of world-wide fame. Official statistics of those times prove conclusively that there were 248,496 acres of forest trees grown by the State. Mr. James T. Allan of Omaha says there were nearly forty-three millions of forest trees grown in Nebraska, where but a few years back not one tree could be seen on the prairies.

The following laws were passed by the Government of the United States relating to forests:

1. The increased value of lands by reason of live fences, fruit and forest trees grown and cultivated thereon shall not be taken into consideration in the assessment thereof.

2. The corporate authorities of cities and villages in the state shall cause shade trees to be planted along the streets thereof.

3. Any person who shall injure or destroy the shade trees or trees of another or permit his or her animals to do the same, shall be liable to a fine not less than \$ 5 nor more than \$ 50 for each tree injured.

The third procedure followed by the Government was the forestry experiment stations and the calling in of the aid of schools. Various modes of planting and cultivating trees, methods of gathering and storing seeds, the ascertaining of the value of different trees and climatic influences, all these were tried and experimented upon in these stations. The imposition on schools of the duty of teaching the history and science of planting, culture, and growth of trees was the next step. These, combined with the sympathetic activity of the people, have made the United States of America a country of vast natural resources and wealth.

Another way in which America encourages forestry is by the observance of Arbour Day. It is a day set apart in connection with the Public Schools. Students are encouraged to plant trees in memory of eminent authors. The State Board of Agriculture awards liberal remuneration for the greatest number of trees, cuttings, and seeds planted on that day. Thus millions of trees are planted annually.

This practice, now almost a general custom, not only exercises a very healthy influence amongst peasants but also inspires love towards trees.

Now there is hardly a European country that has not one or more forestry schools. Germany, Austria and Switzerland have each ten or twelve schools of forestry. Western nations have fully realised the value of forest-products, and that is why they are ahead of the eastern

nations. Their boot and shoe manufacture, their boxes for packing various commodities, their waggons and carriages, their cars and ships, and their thousand and one tools of handicrafts and machinery, are all of forest products only. Their chief sources of support and of industries are in forests, and they are quite alive to the fact. The emblem on the seal of one of the States of America is a wood-chopper with uplifted axe, and this signifies the care they bestow on forests.

Now look at our country. Should we not say with Americans of the sixties: "We have cut and burnt the forests with reckless wastefulness. We have consumed our patrimony with spendthrift prodigality. We have wasted and are wasting the richest heritage which nature ever bestowed on any people." We are gradually increasing the consumption of forest-products as only fit for fuel and timber. I am sure, at this present rate of consumption, India will be deprived of all trees.

Fortunately the British Government has come to save the vegetable kingdom, just as they have rescued the human from slavery and degradation. The labours of Dr. E. Balfour, Colonel H. Drury, Major R. H. Boddam, Dr. D. Brandis, Dr. Birdwood, Dr. J. T. Royle, Mr. Baden-Powell, and lastly of our pioneer naturalist, Mr. T. N. Mukerji, have been productive of much good in awakening the western nations to the depth and value of the resources which our country possesses in her forests. The exhibits sent to the Amsterdam World-Exhibition by Mr. Mukerji stunned the whole of Europe, and afforded a positive proof that we are the richest of all nations in the possession of sylvan products. The \$ 700,000,000 which the United States of America paid for creating a vegetable kingdom have been met for us by Nature,

and we are now capable of producing an equal amount. But we are still repeating in our history the blunder committed by earlier races, ignoring how they paid heavily for it, and we convert large tracts of land into deserts by the destruction of forests. Should we not now at least profit by the experience of others, and check the destructive influences at work? What we cannot do, we should effect through the Government; because the Government possesses almost all the area occupied by forests. Its agents are generally recruited from England; and though they are specialists in the botanical science of Europe, they have comparatively little knowledge of Indian trees and their uses. There are no doubt exceptions. But the days of Birdwood, Baden-Powell and others of that eminent class have gone, and now we only see men of the former class. A Superintendent of the Madras School of Arts, in a work on dyes and dyeing, frankly confesses that he began his experiments as they were dictated by an Indian student of his (a dyer), and, to his utmost surprise he produced finally the beautiful kirmanji, kapila colours, such as he never saw in all Europe. This is the class of experts which the Government has in some parts, and natural is it that they should fail to advise the Government correctly as to the utility of sylvan products. I cannot believe that the Government ignores the suggestions of private and public bodies. On representations by public bodies the Government may take care of its property for the general welfare; and to-day it has no other property so valuable as its forests. The whole of the income which the Government gets from lands is hardly comparable with this. The loss of income from excise, stamps, etc., will not

cause permanent injury to the nation, but the neglect of forests may threaten desolation and national decay. Hence it is the duty of every citizen and of public and private bodies to make proper representations to the Government as to the yield of forests and their maintenance. As a writer says regarding the most fertile regions of the Asiatic continent:

When well-wooded and watered, a terrestrial paradise; but within the last twenty-five years a mania of clearing has seized upon the inhabitants and all the great forests have been cut away The water courses are dried up and the irrigating canals empty. The moving sands of the desert being no longer restrained by barriers of forests, are every day gaining upon the land and will finish by transforming it into a desert as desolate as the solitudes that separate it from Khiva.

This will be exactly the state of this country if the forests are all cleared away. The Government has already shown interest in the subject by the establishment of a State School at Dehra Dun for foresters. Such schools must be multiplied in the interest of both Government and subjects, and the education should be left open to the non-official class also. Prof. Macarel, a high authority, in his *Cours de Droit Administratif*, says:

The preservation of forests is one of the first interests of society and consequently one of the first duties of Government. It is not alone from the wealth which they offer that we may judge. Their existence is of itself of incalculable benefit, as well in the protection and feeding of the springs and rivers as in their prevention of the washing away of the soil from the mountains and in the beneficial influence which they exert upon the atmosphere. Large forests deaden and break the force of heavy winds that beat out the seeds and injure the growth of plants. They form reservoirs of moisture; they shelter the growth of the fields; and upon hill-sides, where the rain waters, checked in their descent by the thousand obstacles they present by their roots and by the trunks of trees, have time to filter into the soil, and only find their way by slow degrees to the rivers. They regulate in a certain degree the flow of the waters and the hydrometrical condition of the atmosphere, and their

destruction accordingly increases the duration of droughts, and gives rise to the injuries of inundations which denude the face of the mountains. Penetrated with these truths, legislators in all ages made the preservation of forests an object of special solicitude.

This is also the principle upon which the forest administration of all European countries is based and we recommend the same to our sympathetic Government. I cannot close the paragraph without quoting finally the pregnant words of Baron Ferdinand Von Muller. He says :

I regard the Forest as an heritage given us by nature not for spoil or to devastate, but to be wisely used, reverently honoured and carefully maintained. I regard the Forests as a gift, entrusted to any of us only for transient care during a short space of time, to be surrendered to posterity again, as an unimpaired property with increased riches and augmented blessings to pass a sacred patrimony from generation to generation.

H. Subba Rao

(To be concluded)

GOD'S WORDS

Far o'er the ever-hallowing streams of Time
Full many a wingéd word has floated,
For God hath spoken to men of every clime
Who sought to hear, with lives devoted.
Far o'er the seas of Time.

But God still speaks to men; and surely still
His trusted messengers doth send:
No man need doubt, if he but knows the thrill
Of the word, of the grip, of the Love of a friend,
That God *still* speaks to men.

F. Gordon Pearce



FAERY

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

THEOSOPHICAL students have long been familiar with the idea that our world has a vast population normally unseen by us—a population of angels and nature-spirits. The lower orders of the angels may be considered as corresponding to an advanced humanity, though their higher orders reach far beyond any level that the bulk of humanity has yet attained or even imagined. The nature-spirits stand in relation to the

angels just as the animal kingdom stands in relation to the human, and the dividing line between the two is individualisation, in the one case as in the other; but a much higher development of intelligence and reasoning power is gained before individualisation in the case of the less material evolution, and thus it happens that we frequently encounter the phenomenon of etheric or astral entities fully equal to man in intelligence and resourcefulness, but without any special ethical feeling or sense of responsibility.

These more tenuous beings constitute a line of evolution parallel to our own, and consequently every stage with which we are familiar in physical life is represented among them, from the amorphous protozoon, in which consciousness is dawning, to the great archangel who directs a vast department of terrestrial activity. The number of types is all but infinite—a fact that accounts for the wide difference between the reports of casual observers. For the existence of these non-human entities is widely known in the world, and numbers of people have seen them; indeed, it was only the ignorant scepticism of the last century that introduced disbelief in their reality. Signs are not wanting that the reign of obscurantism is passing, and that contemptuous denial is being replaced by intelligent enquiry; and among such signs it seems to me that three recently-published books are specially noteworthy.

The first of these is *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*, by Dr. W. Y. Evans Wentz. This is a remarkable and in many respects an epoch-making book, for it is the first attempt to treat rationally and worthily at least one section of the world-wide belief in nature-spirits. Just twenty years earlier Mr. Hartland

published his *Science of Fairy Tales*, but though he wrote sympathetically on the subject, and avowed his dissatisfaction with the theory then current that all fairy stories were traditions of the remnants of earlier races, he stopped short of any definite suggestion as to the real ground of a belief so universal. Dr. Wentz goes much further; he has spent much time in personally collecting testimony as to the living fairy faith in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Isle of Man, Cornwall and Brittany, and as a result of his investigations he proclaims that:

(1) Fairyland exists as a supernormal state of consciousness into which men and women may enter temporarily in dreams, trances, or in various ecstatic conditions; or for an indefinite period at death.

(2) Fairies exist, because in all essentials they appear to be the same as the intelligent forces now recognised by psychical researchers. (p. 490.)

The fact that Dr. Wentz is a man of science and learning is attested by the University degrees which he has taken in three countries; and it is gratifying to find that a man of such standing has the courage to defy the cheap sneers of the ignorant, and to state so clearly the result of his investigations. He is to be congratulated alike on his patient industry, his perspicacity and his valour; one cannot say to what extent he is prepared to accept clairvoyant testimony, but at least it may possibly interest him to hear that Theosophists are well acquainted with his fairyland under the name of the astral world, and that they know a good deal about some of the many nations of his fairies, though they more often call them nature-spirits.

There are some points on which he is not fully in accord with our own results, but Theosophists may venture to think that, if he continues his enquiries in the

same fearless spirit, he will approximate more and more nearly to our conclusions. He has not yet arrived at a clear distinction between the etheric and the astral; and perhaps he (or more probably those whom he interrogated) may not always fully distinguish between the actions of nature-spirits and those of dead men. He regards the Tuatha-de-Danaan as fairies, whereas our researches show them to have been a race of men closely allied to the Greeks. But it is quite true that, because of their splendid appearance and greater knowledge, they were considered as semi-divine beings, and the traditions of them are now in the minds of the peasantry inextricably intermingled with those of the fairies.

He speaks quite plainly and with evident sympathy of the Celtic doctrines of rebirth and of the other world, which, as he expounds them, are simply reincarnation and the astral life, exactly as Theosophists hold them; and he declares that these ideas "accord thoroughly in their essentials with modern science". The following passage from p. 514 shows that he shares with us yet another of the most precious items of knowledge which Theosophy has brought to us:

An integral part of the Celtic esoteric theory of evolution is, that there have been human races like the present human race who in past æons of time have evolved completely out of the human plane of conscious existence into the divine plane of conscious existence. Hence the gods are beings which once were men, and the actual race of men will in time become gods. Man now stands related to the divine and invisible world in precisely the same manner that the brute stands related to the human race. To the gods, man is a being in a lower kingdom of evolution. According to the complete Celtic belief, the gods can and do enter the human world for the specific purposes of teaching men how to advance more rapidly toward the higher kingdom. In other words, all the Great Teachers, e.g., Jesus, Buddha, Zoroaster, and many

others, in different ages and among various races, whose teachings are extant, are, according to a belief yet held by educated and mystical Celts, divine beings who in inconceivably past ages were men but who are now gods, able at will to incarnate into our world, in order to emphasise the need which exists in nature, by virtue of the working of evolutionary laws (to which they themselves are still subject), for man to look forward, and so strive to reach divinity, rather than to look backward in evolution and thereby fall into mere animalism.

All students of the occult will thank Dr. Wentz for the care with which he has made and recorded a most valuable series of investigations. His book should be in the library of every Theosophical Lodge.

It is to Dr. Wentz indirectly that we owe the second book of our trilogy, *Lore of Proserpine*, for its author (Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who is a novelist of repute) confesses that it was only after reading the work to which we have just referred that he was inspired to add his modicum of personal testimony to that which Dr. Wentz has so laboriously collected. The direct testimony confines itself to some five or six definite encounters, though the suggestion is conveyed that there have been many others entirely satisfactory to the author, but less capable of description.

He speaks of a fairy boy whom he saw in a wood, of a dryad, and of some other forms to which he gives the name of oreads. These seem all to have resembled humanity in size and general appearance, yet to have had about them some distinctively non-human quality. I have seen hundreds of nature-spirits to which his descriptions would apply, yet he seems to have had one experience that has never yet fallen to my lot, for he records that he saw a fairy behaving cruelly to an animal, whereas all those that I have encountered have appeared to be on the most friendly terms with the

wild denizens of the flood and field. Apart from the above instances, he gives some account of several cases in which he believes that nature-spirits inhabited human bodies—an event which sometimes occurs, though not very often. The most remarkable story in the book is called 'Quidnunc,' and perhaps one may be pardoned for feeling some uncertainty as to whether Mr. Hewlett wishes us to take it seriously; it describes what purports to be a very inappropriate incarnation of Mercury, the messenger of the Gods.

In a final chapter our author tries to formulate a theory which shall include all these experiences, and comes in some points very near the truth. He says:

There is a chain of Being of whose top alike and bottom we know nothing at all. What we do know is that our own is a link in it, and we cannot generally—can only fitfully and rarely—have intercourse with any other Of this chain of Being, then, of which our order is a member, the fairy world is another and more subtle member, subtler in the right sense of the word because it is not burdened with a material envelope. Like man, like the wind, like the rose, it has spirit; but unlike any of the lower orders (of which man is one) it has no sensible wrappings unless deliberately it consents to inhabit one.

With all that we can agree; but on some minor points we are less certain. Mr. Hewlett seems to hold that all fairies have sex, and reproduce their species as we do, while we should think that to be true only of a few of the lower etheric varieties. There are still other points upon which he speculates, probably rightly; but we have as yet no evidence about them. He evidently holds that the classical deities of ancient Greece still exist, and may be reached. He understands that a river, a hill, an oak-tree, a rose-bush may be under certain circumstances an actual entity, wherein we are fully with him; and he believes that such an entity may

sometimes materialise in human form, and actually enter into the closest relations with men and women. Well, there were plenty of instances in classical days; and it is unwise to decide that, because a thing does not happen in our crassly materialistic civilisation, it can never have occurred under more natural and picturesque conditions.

We know so little of the world in which we live that it is rash to generalise; and the record of any actual experience is always of interest. We know from observation that any great old tree possesses a strong temporary individuality, capable on occasion of exteriorising itself in human form; we know also that where a grove of such trees has been undisturbed for many years there is usually a much greater entity of a quite different type, who may be called the presiding angel or deity of the grove. In India such an entity would probably be described as a *kāmaḍeva*; it is of such that Mr. Hewlett speaks as 'The King of the Wood'. Such a being rules over the less developed tree-spirits (though usually without interfering with them in any way), and receives from them such worship as they are capable of giving. He is also quite willing to absorb any devotion offered to him by human beings; he even sometimes tries to appropriate what is not specially intended for him.

I remember a most interesting spectacle of which I was personally a witness in India. European readers may perhaps not be aware that in that country it is customary to have long performances of a character unknown to the West in modern days, though perhaps not entirely unparalleled in mediæval times—performances half musical, half conversational—distinctly

religious in their intention, yet not without homely touches of wit and quaint topical allusions. Some well-known religious story is recited, with rigid adherence to the traditional incidents, but with plenty of room for the talent of the performer to manifest itself in the dress in which he clothes it, in the local allusions and songs which he works into his entertainment. For it is half an entertainment and half a religious function; members of the audience are deeply affected, and indeed frequently pass into a condition of intense and half-abstracted devotion which is almost a trance, and seem for the time unimpressible by external affairs. Such a performance often lasts for four or five hours—sometimes even all night, I am told; and those who attend seem capable of enjoying a sort of orgy of devotion for quite an indefinite period.

Looked at by a clairvoyant, such a performance veils itself in rolling clouds of blue, intermingled sometimes with other unexpected colours; but it naturally differs completely from a definite act or offering of devotion aimed at a particular deity. Perhaps it is that very difference, that vagueness and lack of direction, which offers his opportunity to the local deity; for in the case to which I am referring there *was* in attendance a local deity of no mean power, who sat on the roof of the building and absorbed those clouds of devotion as a sponge sucks up water.

This deity was in human form, gigantic but well-proportioned, and rather feminine than masculine in appearance; his (or her) body was obviously normally astral, but had drawn into itself for the occasion so much of etheric matter that it was only just barely beyond the limit of ordinary physical sight; I think it

must have been perceptible to anyone even slightly sensitive. If the form was human, the expression assuredly was not; it was weird and incalculably strange; no single feature was noticeably unhuman, yet the effect of the whole was removed by unthinkable spaces from sane everyday life. One felt oneself rapt away from the twentieth century after Christ into the twentieth century before Him, into the unfamiliar and the uncanny, the incomprehensible—perhaps even the terrible. Not that the deity was ill-disposed; on the contrary, she wore an expression of almost fatuous satisfaction, which somehow irresistibly suggested the purring of a cat; yet she was remote with the remoteness of another dimension from the humanity whose emanations she absorbed with an enjoyment which seemed somehow glutinous. So far as was perceptible, she gave nothing in return for all that she absorbed, but more and more as the entertainment went on she overshadowed the performer, strengthening him yet possessing him, until even in outward appearance he grew strangely, awfully like her, and one wonders how it was that the audience did not notice the change that came over him and the unnatural tension in the atmosphere.

Another entity of similar type was present—an entity just as unmistakably but indefinably male as the other was female; a creature of less power than the lady, and apparently not on the best of terms with her—distinctly jealous of her at any rate, and desirous to deflect some or all of the devotion in his own direction. Without actually moving he contrived to give a strong impression of an endeavour to oust her—of trying to shoulder her away, just as one small boy might try to push another in some childish game. He

was entirely unsuccessful, for the lady had attached herself to the gathering like a limpet to a rock, and was not to be dispossessed.

It seems probable that these were entities of the same type as some of those described by Mr. Hewlett. However that may be, his book will have its use in familiarising a wide circle of readers with the idea of the reality of faery.

The third book of the set is *A Prisoner in Fairyland*, by Mr. Algernon Blackwood. When we open a book by that author we know that a treat lies before us, and if on inspection we find that children figure prominently among the characters, we know that it will be a *great* treat, for Mr. Blackwood's children are always charming creations. *A Prisoner in Fairyland* offers us children—delightful children; perhaps none quite so utterly lovable as Nixie in *The Education of Uncle Paul*, but still young people who soon bind themselves to us by cords of affection. Once more fairyland is the astral world, into which all the characters pass when they fall asleep—or nearly all, for some are so entangled in worldly cares that they cannot be pulled out of their physical bodies, but actually stick in the process and slip back again! But though this story deals with fairyland we hear nothing of the fairies, except a few who are personified dreams of childhood—the Dustman, the Tramp, the Woman of the Haystack; nor do we even encounter the hosts of the dead. We are invited to concentrate our attention entirely upon the living human inhabitants of the astral world, and the work which they do as invisible helpers.

For the stream of Divine Love pours down ever as the Starlight, and such of it as is not immediately used is

stored up in a Star-Cave, and all the helpers come flying there at night to fetch it and distribute it where it is needed, among the sick, the sorrowful, the suffering. The wholebook is a fantasia upon this theme—a delicate fantasy such as Mr. Blackwood so well knows how to weave, and all his characters are fantasists too. They live in a world which is and yet is not the world that we know—a world enwrapped in a web of starlight, palpitant with mystery and sympathy, with omnipresent life and love.

There is no story in the ordinary sense of the word—no plot, no climax; yet the book is permeated with the idea that thoughts are things, that because of the mighty power and wide-spreading influence of thought it is the duty of every one to think beauty and helpfulness, and to pour it out with clear intent upon those whom we know to need it. Some are so shut in by a shell of sordid care that it is hard to find a way into their hearts; yet such a shell may be penetrated if there is in it even one tiny channel of love. We read of one who was in the bondage of squalid anxieties, yet could be touched and helped through her love for her flowers.

This is by no means a book for all, yet to those who understand it will appeal very strongly. It takes its place with the books already mentioned—signs of the times, all three of them, showing that popular interest is turning towards the non-material side of life, and is gradually beginning to realise its transcendent importance.

C. W. Leadbeater

NOTES FROM A DIARY AT SEA AND ON LAND

By HESTIA

THE PATH OF SILVER

THE evening was one of calm beauty with a moon, one day past its full, gleaming across the waters and making a broad, silvery track from ship to sky—that track which, whether lit by sun or moon, always leads down from the heavens to the feet of each beholder wherever he may be, as if a personal invitation were offered and the ‘Path of the Eternal Wisdom’ revealed for a moment in its beauty and glory, as the shimmering welcome comes to each. Never is it seen but irresistibly those words flash to mind: “The path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day,” and it comes as a call to tread that Path to the goal whence the radiance gleams. What may lie between matters little—depths, dizziness, danger, dolours, demons, despair, desolation—all may, nay will, assuredly be encountered, yet do they count as nothing beside the joy of the Way.

The path as now viewed is a wide stretch of lighted avenue, smooth and bright, with canopy of stars above and silver orb as goal which casts the brilliant track. But once set foot thereon, leaving the safe accustomed ways of men, and the feet will sink into nothingness,

“THE COMING BUDDHA”

AMONG the many treasures collected by Sir Sven Hedin, K. C. I. E., during his explorations in little-known Central Asia, is a reproduction of an image of the Tibetan Byams-pa, the Hindū and Buddhist Maitreya, the present Boḍhisattva, or supreme Teacher of the World, and the next Buddha.

The Boḍhisattva is usually represented as standing, not sitting, as is mostly the case with other great Personages, and His colour is white. This colour is perhaps due to accurate traditional knowledge, or to the fact that it is believed that a great part of His Mission will be carried out in the West. There is also a tradition that, as Buddha, He will be born in the West. It may also be a recognition of the fact that He will be the “Fifth Race Buddha,” and that the Fifth Race was originally white, and is still white in some of its branches.

In our picture, it will be seen that the Lord is seated, not standing, but that instead of sitting cross-legged in the eastern posture so familiar to all in the statues of the Lord Gauṭama Buddha, He is seated in the ordinary European way. In this, the statue is said to be unique.

We have to thank the *Times of India* for the permission to reproduce.



“THE COMING BUDDHA”

and the waters go over the soul who so boldly dares. He must learn to tread water in place of earth, to guide his course by the stars instead of by the familiar lamps of man's little horizon, to walk with no man's hand in his, to look neither to right nor left but keep straight on towards that blinding goal, and find and keep the razor edge along its dizzy centre.

Shall we leave our safe and easier ways for this of peril great? What the inducement? Just then a song is heard, blown in from the lonely silver track below:

And only Heaven is sweeter than to walk
With Christ at midnight over moonlit seas.

Ah, if it be to meet the Christ there, if on that Path *His* radiance shine, if that be the Way *His* feet have hallowed, if the light is *His* which calls to us to follow, if we may serve *Him* there, then at once turn we towards that goal; for when our feet sink He will uphold, when our hearts fail His voice will strengthen, the rapture of His service shall be ours, and we shall count all things but loss that we may gain Christ.

THE PATH OF GOLD

A few months later in Normandy the same lit Path was seen, but this time from the parapet of a Lighthouse which looked across the waters to the western sun. It had been a day of wild storm and ceaseless rain clearing towards evening, but leaving sky and horizon still draped with misty veil which blended earth and heaven as one, while the sun showed as a pale wan moon—ghost-like and unreal through the mist which covered all. But there, in the centre of that sea of mist which wiped out Earth's horizons and merged as one

the upper and the lower, there again appeared the track, golden this time—although its sun was seen so white and pale—a track of golden shimmer running right down through the centre of the mist's wide ocean. Nothing else visible on either side, above or below, but the Path of Gold set in the sea of mist. Where it began, where it ended, none could say; whether it lay in earth or heaven none could tell; but one guessed it led straight to the very Heart of God from the edge of His world of men. What was it—that golden Path of Light in the mist?

Was it the beam down which the Knights of old watched steal the Holy Grail?

Was it the ladder let down to earth on which the patriarch of old saw Angels ascending and descending?

Was it the hand of God the Father stretched out to grasp and hold the hand of supine man, His child, as pictured in that glory of the Vatican roof?

Was it a chord let drop from the music of the Angels, or of the spheres, crystallising as it fell into that radiant form?

Was it the line of light between the Master and His pupil, along which He sends His thoughts—gliding as golden stars—to help His little child?

Or was it the smile of God, as is His bow in the sky, one showing near fall of night, the other coming midst the storm as His limning of promise?

Perchance it was mere Beauty to teach us Joy—the Joy of the Lord, and the Beauty of Holiness—ere He, the Beauty of all Beauty, shall shine upon us?

Or, mayhap, it was to tell us that the substratum of all is joy, that the love of God is Universal Love, and Beauty the soul of all?

Was it the flash-light from highest heaven of earth's Divine Lighthouse, mirrored midst mist of men?

Or was it indeed the promise of His Coming, the rehearsal of the heavens where the preparation grows apace for that supreme moment of earth's deliverance, and They let down the golden Pathway kept for the Feet of the Blessed One alone? Had we caught a glimpse of the practice of the Angels, a shadow in the heavens of the divine Event to be?

Or was it again that the presence of — on that Lighthouse parapet, made the instant connection, and the spark flashed out, nothing deterred by the drowning mist which hid all else, as it flew to its mark, Star calling unto star?

We cannot say which, for all is summed up as one to those who watch and love and wait for His appearing — all things point to HIM.

Hestia

But indeed conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct. Nay, properly conviction is not possible till then, inasmuch as all speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true it is, as a wise man teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action". On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of incalculable service: "Do the duty which lies nearest thee," which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will have already become clearer.

CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus*

THE GARMENT OF WOMANHOOD

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

THE Theosophist is, perhaps, the only person who is able sufficiently to detach himself from the special and powerful illusion of sex, to judge truly of what is becoming, in at least half the world, a burning question.

He it is who knows, as others do not, that our race in primitive times presented other aspects than those that prevail now—in other words, that it did not possess duality of sex, but was androgynous. The signs of that condition still exist physiologically. It does not therefore follow that this aspect betokened a high plane of being at that time, although there seems to have been a tradition of a race which had progressed further than those beings which once stood for humanity, and which, to put it in antique fashion, "fell" into dual generation, and also, unfortunately, into vice, and in a measure thereby "murdered the brother"—that is to say, followed selfish impulses, in the train of which arose complete differentiation of sex, and especial tribulation to that half of it which bore the form of womanhood.

This event, the most momentous of any that took place since human life appeared on our globe was, doubtless, one wrought out by Necessity, and has been,

and is, prolific of many evils, so-called, which otherwise could have had no existence, as well as the greater good which always overcomes that which we call evil. The form of man grew more condensed, more physical, subject to disease and also to the crisis of death—which would otherwise have been escaped, and would have assumed the aspect of some natural transition. The secret of death is in truth hidden within the physical birth. And from the nature of the case that portion of humanity which became 'woman' was greatly encumbered by her condition. As in the animal world, the form necessary for race reproduction was evolved within the body, producing disabilities and perils unknown to the early beings who multiplied by the simple process of division, or by the production of an egg which was no burden to its parent. It also followed that the form could not be evolved at all without the initial assistance of the other sex, which for many ages has acted, and to a large extent still acts, the part of despoiler rather than helper. Thereafter, for vast periods, the 'woman aspect' of Humanity became liable to a servitude which was very pronounced among savage tribes, since, in addition to bearing many children, the woman laboured in the field as a sort of slave, while the man roamed free to hunt or make war as seemed best to his inclinations. The girl born among such became a sort of prey, and the ceremony of marriage was a rough capture. In later ages, success in war produced many prisoners, the men of whom became slaves in labour, while the women encountered slavery of a worse kind—that of the primitive 'harem,' in which they were preserved as valuable instruments of physical pleasure.

There is small need to dwell on the facts which are still evident among savage tribes now living, and races which practise polygamy. The sort of life assigned to womanhood was such as to stultify all but one thing, and that was a certain altruism arising from the nature of this disabling condition of motherhood. It was the saving clause, the justification of the entire scheme of human life from this point of view. How could the sentiment of altruism be born amid conditions which in the first instance had so strongly accentuated the selfhood? They who produced their kind polyp-fashion, or through a kind of egg, must have lived for their own special individualities, such as they were, far more than for anything else. But the human being who became a parent, in the intimate sense of a mother, was able to hold in her arms a tiny *other self*, which appealed to her alike by its being a part of her own flesh and blood, and also by its helplessness. The strong mother-instinct to protect and cherish was born with the child, the first clear note of altruism was struck, proceeding only from a self-feeling at first but destined to expand through the growing family, and inspire, in lesser degree, the male parent. Many things conspired to destroy this early germ of future brotherhood, but it survived the demands made on the mother to suffer and endure, on the father to labour and provide. The family became a foundation-stone of limited fraternity, forced upon it by the nature of things, the necessity of being kept alive and of remaining in being. Success in arms followed strength in the family; it was cherished because it was useful, and afterwards because it was deeply related to the parents. Mother-love, above all, brought love into the world, and to

become a mother was counted, after a time and among certain peoples, to have achieved a somewhat honoured place, denied to the barren. Yet woman was sacrificed with rare and forgotten exceptions, and as civilisations arose of one kind and another, her sex-disabilities took other forms which still held her in the condition of servitude.

Though the woman was sometimes regarded as a prize to be fought for, and sometimes as a slave to be spurned, there yet grew and increased that which stood for the home, the natural resting-place of the family, which became the source of deep lessons in the evolution of man; and when passion at last assumed a certain amount of sentiment and romance, it began to inspire and quicken the growth of the refining arts, of music, painting, and sculpture. Nor did the toil imposed on the father of a family fail to stimulate his brain as he encountered the competition of others, and the stress of obtaining the means of subsistence. Invention became necessary, natural, to him, as did the keen observation of physical nature, incidents, and phenomena. He had the best school for the quickening of his brain-power, even as his consort received the best training for the emotion of love and sympathy through the birth of new selves.

Hence, the so-called 'fall' became an ascent in evolution, and the lazy beings, half-fluidic, who lay about upon river-banks, needing little sustenance and without any tinge of sentiment for aught they reproduced, entered at last upon a training which meant evolution.

Of course, through the law of reincarnation, that condition inevitable for all humanity, a certain balancing power asserted itself through the alternations of sex in

the embodied ego, expressing itself finally in our day among the most advanced of the male sex in a sympathy for those who wear the garment of womanhood, a sympathy which is an unconscious memory. Also, by a natural law, the strength of mind and will acquired by one sex expressed itself in spite of obstacles in certain instances in the other, when conditions were not wholly unfavourable. We note this in ancient Egypt in certain warrior Queens, such as Hatshopsitu, over 3,000 years ago; in ancient Babylonia, where the matriarchate existed; in Deborah, the Jewish ruler; among the specially cultured women of Greece, who were the chosen companions of her great men; among such powerful personalities as Hypatia, who held Alexandria by the spell of her learning and philosophy; the women confessors and martyrs of the Christian era; Joan of Arc, in whom burned the passion for liberty; and in the curious fighting instincts of the Amazons. Goddesses were, so to speak, in vogue, Priestesses, many Queens.

Extraordinary reactions occasionally took place, in which feminine humanity seemed to acquire an exceptional ascendancy from causes too remote to be clearly enquired into. It was as though a force proceeding from the process of reincarnation broke through for a space all outer form, all outer customs, and proclaimed: "Here also is Man." But the great multitude of women learned to be hedged in by outer conditions rather than to rend them, and occupied themselves with certain happy maternal cares, their attire, ornamentation, jewels, perfumes, and household matters, most of which did not tend to awaken brain or energy of any kind. Probably it was this condition which moved Plato to believe that incarnation in the form of woman was a

punishment. He did not consider them the worthy objects of his inspiring Platonic love.

Odd experiences sometimes overtook the other sex. The strange custom of the *Couvade*, in which, when a child is born, the father is secluded and dieted, has been traced in Western China, Corsica, Spain, and among widely separated tribes. In the West Indies, a far worse fate at such a time befalls the male parent, who is obliged to fast, is scraped with a sharp instrument and washed in strong pepper-water, and remains in bed like a sick person, though assuredly without the comforts of the latter.

When the time arrived in which women could not be seized without exciting the anger of other men, they were tempted by gifts, often lavish, to enter upon that sad trade, the bartering of their own persons—a condition of degradation which has had its effect, moral and physical, on the entire race. A lot more tragic, more humiliating, than prostitution, or even any equivalent to it in loveless and enslaved conditions in what is considered to be lawful marriage, can hardly be conceived for any being possessing a soul. Small wonder was it that man, already contaminated by his flesh-eating propensities, became the most diseased creature on the face of the earth. Yet all were not sunk in merely passionnal impulses. Sentiment, romance, reared its head even amid conditions still rude, still for the most part restricted in all we now regard as civilisation, so far as it has gone. No small difference was there between the years when a band of savage youths clubbed some poor maiden in the chase of capture, and those that beheld the erection of that mausoleum—pearl of buildings—to the memory of the beloved consort of

Shah Jehan; which heard the songs of the troubadours in Italy and France, and welcomed the tournaments in which the knight of chivalry bore some lady's badge, and received her judgment of his prowess as his crowning prize.

During the Christian era the type of an ideal humanity in western lands has approached the feminine. In countless pictures the Christ is represented with long hair, sometimes in ringlets, and thus, also, the saints and angels; while the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, so-called—however misapprehended in its true meaning—filled the popular imagination with an exalted idea of womanhood. This, no doubt, accomplished a useful end in periods when the average woman had little or no education, could not bear arms, and was lightly estimated unless she were a Princess or an Abbess. These ideals were reactions against the bigoted wails of early Christian writers, who saw in woman only the "temptress, the author of evil," a position which did no little harm in forming ecclesiastical law, and has been assumed in modern days by such men as Strindberg and others, in whose works a futile madness reigns concerning their conceptions of human life and its sex experiences, which are the necessary lot of all incarnating egos. So much, roughly given, for the past.

Again the long slow years have wrought a change, and that change is appearing very strongly now in the western continents. Here, within my recollection, a woman lost her property when married, unless it was tied up in the hands of trustees; and not only so, she had not even the guardianship of her own children, one of the most beautiful expressions of mother-love, outraged by a barbarous law. These

things, through suffering and consequent rebellion, have been swept away, and mainly through the resistance of the women themselves, wives and mothers. They have arrived, almost all of them, at the point when they value the independence arising from ownership of property, and when they claim the child or children as especially their own, by the natural virtue of birthright.

Yet it took fifteen years to pass that Property Bill, and it has taken fifteen years to pass a 'White Slave' Bill, only accomplished last year.

Perceiving the slow progress of domestic reforms, and the continual procrastination of matters vital to the women and children of the country, a very large number of educated women have formed in England many societies for the purpose of obtaining the franchise; and the agitation, first begun some forty years ago, has been increasing. John Stuart Mill it was who not only advocated it, but used his philosophic pen in behalf of the freedom of womanhood, and in one passage he oddly enough denounced maternity as a clumsy contrivance of Nature. The movement—fight rather—went on, for medical education, for a university education (a training more complete than the old average girls' schools afforded), and at last with such success as regards education, the key of progress, that the studies of grown-up girls at their colleges are of the same quality as those for young men at the universities, with the rather unjust difference that Oxford and Cambridge still refuse to confer on them degrees, the hall-mark of success.

Then have followed the strikes of the working-women for higher wages, and a general demand to secure occupations which have been previously only open to men.

