



THE

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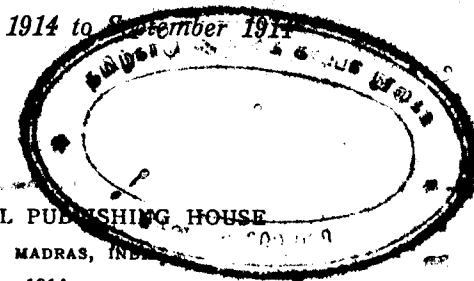
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EDITED BY

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

Vol. XXXV

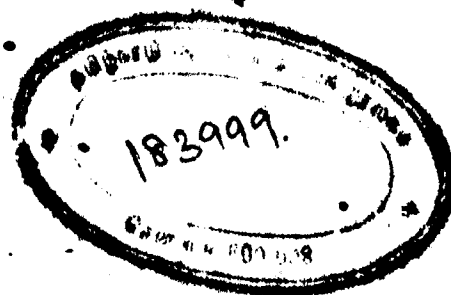
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VOL. XXXV



THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ONE of our good and strong workers has passed away from a world in which she suffered much—Isabel Cooper-Oakley. There was no one in the Society who showed a stronger and more one-pointed devotion; no one whose will was more steadily set to the Service of the Masters. She was ever thinking of, planning out, new ways of reaching those who had not heard of Theosophy, of teaching the new-comer, of helping the older student to advance. In any struggle within the Society—and she went through them all; the Coulomb conspiracy, the Judge split, the Leadbeater shaking—she stood firmly for the original Society, founded by H. P. Blavatsky and Colonel H. S. Olcott under the direction of the Masters, and to that her allegiance was ever given, steady as the needle to the Pole. No ties of family or of friendship—passionately affectionate as was her nature—could hold her as against this supreme love. She would let everything break, rather than falter in her fidelity. With a sickly body upheld by a will of steel, she worked indefatigably; assailed by calumny, she

suffered, but remained undaunted. She often chose her friends badly, trusted them wholly, and found herself basely betrayed. But through all she went on, brave and steadfast, ready to blame herself, and learning to forgive. To myself she gave a deep, unchanging love, an unswerving loyalty, an unfaltering trust. I lay on her grave a tribute of affection and respect. That she has a period, however short, of rest and refreshment, is a thing to rejoice over, not to regret. May she come back for a life less shadowed by suffering; a life more utterly devoted it cannot be.

We printed on p. 494 of THE THEOSOPHIST for January, 1914, 'A Carol,' author unknown. On this Mr. Baillie-Weaver, F. T. S., writes that the author is Sidney Lanier, who died in 1881. The poem was entitled, 'A Ballad of Trees and the Master,' and it is not quite correctly given. It runs:

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was 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:
'T was on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

It is always a service to enable a man to be repeated in the exact form in which he wrote.

As all the world knows, there is to be an Exhibition next year in San Francisco, U. S. A., to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. It has been arranged that an 'International Congress of Religious Philosophies' shall be held there, to which representatives of the great religious philosophies of the world shall be invited, and the Congress is to be held under the auspices of the Theosophical Society. All facilities are given to the Congresses thus welcomed by the Exhibition, halls are provided, advertising is done. Mr. Warrington, the American General Secretary has sent the following letter, in reply to the telegram approving of the proposed International Congress.

JAS. A. BARR, ESQ., Manager,

Bureau of Conventions and Societies,
Panama-Pacific International Exposition,
San Francisco, California.

MY DEAR MR. BARR,

I am happy to have your telegram and to know that the Exposition will welcome an International Congress of Religious Philosophies under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, and that it will provide facilities given to congresses.

I will at once set the machinery in motion to bring about the end desired, and will bear in mind that it is your understanding that this Congress will be based on the philosophy of the leading world-religions.

Thanking you for your prompt attention to the matter, and hoping that this undertaking will be of such nature as to add to the importance and fame of your great Exposition, I am,

Heartily yours,

A. P. WARRINGTON,

General Secretary

The Congress will give a magnificent opportunity to men and women of different faiths to meet and learn from each other, and it will aid in spreading the peace and goodwill which are the fruit of mutual understanding.

An interesting account has been published in London of the discoveries of a party of explorers, led by Captain Besley, who penetrated into one of the untrodden spots of South America. Captain Besley states that they went first to Mollendi, and

.....struck the wonderful high way built by the Incas of ancient days to Quito. This highway is fifteen hundred miles long, and sections of it are almost as perfect to-day as when it was built thousands of years ago. On our arrival at Cuzco we fell in with a guide who said that he would show us ruins older than the oldest ruins generally known. He it was who led us to three cities, which for centuries past have lain buried in the luxuriant tropical undergrowth. The like of them, I should say, has not been before in any continent. Among the dense masses of the undergrowth we at first could see nothing, but the spade and the hatchet cleared a way for us and revealed portions of extraordinary buildings equal in conception and execution to anything that is to be seen at present in the world of civilisation. Their architecture was more impressive than that of our British Houses of Parliament. There were Inca palaces that we saw containing meeting-rooms larger than the rooms in our biggest modern hotels. We found among these remains of a "lost world" some wonderful specimens of "champi," which is a mixture of gold and silver, some silver chisels, a number of semi-circular knives and vessels of all sorts and descriptions. Many of the vessels were richly ornamented. We were the first white men to set foot within these cities. It is clear that the Incas in their time possessed methods of their own by which enormous stones might be moved from one place to another. We found one stone weighing 300 tons, which had obviously been brought from a great distance. It had been partially cut with some instrument of the saw type. The cities are guarded by huge fortified gates of stone. The adjacent river was banked up with stone walls by these bold engineers for a distance of 45 miles in order to prevent disaster by flood or invasion.

Everyone knows that there are traditions of the ancient splendour of the great Tōtec civilisation both in Mexico and Peru, and that among the American Indians it is maintained that vast stores of treasure were concealed when the destroying hosts of Spaniards swept over the land. The hiding-places of these treas-

ures, however, are not likely to be revealed, but it is possible that some of the ancient cities might be shown, although it would have seemed unlikely. That such ruined cities exist is certainly a fact, and clairvoyants who have seen some of the ancient cities in their splendour will not be surprised at any marvels which may be uncovered by the indefatigable explorers of the twentieth century.

* * *

The movement for building hostels for women workers in memory of Mr. W. T. Stead—perhaps the bravest champion that women have ever had—is going on well in England. Bath held a most successful inaugural meeting lately, over which the Duchess of Beaufort presided, and a very strong committee has been formed, in which we see that the Bath Theosophists are well represented. Forty hostels have already been established; H. M. the Queen sent 100 guineas to the fund, and Queen Alexandra had shown her sympathy by opening the latest hostel founded. The Mayor of Bath, however, was hostile, for he said: "I cannot support a movement which is to take the form of a Stead memorial, and is under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, of which I strongly disapprove." Both the movements may, perhaps, survive the disapproval of the Mayor of Bath, since the first is carrying on a noble work for women in the name of one of the best and bravest of men, while the second—well, it is not worth while to defend the T.S. against a Mayor of Bath.

* * *

Our Netherlands General Secretary, Mr. Cnoop-Koopmans, has been nominated the President of the Council for Navigation in Holland, the former occupant

of this post having become Minister of the Colonies. It is always pleasant when those who have been found worthy of office in the Theosophical Society are recognised in their own countries as useful to the State.

* * *

The progress of our Headquarters' Building in London has been interfered with by the building lock-out, a labour-dispute in which, from what I have heard, the fault is on the side of the employers, not of the men. We are only having personal proof of what we have so often pointed out—the industrial anarchy which prevails, in which the supposed advantages of modern civilisation become non-existent. When all is said and done as regards the 'merits of any particular dispute, the broad fact remains that the men who make the wealth do not obtain an adequate share thereof, and that, until they do, industrial unrest must continue. Mr. Ford, the American millionaire, who shares the profits of his industry with his 20,000 workmen, and is now paying them, by this principle, £1 a day, says that profit-sharing pays, for he has now "20,000 partners" in his business, every one of whom is anxious for its prosperity and stability. He cannot, of course, under this system, amass a fortune for himself out of the work of others, but, being a just man, he does not desire to do so; the wealth made by the men should go back to the men, he quietly says—and gives it back. It is another step towards the true organisation of industry, for which the American Trusts are preparing the way; presently the Mr. Fords of industry—men who have not only the genius to organise labour to the greatest productive advantage, but have also evolved the social conscience which makes it criminal to plunder, even under legal

sanction—will be recognised by the community as its agents, and will use their brains for the good of the community, and not, as the mediæval baron used his muscles, for their own personal gain. We may repeat once more that in the coming civilisation, which will be based on the principles which will be laid down by the coming World-Teacher, co-operation will take the place of competition, and we shall have in the State the mutual love and service of the members of a family, and not the wild strife of the beasts of the jungle. With our eyes on that coming, and labouring patiently to prepare the way of the Blessed One, we may work on with hopeful instead of despairing energy, and while we suffer with those who suffer, our hearts need not break.

* * *

The new Indian paper, *The Commonweal*, is steadily making its way and we hear nothing but praise of it from the educated class of Indians. This will suffice to condemn it in the eyes of the *Times*, but we venture to hope that more reasonable English politicians, who understand that the one hope of maintaining the Empire in India is for the Government to draw nearer to the educated Indians and to draw them nearer to it, will read a paper that expresses their ideas, and that is largely written by them. Indian papers do not circulate much in England, and I am, to speak quite frankly, trying to utilise the popularity of my own writings in England to draw attention to the grievances under which our Indian fellow-subjects suffer over here. This could not be done constantly in a Theosophical magazine, so this new weekly has been established for the purpose.

* * *

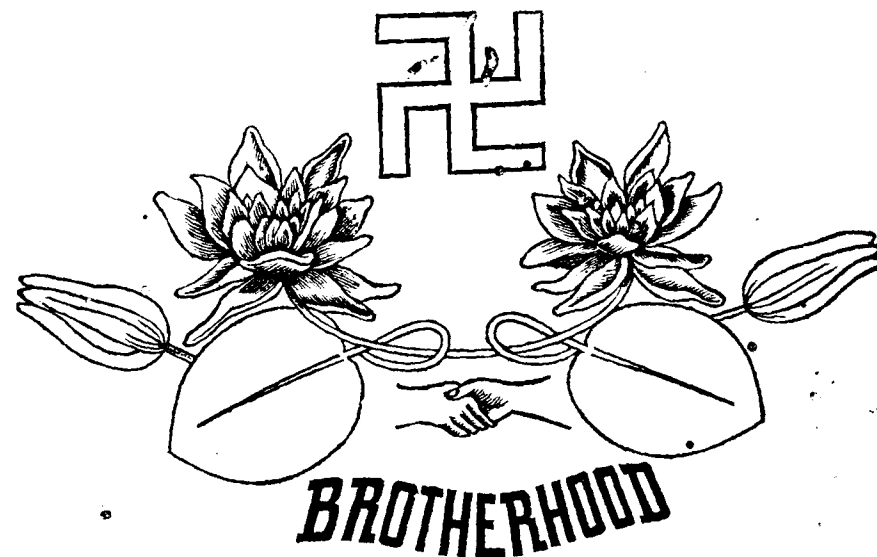
Mr. Leadbeater's stay in Burma has proved to be a very successful one. He spoke on 'The Noble Eight-fold Path' in the famous Shwé Dagon Pagoda, on the invitation of Buddhist monks and laymen, and, with the permission of the chief monk, he gave Pañcha Sila to the audience, to its great enthusiasm. The lecturer has now gone to Java, where he remains until the middle of April.

* *

A German Professor, belonging to a well-known and much honoured family of Vienna, has become the Rev. Sono Samenero, a Buddhist monk, and has been addressing the Young Men's Buddhist Association, at the Royal College, Colombo, Ceylon. The lecture was presided over by Mrs. Musæus-Higgins, the devoted Theosophist who has done so much for the education of Buddhist girls in Ceylon, and whose self-sacrificing work has not only aroused the profound gratitude of the Buddhists themselves, but has also brought to her keen appreciation from the Crown Princess of Sweden, and others who have visited her school.

* *

A most absurd type-written document, with post-mark Bombay, has been sent to so many members of the T. S. here—and may have been sent to many abroad—that I think I ought to say that it does not come from the source from which it claims to emanate. It urges members to vote for me as President for life. Apart from everything else, the fact that the writer does not even know that such voting would be futile, being unconstitutional, is enough to discredit it.



THE BUILDING OF THE INDIVIDUAL

By ANNIE BESANT

ONE of the difficulties which ever pursue the serious student is that he can never take up a subject of study without finding that its beginning is no beginning, and its end no end. There is always a something before, of which some knowledge seems to be needed; and then there is always a something after, which seems to demand further pursuit. No important question of human life and human growth, especially, can be isolated, set apart, taken by itself. Any of the deeper questions which we take up is linked with other depths,

¹ This is written on, and expanded from, some very old notes of some talks to the Kāshi Tattva Sabhā, Benares, which I had kept, intending to use them as a basis for a study.

and the moment we try to solve one problem we find that we are only dealing with one aspect of a larger problem, and so on and on endlessly.

But in this there is naught to surprise, for there is but One Life, flowing on in a hidden, unbroken stream; every jet, every spring, that comes forth from it may seem unrelated to the others, but all arise from the one continuous river underground. Hence is the world, which is the manifestation of that life, an integral whole, and any part thereof is related to every other part. How then can we hope to understand any part, unless we see it as a portion of the whole? A child's puzzle, cut into many pieces, conveys no idea while disconnected; an incongruous eye, a fragment of a cheek, a fold of a gown, a drift of a cloud—who can say what each indicates, much less what is its place, its value, in the whole? In truth, we can only learn relative values by seeing wholes, wholes which extend far beyond the fragments we are studying, so that, to all intents and purposes, we see our unit in its proportion to the greater unit into which it is integrated. If we see only fragments, we can have no sense of proportion. Things loom large, which are seen to be but small when their surroundings are within our ken, and the value of a thing apparently small may be enormously enhanced when it lights up or lends colour to its whole environment.

In these papers I propose that we should study the Individual; but if we only begin at the point where he technically begins, we shall never succeed in understanding his nature, his evolution, his transcending of the limits which render him possible, and which fall away, like the scaffolding of a completed building, when

he has found himself, and needs no outer stay for self-preservation. Only by such study can we understand that the essence of Individuality no more depends on the temporary limits than the house depends on the temporary scaffolding, albeit the limits be necessary to the evolution as the scaffolding is necessary to the building of the house. Only thus can we learn that the Individual, as we know him, is but a necessary phase in the expression of the profound Individuality of the Spirit. When he, the Inner Ruler Immortal, assumes the royal robes and takes to himself his eternal kingdom, then the limits vanish; for that kingdom has no end in the heights above, nor in the depths below, nor in the infinite expanse stretching on every side.

Individuality, with the limitations which now hem it in, is but a passing phase in the age-long development of the portion of Divinity that we call the human Spirit—labelling it by an adjective which belongs to the temporary stage in which we now happen to find ourselves. Individuality is an essential attribute of this divine fragment, and the 'Individual' is a temporary specialisation through matter and is the characteristic of human life throughout its evolution. The 'Individual' is a form of manifestation which belongs to the Spirit in the human stage of evolution, so that man, as man, begins with the beginning of the individual. But it is an indication of a profound reality in the Spirit himself, his Selfhood in the divine worlds, and it is to establish this externally, as it exists in eternity internally, that he descends into matter. He cannot show it forth, so long as matter has power to blind and to thwart him; he must conquer matter, in order that it may not hinder him, but may become only a vehicle

for the manifestation of his eternal Selfhood. Man may be defined as the being in whom matter and Spirit are battling for the mastery, and when Spirit has finally triumphed by so permeating matter with himself that it becomes his self-expression only, serving wholly his purposes, man becomes Superman, and enters on a new and superhuman course of development.

To understand the nature of the Individual, then, we must go behind his appearance in this world as an individual, as man, and rise to his source in the LOGOS, God the Word, or God manifest. We must see him as part of the Eternal, possessing in himself in potentiality, as a seed within that Eternal, all the characteristics and powers of that Father of Spirits, as the acorn has within it all the characteristics and powers of its father-oak. As the hydra buds off portions of itself containing all its characteristics, as the fern develops on itself its spores and then scatters them abroad, as the flower evolves within itself its pollen and its ovules, as the fish and the mammal evolve their ova, as the fertilised ovum, thrown off, develops in the womb of the soil, or of the water, or of the mammal, so is the Monad, the Spirit, specialised within the Eternal and develops within the womb of matter into his Parent's likeness, eternal Son of the Eternal Father. "This day—the day of manifestation—have I begotten thee"; such is the Word. That which is generated in Eternity comes forth in time. The Son is made flesh, and dwells in the manifested worlds, that he may become perfect as his "Father in Heaven" is perfect. It is this true Sonship, one with the Father, for which the Church Catholic unconsciously battled against the heresy of Arius, which postulated a duality of *nature* between the Father and

the Son. The Church thought that she was fighting for the supremacy of one person—Jesus Christ; but the Spirit within her, guiding her into truth, led her to trample upon the heresy of separateness, and unknowingly to cling to, to vindicate, the eternal Sonship of Humanity: "God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, begotten not made, being of *One* substance with the Father; By whom all things were made, who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary," the sea of matter; therefore is 'Mary' 'Stella Maris,' the "Star of the Sea," as are her congeners in older faiths. That we, as men, might be, did the Monad come down from the divine worlds, from the bosom of the Father, and was incarnated as Spirit in the womb of matter by the divine Activity, "the Holy Ghost," or Shakti. The Church thought of one historical Christ; she knew not that the historical was the symbol of Man and the pledge of Man's Eternity. She builded better than she knew under the impulsion of the divine Architect; she spoke historically an eternal truth which Mysticism reveals in its spiritual reality, and so preserved to Europe during the ages of ignorance a truth too mighty for the ignorant to understand. Dogma was the vessel in which the water of Truth was preserved, until the enlightened thirsted for the water, and the eternal Sonship of Humanity was seen to be the reality within the words. Therefore have Mystics ever proclaimed: "As above, so below." The reproduction of itself, which is the characteristic of the 'organic' living thing throughout nature, is but the many-faced reduplication of the eternal generation of Spirits from SPIRIT. "Look at the things of the flesh with the eyes of the Spirit, not at

the things of the Spirit with the eyes of the flesh," so warned a Master. "As above, so below," not "as below so above". The below is the many-mirrored reflection of the above: the above is not the copy of the below. Man is in "the image of God," not God in the "image of Man". Anthropomorphism is the view of a great truth upside down; Theomorphism is the same truth right side up, the truth about man and the universe as related to God.

The true 'I' is the Self, whether the 'I' of the Universe, or the 'I' of Man. In the long unfolding, one aspect of this Self is manifested in the form of the 'I' usually so called, the Spirit in the causal body, the Ego, the Intellect in man. This we speak of as 'the Individual,' the relatively permanent manifestation, as contrasted with the Personality, which lasts only through a life-period. But, in truth, the whole Spirit is in process of manifestation, and individualises himself as a whole though manifesting successively his three aspects, as Will, as Intuition, and as Intellect. The Spirit is the Immortal Individuality manifesting in the five worlds of matter, as the embodied divine Seed, or Monad, whose elements are Will, Wisdom and Activity, or Power, Knowledge-Love, and Creative Intelligence. This Monad puts himself forth in His three-faced unity to manifest as an embodied Spirit, appropriating matter for each aspect—a different density of matter. He, the very essence of Selfhood, one with the Self of the universe in his nature, Individuality (supernal, indestructible, unchangeable, unfolds first that aspect of the creative activity, the Intellect, which is the separative energy in nature. It is the very function of Intellect to cognise all that is *external* to itself, "its nature is

knowledge," and its field of exercise is the knowable. This it cannot do without sharp distinguishment between "Myself and others," and hence the ego-attribute must be emphasised, and to that end a wall which includes "myself" and excludes "others" must be built and strengthened. This is the causal body, the "body of manas," the storehouse of all experiences, the record-keeper of the Spirit, that passes from birth through death to birth. The Immortal Individuality must here find its contact with matter, and become self-conscious by differences. But the Individuality is the essence of the Self, of the Monad, and is not dependent for its existence on any sheath of matter it may endue. The human Individual is one of its expressions, but it did not begin with him nor can it end with him, for it is the eternal attribute of the eternal Self.

This view of the Self as the supreme ego, and of the individual as a form of manifestation of this Self, has so permeated the thought of the East, that the transcending of the limits of human Individuality has never connoted the annihilation of aught save of the limitations necessary for the earlier stages of evolution. In the West, the human ego was the only form of Individuality which was recognised, and the disappearance of this was not seen as transcendence but as annihilation. To break the limiting shell of the individual was not to come forth as a liberated creature into a new and fuller life, but to vanish utterly, to perish. And so if a Westerner found in an eastern religion an expression which implied the cessation of the Individual, he thought of it as the perishing of life instead of as its liberation into fuller and richer splendour. Nirvāṇa, the blowing out of the transitory, was seen as the annihilation

FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHER¹

By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

I

Kandy

THIS is the third day that I have spent almost exclusively within the atmosphere of the Buddhist Church. I have attended many services and talked much with priests and monks. I have spent many an hour in the cool and quiet library, perched high up in the cupola of the building, with its fine view over the lake. There I sat, studying the Pāli texts, while from the halls below rose the subdued noise of ceremonial chants, mingled with the roll of tom-toms and shrill cadence of the clarinet which calls the pious to their devotions; and I realised once more that it is far from sufficient merely to know the intellectual value of any doctrine. Its outer manifestation has always surprises in store. Whether or not a Church represents the 'pure' doctrine, it is a living expression of its spirit. Even in those instances where it has obviously perverted

¹ This is a translation of some chapters very kindly placed at our disposal of a still unpublished work entitled *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* which will be published by Mr. T. F. Lehmann in Munich, in the autumn of 1914.

the teaching, its spirit yet asserts itself more clearly within the Church than within the best preserved text; just as life itself is always better expressed by a cripple than by the best theory of life.

Here I must say that the Buddhist priest surprises me by the high level that he reaches; I mean his human, not spiritual, level. His type is one superior to that of the Christian priest. He possesses a gentleness, a wide comprehension, a sympathy and unworldliness, of which it cannot be said, even by the prejudiced, that they belong to the average Christian clergyman. This is probably due to the supreme indifference which Buddhism breeds in its adherents. The idea of living entirely for others may appear very beautiful; yet, taking man as he is, active love of his neighbour does not tend to make him broad; it tends, on the contrary, to make him narrow. It is an exception, not the rule, if love of one's neighbour does not degenerate into importunity and inordinate ambition to domineer. How tactless are all reformers! How narrow-minded are all missionaries! However broad a man may be by temperament, however universal in character the faith which he professes, the mere craving to convert makes him narrow. It cannot be otherwise, for psychologically this craving means nought else but the wish to force one's own belief on another. He who does this is *ipso facto* narrow-minded, and he who does it repeatedly, nay, he who makes it his profession, must needs become more and more so. It is for this reason that narrow-mindedness, aggressiveness, domineering ways, lack of tact and understanding, belong to the typical traits of the Christian and especially of the Protestant clergy.

Now such phenomena cannot be matured by a religion like Buddhism, which sees the only reason for existence in man's striving after his own perfection. True, such a doctrine, exclusively followed, might lead to the crudest egoism; yet Buddhism does not do so, for two reasons. Firstly, because it does not mean by self-perfection the eternal bliss of the individual Self, but the freeing of the Self from the limits of individuality; that is to say, selfish desires are a misunderstanding. Secondly, because Buddhism considers benevolence and compassion as exactly those virtues by the exercise of which the attainment of liberation is most hastened.