Now England differs from some other countries in this, that the women numerically greatly exceed the other sex. I do not think these things arise by chance; they bear results. It follows that marriage for all is an impossibility. What are they to do, these women who have sought and acquired cultivation, who possess ability, and who have no households of their own to occupy their attention? Clearly, they must obtain remunerative occupation. A large number of young women become nurses, the work extremely hard, and the pay as a rule small; some take up teaching in an overstocked market, the work again laborious, and the pay often inadequate; others become clerks, typists, secretaries, dispensers, lady-physicians, journalists, and in some instances work in religious sisterhoods, or seclude themselves in the restricted life of a convent. Among the working-women, where marriage is more common, the women occasionally compete with the men, and owing to their working for smaller wages, eject them. Various inventions now tend to abolish the drudgery of domestic life; carpet-sweepers and vacuum-cleaners, gas or electric heating and lighting, co-operative cooking or simultaneous cooking of dishes in a special apparatus, all contribute to this end. Only the working woman applies herself to the wash-tub, and even this is destined to give way, even in comparatively poor districts, to district laundries. Spinning and weaving have gone to the factories; the old still-room is a curiosity, its objects taken over by the chemist and the jam-manufacturer; and even the kitchen in large towns is likely to become an obsolete institution in view of co-operative cooking managed by *chefs* and hygienists, to suit the more delicate

palates and digestions of a coming race. Less food, and that more concentrated and of the best quality, will be the rule, and the wastefulness and the rubbish sold for consumption will be things of the past. The founding of a College of Hygiene and Sanitation would promote other useful methods and many reforms, and furnish occupation for women of ability fitted for public work. For work they must, outside the drawing-room and even a possible nursery, and take a part, even lead, in the great movement of reconstruction and reformation which has begun.

As legislation becomes necessarily more split into Councils, and deals more and more with domestic matters, the inclusion of women will be inevitable, and even the Central Council, or Parliament, will in the near future welcome women of experience and ability, and much desultory and partisan talk will be exchanged for practical work. There will be no more difficulty in a woman's occupying a seat in the Central Council than there is in her being a lady-guardian now, when she has to consider cases and matters not suited for the very youthful. The difficulty, in fact, really lies in her absence; for one point of view, the man's, is all too frequently prejudiced, cursory, and insufficient. And this only revives the ancient right of the women who possessed the cultivation of their day, and who sat in the Saxon Witenagemot, chiefly the Abbesses, in right of their abbeys.

A large number of women are employed in minor offices in the General Post Office, and they are now striking for the same remuneration as the men, who hold similar posts: equal wages for equal work. Some of them think that the highest and most responsible posts

in that department should be thrown open to women. As the Postmaster-General is always a Cabinet Minister, it is obvious that they think that the Council of the nation should not be entirely closed to women.

But the law, both as regards the practice of solicitors and pleading at the Bar, in which women of ability could do excellent work, is closed to them in this country, and I have known first-rate talent limited to conveyancing.

The great political associations formed by women have resulted in their admission to all elected bodies except the House of Commons, but there are certain regulations as to householding which tend to bar out married women, and reduce the number of office-holders. Also, the local town Councils are usually formed of business men, with practical knowledge of building, street-paving and lighting, town drainage and road-making, and matters which do not usually come under the notice of women or excite their special interest, and in consequence men are always in demand through their technical knowledge.

At the time I am now writing, women are taking a prominent part in the British Association, and Madame Curie, its honoured guest, is alluded to as "one of the most distinguished scientists in the world," while another woman is President of one of the Sections. It is also significant that the new section of Psychology has been dominated by women, and also that Sir Oliver Lodge, in his Presidential address, avowed his belief in the survival of man after death. In the course of it he said: "We are deaf and blind to the immanent grandeur around us unless we have insight enough to appreciate the whole, and to recognise in the woven fabric of existence,

flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress towards perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God." Never before had observations on the continuity of the ether—a portion of the subject—been made with such force and power. "Madame Curie is an exceptional woman." Just so, but she stands for demonstrating that sex is no barrier to the possession of first-class scientific ability. If one woman can achieve this, others—in time all—can.

The question of the admission of women to the franchise has of late become a serious one, and the rise of the militant party among women suffragists has resulted from the continued blindness and blunders of certain so-called Liberal men, who believed that it was not worth while to consider the demand, that it might imperil pet schemes, and that it was quite in order physically to ill-treat women who interrupted them in meetings, and otherwise persisted in bringing forward a politically ignored subject. The ejection of Christabel Pankhurst and Annie Kenney from a public meeting for merely asking a question during its session, which they knew from experience would be ignored at its close, and their arrest for attempting to address a small crowd outside, under the pretext of 'disturbance,' followed by imprisonment, ushered in the special drama which is now being enacted in this country.

For the acts of violence which have followed, I have small sympathy, believing that to appeal to hearts and consciences must win a just cause sooner or later, and will win it for ever; while the aggressive method tends to lower a great movement to a plane unworthy of it—a condition of the past to which we would not return—

and excites in addition antagonism and prejudice where none would otherwise be. The deeds are, moreover, too desultory, through the small number engaging in them, too futile, to fulfil the desired end.

But, apart from this view, it is impossible for any thinking person to be insensible to the courage and undaunted persistence of that special party called 'suffragettes'. Note what they have encountered for no greater crime than interrupting a meeting, or forming a deputation to the House of Commons: violent ejections, blows, insults, injuries so serious as in one or two instances to cause death; and for the next act, glass-breaking, imprisonments, followed by 'hunger strikes,' and forcible feeding; in short, mental and bodily torture of a kind calculated to break down the strongest. Then, because on one day called 'Black Friday,' they were so shockingly insulted that they determined never again to send another deputation to the House, they proceeded to those militant deeds which are the despair of all who love peaceful methods and order.

At Llanstumdwy, in Wales, on the occasion of a meeting addressed by Mr. Lloyd George, a handful of women, for a few interruptions, were set upon by a brutal mob, again grossly insulted, their hair pulled out by handfuls, their garments almost torn from their bodies, and they were with difficulty rescued alive.

Then followed the tragic act of Emily Wilding Davison, B. A., her courage an embodied illustration of the motto emblazoned on the Suffragette banners, "Liberty or Death". It held the quality of the famous charge of the Light Brigade, heroic, mad in its determination, and like it, ending in death. But there stood in the London streets on the day of the funeral a

crowd so vast and silent, that none like it had ever been seen before. There was a silent sympathy for the moment with the woman, who, however mistakenly, had given her life for a cause. One can only regret that an act of such self-sacrifice was not of a nature to accomplish more than the wonder, pity, sympathy, or criticism, as it might be, of the hour.

What does all this really mean? For some of these 'militants' are good, philanthropic, noble, women.

It is a passionate expression of a feeling, long latent in womankind, that freedom is of more importance, more sacred, than any earthly thing, than peace, comfort, health, life itself.

Now when any class of persons arrives at this point, that they will face obloquy, torture, and death, for a liberty which they count more sacred than aught beside, you must grant them this—that the divine fire moves in them, and that you must deal with them by fraternal methods and meet them with far-sighted and perfect justice. They have made all sacrifices for their cause, sacrifices greater than any injury imposed on others. To them it is, at all events, no personal gain, but no self-sacrifice is ever made in vain. Some of these women, also, be it noted, especially among the leading section, are refined and cultured, and well provided with the means of enjoying the outer things of life, but nevertheless they have devoted all to their cause, and have exchanged ease and peace for utmost suffering. They have come into personal contact with the very poor of their own sex, worked amid the dens, witnessed the sweating, and experienced the extreme miseries. Not for themselves only, and from the natural feeling of self-respect which seeks for common human rights, do they ask to have a voice in

the election of those who make the laws of the land; but they desire to rescue their sisters from want and its consequence in degradation. Of the fifty or sixty thousand 'fallen women,' so-called, whose average lives in the terrible trade of prostitution only last about five years, sweating and misfortunes, low wages, sometimes betrayal by 'lovers,' all contribute to this great moral disease. The best men know this and are on the reforming side, such as George Lansbury, whose recent memorable denouncement in the House of Commons of the methods of its leading Minister was worthy of Lloyd Garrison.

Our brother men have to learn this: that we and they are alike when it comes to the great questions which stir the soul; that we hate oppression and love the just. Nothing can be more fatal to any section of women than to think and live as though they do not care, to look on and smile in servile acquiescence while others are crushed by the evil conditions—the shame of our social scheme.

The speeches from the dock of Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence after the glass-breaking incident, and Mrs. Pankhurst's appeal on another occasion, were remarkable, unanswerable, and will make history. In the future they will be read with wonder, wonder at the indifference of the press, and the wrongs which provoked them, resulting from the legal and economical position of women in England to-day.

Well and wisely did our President speak at the Albert Hall on the persecution which followed, a persecution which has made every effort to crush the Lawrences and others: "When history in the future judges the struggle of the present; when women all

Of Mrs. Pankhurst, Miss Beatrice Harraden wrote in a letter to the *Daily Mail*, at the time of her sentence of three years' penal servitude, thus:

She represents to all women, even those who disapprove strongly of her methods, the idea of Freedom, imperishable, indestructible; and she stands for Courage, indomitable and unflinching If the Liberal Government had studied the woman's movement and the militant agitation from the beginning, instead of ignoring the one and attempting to suppress the other by tyranny and coercion, Mrs. Pankhurst would never have been standing in that dock, and militancy would have ceased long ago. They, and they only, are responsible for having made a great reformer into a great rebel.

There is much truth in this, so much truth, that one cannot but regret that a great leader did not point out the oneway which would have made her martyrdom and that of her followers altogether worthy of the cause. I ask, has this great movement no better message to give than a resort to the old way of force and violence? Is it the only way? If women refused to pay the taxes which are forced upon them without representation, and were, failing the fines or goods exacted from them, then committed to prison, they would for all time rank as truest martyrs for the cause. They would follow the way of the early Christian women martyrs and confessors, who, unaggressive, but with heroic courage, stood for freedom to hold the Faith which was dear to their souls. This was an act of refusal, refusal to bend to persecution. A like refusal to acquiesce in a demand rendered to those who are denied citizenship in a land

institutions lies deeper than this. It lies in the fact that women form part of humanity. I, for one, do not claim the franchise, or any other right, for any reason less cogent than this—that I am a part of the human race, a soul, garbed in the flesh but made in the image of God; and I take my stand as a soul and not as flesh; as mind and not as body; and because I am Man, with the Eternal before me, and need the evolution which comes from freedom and does not come from subserviency. I stand for Brotherhood, regardless of sex or any old-time creed, and I ask that Brotherhood may be extended to me that I may the better hold it forth to others.

The *Woman's Charter*, recently published by Lady Maclaren, makes this significant claim for the full rights of humanity in social, legal and religious aspects, and asks for perfect justice, the justice you give to an equal and refuse to an inferior.

And further, the marriage of the unfit, the diseased, mentally and physically, is at last attracting serious attention. Of children born in the English-speaking or prominent races, an enormous percentage die in infancy from various causes, among which are the insanitary conditions of the poor in the large cities, and the lack of health and vitality and knowledge in the parents. And of those who survive infancy, a large proportion dies prematurely, their short lives not giving scope enough for the development which might otherwise take place, and which has to be deferred to other incarnations. Long lives, in fact, enlightened by more knowledge, might tend to reduce the numerous incarnations, which occupy, owing to the long intervals usual between them, vast periods, the results in progress of each incarnation generally being very small.

The East presents, so far, a less hopeful spectacle. A recent author of a work on Egypt and Palestine said:

Notwithstanding all its fascination the East has a very sad side. One's heart aches for the tortured animals, for the ill-used women and children. It is dreadful to see little girls acting as scavengers and gathering the filth of the Cairo streets; women, old before their time, loaded like beasts of burden, and walking, while their husbands ride. Even among the upper classes the women are treated like inferior beings, almost soulless, and subject to shamefully easy divorce.

A friend wrote to me a few years ago: "In Burma you can buy a wife for a rupee or two, and the Buddhist monks regard woman as altogether an inferior sort of mortal." Whatever exceptions there may be, these are the aspects which are the rule.

The ancient ideal of the woman's position in India was probably a comparatively high one, although hardly giving scope for the mental and physical energy of the women of the future. Nor could it be possible that the Guru should always be the husband, in view of the facts of exchange of sex in reincarnation, and the progress of women in occult training and knowledge. And again the gentle and unselfish character depicted was not entirely free from a certain servility which a more complete evolution would necessarily cast off.

The East has for the time forgotten some of its wisest counsels. Said Manu: "Where women are honoured, there the deities are pleased; but where they are dishonoured, there all religious rites become futile." And the equality of the sexes is distinctly laid down in the Zoroastrian Scriptures.

The burning of widows was never enjoined in the *Rg-Veda*, and is due to changes introduced in the text.

¹ The Burman women are the freest in the world. They are also admissible to the Sangha in theory and ancient practice, at least. ED.

Up to the date of less than twenty years ago the custom of *saṭi* was still popular, even though, through English interposition, it could no longer be practised, so strongly rooted had become the Oriental view that a woman's life is worthless for its own sake and without a male consort;¹ and it has been with difficulty among the depressed classes that the murder of girl-infants has been reduced. Yet in this country, continent, rather, are to be found women who are capable rulers, possessed of character and marked intelligence, and who have in a few instances obtained University degrees. We need only recall the names of the noble-hearted Ramabai, the ability of the Kenwar Rāṇi, Mrs. Chanramukti Bose, Dr. Anandibai Josher, Mrs. Ganguli, the Mahārāṇi of Kuch Behar, Cornelia Sorabji, and no doubt others of whom in England we may not have heard—to recognise that there are enlightened women in this land.

When we consider the obstacles and the rigid belief in customs that have been faced by such as these, it is not difficult to foresee that India will produce truly great women, in character, intellectual ability, and occult knowledge, the latter easier to acquire and hold in the case of a naturally intuitional and psychic race. At present there are still tens of thousands of Indian women, who, while possessing a good deal of domestic authority, suffer from a lack of the most elementary education, and, where ignorance is rife and approved, such authority can only deepen various evils. Happily Lady Dufferin's great scheme for giving medical aid to the secluded women of the Zenana has lessened

¹ Ram Mohan Roy, a Hindu, made it possible for Britain to forbid *saṭi*. In any case, the root-idea of *saṭi* was not as stated.—Ed.

some, only some as yet, of the great physical suffering, and Christian medical missionaries have undoubtedly assisted in work which is still further to be enlarged.

Susan E. Gay

(To be concluded)

— INTO THE NIGHT

I go out into the night,
None goeth with me.
Alone, when no moon is bright
And the stars are hid from sight
Softly, silently,
I leave the light.

I am hid from even the shades,
None goeth with me.
All the joy of living fades,
All the pangs of sorrow's raids,
Slowly, silently.
I have no aids.

I am alone in the dark,
None goeth with me.
I may not see the tiniest spark,
Or hear the song of the morning lark.
Coldly, silently,
Fear whispers: "Hark."

On my way I cease to plod,
None goeth with me.
The wine-press has been trod:
For my comfort I clasp the rod;
Gladly, silently,
At rest in God.

M. M. C. Pollard

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

SOUTH AFRICA

Miss Knudsen has bought a plot of land and is building a room for Yeoville Lodge, near Johannesburg. She hopes to establish a Vegetarian Boarding House a little later. May the Lodge prove a centre of light, and train workers for Brotherhood.

AUSTRALIA

The Secretary of the Adelaide Lodge, South Australia, reports that his Lodge has signed a contract for £3,560-11-0 for the building of Lodge premises. They are situated in the principal street of Adelaide, and include a Lodge Room, a bookshop, offices, E. S. room, and Committee Rooms. A Lecture Hall will be built later. The whole will be named Knox Buildings, in memory of the good lawyer whose self-sacrificing work founded and sustained the Lodge. Our hearty good wishes and congratulations go to the Adelaide Theosophists. A small Christian Mystic group has been formed into a Branch of the 'Guild of the Mysteries of God,' founded by the Rev. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff. Much useful work in spreading Theosophical ideas is done by the *Public Service Review*, edited by Mr. H. G. Olifent.

SCOTLAND

Mr. Graham Pole, our Scotch General Secretary, lately addressed a meeting of Episcopal clergy in the drawing-room of the Dean of Edinburgh on Theosophy. There was a discussion, in which one clergyman remarked that he did not regard the Brotherhood of Religions as in harmony with the spirit of Christ. He had said: "I come not to bring peace but a sword," and their attitude should be a militant one against all other religions. Mr. Graham Pole's lecture was

an answer to a discourse by a Church of England clergyman, on 'Theosophy as a substitute for Christianity'. At least it showed tolerance to offer to a Theosophist the opportunity of answering the statements made. Scotland is rejoicing much over the return of its General Secretary.

FRANCE

Some trouble is reported from the Anthroposophical camp, Dr. Steiner and Mr. Levy being attacked by a French member, who left the T. S. as one of Dr. Steiner's disciples. She finds herself disillusioned, and has now become an opponent.

INDIA

The Lahore Lodge has lost its building, the land and all on it being taken by the Government, under the Land Acquisition Act. To seize in this way a building belonging to a religious body, made sacred by many memories, and consecrated to the service of the Masters, is a very high-handed act, but there is no redress. The award made does not cover the expenses incurred, and the land itself is taken at a trifle over the price paid for it many years ago, although land has very much gone up in value. The T. S. is appealing to the Civil Court for a less unfair award, but we cannot, in any case, be compensated for the feeling of wrong and of disregard of that which to us is sacred. Further, it will be impossible to buy land now at anything like the price originally paid for that of which we are dispossessed.

The Jains always show a very friendly spirit towards Theosophists, and we note with pleasure that Paṇḍit Nand Kishore Jaini, Principal of the Syadvada Māhaviḍyālaya, Benares, lectured at the Kāshi Tattva Sabhā, our original T. S. Lodge in Benares. The Lodge, under the vigorous Presidency of Miss A. J. Willson, is doing very well. The learned Paṇḍit remarked in opening that he was glad to lecture before a Theosophical Lodge, "because in your Indian Section of the Theosophical Society, I perceive an admirable and praiseworthy attempt to bridge the unfortunate and wholly unnecessary gulf, that seems to separate the two mighty factors of our noble British Empire, viz., the Indian and the English Peoples". It is true that the T. S. brings peace, not a sword, and adopts the friendly attitude not the militant one.

FINLAND

Theosophy in Finland has been very active lately. Mr. Yrjö Kallinen, appointed as a lecturer by the Executive Committee, has travelled all through Finland, visiting all the Lodges, holding meetings, and giving public lectures. He had not, at the time of writing (December 16th) returned, and was still busy visiting Centres and some Lodges for the second time.

During the autumn Mr. Pekka Ervast has regularly lectured to members, giving a series on the 'The Future of Finland,' and one on 'The Inner Development of Man'. He has revived the Sunday evening public lectures which had been discontinued for two years, and from these great things are hoped.

The literary activities have been great. Mr. Pekka Ervast has published the *Finnish National Deva*, in which he "describes the august spiritual Being that governs our nation from occult, psychological, and historical standpoints". A second volume of a book series, "The Original Christian Doctrine about Life and Death," by V. H. V., has been issued under the title, *The Parable of the Other Side*. Most important of all is the completed translation into Finnish of Vol I of *The Secret Doctrine*. "It is the pride of our Publishing Firm, and was issued in four parts, one part a year. This year the first part of Vol. II will be completed," says Mr. Ervast.

REVIEWS

Superhuman Men in History and in Religion, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.).

This latest little volume from the pen of Mrs. Besant will find the usual hearty welcome amongst our readers. It contains five lectures delivered in 1913 in London and Stockholm, and ought to have included a sixth—on 'The Christ in History'—which unfortunately has fallen out because no short-hand writer was available to report it. The various lectures are on 'Manifestation of Superhuman Beings in our World'; on 'Saviours of the World, or World-Teachers'; on 'The Christ in Man'; on 'The Restoration of the Mysteries'; and on 'The Conditions of Intellectual and of Spiritual Growth'.

Much of the ground travelled over in the lectures is the same as that gone over in Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*, and her recent volumes on *The Changing World* and *Initiation: The Perfecting of Man*. Nevertheless they repay study, even for those acquainted with the former books, as they work out many details in a new way, and supplement them in various manners by new handling of the important thoughts here presented. The lecture on 'The Christ in Man,' in particular, contains rich material for meditation and is exquisitely conceived. In the last lecture on 'The Condition of Intellectual Growth' there is a fine handling of the problem of intellectual liberty, the author being here decidedly on the side of the angels.

As an appendix, an exceedingly important extract is given from the 'President's opening speech at the Stockholm Congress'. It is a most valuable plea for tolerance within the Theosophical Society. We are sincerely grateful to our President for having spoken and published these inspiring words. May they find an echo everywhere in our Society.

In short, we have once more reason for genuine thankfulness towards Mrs. Besant, for having added again a valuable unit to the long series of volumes issued by her in the service of the great ideals to which she has so magnificently devoted her life.

J. v. M.

Life and Teachings of Giordano Bruno, by Coulson Turnbull. (The Gnostic Press, San Diego, U. S. A.)

The history of Bruno and his teachings are ever of interest to the Theosophist. Mr. Turnbull here gives us a very useful little summary of the information to be derived from the chief authorities. The first half of the book deals with the historical aspect of the subject and the life of this great teacher is very carefully traced. The latter portion is devoted to the doctrines expounded in the various writings remaining to us, and among the many extracts are included six poems. The volume, which is of pocket size, is excellently printed and bound.

C. R. H.

Prentice Mulford's Story or Life by Land and Sea. A Personal Narrative. With a Preface to the English Edition by A. E. Waite. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

The name of Prentice Mulford is too well-known to need an introduction. Many people will seize upon this book with avidity as soon as it is brought to their notice, in their interest to know more of the personal history of one who has opened up to hundreds new avenues of thought and interest and hope in life. To many of these it will be a disappointment that so little is revealed in it of the author's inner life. However, that fact also is of interest as throwing light on Mr. Mulford's character. Even apart from any biographical significance the book may have, it is amusing reading as a story of American life fifty years ago, chiefly in the wild West.

The present edition is an 'English Edition'. In it an attempt has been made to secure a larger and more sympathetic public for the book "by making verbal revisions wherever necessary, so that the obvious grammatical mistakes and imperfections of this kind may not offend the lovers of Prentice Mulford on this side of the Atlantic".

A. de L.

An Introduction to Yoga, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

This book contains the famous Convention lectures delivered at Benares in 1907. We welcome the fact that it has now run into a second edition, and we note that it is enriched by the addition of a carefully compiled index. As its name suggests, *An Introduction to Yoga* is "intended to give an outline of Yoga, in order to prepare the student to take up, for practical purposes, the *Sūtras of Patañjali*," on which its teaching is based. In this masterly exposition of a most difficult and abstruse subject Mrs. Besant is at her best. 'The Nature of Yoga' is first dealt with, and then an illuminating distinction is drawn between the Sāṅkhya and Vedānta systems of philosophy. The last chapter on 'Yoga as Practice' is one that every student of Theosophy should "mark, learn, and inwardly digest". Those who have already perused this book know its enormous value, while those into whose hands it falls for the first time have indeed a pleasure in store.

T. L. C.

Buddhist Stories, by Paul Dahlke, translated by the Bhikkhu Silacara. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

The book contains five well written stories setting forth in the form of fiction some of the fundamental ideas and doctrines of the great Buddhist faith. The necessity of solitude to develop the good in man, the true spiritual satisfaction that comes from the renunciation of all desires, even the desire for love, the calm that comes from leading a life of abstinence, the struggle to subdue the personality, such are the spiritual ideals underlying the motives and the acts of the *dramatis personae*. The story of the Christian convert, exhibits an interesting picture of the material impoverishment and spiritual disillusionment of a young Buddhist, and his final return to his ancestral faith. The character of the old father Revata, is particularly well drawn. The book might be recommended to our missionary friends as presenting some aspects of the religious problem in the East they—it seems—generally either overlook or ignore.

E. S.

James Allen's Book of Meditations for Every Day in the Year. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

Foundation Stones to Happiness and Success, by James Allen. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

Mrs. Allen has brought together from her late husband's works such paragraphs as would help the quiet meditations of aspirants to the life of piety and virtue. Many of them "were written as he came down from the Cairn in the early morning, where he spent those precious hours alone with God while the world slept". Some of them are beautiful and most of them instructive and helpful. "James Allen may truly be called the Prophet of Meditation," says the Preface, and these Meditations, culled from his many popular books, may well be said to be proving the veracity of the statement.

The second volume comprises "one of the last MS. written by James Allen," also edited by the author's wife. It is a small book full of useful and practical suggestions like the other works of the author. It treats of 'Right Principles,' 'Sound Methods,' 'True Action,' 'True Speech,' 'Equal-Mindedness,' 'Good Results'.

B. P. W.

Wanted: A Ministry of Fine Arts, by Wynford Dewhurst. (Hugh Rees, Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

In a few words Mr. Dewhurst shows us why and how much an Art Ministry is needed in England, and compares the indifference of the British Government and people towards the art life of their country with the paternal attitude of the French Government in such matters, which has resulted in an enormous artistic and commercial gain to France. There everything is a work of art from a culinary production to a masterpiece in the Salon. The author has made a strong plea for the protection of the national art treasures, the encouragement of artists by the Government, and the proper supervision of public buildings and municipal improvements—all vastly important if public taste is to be trained; but the people at large will never become thoroughly educated in art matters, or art itself become an expression of national life instead of an exotic growth, until the commonest domestic implements are made by machinery as graceful in shape and as charming in colour as they were in

those days when these articles were the result of human handiwork. In this we might learn from India, where the modern manufacturer is often forced to copy the ancient forms in order to sell his wares. Let us encourage the artist, but also let there be discrimination. Already too many artistic crimes have been perpetrated in deathless marble, because committees were composed of mere politicians or shop-keepers. We hope that this agitation will spread. We wish success to the book.

G. W.

The Way of Contentment. Translated from the Chinese of Kaibara Ekken by Ken Hoshino. THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. (John Murray, London. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

Kaibara Atsunobu, surnamed Ekken, born 1629, was a celebrated Japanese Confucian philosopher, scholar, author, teacher and social reformer. Ekken had the audacity to break through the tradition of classical characters, and wrote his books in Kana, mixed with easy Chinese characters. In his own words he wrote "plainly in plain letters," with the natural and beneficial result of promoting the education of the masses and of popularising Confucianism. His best known books are: *The Great Learning* for women, now superseded by modern influence, and *Ten Precepts of Ekken* still much read and esteemed. In philosophy he belonged to the Chu school of thought, which followed the precepts of the Sages, ancient tradition and ceremonial, and despised the way of the Intuition, followed by the opposing school of Wang Yang Ming. It is not therefore surprising to find in this little book no very original thought, though it is fragrant with a spirit of gentle benevolent kindness. It includes *The Philosophy of Pleasure*, *Precepts on Popular Morals*, and some *Miscellaneous Sayings*. Over the beauties of nature Ekken is enthusiastic. Sake, dancing and slow music and material things are, he teaches, legitimately pleasurable in moderation, while "the pleasure to be found in reading books is profound". A high standard of morality is insisted on. "Find your pleasure in doing good," is reiterated. In his *Precepts on Popular Morals* the teaching is very practical and elevating. The loving wisdom of the Sage conjoined with the tranquil spirit of the Japan of the past, rather than the spirit

of fiery activity shown by the Japan of to-day, makes the book both pleasant and profitable reading.

E. S.

A Wayfarer's Faith, by T. Edmund Harvey, M. P. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

This little book is full of good things. It is distinguished throughout by the spirit of charity which marks the broad-minded man. The author is a member of the Society of Friends, and is essentially a Christian, yet he extends to all faiths a wide tolerance. He seeks to find the unity underlying all, rather than to discover differences at which to cavil. In the first chapter, 'The Common Basis of Religious Life,' we read:

We need to feel, not the imperfections of all the varying creeds, religious and irreligious, but the inherent strength and power of each, and from a consciousness of this to rise to some dim realisation of the golden thread of truth which runs through all sincere faiths, however degraded or erroneous they may at first sight appear to be.

But later on we find that we must have definite conceptions of our own as to truth:

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.

Among others there are chapters on 'The Inner Life of the Church,' 'Institutions and Inspiration,' and 'Sacraments of Life'. We cannot agree with the author that there is no "magical efficacy" in the two principal sacraments of the Church, but naturally this would be his point of view. A chapter on 'The Prophet in the Church' is extremely interesting:

The prophetic instinct is not dead indeed, but men find its highest manifestations rather outside the Church than within it. The leaders of the Church have been too often content to repeat the messages of the prophets of a former day rather than to seek a living voice in their midst.

We must forbear from further quotation. It has been a great pleasure for us to read *A Wayfarer's Faith*, and the best advice we can give is: "Go ye, and do likewise."

T. L. C.

The Growth of a Soul, by August Strindberg, translated by Claud Field. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

There is something awe-inspiring to the reader in the terrible composure with which this author presides over the dissection of his own living personality. Strindberg has been described as "the greatest subjectivist of all time"; if his other works are equal to this one, in point of being masterpieces of auto-vivisection, then there can be no exaggeration in the description. Here is a slight specimen of his scathing self-analysis; we all recognise John—and as a youth "John thought Pille's landscapes more beautiful than the reality, although he cherished great reverence for the works of the Creator". Strindberg's epithets are well chosen; doubtless some credit for this is due to the translator. Which of us has not met the "automatic pygmy"? Anyone needing a powerful mental stimulus will find it in Strindberg. Here is one paragraph among many which will give the reader 'furiously to think':

Social evolution was a very slow process. Consequently he must lie at anchor in the roadstead waiting for the tide. But this waiting was too long for him; he heard an inner voice bidding him speak, for if one does not spread what light one has, how can popular views be changed? Everything around him now seemed so old and out of date. . . no one thought of the future. His philosophical friend . . . calmed him . . . through a sentence of La Bruyere: "Don't be angry because men are bad and stupid, or you will have to be angry because a stone falls; both are subject to the same laws; one must be stupid and the other fall." "That is all very well," said John, "but . . . I cannot breathe or see . . . I suffocate." "Write!", answered his friend.

As an example of the acute observation and fearless outspokenness of Strindberg we quote:

People fear being regarded as uncultivated, a great deal more than they fear being regarded as godless. Everyone attacked Christ, for He was thought to have been overthrown by learned criticism, but they were afraid of attacking Shakespeare. John, however was not.

But here we must leave this literary Samson, with his giant strength, his human weakness, his many misfortunes, and his mighty arms girt about the cracking pillars of contemporary public opinion.

K. F. S.

Myths of the Hindūs and Buddhists, by Sister Nivedita.
(George G. Harrap & Co. London Price 15s. net.)

Here we have a most delightful volume presented to us. In it are related, in a manner as close to the originals as possible, but much more condensed, such of the Myths as are familiar to every educated Indian and which are commonly illustrated in Indian sculpture and painting. They include the stories from the *Rāmāyaṇa* and *Mahābhārata*, of Shiva, Kṛṣṇa, Shani, Dhruva, etc. The untimely death of Sister Nivedita in 1911 made it necessary that the work should be completed by the pen of another, and well has Dr. Coomaraswamy performed what is always a difficult and thankless task. People of the West are, as a rule, profoundly ignorant of, and indifferent to, the Mythology of the East; the ponderous form in which it presents itself in the numberless volumes of the Sacred Books, may in a degree be responsible for such a state of things; but gathered together in the attractive guise of these stories, it should prove of fascinating interest and certainly no longer is there any excuse for such ignorance. The book is illustrated by a number of Indian artists under the direction of Mr. Abanindro Nath Tagore and their fantasies are miracles of charm and beauty—absolute revelations indeed of that of which Indian Art is capable in these modern times. Where all are delightful it seems invidious to select, and yet of a few it is impossible to omit special mention. The "Asceticism of Umā" and "Shiva drinking the World Poison," by Lall Bore; the "Departure of Prince Siddhārtha" and "The Bodhisattva's Tusks," by A. Nath Tagore; and "Damayanti" by Nath Mayumdar, are simply unsurpassable for delicacy of colour and exquisite suggestion—the book is well worth buying for the sake of these five gems of art alone. One can only congratulate the writer on his choice of artists, and the artists themselves on the success with which they have treated their subjects. *Myths of the Hindūs and Buddhists* should appeal to a wide field of readers and find a place in every library.

K.

Au-delà du Capricorne, a novel by Marc Saunier. (E. Sansot & Co., Paris. Price frcs. 3' 50.)

This novel advocates strongly family life, temperance, self-denial. It cannot but have a good influence over readers not yet acquainted with Theosophical truths. In a style perhaps too modern, *i.e.*, exaggerating all images and sensations, the author, who evidently has read about karma and reincarnation, describes vividly the tortures suffered by a man who has just died after a life spent in seeking sexual pleasures almost exclusively. Mr. Marc Saunier, however, seems to know nothing of, or to disregard the distinction between, the astral, mental and causal bodies; he makes life on the astral and mental planes extremely short, about one year on each; and, what is worse, his hero, a man of a very low moral type, is shown to need only one reincarnation on earth before he passes on, "beyond the Capricorn," to a new existence of bliss on Jupiter. Perhaps, when the author has studied Theosophical literature a good deal more, he will give us another story in which love between man and woman will not be set up as the only principle of all human life, in which also faithfulness in love to one sister soul and body will not appear to be the unique lesson human beings have to learn on this earth.

L. P.

The Bases of Theosophy, by James H. Cousins. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

This little book contains much wisdom in small compass. It is "a study in fundamentals, philosophical, psychological, practical". The author considers that Theosophy meets the needs of the age. The purely intellectual philosophy of life is not enough. We require something more. He sees in Theosophy the religious and social reconciler, with its sane presentment of the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood. The last chapter is devoted to 'Theosophy in Personal Practice' and may be summed up in the words: "We must practise what we preach." We congratulate Mr. Cousins in having given us a book which treats of Theosophy in an original way.

T. L. C.

The Evolution of Culture, by Henry Proctor. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

There is in this volume no attempt at discussing the nature of Culture and from the author's point of view there is no need to do so. He takes the word in the sense in which it is ordinarily used, *viz.*, conditions denoting a certain stage of civilisation, and treats the subject historically. The book is very interesting reading. Beginning with Quaternary man and briefly dealing with the Atlantean and Lemurian races, he conducts us through the Stone Age, the Biblical nations, Egyptian Culture and Chinese Culture. The last two parts (III and IV) deal respectively with the evolution of the art of writing and the evolution of religion, natural and revealed. There is a great amount of very valuable information, clearly and attractively set forth in this book of one hundred and twenty-four pages, and the Theosophist interested in the scientific presentment of things would do well to add the work to those already on his shelves.

J. S.

The Occult Arts, by J. W. Frings. (William Rider & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This is an examination of the claims made for the existence and practice of the super-normal powers, and an attempted justification of some of them by the conclusions of the researches of modern Science. This instructive little book should, in a time when so much interest is felt and shown in matters occult, prove both useful and attractive to the student of such things.

In a series of chapters dealing with Alchemy, Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Omens, Oracles, Telepathy, etc., a brief history is given of the probable meaning and origin of each, an explanation in fact of their phenomena. It is shown how certain faculties, regarded as quite uncanny by many, are easily explainable in the light of modern science and its discoveries, and indeed are the logical outcome of conditions found to exist. The writer has the Theosophical view on the subject of the different planes of nature and of matter, and, from several explanations in the course of his work, one is led to infer that he, himself, has experienced in his own person some of the effects spoken of, and that he is susceptible to

those finer vibrations which enable one to cognise other states of consciousness than the mere physical. The book shows a considerable amount of painstaking research and is written in attractive style.

K.

The Return of Frank R. Stockton. Stories and Letters which cannot fail to convince the Reader that Frank R. Stockton still lives and writes through the instrumentality of Miss Etta de Camp. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London.)

The claim made for this collection of short stories is that they were automatically written through the instrumentality of Miss Etta de Camp, an amateur medium. Mr. Stockton was anxious in this way to convince the public that he is still able to write. His letters to Miss De Camp automatically written down and a chapter, 'Why I know that Frank R. Stockton writes through me,' give circumstantial evidence as to the truth of Mr. Stockton's claim and to Miss De Camp's *bona fides*, which latter seems indubitable. The Society for Psychic Research in America has investigated the case and taken possession of her original MSS. Mr. Floyd B. Wilson, an investigator of experience, in his summary which concludes the book, and after a thorough investigation, writes: "Stockton evidently wrote these stories." For having carefully compared them with Mr. Stockton's other work, he finds internal evidence, "the inexplorable something" which stamps an author's personality and output in this curiously produced book. The stories and their mode of production have naturally aroused a great deal of comment in America, but to the Theosophist who has learnt something of the after-death conditions, Miss De Camp's story, the part she personally plays, and Mr. Stockton's ability to work through her, and his continued literary interest and activity after death are no new things, but are valuable as adding to the gradually accumulating mass of first-hand and positive evidence that "at death not all of me shall die". The stories are of the humorous nature generally associated with Mr. Stockton's name, though two or three have a psychic interest, and the book is well worth reading by all who like a good story or are interested in psychic phenomena.

E. S.

Cosmic Art, by Charles Spencer. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 2s.)

This little volume contains a series of addresses delivered by the author in London. "They are to be considered," he tells us, "rather as fragmentary hints and suggestions than as an attempt to put forward a complete philosophical system." Even in these days we think that eighty-four pages of not closely printed matter would scarcely suffice to contain "a complete philosophical system". He justifies the publication of these papers because in the literature of to-day he finds "there is very little that devotes itself to the interpretation of Nature and experience *from the standpoint of the Absolute*". (Italics ours.) We are not surprised!