This fusion, then, of the ideals of indifference and altruistic love, has produced a mood to which, more than to anything else, Buddhism owes its superiority; *viz.*, the specific Buddhist charity, as understood by Christians, means "wishing to do good"; as understood by Buddhists, it means "to take each man for what he is worth". Not to accept him thus out of sheer indifference to another's state, but out of that cordial feeling which understands the positive side of every state. According to the general Indian view every one stands exactly on that rung of the ladder whereto he has ascended or descended by his own merits or demerits; consequently, every state is intrinsically necessary. Of course, it would be desirable that every one could reach to the highest, but none can leap thereto at one bound. The ascent to the highest is ever slow and gradual, and every step has its own views and ideals.

Thus, while Christianity, as long as it was ascetically minded, considered life in the world as objectionable when compared with the monastic life, and would

fain have put the whole of mankind into a cloister, Buddhism, the views of which would be consistently still more unworldly, and which distinctly regards the state of the monk as the highest—Buddhism has, on the other hand, ever refrained from condemning the inferior for the sake of the superior. Every stage is necessary and therefore every stage is good. The blossom does not refuse the leaf, nor the leaf the stem or root. Love of mankind does not imply the wish forcibly to transmute every leaf into a blossom; it rather means to let every leaf pass for what it is worth, and lovingly to understand its ways.

This wonderfully superior charity is impressed on the face of every Buddhist priest, however insignificant it may otherwise be. And now I do not wonder any more at the unexampled devotion of the people for their clergy. Though it may appear paradoxical at first sight that he who is disinterested should enjoy more reverence than he who actively promotes the welfare of his fellow-men, yet, on mature consideration, one realises that it must be so, and cannot be otherwise. People will not be kept in leading-strings. He, who intends to convince, convinces with far greater difficulty than he who simply does what seems right to him without deep design or ulterior motive. The life of non-attachment, of unselfishness and of purity, which the Buddhist Bhikkhu leads is, according to Buddhistic ideas, the highest which man can live on earth. He who serves the monk, therefore, exactly serves his own ideal.

The atmosphere of this Church suits me wonderfully well. Never yet did I live amid so great a peace. Despite this, I realise to-day more keenly than ever before that Buddhism is not possible for western people.

In order to act as it has done amongst the Sinhalese, forming and training souls, the soul-material must correspond; and it is different, quite different, from the one we could provide. With us, who absolutely affirm the phenomenal, who cannot rest, whose whole energy is kinetic, to live for one's perfection would mean at once to become utterly selfish; our compassion and benevolence would degenerate into the flat 'protection of animals' type, and our aspirations for Nirvāṇa would ripen all the evils which inevitably follow a lack of truth towards oneself.

Buddha-Gayā

This thrice-holy place of Buddhism is permeated by a wonderfully spiritual atmosphere. It is not the atmosphere of Buddhism, as such, nor that of devotion in general, as on the Gaṅgā and at Rāmeshvaram; nor is it that spirit of consecration which sanctifies every great memorial. It is the peculiar spirit of a place where a person of unique grandeur found Himself. Many things may have contributed to preserve it at once so powerful and so pure, that it arises afresh in all its power and purity in every sensitive soul. Primarily, this is of course due to the fact that the Buddha attained illumination here on this very spot, beneath the shadow of the Bodhi tree, which blossoms still to-day, an illumination of such intensity that it still has power over millions of souls. Secondly, Buddha-Gayā represents a historical unit, such as but very few other places do. I can only instance Delhi in this respect. An artificial valley, and enclosed therein the shrine, a world in itself, where every single thing speaks of the great days of old. This

temple, these stone fences, these dagobas, are still preserved from the days of King Ashoka. Lastly, the pilgrims contribute their share to revive again and again the expiring vibrations of the place.

Buddha-Gayā lies remote from all the countries where Buddhism flourishes at present. There are not many who come here on pilgrimage, but those who do not fear the long journey are in earnest. Mere curiosity does not travel so far. To-day only a few Chinese, some Japanese and about a dozen Tibetans are staying here, all deeply penetrated by the meaning of Buddha-Gayā for mankind: consequently their souls vibrate in harmony with the vibrations of the place itself. A profound and most holy peace reigns here: speech becomes a whisper, and the old trees gently murmur to each other their grand memories.

To my mind, Buddha-Gayā is the most sacred place on earth. The teaching of Jesus was deeper than that of Gautama, but so lofty a being as the Buddha the Christ was not. The Christ was one of those Sun-natures such as are born now and then on our gloomy planet, on whom the Spirit had descended as a free gift of heaven, and who, to our human mind, could not help being as He was, nor what He was. He verily stands out a God among men. Only the born God means less to us than the man who, by His own efforts, raised Himself to Godhead—and such a one the Buddha was.

A Buddhist legend relates that the Gods worshipped the Buddha, the man: and the Brāhmaṇas do not consider this legend incredible. Unlike ourselves, the Indians have always rightly understood and explained the relation between grace and merit. No doubt, the

utmost is given to man by grace alone; but this does not imply that grace comes ever undeserved. Rather, is it to be regarded as the naturally necessary crowning of the utmost merit. What is called in mystic parlance "the experiencing of the inflow of grace" is, in fact, that passing through a critical state, that seeming "*solution de continuité*" which is found everywhere in nature between two states of different qualities. Just as, after prolonged raising of the temperature, water will suddenly turn into vapour, or else, after prolonged lowering of it, will freeze into ice—just so the state of grace follows on merit.

The bulk of humanity moves slowly on from merit to merit, now more despairingly, now more grudgingly; but on the whole it drifts along the current of the times. Men dimly realise that there must be some ascent, but they know it not definitely and dare not believe it. If there appear on their horizon Sons of the Sun like the Christ, they worship indeed, but do not feel encouraged, as the distance is too great and the way to reach Them not clearly seen. If, on the contrary, there arises in their midst one who, though born as a man like themselves, yet transcends humanity, they feel uplifted and inspired, and start again at once on their upward climb towards the highest. It has always been so. Western mankind would never have been incited to this ascent by the mere example of Christ: He was too incommensurable. Nor is He the father of Christianity. Were it not for Paul—a man, a child of the world, intelligible to all, who grew into a saint at last—we should know nothing more of Christ. Again, the fact that Christianity grew into a world-religion, grew to be the glad tidings to the whole of

mankind—this fact is due to S. Augustine, that most powerful of all ethical natures that the West has ever produced. He gave the human example owing to which the Christ could ever become an example for mankind. He was so rich, that no one could ever feel a stranger to him: he was so deep, that every one feels kinship with him; and thus his example holds true for every man.

But the Buddha was still greater than Augustine. He sprang from a greater humanity and His experiences were wider and more manifold. The Buddha reached towards the end a height of superiority which the Christ never knew. He was so great that His impulse sufficed to keep in motion to this day the Wheel of the Good Law. Buddhism has had no Augustine and no Paul. Sambuddha was, and is, all in all.

Theologians often wonder, with that ingenuousness which is their divine right, why it is that the Christ and the Buddha signify so much more to mankind than all the great souls before and after them, as the Christ did not teach anything which had not already been proclaimed, and as the Buddha was doubtless inferior, in the depth of His knowledge, to His predecessors. The reason of this greater significance is that, with both of Them, the Word did not remain Word, but became flesh, which is the acme of attainment. In order to appear wise, one only needs to be something of an actor: in order to be wise in the ordinary sense, only a superior intelligence is required; but in order to become a Buddha, one's highest knowledge must have become the central motive power of his whole life. How easy it is to move mental matter! How easy to shape it into the grandest forms! It is not so easy to

mould one's whole life in such a way that every single instinct acts as an organ of the ideal. This presupposes an energy which seems superhuman. True, this very energy is latent in every man, just as the tiniest molecule has condensed in itself sufficient energy to blow up a city, were this energy set free; but man cannot dispose of this treasure; only the Superman can do so. A man, in whom a specific knowledge, though not in itself perhaps so deep as that of a Yājñavalkya, has become the creative centre of His being, proves thereby that He has transcended humanity.

The reason why Goethe appears more and more as a higher being than other poets equally gifted, is just because in him, of all western heroes of the mind, insight into the nature of things began to transmute itself into creative power. It began indeed—not definitely became transmuted. The Buddha still remains the unique example of what man can attain if he be in earnest.

Hermann Keyserling

IS THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL SUPPRESSION OR EXPRESSION?

NOTES OF A SERMON

By M. M.

And if thy hand or thy foot causeth thee to stumble cut it off and cast it from thee; it is good for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into the eternal fire.—*S. Matthew*, xviii, 8.

He that believeth on me as the Scripture hath said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water.—*S. John*, vii, 38.

CHRIST'S torso of a possibly saved man is quite terrible. A man entering into life without hands, feet, or eyes, were surely only part of a man saved; and having no grace which could triumph over the wicked members and their vile ways, it is very doubtful if any of the man was saved. We know this is figurative language, and implies taking extreme measures with one's enslaving sins; but it is very different from the type of man indicated by the second text, a man in whom the spiritual forces were superabundant. Religious history is full of the two types: the meditative, struggling with his thoughts and sins, such as Thomas A Kempis, to whom life was one long fight for purity and grace; and the practical man of modern times, like a Gladstone or General Booth, to whom the full life of effort for others left small room for any temptation. To

put it differently: Is the end of life to be character or action? We know, it is true, that the right kind of action will result in character; but the right kind of action is impossible apart from character. Shall we begin with action or character?

We are face to face with two kinds of ideals, if not civilisations: the Oriental and the Western, the mediæval and the modern. The first includes Buddhism, Hindûism, Theosophy, and all Mystics, including the modern. The latter comprises the practical aggressive modern Christian, philanthropist and reformer. The one is all for character, the other for action. The one is for self-suppression, until the highest Self only shall survive, till God is all and in all. The other ignores self or submerges it in the struggle for a better world, 'the coming of God's kingdom of light and love among men, when Jesus reigns over all. The one thinks and prays; the other works and gives. The one lives in the inner world of the soul; the other in the outer world of deeds.

Was Jesus mistaken about this contrast, or are the records confused? We are not prejudiced about the matter, but we demand certain proof. For one thing, Jesus was not careful to make it always easy for people to understand Him, but would rather provoke thought than give information, as witness His beatitudes. But it is a great unfairness to Jesus, as often to Bible authors, not to observe the whole of His teaching or speech, and to take one verse for a complete utterance. In the first text, speaking of stumbling-blocks and the man who should cut off the unruly members, it is said he should do this rather than stumble or cause others to stumble. The radical or resolute suppression of self was not

wholly for self or heaven, but also for God's children. And in the second text, it is the believer that has the practical power, the large service is caused by great grace.

1. *Self-Suppression*: Col. Younghusband in the *Hibbert Journal* of October, 1913, has a very keen criticism of Christianity because it 'seeks' to dismember humanity instead of training and ennobling it. The end of life, he properly says, is not to limit, restrain, and crush, but to fulfil and perfect. Similarly Mr. Churchill in *The Inside of the Cup*, makes Miss Parr demand the right to live out her own life, and not to cripple or limit it. There is danger of confusion here. There is a difference between self-discipline and self-mutilation, just as there is between liberty and licence. While Jesus' words indicate self-mutilation, if taken literally, it would be unjust to the poetic method, the prophetic mood of Jesus, to affirm the literal is His meaning. Interpreted by His own actions and those of His apostles, we know that thorough self-discipline, unflinching and resolute, is the full scope of His intent. He evidently considered this one of the providential ends or goals of life. He Himself suffered being tempted: He offered up prayers with strong cryings and tears unto Him that is mighty to save; He cried: "Father, not my will, but Thine," after asking for His own will. So he speaks of the Father pruning the vine that it might bring forth more fruit, etc., etc. Now one of the greatest mistakes of to-day is the prurient optimism that refuses all self-discipline, and substitutes a kind of moony Pickwickian good-nature. Of course, morbid self-introspection is a very serious fault; but not to look in at all is even worse. We all have wrong inheritances, educations, and plenti-

ful other defects, and it is well to know and understand them; great needs, and it is well to have them supplied. Let us not be willing to be shut off from any true side of life and experience by any well sounding theory of thought. The cosmopolitan is the complete man. Let us remind ourselves what the great Ascetics and Mystics have done, and let them contribute to the fullness of our lives. Buddhism, with its strong quiet ways and moods, has reached and held some of the greatest races and intellects of the world. And is it not a grievous weakness of the modern practical man to-day that he is often blind and dead to the wonderful Christian experience of God? To know the mystic reality of union and communion with the Divine is beyond him; to see God with the heart in everything, to find the strength immortal poured forth into his Spirit, effusions of love, joy, peace, life consciously received, are experiences unknown. The great spiritual Mystics would be a queer phenomenon unless supported by the facts of life and reality. We may, with Tennyson, ridicule Simon Stylites and such men, but there are many others quite different. Recall S. Anthony, S. Francis, S. Bernard, and many more, who by strenuous sufferings strove to break through the walls of the spiritual world, and gain revelations of the highest. Out of them still flow rivers of living water. And it came by faith, by the culture of the inner life, by prayer, trust, love, and by thought and patience. Jesus would deal, they concluded, with the self-destroying senses ruthlessly, fight, sacrifice, suffer, for truth and holiness. A limited life is better than none, for the reign of evil is death. It is a Gospel applicable to-day to many conditions of life: no quarter to wrong, no parleying, no half-measures.