The essays are written nicely enough, and are mystic in character, but there is nothing to distinguish them in any way. There is very little in them that the reader can definitely take hold of. Still they may present, to those unacquainted with the author's line of thought, some new ideas, and we feel they must have sounded far better when delivered by him than when read in cold print.

T. L. C.

Life, Ideals and Death, by F. Grantham. (Grant Richards Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

In the Introduction the author tells us that from the age of ten to that of forty he has been thinking on the subjects embodied in this book, and that ten years have elapsed since he commenced to write it, after comparative study of the religions, philosophy and science of the East and West. The author's point of view is agnostic. For him, the real is the experience of the senses; all else is the Unknown; but within these limits he has penetrated to the simple root principles which are the foundation of our physical universe. He has tried to know himself and his surroundings, and his book clearly shows that he has taken as his watchword: "There is no religion, no science, no philosophy, greater than Truth." Surely, it would be better, especially in a movement like the Theosophical Society, in which new facts and opinions are constantly being propounded, if we set to work to classify our thoughts, if we winnowed out mere beliefs from knowledge, and

true belief from idle reflection of others' thoughts. We are setting out on a long journey, and it would seem fitting to examine our possessions, and to cast aside all that is not worth taking with us. The way is difficult enough without unnecessary encumbrances. With several of the details of the author's ideas we cannot agree, but the book is valuable, if we take it as a rough outline of what each of us should do for himself.

H. T. R.

For India's Uplift, by Annie Besant. (G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

This excellent compilation of Mrs. Besant's writings and lectures has special value for all who are interested in the possibilities of India's regeneration. Each lecture presents ideals to strive for as well as methods for their attainment. Their eloquence inspires, their logic convinces, and their intellectuality instructs. The principal trend is that practice should follow understanding. If the real public spirit, the true and enlightened patriotism Mrs. Besant tries to stimulate, could be aroused, the much desired change for India's future would be readily achieved. The cause, the growth and cessation of 'India's Unrest' are explained by an insight born of wide experience, knowledge and love of the country that has been of near and dear interest. The causes of the gradual decline of religion, intellect and prosperity are emphasised in order to provide remedial measures for their revival, and the necessity for moral and religious education is made obvious. Stress is laid upon the duty of the people to their ancestors who bequeathed ideals, so ancient and yet so new that they still have the power to inspire. The right relationship towards each other, and the ideal relationship that should exist between India and England are strongly recommended. Prominent social problems that beset the country at present will find a solution if this book has the wide circulation it deserves.

G. G.

The Parents' Book, by Rita Strauss. (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The first things which strike the reviewer when he takes up this book, are the amount of information contained therein, and the low price at which such information may be obtained. A sense of horror then begins to steal over him that there are in the world children really existing who may ask the questions that the book provides for. We cannot think that there is any contingency left unprovided for, but if so, only a child will find it. The book is thoroughly up-to-date in its information, and has interesting illustrations as well as a useful index. It deals with every subject under the sun—Science, Toys, History, Furniture, etc., etc. Happy is the parent who possesses this book and is able to cope with the child's perpetual 'why'.

T. L. C.

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

Goethe, by Prof. C. H. Hereford, Litt. D.

The "hazardous enterprise" embarked upon by the author when he undertook to give an account of Goethe in so small a volume, has terminated successfully. It is hard to say to whom the reading of this little book will bring more profit and pleasure, the man who is to take his first real look at Goethe through the glasses provided by Prof. Hereford or the man to whom these short sketches are like snatches of familiar melody luring the memory far afield.

Kant's Philosophy, by A. D. Lindsay, M.A.

To the amateur philosopher 'Kant' is a fascinating horror—a most desirable "thing in itself," to a knowledge of which he cannot attain; all that he really knows of it being its phenomenal expression—to him a jumble of ponderous and

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

incomprehensible phrases. To such a person this little book will be a revelation. The main principles of the Kantian view of things are here laid bare in a surprising and masterly way. This little book is a highly recommendable addition to this "adventurous series".

Shelley, by Sydney Waterlow, M. A.

The chief value of a small work like this lies not so much in the information given—though that is by no means inconsiderable—as in the fact that it whets the reader's appetite and makes him ask for more on the same subject. Where 'more' may be found is pointed out in a bibliographical note. The book contains three chapters—Shelley and his Age, Principal Writings, and The Poet of Rebellion, of Nature and Love.

Ethics, by Canon Rashdall, D. Litt., D. C. L.

This little book should be used as a sort of mental house-boat on the river of philosophy. As the author points out, ethics can hardly be studied satisfactorily without a knowledge of metaphysics; psychology is necessary too as furnishing the data for the consideration of ethics; again, the subject itself is complicated and branches out in unexpected ways. For all these reasons it is necessary for the reader, as he floats quietly down the stream of the author's argument, to stop often and make excursions inland, now on one bank, now on the other, and acquaint himself with the persons and places pointed out to him along the way. If he will do this, the book will indeed be to him what its author intended it should be, an introduction to the study of ethics.

A. de L.

An Introduction to the Experimental Psychology of Beauty, by C. W. Valentine, M. A.

This little book presents a summary of experiments dealing with the psychology of the appreciation of beauty. The result is an exceedingly interesting outline of the attempts of modern science to determine exactly what it is that gives a sense of pleasure in the observation of form, colour, balance and symmetry. A great number of experiments have been undertaken in the region of colour and it is remarkable that the character attributed to the same colour by independent observers, is so frequently similar.

Thus orange is generally considered mysterious, red violent and frank, blue soothing and reserved, yellow cheerful and frivolous. Blue purple was described as mystic and unfathomable, and by one subject as "a person with a past," while red purple was stated to combine the strength of red and the "thoughtfulness" of blue.

The investigations extend not only to pictures but to music, and it appears that certain discordant combinations of notes, at first displeasing, become with repetition distinctly pleasurable. It may be remembered in this connection that the major third, at one time inadmissible, is now the most popular interval. Asiatic music in which quarter tones are prominent, in the first instance much disliked, after several hearings appeared to many people very beautiful. The truth of this observation will be endorsed by those who have made any study of Indian music. The book is written in very readable style and many who are interested in self-knowledge will be glad to find here an indication of the direction in which to seek an answer, when such questions as: "Do I like this and if so why?" present themselves to the mind.

C. R. H.

England in the Making, by Prof. F. J. G. Hearnshaw, M. A., LL. D.

This book suffers from the defects of one of its qualities—brevity. The charm of the history of Britain before the Norman Conquest is almost altogether lost, and the inevitable compression which the author has exercised reduces his work to the record of a succession of facts. He begins with an account of Pre-Roman Britain, and describes the condition of the country in the old Stone Age, and the successive 'Ages,' and continues the history up to the coming of the Normans. The chapter on 'The Consolidation of the English' is an admirable summary. We venture to think that not enough space has been given to the early institutions of Britain, and we miss some of the fascinating legends which used to enchant our childhood.

A useful list of authorities is given at the end of the book, as well as a comprehensive index—but *why* no map? How can we follow the varying fortunes of the Heptarchy clearly without this aid?

But as a reliable history of the early times of our Island, this book must have its place. We cannot doubt that the author regrets as sincerely as we do the necessity of condensing his obviously wide knowledge into such a small space.

T. L. C.

The Crusades, by M. M. C. Calthrop.

The author gives us an opportunity of looking back upon an interesting and instructive bit of history during the Middle Ages, when a series of wars were waged by Europe for the possession of the Holy Land. The various factors that led to the pilgrimages and crusades—spiritual thirst, hopes of reward and redemption, dissatisfaction, ambitious motives—and the achievements thereof, represent the spirit of the times, and the strange ways in which a great force will find channels to expend itself. From the time of the first pilgrimage made in 333 A. D. to the end of the fourteenth century, many events are recorded which mark a peculiar stage our humanity passed through in clamouring for its rights of possessing Palestine. These events are put into a 'nutshell' form for ready reading, and a Bibliography and Index are furnished at the end of this valuable volume.

G. G.

Youth and Sex. Dangers and Safeguards for Girls and Boys, by Mary Scharlieb, M.D., M.S. and T. Arthur Sibly, M.A., LL. D.

This little booklet suffers from being a combination of two separate essays by two different writers. The subject, as given in the title, is approached from an altogether different standpoint by each. Dr. Scharlieb gives rather a sensible little treatise on hygiene and ethics with regard to young girls, whilst Dr. Sibly exclusively deals with the impurity problem amongst boys.

In both essays there is practical and good common sense, and especially in the second some astonishing and most important statements are made. A practical remedy, however, is not given, beyond that of hypnotic suggestions.

J. v. M.

PHENOMENA OF MATERIALISATION¹

Two books lie before us, bearing as date of publication 1914, so they may be regarded as the very latest contribution on the subject of which they treat. Both of them are devoted to a branch of spiritualistic enquiry, and both of them are called *Phenomena of Materialisation*, the one in French, the other in German. They contain independent reports of a long series of experimental seances held from February 1909, till August 1913, by a small group of experimenters of which the authors of these books were the most constant, while some of the others changed from time to time. Both of the books are sumptuously got up, and contain a profusion of very well reproduced photographs. The greater part of each of the works is filled with the exact and circumstantial reports of the meetings, giving in both cases a dispassionate, scientific and detailed description of conditions, happenings and experiences; several general chapters about the medium, an introduction, general historical factors, hypotheses and facts, conclusions, the theory of fraud and, in the case of the German book, a list of chemical analyses round off the work.

The reports of the seances give the impression of great exactitude, carefulness and scientific accuracy regarding observations, and the result of the whole seems to be of great importance in the development of the scientific study of psychic phenomena. In studying the books, and specially with regard to many of the photographs contained in them, the general impression is twofold. If the pictures had been given alone, I think scarcely any neutral observers could escape the strong impression that the whole thing is a fraud, and a clumsy fraud at that. Studying the text, however, we find such a careful description of what actually took place that, judging the text without photographs, one would be quite favourably impressed, and inclined to take a favourable view of the reality of the phenomena.

These phenomena are curious in many ways. To a large extent they consist in emanations proceeding from either the mouth, the navel or the womb of the medium. These emanations assume chiefly two forms, the one of pictures of materialisations of human figures, tolerably complete or only partial, the

other of diffused and formless masses of matter of which sometimes parts take definite shape. One peculiarity of the materialisations of faces and figures looks very suspicious. They seem as a rule to be flat pictures, not appearances of three-dimensional forms. In many of them the photographs show creases and folds in these materialised surfaces which would seem to indicate that they had been carried about in a folded condition by the medium after she had cut them out from an illustrated paper; but then, in reading the description of the careful precautions against fraud taken by the investigators, both as to the clothing of the medium and the checking of her movements, the hypothesis of fraud becomes one excessively difficult to support.

The second class of phenomena, that of the production of curious and unappetising masses of matter from the mouth and elsewhere, is not a very pleasant one. The pictures in the book figuring these abortions of matter give one very often the same revolting impression as that produced on a layman by his first examination of the illustrations in an anatomical or embryological book.

Now as far as the first class of phenomena is concerned, they have already been 'unmasked' in the Paris daily paper *Le Matin* of December the 26th, 1913, which disposes of the genuineness of the manifestations in two and a half columns, setting at naught the 850 pages of minute analysis of Madame Bisson and Dr. Schrenck-Notzing. The paper makes out that several of the materialised forms are mere cuttings from illustrated newspapers, cleverly manipulated; but the acute journalist who wrote this criticism is not able satisfactorily to account for the manner in which the group of observers has been tricked for five years into an impression that no jugglery took place, and forgets at the same time an evident and interesting observation.

Most of the phenomena were, as so many others in this line, in themselves silly, meaningless, mysterious and commonplace. We have only to remember the famous gloo-gloo spook of ridiculous memory. Now it is clear that, if our researches are sufficiently authoritative to eliminate for the moment the fraud hypothesis, there is nothing to prevent us from adopting the theory that it was the spooks themselves (or, if we eliminate the spirit hypothesis, the psychic forces at work) who reproduced such cuttings, if cuttings they were. It may well be held that it may be easier for materialisation phenomena to take place when somewhere there is a physical basis. Anyhow, the problem should be put in quite another way than that in which the zealous unmaskers, who always follow in the wake of any publication of the results of psychic enquiry, have done it.

¹ *Materialisations-Phaenomena*, by Dr. A. Von Schrenck-Notzing. *Les Phenomenes dits de materialisation*, by Juliette Alexandre-Bisson.

The problem before us is simply this. Here are a number of people, some of them with great scientific reputations, some of them with technical knowledge of various sorts, some of them experts in the matter of psychical research, all of whom have for five years observed their medium. They have observed certain phenomena, and they have not been able to detect fraud, though the results contain several elements which seem to indicate, or which lead one to suppose, fraud. Now the scientific position is not to say: "If such and such were done, could the hypothesis of fraud be explained or proven?" But rather: "Have indications of fraud really been found?" The latter has not been the case. Though, therefore, these books leave still very much to be desired and to be explained, they are in no sense valueless for our knowledge of psychic phenomena. Their results are fairly negative, but they make out a *prima facie* case which justifies further study, and if they do nothing else but this, their publication has been worthy of the painstaking care, the trouble and the expense bestowed upon their preparation and production.

Finally, considering the incipient stage in which psychic research in general still finds itself at the present day, it is, in our opinion, not so much of importance whether the phenomena described in these two books are genuine or not. The primary importance of the works is rather that they set forth methods and standards of research, thus showing how psychic problems should be scientifically approached. In this way they contribute towards the construction of a reliable and lasting basis upon which psychic knowledge may be erected. The future may then—in quite a later stage—bring fixed results which at present are wanting in so many respects.

INDIAN ART

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN INDIAN PAINTER

Out of a noisy narrow street in Calcutta we turn into a short lane, and at its end a courtyard opens, and suddenly we are far away from Calcutta. Round the three sides of the court are three residences, pillared, double-storied. There is an atmosphere of peace in the courtyard. For here reside the members of a great family, whose name now is known all over the world.

In one of these residences lives Abanindranath Tagore, artist and dreamer, great in his department of Art as is his uncle the poet in another. A friend goes first to see if the artist is at home. He is, and he comes to welcome me.

He does not look a dreamer at all, though his work is so full of dreams. Abanindranath Tagore is a tall, broad-shouldered man, just past forty perhaps, with a full clean-shaven face, and there is no resemblance between him and his famous uncle. He looks a prosperous business man, but he is an artist through and through. You note that from his dressing-gown and the way he wears it.

The artist takes me upstairs to a large room that is his reception-room and study. They say that "the style's the man"; perhaps also the room's the man. Certainly from one glance at this room you may know Abanindranath Tagore.

How shall I describe this room? It is India, Japan, China, the East, the true East where the sun rises and the soul is at peace. I wonder whether there is another room like it in all Calcutta. Probably not, for that is India's tragedy to-day. Indians go after "other gods"—made in Germany or England—and know not that the fount of beauty and inspiration is at our very doors, and not in the machine products of foreign lands.

Imagine a large room, beautifully proportioned, and on the floor an enclosure some fifteen feet by ten. I call it an enclosure, because it is the study, the sanctuary, separated off from the rest of the room by a wooden division an inch or two

high. Inside are soft mats, a low writing-table or two, and large roll-cushions to lean upon as you sit cross-legged. Outside the enclosure are low chairs of carved wood, if you should want to sit; and on the walls is—life. Life from Japan in kakemonas, and in panels by Indian artists; here too are portraits and scenes and incidents from old Mughal days, and elsewhere round the room are statuettes, paintings and carvings of all kinds. Yet they do not seem to take up the space of the room; they seem only as if peeping in upon the occupant.

There are very few of Mr. Tagore's pictures for me to see, for some two hundred of them have just been sent to Paris to be exhibited at the Luxembourg; yet there is a gem or two still left. First a miniature of his mother in such a wonderful setting as Da Vinci might have imagined; and then that picture so perfect in sentiment, the dying Shah Jehan, tended by his daughter Jahanara, looking out of a window at the Taj. It is the original he shows me, and it is too precious to be sent away. And just one or two more, and that is all. There are several drawings of his pupils, but I am alive just now to Mr. Tagore's work only.

The artist tells me he has never been taught Art, and has never been to an art school. That I can well understand, for I was told a similar thing by Paul Troubetzkoy, the foremost of Russian sculptors. It is better so, sometimes; we poor seekers of life through Art have it given to us sometimes from a fresher fount by those uninstructed and untrained in the art schools. I ask him if he has been to Italy, and he says no. When he goes to Florence and sees Cimabue, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Lippo, Perugino, will he recognise that he is of the brotherhood of the 'primitives'? I wonder! But one needs to have consorted with these 'primitives,' and then to have been thrown into the hurly-burly of modern art salons to appreciate the work of Tagore. It is not a thing you can explain, this charm of simplicity and innocence, and above all purity, through which divine intuitions play. I wonder to myself whether Tagore is not an Italian 'primitive' reincarnated. But this much is certain, that India has a genius whom the world will honour the more it comes to know him.

C. J.

INDIAN MUSIC

Mrs. William Mann—better known as the celebrated violinist, Maud MacCarthy—is arousing England to a sense of the value of Indian Music. While quite a girl, she achieved a

remarkable success as a violinist, so that the *Athenaeum* hailed her as seeming to be "destined to be the legitimate successor of Joachim," and the *Times* declared that "her deep insight into such works as she chooses to play is as surprising as her finished execution". *Music* remarked: "Her faultless technique is placed purely at the service of classical art. The result is a fineness and a purity of style which is possessed by no other player I know of." Under the influence of the Theosophical Society she resolved to dedicate her genius to the uplifting of the public rather than merely to its amusing, and during a temporary exhaustion of the nerves of the right arm, owing to over-practice, she came to Benares to live with Mrs. Besant, and later accompanied her to Adyar.

Her musical genius received a new inspiration under the influence of Indian music, and she rapidly learned to sing and play it with astonishing beauty and mastery of its difficult technique. She now sings twenty-four microtones to the notes of the western octave, in "a voice of exceptional flexibility and purity of tone" (*Times*), and is fascinating English musicians with her marvellous renderings of Indian music, accompanying herself on the *tambura*. Her examples of Indian classical music are used as illustrations in the lectures given at the London Academy of Music, and the veteran Felix Moschells declared that "she had made him feel that the East and West were one at heart". *Musical Opinion* says of a lecture lately given at Birmingham:

There was a low platform on which her slight figure, in its soft robes of drapery, crouched before a *vinā* and a native drum; and as she sang her strange Indian songs, with their intermingling of three rhythms (giving a wonderful lithe suppleness), the walls of the room seemed to melt away—we were sitting on the verandah of an Indian bungalow and in the compound was an Indian singer playing the *tambura* and the *vinā* and singing in the magical light of an Indian landscape. Mrs. Mann herself has at times a curiously Indian look, as if her sympathetic study of the music had brought her into such union with the Indian soul that it affected her form and looked out at her eyes. We do not know when we have heard a voice of such exquisite purity of tone—we have never heard such *soffo voce*—and the fineness of ear and breath-control which enables her to sing scales of twenty-four *srutis* (or micro-tones) to the octave is astounding. This eastern music has a marvellous subtlety and delicate quality which seem to make our western methods appear very coarse and clumsy.

Mrs. Mann has recently published a pamphlet on *Some Indian Conceptions of Music* (Theosophical Publishing Society, 6d.), in which is to be found a somewhat fuller account of the matter than can be given in an evening's lecture, and which we recommend to all who care to investigate the subject. We have given our impression in a somewhat pictorial way. We will however trust ourselves yet further to the sympathies of our readers and give a still more intimate experience that came to us on this occasion. A suggestion seemed to arise that by this charm the "gates of ivory" were slightly opened and through them there stole shadowy memories of some previous state of existence, some earlier incarnation, in which this music was our own familiar way of thought amid oriental scenes and ways of life.

Rabindranath Tagore speaks warmly of her work, and the Professor of Bengali Literature at Cambridge University, after her 'lecture' there, wrote to Mr. Mann of his delight, and remarks that he feels justified in having made a remark a year ago, for which he was "promptly snubbed," that "De Bussy was learning from India". The *Sussex Daily News* reports a lecture at Brighton, in which she prefaced her music with some remarks on the value of Theosophy in leading to the comparative study of religions, arts, and literature. Her lecture for the Annie Besant T. S. Lodge in the Birmingham Midland Institute, presided over by the Principal of the Birmingham School of Music, created such intense interest that another lecture is to be given on March 4th, under the presidency of Sir Oliver Lodge, in the Medical Theatre of the University of Birmingham.

Mrs. Mann hopes to form a choir for general music in the London T. S. Headquarters, and Indian music will find there a congenial home. All who love India will be grateful to her for placing her exquisite art at the feet of the Motherland, and will thank Theosophy for the inspiration which led to the offering.

[Reprinted from the *Commonweal* of January 16th and 23rd.]

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES?

THE VICAR OF S. JAMES', LONDON, AND MILITANCY

Issued by the Women's Social and Political Union

THIS is the question which excited journalists and still more excited letter-writers are trying to answer. And such answers! Now, of course, it is a very simple and natural question to ask. And you can take your choice of two answers, and two only. You must either kill them or give them the vote. There is no middle course with militant Suffragettes. Like the schoolboy's elephant: "When they are angry they won't do so." Promises, threats, arguments, attacks by hooligans, jingle-like vulgar witticisms, prisons, stripes, hunger, forcible feeding—these are of no avail. A woman like Mrs. Pankhurst, who is quite prepared, if need be, to die, is the master of the Government and the British Constitution. You can, of course, kill her. But dare you? And if you do, you will have such a lot of others to kill as well, and when you have killed them all, you will still have to give women votes. Jesus Christ was crucified and His Apostles martyred, but Christianity triumphed. You can't kill ideas. You can't kill truth and justice. That women, sooner or later, must have the vote is as sure as the rising and setting of the sun and the process of the seasons. The point at issue simply is: Will you kill a lot of women first and then give in, or will you do justice now, and avoid the killing? The women are not asking the British public to book the order; they are out for the immediate delivery of the goods.

Now, what I have just written is not argument; it is a simple statement of fact. If a man can't see it, it is because his mental vision is defective. But I want now to discuss the very interesting subject of militancy. I am told that some people—dear, timid, gentle, respectable people—are shocked that the Vicar of S. James

approves of militancy. Poor Mr. Jingle is quite upset about it. Well, Mr. Editor, I am very grateful to you for giving me permission, through the medium of your paper, to put my views before the public. First let me assure the virtuously-shocked people that I do not approve of militancy. It is a very ugly thing. I deplore it. I am a man of peace. I am an extremist even. I am a man of peace at any price, even the price of war. And I say, there will be no peace in this country till women get the vote.

There are two arguments urged against the militant tactics of the Suffragettes, one is that they are very sinful, the other is that they are alienating friends of the cause, and putting back the hands of the clock. Let me deal with the second objection first. My answer is that it is not true; and if it were true it wouldn't matter. What does it matter where the hands of a clock are, if the clock won't go? It is a plain sober fact of the modern history of the movement which nobody can deny, however much they would like to deny it, that the militant tactics of the last year or two have done more to bring the cause of women's suffrage to the certainty of a successful issue than all the fifty years' strenuous, heroic, constitutional agitation which preceded it. It is a lamentable fact, no doubt, and one not very creditable to human nature, but it is a fact, nevertheless. "Votes for Women" is the only live political issue to-day. As long as women said nicely and persuasively: "Don't you think we ought to have the vote?" the question was one of merely academic interest. When gentle women held out suppliant hands a few sympathised, and the crowd passed by on the other side, a little irritated and much amused. When the militants bared a strong right arm and said: "We mean to have the vote, and we mean to hold the Government up and the public, till we get it," they brought the subject so to the front that every other public question has to take a back seat till this is settled for good and all. Mind, I am not at this point arguing that militant tactics are right; I am merely reminding you of the simple, indisputable

fact that they have proved themselves superlatively successful. But you say they have made the public very angry. For the present, yes; but an angry opponent to a just and righteous cause is a better asset than an indifferent friend, because it is indifference that kills great causes and not opposition.

And now let us come to the question of the rights and wrongs of militancy. Is it wrong to break windows? Of course it is. Is it wrong to spoil letters? Of course it is. Is it wrong to blow up nice, kind Mr. Lloyd George's house? Yes, even that is wrong. But the thing isn't quite as simple as all that. Some of the militant Suffragettes have been to Sunday School, and they know what is wrong as well as you. The question we have to face is this: Why do gentle, educated, refined, philanthropic women do these things? It is much better to sit down and try to think it out quietly, than to get angry and to adopt militant tactics ourselves, in order to show to the whole world how we hate militancy. Physical force is physical force, and militancy is militancy, whether they come from a Suffragette or a brutal steward at Mr. Lloyd George's meeting, or from a Barrow Labour-man or from a hooligan mob of anti-suffragists, or a policeman, or a prison doctor.

Let us turn away from abstract theories of right and wrong, and try to see things as they actually are. You say that women ought to adopt constitutional methods. But for over fifty years they have adopted every constitutional method that the wit of woman could devise, and what has it brought them? One member of the Government tells them they are not in earnest. Men burnt down old historical castles when they wanted the vote; and then, when in a very, very mild form they take his advice, there is another member of the Government—Mr. McKenna—to put them in prison, and in order to break their unbreakable spirits, he introduces into English prisons Russian methods of physical torture. Men are in the Constitution; they have the right to vote. Women under a Liberal Government, which has tricked and duped them time after time, are shut, bolted and

barred out of the Constitution, and then calmly told to be very constitutional.

And what a lot we hear about law and order. Now, law and order are sacred things, and all lawlessness and disorder are harmful to the common life. But there is a spurious reverence for law and order, which is only another name for a selfish love of ease and comfort—a desire to play golf quietly, to have your letters promptly and cleanly delivered, and your plate-glass properly preserved, in total disregard of all the suffering human beings who are on the wrong side of the security and comfort which law and order ought to guarantee, and for the comforting and uplifting of whom women are seeking the vote. There is, you must agree, a certain logic in the law-breakers' methods. They want to disturb you, and they have succeeded. My dear anti-suffragist and anti-suffragette, it is not a question of law and order; it is a question of what law and what order. The women have outgrown the present man-made law and the present man-ordered order. They are out for a better law and a better order, and some of them have been made so desperate that they are prepared to dare any deed, and suffer any penalty, and even to die any death you may inflict upon them in our glorious prisons, which are one of the proud possessions of our present system of law and order. It is well to understand, even if you don't agree. Again I say: you must either kill them or give them the vote. Law and order are good things, but greater even than these are justice and life.

And I would like also to urge in this connection that there is a great amount of unconscious cant, humbug and hypocrisy in the fervid public outcry against the militant women. Unfortunately, as things are, we live in a militant world. We are told that European peace is to be secured only by an ever-increasing display of militant force in vast and bloated armies and navies. We are told that Ulster Irishmen are arming and drilling, and if the Home Rule Bill becomes law, they are going to be militant with powder and shot; and leading statesmen say they will be

doing a praiseworthy thing, and Mr. McKenna dare not arrest them. Not long ago the miners adopted militant tactics, and Barrow steel-workers starved and suffered. At the present moment the railwaymen are contemplating a gigantic act of militancy, which, if it comes off, will cause terrible suffering to millions of inoffensive people. Quite recently the whole Tory party adopted militant tactics in the House, and made debate impossible, and compelled the Prime Minister to climb down. As the rag-time ditty says: "Every-body's doing it, doing it." But I must be just. There is a bright and shining exception—the Labour party in the House of Commons. Of course at meetings and elections they let off a lot of stage thunder, but, bless your life, you needn't be afraid; it means nothing. They are very non-militant, and they are in the Constitution, and they each draw a salary of £400 a year, and are very respectful to Mr. Asquith. But to leave this virtuous exception and go back to the otherwise wicked militant world. Is it fair to look benignantly upon the militant relations in which nations and classes and individuals stand to-day, and to single out a group of militant women, and grossly assail them with the bitterest invective and abuse? I, for one, refuse to join in the hue and cry. Condemn all militancy by all means and I am with you. Christian England ought to have discovered a more excellent way; but I have no intellectual respect for the men and women who can swallow camels so easily that the very hump doesn't even scrape their throats, and who strain at the gnat of militant suffragism.

I hope I have explained my attitude. I know it is not a popular one. It suits no special political party, and that looks as if I am somewhere near the truth. One thing I will say, that whether I am alive or dead, I am prepared to put these words to the judgment of men and women in ten years' time. And, by the way, the Tory party has got the chance of its life. I wonder if they have leaders with vision to see and courage to lead. I wonder, and I doubt.

Edwin A. Mould

SVĀMI VIVEKĀNANDA AND THEOSOPHY

A writer in a newspaper quotes Svāmi Vivekānanda to show that the Theosophical Society was unfriendly to him. But in the very quotation given the following occurs :

Vol. 3. Page 605:— First of all, I have to say a few words about the Theosophical Society ; it goes without saying that a certain amount of good work has been done to India by the Society ; as such, every Hindu is grateful to it, and especially to Mrs. Besant, for, though I know very little of her, yet what little I know has impressed me with the idea that she is a sincere well-wisher of this motherland of ours, and that she is doing the best in her power to raise our country. For that, the eternal gratitude of every true-born Indian is hers, and all blessings be on her and hers for ever. But that is one thing— and joining the Society of the Theosophists is another. Regard and estimation and love are one thing, and swallowing everything any one has to say without reasoning, without criticising, without analysing, is quite another.

Again he writes :

I reached America, as you know, through the help of a few friends of Madras. Most of them are present here ; only one is absent, Mr. Justice Subramania Iyer, to whom my deepest gratitude is due. He has the insight of genius, and is one of the staunchest friends I have in this life, a true friend indeed, a true child of India.

This is his testimony to two prominent Theosophists. Against this is his statement that Colonel Olcott refused to give him a letter of introduction to friends in America. Whatever may have been the reason for the President-Founder's refusal, it need not outweigh the help of " Mr. Justice Subramania Aiyar ". An unnamed Theosophist is mentioned as making a brutal remark ; that can hardly brand the Society. The Svāmi further writes harshly of Theosophy and Theosophists generally. Yet, in London, Mr. Sturdy, then an earnest Theosophist, was his host and worked for his lectures ; it was he who brought the Svāmi to see me in most friendly fashion. But I was not in my remark speaking of personal friendliness. I was speaking of the effect of Theosophy on western thought, of the way in which it had widened Christianity ; and it was in this connection that I said it had made the Svāmi's work possible.

VOL. XXXV

No. 6

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ONE of the most faithful of the Old Guard of the Theosophical Society has passed over, M. le Commandant D. A. Courmes. He was the doyen of the Society in France, and it was he who brought Theosophy to Dr. Pascal, who preceded him to the other side. Faithful to H. P. Blavatsky, he was equally faithful to her successor, and his chivalrous nature made him cling the closer to his leader when that leader was attacked. He had long been ailing, and on January 15th he was struck down suddenly, passing away two days later without recovering consciousness. He was cremated at the Père Lachaise cemetery. M. le Capitaine Géry, his nephew, being the chief mourner, and M. Charles Blech, the General Secretary, giving a short address. He was followed by M. Chévrier, who spoke on behalf of the E. S. in France, M. le Commandant Duboc, M. J. Morand and M. Gaston Revel.

Thus speeded by affectionate gratitude, he left our earth. He will be much missed in France, for he was Vice-President of the Executive Council, and editor of

Le Lotus Bleu, the French organ, as well as President of his Branch. The *Bulletin Théosophique* truly says of him: "The distinctive characteristics of his soldier-soul were uprightness, constancy and fidelity, and he was proud of belonging to the band of Servers." On him, as on all such loyal and faithful souls, whether in life or death, shines the Eternal Light.

* * *

Another member who has passed on, one who was very helpful from time to time in public life, was General Sir Stuart Beatson. When he was over here with the Prince of Wales in 1905-6, he told me that he was anxious to form a League in India the members of which should be pledged to abstain from the eating of beef. The present Regent of Jodhpur was much interested in the project, but other matters pushed it on one side, and it never materialised. The General thought that many Army Officers would be willing to join such a League, for the sake of promoting good feeling.

* * *

The Gifford Lectures by Mr. Arthur Balfour are opening up lines of thought which are most suggestive in themselves, and, carried on by others, may lead to a new line of defence for Religion. It is a far cry from these profoundly thoughtful lectures to the French thinker quoted in F. W. Myers' *Human Personality*, who regarded religion, and art as "bye-products" in the evolution of humanity towards a golden age—an age, we may suppose, of motor-cars, aeroplanes, and torpedoes. Mr. Balfour not only saw in the æsthetic emotions an indication of a Supreme Artist, but he sought also for their source, for any proof of their place in the general process of natural evolution. They do not lead to

action, in the ordinary sense, but find their exercise in contemplation. Their manifestation is creative, and through them Spirit speaks to Spirit. Many emotions can be traced as evolving in the struggle for existence, but the æsthetic emotions have no such pedigree. In a remarkable passage he ascribed the splendour of natural beauty to a Supreme Spirit manifesting Himself thereby, recalling the profound truth that Beauty is the Law of Manifestation, of Creative Activity. Those who are versed alike in religious and masonic symbolism will understand why Beauty is the third of certain symbols, as the Spirit who moved on the face of the waters, or the Brahmā of the Hindūs, is the third Person in Trinities, and why it is Beauty which "makes manifest" all right work, work which is planned by wisdom and founded by strength.

* * *

The line of argument as to ethical ideas was not so original as that on æsthetics, but is none the less profoundly true. Mr. Balfour pointed out, as many have done, that the higher ethical emotions were a disadvantage, not an advantage, in the struggle for existence:

Nobody could maintain that in that brute struggle the virtues of mercy, charity, and loving-kindness are to the advantage of the race from the point of view of a biologist, who studies what it is that enables one organism to oust another.

Hence Mr. Balfour by no means endorses the modern cry of a "return to nature".

If the simple teaching of nature is that the higher virtues are useless and noxious, is not the teaching of Nietzsche an inevitable conclusion? Men will argue that if development and the course of progress must always be the result of constant internecine warfare, then they must pin their faith on the untrammelled licence of that struggle, and the return to nature would mean the abandonment of all the higher and tenderer virtues in which the value of life entirely depends

for us. If we are to keep the highest of all values in the scale where religion has placed them, and where we instinctively feel they ought to be, we cannot tear away that religious framework and suppose that the ideas will remain.

On these lines Mr. Balfour will find himself logically landed in that continuity of consciousness which is the only alternative in evolution for the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. Without continuity of consciousness no growth in the social, the pre-eminently human, virtues, and continuity of consciousness spells reincarnation.

* * *

Two proposals lately made are quite Theosophical in spirit. Sir Francis Younghusband seeks "an Imperial Religion," which, by representing the common religious beliefs of the religions of the world and the identity of their ethical basis, should bind together the component parts of Britain's Empire. Miss Elisabeth Knoff, in New York City, takes the practical step of opening a "Daily Temple," to which all who seek to lead the higher life may come, without distinction of creeds. Both are straws which show the set of the current. Ere long Theosophy will have reached the position that there is nothing new in it, and that, of course, everybody knows that it is true. And there is nothing new in it, as a matter of fact. Modern Theosophy is only a new way of putting old and universal truths.

* * *

Some Christians of the narrower and less educated type are very anxious to prove that Christians cannot be Theosophists. The simple answer is that they *are*, and that there is therefore no use in saying that they cannot be. There are many earnest Theosophists who are devoted Christians, as there are others who are devoted

Hindūs, Buddhists, Muhammadans and Zoroastrians. And the remarkable thing about them is that their respective religions are vitalised by their Theosophy. Forms become pregnant with meaning, ceremonies become potent as forces, obscurities become illumined and instructive. All the great religions have felt the vitalising energy of Theosophy.

* * *

The only people who really defame and hate us are the missionaries, the Pharisees of our day, and the thoughtful and cultured world thinks little of these "blind leaders of the blind". They rather remind one of the two Giants in Bunyan's famous allegory, who sit, aged and half paralysed, gnashing their toothless jaws at the passers-by. The last favourite libel is that I "announced that morals had nothing to do with Theosophy," and, to make the untruth more effective, this is connected with my supposed reinstatement of Mr. Leadbeater "in his official position". (The facts that Mr. Leadbeater had no official position, and that he only rejoined the Society three years and nine months later than my misquoted pamphlet are mere trifles.) The pamphlet, as is well known, was not connected with Mr. Leadbeater's resignation, with which I was not concerned, not being an official, and so far from saying that morals had nothing to do with Theosophy, I said that "we hold up lofty ideals, and we trust to these for the compelling power to lift our members to a high moral level, but we have no code with penalties for the infringement of its provisions". The obvious statement that, as a matter of fact, the T. S. had no moral code enforced by penalties is distorted into Theosophy having nothing to do with morals!