Strike down the wrong in yourself; arise, and go to your Father; look not back.

2. *Self-Expression*: The failure of the merely suppressive was never more clearly shown than in the history of the monks of the Middle Ages and in the community houses of to-day. Their ideal of holiness, as personal purity of thought and desire, to be secured by constant spiritual culture, prayer, meditation, penance, charity, etc., has often signally failed. Often, too, we are sorry to say, their success has been a mere caricature of genuine Christianity. They have set themselves to defeat and suppress nature, and nature has had her revenge in illness, morbidity, and gross reactions. Inhibiting thought on things of the flesh has fixed the thoughts on such things, and made them more mighty than in the normal man. Time hanging heavily on the hands of the pious has led them to all sorts of mawkishness. These are the very antipodes of Jesus' standards. In His own life, which is the greater side of His Gospel, greater than His words because more surely understood, action took the larger place. He had his own difficulties with Himself and circumstances, and the need of times of prayer and thought, but He wore Himself out in the service of men. The men who follow Jesus here have no time for morbidity. They are healthy of thought and desire. The things of the flesh, the mere animal man with his lawless passions, have no chance with such men. They are full of bigger interests, the burdens and sorrows of others, and these crowd out the mean and vile. They live in the liberty of Christ, the liberty of the sons of God.

A Christian according to Christ is a man who has received a great power, a heavenly fullness of life, so

that he cannot contain it. The life is love, and demands expression, opportunity to give itself, for only so can it be itself. This is far too little known and understood. Religion is deemed to be the merely doing right, instead of a passion for right, an irrepressible joy in it. This is the splendid conception of Christ: a man overfilled with God, from whom the grace flows forth in copious streams of life. Here is the man's proper Self-expression, for he has come to his fullest Self in God and from God, for service and sacrifice expression. Man, like Jesus, is a Word of God, and that Word is the light and life of men. He is God's and his own, as he gives himself forth to bless others. This is salvation through expression. And as Carlyle says in *Sartor Resartus*: "Nay, if you consider it, what is man himself and his whole terrestrial life but an emblem, a clothing or visible garment for that Divine Me of his, cast hither, like a light particle, down from heaven." Every life, then, is a message from the Infinite and for it; and as we can only speak by speaking, think by thinking, walk by walking, that is, as we do them we do them better, so only by true living we live in larger and larger measure. Every thing we do should therefore make us, improve us, liberate us. "Every deed, however simple, sets the soul that does it free." All our work, then, of whatever kind, in church, home, school, business, should be creative, help to bring to expression that fuller Self we are designed to be. So sorrow, trouble, burdens of all kinds, even faults and failures, should be used for the attainment of that real Self, the Word of God. But let us not overlook the Christian view here. Self is not self apart from God, the true life of its life, and its expression must be, in its limitation, to utter

God, in business, pleasure, thought, in conduct, temper, character. We must believe that all creations are the effort of God to utter Himself, and that is the true significance of men, communities, nations, changing ideals, etc. We must feel too that God is best expressed in men through service to men, brotherhood, friendship, love, and that God is to be identified with all good, beauty, joy, love, holiness, truth, grace. It is well to recall George Eliot's words through Stradivarius: "While God gives them skill, I give them instruments to play upon, God choosing me to help Him." "What, were God at fault for violins, thou absent?" "Yes, He were at fault for Stradivarius' work."

Every life is an artist, a musician, an orator. We think of Michelangelo, Shakspeare, Beethoven, etc., and regard their works as revelations. But it is true of all lives that are true to their high calling, and every one is really called from above. In this faith and its services there is freedom from all littlenesses, meanness, insignificance. All life leaps up to a great worth.

We conclude that all men are entitled to all the resources of their natures and the purposes and grace of God. The Christ way is so to live as to be a message of God, so to work as to have no time for the base things of life, so to set the glory of goodness before us as to have no taste for the unworthy and ignoble. But then we may also realise the whole of life's opportunity is ours. We should add to our faith and works and ideals intense self-culture, self-discipline, self-sacrifice. All are yours, and you are Christ's.

M. M.

NATURE'S MUSIC

The world is full of Music : mortal mind
Discerns not half the vital harmonies
Of subtle sound in Nature's depths enshrined.

The air thrills through with Music : tiny cries
And pulsing throbs of daisy-waking morn
Touch the responsive heart to glad surprise.

All growing life makes Music : ripening corn
Scatters quaint chimes of haunting melody,
Of glistening, bowing ears and leaf-blades born.

Nature resounds with Music : the strong sea
Is one vast instrument of wondrous range,
Which pours abroad its music ceaselessly.

Everywhere Music : endless interchange
Of manifested song ; each season's round
Accompanied by cadence new and strange.

Rhythmic, magnetic Music : the low sound
Of rippling streamlet falls in sweet refrain ;
And quivering pine-trees lead a fugue profound.

Mysterious, magic Music : rustling rain
Sobs symphonies ; the hidden pipes of Pan
From all points echo their invoking strain.

God's thought flows down in Music. His vast plan
Of life called out of chaos by His Word
Forms forth in music : nebula to man,

And man to God. On angel-heights is heard
The song of songs, set free from earthly heaven,
The mighty song of triumph, rapture-stirred.

Cosmical Music through the mystic Seven
Vibrates eternally from star and clod,
Reflecting here the harmonies of heaven.

From grain of dust to the last symbolic 'Yod,'
Creation chants evolving hymns of praise—
Ladder of sound up which men climb to GOD.

Margaret Theodora Griffith

IS REINCARNATION TRUE ?

By ERNEST WOOD

THERE is a curious tendency, which springs up now and again in our ranks, to criticise occasionally the early writings of Madame Blavatsky, and to take a delight in finding therein a certain amount of what might be called error. And yet the last few decades have taught us, again and again, that where Madame Blavatsky seemed wrong it was not really so, but that we were wrong in misunderstanding what she wrote. Our present leaders have cleared up one by one many of the obscurities of her writings and doctrine, and now present them to us in pre-digested form in simple terminology since invented and perfected. We are beginning to learn that Madame Blavatsky was face to face, in her attempt to launch, as gently as possible, the Ancient Wisdom once more upon the world, with the stupendous difficulty of conveying accurately to other minds, in a language almost unknown to her, many unfamiliar things which she knew to be true. That she could have been less in error than many suppose is evident from her words in a little article 'My Books,' which she wrote in *Lucifer* shortly before her passing from the body. There she says, with reference to *Isis Unveiled* :

Save quotations and misprints, every word of information found in this work comes from our eastern Masters, and many a passage in it has been written by me under Their dictation.

And speaking of the proof 'corrections' that were often made in her absence, she adds :

Witness the word 'planet' for 'cycle' as originally written, corrected by some unknown hand (i, 347), a 'correction' which shows Buddha teaching that there is no rebirth on this planet (!!) when the contrary is asserted on page 346, and the Lord Buddha is said to teach how to 'avoid' reincarnation ; the use of the word 'planet' for *plane*, of 'monas' for *manas* ; and the sense of the ideas sacrificed to grammatical form, and changed by the substitution of wrong words and erroneous punctuation, etc.

Sir Thomas More and the Nilgiri Master, who are spoken of in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* as Adepts, are both said to have taken part in the writing of *Isis Unveiled*, and They certainly understood what They were about, and most surely knew what They were attempting to describe. And without deification on the one hand or irreverence on the other, we may say that Madame Blavatsky was at least this much advanced, that she could not deliberately pretend to knowledge where she had none. Yet sometimes smaller minds, unable to leap the obstacles of terminology which her unusual difficulties of exposition involved, and unable to intuit the meaning behind her words, strike their heads against the barriers, and blame her for the carelessness, ignorance or pretension with which they have hurt themselves. Let us rather find what foothold we can in the heap of rubbish that our imperfect language has raised in our path, so that presently we may reach the top and, peeping over, obtain a glimpse of the realms of truth that she had explored.

Perhaps in no subject more than that of Reincarnation has Madame Blavatsky been so misunderstood. Again and again we hear it said that Madame Blavatsky denied the truth of reincarnation when she wrote *Isis*

Unveiled, or at least that she did not know it to be a fact. We venture to affirm that she would not have categorically stated: It is not true, unless she had known herself to be speaking truth. That she, a true Messenger of the great Masters, could have pretended to knowledge which she did not possess, or could have blankly denied what she did not know to be false, is absurd ; and to say that she did not know of the Indian beliefs on the subject is ridiculous, when she speaks of them so definitely in the same work. But did she say that reincarnation was not a fact ? If so, then in the sense in which she was using the word, she spoke truly. Let us see what she has to say on the subject in *Isis Unveiled*. In the first volume, on page 351, Madame Blavatsky writes :

We now present a few fragments of this mysterious doctrine of reincarnation—as distinct from metempsychosis—which we have from an authority. Reincarnation, *i.e.*, the appearance of the same individual, or rather of his astral monad, twice on the same planet [plane], is not a rule in nature ; it is an exception, like the teratological phenomenon of a two-headed infant.

Here she indicates that the doctrine of reincarnation is a mysterious one, that it is not the same thing as metempsychosis, that she has it from an authority, and that she is prepared to give only a few fragments of it. What does she mean here by reincarnation ? The appearance of the same astral monad, that is to say, of the same ego working in the same astral body ; and this, twice on the same plane, is not a rule in nature.

Does this disagree with the highly philosophical conception of reincarnation that we have at the present day ? First of all we have the man living in what we call the causal body, on the higher mental plane. When he is ready for birth he puts forth a ray (a

minute fragment of himself) into the lower mental world. That ray draws round itself the matter of that world or plane until it has gathered enough to form the mental auric egg for its new earth-life. After the short stay necessary for this purpose, the ray of consciousness, not the whole ego, descends still further into the astral world, and again stays long enough to draw round itself enough matter of that plane to form its astral auric egg. Once more the ray of consciousness descends on to the earth-plane, as it attaches itself to a body which is being prepared for birth, so that presently this centre of consciousness, this 'I' within the body, is born and it looks forth and says: "This am I," and it identifies itself with the body in which it sees and feels and thinks and moves. Then, as it grows in experience, it builds a new personality round the 'I,' and, as its body grows, its counterpart also appears in the middle of the astral and the mental auric eggs. This personality, when complete, manifests in its life its triple capacity of acting, feeling and thinking, all three of which *ought* to be developed in the course of the life, and to be to some extent harmonised as the personality grows to old age.

Then the man dies. He loses his physical body. But the counterpart remains on the astral plane, and on that he finds himself living, feeling and thinking just as before, though he can no longer move the dense physical objects of the world that he has left. In other words, such part of him as is fitted to exist in the astral world as a conscious being survives, and he lives on for some time according to his desires. Then comes the death of the astral body, and the person now lives on the mental plane, in the devachanic state. There

he has all that is the outcome of the higher emotions and thoughts that he had during earth-life, and he has lost only the power to move the objects of the lower planes and the ability to be swayed by lower feelings and emotions. And, once more, he loses his mental body on the mental plane, and all that is left of him is with the ray of the man which was put forth at the beginning of this cycle of necessity. Just as a swimmer, diving from a high bank into a lake with cliffs on one side and a sandy beach on the other, must swim to the low shore on the opposite side or be drowned; so must the soul, the ego, the man, having plunged a ray of himself into birth, permit that ray to pass through the cycle of necessity of that birth, through the mental to the astral and then to the physical; through the physical to the astral and then to the mental, and through that back to its true parent—or else lose that birth altogether.