The moral stage, at which people require a law with physical or superphysical penalties attached to its breach, is a very low one, and though such codes are necessary for the unevolved, people who follow high ideals do not need them. The missionary spirit is very demoralising in any communities which have outgrown savagery. It has its value as a civilising agency among savage tribes, but in a cultivated community it is an offence. It breeds a spirit of self-righteousness on the one side and of resentment on the other, while the more educated people of the Christian part of the community regard it with a half-tolerant and good-natured contempt, save where it causes civil trouble.

* * *

The Secretary of the Hague Lodge sends a letter saying that the Lodge is about to erect a large building in the garden attached to its present residence, which it has outgrown, and it has constituted a legal body for the holding of its property, under the name of the Board of the Theosophic Institution. A sympathetic non-member has made a large donation to this Board, in Trust, to be called the Annie Besant Fund, and the interest is to be used for founding and maintaining a Theosophical Academy. The object of the Academy is to advance, wider and deepen philosophy, art, science and religion by bringing them into contact with Occultism.

* * *

The following articles have been arranged for, and will appear in the forthcoming issues of the *Theosophist*. We earnestly ask our members and friends to help our magazine by recommending it to their friends. 'Ghosts among Greeks and Romans,' by Lacy Collison-Morley. 'A Prophet of Persia,' by Eric Hammond.

The 'Quest in Persia,' and 'Mystical Poetry of Persia,' by F. Hadland Davies. 'Dhammapāḍa and Its Message to Modern India,' by Kenneth-Saunders. 'The Worship of Isis,' by J. T. Dennis. 'Buddhism in the North and East,' and 'The Origin of the Alphabet,' by Herbert Baynes. 'Ancient Jewish Proverbs,' by A. Cohen. 'The Smile,' by Miss C. M. Mew. 'Is Reincarnation True?' by Ernest Wood. 'From the Diary of a Travelling Philosopher,' by Count Hermann Keyserling. 'The Study of History as a Mental Equipment,' by Professor R. K. Kulkarni. 'Consciousness as conditioned by the Body,' by Dr. Charles J. Whitby.

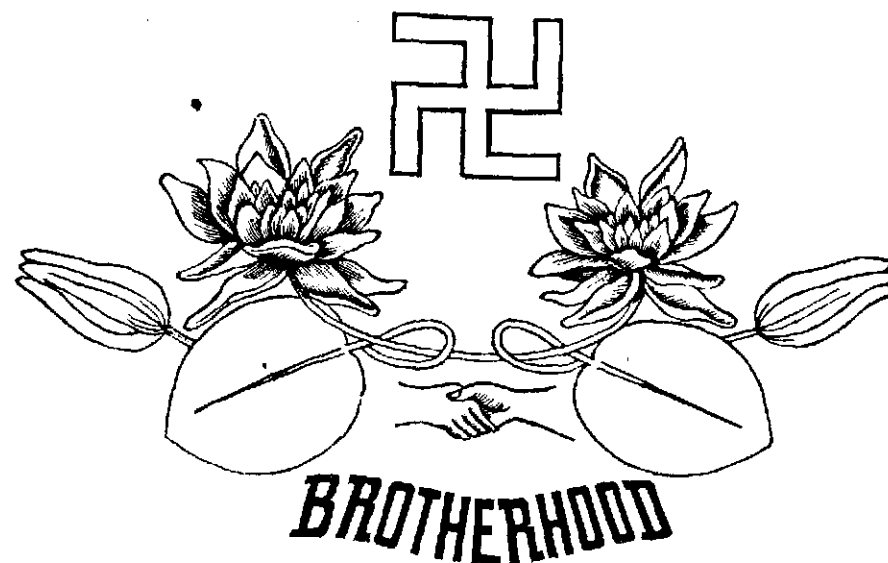
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We are very glad to place on record the founding of our first Lodge in Persia. It is in Shiraz, and is called the Anjuman-i-Sufieh. The President is Sheikh Muhammad Rahim, and the Secretary is Amba Prasad Sufi.

* * *

Mr. Van Manen writes: A magnificent gift has enriched the Adyar Library from the Italian Section of the Theosophical Society, through its General Secretary, Professor O. Penzig. On the occasion of the Genoa Congress of the Federation of the European Sections, the Italian Section had planned a brilliant and original attraction for the gathering. It collected together an exceedingly well-chosen and very representative collection of some thousand large photographic reproductions of all that is best in old Italian art in the way of representations of religious and symbolic subjects. The unique collection of photographs thus got together was carefully, neatly and uniformly mounted on card-board and arranged

in albums containing about forty reproductions each. As the Genoa Congress was not officially held, an informal gathering taking its place, this collection was subsequently exhibited at the Stockholm Congress and there evoked universal admiration. After this the Italian Section magnanimously decided to present the Adyar Library with it. It has now safely arrived and is in process of arrangement. Careful consideration will have to determine the way in which this art-treasure can most practically and profitably be made accessible to the public. The collection fills, all by itself and all at once, a large gap formerly existing in the Library possessions, and by it the Art Section has leapt suddenly forward towards occupying an important place of its own. The Italian Section and its Officers cannot be sufficiently thanked for their enlightened liberality, and the Adyar Library is proud to have been chosen as the trustee for this veritable treasure. Gifts like these raise high hopes for the future of the Library in the hearts of those responsible for its welfare, upkeep and growth, and each such gift marks a decided step forward taken by the Library in its long march towards its ideal of becoming a true world-library, the repository of all learning, art, and mental or spiritual endeavour recorded in the history of humanity during its entire career.



THE THEOSOPHICAL ATTITUDE

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

IT has more than once been stated that the Theosophical attitude towards life is of greater importance than Theosophical knowledge; and students frequently ask how this attitude is to be obtained. It is in truth the very first thing which the student needs, yet it is usually the last which he gains; for it is not to be acquired by reading about it, not to be learnt like a lesson; it is something into which a man slowly grows as a result of his study, and still more of his efforts to put that study into practice.

It is our custom to say that Theosophy is not a religion, but rather the philosophy which underlies all religions. This is quite true; yet it is surely also true

that our Theosophy supplies to us a great deal of the stimulus which the devotees of religion are supposed to obtain from it. I have pointed out elsewhere that it is in reality a philosophy, a religion and a science; a philosophy, because it gives us an intelligible and satisfactory theory of the constitution and reason of the universe; a religion, because it speaks to us of God, of His relation to man, and of His will with regard to our progress; a science, because it propounds its teachings not as mere abstract theories, but as deductions drawn from facts which have been repeatedly observed.

Though it is to this extent a religion, it affects its votaries very differently from other faiths. We of the West are used to a religion which is absolutely divorced from practice—which has no connection with daily life; for with the exception, perhaps, of a small number of people belonging to monastic orders, no one makes any attempt really to carry out the teachings of the Christ. It is the custom to consider that any one who goes to Church regularly, who gives a certain amount in charity, and lives on the whole a kindly and helpful life, is actuated by religious motives, and is doing all that can be expected of a follower of the Teacher of Palestine. Yet if we face facts instead of hiding ourselves behind conventions, it will be found that the people who do these things do them chiefly because of their own kindliness of disposition, and not with special reference to any religious commands; and, furthermore, they are by no means prepared to follow out the real instructions attributed to the Christ. He says:

Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Judge not, that ye be not

judged. Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also, and if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor; and come and follow me. If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, he cannot be my disciple.

Christians will tell you that such commands are unsuited to the spirit of the present day, and are not intended to be followed literally; it has even been said that if they were followed literally they would be provocative of harm rather than good. Perhaps in our present highly artificial condition of society that may be true; but that does not alter the fact that it is useless for men to pretend to be followers of the Christ, if they are not prepared to put into practice the instructions which He is said to have given. Not even those who profess to follow Him make any sort of attempt to bring these instructions down into daily life; it would obviously be extremely inconvenient for them to do so.

The same thing is true of the other religions. All the great faiths of the world give the same ethical teaching to their devotees; and if only each man would really follow the teaching of his religion, no matter what that religion may be, we should have something like a millennium at once and without further trouble. There are fortunately many good people in the world—many people of average goodness, that is—but only very few who really obey to the full their own religious teachings. It may be asked why this is so. The reason seems to be that none of these people really believe what they profess to believe. They think of these religious statements as something to which they are expected to give a formal assent on Sundays, but not at all as actual rules of life to be put into practice every

day and all day long. In this it will be perceived that religious belief stands in an absolutely different category from what may be called scientific belief, or belief which is based upon actual knowledge. A man who has a scientific fact before him knows that he can depend upon that fact, and therefore he acts accordingly; if he has dealt with a thing experimentally he knows exactly what to do with it, and no one can persuade him to act against the experience which he has thus gained. A man knows that fire will burn him; he is always careful to remember that fact. He knows that water will always run downhill; therefore he will never act as though he expected it to run up. Yet a man will hold the most exalted religious sentiments, and act in daily life in direct contradiction to them. Obviously this can only be because the sentiments are merely superficial, and he does not really believe in them at all.

Now there is this great difference between the way in which a Theosophist takes his Theosophy and the way in which the ordinary religionist takes his religion—that the Theosophist cannot but really believe the teachings given to him, and therefore he obviously acts accordingly. If it be found that he does *not* act accordingly, then the same remorseless logic applies—he is not truly a Theosophist at all. This then is the secret of the Theosophical attitude towards life; it is the attitude of one who really believes what other people only profess to believe—believes it so thoroughly that in daily life he acts as though it were true. There are men who have joined the Theosophical Society, and have afterwards fallen away from it again; but those can never have been true Theosophists.

One may take up a series of rules, live according to them for a time, and then get tired of them and decide to abandon them; but that is possible only when they are not laws of nature, but only arbitrary rules voluntarily accepted. So a man may accept a religion, and presently drop it again; but to accept Theosophy really and fully is to open one's eyes to a set of new truths, to acquire an amount of additional information which it is impossible afterwards to ignore. A man who has known and grasped these truths can never unlearn them—can never fall back into the position of one who does not know them; it is just as impossible as it would be for the man to grow back into the child again. Therefore one who has once attained the Theosophical attitude cannot lose it again; he may frequently fail to live up to its standard, but he will always know that he has so failed, and will perpetually strive after a more perfect success. When once we have seen the Sun we can never thereafter deny that it exists, even though for the time it may be veiled from us; and in the same way a man who has once realised the truth of Theosophy, and has had all his life expanded and coloured by it, can never fall back into orthodoxy or materialism.

How is this attitude to be obtained? There is no way but to make Theosophy real in our lives, to become permeated by the Theosophical feeling and way of looking at everything. Take the three great basic truths given in *The Idyll of the White Lotus*—that God is good, that man is immortal, and that as he sows, so shall he reap. Merely to hold these as a pious belief would mean little; but the man who is quite sure about them, who feels deep down within him that they are true,

knows by means of them that he has an absolutely secure basis, that through them he can obtain all good things if only he works steadily to get them.

See how many other facts at once follow from this certainty; I have worked out some corollaries in *An Outline of Theosophy*. If God is good, then all things are tending towards an end which is good for all; therefore any person who allows himself to be made miserable by any events that happen does not yet grasp the reality of this truth. A man who allows himself to be distressed or depressed does not really believe that God is good; the evanescent sorrow or suffering is more real to him than the great truth which lies behind. I know quite well that it is not always easy to see that all things are working together for good, but that is because we see them only partially, and do not understand how they fit into the great Plan. We do not deny the existence of evil; but we assert that all which is really evil is man-made, and arises directly as the result of the breaking of the divine law. Therefore the Theosophical attitude includes perfect calm; for a man who knows that all must be well cannot worry.

Though all is tending towards a glorious end, it is by no means yet attained, and therefore, when we see manifold wrong and suffering around us, we must do all we can to make things right—to let the underlying right manifest itself; but if, in spite of all our efforts, things cannot be brought to go well, that is at least not our fault. The Deity leaves a certain amount of free-will to man and therefore man can misuse it, and a certain proportion of men always do so. If things will not go as well as they should, there is sure to be some good reason why for the present that is so, for we

know with absolute certainty that they must finally come right. Why therefore should we worry about it? One who worries is not a true Theosophist, for this habit sends out evil vibrations which do much harm to others, and no Theosophist would willingly harm any living thing. Also he could not but feel that the man who worries is distrusting God—showing a want of faith in His power and in His love. His attitude must be one of the uttermost confidence.

Again it follows that if God is good and is the loving Father of humanity, men must also be brothers—as indeed all Theosophists already hold, since the promotion of brotherhood is the first of the three objects of the Society. But if we hold this truth of the brotherhood of man it is impossible for us to continue to act selfishly, for if a man realises that he is no longer a separated being, he can no longer be selfish. Some of our members say with regard to these matters:

“Intellectually we believe all this to be so, because the Theosophical teaching seems to us to be far the most satisfactory hypothesis to account for all that we see in the world; but we have not the absolute certainty in these matters which can come only from actual knowledge; and so sometimes our feelings overpower us, and we seem to lose hold for a time of the fundamental truths.”

I sympathise entirely with those who have these feelings; I have acknowledged that some of us have a great advantage, those who have had direct experience, who by the use of higher faculties have seen overwhelming proof of the truth of these great statements. I know very well how great is the difference between our absolute certainty and even the strongest conviction

arrived at by mere reason. But if a man will start with the Theosophical theory as a hypothesis, he will find that all that happens fits into it and is explained by it, and he will encounter a number of corroborative circumstances—each is perhaps small in itself, but cumulatively they are of very great force—until his conviction gradually expands and deepens into certainty.

A man who declines to accept some such theory as this will constantly find facts which to him are inexplicable—facts which will not fit into his scheme. If, for example, a man denies the existence of the astral world and of the life after death, he finds himself without any rational explanation of a great number of well-authenticated phenomena and of all sorts of small happenings in every-day life; he has to ignore these things or to attribute them (against all reason and common-sense) to hallucination; while a man who understands the facts of the case can fit them in quite easily into the outline already in his mind; he may not understand in every detail how the results are produced, but he sees at once that they are in agreement with what he already knows, and they are not in any way unnatural to him. Thus, without being himself clairvoyant, he may accumulate a great deal of evidence of the existence of higher planes. Indeed, his position in comparison with that of the sceptic is like that of the first believers in the heliocentric theory as opposed to those who believed in the flat and stationary earth. Those who held to the latter idea became more and more confused as they acquired additional information; the more they learned of the movements of the different planets and stars, the more hopeless the confusion became; whereas when once the fundamental fact of the earth's movements had

been realised, everything straightway fell into its place and was seen to be part of a coherent and comprehensible whole. Every additional fragment of evidence is not merely an addition to the strength of the proof as a whole, but actually a multiplication of it.

All the theories of man about the Deity may be classified under three heads; either He is indifferent to us, or He is actively hostile to us, and needs to be propitiated, or He is full of love and goodwill towards us. If God be indifferent to us, if He has brought us into existence for a mere whim, or if we have grown fortuitously as the result of the blind working of natural laws, it is to us to all intents and purposes as though there were no God at all.

This belief has obviously no coherent theory of the universe to offer us—no plan, and consequently no hope of any final end which shall justify or account for our existence. There have been many in the past who have held this comfortless belief, and it is even possible that there are some who hold it now. It seems inconceivable that anyone could *desire* to hold it, but some may imagine themselves forced to do so by what they consider the lack of sufficient evidence to the contrary. The Theosophical student knows that such evidence to the contrary exists, and exists in overwhelming quantity; but as much of it depends upon clairvoyant evidence, the man who wishes to examine it must satisfy himself as to the possibility of clairvoyance.

The second theory—that God is capricious or hostile to man—has been very widely held. Man images God as the highest that he can conceive; but the highest that he can conceive is often only a glorified and intensified edition of himself. Consequently when nations

are in the rough and boisterous and fighting stage which accompanies the earlier steps of their development, they usually provide themselves with a god who is a man of war and will fight for them against their enemies. Such a god is commonly regarded as capable of anger and of great cruelty, and therefore he needs propitiation to prevent him from letting his angry passions loose upon his unfortunate devotees. All religions which offer any type of sacrifice to God belong to this category, because in all cases the idea underlying the sacrifice is either that by this offering the deity may be pleased and induced to do in return for it some kindness which he would not otherwise have done, or else that by this offering he is bought off from doing some evil which he otherwise would do. The Jewish Yahweh was obviously a deity of this type, and the pernicious influence of this idea of propitiation has been allowed to extend itself into Christianity, and is responsible for the amazing and indeed blasphemous distortion of the beautiful and inspiring story of the descent of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity into matter.

Thus those who do not understand the real meaning of their Creed are driven to the untenable position that God in one form sacrifices Himself to propitiate God in another form, in order to prevent Him from the perpetration of incredible cruelties upon His creatures; and even this tremendous and incredible sacrifice is represented to be so far from effective that only an inappreciable fraction of humanity is after all rescued by it. The utter impossibility of so monstrous a theory escapes the notice of those who think they believe it, only because they have never ventured really to face it, but take its statement for granted as part of a

theological system which is supposed to lie absolutely outside of the region of ordinary reason and common-sense. This second form of belief usually involves a theory of the universe as existing for a certain end, but as constructed in a manner so faulty that it fails almost entirely in its original intention, and secures the lasting happiness of only a small proportion of its inhabitants—and even that on the remarkable assumption that they are somehow enabled to forget the appalling fate which overtakes the great mass of humanity.

The third theory—that God is love, and that the whole of His mighty universe is moving steadily onward to an appointed end of conscious unity with Him—is the only one which can be accepted by the Theosophical student. The boundless love of the Deity is the very foundation of Theosophical belief. No sacrifices, no offerings, no prayers, can be necessary to the God who is the loving Father of all His people, and is already doing for them far more than they could ask, far more than they can conceive. All that we can offer Him in return is our love and our service; and our love is the very manifestation of God within us, so that the only action on our part which can be thought of as pleasing to Him is that which more and more allows the indwelling God to manifest Himself through us. This seems to me the greatest of all the truths—the truth upon which all else depends.

When a man is thoroughly permeated with the utter certainty of eternal love and absolute justice, from that, as the basic fact, he will find all the other facts in nature gradually coming into line and taking their proper place. Trouble of some sort comes to every man, and because of that, man is sometimes tempted to believe

that all cannot be well—that there must be a failure somewhere and somehow in the working of the divine scheme. Such an error is natural; but it is an error nevertheless, and the man who makes it is in the position of the African chief who refused to believe that water could ever become solid, because he had never seen an example of that phenomenon.

To the average student this certainty comes only as the result of the intellectual conviction that it must be so—that the evidence in its favour is stronger than that which is offered against it; the clairvoyant has the enormous advantage of being able to see on higher planes much more definite evidence of the trend of the great forces which are playing through and round humanity. Seeing physical life only, a man obtains a distorted view, and if he is by nature hypochondriacal he may contrive to take and to maintain a pessimistic view of life; but one who can see beyond the physical plane is thereby enabled to estimate things more nearly at their real value, to get them into perspective, and to see their relative proportions. So in the strength of that higher knowledge he is able to say with certainty that he *knows* that the great forces which surround us are tending finally to good. Much which is temporarily evil arises, and must necessarily arise, from the giving of even a small amount of free-will to man. But all evil is only partial and temporary, and its effects are all swept along in the mighty stream of evolution, just as the little eddies and whirlpools on the surface of a roaring torrent are nevertheless swept onward in its course towards the sea.

When a man is thoroughly convinced that this is the universal law, he is able to estimate at their true value the small apparent divergences from it with

which he meets in daily life. His own troubles and difficulties loom large to him because of their proximity, but the Theosophical knowledge enables him to rise above them and to look down upon them from the higher standpoint, so that he can see their true proportion. He in no way fails to sympathise with an individual who is temporarily suffering; yet he cannot be overwhelmed by sorrow, because he sees beyond the suffering to its result, beyond the sorrow to the goal of eternal joy. All troubles are to him necessarily evanescent, like the discomforts of a journey. They are no doubt real and annoying while they last, but the man faces them precisely because he desires to reach the end of the journey. For the true Theosophist therefore depression is an impossibility; he regards it not only as a weakness, but as a crime, because (as we said before) he knows that it infects those around him, and holds them back in their progress on the upward path.

He knows it to be both inutile and foolish to grumble at what happens to him, however unpleasant it may be. It could not happen to him unless he had deserved it, and consequently he regards it as the paying of a debt which must be cleared out of the way before further progress can be made. He does not grumble at the deficiencies and weaknesses which he finds within himself, because he knows that it is he and none other who has made himself what he is, and that it is he and none other who can change himself to what he would be. He knows that he has all eternity in front of him in which to conquer his difficulties, and therefore he knows with absolute certainty that these difficulties *will* be conquered, however insurmountable they may appear from his present point of view.

He knows that any evil which he has done in the past must after all have been finite in its extent, and consequently its results must be finite also; whereas he himself is a living force of infinite possibility, able to draw without stint from the Divinity of which he is an expression. The attitude of the Theosophist is then one of perfect trust and of perfect philosophy, and the object of his life is to become to the fullest extent of his capacity a co-worker with the Deity. In playing that part he cannot but be a happy man, because he feels himself at one with the Deity, who is happiness. If he can but realise that all nature is the garment of God, he will be able to see in it His hidden beauty and glory. All this may be his, but only on condition that he really lives his Theosophy, that he allows it to permeate him and to inspire him. You know how we have been told that he who wishes to tread the Path must become that Path himself, which means that the treading of it must become so absolutely natural to him that he can do no other. A man may be intellectually convinced of the truth of Theosophical teaching although he knows that in many ways he falls short of its full realisation; but the man who is able to live it obtains far more than the intellectual conviction; by his own experience there grows up within him a living certainty and knowledge of its truth which can never be shaken. They that do the will of the Father which is in Heaven, they shall know of the doctrine, whether it be true; only by living the Theosophic life is the true Theosophic attitude attained.

C. W. Leadbeater

A GREAT MYSTIC AND WORKER

By MISS C. S. BREMNER

(*Concluded from p. 689*)

SECTION VII

MISS NIGHTINGALE became an ardent lover of India without ever having seen it. In 1857, when her health was quite broken, she offered her services during the Indian Mutiny; but the case of scattered outbreaks hardly could have afforded the same field as Scutari for her unrivalled organising capacity. Her devotion to India and its sanitation occupies the major part of the second volume of Sir Edward Cook's important, fascinating biography; indeed her services to the British Army were hardly greater than those rendered to India. The really glorious aim of our mighty conquest, she considered, was to render India healthy and sanitary. She put the goal squarely before England in her 'How People may Live and not Die in India' (1863). When she had seen somewhat of the travail of her soul and been moderately satisfied (she was never quite so), when she had for many years been stirring up the Government of India, the War Office, and the India Office to a right comprehension of their duty to India and to a partial fulfilment of the same, she wrote another paper in 1873, 'How some People have Lived and not Died in India,' a summary of ten years'

progress, in which of course she claimed nothing for herself, but gave credit to zealous officials whom she had inspired to action. She doubled up that old myth that caste prejudice militates against Reform, she analysed the result of sanitary improvements, and brought once more into the field her terrible shillelagh of statistics. Not only had sanitation been cheap at any price, but the Indian Army mortality had fallen from 69 to 18 per 1000. Only 18 men died where 69 had done so before; thus the money saved in one year on recruits was £285,000. It is admitted on all sides that the progress of India during those ten years is without parallel in the world.

The task was one of extraordinary difficulty. There is an India Office, which exists to attest and enforce the suzerainty of Great Britain; there is a Government of India at Calcutta whose common attitude is pique and resentment if hustled by the first-named body; there is a War Office whose relations with both strike even an outsider as peculiarly difficult and delicate. There is also that "incurable old Indian bias" which seems to possess so many officials and which often resembles a cancer feeding on a patient's vitality. And there was Miss Nightingale, the self-constituted High Priestess of Indian Sanitation, the Lady of the Lamp, who wielded enormous influence, a born diplomatist, eager, determined, masterful. I imagine that her interest in India sprang originally from her interest in the Army and her unbounded admiration for Lord Lawrence. She wanted sanitary barracks, a wholesome healthy life for 'her children' in these, games, recreation, libraries, baths. Gradually she extended her claim to reforming the villages, whose inhabitants often carried disease and

death to her barracks. Long before she had finished, hospitals, jails, asylums, municipalities, native Indian rulers, Governors and Viceroy, fairs and pilgrimages, waterworks, schemes of main drainage, irrigation and agriculture were all passed in review in that Mayfair bedroom. During the campaign, a very long one, she wrote a paper to Village Elders, she who had never seen India, telling what sanitary rules they could and must enforce. Even Viceroys called to inquire what her will might be, before sailing to assume the Viceroyalty. When one omitted to do so, she considered that her influence must be waning. Lord Dufferin knew better than to omit a duty so obvious. He called in November 1884 and said in effect: "Give me your instructions and I will obey them. I will study them on the way out. Supply the powder, and I will fire the shot." His voyage out was a strenuous one, for the Nightingale supply of powder was dry and liberal. But on the voyage he wrote her: "One of the pleasantest sweets of office I have yet tasted has been the privilege of paying you that little visit."

SECTION VIII

The beginning of the Indian campaign was the Indian Sanitary Commission of 1859 begun by Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale; the Report was published in 1863. It was the same tale as of the former Commission on the British Army, except that its authors were better prepared, knew what they wanted and how to get it. Before it was appointed, the "Sanitary Servant to the Army and Peoples of India" had drafted a circular of inquiry to be sent to all the stations in India.

It is creditable to her spirit of thoroughness and sound common-sense that she consulted with all whose opinion was worth taking to draft the circular, so as to reach the marrow of India's needs. The replies are condensed into some 2028 pages of small print, and it was a murmur of the 'Sanitary Servant' that, whenever she 'flitted,' there were so many van-loads of replies that they cost £4-10s. to remove each time. The collaborators packed the Commission for Hygeia's sake, they selected and coached the witnesses; she and Lord Stanley, who had succeeded Mr. Herbert as President, wrote the Report; then they attended carefully to its distribution, to its due notice in the press, and ended the prescription, as before, by enforcing its recommendations. Whenever there was a hitch, and there were many, Miss Nightingale discovered exactly who was waiting and why; she removed the obstacle and drove full speed ahead. There occurred an official 'mistake' by which the Report would have been squelched, its utility minimised. . . she rectified it; wrote a more handy précis of the Report herself, embodying her 'observations,' and distributed it very freely at her own cost. She had great friends in India and narrowly watched their education and progress in health and sanitation. She undoubtedly obtained the appointment of Lord Lawrence as Viceroy. She hated the system of Party Government with its shams and deceptions; after narrowly watching the Party men at home she wrote: "All the ministers are rats and weasels by his side." He was one of the rare statesmen for whose shortcomings she apologised, blaming his Council, with which he was known to be out of sympathy, and declared that he had set India on a new track. It is extraordinary how many friends

Miss Nightingale made for herself, co-adjutors in the most remote places; to those in power, it almost seemed as if she had an army of spies at work, men who were proud to co-operate and wanted her to know exactly how matters stood. A good instance of her accuracy, almost of her infallibility, where statistics were concerned, occurred in 1879. Mr. Gladstone had published an article in which he gave the deaths from a recent Indian famine as 1,400,000; the figure of the India Office was the modest one of 1,250,000; Miss Nightingale's between 5 and 6 millions. There is little doubt that her figure was very near the truth. She was perhaps able to do less with Mr. Gladstone than with any other politician. His fixed and faithless idea with regard to the army was that it could not be made a moral institution, just as he had no faith in women and refused to enfranchise them in 1884 when constitutional rights were extended to agricultural labourers.

Miss Nightingale was possessed of a boundless belief in the soldier's moral possibilities. The two were united however in opposition to militarism and to a forward policy on the frontier. It is significant that she could do nothing during Lord Lytton's Viceroyalty: advance in Afghanistan spelt retreat in Reform. Men who wanted 'little wars' on the frontier, or elsewhere, had minds warped by perversity; the Lady-in-Chief never wavered in this opinion.

SECTION IX

The arch-enemy and detective of official procrastination was able to achieve several very important results. Warm friends like Sir Charles Trevelyan

tried to console her by commenting on how honest and able is the Indian administration; *ultimately* measures for the public advantage do get taken in hand; Lord Salisbury jestingly remarked that the growth of reform projects "in point of length, savours much of the periods of Indian cosmogony". But delay was the one unforgivable sin in the eyes of the High Priestess. It almost seemed as if she kept relays of smaller dogs to attack and impel bigger ones to action. She wrote to Captain Galton: "Please devote the first day of every week, until further notice, in driving nails into Jack Bonham Carter, M. P., about the Winchester Infirmary." It was done, and the result was that the 'pest-house' was rebuilt on a higher, healthier site.

In Indian Sanitation, great advance was made the very year the Report was published. In each of the Presidencies an important permanent Sanitary Commission was established. The 'Sanitary Servant' was at this time hand-in-glove with Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of Bombay; their close friendship, and the Viceroyalty of Lord Lawrence were of infinite importance in getting things done. A Sanitary Committee had been established at the War Office as a result of the British Army Commission of 1857; it was necessary to have one appointed in connection with the India Office. She alluded to this second one as a "little Department all to myself". There resulted from it the appointment of Health Officers all over India. At first they were only advisory, but of recent years, just as with British Medical Officers of Health, there has been a good deal of the sting of compulsion in the tail of the advice given. Finally, she obtained that these Health Officials must furnish annual reports, show

what they were doing to justify their existence. Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Richard Strachey agreed that three-fourths of the sanitary advance in India was due to Miss Nightingale.

Now the rest of her acts, all that she did for the British Army, for India, for the nursing of the sick in their homes, in hospitals, infirmaries, lying-in hospitals, and institutions of every kind, are they not written in Sir Edward Cook's admirable chronicle? It is good to note how human and lovable was Miss Nightingale, along with her exceptional abilities, her wonderful talent in defeating procrastination, her passion and enthusiasm for achieving her ends. She was able to achieve, because in the first place she wanted no promotion, had no ends of her own to serve, and also because she had a great emotional power by which she attracted the most able men of the day, and inspired them with the zeal that animated herself. When little cabals were formed against her and her 'beautiful nonsense,' when well-doing ministers were 'got-at' by the enemy, she immediately broke up their machinations, scattered the Machiavellian plotters, even as Cromwell scattered the Scottish host at Dunbar. They were poor babes and sucklings at the business compared with her, for her experience was unequalled, her memory unfailing, her powers of intuition caused her to see right into the hearts of men; and always she had a tried friend in or near their cabals, a man who cared more for Reform, and perhaps for her, than he cared for them and their anti-policy and antics generally.

When her Nightingale nurses went to take up their duties at foreign stations when war was on the horizon, they invariably found flowers in their cabins with

"Godspeed from Florence Nightingale". She was an admirable housekeeper, remembered the tastes and peculiarities of her visitors, taking every care to make visits to her enjoyable, but carefully informing them the exact hour at which she could be seen and how long the interview would last.

SECTION X

Miss Nightingale was deeply religious. She dated her call to religion at the age of seventeen. At thirty-two, shortly before she went to the Crimea, she tells us she had remodelled her whole religious belief. It is certain that she relied on an unseen power that sustained and helped her in her great battle for Reform. To the whole world, especially to those who knew her intimately, Florence Nightingale was a very tower of strength, of self-possession, of all the orderly and methodical qualities that are the gifts of a born administrator and organiser; to herself she was "a weak vessel, praying continually for support, and conscious with bitter intensity of shortcoming, of faithlessness, of rebellion to the will of God. . . . She was tortured and agonised, often to the verge of despair, in the solitude of her chamber." In sleepless hours, she wrote reams of self-communings which have only recently seen the light. She was also a great student of the Mystics, and one of them herself. Her long friendship with Benjamin Jowett proves this in their correspondence; so thoroughly versed was she in their writings that he entreated her to make and publish a selection of the Mystics of the Middle Ages. She pointed out to him the close connection between Plato and the Mystics. But dreamer, devotee and religious enthusiast

as she was, all her Mysticism meant the drawing of fresh supplies of the water of life to help her in advancing her great causes; a Mysticism that would save her own soul was of no more importance than the assimilation of a dinner. Many of these notes show loneliness, craving for sympathy, much remorse and self-reproach. She had however learned the great lesson, despite all her melancholia, morbidity and self-abasement, of casting all her cares on the great Burden-bearer. In one of her notes is written: "O Lord, I offer him to thee. He is so heavy. Do thou take care of him. I can't." One cannot help calling to mind those officials of "incurable old Anglo-Indian bias," the opponents of Reform, whom she thus casts on the Lord. It is certain that her innumerable disappointments, vexations and worries weighed heavy on her soul, and she blamed herself not a little for censoriousness, rebellion, impatience. Some of her observations show profound acumen, as when she declares that God sends us light in the hard, good sense of others. Patience and resignation were indeed hard for her, *puisqu'elle avait les défauts de ses qualités*. Even when she had read Thomas à Kempis, the old Adam would assert himself. "O Lord," said she, "Even now I am trying to snatch the management of Thy world out of Thy hands"; a dictum in which many of the officials whom she perturbed and harassed would have concurred. "The way to live with God," she wrote in a Preface showing the use of the Mystics, "is to live with Ideas—not merely to think about ideals, but to do and suffer for them. Those who have to work on men and women must above all things have their Spiritual Ideal, their purpose, ever present. The 'Mystical' State is the essence of Common-Sense."

Her spiritual life was thus, as Sir Edward Cook truly says, "the complement and the sustaining source of her outward life; she followed, as she was fond of writing, the way of the Cross".

SECTION XI

In this sketch, perhaps unreasonably long, of one of the greatest women of all time, very little space has been given to her high literary ability; her lucidity, acumen, conciseness, are always in evidence. To her, the idea was everything; its form, nothing. In this she only faintly resembled some of our great toilers at style. In 1860, when she was already overworked with her labours for the Army and for India, she wrote *Suggestions for Thought*, a remarkable work in the opinion of two important authorities, Mr. Mill and Mr. Jowett. It is a presentment of her religious and philosophical views in three volumes, and, indirectly, a revelation of her own mind in its search after truth. It had been privately printed and Mill annotated it carefully. He was greatly impressed as by a new mind and hoped *Suggestions* would see the light. Mr. Jowett also admired it in many ways but considered that it required recasting. Miss Nightingale herself could not re-read it, perceiving its repetitions and digressions. Her biographer holds the opinion that, if she had consented to recast it, she would have taken a place amongst the thinkers of her century.

Mrs. Fawcett alludes to Florence Nightingale as a road-maker. This great biography, not less entrancing than Boswell's 'Johnson,' places before us a new type of woman, one that we must look for, and that we shall

find more frequently, when we have ceased to make the wrong suggestions to our girls, of weakness, silliness, reliance on others. It is the great lesson of the new psychology, one to which our civilisation has begun to pay heed, and to which more and more must be given. Miss Nightingale herself summed it up: "Health is the product of civilisation . . . I always feel as if God had said: Mankind is to create Mankind."

SECTION XII

Miss Nightingale had a delightful, if keen and caustic sense of humour. To a relative acting as secretary she wrote of a woman who 'loved and honoured' her and would fain make her acquaintance: "Dear Uncle Sam, please choke off this woman and tell her I shall *never* be well enough to see her, either here or hereafter."

And she called forth humour in others, perhaps one of the secrets of the 'Nightingale power'. She wanted windows in barrack-stables, because the outlook cheered the horses and improved their health. "There are windows in these stables," replied the trusty Sutherland, "and any horse can look out of them by standing on his hind legs and putting his forelegs on the wall. If the matter is as important as you say, no doubt he will be glad to exert himself so much."

There was, too, the nurse probationer who was compelled to write a report of her day's work in the ward for Miss Nightingale's inspection. "8-15 A. M., tooth-combed seven heads, grand sport, mixed bag." Another probationer was to go to South Street and have tea and a talk with the Lady-in-Chief. She was dressed in her best for so momentous an occasion. "What a pity!"

said another nurse: "Miss Nightingale always gives a cake to the nurse who visits her, and the size varies according to the poverty or otherwise of the nurse's dress." The nurse immediately changed into an old costume that had done much service, and the result was a fine big cake which allowed of a handsome slice to every one of the thirty-six probationers. The incident was related to Miss Nightingale who enjoyed the joke hugely and wrote off to the culprit: "You rascal! *I knowed yer!*"

C. S. Bremner

LOVE DIVINE

If My friendship lies in your desire,
 If, in some blind glowing hour, you seek
 For the dewdrop that can quench the fire,
 For the whisper that can drown the shriek,
 Think—how, though the paths My Hand has made
 Lead die-straight across Eternity,
 From My own tracks I have sometimes strayed—
 You may wander, if you follow Me.

Some could never reach Me, save through sin,
 Some were crazed, ere I would touch their hand
 Some believed Me dumb, in their life's din,
 And ignored Me—at My own command.
 Would you, truly, hold Me, lip to lip
 From my fellowship be never free? . . .
 All the hope in other Gods I strip—
 Aye! And often, too, the hope in Me.

When the torches kindled in My Name
 Lead my chosen liegemen on to fight,
 I may be the smoke that follows flame,
 I may be the shadow cast by light.
 And when those I bade you crush shall reel
 To the fate of blasphemy and lust,
 In the dust, beneath your righteous heel,
 Sudden you may see—and kiss the dust.

In the foulest depths of shame and fear,
 Where your dearest could not hear you groan,
 You may just perceive that I am near,
 By the sense of being more alone.
 Many there have hailed My succour sweet—
 Comrade I—Who bade the friends begone . . .
 Do you ask how I with *you* will meet? . . .
 Hear the Voice that cheers the demons on!

Branded, blinded, thwarted, scourged and sick—
 Even so, the wound might miss the core!
 Even then, the sword might spare the quick!
 Further on—to crown the vow we swore
 Where into the Gulf the path is spilled,
 Where the Darkness thunders like a sea,
 If our Love has been but half I willed,
 'Twill be haven, to be lost with Me.

G. M. H.

EDUCATION

By PROFESSOR B. SANJIVA RAO, B. A. (CANTAB.)

THE period of adolescence is by far the most critical and the most difficult period in the life of a man or woman. There is no time in a man's life when he needs more sympathy, more serious attention on the part of the elders, than the age when the ego begins to take complete possession of his vehicle, when there is a sudden downpouring of energy from the plane on which the ego is dwelling, manifesting itself as a sudden expansion of consciousness in relation both to thought and to emotion. Every one of us can remember the period of our life when the world was suddenly transformed before our eyes, and we ceased to be mere passive spectators of life's drama and began to be active agents in a living and moving world.

Terrible often is the amount of unnecessary suffering which young men go through when they are suddenly thrown into a condition of mind and body about which they know nothing. The average parent is not in a position to deal with this complex problem, and therefore it falls to the duty of the teachers in the school or the college to study carefully the lives of the young men who are placed in their charge.

Much of a young man's success in after life depends upon the way in which this particular psychological moment is utilised, upon the kind of surroundings in which he is placed, upon the friendships he forms, upon the books he reads, upon the way in which his imagination is trained and developed. In other words, the character of a man will, to a certain extent, be modified by the way in which the sudden influx of energy from above is controlled and directed. For it may run downwards into passion and lead to degradation; or it may be turned upwards and stimulate intellect and intuition.

All young men, at this psycho-physical moment of their lives, are inspired by a hidden longing to see the divine made manifest in human flesh; and the average person generally finds his divinity embodied in some older friend or, in many cases, in some young woman upon whom he bestows his affection. Now much depends upon this first glimpse that is afforded to the vision of youth. If the vision be of a great and noble soul who inspires him to the highest and the most strenuous aspirations, then indeed is his life made blessed. But too often the light is dim and flickering and soon leaves the beholder in darkness. Here it is that the teacher can very effectively help the pupil. In ancient times the Guru himself was the ideal. He embodied in himself the aspirations and longings of the pupil. Living in the midst of the purest influences of Nature, with his mind fixed on the Eternal, he was able to bring into the lower worlds the glory and the splendour of the divine vision of the Spirit; and the pupil saw, in his teacher, God revealed in human form. Contact with such a spiritual teacher is indeed a rare

privilege and blessing. For it means that, under such influences, the whole of the lower nature is gently and gradually transformed into the higher, and the pupil passes through the critical period of youth with an enormous accession of intellect and compassion.

Unfortunately, in modern times, the teacher in the schools and colleges hardly fulfils the duties that are required of him. It is not the rule, but the exception, for the teacher to be an object of reverence and devotion for his pupils. It is no exaggeration to say that the entire value of an educational institution depends upon the extent to which the teachers in the school can satisfy the hero-worshipping instinct in the minds of their pupils. The teacher must ray out upon them a continual stream of gentleness and love and purity. Where the teacher is one who realises his duties, the lesson becomes a very real spiritual ceremony. Love and compassion will continually radiate from him, and reverence and gratitude will converge upon him from every side. It is thus that the character is builded and the higher nature stimulated. In such an atmosphere there is no room for coarse and impure thoughts, and as sunlight chases away darkness, so does the warm spiritual light from the teacher destroy all the foul results of impure imaginations.

One of the commonest experiences of teachers is that students sometimes become, all of a sudden, dull and stupid. Loss of brightness, of memory, always accompany such a change. This is the psychological moment when the teacher can help very much through tact and sympathy. There is nothing that the student is so thankful for as a wise and sympathetic friend who can understand him.

Students can be more or less divided into three classes according to their temperaments. It is not difficult to note the type to which a student belongs. Some students are of a distinctly domineering type. They love to rule and, even when comparatively young, succeed in being leaders in their own way in the small circle of their friends. They often display great physical vigour and activity. Strong, self-willed and assertive, they will probably be found impetuous in their passions. But such natures are not the most difficult to deal with. For all that the teacher has to do is to send these boys into the playing-field. Plenty of exercise and physical work is the best kind of training for boys whose powers express themselves most naturally on the physical plane. Tom Brown, the idol of all school-boys, is the type; and Dr. Arnold wisely chose for him the positions which he filled with so much advantage to himself and others, that of protector of a boy younger than himself and finally that of captain of the school eleven. The brain also must be kept continually active, planning and organising, and boys of this type are most effectually helped by giving them some position of authority in school matters as prefects, as representatives of the boys in the school. The ideal which the teacher should place before them is that of leadership in the future. Let them think of themselves as the future leaders of the nation, the future organisers of the nation's affairs. Discipline, obedience, loyalty, these are the virtues to be placed before them. The teacher should make them read the lives of great leaders of thought and action, of men of heroic natures, making large sacrifices, preferring martyrdom to a lie.

We next come to the type which suffers most during adolescence, the type which, during the lower stages, is characterised by an excess of emotion, of sentimentality. They are strong in their personal affections; they love deeply. Boys of this nature require very careful treatment—for more than anything else they need the love of the teacher. They are repelled by harshness; but they attach themselves to any one who is kind and gentle to them. They tend to idealise any one who stands a little above them, and the hero-worship instinct finds the most perfect expression in such types. The teacher must make use of this quality in the development of such boys. Abstract perfection has little attraction for them. They love to do well for the sake of the kind look or word they hope to receive from the teacher. Like sunshine the teacher's love has the power of opening their souls to all that is higher and more beautiful. There is nothing so stimulating, so inspiring for temperaments such as these as the feeling that the teacher has a great regard for them, and the most successful way of dealing with students of this type is to keep before them a glorious and beautiful personal ideal. Poetry, literature, and the lives of Saints form the natural food upon which such natures should be nourished.

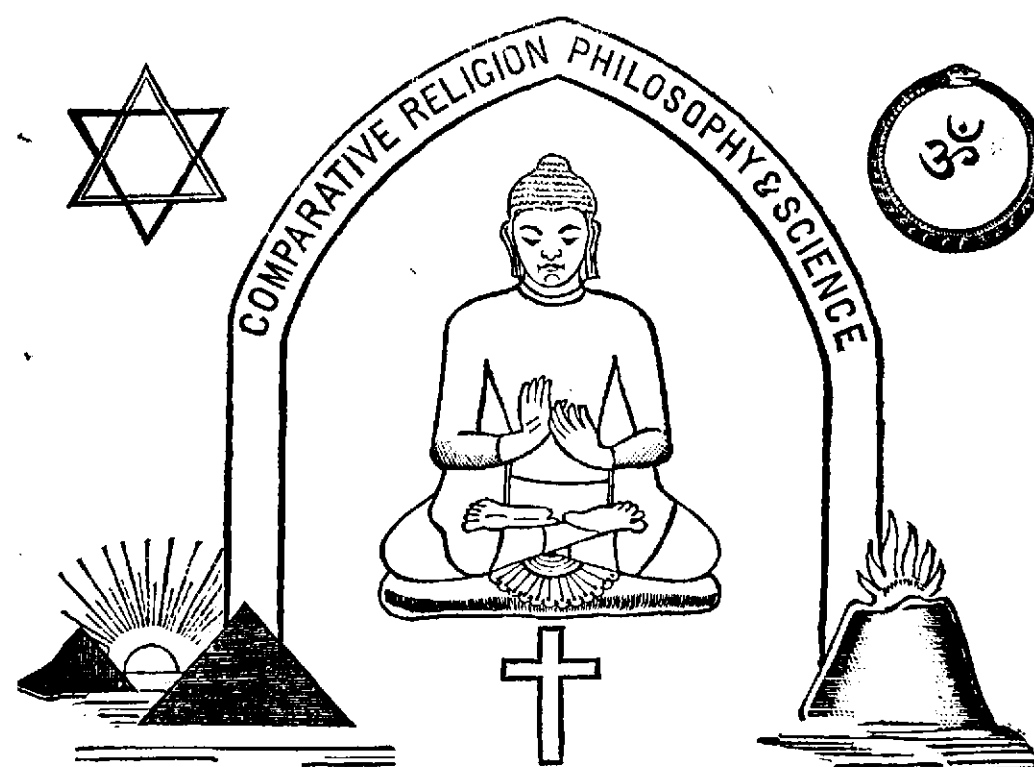
The third type is rarely to be found well marked in its earlier stages—the type of the intellectual student—and even in those cases where the desire to know dominates the character, the temperament is generally so cold and unemotional that special difficulties scarcely arise during adolescence. Encouragement of keen intellectual interests will carry them through.

Most modern education is a failure because no appeal is made to the higher side of our nature. This

defect can be remedied only by spiritualising all knowledge, by approaching every study with reverence and humility. For verily the student is seeking to enter the sanctuary where the Goddess of Truth sits veiled, and none can obtain a vision of her who does not come with a pure and reverent heart. It is this lack of the spiritual side of knowledge that is so apparent in all colleges and schools; and the absence of it is responsible for much of the intellectual apathy and indifference among students; and surely it is natural and just that it is so. For the divine in us scorns all that is of the earth and justly despises all study which has no higher object than the passing of an examination. We cannot rouse intellectual enthusiasm in the student, unless we touch his soul. Young men at this critical period of life come to us, longing for the fuller vision which they have dimly seen in their hearts; and what do we give them? Too often the teacher crushes all his aspirations by his lack of ideals, by the miserable commercial standard by which he judges of all things. Some of the noblest books in the world are passed contemptuously because they do not 'pay' in an examination. How is it possible to enjoy noble poetry or a great play, with the terrors of an examination hanging over the unfortunate students? In most schools the intellectual and spiritual nature of the student is starved; and, unable to find in the outer world any embodiment of the innermost longings of his heart, he takes refuge in emotions of a distinctly lower kind. It is practically certain that where the natural longings for the higher find no satisfaction in the outer world, either the nature becomes stern, cynical and cold, or, in the case of emotional people, it tends to run into all kind of sexual excesses.

We know that one of the commonest phenomena in the psychology of youth is the phenomenon known as "falling in love". Older men do not understand what it is, take a very cynical view of it, and often call it the foolishness of youth; and there is not a more familiar commonplace than that love is blind and that youth is full of illusions. What is far truer is that youth sees more clearly than age, and that love far from being blind is a momentary glimpse into the divine depths of the soul of the beloved. Foolish and extravagant the lover may appear to those who sneer; but, nevertheless, love is the desire of the Divine Self on the physical plane to feel its unity with all other selves. Whatever aberrations such an instinct may display, we must not forget that the underlying nature of the force is divine in essence. It is not realised by those perhaps who have only passed a very little beyond the coarser manifestations of this instinct, that it is its gradual purification and transformation that constitutes the difference between the saint and the sensualist. In the earlier stages of the savage life it manifests itself as lust. But as man gradually evolves, the feeling becomes more and more refined and pure, and is displayed as affection between man and woman, between husband and wife. Transformed more fully it becomes the devotion and the love of the saint, and, finally, we have the most beautiful expression of its last stage in the infinite tenderness and compassion of the Christ and the Buddha.

B. Sanjiva Rao



THE ALLOPATHIC AND ĀYURVAIDĪK

SYSTEMS OF MEDICINE

By H. SUBBA RAO, KAVIRATNA (CAL.)

(Concluded from p. 720)

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF INDIAN FORESTS

HAVING shown how western countries regard their forests, I shall now take a brief survey of the state of forests in India. The first public expression on the forest policy of the Government of India appeared as far back as 1894, after repeated remonstrance on the part of the public. Since 1906 the attention of the Government

of India has often been drawn to the subject of preservation of forests by *The Indian Forester*, *The Civil and Military Gazette*, *Indian Engineering*, *The Times of India*, and other journals of note. All of them mainly treat of the value of forests as "Hydraulic Motive Powers" and nothing else, i.e., they treat of the influence of trees on rain, water-supply and climate. Every Indian should appreciate the noble zeal with which Mr. Eardley Wilmot supports the cause of the preservation of forests. The chief reason for dis-afforestation which we see in some quarters is, "that the land is required for agriculture, or that valuable timber is absent from the area and that therefore the forest has no value". With this view we have committed a great blunder in recklessly cutting down the forests in order that a rapid pecuniary return might be obtained from this source, with the result that :

Owing to the reckless felling of large trees, and their digging up by the roots, not only had the arrest and dispersion of waterfalls by the trees, branches, and leaves been put a stop to, but the barrier which the roots had opposed to the soil wash had been removed, and not only was that soil being impoverished, but its wash which might be conserved had been actually wasted in tons.

This is the cry which an experienced tea-planter of Eastern Bengal raised a few years ago. The Hon. Tikka Sahab of Nabha in the course of a speech in the Viceroy's Council in 1908, said :

I am not well acquainted with the results of the activities of the forest department, but I think it is obvious that some more tree-planting could be effected in India. If enquiries were made, I believe there could be found waste tracts and hillslopes in various parts of the country which might be made to bear rain-attracting trees. Since the introduction of railways into India, and also on account of the gradually increasing population of the country and the wants and restless activities of large communities, there has necessarily been great destruction not only of isolated trees in village tracts but of whole

forests, and I am not aware that re-afforestation has kept pace with destruction. Should the Government feel itself unequal to the task of increasing the activities of the forest department, much could be done by encouraging Agriculturists to plant trees as boundaries, or when opening new wells, on spaces which are not deemed suitable for other forms of cultivation.

The Hon. Mr. Miller struck the same note when he said :

It is not merely the total rainfall that we have to consider, but its distribution and retention of moisture in the soil, the prevention of floods and of the erosion of mountain slopes, the maintenance, as far as possible, of a continuous and of an equable flow of water in our rivers and streams. The benefits of forestry in these respects cannot be easily measured.

By the pressure brought to bear on it, the Government of India became once again inclined to look into forest matters, and sent circulars to all provincial officers with a series of questions, quite unlike those that were distributed by the United States of America. The matter seems to have been put in this form. (1) De-forestation, or the reckless denudation of forests which had increased precipitation ; (2) Defective conservation which, while embracing some ground over which de-forestation laps, also includes failure to reinvigorate old forests, and it may start entirely new forests for the purpose of super-inducing rainfall where it has been non-existent or insufficient. This is something of a play with nature. Can the mightiest Governments or individuals on earth understand nature's plans and purposes? If, under a delusion, anybody recklessly shaves all trees off the earth to procure timber, or fuel, or on account of some exigencies of time, is it possible to recreate forests with the unerring instinct that Nature has to select sites on which forests would be of any use, and endow her with their natural

richness and beauty? It is simply foolish to make any such attempt. As a great writer once said: "It will always be easier to retain advantages than to reclaim them after they are once lost." And it will be good to bear in mind that some valuable advantages become absolutely irrecoverable when they are once lost.

We shall now see how Indian Rulers, whose interest in the welfare of their kingdoms is proverbial, regard their forests. While going through the mass of records pertaining to the forests of Hyderabad State, a certain criticism penned in 1889 comes to light:

For the last ten years the denudation of forests has been carried on in His Highness the Nizam's territories, and notably in the forests of the great Jahaghirs: these are still being encroached upon in a manner which is highly injurious to the most vital interests of the country. For the purposes of present gain, immense tracts of forests have been sold to rapacious contractors, who have cut down indiscriminately all descriptions of trees. Grand old Banyans and Peepul trees, the growth of hundreds of years, have been destroyed to furnish fuel for the railway, the cotton mills, and rafters for the houses of village communities. With such recklessness has denudation progressed that on some tracts not a seed-bearing tree has been left standing for the purpose of natural re-afforestation.

We shall see if matters have improved since this cutting indictment was written. The report of the forest department for 1895-96, which was the first report since conservancy began, has a very sad tale to tell. In its report for 1896-97, it says:

But we read "that these forests are annually diminishing in area and deteriorating in quality," also though "most of the valuable forest tracts are still in open forest, that no establishment is kept up by the revenue authorities."

In a review of the report for 1897-98 the reviewer says:

The Board, when asked to introduce restrictions, replies that bamboos are a necessity, and the people must have them; but the Board does not go on to explain where the people are

to get them from in the immediate future, and how they will manage about their "must have them," when there are none left in the forests.

The conservator winds up his report for that year thus:

I much regret to state that the forest law, which was originally submitted to the Government some six years ago, is still unsanctioned.

Coming to the report for 1900-01 a reviewer says:

His Highness the Nizam cannot be congratulated on the progress made in the forest department within his dominions. Matters seem to be at a standstill, and forest growth is fast disappearing, or at any rate deteriorating.

Even the report for 1904-05 does not disclose a better state of affairs. The reviewer says:

With 83 per cent of the forest area open to goat-grazing and with heavy fellings of young poles allowed in valuable forests, there seem to be the most grave reasons for fearing that Hyderabad will have to face in the future yet more serious disasters than the one which has lately visited it.

The reviewer here refers, I think, to the floods of the Musi in 1903. This Musi, an insignificant river, crossed often dry-shod, has been doing great havoc to life and property since 1748. Again we hear of its destructive activities in 1871, 1895, and the last time we notice it is in September, 1908. The cause of its doing so much havoc during floods is now clear, and serves as a fitting example to other kingdoms to realise the value of forests. By what is said before it will be understood that, in an area covered with forest, the water falling during a heavy shower drains off from the area at a far slower rate than that falling on an area of similar extent, out in the open country. Hence if you remove the forest over a large area adjacent to the course of a river and round its head-waters, the river during heavy falls of rain will fill much more rapidly

than would be the case were its head-waters and banks sufficiently afforested. This tale has been told many times over, and I only mention it to bring it again to the mind of readers.

Up till now I have confined myself to one aspect of forests, viz., their influence on climate, irrigation and water-supply, etc. Any journal that deals with forest matters touches upon these aspects alone, and even the experts of the Government find no other use of forests than those above mentioned. My object in mentioning this subject is not to tread upon the same ground, but to judge of forests in relation to their productive powers and economic value. I cannot, like the Hon. Mr. Miller, believe that "they represent only a small part of the benefits to the country"; but I shall show by a few examples that every tree in India is capable of yielding much, and the yield of those trees alone represents the main source of income to the State. The reason why the experts cannot go beyond the pale of their one aspect of forests, as detailed above, is that they do not understand the inherent economic worth of some Indian trees; not because it is impossible to know, but they either exclude from the curriculum of studies the nature of Indian trees, or do not utilise the knowledge of ancient Hindūs, in whose works the nature and properties of each tree, shrub and plant are dealt with elaborately.

I have read some schemes to establish vernacular schools in forestry in the Madras Presidency. Here is a scheme of the Board of Revenue to establish a vernacular training school of forestry. I shall detail the course of instruction briefly: Instructions in fire protection, selecting of lines for clearing, patrolling, erecting cairns and numbering them, utility of forests (in general), and their

relation to climate, artificial formation of forests, methods of sowing and planting; regeneration of forests by shoots and suckers, and pollarding, cleaning, pruning and thinning; next, survey of forests, instruction in prismatic compass, tracing and measuring; law relating to forests and methods of detecting offences, and lastly drill. Oh! how wide is the range of subjects for foresters and forest guards, and how truly scientific! Indeed the framers of modern schemes do everything, construct the frame, the organs, etc., also give shape and form. But where is the vitality? Is there one word in the above scheme of instruction as to what trees grow in the forests, what properties they have, and what property of the tree it is that is useful to man, what portion of the tree—seeds, bark, root or flowers—is marketable, and what references there are in the ancient works pertaining to trees? Any one who impartially compares this scheme with the one framed by experts will at once understand where the life of instruction is, and how futile is the instruction without the latter forming the primary part of the curriculum.

I shall try to illustrate how trees pecuniarily benefit man by a few examples.

1. *Rubia cordifolia* or madder:

(a) Its use in medicine: The bark of the tree is used to colour scented oils, and a ghr̥ta of it is used internally in skin diseases, ulcers and chronic wounds.

(b) Its use in commerce: The root bark of the tree is used to colour silk and yarn. Every dyer in India uses not less than one rupee's worth of root bark every day in his house. Edwin Holder, a Principal of the School of Arts, Madras, writes thus: "Madder is a valuable tree. In the Exhibition report for 1857 its root bark was said to be very useful in imparting a deep red colour to silk and yarn. The root bark mixed in water gives a golden colour to the mixture. When lime is added a deep red colour will result. A few drops of diluted sulphuric acid will turn it yellow."

(c) Its use in silk-manufacture: It has been found that Tassar silk-worms feed upon this tree, and thousands of rupees' worth of Tassar silk is produced by feeding the worms on the leaves of this tree in Assam and other places.

2. *Rottlera Tinctoria* (Kapila):

(a) Its use in medicine: For the bites of rabid animals and poisonous insects its leaves and fruits are mixed in honey and taken internally. The power obtained from the capsules is used to expel intestinal worms. An oil is also extracted from its seeds for medicinal use.

(b) Its use in commerce: Dr. Bodie writes in the *Madras Quarterly Journal of Science*, thus: "There is no product so largely used by dyers to produce yellow colour as the powder obtained from the fruits of this tree. The powder gives a yellow colour when mixed in water. If soda is added to the mixture, an orange-red colour is produced, and when any mineral acid is poured on to the solution a beautiful yellow will result. Cloths or yarn dyed in this will retain their colour permanently."

3. *Nyctanthes Arbor Tristis*:

(a) Its use in medicine: The leaves are used in medicine. They are regarded as useful in fever and rheumatism. The fresh juice of the leaves is given with honey in chronic fever, as per prescription in Chakradatta Sangraha. Some preparation of iron is generally given along with it. A decoction of the leaves prepared over a gentle fire is recommended by several writers as a specific for obstinate sciatica.

(b) Its use in commerce: Dr. Buck writes on the use of its flowers thus: "The flowers are dried and preserved; when dyeing silk or yarn they are put in water and the cloths dyed in this mixture will get a yellowish-red colour. The flowers are largely used mixed with Turmeric or Kusuma flowers. Two lbs. of flowers may be used to dye a cloth of ten yds. long. Its price will be about As. 4 or 5 per lb."

4. *Batia frondosa*: Dr. Hooker says: "When in full flower the Dha'k tree is a gorgeous sight, the masses of flowers resembling sheets of flame; their orange-red petals contrasting brilliantly against the jet-black velvety calyx."

(a) Its use in medicine: The seeds of *Batia frondosa* are said to be laxative and anthelmintic, and are used, both alone and in combination with other medicines, for expelling intestinal worms. The gum of the tree is used for dysentery,

diarrhoea, as a gargle in stomatitis and internally in hæmoptysis. Its seeds are beaten to a paste and used for ringworm and itch, etc. European druggists sell the gum at Rs. 4 per lb.

(b) Its use in commerce: Dr. Roxburgh, referring to its flowers, writes thus: "The flowers yield a yellow colour when put in alum water. If soda is added it turns yellow. On the addition of an acid a beautiful lime colour is produced. When dyeing the powdered Lodhra bark is generally added to it. Cloths or yarn dyed in it will retain their colour permanently."

Its root bark is now largely used in the paper-manufacturing industry. It is said that its fruits are eaten in times of famine. Its annual yield, apart from the wood, will be about Rs. 30 or 40.

These few examples I only mention to show that there are thousands of such useful trees of high economic value whose importance we have not as yet known. As I am not intending to write a *Materia Medica* or a botanical work I confine myself to only four examples.

My main object in this is to show the value of our forests in their several aspects, and to make a strong plea for their protection, considering their usefulness to man. I shall later on show that our negligence in this respect is one of the chief causes for the Āyurvedik downfall.

THE PRESENT STATE OF ĀYURVEDA

Like the Allopathic system, this noble science of Āyurveda has degenerated in the present age, not by going astray from the path shown by the ancient founders, but by some remediable causes that are ignored by the majority of Āyurvedik physicians. The chief reasons are:

1. Absence of Royal Patronage: It is a well-known fact that no art or science can flourish without royal patronage. Happily, we are under the rule of a Government—the mightiest of all the Governments of the

world—under whose sway are flourishing millions of arts and sciences. But the one reason why this branch of ancient learning is still lying dormant is that our people are neither sufficiently advanced to make proper representations to the Government regarding the superiority of our system of medicine, nor have they shown by their scholastic attainments and conduct that they deserve royal patronage, as the apostles of other systems of medicine are attempting to do. Our art is still lingering by the patronage extended to us by enlightened Indian Princes and States; but this help alone will not be sufficient. Unless the Imperial Government condescends to patronise this art and recognise its value, our science will have no status in public life. Hence, if we direct our energies to the correcting of our weaknesses and organise ourselves to show to the Government our present needs in the development of Āyurvaidik learning, I see no reason why our Government should not extend the aid that it is capable of giving. So, we are alone responsible if our system is suffering by the lack of royal patronage.

2. Among the Ayurvaidik physicians of our present day, we see many who are either too poor, too low in morals and birth, or too illiterate to command confidence. Here I do not despise their caste or occupation. To whatever caste or occupation a physician may belong, he must lead the life of a true physician as described in our Shāstras, if he desires to secure public confidence. Our system is held in low repute only on account of the low morality of some of our physicians, and it is a matter for regret to remark how rarely any educated Indian of character and wealth studies the art. It is to the educated, the wealthy, and the good, that we appeal to

study this most ancient system of medicine and extricate it from the deep oblivion into which it has now fallen.

3. There is much useless secrecy as to medical preparations, and this discredits the profession. For want of a better term, I use this word secrecy to indicate the practice of some physicians who prepare their medicines in closed cells and stock them in such a way, that none may understand the contents, nor the measure of the containers; for they fear that if their formulæ are known, they may lose their extensive practice. There is no formula revealed to the present-day generation that has not been included in our Shāstras. Even if a physician has found out a drug or remedy that is not mentioned in our works, he is only a traitor if he does not help his comrades with his knowledge. But physicians who make original research are very rare; and the few that have any new information are jealous of their knowledge. Let us contrast with this the practices of the famous London manufacturers, Parke, Davis & Co. Take any of their bottles and look at their labels. They not only give the ingredients of their medicines and the measures used, but also make known how much physiological unit action some of their preparations give. Take the preparation *Trifolium Co.*

Each fluid ounce represents:

Trifolium pratense	...	32	grs.
Stillingia	...	16	"
Berberis Agnifolium	...	16	"
Cascara Amarga	...	16	"
Arctium Lappa	...	16	"
Phytolacca	...	16	"
Pot. Iodii	...	8	"
Xanthoxylum	...	4	"
Bottles of 4 fluid ounces Rs. 0-14-0			
16 " " Rs. 2-13-0			
Dose: 2 fluid drachms well diluted with water.			

This is a most useful combination of alteratives meeting many important indications in secondary syphilis, and it aids in excreting the products of tissue metamorphosis undergoing fatty degeneration. Though every physician knows the ingredients, yet this combination is largely indented for by many Allopaths in the largest clinical centres. Most of our doctors may wonder how the Company can profit if they give out their prescriptions and deal so plainly. The reason is that, if we ourselves attempt to prepare the medicines manufactured by Parke, Davis & Co., the cost will be decidedly greater. They prepare the medicines by the aid of machinery and they employ a highly qualified staff to supervise their preparations. Another staff of physiologists test their preparations, and not until they are perfectly convinced of their therapeutic value by a systematic record, do they allow any of their drugs to leave their laboratory. Is it any wonder, therefore, that such methods are highly admired and the preparations are largely asked for? Another objection our paṇḍits raise against such plain dealing is that many of their patients are quite ignorant of the nature of the ingredients used, and hence it does not serve any useful purpose if they give out their prescriptions and the measures adopted. My reply to this is summed up thus: supposing a patient accidentally dies after taking an Āyurvaidik preparation, if the methods of Parke, Davis & Co. are adopted, it will save Āyurvaidik paṇḍits from the ignominy they have to face in case of threatened trouble.

4. Absence of standardised names for trees, etc. Each plant, herb or tree, has several synonyms in Samskr̥t and the name of one is oftentimes the name

of some other totally different tree, herb or plant. For instance:

गोलिढो झटलो धण्टा पाटलि: मोक्षमुष्कौ

These are the synonyms for a tree called *Moccapu Chettu* in Telugu.

पाटलि: पाटला मोचाकाचस्थालीफलेह्वा

These are again the synonyms for another totally different kind of tree called *Kaligottu Chettu* or *Stereospermum-Suaveolaus*.

Again :

पिङ्गला पूरणी मोचा स्थिरायुः शाल्मलिद्वयोः ।

These are names for *Bombyx Malabaricum* or *Booraga Chettu* in Telugu.

पिङ्गला दुरुशिषा: Synonyms for *Dalbergia Sissoo* or *Irugadu Chettu* in Telugu. Whenever we get a reference to *Patala* or *Pichila* in a prescription we are quite at a loss to know which tree is particularly meant.

Then, again, the compilers and publishers of some of our Āyurvaidik works have committed numerous blunders which are misleading. In a recent edition of *Amarakosha* certain names are said to be synonyms for the Coral tree, or *Pārijāta Chettu* in Telugu. But the real botanical name of *Pārijāta Chettu* is said to be *Nyctanthes Arbor Tristis*, or *Sephalika* in the Samskr̥t *Materia Medica* of Uddychand Dutt; and the other synonyms for *Sephalika*, according to *Amarakosha*, are evidently the synonyms for *Vitex Negundo*, and have no connection with *Harsinghar*, or *Pārijātam Chettu*.

At such times of great perplexity no paṇḍit or literature comes to our aid and, unless the names of plants given in our standard works are standardised in all languages by free discussions in open gatherings,

there is absolutely no prospect of our recognising what is actually meant in our Shāstras.

There is yet another desideratum. At present a class of ignorant and illiterate merchants act as Indian druggists, and we often find that we are deceived. Supposing we ask the druggist to give the root of *Solanum Nigrum*, we very often get either the roots of *Indian Colocynth* or anything that resembles it, such as *Sphæranthus Hirtus*; or he may give the roots of *Nerium Odorum*, which are poisonous; for in his ignorance of the nature and properties of those roots, he cannot distinguish them. A physician at such times cannot examine the root microscopically and determine what they are. He has to trust the druggists, and use the articles that he purchases in the bazaar in the preparation of his medicines—of course with drastic results. Further, these Indian druggists, in their avarice for money, adulterate their drugs to such an extent that most injurious results are sometimes produced by the use of them. Such dealings are within the experience of everyone and so I need not dwell upon them.

5. The next reason is the absence of facilities for the gathering of Āyurvaidik paṇḍits, from different parts of India, for free discussions on all doubtful points. To people who are so covetous of their learning, ideas of associations, gatherings and conferences are indeed quite foreign, with the result that the progress of our glorious system of medicine is much impeded.

These are some of the most important causes for the downfall of the Āyurvaidik System of Medicine, and unless we institute reform immediately we shall leave a clear field for other systems that are encroaching on our ground.

H. Subba Rao

RṢHI GĀRGYĀYANA'S PRANAVA-VĀDA

Translated by Babu Bhagavan Das

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

(Concluded from p. 708)

SECTION III *(Continued)*

THE next chapter deals with the first of the two parts making up Shruṭi, namely Brāhmaṇas, which are expansions of the Mantra, or the Samhitā, or the Veda proper. They are called Brāhmaṇas because they impart and reveal the knowledge of Brahman. The authors of these Brāhmaṇas are the sub-hierarchs of the Trimūrtis. By way of showing the detailed teaching contained in the Brāhmaṇas, the author takes up each set of Brāhmaṇas and gives instances thereof. One example will suffice to show his method. In regard to Rg-Veda Brāhmaṇa, he writes:

For instance, it is shown there that there is a triplicity in ākāsha, the cognition-element being called chiḍ-ākāsha, the action-element mahā-kāsha, the desire-element ākāsha proper; the summation being par-ākāsha. Further, each sub-division has its own corresponding sub-division of the property of sound which belongs to this element, viz., parā, pashyanṭi, madhyamā and vaikhari. The element of cognition in this triad of ākāshas and their summation, what the use or purpose and application of cognition is in this aspect of ākāsha, by what law it is cognition—all this is determined and made clear by the Rg-Veda-Brāhmaṇa. The

other elements, two preceding and four succeeding ākāsha, are similarly treated The cognitive element in each of these [the Mahat and Buddhi Tatṭvas] in its subtle as well as gross aspects is described in the Brāhmaṇa; what is the work of chid-ākāsha in the element of vāyu, what is chid-vāyu, what is the relation between the three vāyus, what effects are produced on or in tejas by chid-vāyu and chid-ākāsha, what is chit-tejas, what is the relation between its three sub-divisions, and so on with regard to the other successive elements. (p. 361-362.)

A long dissertation as to the way in which Mahā-Viṣṇu and his subordinates begin and carry on the World-process is wound up thus :

Without the Brāhmaṇas it is impossible to understand the Vedas. They have been specially formulated for the separate enunciation of all the main laws of the World-process. And so long as the convergence and divergence, the separate effects as well as the interworking of these laws is not understood, so long will the formation of new worlds remain impossible.

Those dissertations clearly go to show that the sub-hierarchs and their subordinates undergo practical training in the art of world-building, much as, I presume, the true Initiates on lower levels do, before they receive the key of knowledge and the word of power appropriate to each Initiation.

The author next proceeds to deal with the remaining part of Shruti, the Upaniṣhats, which he says are in the nature of comments on the Vedas, composed by the sub-hierarchs of the Trimūrtis. He describes the difference between the three parts of the Shruti thus :

In the Vedas proper, the original Samhitā, such extremely general and comparatively abstract facts are dealt with as prakṛti, the essential nature of the penultimates and especially the Not-Self; vikṛti; change or transformation; Satṭva, being; svabhāva, Self-nature, Self-being, the constitution (so-to-say) of the Absolute; āvashyakaṭā, necessity; the birth of ākāsha, and so on. In the Brāhmaṇas, the sṭhūla tatṭvas or 'large, gross,' concrete, homogeneous, (so-to-say, pre-atomic) elements, ākāsha, vāyu, etc., are described, generally. In the Upaniṣhats the differentiation of atoms and their activities is

Purpose of the Upaniṣhats explained.

treated of, in accordance with each Veda, in pursuance of the general principles enunciated there, and with special reference to cognition, action, desire and summation in the various permutations in which they occur. (Vol. II, pp. 1, 2.)

He then proceeds to point out that as the manifest doer in world-building is the atom, the Upaniṣhats describe at length the whole work of the seven tatṭvas from Mahat downwards. His derivation of the word Upaniṣhat is in conformity with his explanation of the purpose of the Upaniṣhats. That derivation is :

Upa is near, and niṣhat is doing, making, bringing; that which brings the World-process near, brings it home, to every one.

Almost at the conclusion of the chapter it is pointed out :

The one purpose of all the Upaniṣhats is to make clear this fact that in all this samsāra every paramānu rises steadily to the status of Mahā-Viṣṇu by evolution. They establish clearly that even as the many sons of one father themselves attain in turn to the condition of paternity, so every atom formed by Mahā-Viṣṇu ought to attain to his estate. And as subservient to this general purpose of evolution which they describe, the Upaniṣhats also teach the dharma, the ethical duties which are the means thereto. (pp. 24, 25.)

After short notes of what is spoken of as the Upaniṣhats, the author takes up the Vedāṅgas, or subsidiary sciences which expound the order and arrangements of the whole Veda and so help the understanding thereof. They are, as is well-known, six—Shikṣhā, Kalpa, Vyākaraṇa, Nirukṭa, Chhandah, and Jyōtiṣha.

In a paper like this the time of the reader cannot properly be taken up by even a cursory reference to the contents of the chapters relating to these subsidiary sciences. I must content myself with a few words on points not, perhaps, wanting in interest. First,

Upāṅgas or the six subsidiary sciences, Shikṣhā, etc.

Samsāraparā—Universal language.

it is in this part of the book that the author adverts to and explains the nature of the universal language, the Samsāraparā alluded to by me in my prefatory remarks. He points out that this is the foundation of all languages, in this Solar system. He speaks of it as the consecrated language, Samskr̥t, the Mahābhāṣhā, the Devabhāṣhā or the language of the R̥shis, Mahār̥shis, Brāhmaṇās, Ishvaras, Parameshvaras, Mahāviṣṇu, etc.