Then, when the personality has finished this cycle of necessity, and the ray is thus indrawn again, then the personality, having left to it only such part of itself as is pure enough to live in that high state—all that is noble and true and wise, and is fit to be immortal—will enter into that immortal life of the true man, and will *never come forth again, but enjoy for ever the immortality of the spiritual life.* Yet the same man, thus enriched, will again put forth a ray to enrich himself with still further experience; but it will be another ray, not the same one, for that is joined with its parent and can never be reincarnated again. The immortal man thus does not reincarnate; the personal man does not reincarnate; but the immortal man puts forth from time to time a slender ray from himself, until he no

what is this race of which she speaks? For a clue to this we may turn to pages 345 and 346 of the same volume:

This philosophy teaches that nature never leaves her work unfinished; if baffled at the first attempt, she tries again. When she evolves a human embryo, the intention is that a man shall be perfected—physically, intellectually, and spiritually. His body is to grow mature, wear out, and die; his mind to unfold, ripen, and be harmoniously balanced; his divine spirit to illuminate and blend easily with the *inner* man. No human being completes its grand cycle, or the 'circle of necessity,' until all these are accomplished. As the laggards in a race struggle and plod in their first quarter while the victor darts past the goal, so, in the race of immortality, some souls out-speed all the rest and reach the end, while their myriad competitors are toiling under the load of matter, close to the starting-point. Some unfortunates fall out entirely, and lose all chance of the prize; some retrace their steps and begin again. This is what the Hindū dreads above all things—*transmigration* and *reincarnation*; only on other and inferior planets [planes], never on this one.

That he is capable of running the race means that he is capable of entering the immortal life and sharing in that effort of the man within, who is at once his father and himself, to gain that immortality which is called Arhatship. The average Hindū greatly fears the opposite possibility, his sinking back into a lower condition of life, or becoming a Bhūta or Spook, an unwholesome class of entities left severely alone by self-respecting believers; whereas the human birth is regarded as giving an opportunity to reach moksha or liberation (truly, Arhatship), and thus to cease reincarnating.

Our author does not say that when a man has united his three parts and has perfected or completed his human or personal nature, he has *finished* the race and become an Arhat, but that he is capable of running the race for the achievement of perfect immortality. There is a vast field of growth between the imperfection

of an idiot and the perfection of an Arhat, as we may see by her further explanation:

But when the new being has not passed beyond the condition of Monad, or when, as in the idiot, the trinity has not been completed, the immortal spark which illuminates it has to re-enter on the earthly plane as it was frustrated in its first attempt. Otherwise, the mortal or astral, and the immortal or divine, souls, could not progress in unison and pass onward to the sphere [plane] above.

The Monad which was imprisoned in the elementary being—the rudimentary or lowest astral form of the future man—after having passed through and quitted the *highest* physical shape of a dumb animal—say an orang-outang, or again an elephant, one of the most intellectual of brutes—that Monad, we say, cannot skip over the physical and intellectual sphere of the terrestrial man, and be suddenly ushered into the spiritual sphere above.

Does the writer not here show that the Monad which passes through the animal kingdom must incarnate in the human kingdom, and that before that which is now in the lower animals can do so, it must pass into and through the highest order of animals, such as the orang-outang or the elephant, and is this not what we now mean by reincarnation? And does she not mean that the essence of which the personality is built in the astral and lower mental planes cannot enter into the spiritual sphere above (the higher mental, the plane of immortality) then or at any other time, without passing through the development of the intellect in the human kingdom? And she winds up with a strong statement in favour of reincarnation:

No need to remark that even if [regarded as] hypothetical, this theory is no more ridiculous than many others considered as strictly orthodox.

One more passage and we have done. On page 347, we read:

This *former life* believed in by the Buddhists, is not a life on this planet [cycle], for, more than any other people, the

Buddhistical philosopher appreciated the great doctrine of cycles.

It is on this paragraph that Madame Blavatsky comments in the note to 'My Books':

Witness the word 'planet' for 'cycle' as originally written, corrected by an unknown hand, a 'correction' which shows Buddha teaching that *there is no rebirth on this planet (!)*, when the contrary is asserted on page 346, and the Lord Buddha is said to teach how to 'avoid' reincarnation.

And the cycle that is here mentioned is again the cycle of necessity, which the ray must go through in the course of one birth.

There is thus more than enough to show that Madame Blavatsky, at the time of writing *Isis Unveiled*, had nothing to say against the great truth of reincarnation as we hold it to-day, and she certainly did know a great deal about the cycle of birth. Is it not clear that the writer desired most emphatically to deny the doctrine of metempsychosis, but yet not launch suddenly upon an unprepared world the full and staggering truth? Even more is this evident when we are told, in the midst of a mass of misunderstanding, by Colonel Olcott, that the passages relating to the subject were approved, if not actually written, by one of the Mahātmās. He writes in *Old Diary Leaves*, i, 288:

Why she and I were permitted to put the misstatement into *Isis*, and, especially, why it was made to me by the Mahātmā, I cannot explain They certainly did not teach us what we now accept as the truth about Reincarnation; nor bid us keep silent about it; nor resort to any vague generalities capable of being now twisted into an apparent agreement with our present views; nor interpose to prevent us from writing and teaching the heretical and unscientific idea that, save in certain few cases, the human entity was not, and could not be, reincarnated on one and the same planet.

Madame Blavatsky was not a tyro, and surely the Mahātmās ^{ist this} ^{ther} were not ignorant, for we read in Mr. Leadbeater's *Helpers* that an Initiate of even the

first degree is required to learn, not theoretically but of his own certain and direct knowledge, of the truth of reincarnation. The conclusion is obvious; Madame Blavatsky was neither deceiving nor deceived; but she was misunderstood in this, as in many other of the teachings that she offered to an unprepared world.

Ernest Wood

NEAR BISKRA

The sun withdrawing from the barren lands,
A lonely Arab bows above the sands
And prays unto the Prophet, head on hands.
His murmured words, within the desert spell,
Are like the ocean echoes in a shell,
Commingle with the camel's fitful bell.

Beyond, where lies the city like a flower,
A mosque upshoots its slender jewelled tower
And there the Muezzin cries the sacred hour,
His voice floats forth from earth to evening star,
Intoning to the Faithful near and far:
"La Allah il'Allah Akbar
La Allah il'Allah Alahu Akbar
Alahu Akbar."

G. W.

THE RIGHT OF CRITICISM

By A. J. WILLSON

WE are often told not to criticise, but it does not seem to have been explained to people why criticism does harm. They have merely had it insisted upon very strongly that they must not criticise, and that it is impertinent to criticise their neighbours. This is so diametrically opposed to the civic virtue of responsibility and seems so in a line with the remark of the first murderer: "Am I my brother's keeper?" that many excellent members of the T. S. rebel strongly against the teaching. Quite naturally and rightly rebel, as it seems to me. Also many criticisms appear in the T. S. organs and other papers, and if the anathemas against criticism were effective in putting a stop to discrimination between right and wrong action, speakers and editors would both stop tongue and pen.

A little explanation, which will easily be understood by those who have read *Thought Power: Its Control and Culture*, may help us to understand better what is meant by not criticising. It is a hard saying for members of the T. S. who have not yet determined to sacrifice every little sin however dear, and to pare down every virtue that threatens from its excess to turn into a vice, and yet strongly desire to help forward evolution. It is for these we wish to explain. It is not for the

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determined souls who have made up their minds to go onward and who find in such an imperative *dictum* something of interest to be examined, and the valuable qualities in it used as "stepping stones to higher things". It is his knowledge of the power of thought and of the workings of human nature, that makes the teacher declare: "Judge not. . . . that ye be not judged." Experience shows us how often we are wrong in our criticism of conduct. Half the man's actions and half his reasons for acting are alike hidden from us, and when a corner of the veil lifts, we may sometimes have to hail as a hero one whom we have looked down upon as a scamp.

But apart from this there is, in the power of thought itself, a very grave reason against ordinary criticism, which means fixing on the bad points and thinking and talking them over.

Those of us who believe in the power of thought realise vividly that we increase the power for good or ill of that about which we think.

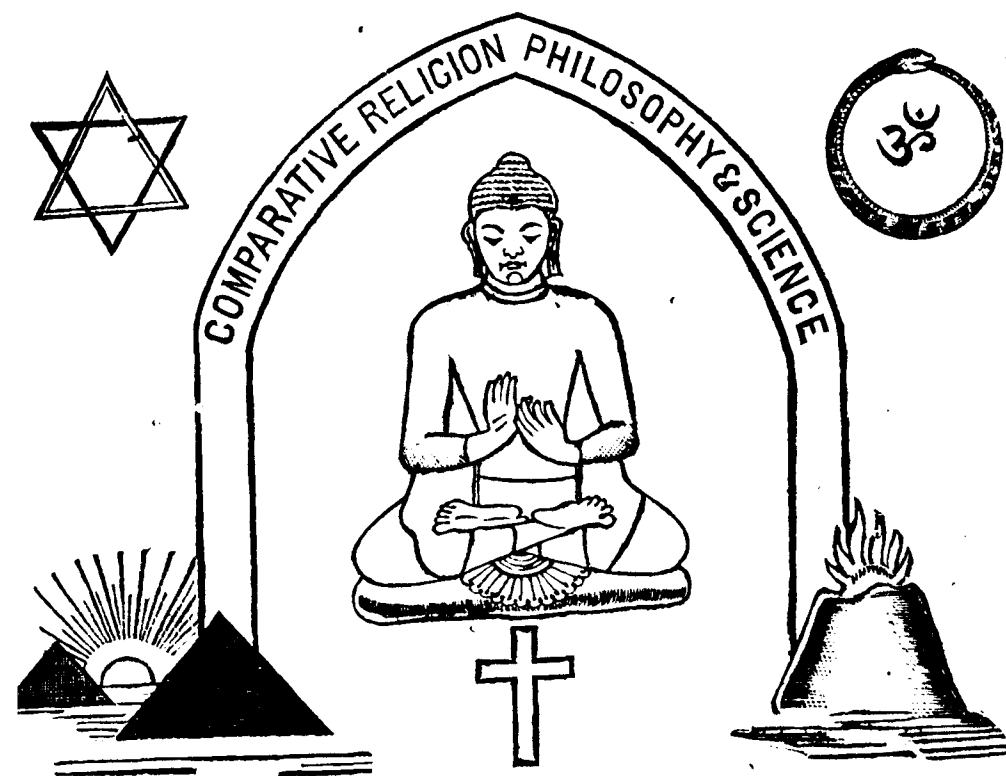
As the gunas revolve and the panorama of life unrolls before us, it is our duty to look with wide-eyed attention on all, and if we confuse right and wrong we mix things up and the truth is not in us. In order to find the way to truth, we have to test all things and learn by our mistakes. So we properly decide: "This is right," "That is wrong," on every action that comes before us. But having decided we must take care. Here comes the "razor edge," discrimination of the Path. We have already made up our mind that we will throw the whole force of our nature on the side of good, and we have to guard against wasting any force on evil. So while we must put out enough force to make up

our mind as to the good or evil tendency of each act or word that comes before us, we must at once shut off all force from that which we judge to be evil, otherwise we make ourselves in part responsible for it. Most of us go on examining the evil, thinking about it, talking about it, drawn by the terrible attraction of dislike, and it is this that our teachers warn us against so constantly. They do not warn us against discrimination; they merely charge us not to use our power of thought to increase the evil in the world. We can think about and talk about the good, morning, noon and night; but let us beware of talking of evil things "lest they gain dominion" over the man in whom we see them, as over ourselves.

In cases where it is our public or private duty to interfere, the skilled use of thought becomes like a rapier in the hand of a master of fence. Enough force is put forth to turn the evil aside and, where possible, transmute it into good; but, as also in Japanese jujitsu, the destructive force must come from the other side. Our force is consecrated to the service of good only.

The ideas involved are somewhat subtle; but if followed a little way they may enable us to understand the constant reiteration of the danger of criticism, and to learn to avoid them, lest our "thoughts become an army and bear [us] off" as captive slaves.

A. J. Willson -



CONSCIOUSNESS AS CONDITIONED BY THE BODY

By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M. D.

MANY books have been written on the subject of the relations of Soul or Mind to Body, and, doubtless, many more will be written before the difficult problem is definitively solved. But, of late, considerable progress has been made towards an intelligible standpoint; at any rate, this much may be said, that the nineteenth century formula, "psychology without the soul," is now obsolete. There can be no relations between an entity and a non-entity; modern psychologists find the assumption of the soul's real existence indispensable to

explain the facts they have to deal with ; it is therefore an assumption as legitimate as that of the ether or the electron is to the physicist. McDougall defines the soul—a wider term than mind, by the way—"as a being that possesses, or is the sum of, enduring capacities for thoughts, feelings, and efforts of determinate kinds, or of definite capacities for psychical activity and psychophysical interaction". But Consciousness must not be identified with the soul, nor even with mind, in neither of which is it met with in its pure form. Pure consciousness, or simple awareness, is not a fact of experience but an abstract conception ; we know nothing of consciousness otherwise than as a strictly conditioned activity. As such I shall accordingly deal with it, and the first point that is to be noted about it is that it is of real value to its possessor. This may safely be inferred from the fact that the higher we rise in the evolutionary scale of species, the higher the degree of consciousness we find organised and manifested. If consciousness were not a real power, if it made no difference to its possessor, it would have no "survival value," and its long slow evolution would never have taken place. On the contrary, it is hardly too much to say that the provision of means for the deepening and widening of consciousness, and for the consequent extension of its power, seems to be a paramount result of organic, if not of cosmic evolution.

Here, on the threshold of our subject, we are met by a question of the very first importance. What precisely do we mean by the evolution of consciousness ? Is consciousness a mere product of the material organism ? I have already indicated my belief that it is not. Consciousness is, so far as our everyday experience

is concerned, 'a product of the conjoint activity of the body and the soul. Except under very rare and special circumstances, we have, during our earthly lives, no consciousness in which the co-operation of soul and body is not necessarily involved, although, probably, the proportion in which the two factors contribute to a given act of consciousness varies considerably according to its nature. Some states of consciousness are predominantly physical in origin, others almost purely psychical. Mc Dougall even suggests that there may be states of consciousness to which the physical organism contributes merely their point of departure, but this problem need not detain us here. Not much need be said in favour of the conclusion that ordinary consciousness is conditioned by bodily changes. To quote Bain :

We have such facts as the dependence of our feelings and moods upon hunger, repletion, the state of the stomach, fatigue and rest, pure and impure air, cold and warmth, stimulants and drugs, bodily injuries, disease, sleep, advancing years. These influences extend not merely to the grosser modes of feeling, and to such familiar exhibitions as after-dinner oratory, but also to the highest emotions of the mind—love, anger, æsthetic feeling, and moral sensibility. . . . The association of brain-derangement with mind-derangement is all but a perfectly established induction.

Conversely, to quote the same authority :

The influence of mental changes upon the body is supported by an equal weight of testimony. Sudden outbursts of emotion derange the bodily functions. Fear paralyses the digestion. Great mental depression enfeebles all the organs. Protracted and severe mental labour brings on disease of the bodily organs. On the other hand, happy outward circumstances are favourable to health and longevity.

In short, the interaction and mutual dependence of body and soul, so long as their partnership continues, is a fact from which there seems to be no escaping.

It is far from easy, however, to form even a provisional conception of the mode in which this interaction takes place. The first thing we have to realise is that, as Bradley puts it, "mere body will never act upon bare mind," nor bare mind upon mere body. But both mere body and bare mind are not realities but abstractions. Whether they exist at all is more than doubtful; at all events they are not met with in our actual experience. The living human body (and presumably all living bodies, human and sub-human, too) has, in virtue of the fact that it lives, a psychic as well as a physical existence. And, similarly, the human soul has a substantial as well as a psychic existence. The body has a mind of its own, distinct from the personal consciousness, although no doubt it contributes to that consciousness. And the mind has, I believe, a body of its own, distinct from the body that is visible and tangible. To say that the mind has a body is, after all, merely to recognise thought as a form of energy, since there is an unmistakable tendency in modern physics to identify substance and energy. The body and the mind, or, to use a wider and vaguer term, the body and the soul, are therefore, although doubtless of widely diverse nature and function, by no means devoid of any common factor. Action and reaction between them, however difficult to conceive, is not unthinkable. But the gulf between them seems to me, nevertheless, too wide to be spanned without a bridge of some sort. I therefore incline to the belief that between body and soul there may be a connecting link of intermediate nature. The material atom, inconceivably small as it is, is no longer regarded as a solid and inert particle, but as a system of infinitesimal negatively

charged electrical corpuscles revolving at a speed of sixty to one hundred and eighty thousand miles a second around a central positively charged electron. Under certain conditions these corpuscles, which in size are a thousand times less than that of an atom of Hydrogen, escape from their atomic orbits by radiation. Countless myriads of them undoubtedly permeate the interstices of the material environment, and Henry Frank, in a work on *Psychic Phenomena*, adduces many reasons for the belief that our physical bodies are duplicated by a finer ethereal organism built up of these radio-active corpuscles.

A body of this kind would of course be quite imperceptible to our ordinary senses; it would occupy the interstices of the coarse-grained physical organism with the utmost facility; and, finally, if it served as a medium between the soul and the body, it would place at the disposal of the will an inconceivable amount of energy. For it has been estimated by Lord Kelvin that the amount of energy locked up in a single grain of Hydrogen would suffice to lift a weight of a million tons more than three hundred feet, the bulk of this energy being accounted for, presumably, by the movements of its constituent corpuscles. In his essay on 'Animal Magnetism and Magic,' Schopenhauer adduces two well-authenticated cases, in one of which a certain woman produced deviation of the needle of a compass by simply looking at it, while, in the second, another woman caused similar movements by turning her head. It seems quite incredible that the will could produce any perceptible effect by direct action upon an inert material object, but not beyond the bounds of possibility that it might do so through the medium of an ethereal

body. And many of the familiar phenomena of spiritist séances might, as Henry Frank suggests, prove more intelligible in the light of this hypothesis.

The next point to which I wish to call attention is also of a speculative nature. In speaking of the body I suggested that it has probably a consciousness of its own, a consciousness which may be regarded as the fusion of those of the myriads of separate living cells of which it is made up. I cannot go into the evidence favouring this supposition, but such evidence nevertheless abounds. The phenomena of heredity, growth, functional activity, and the repair of damaged tissues and organs, irresistibly suggest a psychic basis and a purposive control. "If we knew half as much chemistry as the liver has known these five million years past," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson, "the secrets of the universe would lie before us like an open book." Of course a statement like that is not meant to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, but it is a picturesque illustration of what I am trying to convey, namely, that the body has a mind of its own distinct from the personal mind, generally lying below the threshold of the personal consciousness, but sometimes invading its sphere. Similarly, I suggest, the soul has presumably a consciousness of its own, generally above the threshold of the personal consciousness, but occasionally contributing to its contents, or even merging momentarily therewith. Thus, as I conceive it, the problem of human consciousness involves the co-operation of three main factors, first the body, mainly physical but not exclusively so; second the soul, mainly but not exclusively psychical; and, as the connecting link or intermediary between these extremes, the supra-physical, ethereal or dynamic

replica of the body, whose existence I venture to assume. Of this last, however, I shall not on this occasion have much more to say, as we know so little about it. That it is or may be concerned in the production of consciousness is however suggested by the phenomenon of exteriorised sensitivity, experimentally produced by de Rochas. This observer found that in certain states of deep hypnosis a luminous mist, visible to clairvoyants, appears around the body of the subject, and that cutaneous sensation is transferred to its surface, so that when it is touched the subject feels as if the corresponding spot on his body had been touched. It was also found that a glass of water introduced within this luminous mist may become temporarily sensitive, a fact strikingly reminiscent of certain recorded feats of magic and witchcraft. The ethereal body may also be perhaps the seat of those mental images which Baraduc of Paris claims to have reproduced by photography, although I am not in a position to vouch for the authenticity of the claim in question.

Turning now to the consideration of the physical aspect of our problem, the first point to note is that consciousness is evoked by processes culminating in that thin layer of grey matter which forms the surface of the two hemispheres of the brain. Rather, I should say, in right-handed persons, processes culminating in the grey matter of the left half of the brain, and in left-handed persons, culminating in the right half of the brain. For it is a curious and, from the materialistic standpoint, inexplicable fact, that we only think with one side of our brains, with one of our two brains, that is to say. A normal right-handed person may have the whole of his right hemisphere destroyed by disease, and his

mental faculties may remain unimpaired, although he will of course lose all power and feeling in his left arm and leg. There is no appreciable difference between the grey matter on the left and right hemispheres; yet we think with the one and not with the other.

The mere existence of living and healthy grey matter is not, then, sufficient to produce consciousness; the co-operation of some other factor is essential to that result. It certainly looks as though the soul were this factor, as if the soul entered into some intimate relation with the grey matter on one side, and left the other unused and inert. If it were true that the grey matter of the brain "secretes thought as the liver secretes bile," then we should expect the amount of thought manifested by a man to be reduced by fifty per cent when half of the grey matter had been destroyed by disease, whereas it may not be reduced at all. We should expect intellectual power to vary directly as the size of the brain, but this is not the case. On the contrary, Karl Pearson, as the result of the analysis of 2,100 male and 1,034 female brain weights, concludes that there is no evidence that brain weight is sensibly correlated with intellectual ability.

The fact seems to be that we all have more grey matter than we make use of. Meyners calculates that the central nervous system contains 3,000^a millions of nerve cells, 1,200 million of these being situated in the large and 10 million in the small brain, or cerebellum, while the remainder are distributed in the spinal cord and elsewhere. Microscopic examination of the grey matter which covers the surface of the brain shows that it consists mainly of layers of such cells, which may be described as minute masses of living protoplasm giving off numerous fibrils which interlace with one another. Some

of these fibrils are continuous with the nerves which come from or go towards the skin, muscles, and other parts of the body through the brain and spinal cord. And the mass of the brain's bulk is made up of such nerve fibres. A typical nerve cell, or *neurone*, consists of a nucleated mass of protoplasm with one main process continuous with a nerve tract and other branching filaments interlacing with those of its neighbours. Waves of disturbance, set by external stimuli of various kinds, are constantly travelling up the nerves of sensation from the surface and interior of the body to the cells of the grey matter of the brain. The great majority of these nerve impulses affect only imperceptibly our state of consciousness: it is only those which cause a considerable or sudden change in the normal course of events to which we attend and respond by action, immediate or deferred as the case may be.

The neurones, or nerve cells, are of two main kinds, the sensory neurones which receive impressions from without through the nerves of sensation, and the motor neurones which transmit them through the motor nerves to the muscles. And it is now believed that those nerve impulses which evoke consciousness do so *after* they have emerged from the sensory neurones which receive them, and *before* entering the motor neurones which pass them on to the muscles if action is to ensue. This point is of the utmost interest and importance, as it was, until recently, supposed that the *body* of the neurone or nerve cell was the seat of consciousness. In describing the neurone, I said that it consists of a central body with a number of branching processes which are really prolongations

of its living protoplasm. Some of these branches end in a brush-like structure of fine twigs, each terminating in a tiny knob. These brush-like bundles of terminal filaments sometimes touch the body-surface of another neurone; in other cases they approximate to or interlace with similar filaments terminating one of the branches of another cell. In either case the result is a linking-up of two separate neurones, and the point of junction is called a *synapse*. Between the opposed parts of two neurones constituting such a synapse there is probably a thin layer of highly-specialised cementing substance, the so-called "psycho-physical substance," and it is believed that the passage of the nerve-impulse through this layer, from one neurone to another, is the physical concomitant of consciousness. The nerve impulse in traversing a synapse encounters a resistance, and in the overcoming of this resistance consciousness is 'generated,' as light is generated by the passage of an electric current through the filament of an incandescent lamp. That is the modern theory, and an extremely pretty theory, too; but by no means favourable to any materialistic view of the origin of mind. For since the synapses are scattered through the grey matter at the points of junction of innumerable neurones, if it is at these scattered points and not at any single point that the sparks of consciousness are generated, where but in the soul do they come together, as we know that they do, so as to constitute a single personality that remembers, feels, wills, and builds up its life-experience into an ordered whole?