Next, defining language as modes of manifestation of consciousness in terms of sound, the author points out that out of the three main divisions of Samskr̥t known as Vaidika or scriptural, Laukika or secular, and Dhvani or musical resonance or inarticulate sound, there arise seven languages corresponding to the seven states of consciousness, namely: (1) Sampratīka connected with mahā-nirvāṇa, the great peace; (2) Chakṣhikī, with para-nirvāṇa, the 'superior peace or liberation'; (3) Samvartikā with nirvāṇa, 'peace, deliverance, extinction'; these three being known to Yogīs only; (4) Parā, with tūrīya; (5) Pashyanī with suṣhupti; (6) Maḍhyamā, with svapna; (7) and Vaikhari with Jāgrat, within the experience of all. He adds that at the time of the utterance of speech, action takes place in the body in the order of the seven; only after successively passing through the stages or conditions of the first, second and third does it appear in the seventh or Vaikhari, uttered human speech.

Physiology of the difference between the voices of men and women.

The second point is this: While explaining the physiology of the voice, he assigns a very curious reason for the difference generally observable between the voice of men and that of women. This is accounted

for by the difference in the constitution and the position of the two kamalas (plexus) or nerve-ganglia situated in the region of the navel, one on the left side, and one on the right; while a peculiar combination of Māruta, Agni and Ākāsha exists and takes on activity in accordance with the will or intention of the speaker. When these ganglia are small and finely grained the voice will be low and sweet; while on the other hand if they are large and coarsely formed it will be loud and harsh. For this reason not only the voices of children but also of women are soft. The formation of these kamalas is of course not arbitrary but in consonance with the karma of the individual, so that one's voice is sweet or harsh according to his karma, like everything else.

Next the six Upāṅgas or Darśhanas are dealt with.

Darśhanas unified.

They are spoken of as Upāṅgas, because they synthesise and co-ordinate the details connected with the Veda. In the chapter thereon, the author neatly shows that they are not expositions of conflicting systems of thought, but integral parts of a consistent whole. He writes:

They all, it should be borne in mind, are based on only one Final Truth, the Logion. It is true that the conclusions, each one immediately and directly expounds, differ from those dealt with by the others; but the difference is that of supplementary parts, limbs or organs, and not that of hostile opponents. One common Universal Being underlies all; the prime object of all is to declare the I-This-Not; they name Brahman by six different names as indicating six different aspects of the same thing; the different limbs have all one common heart. (Vol. II, pp. 134-135.)

The position thus taken up by the author is established by a close examination of the purport and scope of each of the Darśhanas—an examination which is worthy of the most careful consideration at the hands of the reader.

The next chapter is entitled 'Studies and Science'.

Other Sciences and
their authors—Archīṭa
and Ārṣha.

Referring to these sciences, the author points out that their genesis naturally corresponds to, and is as multifarious as, the departments of the World-process. Poetry and Rhetoric; Music; the whole group of the Fine and Industrial Arts; Medicine, Handicrafts, Purāṇas, History, Law, etc.; all these arise according to the development of cognition, desire and action. With reference to their authorship he says they may be classified either as Archīṭa or Ārṣha; the former being the work of Mahā-Viṣṇu and His subordinates and hierarchs under them; the latter that of Ṛṣhis and Brāhmaṇas who, having learnt the nature of each atom of the World-process, teach it to others, so that the knowledge and work of Brahman may spread and continue for ever and ever.

Then follow several chapters devoted to the explanation of the nature of Paramātmā, Praṭyagātmā, Sūtrātmā and Jīvātmā, terms of paramount importance in philosophy. The comments in respect of Sūtrātmā are copious because of the very significant part it plays in the World-process.

In these chapters much information regarding Jīvātmā is brought together, that term being defined as a "mixture of portions of the 'I' and the 'This'".

Short Definition of
Jīvātmā.

That wherein, the Ātmā, the Self, plays, Jīvati, Krīḍati—that is the Jīvātmā." He points out that it follows from this that a Jīvātmā in the strictest sense must be always Alpajña 'little-knowing,' but that so far as it realises itself as Paramātmā, which in essence it is, it takes on the potential omniscience belonging to the latter.

The remaining eleven chapters down to the thirtieth, which completes the third section, deal with an immense variety of topics, the mere enumeration of which would swell this paper unduly. Though every one of them is brimful of valuable matter, I must refrain from any attempt whatsoever to touch upon any part of it. With a view however to stimulate, as it were, in the minds of my readers a desire to acquaint themselves with the instructive and extremely interesting contents thereof, I shall, by way of showing how a well-worn topic has been treated in a rather more fresh and telling fashion, add a few remarks with reference to the seven ṭaṭṭvas, Ādi, Anupādaka, etc., as propounded by him in this part of the work.

The second volume of the translation closes with a chapter headed 'Light and Shade'. Continuing this light and shade aspect of things, the author observes in the opening chapter of the third volume "new facts and names arise out of this conjunction of light and shade; light is Parā-prakṛti; shadow is Aparā-prakṛti; the picture born of the two is Jīvātmā". He then points out the arising from the same point of view of many triplets, such as saṭṭva, rajas and ṭamas; manas, buddhi and ahaṅkāra; and chitta, mahatṭva and mamaṭva; all which triplets are reflected in the prṭhvī stage in our world-system. After saying that there are numberless ṭaṭṭvas in similar triplets beyond prṭhvī also, he refers to the seven ṭaṭṭvas, Mahat, Buddhi and the well-known five, Ākāsha, etc. He adds that the explanation of the common statement as to five Mahābhūtas is that Ākāsha is regarded as summing up in itself the two preceding elements; that Buddhi-ṭaṭṭva is also called Ādi-ṭaṭṭva. It is the first; when it is complete and

perfectly manifest, then evolution is complete. The Mahat-tattva he says is called the Anupādaka-tattva because as yet it has no Upādaka, no 'receiver,' and so cannot be cognised, though existent. He continues and says that the existence of these two can only be realised by Yoga. That even for purposes of Yoga at the present stage those two tattvas are as it were unknown, and therefore only the well-known five tattvas are taken into account. Hence he points out that the nirodha, restraint of only five vṛttis or moods of the mind, is spoken of in current Yoga science. That we now can think about the other yet unknown two tattvas is due to the fact that divine ideation of Mahā-Viṣṇu as to them is latent in us. He goes on to say that the organs as yet undeveloped are respectively 'hrī' for the Anupādaka, and Brhan-mānasa for the Ādi, and that corresponding motor organs or karmendriyas will arise in course of time; but that the names and functions of these organs should not now be disclosed as it would be improper to do so, and that the development of those organs will take place in the next two manvanṭaras, except in the case of those who, by appropriate Yoga practice, develop them prematurely as it were. He further mentions that Yoga is recommended because only by it perception of atoms and exact knowledge of vibrations become possible, and such knowledge leads on to the successful performance of the work of the hierarchs.

Having thus dealt with the third and the largest section at a length which I trust is not disproportionate to its importance, I proceed to indicate the contents of the remaining three which however require but little space.

SECTION IV

Turning now to the fourth section Sṛṣṭy-aikoḍde-shika-Prakaraṇa it is sufficient to quote Gārgyāyaṇa's own words as to its scope and purpose.

It briefly mentions the broad outlines of the evolution of our own particular world-system, our brahmāṇḍa, in the mineral, the vegetable, the animal with their chitras (pictures, shadows, or astral duplicates), the chandrātma (lunar?) and two other intervening kingdoms, and finally the human kingdom. It touches upon the constitution of the human organism also. The subtler or elemental evolutions preceding the mineral are only passingly alluded to. (Vol. I, pp. 5-6.)

Here the reader will find great agreement between the author's views and the Theosophical teachings on the subject so far as they go.

SECTION V

The fifth section is entitled the Maṇṭavya-Amantavya-Prakaraṇa, the thinkable and the unthinkable, or the believable and the unbelievable. Borrowing the words of the author :

It discusses the nature of existence and non-existence, transcendence (of the experiential or empirical, the concrete, the limited, the particular and successive), and non-transcendence, necessity and non-necessity, i. e., chance or accidentality or contingency, etc., and explains what to believe and do, also how (from the standpoint of the whole) there is nothing unbelievable or undo-able. It points out how everything whatsoever has its own proper place in the Universal Nature of Brahman, the Absolute, and how separateness is included in the non-separate. (Vol. I. p. 6.)

Among the topics discussed in the present section are such highly important and interesting ones as the following: Subservience to the evolutionary ideal, the one test of right conduct—The 'example' of the hierarchs—Can a Jīva that has attained the knowledge of *Brahman* do wrong?—Mutual love and service the one law for all.

SECTION VI

The sixth and the last section is entitled Mukti-Sādhana, and contains a rapid survey of the various means to liberation; its practical utility cannot be overrated. Summarising as it were the learning on the subject, the author opens the section thus:

What is the fruit of all this immense mental industry, this labour and travail of thought?
 Fruit of travail of all thought. The thought itself is ample answer to this question. There is no fruit, indeed, from the universal or transcendental standpoint (from which there is no labour either); and, or but, from the limited or empirical point of view (that of the individual *jīva*) this knowledge itself, namely, that there is no fruit, is the fruit. The realisation that the *jīva* never had any want to fulfil is the fulfilment of whatever inmost want it suffered from. This is the essential nature of Mokṣha, as must be abundantly clear to whomsoever has undergone that labour and travail of thought.

Mokṣha is the fruit of this whole science, and of all the sciences subsidiary to and comprehended within it, metaphysical, physical and practical or *yogic*. To know and feel and show in act that 'separateness is not' is Mokṣha. (Vol. III, pp. 242-243.)

At the end of the section the marks of the growth of the knowledge of non-separateness, just mentioned, is pointed out as follows:

But above and beyond and around all these endless details is the infinity and eternity and motionless calm of Mokṣha, which, from time's standpoint, is always being realised in part by the feeling of universal love, and in the remaining parts by corresponding thought and action. The more fully the three main appetites of the *Jīva* fall away from him, the *lōk-ēshana*, the appetite for the world, for life amidst our fellow-beings and for recognition by them, the *Vitt-ēshana*, the appetite for wealth, for enhanced bodily and material life, and the *putr-ēshana*, the appetite for multiplication, for the perpetuation of individual life in and by progeny; corresponding to cognition, desire and action;—so more and more fully does the consciousness of peace and of emancipation grow towards perfection, till all separateness is negated and the Self alone is seen, always and everywhere, to reign supreme. (Vol. III, p. 271.)

Having thus indicated the substance of the main contents of the various sections of the book, I trust it will not be out of place to supplement the quotations made from the last section of the book with a few remarks suggested by other passages in the earlier parts of the book bearing on the question of Mokṣha. In the first place it should be pointed out that the notion now so largely prevalent that, though Nirvāṇa has a beginning, yet, once attained, it will never end, is totally erroneous. The illogical character and the fallacy of this notion are pointed out by the learned translator in the note in Vol. I, p. 54, by way of comment upon certain statements in the text which clearly involve the unsustainability of the notion in question. The Theosophical teachings on the subject thus receive one more corroboration from the treatise under review. What is also necessary to bear in mind is that the term Mokṣha has a primary and a secondary sense. Mokṣha in the former sense is in the words of the Rṣhi quoted above: "To know and feel and show in act that 'separateness is not'." This is essential Mokṣha. Mokṣha in the secondary sense is only technically such. The well-known terms *sālokya*, *sāyujya*, *sāmīpya*, *sārūpya*, are used in relation to Mokṣha only in this secondary sense. The proper explanation of these terms will be found in Vol. I, p. 143, and, according to the author's view, *sāmīpya* stands in the order of superiority as the highest, for the cogent reasons adduced by him in the course of his explanation of the terms.

Now as to the highly cherished popular notion of such complete absorption in Parabrahm as never to return to *samsāra*—it necessarily follows that this is impossible,

from the teaching here given, of the nature of the Absolute on the one hand, and of samsāra on the other, in the primary and the widest sense of the term. The said observation applies not only to men, but also to the Trimūrtis, Mahā-Viṣṇu Himself, and to the still higher Gods in endless gradation. For all of them are themselves Jivas in the true acceptation of the word, notwithstanding the glorious character of their superhuman consciousness and the grandeur and splendour of the Upādhis in which such consciousness manifests and works. In common with everything else in nature, those Gods upon Gods too, without exception, are, by the simple force of Shakti, Energy—the all-compelling necessity—an aspect of the Svabhāva of Brahman, ever subject to the law of action and reaction, expansion and contraction; though, in the result, the change is one of illimitable progression on an ascending scale. Such being the case, it was but natural that the author takes notice of a well-known verse, in which the harassed human Spirit is supposed to send up a pathetic prayer for deliverance from the travail of samsāra, consisting of the recurring round of births and deaths. Gārgyāyana's explanation, in substance, is that the reference to samsāra in the context is not to samsāra in its universal sense, and that the deliverance prayed for in the verse consists in the jīva, that is now man, attaining to the state of Mahā-Viṣṇu (Ṭaṭ-Viṣṇoḥ Paramam Paḍam), the same being the goal of his evolution.

Unattainable as the goal may seem to be, our duty lies in the constant striving towards it by the practice, neither, of course, of *Svārtha*, selfishness, nor even of *Parārtha*, altruism, but by the practice of

Universalism—the road to our goal.

Paramārtha, universalism, ever intent upon the thought conveyed by the benedictory phrases, which, more than once, occur in the course of the priceless teachings, that I have been endeavouring, though inadequately, to commend to your consideration, namely:

Shubhamasṭu Sarva Jagaṭām,
Sarvo Bhadrāṇi Pashyaṭu,
Lōkāḥ Samastāḥ Sukhinō Bhavanṭu.

S. Subramania Iyer

THEN AND NOW •

SOME REFLECTIONS ON TWO TRIALS

Herod and Pontius Pilate

They made them friends that day,
When they sought the Light of the World to quench,
The Life of the World to slay:

And Pharisees and Sadducees,
Once mutually abhorred,
In amity and peace combined
To crucify the Lord.

Now this is no mere story
Of happenings past and sped;
But the everlasting tragedy—
The strife of quick and dead—

For ever re-enacted,
 As age succeeds to age,
 By the same players, or their like,
 On the same darkened stage.

The same, or men like-minded,
 The ancient parts repeat;
 Gather the Lord to crucify,
 Gather the Lord to greet.

Again the wise, with eager hearts
 Beholding, haste from far,
 To where, above the Holy Child,
 There shines the Morning Star.

New Herods seek to smite Him
 With slander, as once with sword:
 The faithful, chosen guardians keep
 A Temple for the Lord.

As then they slew John Baptist
 Proclaiming "Christ is nigh":
 So now against His messengers
 Men fling lie after lie;

Distort, suppress, suggest, defame,
 Shout "Blasphemy!" or jeer;
 No words find harsh enough for those
 Who gently bid them hear.

Like creatures trapped, and too distraught
 Their hope of life to see,
 They tear the hands of those that come
 In love to set them free.

For the players are but puppets,
 In a world of shadowy things:
 Above the scenes the Powers of Light
 And of Darkness move the strings.

As war resounds in heaven,
 Re-echoes war on earth.
 So clash the hosts of Night and Day,
 When the Holiest comes to birth.

Fierce, shaking creeds and freezing doubts,
 In strange alliance met,
 Against the heralds of the Light
 The camp of Darkness set:

And sceptic and fanatic
 Agree surpassing well,
 Yet are but tools in the iron hands
 Of the merciless Lords of hell.

And a high-priest of the Lord of Love
 Their work of hate lets pass;
 Nay, blesses with the blessing
 Of the high-priest—Caiaphas.

O Preacher of the Gospel,
 Hast thou no skill to read
 The message clear that Gospel brings
 In this, thine hour of need,

The hour for parting of the ways,
 Christ to forsake or meet,
 The hour when triumph means for thee
 Thy Spirit's dark defeat?

Yet hear the word of thy Master,
 Ah! hear it even to-day:—
 "Why call ye Me, Lord, Lord," He says,
 And do not the things I say?

"Count these My messengers, or not;
 Their hope a dream, or true—
 Can hate, can slander, be the work
 I set thee here to do?"

"Art still so deaf to the Truth I taught,
 So blind to the Love I showed?
 Hast thou forgot who spake to Saul,
 On the Damascus road?"

"If I uphold them not, they fall,
 Without a blow from thee:
 But, if their word and work be Mine,
 Thou persecutest—Me."

Brothers, believe, we hate not you,
Who have with scorn reviled ;
And all our highest, holiest hopes
With foolish tongues defiled.

We look to Him who prayed—"Forgive :
They know not what they do."
And, as to us He offers Life,
He offers Life to you.

If words from us ye still must scorn,
And hope of ours despise,
Yet may the Lord Himself, who comes,
Open your blinded eyes ;

Set free your souls from prisons dark
Of doubts and bigot hate ;
Show you, show us, that they alone
Who live to love are great.

Though creeds and systems melt and change,
And all men's thoughts grow new,
Unchanged, through all Eternity,
The Creed of Love is true.

The barriers men's vain minds have reared
Before the Spirit fall.
Christ lives and works, in every faith,
Till Love be all, in all.

Bethink you, He who soon shall speak
Peace to each warring creed,
Calling one flock from many a fold—
He must be Christ indeed.

Bethink you, all who speak and live
Such peace, prepare His way :
And these, His chosen messengers,
Ye cannot turn nor stay.

Dead creeds, old barriers, crumble ;
Awake, for night departs :
See living men with clearer eyes,
And love with larger hearts.

X.



By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

H. P. BLAVATSKY defined Occultism as "the study of the divine Mind in Nature," and it would be difficult to find a nobler definition. All life, all energies, are hidden, and only their effects are patent. The forces by which a jewel is crystallised in the womb of the earth, by which a plant develops from a seed, by which an animal is evolved from a germ, by which a man feels and thinks—all these are occult, hidden from the eyes of men, to be studied by scientists only in the

phenomena of growth, of evolution, as these present themselves, while the impelling forces, the nature of 'vitality,' the invisible, intangible, secret springs of all activities, these remain ever hidden.

Moreover, this admirable definition posits Mind behind all the manifestations which we totalise as 'Nature'. It is these manifestations which are woven into that garment by which we see God ("and weave for God the garment thou see'st Him by"). His Mind is revealed in natural phenomena, and by the visible "the invisible things . . . are clearly seen". Bruno spoke of natural objects as the divine language; they are the Self-expressions of God. In the divine Mind exist the Ideas which are to be embodied in a future universe; the world of mind, the "Intelligible World," precedes the material world. So taught the Hebrews; so taught the Greeks; and the teaching is confirmed by our everyday experience. We think, before we embody our thought in an action. Ere a man creates a great picture, he must have the idea of the picture in his mind; he "thinks it out" before he paints it on the canvas. It is the world of Ideas, the Intelligible World, which is the realm explored by the Occultist.

He seeks to understand this hidden world whence flow all outer manifestations; to grasp the Ideas which embody themselves in varied forms; to seek the hidden sources of life and to trace their outflow, as the physical scientist seeks and traces physical types and their evolution. He is the scientist of the invisible, as the ordinary scientist is the scientist of the visible, and his methods are scientific; he observes, he experiments, he verifies, he compares, and he is continually enlarging the boundaries of the known.

The Occultist and the Mystic differ in their methods as well as in their object. The Occultist seeks knowledge of God; the Mystic seeks union with God. The Occultist uses Intellect; the Mystic Emotion. The Occultist watches Ideas embodying themselves in phenomena; the Mystic unfolds the Divine within him that it may expand into the Divinity whose Body is a universe. These sharp-cut definitions are, of course, true only of abstract types; the concrete individuals shade off into each other, and the perfected Occultist finally includes the Mystic, the perfected Mystic finally includes the Occultist. But on the way to perfection, the Occultist, must evolve, *pari passu*, his consciousness and the successive vehicles in which that consciousness works; while the Mystic sinks into the depths of his consciousness, and cares naught for the bodies which he disregards and abandons. To borrow two well-known terms: the Occultist tends to become the Jīvanmukṭa, the liberated Spirit residing in material bodies; the Mystic tends to become the Videhamukṭa, the liberated Bodiless One. The Occultists rise, grade by grade, through the Hierarchy; the Mystics become the Nirmāṇakāyas, the Reservoir of Spirituality, from which are drawn the streams which irrigate the worlds. Blessed, holy and necessary are both types, the two Hands of the One LOGOS in His helping of His universe.

Bearing in mind H. P. Blavatsky's definition, we can readily see how the more ordinary view of Occultism, that it merely means the study of the hidden—without defining the hidden—inevitably grows up. The Occultist is to study the divine Mind *in Nature*; then he must not only expand his consciousness, so as to enter into the divine Mind, but must also evolve his

subtle bodies and their senses, in order to contact Nature in all the grades of subtlety of her manifestations. This evolution of the subtle senses and the knowledge gained through them of the phenomena of the subtle, or superphysical, worlds of matter—knowledge which is essentially of the nature of the scientific knowledge of the physical world—loom large in the eyes of the superficial observer, and he comes to identify Occultism with clairvoyance, clairaudience, travelling in the subtle bodies, and the like. It would be as sensible if this same good gentleman identified physical science with its apparatus—its microscopes, telescopes, spectroscopes. The subtle senses are merely the apparatus of the Occultist, they are not Occultism. They are the instruments by which he observes the objects which escape the normal physical eye. As the ordinary instruments of science may have flaws in them, and so may distort the physical objects observed, so may the superphysical instruments have flaws in them, and distort the superphysical objects observed. Mal-observation with a defective instrument does not vitiate the scientific method, though it may for the moment vitiate particular scientific conclusions. The same is true as regards mal-observations with ill-evolved superphysical senses; the occult method is scientific and sound, but for the moment the particular conclusions drawn by the Occultist are erroneous. Where then is safety? In repeated observations by many observers—just as in physical science.

Let us examine this a little more closely. A scientific observer finds his observations through his microscope yield him a certain picture; he draws what he sees. Then he puts a higher power on his

microscope, and again observes the object; he obtains another picture. He compares the two. He finds that certain parts of the object that he thought were isolated from each other are connected with threads so fine that they were invisible under the lower power. His first observations were accurate, but incomplete. One result of such incompleteness is that every scientific man, in giving pictures of objects as seen through the microscope, notes on them the power of the lens through which he observed them. Again, if a young observer, on comparing his drawings with those made by experts and inserted in the text-books, finds that he has inserted something not seen in the others, he will test his lens and repeat his observation, taking another object, identical with the first, lest some dust, or hair, or other accidental intruder should have presented itself unbidden for his inspection. Let us apply this to the student of Occultism. He has evolved a power of sight beyond the normal; he observes some etheric object, and puts down his observations; a few years later, having evolved a higher power of sight, he observes the object again, and finds that the two parts of it he thought successive are divided by some intermediate process. I will take an exact instance. Mr. Leadbeater and myself in 1895 observed that the ultimate physical atom, being disintegrated, broke up into the coarsest form of astral matter. In 1908, observing the same process again, with a higher power of sight evolved during the intervening years, we saw that the physical atom, on disintegration, ran through a series of further disintegrations, and re-integrated finally into the coarsest form of astral matter. The parallel with the lower and higher powers of the microscope is complete.

Once more; a young observer sees some astral form; he compares it, if he is wise—he is not always wise—with previous observations of older observers, or with statements by great seers in world-scriptures. He finds his observation unlike theirs. If he is a serious student he tries again, making repeated and careful observations, and finds out his mistake. If he is foolish, he proclaims his mal-observation as a new discovery.

But, it may be said, people respect the physical scientist, and accept his observations, while they mock at those of the Occultist. All the discoveries of new facts were mocked at before the public was ready for them; was not Bruno burned and Galileo imprisoned for declaring that the earth moved round the sun? Was not Galvani called “the frogs’ dancing-master” when he laid his finger on the hidden force now called by his name? What matters the mockery of ignorant men to those whose steadfast eyes are seeking to pierce through the veils in which Nature shrouds her secrets?

So far as the methods of observation of the material side of Nature are concerned, observations carried on by means of improved apparatus—externally manufactured or internally evolved—the methods of physical and of superphysical science are identical. Knowledge is gained by study of the results obtained by predecessors in the same field, and by observations directed to similar phenomena, with a view to verifying or correcting the results.

The evolution of the consciousness which observes through the senses is another matter, and this plays a greater part in occult than in physical science; for consciousness must unfold as higher senses evolve, else would the better tools be useless in the hands of the

inefficient workman. But the object of physical and superphysical science alike is the extension of the boundaries of knowledge.

Is this extension desirable or not? If the knowledge be turned to human service, yes; if to the increase of human misery, no. The application of physical science to the destruction of human life is most evil; yet not for that can we seek to block the advance of chemistry. The Occultist who knows how to liberate the forces imprisoned in the atom will not place within the hands of the competing nations of the world this means of wholesale destruction. Yet he knows that chemistry is advancing in this direction, and that it must not be hindered in its advance.

As regards the Occultists themselves they are useful or dangerous according to their motives. If they are devoted to the welfare of the worlds, then their rapid evolution is beneficial. If they seek power for their own aggrandisement, then they are dangerous. The evolution of consciousness is all to the good, for, as that unfolds, the wider view brings the man gradually more and more into unison with the divine Will in evolution, and, at a certain point in this expansion, he inevitably recognises the all-compelling claims of the larger Self. But in the lower stages, in the astral and mental worlds, while his self-discipline must be rigid as regards his bodies, pride and selfishness may make him a danger to his fellow-men. The discipline of the senses and the control of the mind are equally necessary, whether the man is aiming at development for service or for individual aggrandisement. He must lead a life of rigid temperance in all things, and he must become master of his thoughts. But if personal ambition rule him, if he seek to gain in

order that he may hold, not in order that he may give, then every added power becomes a menace to the world, and he enters the ranks of the Adversary. The Occultist must evolve into a Christ or into a Satan—to borrow the Christian terms. For him there is no half-way house. Safer are the green pastures where the flock may feed at peace than the arid heights, with their crevasses and their precipices, with their shrouding mists and their crashing avalanches. None who has trodden part of the rugged way would seek to induce others to enter on it. But there are some whom an imperious inner force compels; some who cannot rest by the still waters, but must seek to climb the heights. For such the way is open, and for them there is no other way which is possible. Only, that they may not add their shattered lives to the “wrecks which strew the path of Occultism,” let them gird their loins with strength, let them don the armour of purity and the helmet of unselfishness, and then let them go forward, in the Name of the World’s Redeemers, with their eyes fixed on the Star which shines above them, careless of the stones which gash their bleeding feet.

Annie Besant

THE FRENCH CURVE

By FRITZ KUNZ, F. T. S.

[Being a more or less moral parable concerning higher plane consciousness; of which the application, if any, is: “Solids do not always cast shadows according to Plane rules.”]

A CIRCLE, a Triangle and a Square once met upon a Drawing-Board. The Circle was very proud of his symmetrical shape and the even and uniform way in which he looked out upon the world of the Drawing-Board. On account of this he considered himself very tolerant. He even went so far as to talk to the irregular French Curve, who was made of celluloid, and was therefore yellow and translucent, and yet cast a shadow. Now by his irregular curves and his lack of angles it was clear to the Triangle and the Square that the French Curve was immoral. And when they added to this the fact that he claimed to be translucent and yet cast a shadow (as if he had a third Spiritual Dimension, when if translucent, he could not really have one, they argued), they were quite sure that, in addition to being irregular and immoral, he was still more iniquitous in that he was a fraud and a deceiver.

Now the Triangle, who was an Equilateral, as he proudly explained to every figure the Draughtsman ever drew on the Board, was inordinately proud of his regular angles and sides, and his graceful, delicate points, and was quite convinced that he was the most advanced of the company. He consorted with the Circle even though he was considered doubtful by the best society because he had no angles. Of course it

took one a long time and many journeys around the Circle to discover this, and so he was accepted in certain classes of society in spite of the fact that he was seen with such doubtful people as the immoral French Curve. And the Triangle also talked to the Square, although, as he was fond of explaining to the world at large, he found him very dull.

The Square, on his part, was a plodding individual, who had his good points (four of them at least). His advantage was that he was perfectly regular. He claimed descent from a certain Mrs. Grundy.

But one day the Draughtsman, for some reason unknown to the little group I have just described (for who can fathom the reason of the Draughtsman, or even guess that of the Architect in any universe?), set down upon the Board three Solids.

Now it happened that one of these was a Cube, the other a Tetrahedron, and the third a Sphere. Of course the French Curve, being himself a Solid, immediately saw that these were people of note, and passed the word on to the Circle, thinking that his tolerant friend would be interested in so great a being as the Sphere, since the Circle himself was of that spiritual class. The Circle immediately passed the word along and hurried over to where the Solids were lying under a light directly above them. The Circle looked at the Shadow cast by the Sphere, and saw that it was circular, like himself, except that it was only a Shadow (which is Plane indication of greatness of a spiritual kind in a Drawing-Board world). And he saw the point where the Sphere contacted the Board; but sometimes he failed to see it and sometimes again he saw it. Therefore he was in doubt, for this was something beyond his

experience. In the meantime, however, the Square and the Triangle had hurried up. Each naturally went to the Solid of his own nature, and after a brief inspection they retired to a Corner of the Board, which, being an angle, was a select and exclusive place. The Circle was interested in this new phenomenon, but he followed his friends to see what they would say.

"Well," said the Triangle, "that's another of those wild stories by that disreputable French Curve. Why, that fellow is only a Triangle, and, while he is an Equilateral, yet he is much smaller than I am, and besides, one of his angles is imperfect, and shows evidently that he was not very virtuous in his earlier days. Not that I hold that against him," he finished with a superior and yet piously forgiving air.

"I think that you must be right," rejoined the Square, "although I must say that I thought I saw faint suggestions of a shadow about my new friend..."

"Shadow!" interrupted the Triangle, "shading lines, you mean! Don't I know what kind of shadows a cube casts? Why, it's all nonsense, and just another tale of that Frenchman": and he glowered so fiercely that he nearly bent one of his fine straight edges.

At this the Circle was in serious doubt, and did not venture to raise his voice about what he had seen, for he knew that sometimes with excessive rolling he did get to see strange things. And besides, there was the fact that sometimes he had seen a point and sometimes he had not. So he cautiously held his peace, but went back with his friends to strike up a conversation with the strangers. These spoke with such understanding of the world that it was evident to the Circle that there was at least something curious about these new people, and he

secretly returned to his belief that they were Solids, despite the loud assertion of the Triangle that it was obvious from the imperfect angle of his new Equilateral friend that he had seen something of the world, and that this explained his wider knowledge. This theory would have held sway despite the unusual nature of the wisdom, power and love of the Sphere, the Cube, and the Tetrahedron, except that, at this moment, the Draughtsman arrived and disturbed the light overhead, so that the Cube and the Tetrahedron each began to cast shadows, and the shadow of the Sphere began to take on elliptical and other weird shapes. The Plane Figures bade them a hurried good-bye and retreated once more to the corner of the Board, very much perturbed; for while their scriptures told about shadows cast by Solids, it was against all the laws of nature that one Solid could cast so many different kinds of shadows; and no Solid, just because he *was* a Solid, could have a changeable shadow. The argument lasted well on into the afternoon, because the French Curve happened along and helped the Circle out; and, because he was a Solid, his arguments were often extraordinary and super-Plane in their nature, and seemed without foundation and "up in the air," as the Square said. But it was finally ended when the Draughtsman suddenly put out the light.

The next day, the French Curve having departed in the night, the three friends resumed their discussion, but could come to no understanding. Finally they parted company, each concluding that the other was a little bit mad. For the Circle was convinced that he had seen a Sphere, and the Square thought he might have seen a Cube (he said he was "willing to admit the possibility"), and the Triangle angrily thought that he had been

duped and his friends deceived or hypnotised by that worthless Frenchman.

Now it happened that when the Draughtsman came to take up the day's work, He came to that part in the Plan of the Architect for whom He worked, where it was necessary to sketch in shadow lines which would give the Circle the appearance of being a Sphere, and corresponding additions to the Triangle and the Square to make them look like a Tetrahedron and a Cube. So He worked away at them all the morning, and then went to lunch. When He was gone the friends were silent, for each was doubtful whether the others would understand the subtle change that had been going on inside him. But at last the Circle, who was really a good fellow, could stand it no longer, and so he said quite plainly that he felt that, since the Sphere and the other Solid Figures had come into his world, he was much benefitted inside; and that the Draughtsman seemed to be able to improve him very much more readily. At this the Triangle and the Square each confessed to a similar experience. But immediately the old arrogance of the Triangle returned, and he asserted that the others, by their very different natures, could not possibly feel what *he* had felt. But there was no inclination on the part of the other two to dispute what he said; for, be it known, the Draughtsman had proceeded farther with his work with them, and they really were far more nearly finished, and so could understand the Triangle, even if he could not realise their experiences to be like his own. And then the Draughtsman arrived from lunch, and the conversation was interrupted.

All the afternoon they played their various rôles, meanwhile each growing more and more like his Solid

Archetype. At last the Draughtsman leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction, and began to remove the drawing-pins which held down the sheet. The three friends had not seen the Solids since the day before, and whispered excitedly to each other that when the sheet was lifted into the third dimension (for that surely was going to happen to them after all the wonderful experiences they had gone through), they would be able to settle that question at last, especially with the wider consciousness each had acquired. So they watched carefully when the sheet was lifted from the Board. The new angle of the light to which they were unaccustomed, and the sensation of being curved, and all the wonders of living in a new dimension, made it difficult to see at first; but finally they did perceive there on the board, the Cube, the Sphere and the Tetrahedron, and they saw finally and conclusively that those were Solids; this their new consciousness enabled the plane figures to understand, even though they themselves were not yet Solids.

But there was one thing that disturbed the Triangle (for the Draughtsman had left him unfinished in his effort to make a Tetrahedron of him), and he carried the trouble away with him when the Draughtsman rolled up the sheet and stood it away in the corner for a time. This disturbing thing was that when he had looked at the Board from above as the sheet was lifted off, he saw there, beside the splendid Solid rectitude of the Tetrahedron, the Cube and the Sphere, the thoroughly irregular and supposedly immoral French Curve.

Fritz Kunz

THE GARMENT OF WOMANHOOD

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

(Concluded from p. 757)

CONFUCIUS, Mencius, and certain ancient Sages revered in China and Japan, distinctly taught the inferiority of womanhood, which naturally has promoted selfishness in the male sex. The aim of any education of women was submission, not the cultivation and development of mind; they were in fact to be the servants of men. The humiliation of their women through this mis-called religious teaching has been complete. In India, a few years ago, attention was called to a prize-book in the Government Girls' Schools in the Bombay Presidency, which contained the following exhortation: "If the husband of a *virtuous* woman be ugly, of good or *bad* disposition, *diseased*, *fiendish*, *irascible*, or a *drunkard*, old, stupid, dumb, blind, deaf, hot-tempered, poor, extremely covetous, a *slanderer*, cowardly, *perfidious*, and *immoral*, nevertheless she ought to worship him as *God*, with mind, speech and *person*." [The italics are mine.]

One wonders in the above catalogue of qualities what remained to 'worship' in this godly being,

except that which he possessed in common with the animal creation! And the not infrequent use of the word 'lord,' in reference to a husband, even in Theosophical articles referring to the East, is a remnant of this idea of the subserviency of one sex and endorses it. We need neither 'gods' nor 'lords,' but that recognition on the part of the man, Oriental or European, that he must regard the woman as his sister, his equal, her being as sacred as his, her soul reflecting the divine image equally with his own.

One can only wonder that a race which held the knowledge of reincarnation and karma could ever have fallen to such a barbarous level of prejudice with regard to womanhood. A real understanding of its nature, of its worth in sacrifice for the human race—for where there is sacrifice there also arises the heart that loves—of that which it represents, now in sex, in the future in power, should inspire the man to love the woman in utmost brotherliness and gratitude.

He that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime.

India will one day bless that messenger who breaks her chains of custom and of creed, and who uplifts her womanhood by loftiest teachings from all servility into self-reverence and self-knowledge. And where should that message come so clearly and so beautifully as in Theosophy—which upholds all religions, the highest service of humanity in its breadth and brotherhood?

The religions of the world have suffered not a little in relation to this subject, owing to the interpolations in sacred books, and the misinterpretations and teachings of the later priesthoods. The result has been to

greatly accentuate sex-differentiation, and minimise the realisation of the higher Self, which is common to both. The net conclusion of a recent scientific paper read at the British Association on the differences of the sexes was that: "The higher up the scale of intellect we go, the nearer do the powers of the two sexes coincide." And beyond this we recognise that divine gift of the deific principle, which is the same in all, though hidden in some, and shining forth radiantly in others.

In the Christian religion, the writings of S. Paul contain passages obviously interpolated to suit the prejudices of an age that was apprehensive that Christianity was about to assign too high a place to womanhood. The great Initiate had truly written: "In Christ Jesus [or the spiritual plane which he sought to unfold] there is neither male nor female." On women as well as on men had fallen the Pentecostal power of the Spirit. In the little Christian gatherings women prayed and prophesied, only wearing at the time a covering, customary to Oriental ideas of the veiling of women from the eyes of men. And to his active women converts and helpers S. Paul sent, at the close of his letters, many affectionate greetings. In very truth they helped to keep Christianity alive.

In one misunderstood passage which avers that "woman was created for man," the real meaning is that womanhood was evolved for *humanity*, and not humanity for womanhood; which, expressed in other words, declares only that the *condition* of womanhood was produced for the perpetuation of *the race*, being exterior and impermanent in that aspect, and this harmonises with the ancient tradition of its inception. It is a condition experienced by all, and not a species. It is difficult

to realise the perfection of being which will be expressed in a spiritual race, to which the experiences of the present will be entirely alien, and which will regard such as the imperfections of a partially developed humanity.

To comment on other passages of the Christian Scriptures is not my purpose; some are obviously puerile; some misunderstood; but there is no question that the portions least worthy of acceptance have been those which have most affected the status of women; for some of us can remember how certain texts were hurled at those who sought to remedy unjust laws and to alleviate the unnatural sufferings of child-birth, until the strong common sense of humanity and science rendered such arguments futile. In the Protestant marriage-service, derived from the old Sarum office, the servitude assigned to the bride is now likely to be changed in accord with the Roman and Greek usages, in which such a vow is absent. Most of the Nonconformist services are satisfactory in this respect, and the Society of Friends has long been conspicuous for taking the ground of religious equality between the sexes.

The East has suffered from an overplus of religious belief. The peculiar danger attached to sacred writings is always this—that, originally given or inspired by great Teachers, they yet contain some things adapted to the period in which they were written, but not to the times as they now are. In consequence of this, and owing also to the gradual succession of inferior priestly interpreters and teachers who become unqualified for the task, superstitions arise, and finally tend, not to the helping and enlightenment of a race, but to contribute to its miseries

and degradation, especially through the views held of its womanhood.

There has existed for many a century in the East a sort of worship of the male, a species of sex-worship, producing lamentable results in unfit unions, child-marriages which might be characterised as murder rather than marriage, the ignorance and segregation of women, and a rooted belief in the inferiority of womanhood common to nearly all Oriental races at the present time.

In this connection it may be interesting to note the views which some of the leading ministers of the Christian faith are now taking on the subject of womanhood in the West. In America, where certain denominations (there called churches) ordain women to the ministry and admit them to the pulpit, the day of adverse criticism has passed. But in England, where the Anglican Church from long associations holds a certain sway among the influential and educated classes, the change which is taking place among the more thoughtful clergy is marked. The Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, Chaplain of the Royal Chapel of the Savoy, recently published his views on the marriage-service. He said that he knew from personal experience that the teaching of the present service was a source of tyranny on the part of numbers of husbands of the working class, some of whom are very brutal to women. And there is no doubt that the idea that a wife should pledge herself to servitude strikes an absolutely wrong note for one who contemplates motherhood, which demands long periods in which the wife, as an expectant mother, should be free from all physical encroachment, and live in fraternal relation only with her husband. Would that this were followed! But, in truth, the idea that

any human being should hold sexual rights over another is revolting.

Mr. Chapman remarked in a letter to the Editor of *Votes for Women*:

When . . . a great wave of pity sweeps over the enlightened of a sex on account of its innate tendency to enslavement and enslaving, from which the exceptions have broken free, let alone the manifest injustice of the cruel degradation of that same sex by man for his own carnal ends, then the benediction of the Church might surely be claimed by the pioneers of a movement destined to bring about its salvation, though possibly through pain.

At one of the large meetings held at the Queen's Hall in London last year, Mrs. Creighton, wife of the late Bishop of London, who presided, read a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he said:

Beyond question, the changes which have, by common consent, come about respecting the place of woman and of womanhood in our country's life, call for a far-reaching re-consideration or re-statement of certain old-world phrases and formulas which have become, perforce, inapplicable to the facts of to-day.

In the evening, the Bishop of Oxford who presided, spoke as follows:

I am quite sure that the right ethical view is that every human being, separately and equally, is an end, to realise itself, and in no case to be made a means to another man's end merely. Christ dealt with women, exactly equally with men, as being human persons.

Referring to certain things with which he disagreed in the woman's movement, he said:

But it does not affect my feeling towards the movement, if I believe it to be fundamentally just. I confess that S. Paul's specific attitude towards this question has been to me a stumbling-block; but, looking at the whole Christian movement, I am not prepared to say that civilisation at any particular moment, whether in S. Paul's day or in my own Church to-day, represents Christian finality. I conceive, indeed, that the Church of England legislation with regard to women, so far as our renaissance Christian assemblies are concerned, is something in the nature of a scandal. I am quite sure that the woman's movement is needed. It must enter into politics, and must make the woman's voice and the woman's point of view heard in moulding the legislation of the country.

A number of the clergy recently signed a memorial to our modern Pharaoh, for granting the franchise to women, and among the signatories was the Bishop of Lincoln, who sent a strong letter to the *Times*:

The memorandum addressed by the clergy I cheerfully signed, for I agreed with every word of it . . . I am aware that John Bright and his Free-Trade friends made a raid upon Peel at Downing Street, but I prefer to out-Quaker Bright's Quakerism. I am a man of peace. At the same time I decline to waste my time in deprecating the methods of the militants. I do not share or approve those methods; but I am not disposed to turn my remonstrance in that direction. I reserve them all for those who are so blind to the signs of the times, and so deaf to the logic of facts, as to refuse the franchise to women. Is it not the deliberate disregard of constitutional agitation, the cynical silence and contempt shown by most of the party Press, and the discovery that only the exploits of militancy provoke any official interest, that are the real causes of the present disorders?

What means have women for making known and pressing home their demands? They have no votes. The Press is almost closed to them; they are only a worry and a peril to the party politician. Both parties want to make believe that the women's movement is weak, or is weakening, or can be ignored, at least for a time, without danger. But in reality the demand of women for the vote has come to be one of the greatest moral and social movements of our time. It gathers strength and volume daily; all the forces of progress are working in its favour; it cannot be set aside. It only awaits the handling of a sympathetic, courageous, and constructive statesman, who has imagination to conceive of the England that is to be.

Methods of repression and expedients like the *Cat and Mouse Act*¹ would deserve only ridicule, were it not for the sufferings they involve. The only sane and lasting remedy for the present discontent is truly Liberal legislation; that is, the extension of liberty through the franchise.

¹ The *Cat and Mouse Act* is this; various imprisoned militants commenced hunger-strikes, refusing food, and in consequence were forcibly fed, a dangerous proceeding, to save the Government the disgrace of their death through collapse by starvation. When it appeared that life became endangered by this method, an Act was passed decreeing the liberation of such women as showed serious symptoms, under the condition that they were to report themselves while out of prison like 'ticket of leave' criminals, and were to be re-arrested as soon as their health improved. In its power to torture mind and body this Act is certainly worthy of the Middle Ages, and has been widely condemned. All this because a few obstinate men, for party and selfish objects, opposed conferring citizenship on the women of their country.

The Rev. F. L. Donaldson, of Leicester, sent to the *Standard* a letter which contained the following earnest paragraphs :

The Cat and Mouse Act . . . is the old persecuting spirit in modern dress. It is the apotheosis of physical force as against the spiritual power of a righteous cause . . . The taunt is perpetual that at every moral crisis in the nation's life, the clergy are found upon the side of worldly power and conventional tyranny, the custom of the time. The taunt is often undeserved, but there is enough truth in it to make us careful lest we, in our day, fail at critical moments.

The appeal in this letter was a very strong one, and contained a vigorous protest against the Act in question.

All honour to those who thus speak while still bound by ecclesiastical law to read out, from time to time, passages from Scripture which contain anything but wise teaching on the relation of the sexes, and others which are unexplained. Their attitude points to a happier day when *Prayer-book* revision will introduce services for the people which will elevate their ideals to a more spiritual plane, and furnish a key-note of Christian life in fraternal love and purity. It is fatal for religion to be associated with anthropomorphic ideas of the Creator, which give rise to the barbarous sacrificial practices of a past age, and the subordination of one half of the human family, and which have much to say on war and conquest, and little or nothing on peace and co-operation.

Let us note also the remarkable message which that veteran philanthropist, General Booth, sent shortly before his decease to be read in every Salvation Army place of worship on an appointed Sunday morning, the officer responsible to read it through without making any comment. It was a message, much needed, that reached the working-classes. This, from Booth, a man

far broader than the simple and somewhat crude creed of his Society, although that has been practically neutralised by its splendid work of brotherhood in which men and women stand on an equal platform :

My feelings and opinions with respect to woman generally are known throughout the world. My standard on this subject is ever before you, and I want the entire Army to embrace it. First and foremost, I insist on woman's equality. Every officer and soldier should hold to it that woman is as important, as valuable, as capable and as necessary to the progress and happiness of the world as man. Unfortunately a large number of people of every class think otherwise. They still cling to the notion of bygone ages, that as a being woman is inferior to man. To many she is little more than a plaything for their leisure hours. To others she is like a piece of property, slave in everything but name. Ofttimes she is treated with less consideration for health and comfort than the horses that run in omnibuses or beasts that are fattening for slaughter.

Now the Salvation Army has done, and is doing, something to combat these hideous and heathen notions. To begin with, the Army has maintained that the sexes are alike equal in birth ; alike equal in the value of the soul and the capacity for joy and sorrow ; alike equal before God, and in the love of the Heavenly Father ; alike equal in their share of the redemption ; alike equal in responsibility for spreading salvation and extending the kingdom of God ; alike equal in accountability at the judgment day ; alike equal as citizens of the celestial city ; and alike equal in capacity for the employments and enjoyments of the eternity to come.

I do not say that every individual faculty in woman is equal to the corresponding faculty in man, any more than I would say that each particular capacity possessed by man is equal to the same in woman. They differ both in character and degree, but where one is weak, the other is stronger. For example, in the power of will and of the possession of physical strength the man will be often found to excel the woman. On the other hand, in quickness of perception, in powers of endurance, and in strength of love (the quality in us which is most God-like), woman is generally the superior of man. Taken as a whole, therefore, I declare that woman is equal to man in the value of her gifts, and the extent of her influence, and I maintain that if she be given a fair chance she will prove it to be so.

Now I want you to think over and accept this truth. Nay, more, I would have us all stand by it, and show it forth

to the world by our own treatment of our woman comrades. Above all, let us teach it, both in theory and in practice, to the young people around us.

Let the boy be taught from his earliest infancy that his sister is as good as he is in all that is important to life, except perhaps, in the physical force, which he possesses in common with the brute beast. Let the girl be made to feel that her value to God and man is as high as it would have been had she been a boy. Let the grown-up people set before the children and the young people, a constant and living example of that gentleness and kindness towards woman which was ever manifested by our Lord Jesus Christ.

Whether married or single, let every man treat the women with whom he is acquainted with respect, with patience and with care. Every man to whom has been entrusted a wife must and will, if he has any proper sense of manliness in him, champion her interests, fight her battles, watch over her soul, and even die, if need be, as Christ died, on her behalf.

Let us, then, determine to pay woman regard, in the position assigned her by the providence of God, as a wife, as a mother, as a daughter, and as a comrade in the salvation war.

Noble words these, true, wise, just. And this was the advice of a man who knew nothing of reincarnation and karma, and was certain to have believed that sex was not a temporary expression of the embodied ego, but a permanent condition; humanity ever destined to present two halves, one masculine, the other feminine. But somehow his strong, self-sacrificing soul had taught him that the man and the woman were joint children of the divine Father, a very great step, even in the Christian faith, and an endorsement of the example of that great Messenger, an Oriental, who, among the rigid Jews of His day was the friend and teacher of woman, whether saint or sinner.

The condition of womanhood, expressed as it is in physical form, because of racial necessity, and more strongly marked in sex than in the 'man,' has forced a long and terrible sacrifice upon the entire race of humanity, since none could escape the experience of that

condition. And the impulse of re-adjustment and change must come from within that circle of necessity with its apparently iron laws. Nature bends to the inward force; matter to Spirit; the change comes through the growing power of the ever-evolving life, the breaking of the bonds through the groans of the awakening captive.

Certain perceptible physiological changes dimly foretell—even as the volcanic action in the Pacific Ocean proclaims a coming continent—a new type of womanhood which will be a greater approximation to the non-sexual or bi-sexual form. This appears at present most strongly in the Anglo-Saxon races, in the increasing height of the younger women, due to the greater length of the lower limbs, the smaller size of the hips, the stronger arms and larger torso, which indicate a form in which possible maternity is by no means the special aspect. The function by which infants are nursed also frequently tends, especially in America, to disappear, not from custom, but by some natural process of atrophy. The old, helpless, delicate, and nervous phase of femininity will gradually vanish. Among the men of the approaching race may be seen the strong, clear-cut hairless face, expressive of self-control and gentleness of heart.

Following these changes, another age will produce at last beings in outward harmony with the necessities of a more spiritual humanity. Parthenogenesis (the only word that can be used for the moment) is by no means an impossible event, and the womanhood of the future will manifest those occult powers which will completely deliver it from the present method of race-production. In short, the quality which woman

only by the law of action and reaction, but by that great law of sacrifice—the selflessness, the poverty of the outer life—shall come the riches of the Spirit; for humility is greater than pride, the yielding than the ruling, and the suffering than the selfish grasp of enjoyment at another's cost. "The woman" has drawn nearer to the Christ, even in that land where she is a reproach. Despise not, therefore, the women who have endured and suffered there; but help them, all ye who know what yet shall be, with your thought, your sympathy, your aspiration, for she shall ere long arise in sweet and noble guise and be as a light in her native land.

What Power is this approaching us, filling men's minds with thoughts of justice, brotherhood, peace? Does it not herald the Christ Spirit? the coming of One who is Love? Thought precedes action; action but carries out the promptings of the mind, the desire of the heart. The fact that we are thinking of these things foreshadows their realisation in that better day in which fraternal love will include all beings in its mighty embrace.

And further? An ancient tradition records that when one enquired of the Lord Christ of the coming of His Kingdom, He replied: "When the two shall become one, and that which is without as that which is within and the male with the female, neither male nor female."

Nor will there be any lack of avenues for incarnation, and the work destined to be accomplished on this outward plane for the will-born will fill the earth with gladness.

Susan E. Gay

THE OASIS

By BARONESS M. D'ASBECK, F.T.S.

I

EVERY day, whilst the sunlight fades away in the tropical sky, a neophyte on his way to heaven comes and sits under the palm trees and sings his song.

Song of the past—song of the present—song of ages to be.

Whilst he sings, all the hours of the Universe gather around him in the evening light. They come from the unfathomed past that lies around us like the dust of graves, those days that live in no man's mind. They come from distant lands where they record at this moment millions of different events. They come full of the early light of unborn days, clad in white, with eyes serene. And they hearken to the song of all ages.

Is the neophyte a child of eastern climes, with dark eyes full of dreams, or a child of frosty lands, whose blue eyes shine forth as morning light? Is he clad in the garb of christian monk, or in a yellow robe, or in white raiment, as a priest of the sun? Whatever be his form as a child of man, he is ever the same as the child of light.

He is the neophyte who appears through all ages. He is clad in wonder. His eyes wait and watch. Silent and peaceful, like mountain lakes, they reflect a new glory, never seen before.

represents will always be essential, while its outward expression will tend to change and disappear, being imperfect. Forms for the incarnating egos will be wrought by processes of an occult nature, in which the helpless state of mere infancy, involving as it now does a waste of time for the child, will no longer be necessary. The advent of the egos will be welcomed as no physical birth could ever be, and their training in youth regarded as the highest and most important occupation of the world. The large-headed, beautifully-formed, psychic race of the great future will begin in its youth where we, perforce, must now leave off, even amid our best and farthest endeavours. Its culture will be an effort of memory of the past, its knowledge, perception, its language far more perfect, subtle and expressive than any now used by man; its once divorced sex condition blended into powers. The animal will have passed out of the man, and a divine humanity of surpassing strength and beauty will appear.

Meanwhile, whatever is founded in the way of scientific religion, which must ultimately be the religion of the future, must take into consideration the fact that moral freedom and responsibility are essential for the evolution of both sexes, for progress to the great end. Nothing in the form of sex must constitute a chain which retards, and exceptional ability, aptitude, talent, must be welcomed for the common good, regardless of sex, or caste, or any external distinction. For this, the Theosophical Society should ever be the pioneer. That the fact of sex could be the means of compelling the ego who wears the garment of womanhood to forego all rights and liberties, all personal expansion, will be understood to bar out progress for the race. No truer words

on this were ever penned than those of our seer-poet who, years ago, wrote that

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free.

We are on the threshold of a great change, one involving reform of our social systems, of our religious institutions, of our international relations, of the education of the young, and of the moral, social, and legal status of womanhood. That last-named change will influence all the rest. What says even that cautious paper, the *English Times*? It discerns that the "woman's movement is a desire for service," and remarks that, "the pursuit of liberty goes on without ceasing; it is one of the keys to the interpretation of history. The woman's movement undoubtedly belongs to this age-long aspiration, and thence its strength."

The chosen priestesses of that New Era which awaits us wear the outer form of womanhood for our uplifting, and the Word, as foretold, is being spoken by Woman, "interpreter between the Gods and men". It is the presentation of a new ideal, as though some mighty voice had vibrated and proclaimed: "The outer must bend to the inner; the external garment to the power of the Soul." You may exclude her, if you will, from your pulpits, but she, ordained of the Spirit, will teach truths the pulpits never reveal in halls for the people—and while your churches may be empty, your halls, filled with earnest and upturned faces, will be full.

Not so far distant is the day when the Yoshiwara of Japan shall be rased to the ground, and the door of the Zenana shall be flung open, and she of the East who has so long borne the burden of sacrifice, of the life of renunciation, shall reap the fruits thereof. Not

The neophyte is in the spring time of his soul's life, in the dawn of his first day of love. And, because the spring is eternal and this first day ever lasts, all the past and all the present and all days to be hover round him born into the youth of ages.

They say unto him: "Welcome, thou who hast found the spring. Come unto us who are ever young and ever new. Mysterious moments like sunbeams flashing, with the fullness of life within our breast, we dart forward and then return to the bosom of Eternity. And thou, who hast learnt to drink the fullness of our life, thou shalt thirst and wither no more. Welcome—thou who hast found the spring."

The ancient hours of antiquity wreathe him round with fresh scented blossoms; and unborn days, clad in white, whisper to him: "We were with you, ever, dancing round your cradles and round your graves, whilst you passed by, seeking us."

The magic circle twines and untwines its wreaths, the long procession of ages dances round the neophyte. The eternal circle of life hearkens to the song of everlasting spring.

II

The voice of the neophyte arises, singing to the land of life into which he is born:

Every day, whilst the sunlight fades in the tropical sky, I will speak of Thee, Oasis in the wilderness of my life.

I have found Thee during the hour of sunset, the vesper hour, and to Thee I say, "Ave," bowing down in silence before Thy beauty.

The day was dying, when Thy glory appeared to me, immortal, filled with an eternal freshness of youth. The earth was sinking into slumber and all was growing still, when Thy voice spoke to me in tones that thrilled my whole being into life. As darkness spread and the death of one more day was around us, life eternal awoke in me, never to leave me again, and in the midst of mortal things, Thou and I alone arose indestructible, above the ruins of time.

My prayer of the sunset hour had been answered: "O Lord of light and life, whilst Thy divine symbol is hidden from mine eyes and the earth abides in darkness, abide Thou in the darkness of my heart, that I may know the light that never fades away."

* * * * *

Can I say aught of Thee, but that Thou art a land of light and peace into which my soul is now lifted?

Slowly Thou hast dawned upon me.

Thou hast come to me for the first time as a state of pure bliss, in which all in me seemed living.

I had not known before, I had not loved before.

But in this heaven in which for the first time I lived, I was as a new-born child. I did not know what all this glory meant, I did not know where it was leading me, nor where I had to go in this garden of life. I was blinded and intoxicated.

Land of the dreamers! Thou hast dawned.

My soul has stood still.

As the sound of a mighty organ in a cathedral at night, thy harmony, breathed from sources unknown, has filled me.

I cannot deny Thee.

Thou art with me by day and by night.

Awake, Thou art more real to me than all around;
asleep, I seem awake for the first time.

And I know that death alone, this sleep that so
many dread, is the only slumber that will be the real
awakening into Thy life.

Now, blinded soul, I grope in Thy gardens, gather-
ing here and there flowers that grow alone in Thy sun,
and I drink stray drops of Thy clear waters.

Yet, this scattered beauty is enough to fill me here
below with the knowledge of Thine existence. Thou
art real, for Thou hast made all things real to me.

Land of the dreamers! life was a colourless dream
before I knew of Thee. Now all has sprung into life.

* * * * *

Land of the dreamers, Oasis of mine, some have
told me that in Thee I should walk as in a wilderness.
That there I should hear no voice but my own and see
naught but my solitary figure.

Yet it is not so. Nowhere before have I heard
so many unknown voices and seen so much beauty
undreamt-of.

Thou art a land where my self is a dream, where
my life consists in gathering into me the infinity around.
Bliss in that world is life in what is not myself, and
how could that bliss be, if there other lives were not?

Those who love may understand.

Those who, in contemplation of the beloved, forgot
themselves until they became a pure state of love living
in the presence of the beloved.

Those who denied their very life, whose love gave
them wings with which they flew far away from them-
selves, in their beloved to live and move and have their
being.

Those who thus winged, felt a new life within
them; who having lost themselves found themselves
again as a centre of bliss, opening itself out to gather in
all the life of the world.

Those who have thus loved can know the life of
the land of the dreamers, the life that, because it is
life, cannot be solitude.

And love alone will lead to this land where know-
ledge and love and life are one.

* * * * *

Land of the dreamers! some have told me that
Thou art a shadow-land.

They have said that Thy beauties were but phantoms
of my mind and that, as phantoms, they would fade
away as I tried to hold them.

Phantoms eternal amidst the dying world!

Ye who, whilst ages dawned and faded away,
whilst races grew and died, and creeds arose and were
forgotten, have lived and outlived all!

Ye who gaze above the flight of time!

Ye who, through the procession of centuries, have
remained unchanged, inspiring the human soul with
ever the same ideals.

Ye who shaped the dust of worlds into realities,
and have become more manifest as time rolled on, do
you fade away when men try to hold you?

Or is it not more true to say that whilst all fades
away, you remain?

* * * * *

Oasis fair! It has been whispered to me that Thy
beauties are lifeless.

Yet Thou art all the life of man.

Thou art the Future.

Thou art the Present, for our present is not what we see, but the dream through which we gaze on the world.

Thou art the Past, the dead resurrected in human souls.

Thou art Art, dreams incarnated into matter.

Thou art Religion, the dream whose sunlight leads us through the hours we spend on earth.

Thou art Science, the thirst for the yet unseen that will explain the seen, with its hypotheses. Hypotheses! daring dreams! daring as those of the ecstasies, soaring through the empty wastes betwixt the worlds they go, they, eagles of the mind, poisoning universes on the tip of their wings.

* * * * *

Land of the dreamers! Thou art all that ought to be and will be. Thou art the eternal craving that doth urge humanity to travel, persistent, through nights and days. Thine is the voice that ever whispers the word of hope "To-morrow." Thine the figure that, visible and immortal, leads man through the dusk, telling him: "There."

III

The neophyte paused.

The sun was sinking. The dance of the ages continued as aforetime. And the evening light, Nature, the Divine Woman, enfolded again all beings as she did before the dawn of days. Silently, blue mists crept round the trees; silently, the mountain peaks and the deep valleys gathered together; the tall palm trees gazed at faint silver stars and the sunset blaze merged into the depths of night.

Night and day, dream and reality, were once more one.

The neophyte sang: "Here the whole Universe is gathered together, and I am its lover."

The dance of the ages ceased, the dancers stood still, the neophyte gazed into their eyes.

The neophyte whispered: "Flowers of eternity, roses divine, mirrors of the Loved One! I had seen ye fleeting past and did not know ye. Now ye stand still. Ye are alike! Alike as the drops of a waterfall, as the rays of the sun. Stay and let me drink in the look of your eyes. It is the gaze of eternity."

M. d'Asbeck

FROM THE COMMONWEAL

A 'girls' school is working successfully in the Adyar T. S. Headquarters, for the benefit of the Indian residents; we put 'girls' in inverted commas because the pupils range from 3 years old to 47. A school for the servants and others employed on the estate is also to be opened. The teachers in both come from the residents.

The National High School, Proddutur, lately taken up by the Theosophical Educational Trust, has just been accorded permanent recognition as a Secondary School by the Madras Educational Department.

AN OPPORTUNITY

To the Editor of *The Commonweal*

A friend of mine has offered to pay the cost of translating *Wake Up, India* in readable Tamil and of printing 5,000 copies to be distributed free, especially among the Tamil-speaking women. He thinks that this would facilitate the successful carrying out of the suggestions therein contained. You might publicly call for translations if you approve of the proposal; the best will receive a prize.

Rangoon

M. SUBRAMANIA IYER

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL

By ANNIE BESANT, F. T. S.

THESE clean-faced lads look like two brothers, with their pure outlines and quaint plate-haloes, as imaged by Luca della Robbia. But one is of mortal; the other of immortal race, for the left-hand figure is an Angel, and the right-hand one is a young man.

If the enquiring reader will turn to the Scriptures not accounted canonical, and find the book entitled *Tobit*, he may therein read the full story of Tobit and of Tobias his son; the youth in our picture is Tobias, and the Angel is the Angel Raphael.

Now Tobit was a very pious and honourable gentleman, who speaks well of himself in the book which he wrote and called by his name. He walked all his days "in the way of truth and justice," he kept himself from eating "the bread of the Gentiles," he fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and gave alms to the poor.

But he fell under royal wrath in that he buried the dead bodies of his countrymen, when the King Sennacherib slew them, and for some not obvious reason sought for the corpses later on. The corpses being buried by the pious care of Tobit, the King found them not, whereupon he waxed exceeding wroth, and tried to add Tobit to their number. "However," says Tobit, "I withdrew myself for fear," but he returned when

THE ANGEL AND TOBIAS



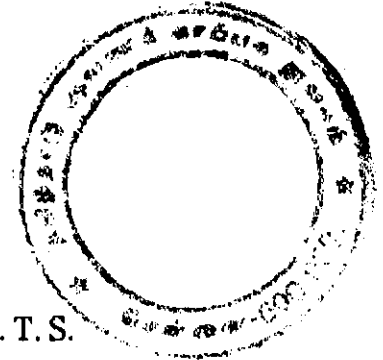
Sennacherib was murdered, and Tobit's own nephew became the cup-bearer of the new King. Alas! one day Tobit, sitting down to a good dinner, and sending out Tobias to look for a poor and hungry man who might share it, was told by his son that a Hebrew had been strangled and thrown out into the market-place. And Tobit went out and brought home the corpse, and, at sunset, he buried it, and was so much hurt because his neighbours mocked him, that he lay down and slept in the open air with his face uncovered, and lost his sight by an accident, and thereon prayed earnestly for death.

Meanwhile a young lady, named Sara, was reproached in another city by her father's maids, because she had been married to seven husbands, each of whom had been straightway killed by an evil spirit, yclept Asmodeus, who jealously slew them on the evening of each wedding-day. The maids suggested that she should go after her husbands, instead of beating them, and she, in sorrow of heart, also prayed for death, and "the prayers of them both were heard before the majesty of the great God". Then God commanded Raphael the Angel to go down to the earth to heal Tobit's blindness, and to give the much-married Sara to Tobias as wife, binding Asmodeus, the interferer with wedded bliss.

In order to bring the young people together, Tobit was made to remember that a man in the city where Sara lived owed him some money, and he innocently determined to send his son to recover it. Thereupon Tobias looked for a man to travel with him, and behold! the convenient Angel. This seems to be the moment chosen by the artist, as Tobias puts his hand on the Angel's shoulder, and invites him to accompany

him. As Tobias, a little later, goes to bathe in the Tigris, "a fish leaped out of the river and would have devoured him". So unusual a proceeding on the part of a fish suggests a crocodile. The fish was slain by Tobias, and, at the Angel's wish, Tobias cut out the heart, the liver and the gall, and "put them up safely," roasting and eating the remainder of the fish. As they approached the city, Raphael advised Tobias to marry Sara; the youth raised the not unnatural objection that seven bridegrooms had already been slain, and that he was an only son. Raphael, however, told him to burn the heart and liver of the fish, with the ashes of perfumes, when he went into the marriage chamber, and Asmodeus would "smell it and flee away". And so it befell, and though the father of Sara thoughtfully dug a grave ready for the eighth husband on the wedding-night, he "bade his servants to fill the grave" the next morning, and said naught of his cheerful preparations. Finally, Tobias and his wife and Raphael all went home, and by Raphael's order Tobias rubbed the fish-gall on his father's eyes, and Tobit recovered his sight. Then Raphael revealed himself as "one of the seven holy Angels," and thereupon vanished. And Tobit saw his son's sons, and died and was buried honourably, and all was well with his children after him.

Annie Besant



HORBEHUTET¹

By NINA DE GERNET, F. T. S.

FORTY-TWO years ago a little child with long black curls was sitting wistfully on the verandah stairs of a Caucasian "hacienda" house. The sun was high, the horizon in a purple haze of heat. In the flowering shrub near by two yellow birds of strange beauty appeared and—as the child gazed on them and then on the distant range—memory awoke: "I have seen this. I have lived before."

Forty-two years have gone by. Once more the black door of Death has opened, and another grave is added in the family ground where fierce Cossacks and brave women sleep. The woman gone was brave and pure, and strong was her childlike soul. And on that new grave, when the sun was high, amidst dying flowers and yellow grass, the yellow Bird² has appeared to the eyes which are no longer the ignorant eyes of a little child. The yellow Bird with the striped tail and the golden feather-crown with the same dark stripes; these colours of sand and brown earth that were the colours of Egypt and of Hettea and—darkening to gold and blood—became the banner of Spain through Euscarra.³

¹ The Winged Circle, Egypt.

² Oredod, comes seldom close to habitations.

³ The Basque tribe; the Eusque were possibly Etruscan.

The Bird fluttered about the freshly dug grave like a vivid symbol of life and sunshine. The memory of life unending has become a fact, the beads on the string of Eternity have become more and more apparent. Of what was that winged creature a herald from on high?

* * * * *

As these lines were drawn up, the thunder was rolling in the Range and a heavy scent was coming forth from a deep cave in the mountain, on the slope of which the house stands, whence one sees the whole of the main Chain. The Mount is a Devi's seat, the Mashuk. In the cave is a sulphur lake sinking into an unfathomed depth. In some such lakes, in the Caucasus, dragons are still reported to live, and an image of S. George is shining over the blue waters.

There are wonders still, in truth, in that land of unknown creeds and hidden temples, the land that has been Northern Hettea. From the Black Sea to the Caspian are three marks of the Eternal on Earth, three holy steps to Godhead's realm: The site of S'ntna's Church, where a chasm yawns at the altar.

The site of Mestia, where, deep in the mother-womb of Earth, lies the Black Stone Hettea.

The site at the Mount Ghimari, where the temple rises to which leads no earthly path.

But high over the Chain, facing Mount Kaybek, where legend binds the first seeker from our humanity—Prometheus—there, over a convent, shines the Cross triumphant. The goal found, Godhead realised.

A veil from a city founded in historical Hettean times, from Koretaïs, white and black, protects me from the glare, and on it, over the antique pattern of

broken lines and over the crescent of the last Prophet, shines a *five-pointed Star*!

Æons of humanity pass—and a sign, a pattern, stays. Hettea has been dug from its grave of thousands on thousands of years—how long? But a few years ago—yet here, behind these summits, almost eternal, lies, ignored, a living city which keeps the form of ancient Hittite life, the buildings, the glyphs on the walls: Seerta, capital of the wild Kurdistan—and already an echo of the Balkan and Armenian troubles has led thither some European wanderers.

There is more in sound, in the sound of names, than humanity dreams of. Why is the name of the Yukon in frozen North America an echo of the Yukon-yu in Africa near the mysterious Rouwenzori, and why was the Rouwenzori to the Ancients the Moon-Chain?

Why was the Hittite name of Hettea, Hati-Mat, "Mat" the Mother of all who speak or know a language of Slavia, Slavia born from Hettea and India?

And Seerta sounds like Seertze—the Heart—and Mestia like Mesto—the Place.

For this land was, above all lands, the place dedicated to Hea, the Heart of the World, the Mother of all Eternities.

The story of the world is written with letters of light over the face of the earth. The earth speaks and the veiled Gods answer with the flames of lightning, with the voices of the deep. For Hea is the unknown Deep, the one Mystery which is outside our worlds, though of them—Eternal Mother, Eternal Virgin, the Circle of Isis with the wings, *ever receding*, "Horbehutet," the third symbol that Egypt gave us.

* * * * *

The haze that wraps the vast horizon deepens; it turns to gold; as the sun sinks, to rose. And all at once the Moon rises—and lo! for a second, clouds stretch from it like dark wings.

A star blazes out in the East and an awed silence is on the Range. The summits hear the steps of the Lord.

Nina de Gernet

“ IS GOODNESS INTERESTING ? ”

Commenting on the fact that it is generally assumed that the genuinely moral and religious man cannot give the impression of force and mastery and so cannot be interesting, Dr. King in one of his recent books says: “ Well: Goodness knows that goodness is not interesting if goodness is simply negative—cutting certain things off and emptying certain things out; though even those processes are by no means easy. But if goodness means the taking on of mighty indignations and mighty enthusiasms; enlistment, heart and soul, in the great causes; throwing oneself with conquering faith into the triumphant purposes of God Himself in the progress of His Kingdom;—then, nothing on earth is so interesting as goodness. And this, one judges, is Christ’s conception of goodness.

“ The self-surrender for which he calls is not that of simple passive yielding, or of mere negation, but demands that commitment of self to the will of God, that involves the highest self-assertion, and the positive taking on of the mighty on-going purposes of God Himself. *There* is scope for the exhibition of all possible force and mastery, and there is no danger that such goodness will be uninteresting, soft, flabby, sentimental.”

A. E. A.

THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE

By JYOTISCHANDRA BHATTACHARYA

M. A., B. L., M. R. A. S., F. T. S.

ACCORDING to Schopenhauer no being wonders at its own existence and surroundings, save man alone. To the brute, if destitute of self-consciousness, the world and its own life are *felt*—naturally and unenquiringly felt—as a matter of course. But with man at least life becomes a thought, in which the most degraded may be moved to feel an interest. Men show themselves dimly conscious of this thought in the rudest forms of religion. A sense of the ever-abiding presence of the enigma of existence—shown in the forms of wonder as to what we are ourselves, what our surroundings mean, why we are, what we are, why we are so surrounded, and what we are destined to become—all this is consciously the motive of intellectual philosophy in the minds of the thinking few. But it is the awe involved in the vague sense of man’s final dependence amidst the Immensities and Eternities, and the more precise sense of moral responsibility for the way we conduct our lives, that give rise to religion; so that religion, more readily than purely intellectual curiosity, finds a response in human sentiment.

Man, with all his power and pomp, with his numerous sycophants and supporters, with all his riches

and wealth, with all the comforts that loving hearts can bring and friendly feelings can commend, is restricted on all hands. He feels amidst his glory that he is utterly helpless ; he cries to himself amongst his multitude of friends that he is friendless ; and there is always an ever-pressing question : Whence came I ? What is after this ? He despondently questions, but he cannot answer. The chief problem of life perplexes even the most intelligent and the most thoughtful. We learn to bow down the head in deep reverence, and say in the language of the sacred *Gītā* :

कार्पण्यदोषोपहतस्वभावः पृच्छामि त्वां धर्मसंमूढचेताः ।

यच्छ्रेयः स्यान्निश्चितं ब्रूहि तन्मे शिष्यस्तेऽहं शाधि मां त्वां प्रपन्नम् ॥

My heart is weighed down with the vice of faintness ; my mind is confused as to duty. I ask Thee which may be the better—that tell me decisively. I am Thy disciple, suppliant to Thee ; teach me.

Dr. Campbell Fraser truly observes :

The presence of evil and of death in the universe excites painful wonder and excites also a sense of absolute dependence. Evil and death are chief difficulties moreover in the solution of the final problem. If this conscious life of ours—in which we become individually, for a time at least, part of the actual reality, without being able to avoid our fate—if this were an endless and perfect life, the interest man could take in the ultimate problem of things would be merely speculative. The gaunt spectre of evil could not then disturb the harmony of experience and of our ideals. Neither should we be confronted by the mystery of our own prospective disappearance from this visible scene :

“ To die—to sleep :—

To sleep ! perchance to dream ; ay there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.”