Some further points must be mentioned with reference to these highly-interesting structures. When a nerve-impulse traverses a synapse which has never

been crossed before, it encounters a considerable degree of resistance, and has to force its path, so to speak. The next impulse that comes that way will get through somewhat more easily, and the degree of consciousness accompanying the transit will be proportionally less acute. After frequent repetition of such transits, the resistance of the synapse will be reduced to a minimum: the nerve-impulse will flow through smoothly and uninterruptedly: no consciousness will be evoked. The psychological aspect of this physiological change is, of course, the oft-cited fact that, whereas familiar mental processes can be carried on almost automatically, new and untried ones monopolise attention while they are going on. This gradual diminution of the resisting power of the junctions between nerve-cells gives us a rough idea of the way in which the nerve-impulses find their way through the labyrinthine maze of the brain. A weak impulse will on arrival, naturally flow smoothly through the comparatively narrow channel of nerve tracts that have so often been traversed before. It will result in some familiar thought or action, if it have any immediately perceptible result. A stronger impulse will find this smooth road too narrow, and will spread into less familiar pathways, overcoming the moderate resistance of the synapses barring its way. A very strong impulse will spread yet farther, will open up untried paths like a veritable pioneer, evoking a degree of consciousness that will be even painfully intense, ideas that come in the light of a revelation, and actions perhaps of revolutionary significance in the life of the person concerned. Not that I wish to imply that the process is adequately described in terms of this kind. Possibly this is only one half,

and not the more important half. There are reasons for suspecting that the direction of the flow of nerve impulses through the brain may to some extent be modified by the intervention of the will.

The simplest and most obvious manifestation of will is what we call attention; and it seems that by means of attention the waves of nerve energy may be drawn from the path of least, to one of greater, resistance, be made to flow *uphill*, so to speak. This fact is closely related to the exclusive nature of attention; everybody knows that it is impossible to attend closely to more than one thing at a time. If one is listening intently for the approach of a certain footstep, one will not *see* much of what happens around one. Soldiers in the firing line are so engrossed by the excitement of battle, that they may be severely wounded without feeling anything at the time. Consequently, so long as the attention is kept fixed upon a given mental or perceptual object, only that portion of the brain which is directly or indirectly involved can function at all. All the other parts of the brain are inhibited; all the free energy of the brain will be drained out of them into that system of nerve tracts to which the ideas or sensations under the focus of attention pertain. So long, for example, as the attention is concentrated upon a sound, say a waltz tune, all the available energy in the brain will flow towards the auditory centre, and spread thence by the path of least resistance through the channels diverging therefrom. An impulse to get up and dance may result, which may or may not be carried into effect.

Now, it is wellnigh impossible to conceive that the direction of attention is determined by purely physical

conditions or can be explained in mechanical terms. Here, surely, if anywhere, the psychic factor comes in, and manifests its indispensability and power. If, therefore, as I have suggested above, the direction of the flow of the free energy in the brain follows the lead of attention, it appears that the psychic factor takes the lead in determining the activity of the brain. But it does far more than this in all probability: it also takes the lead in determining the organisation and growth of the brain. Professor Stout calls the attention, "the growing point of the mind". It is a fact whose importance cannot be overestimated, that we do all of us, in great measure, make our own brains. But, before dealing with this important matter, I should like to explain further my view as to the mode in which, through the partial control of attention, the soul manifests its power over the body. I say its partial control, because it is evident that, in the case of most people, attention is largely determined through their sensations by the objects and events of the outside world. But so long as, and to the extent that, this is the case, that the attention is at the mercy of the sensations and emotions evoked by this, that, and the other, the life of the person concerned will be lacking in purpose and unity. If the person is ever to become a real individual with power over his environment, the soul must take the helm. For the soul has its own aims and ends; and only in so far as these are expressed in the life of the body, will that life be truly human and significant. Let us take as an example the case of a boy who is destined to become a great composer. His father was, we will suppose, like the father of Mozart, a musician of considerable talent, and his mother a woman of charm and temperament. He inherits, therefore,

an organism exquisitely adapted to become the instrument of his musical soul, his genius, when that shall once have been awakened. Let us suppose that such a boy is taken to a concert, where he hears for the first time a magnificent performance of Beethoven's ninth Symphony. His brain, like all other human brains, may be likened to a house fitted with electric lamps and with its own dynamo, so arranged that when one room is illuminated all the others are gradually and automatically switched off until the full power of the available current is concentrated upon that one room. As the light in that one room rises, that in all the others grows dim, because the current is drained into the wires that supply the former. Now, while such a boy is listening to the strains of the symphony, that part of his brain which, being congenitally the strongest and best developed, may be compared to the largest and handsomest room in the house—we will call it the *music room*—will be irradiated by its own intense activity, drawing to itself all the free energy streaming up through the sensory nerves into the brain. Not only so, but there will be a correspondingly vivid and intense emotional and intellectual consciousness of the beauty and significance of the music; the attention will be absorbed in the contemplation, and the soul in the enjoyment of these. It will be as if the soul, suddenly awakened, were whispering from the silence where it lurks to the personal consciousness of the future composer: "Yes, listen carefully, greedily: do not let a single note escape you. *This* is what you were born for, what you can do better than anything, what alone will make life worth living for you—to create such beauty and harmony as this, like it in these

respects, yet different, because you are not Beethoven but yourself, you and I, or, rather, I and you, I the soul and you my destined instrument. *Attend! attend! attend!*" Thus fancifully, no doubt, yet, I believe, accurately enough, we may picture to ourselves that *reinforcement* of attention by a purely psychical output of will, which, by frequent repetition, ends, in favourable cases, in the full realisation of the highest innate capacity, and in the subjection of body to mind.

Now, if it be once admitted, as no believer in the existence and superiority of the soul will care to deny, that attention is at least in part a manifestation of psychic as distinct from merely cerebral activity, it inevitably follows that the soul as such takes an active part in determining the lines followed by the structural development of the brain. For, to quote a medical writer, "the personal will is a specific brain stimulus more potent than all the afferent (or sensory) stimuli together in producing changes in brain matter by which the brain acquires new powers". Under the stimulus of the will the nerve cells actuated thereby send out through their branched processes new filaments towards other hitherto unconnected nerve centres, thus linking them up and binding them into co-ordinate systems. Thus, as the writer just quoted (Dr. W. H. Thomson) puts it: "As the child by practice learns to use its hands and feet, new nerve fibres by the thousand grow down and make connections with the motor centres in the spinal cord." It is also a fact familiar to physiologists that "the brains of highly cultivated men show much greater complexity in the convolutions with much greater depth of the fissures" than those of average individuals. This is no doubt attributable to the extra

growth produced in the grey matter of such brains by the stimulus of the will, acting through a disciplined habit of attention. For it is a fact well worth remembering that the structure of the brain is not fixed or predetermined at birth. Especially is this true as regards that part of it which comprises the arcs of the highest or association level, that which combines and organises the lower congenital centres into systems which work together, constituting new dispositions to modes of action peculiar to the individual.

It is in learning to do things which require severe and concentrated effort that these changes in the higher portions of the grey matter are brought about. "Conation is essentially the putting forth of psychical power to modify the course of physical events"; and the first event so modified is the actual growth of the brain. For, says Mc Dougall: "Clear consciousness and conation are invariable concomitants of processes that occur in nervous elements not yet organised in fixed systems; and whenever a new path has to be forced through the untrodden jungle of nerve cells, there and there only is conscious effort, true mental activity involved." It is therefore not claiming too much for the soul to say that, by its reinforcement of attention, it takes a leading part in the building up of the brain, or at least of that highest and most plastic region of the brain upon which are largely based those powers and characteristics which distinguish one individual from another.

I should like now to describe very briefly the idea I have gleaned of the mode in which perception takes place. For, of course, perception is the basis of all thought; one might call it the food of the mind. And

sensations are its raw material. When a sensory nerve is stimulated, say by a touch on the skin, a molecular change is produced in the nerve filaments which end there, and a wave or impulse travels up through the core of the nerve towards the brain. Such waves travel somewhat slowly, at the rate of 160 to 180 feet per second, and cannot therefore be of an electrical nature. One must think of the brain as receiving a constant stream of sensory impulses, derived from myriad sources, most of which pass unnoticed, no doubt. Their main function may be to pass on through the brain and the motor nerves to the muscles, keeping these toned up for action when required. But when an impulse of exceptional intensity is sent up, it demands and receives attention at once.

Imagine for example a man standing in a road on a dark night, who suddenly sees the light of an approaching car. The light impinging on his retina produces changes there whose effects are transmitted through the optic nerves to the centre of vision at the back of the brain. A sudden change is in fact produced in the nerve impulses reaching this area and traversing the synapses therein. It is this change that attracts the attention of the mind, so awakened; the mind is, in Binet's expressive term, a 'dialyser' of the nerve undulation, rejecting the constant element which conveys nothing to it, and laying bare the new element which corresponds to the object. "The object to be perceived is," Binet explains, "contained in the nerve current. It is as if it were rolled up in it; and it must be made to go forth from the wave to be seen." This last is the work of the mind.

I wish now to deal with a still more obscure problem, namely, what is generally called the subconscious

mind or self. I have already called attention to the fact that owing to our inability to attend to more than one subject at a time, only a small minority of the innumerable impressions which are constantly pouring into the brain from the outside world, as well as from the various internal organs, come within the focus of consciousness. It must not, however, be supposed that only those impressions to which we consciously attend achieve entrance to the mind or produce any effect thereon. On the contrary, the evidence points rather to the conclusion that every vague sensation of touch, taste, odour, sound, pleasure, discomfort, whether heeded or not, attains its goal in the mind and leaves its permanent impress behind. The subconscious mind, or transliminal self, is fed and energised by these innumerable unheeded sense-waves from without and within, and possibly by influences from other sources of a subtler, and more mysterious kind. Thus there is in every human being a duality: on the one hand, the waking life, consisting of that thin central stream of events and actions to which we "give our minds"; and, on the other, a much more massive subconscious life, always growing in volume and power, and always apparently awaiting the chance to assert itself as against its favoured rival. For it seems that there is a constant antagonism between the waking and the transliminal self; each strives to get or keep the upper hand; as the one increases the other is diminished. The waking self has aptly been compared by Sidis to a warm gulf-stream flowing through the ocean, continuous therewith, yet in a measure distinct. In certain abnormal states, the transliminal self not merely encroaches upon the waking self, but even ousts it altogether for a time, taking

on a sort of spurious personality of its own. Such are the strange cases of alternating personality, of which so much has been heard of late.

It is worth mentioning, also, that the most powerful and lasting impressions upon the subconsciousness appear to be those produced through the medium of those senses—for example, that of smell—which are of comparatively little importance from the point of view of the waking self. Everybody knows how the scent of some particular flower may call up vivid recollections of childhood which for years have been buried in oblivion. For the transliminal self never sleeps nor forgets; and childhood is one of the periods—adolescence, the grand climacteric, and old age are others—in which its impressionability or activity is at a higher than the normal level. Moreover, it seems to well up from the depths in hypnosis, when the waking self is in abeyance; and the more we study it, the vaster and stranger its potentialities appear. The facts observed suggest that through it we are in unconscious touch not only with our own past but with that of the race, with all parts of the universe, and even with the future.