This terrible idea of a life after death—the untravelled country “from whose bourne no traveller returns”—has made even the most superficial devoutly thoughtful, and the idle vauntings of the non-believers

have met with the scorn they deserve. In the felicitous words of Bacon : “ Atheism is rather in the life than in the heart of man.” Are we to conceive of this universe, with all its beauty and love, with its running streams, and its autumn skies, as self-created, as without a creator ? This is not the place to enter into a historical treatment of Theism and of the forces which worked against it. But to me it seems that it is rather the gravity of the question than any wilful perversity that led astray so many thinking souls, and gave rise to feelings which rose even against the Supreme Being, in whom “ we live and move and have our being ”. One can hardly wonder at Mr. Harrison's travesty of the Agnostic's prayer to his unknown God : “ X^{anth}, love us, help us, make us one with thee.” But the keynote to the whole thing is a craving to find out the unknown who reveals Himself only to the beloved few who hanker after Him.

But I do not propose to meet the question on sentiment alone—sentiment not based on reason is superstition. It is quite easy even for one of limited knowledge to show that the three principal anti-theological theories, viz.—Agnosticism, Positivism and Atheism—are founded on false premises. The typical idea of an Agnostic is that “ he sends us to an unknown and unknowable Absolute for the inspiration of our moral life,” whereas a typical Positivist bids us see in that never-ceasing human procession, of which we ourselves form part, the object of reverent adoration, and draw from the sight moral inspiration which we need. In other words, to solve the problem of life the Agnostic would refer us to the unknowable Absolute, and the Positivist to the *Grand Être* of Humanity itself.

But is the problem solved by either? According to an Agnostic we cannot decipher the meaning of things, and we are to look at them with an expressionless face, which is rather an apology for life and not a life at all. For the satisfaction of our soul an unknown quantity can hardly be the fountain of our inspiration.

Professor Seth refutes, in language inimitable, the theory of the Positivist, which possesses an attractive and superficial subtlety :

What is this but to set up on the throne vacated by the fictitious deity of metaphysical abstraction a new fiction, the latest product of hypo-satisfaction, the last relic of scholastic Realism, a great being which derives its greatness and worshipfulness from the elimination of those characteristics which alone make it real and actual. The race consists of men and women, of moral individuals, and the moral individual is never worthy of our worship. 'Humanity' is only a collective or generic term; it describes the common nature of its individual members, it does not denote a separate being, or the existence of its common nature apart from the individuals who share it. A touch of logic or at any rate of that of metaphysics, which we are supposed to have outgrown but which we cannot afford to outgrow, is enough to reveal the unreality and ghostliness of the Positivists' 'Grand Etre'.

The anti-theological spirit which underlies the above two leading theories subsequently grew into Materialism, or Atheism. The greatest exponent of this extreme view is Professor Haeckel in the West and Sāṅkhya in the East. Both of them accept the Dualism of nature and morality. But the problem raised by this Dualism is a world-old one :

Streams will not curb their pride
The just man not to entomb,
Nor lightnings go aside
To give his virtues room :
Nor is that wind less rough which blows a good man's
barge.

Nature with equal mind
Sees all her sons at play :
Sees man control the wind
The wind sweep man away,
Allows the proudly riding and the foundering bark.

Does not the non-moral character of nature urge a moral government of man's life higher than the government of nature?

The finest product of the school of Materialism was John Stuart Mill, who, however, was a victim of circumstances. There is only a half-hearted Atheism in the exposition of the utilitarianism of J. S. Mill. His father, James Mill, was an uncompromising atheist, with a narrow view of utilitarianism as the goal of human life. In his *Autobiography*, John Stuart Mill almost pathetically describes how he was trained by his father with a screen fixed between him and his Supreme Creator. The magnificence of his intellectual excellence did not, however, soothe and pacify the greatest of modern thinkers, and in the prime of his life he felt a vacuum in his heart which the philosopher could not explain. The Philosopher exclaimed, but could not see the unknown hand. Intellectually we might find ourselves at home with nature, for her order seems the reflection of our own intelligence. But morally she answers not to the human spirit's questionings and cravings. She knows her own children and answers their cry. But man she knows not and disclaims; for in his deepest being he is no child of hers. As his certificate of birth is higher, so is his true life and citizenship found in a higher world. So there comes inevitably to the human spirit the demand for God, to untie the knot of human fate, to superintend the issues of the moral life, to right the wrongs of the natural order, to watch the spiritual fortunes of His children, to be Himself the home of their spirits. Nature is morally blind, indifferent, capricious; force is unethical. Hence the call for a supreme Power akin to the Spirit of man, conscious of his struggle, sympathetic with his life,

guiding it to a perfect issue—the call for a supremely righteous will. This belief in moral order is necessary if we are to be delivered from pessimism; the only escape is to see God: without such a vision the mystery of our human life and destiny is entirely dark, the riddle of the painful Earth is absolutely inexplicable. Unless our human nature and life are, in Professor Huxley's phrase, "akin to that which pervades the universe," unless God is on our side and we are in a real sense not alone but co-workers with him, our life is, as Hume described it: "a riddle, an enigma, an inexplicable mystery".

Once we approach the problem of life in a true spirit of recognition of the great Power who presides over the destinies of all created beings; once we conceive of Him as the fountain of love undefiled, as the ever-existing love which by its divine manifestation enters into the essence of the universe; once we feel that we are atoms of water in the great ocean which never dries up; the gaunt spectre of Death, the shocks of adversity, the lamentable failures in material life, become a thin veil which we can penetrate. Death and life become only the natural changes with a moral purpose, and we can calmly face death. In whatever persuasion we might have been brought up, by whatever nomenclature we may have named the King of our universe, there is no real difference. The religions of the whole world, from the crudest to the most refined, aim at one purpose, follow and obey in reverence and love one Being, who is both Love and Truth. A Christian, a Muhammadan, a Jew, a Pārsi, and a Hindū, all contribute one great truth to the storehouse of the world's knowledge and they draw their inspiration from one Eternal Source.

Addison writes in his well-known allegory of the golden scales:

I observed one particular weight lettered on both sides, and upon my applying myself to the reading of it, I found on one side written 'in the dialect of men' and underneath it "Calamities," on the other side was written in the language of God and underneath "Blessings". I found the intrinsic value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered health, wealth, good fortune and many other weights which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

The solution of the problem of life is therefore in the realisation of God, and all difficult questions of life find an irrefutable answer from Him only. The domain of argument is too circumscribed to answer this question. Go deeply into your soul, and you will find all the riddles of life transparent. Principal Caird rightly says:

Any other than an immediate or intuitive knowledge of God is self-contradictory, as implying that we can prove or attain to the knowledge by something that is higher than God or, at any rate, something that is regarded as having an independent truth or reality. We can conceive, it is said, a higher nature revealing itself to a lower, we can conceive an immediate revelation of God to, or in, the finite Consciousness; but a mediate or a reasoned knowledge, i.e., a knowledge which concludes to God by the mediation of some other idea or some other object, is impossible.

Our most exalted spiritual experiences are these which are least capable of being expressed by precise scientific formulæ; in such access of mind, in such high hour of visitation from the living God, thought was not; in enjoyment it expired, rapt into still communion that transcends the imperfect offices of prayer and praise. His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power that made him; it was blessedness and love.

The questions which we have attempted to formulate and answer from the wisdom of the West were the subjects of lifelong study in the East, as embodied in the sacred Upanishats, which tell us:

Under whose leading does the understanding reach its object? Under whose leading does the vital power, the chief

of internal organs, do its work? And what God leads the eyes and ears to their objects?

This He, who is the ear of the ears, the understanding of the understanding, the speech of speech. He is the life of life, the eye of the eye. Therewith, giving up the error that these organs are the Self, become immortal after their departure from this world.

The eye does not go there [i.e., to Brahman], the speech does not go there, neither does the understanding; we do not know it; we do not know how to impart instructions about it. It is distinct from, and higher than, all known and unknown things. We have heard it from former teachers who have explained it to us.

Then again the Upanishats ask us to give up all pride in the idea that we have realised the Highest; for to feel that we are still ignorant is to appreciate Him. To understand that a higher Power than our own will regulates events is to know Him. To be ignorant is bliss, and to be wise is folly, for human wisdom is, after all, based on inferences and generalisations; and doubts arise when we cannot understand a thing, forgetting how small we are, how poor our knowledge, and how the wisdom of one age is considered folly in the next. Popular applause only denotes the intellectual superiority of the teacher, but it gives an imperfect answer to the question:

If you think you have known Brahman well, then surely you have known little of Brahman's nature; what you have seen of Brahman in the Gods is also little. So Brahman should be enquired into by you.

I do not think I know Brahman well. I neither do not know it nor know it; whoever amongst us understands the proposition, "I neither do not know it, nor know it," does know it.

We cannot refuse to acknowledge the multifarious graces we receive at the hands of Brahman, or God, because there are evils—the metaphysical evil of created existence, the physical evil of suffering, and the

moral evil of sin, which the thinkers of the East call ignorance. Falkenberg, Professor of Philosophy, in the University of Erlangen, masterfully deals with the subject and I may be pardoned if I quote from his notable book, *The History of Modern Philosophy*:

Metaphysical evil is absolutely unavoidable, if a world is to exist at all; created being without imperfection, finiteness, limitation, is entirely inconceivable—something besides good must exist. The physical evil of misery finds its justification in that it makes for good. First of all the amount of suffering is not so great as it appears to be to discontented spirits. Life is usually quite tolerable and vouchsafes more joy and pleasure than grief and hardship . . . Most evils serve to secure us a much greater good or to ward off a still greater evil . . . Other troubles must be regarded as punishment for sins and as means of reformation; the man who is resigned to God's will may be certain that the suffering which comes to him will turn out for his good.

One who can regulate his life in this spirit of communion with God—this communion in which God is man and man is God—is incapable of committing a sin. The life of such a man is serene and calm, and the fears of death and the suffering of this world do not disturb his tranquillity of mind. It does not matter what his creed is, for salvation is not denied to the heathen, as moral purity is sufficient to make one partake of the grace of God.

We have thus found out an answer to the problem of life. From where have we come? From God. Whither are we going?—To God. Who am I?—A particle of God. What are our surroundings?—The manifestation of God.

The grand conception found in the Upanishats of the essence of truth makes any sectarian quarrel impossible, and allows the worshippers of every religion to embrace each other and sing the glory of their common Father in one voice of harmony. If I have understood the true spirit of Theosophy, it is this unification,

this universal brotherhood which it teaches us. In this sense every one of us is a Theosophist; and at least it is an ideal which we can realise in our lives with innate joy and unbounded pleasure. The truth of *Al Quran* is not different from that which is contained in the Vedas or Upanishats, or in the Bible. As long as the world is inhabited by men of different types, of different breeding, of different surroundings and habits, there is bound to be difference in details. But ritualism is not religion, nor are social rules synonyms of faith. A nation grows amidst traditions and ideas which we cannot outgrow—we cannot lightly throw them aside. They serve as solace to our hearts and oftentimes are sources of our inspiration. But it is a sin, a sacrilege and an unpardonable blunder to speak of other people and their religion in terms of contempt; for, after all, they represent the same truth which we strive after.

It is the substance, not the shadow, that satisfies. If we have realised a brotherly feeling of tolerance and reverence for the religion of others; if we could forget the accidental distributions of the human races in different parts of the world, with their different tongues and habits of thought; if we could really embrace each other as beloved brothers with hearts united and souls pure, the grand mission of Theosophy would have accomplished its object.

Jyotischandra Bhattacharya

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE T. S.

FRIENDS:

It is my duty to give you a brief account of the work of the six and a half years during which I have held the office to which you elected me in 1907.

First, as regards material progress: We began with 11 National Societies, 567 Lodges and 14,863 active members; we end with 23 National Societies, 952 Lodges and 22,744 active members. Our Headquarters' receipts were Rs. 18,715 in 1907; Rs. 88,331 in 1913. In 1908, we abolished the 25 per cent. on Entrance Fees due to Headquarters, and reduced the annual contribution to a capitation fee of 8d.; the large rise is despite the sacrifice. We had in land at Adyar 27 acres in 1907; in 1913, 273 acres. Our General Statement showed total property of Rs. 227,760 in 1907, and of Rs. 696,998 in 1913. At Ootacamund, an estate of over 100 acres of good land, with a large bungalow, has been bought. On the Headquarters' Estate an immense amount of planting has been done, an electric installation has been set up, a steam laundry, a bakery, a dairy; a printing establishment is working, and will be handed over to the T. S. when clear of debt. The publishing business is now very large. Headquarters received in 1913 as rent, interest and proceeds of garden, Rs. 25,431.

For all this, no credit is due to me personally; I have merely the good fortune of being the means whereby the elect souls who give themselves to the T. S. are drawn together and held.

The only serious losses we have undergone were, at the very beginning, of some 500 members of the British Section, who disapproved of my election; and of the German Section, under the following circumstances, as given in my presidential speech of 1913:

"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 I. 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."

In every country Theosophy is spreading, and the energy, harmony, and good work of the members speak for themselves. To be privileged to be the channel of this inspiration is by far a greater thing to me than anything else.

You all know the attacks made upon me. Your verdict is now to be pronounced.

You know that while I have steadily disagreed with the advice given in 1900-1904 to three boys by Mr. Leadbeater, and obtained from him a promise honourably observed—never to repeat it, I honour him as a man and value his immense services to the T. S. I will not change my attitude to him in the face of the present most undeserved attacks. Would that his slanderers emulated his purity of life and limitless charity.

If you bid me go, I shall continue to work for the T. S. out of office. If you bid me stay, I will equally accept your bidding, and continue to work in office. If you know of any one, man or woman, who will, you think, serve you better than I can, then, I pray you, reject me, and so leave the way open to a better choice; I will in that case do my best to aid the new candidate. You may find many who will raise less opposition than is directed against me; you will find none who loves the T. S. more.

May the Masters guide you to a right decision, and send to all of us the blessing of peace.

ANNIE BESANT,

President of the Theosophical Society

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

AN OPEN LETTER

To the Editor of *The Theosophist*

Under Item 16 of the Minutes of the General Council as published in this year's General Report of the thirty-Eight Anniversary and Convention of the Theosophical Society we are informed that the Recording Secretary had "received a very large number of petitions and resolutions from different T. S. Lodges of nearly all the National Societies conveying their entire confidence in the leadership of Mrs. Annie Besant and asking the General Council to confirm her as President of the T. S. for life". We are further told "that these petitions and resolutions were all simply recorded and filed, as showing the widespread desire of the members of the T. S. to re-elect her as President for life. The Council was desirous to pass a resolution to that effect, but the President objected to its being passed just then, as she thought the whole question of the Presidentship for life should be thoroughly and openly discussed in the General Body of the T. S. Hence the resolution to nominate her as President for life was suspended."

I at once avail myself of this opportunity afforded by the direct invitation to "thoroughly and openly discuss the matter in the General Body of the T. S." because at the meeting of the General Council in question at Benares I was one of the two, if not three, members present who—though only as a delegate—spoke decidedly against the advisability of a life election of our President on grounds of policy and precedent.

As far as I know, beginning with the American Section, many—indeed the majority—of the General Council, as represented by its General Secretaries, have favoured the idea of conferring on our President, when re-elected, the confirmation of the title for life. It is a very proper impulse that prompts this; and it is an adequate and well-earned compliment that is intended towards her who has given her all to the Society and its work. But is it—sentiment apart and when the matter is soberly considered—wise? I venture to say, quite definitely, no; and I say so quite irrespectively of any thoughts as to whether or no Mrs. Besant is or is not the foremost Theosophist amongst us, or the most competent, or the most suitable, or the most capable, or the most deserving of the honourable and exceptional distinction.

The personal factor seems to me not to come in at all. I oppose the idea, as I have said, on grounds of policy and on grounds of precedent.

1914

CORRESPONDENCE

919

Rule 9 says quite clearly: "*The term of office of the President shall be seven years.*" That is the whole of the Rule 9 and it says no more and no less. Therefore to vary this in any way would require a special addition or new Rule, and it is always bad policy to tinker at the fundamental Rules of any Society. Assuming, however, for the moment that Rule 9 must be modified in order to create the possibility of a Life-Presidentship for Mrs. Besant, recourse must be had to Rule 49 which deals with Revision of the Rules and says: "The General Council, after at least three months, notice has been given to each member of said Council, may, by a three-fourths vote, of their whole number, in person, in writing, or by proxy, make alter or repeal the Rules and Regulations of the Society, in such manner as it may deem expedient."

Therefore, to provide for this Life-Presidency idea the Council must be advised three months before and must then formally modify Rule 9 in Mrs. Besant's favour.

I believe Mrs. Besant herself would not desire this proposal to be pressed in any case until after her re-election has been ratified by the Society at large in the usual way, and the extract from the Minutes I have quoted above would seem to indicate that this is so.

But, I repeat, is it good policy to alter so important and fundamental a Rule and tie the Society's hands indefinitely into the future which is unknown to us all? A large and growing international Society, so heterogeneous in its composition, covering so many shades of opinion and thought, should be very jealously conservative of its fundamental statutes and Rules; should be very slow to propose or accept impulsive changes. Moreover, it affords a dangerous precedent. But, it will be replied, the precedent exists in the case of Colonel Olcott, our President-Founder, whose tenure of office was converted into a life one. True; but the case was rather different. First of all, the fact remains that Colonel Olcott *was* the President-Founder, and if he contravened his own Rules—whether by his own will or by that of others—there is no reason this should be repeated by his successors. Secondly, the Society was in a very different condition from what it is now. The activities and life of the Society were largely in the West, while Adyar was more of a principally official centre whence the Colonel very ably and wisely controlled the purely administrative side of things. In confirming Colonel Olcott in the Presidency for life was involved the idea that the President-Founder, as long as he lived, would be likely to be the most conservative and jealous custodian of the statutes of the Society he had been instrumental in forming.

¹ The proposal cannot be pressed. It is against the Constitution, as, at my own request, the change in the Rule was not made.—A. B.

Meantime the exception in the President-Founder's case seems to have brought no addition or qualifying clause to Rule 9, and neither he nor his General Councils appear to have, therefore, considered the possibility advisable. To alter it now would thus be both impolitic and dangerous, from my point of view. Leaving all thought of our present President out of the question for the moment, at what point, may I ask, would a General Council be able definitely to decide that the time had come to deliver over the Society's freedom into the hands of its actual President by conferring on the latter the life tenure? Supposing the recipient of this honour, directly after, goes off his or her head; supposing he or she develops some quite unexpected views and carries on all sorts of activities, all sorts of lines of thought and action distasteful to, or in disagreement with, the Society's views in general; or that some far more suitable person, subsequently, emerges from its ranks; what redress, what repeal, can the Society obtain once it has parted with all control on the considerable powers its President possesses during and for that President's life-time? The answer is "None"; and the position would be intolerable; seven-year tenure of office is amply long enough, I should think, for so great a burden as that of being a conscientious and worthy President of so widely-scattered and so unwieldy and many-sided a Society as ours. It is also sufficient to allow of the normal development of special views or lines of policy, and admits of fair trial on both sides. If a President is a success and is liked, he or she will most assuredly be re-elected at the end of his tenure of office, and will be asked by the required majority to take up the burden once more and carry on the business of the Society for a further period of seven years. If, on the other hand, the President has not met with the Society's general approval, the septennial periodical election is a safeguard, and affords Sections, Lodges and Members at large to express freely their opinions and grievances or the reverse.

In any case, while an interval of seven years is not too much to allow a Society to grow in peace and develop between one electioneering period and another, with the inevitable clashing at such times of varying opinions and thoughts, it is probably distinctly healthy for members and for the Society, as a whole, to ventilate freely those opinions and thoughts and to have the opportunity of speaking out frankly on all subjects dealing with the conduct of the Society's affairs, and the pursuance of the objects for which it exists. I am therefore, as a mere member, definitely against the proposal of a life Presidency for anyone—however worthy of honour—for the above reasons, and shall, if called upon, certainly vote against it.

Adyar, 10th Feb. 1914

W. H. KIRBY

REVIEWS

A New Dutch Translation of the Gītā. Het Heilandslied. Eene metrische vertaling van Sriemad Bhagawad-Gietaa naar het Sanskrita-origineel, door D. Van Hinloopen Labberton. Buitenzorg, no year (1913).

There is a good Dutch prose translation of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* by Mr. J. W. Boissevain (Amsterdam, 1903, second ed. 1909), but no metrical translation of the same, from the original, has been attempted before the appearance of the books under review.

We are glad to say that Mr. Labberton's attempt is undoubtedly a great success, at least from the æsthetic point of view. The two Sanskrit metres have been imitated so far as possible, i.e., with regard to the number of syllables, and the iambic Sloka resulting in this way reads very well, indeed, whereas the Triṣṭubh, which is fortunately but rare in the *Gītā*, has inevitably suffered a good deal. The language strikes one as very beautiful, and it is, on the whole, well adapted to the original. The most remarkable one, out of the many fortunate renderings, is that of the title of the work by *Heilandslied*. Heiland means Saviour, Redeemer, Messiah, but the Dutch (and German) word stands nearer to the Sanskrit one, because *heil* is exactly the same as *bhaga*, the difference being merely in the ending which is possessive in Sanskrit, while in Dutch it characterises the present participle of the active, meaning in our case something like "bringing". To what extent Mr. Labberton has himself become a poet by his translation may be gathered from the fact that a whole page of his preface, though apparently in prose, is in reality written in the iambic Anuṣṭubh.

Not so conspicuous as the artistic is the philological value of the translation, but evidently a merit of this kind was not at all in the mind of the translator, for otherwise he would have informed us, in the preface (which he ought to have done in

any case), of his opinion and attitude as to previous translations, and also, which Sanskrit commentaries he has used, or, for what reason he has not made use of any of them (as appears to be the case). Another defect of the preface is that a certain melody (in musical notation) has been given for each of the two metres employed, as though this were the only one, or the only recognised one used in India by *Gītā* reciters. The fact is that it is almost impossible to find any two people even in the same province of the Indian Empire who recite the *Gītā* with exactly the same melody. How great the difference becomes if you take people of different provinces may be learned by a comparison of the *Gītā* samples reproduced from phonograms in the *Sitzungs-berichte der Kais. Akademie der Wissenschaften in Wien, Philosophisch-Historische Klasse, Band 170, Abteilung 7*, pages 77 fl. and 110 fl. Moreover, as is well known, our system of musical notation is not sufficient to reproduce Indian music. Mr. Labberson's translation will certainly increase the number of *Gītā* admirers.

F. O. S.

Evolution by Co-operation, by Hermann Reinheimer. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

As the author of *Nutrition and Evolution* and *Survival and Reproduction*, Mr. Reinheimer is already well known to the more earnest of our readers; and has won a deservedly high place in the small group of original thinkers and writers within the ranks of the Theosophical Society. The volume under review is in the main a refutation of the Darwinian theory of 'natural selection' as the 'principle' of evolution. Mr. Reinheimer would replace the idea of the 'law of battle' by that of the 'other-regarding' law—Co-operation. Of the former theory he says:

The Darwinian theory of Natural Selection, therefore, possesses no more than a general advantage in vaguely pointing to necessity as a factor in evolution.

And in another place:

Darwin, according to an eminent German writer, "has discovered death as a factor of evolution". The factor that I would proclaim as more important is that of 'work'.

Thus, whether in the organic or the human world, to work is to live and to co-operate is to evolve, to gain the impetus of the forward push. Nature's economy demands that all organisms, all creatures, shall produce something in

exchange for nutrition and those that will not work, or that live at the expense of others (as in all forms of parasitism except 'mutualism'), must eventually perish. The author finds in this theory the answer to the 'puzzle' of the Darwinists—the dying out of the huge type of animals—for parasitism is usually associated with monstrous or abnormal growth.

A promiscuous and waste-producing physiological activity must favour an abnormal morphology, monstrosity, or unstable developments generally.

Parasitism "results in rank pathology and in the end provides its own punishment"; and this is "as true of human relations as in the lower worlds of life". So he disposes of the theory of evolution by parasitism. Some other ideas that are taken up and elaborated are: the close affinity existing between biological and political economy; the theory of 'cross-feeding,' as the true weft in the life web which underlies and unites all the kingdoms of nature—mineral, plant, animal; the connection existing between the processes of nutrition and reproduction; the thought-provocative theory of the evolution of sex; and the solidarity of organic life. It is impossible in a short review to do more than hint at the amount of intellectual food contained in this small volume; for it is full of matter which at the same time satisfies and stimulates the mind. Among the 'by-products' is the 'case' for vegetarianism that our author presents. It is the soundest we have met and all advocates of this science should acquaint themselves with what he has to say upon the subject, for he gives a thoroughly scientific basis to the arguments in its favour. It is to us a matter of regret that an almost exaggerated use of technical terms and an unnecessary imperspicuity should limit the sphere of usefulness of such a valuable work as this book is. We hope that later Mr. Reinheimer will write a similar volume in more popular style, for we feel that it would meet with a wide and instant success.

A. E. A.

A Far Cry, by Frank Desmond. (Mrs. H. Scott-Smith.) (John Long Ltd., London.)

This is another of those novels making reincarnation a central feature of the plot which seem to be appearing with some frequency. The hero and heroine first claim our sympathy as a Roman warrior and a British princess and pupil of the Druid

priests. A prior engagement prevents their marriage but, fate-driven, the wife forsakes her husband and the two are drowned while endeavouring to escape to Gaul. We next meet them as children in India and later the man—in whom war is a passion—is in the Indian army and the girl again fettered by a previous marriage engagement. Yet they are irresistibly attracted towards each other, and Daphne, on the very night of her engagement, before she had met her old-time lover, dreamt of the Roman warrior, and he too has stray glimpses of the past. Pride keeps them asunder—a pride that an earthquake at a ball, in which, imprisoned in a narrow arch, remembrance of the past visits them simultaneously at last sweeps away; we leave them secure of an ideally happy future. An interesting and well written book, with its scenes of old British life and Druidical belief giving place to a modern Anglo-Indian environment. And perhaps one which will help to bring home to the doubting modern mind the fact that “at death not all of me shall die”—but live, aye, even on this our earth, and recognise and love again the beloved of former lives—is a great truth.

E. S.

With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem, by Stephen Graham. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Of the adventure recorded in this book the author speaks as follows: “Whatever happens to me on my wanderings over the world in the coming years, I have little doubt that even when I am old and gray I shall look back to it as the most wonderful thing I ever found on the road, the most extraordinary procession I ever stepped into.” No wonder, for it must have been a unique experience. Disguised as one of their number, Mr. Graham joined a band of pilgrims from Russia bound for Jerusalem and journeyed with them to the Holy Land. His life with these people on the voyage and during their sojourn in the sacred places was a revelation. Instead of the commercialised and sordid place which the Jerusalem of the tourist has become, he, through contact with his peasant friends, was enabled to see the Holy City as a veritable shrine, a place of true pilgrimage. The fervour of their faith and expectation shows these simple folk the road to a Jerusalem not made with hands, hid in the heart of that place of disillusionment which bears its name. From many

beautiful passages it is evident that the author's insight into the mystic meaning of all he experienced is deep and far-reaching. But his sense of humour is also well developed and vigorous. There are many delightful anecdotes and descriptions of the peasants, showing that he saw their weak points as well as their strength. The writer's point of view is sane and most refreshing, and his book well worth reading.

A. de L.

Charmides and Other Poems, by Oscar Wilde. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

The publishers of this useful little edition of the second selection from Wilde's poems, first published in 1881, point out that there are few authors whose youthful poems will bear the test of thirty years and twelve editions, as these have done. From 'Charmides' we take this fragment of an exquisite passage descriptive of the ocean-floor:

... In some cavern of the sea
We two will sit upon a throne of pearl,
And a blue wave will be our canopy,
And at our feet the water-snakes will curl
In all their amethystine panoply.

In 'Humanitad' we find the author in quite a different mood; no longer as child of Greece but as son of Italy he writes of how

... no trump of war
Can wake to passionate voice the silent dust which was Mazzini once!

And yet:

He is not dead, the immemorial Fates
Forbid it, and the closing shears refrain.

In a powerful passage he describes how

... Poverty
Creeps through our sunless lanes and with sharp knives
Cuts the warm throats of children stealthily,
And no word said:—Oh, we are wretched men,
Unworthy of our great inheritance! Where is the pen
Of austere Milton? Where the mighty sword
Which slew its master righteously?

It will be long before such lines die out of the memory of the English-speaking peoples.

K. F. S.

The Mines of Isaiah Re-explored. The Veil of Hebrew History, by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D. Litt. (Adam and Charles Black, London.)

The name of the author of these two contributions to Higher Criticism is sufficient guarantee of their value in this regard. In the first volume he explains his attitude towards Biblical study, an attitude which was the result of his work as editor of the *Encyclopaedia Biblica*. Firstly, he was persuaded "that a very great change must come over Biblical study," and, secondly, that he must throw himself into the revolutionary stream and do all in his power to effect its purpose and at the same time guard against disastrous results. Dr. Cheyne deserves the sympathy and support of all earnest students of the Christian Scriptures in his difficult and somewhat thankless task. He says:

I hold myself bound to claim to be something more than a pioneer, for I have solved thus early, either wholly or in part, many problems which have baffled my friends on the other side as well as many others which were not the less real because they were ignored If I have not arrived at the goal, I have at least led the way, and set an example of that hopeful travelling which R. L. Stevenson pronounces to be better than arriving.

The questions discussed relate to the captivity and 'liberation' of the Jews and to the history of the 'two religions' of Israel. From 'internal' evidence Mr. Cheyne endeavours to prove that the captivity was not Babylonian nor was the 'liberator' Cyrus of Persia, but 'a successful N. Arabian adventurer'. He says in regard to the first question:

The next generation after the author of the Prophecy, or Consolation, did not know anything of a general release of the Jews in Babel or consider themselves bound by a debt of gratitude to Cyrus.

The 'finding' concerning the second is:

That the Israelites and the kindred peoples were monarchical polytheists, and that the names of the Gods of the Israelites show that the cults of these Gods were borrowed from the N. Arabians. The question before the Israelites was whether the director of the Divine Company was Yahweh (Yaho) or Yerahme'el The Jewish colonists there [N. Arabia], beyond question, worshipped several Gods, though the Supreme God was Yaho.

And he adds that papyri discovered at Elephantine confirm this theory of his, gathered from 'internal' evidence. The line of argument through both books is to prove the strong influence of N. Arabia over Jewish life and thought.

To the tremendous import of higher criticism Dr. Cheyne is widely awake, but of the final result he is sure. Witness the following paragraph:

Verily, when criticism hath had its perfect work, we shall see—a never before—how indifferent are critical results to spiritual kingship.

We heartily wish for the author that well-merited "fair, intelligent and generous reception" for which he asks from "all free-minded and young-hearted scholars of the heavily burdened but greatly honoured twentieth century".

A. E. A.

The Christian Science of Life, Letters to a Friend. (H. R. Allenson Ltd., London. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

These letters, published anonymously, attempt to convey some of the help and guidance gained by the author through practical experience. They explain the points at which the Christian Science methods are at variance with other religious teachings. The New Thought is condemned for regarding God as a storehouse of power upon which one may draw, and the Christ as a gifted Teacher who indicated the way to cultivate our faculties so as to utilise the Divine power at will; whereas the Christian Scientist looks upon Him as a loving Father to whom we may bind ourselves by surrendering to Christ the guidance of our lives. The one is the independent employment of a Power, and the other an absolute dependence upon a Person. The New Thought disciple who seeks to learn what he can through his own reason is regarded as diverging from the true way of the Christian Science student, who throws himself with absolute confidence upon a living Lord. No doubt the distinctive feature and aim of the Christian Scientist, to "make the most of life through linking it at every point with a living and loving Lord," produces vast benefits, but one would like to see a more rational and less dogmatic view expressed by the adherents of that faith. The confidence one feels in the power of his own inherent divinity, appears to confer no lesser benefits; and self-reliance and self-effort appear to be necessary and legitimate means of attaining unto that full stature promised to all earnest seekers of the One Truth.

G. G.

Ancient Eugenics, by Allen G. Roper, B. A., late scholar of Keble College. (B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street, Oxford, 1913. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This, the Arnold Prize Essay for 1913, gives a short and scholarly review of existing traces in ancient western literature of efforts to improve the race. Aristotle, Plato, Quintilian, Plutarch, and many others are freely quoted, yet one is obliged to admit that the passages given do not show that those "grave and reverend seigneurs" gave any very satisfactory solution of life's difficulties.

"For all practical purposes," writes the author, on p. 6, "our knowledge is as infinitesimal as in the days of Plato." Yet surely we have come to realise that though it is quite possible, by eliminating the sickly infants and the old, to produce splendid physical bodies, a race thus deprived of all reasons for cultivating tenderness and unselfish action, could only become the habitat of cold, calculating demons. The magnificent figure of Satan himself looms forth from the night of Time as a warning against the results of development minus the virtue of humility. On p. 14, would not Pliny's boast that "for 600 years Rome had known no doctors" also bear the interpretation that schemes of hygiene and social reform were too good for doctors to be required? We must not forget that nations, like men, have their cycles of growth and decay, and no nation rapidly improving and increasing during the upward rush of a cyclic period would trouble itself about eugenics. It is only when the push of advanced egos to take birth is withdrawn, and less instructed egos permit the splendid bodies they inherit to fall into bad habits, that decadence begins, and those who mourn the decay of the race then turn to various devices to arrest the downward rush of the cycle.

"Full experimental control is not possible with man as it is with animals and plants. The analogy literally accepted, would require a race of supermen . . ." (p. 16). "From orientalism they learnt to profess complete detachment from an ephemeral world of sordid corporeal change, to condemn women and offspring, to throw aside costume, cleanliness and all the customary decencies of life" (p. 74). From what we consider a better teaching of orientalism, we in these days have learned how evolution stretches from the lowest kingdom of Nature up to Divinity, "which guides our ends, rough-hew them how

we will," and in the Manu of each Root-Race we find the Superman; who with perfect knowledge of the interplay of forces, on the spiritual and emotional as well as on the physical planes, guides each sub-race to the perfection of its service; a laboratory wherein matter is ever being played upon by higher forces to mould it into finer and more subtle forms for human egos to use and transmute as they evolve. For a race is only a means to an end; it is not an end in itself.

Books on Eugenics are always thought-breeders, and we thank the author for this one. We feel at one with him in the conviction that no man can err in providing the best physical and moral conditions for the parents and children of the race. We are not quite sure how far he would advocate the application of those drastic regulations of private life, which we consider would sound the death-note of the race as far as evolved mankind is concerned.

A. J. W.

The Tree of Knowledge, by Sybil Smith. (Humphrey Milford, London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Aylmer Maude in his preface tells us that the authoress is "a typical representative of the best womanhood of our country and our time," and that her book is the result of her own lessons to her own children and had stood the test of use. She herself tells us the work is meant to act as a sort of link between religious and secular education, but is not to replace either. Sir Oliver Lodge's views on science are adopted, and a feature in the book are the notes for teachers which amplify and elucidate the children's simpler instruction. Some introductory lessons on such subjects as the various ideals man has formed about God and religion pave the way to lessons on *Genesis*, in which the attempt is made to reconcile—or perhaps the better word would be to interpret—*Genesis* in accord with modern scientific and religious knowledge, an attempt meeting with some success though in some cases obvious difficulties have been ignored. A sign of the times is the sympathetic use made of the teachings, the allegories, the Scriptures of other religions, and eastern and Indian religious stories are often laid under requisition. It is certainly a book which many people might find very useful as a help in their children's religious education—a problem of much difficulty to many conscientious parents.

E. S.

NOTICES

All Mysteries, by Arthur Crane (Sun Publishing Co., San Diego, Cal., U. S. A.), is one of the many books issued now-a-days on the central thought of the oneness of the Self. People are too apt, in the first glimpse of this, to ignore the relativity of manifestations, and so to turn a glorious truth into a moral soporific. Hence it was required of old that he who learns the final truth of the Vedānta should have trodden the path of Purification, should have attained to Discrimination, Dispassion, the six mental Jewels, and the highest form of Love. Those who pronounce the word without knowing its letters oft pronounce it amiss, and, among many true statements in this little book there are also mischievous misstatements. *The Missing Goddess and Other Legends*, by Minnie B. Theobald. (G. Bell and Sons, London), is a book of "allegorical stories," written automatically, and to some extent in despite of the nominal author, who by aspiration and practice is a musician, disinclined to favour this intrusion into her devotion to her beloved art. But the reader need not share the regret of the author, for the legends are worth reading: they contain glimpses of profound truths, shown through a telescope of fable—half-truths, as we see one side only of the moon. "Little Mary in Heaven" is perhaps the best of them, but all are worth reading. *Reincarnation, A Study of Forgotten Truth* (Rider), by E. D. Walker, is a reprint of a most useful compilation and the volume is cheap at 3s. 6d. Methuens have issued the third edition of *Death*, by Maurice Maeterlinck. *Vers l'Initiation* is the French translation of Mrs. Besant's *Initiation, the Perfecting of Man*.

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