The difference between the waking and the transliminal self may be roughly defined as that between character and temperament, between mind and soul. And in view of the fact that we possess in the transliminal self an apparently inexhaustible reservoir of emotional power and (under ordinary conditions, inaccessible) knowledge, I think that its further study may furnish a key to the mystery of genius. I am inclined to commit myself to the axiom that the man of genius is just the man who can draw upon this reservoir in a way that is impossible to ordinary

people. It is a dangerous gift, for there is always the possibility that an uprush of the unconscious into consciousness, coming at a time when the power of control is weakened by disease or emotion, may swamp the latter altogether, and that insanity may be the result. As to the question of the possible seat of the unconscious mind or self in the body, I have unfortunately little to say. No doubt the sense-waves which flow towards it from the surface and interior of the body reach the corresponding sense-organs in the brain; and the prevailing view is that they are in some, at present inexplicable, way permanently registered therein. On the other hand—and it is for this reason that I prefer the term transliminal to subconscious—there are good reasons for suspecting that some impressions reach and enter the soul otherwise than through the channel of the ordinary senses—telepathically. If this be so, it seems to me very questionable whether the transliminal self can have a basis exclusively physical in the ordinary sense of the word. For telepathy from soul to soul is, to my mind, a more natural hypothesis than telepathy from soul to brain. But, here again, the assumption of the existence of an ethereal body, intermediate between body and mind, seems to provide a way out of many of our difficulties. But, even if we regard the brain as the head quarters or physical terminus of the transliminal mind, we must surely admit that it is also more deeply based in the organism. Its ultimate physical basis may be, as Henry Frank suggests, that clear semi-fluid gelatinoid plasm, which, forming the vital core of the constituent cells of the body, permeates like a living network those portions of the organism which have, so to speak, died into structure

and frame work. It is there, perhaps, that the ancestral memories reside by which our personalities are in psychical continuity with past ages inconceivably remote.

The unity of personality depends primarily upon that of memory. This is clear from the fact that, in cases of alternating personality, the subject manifests a dual memory, one for each condition of consciousness, each remembering exclusively the events which occur during that condition. The problem of cure consists mainly in bringing about by suggestion a fusion of these two memories, whereby the ruptured unity of the self may be re-established. Since, then, the rôle of memory is of such fundamental import, let us consider to what extent it admits of a merely physiological explanation. When we remember an object which we have once seen but which is no longer before us, we do so in virtue of the fact that the same part of the centre of sight at the back of the brain as was concerned in the original perception has been aroused in some way other than actual vision, perhaps by some one mentioning the object, to similar activity. In other words, the physical basis of a memory-image is the re-excitement of the central portion of a perceptual arc or system.

Now, as to association—the trump-card of those who would explain mental life on mechanical principles. When two objects A and B are perceived for the first time simultaneously or in immediate succession, the perception or recollection of A will on future occasions tend to evoke a memory-image of B. This is because the withdrawal of the attention from A to B has opened a path of lowered resistance from the brain-centre A to the brain-centre B, and, consequently, a nerve impulse which reaches

and excites A will always tend to flow thence towards B. This is the process of memory by association, and but for the fact that a movement of attention is a necessary part of its initiation, and that attention is mainly a psychical function, it might be regarded as an instance of passive habit-formation. But there is a great deal more in memory than admits of so mechanical an explanation. Consider the difference between learning a string of nonsense words and learning the same number of words connected by a definite meaning. Experiment proves that in every act of memory these two factors, habit and meaning, co-operate in various proportions, and that the vividness and permanence of a given memory are in proportion to the predominance of the latter. For purposes of memory, an ounce of meaning is worth a ton of habit. Now meaning is a purely psychical phenomenon—you cannot even conceive it as in any sense or degree physical. Consequently, memory, the nexus of personal consciousness, has its basis in the soul rather than in the body—a most important generalisation.

Take, now, the case of abstract thought, and let us consider whether it lends itself to a materialistic explanation. The raw material of thought consists, of course, of perceptions and the memory-images of perceptions; and, if that were all, it might seem that the course of thought was mechanically determined by the flow of nerve impulses from one part of the brain to another along the paths of lowered resistance determined by habit. But there is little doubt that a trained thinker learns to dispense largely with actual imagery, and to think in terms of imageless meaning. If this be admitted, and Mc Dougall claims that the conclusion has been justified

by introspective studies made under test conditions, it follows that thought may in a measure be emancipated from the brain-process, and that conduct may be affected by purely psychical activities. For thought which is an interplay of imageless meanings is the very antithesis of any mechanical process. It may be worth while to remind you that Henri Bergson, whose philosophy is at present so greatly in vogue, rejects the supposition that, either as regards memory or thought, the cerebral functions are the equivalent of the mental activities.

Similarly, in the case of æsthetic enjoyment, there is, in the full appreciation of any great work of art, a something over and above the pleasure derived from the sensuous element. Edgar Allan Poe defined poetry as the art of awakening the soul. What the soul does, when so awakened, is to seize and apprehend the harmonious relation of the parts to one another and to the whole; to see the one in the many and the many in the one; and to realise the beauty and significance of the conception and its expression in the work before it. The sensuous factor may no doubt be more or less indispensable in the evoking of such a synthetic psychical activity, but, once evoked, it can have, Mc Dougall asserts, no immediate correlate in the brain.

Starting, then, from the current assumption that the waking consciousness is a product of the co-operation of body and mind, we have found reason to believe that the mind is, at least potentially, the more important partner; that it not only takes the lead in determining conduct and brain-organisation, but also tends to emancipate itself in various ways and in increasing degree from the hindrance involved by the term of the

partnership. If, as I believe, the soul has a life and at least a potential consciousness of its own, distinct from and superior to the everyday waking consciousness, it would seem that the great problem for all is to assimilate the one to the other; and that those will be least disgruntled by the shedding of their bodies who have been most successful in the achievement of this primary aim.

Charles J. Whitby.

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ON PARTING FROM DEARLY LOVED COMRADES

INFINITE LOVER of all Thy human children, Uniter of men, Spirit of perfect and ineffable peace, we give Thee thanks that, abiding in Thee, we can never be separated at any time. The sweet physical presence of these our loved ones shall indeed go from us in this outer world of limitation and parting and strife, but in the inner Home of Peace, where the lotus blooms in its white beauty and purity, in the Temple of Love where all tears are dried and all sorrow is turned into joy, we know that we shall walk together continually as friends, in intimate and perfect communion for ever. We know that we can never lose what is our own and that all things are ours in Thee. Great One, we are infinitely rich. Thou hast clothed us in the sunshine of Thy Presence and hast made us heirs of a land of inexhaustible treasure. We thank Thee especially for the love of these our comrades who are now apparently to leave us, and grieve not at their going; for we know that, though the work whereunto we are called may set us as far as the East is from the West, we shall carry with us in our hearts perpetually the assurance of complete at-one-ment with them in the spiritual kingdom of the great Ideal.

Lord, what have we in heaven but Thee and what is there in earth in comparison of Thee? We have learnt to know Thee, dear One, under all forms; therefore is our satisfaction infinite and the fullness of our joy can never end.

X.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY AS A MENTAL EQUIPMENT¹

By PROFESSOR R. K. KULKARNI, M.A., LL.B.

THE study of any subject in order that it may serve as a mental equipment must be conducted on such lines as will make it supply proper food to the mind.

Mental nourishment and growth on definite lines are facts in human nature capable of being accomplished by regular and well-directed effort, though as yet imperfectly recognised by western psychology.

Just as regulated doses of food or medicine bring about a change in the physical body, so does the study of subjects like Mathematics, Classics, History, and Logic, exercise and develop the assimilative and reasoning powers of the mind.

The critical and—at a later stage—the intuitive faculties of the ego are brought into play by contact with pursuits which are scientific in their nature, i.e., those dealing with the why and how of things material and spiritual; those that seek to establish causal relations between the sequences or co-existences of phenomena. The spirit of enquiry and search after truth arouses the soul to its latent possibilities. Its refusal to take things blindly or on authority, and its assertion of the right to know and to feel for itself, combined with an intense and selfless longing for truth,

¹ A paper read at the Theosophical Educational Conference, December 31st, 1913.

gradually build into it the powers of discrimination, poise and judgment, until finally its eyes are opened to the vision of Truth, immediate, and unhampered by the slow and circuitous processes of ratiocination.

Let us now see whether historical study is as scientific as it is humanistic, and whether it is capable of broadening and deepening the mind and endowing it with prophetic vision and decision of judgment.

Like natural science, history has passed through the mythical and heroic stages. The chronicle, however charming, is often nothing but poetry taken literally and translated into prose. The chronicler is uncritical. He takes unsuspectingly the materials that he finds ready to his hand. He is still under the influence of fancy. During the progress of history from the legendary stage to the heroic, and from the heroic to the chronicling, facts are coloured by imagination only.

With intellectual expansion and the advance of social and political life, the imaginative elements which had converted history into romance dissolve before the more violent emotions with which the mind of mankind is disturbed.

Now history becomes the favourite weapon with which contending religious and political parties make war upon each other. So wide is the contrast, so different the aspect of the same facts as seen from opposite sides, that, even at the present hour, it is enough to know that any particular writer belongs to a particular party, Catholic or Protestant, Tory or Whig, to be assured beforehand of the view which he will take of any one of the prominent characters or incidents of the period.

One after another, partisans of religious and political factions made history their pulpit, and preached their

sermons from it on the respective values of authority and liberty, faith and reason, religion and science, protection and free trade. The next manipulators of historical facts are the philosophers, giving us views of history corresponding to their theories, purporting to explain the origin and destiny of humanity. The idealist attributes everything to divine providence or communion, while the materialist reduces everything to the influence of the environment.

History, in short, suffered in succession from superstition, blind hero-worship, ignorance of the laws of probability, and religious, political or speculative prejudices.

The dawn of the scientific study of history—the first widening of the general horizon, the awakening of the true historical sense and spirit, the commencement of historical research and a clear and correct view of the relation of one part of history to another—dates from the publication of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* in 1776, a year which ushered in that last quarter of the eighteenth century, which is associated in the memory of scholars, historians, economists, politicians and occultists with the inauguration of an era of undreamt-of development and progress in almost every department of life. "Gibbon's design," as Professor Freeman remarks, "is encyclopædic and his execution so accurate, so broad, so free of the distortions of prejudice, founded upon so vast a knowledge of documents, that it can never become antiquated." "He remains the one historian of the eighteenth century," the same authority continues, "whom modern research has neither set aside nor threatened to set aside."

But in his "history repeats itself," Gibbon saw nothing deeper than the rise and fall of nations. He says

31st, 1b.

that human passions at play are the same everywhere, and therefore history will again and again repeat the same story of birth, development, decay and death, whether the stage for action is a city State in Greece or a country State in the modern world of the growth of the representative idea; whether the struggle is a nation's birth-throes in the West or a despot's attempt at reconciling to his yoke a docile people in the East. Gibbon's genius did not penetrate beyond the haze of passions, prejudices, ideas or conditions of men in the mass to the "increasing purpose" running "through the ages," that law of spiral progress which carries the mounting entity, at the first turn of the spiral, to a point exactly above its starting point, but one turn higher up—a law of universal application, and as true of the growth of individuals, nations, and humanity at large as of the octaves of colour and sound, the arrangement of chemical elements according to their atomic weights, the setting of leaves on the stem of a plant, and the weeks and months and years in their ceaseless revolutions in the everlasting round of Time.

Perhaps we may have to wait another century or more before the operation of this law is recognised by historians. As it was, Gibbon's great work gave rise in the nineteenth century to two eminent schools of history, which held sway over civilised minds till the growth of the critical and comparative study of human sciences, chiefly initiated by the Germans.

1. The first school, headed by Hallam, Macaulay, and Green, may be called the *literary* school. The 19th century is a century of the most active historical investigations. Hallam and Macaulay like Grote and Thirlwall, Milman and Lingard, are the most painfully laborious researchers

in the field. Macaulay actually visited the places he had to describe. In the diffusion of the historic spirit, he brilliantly follows the example set by Gibbon. But his Whig bias, and the inborn inclination to *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, makes him by no means a trustworthy standard-bearer of the historical truth. The popularity of this school was very great, but the reaction against it is now as violent. "History is poisoned by the literary effort," says Principal F. W. Bain of Poona. "Neither economic profundity, nor political insight, nor social sympathy, nor knowledge of human nature, but style, and style only, is the qualification for a classic."

2. The next school, I may be allowed to call the *positivist* school, represented by Buckle and Draper, and influenced by the philosophy of the French thinker, M. Comte. The peculiarity of this school is its recognition of the grandeur of the doctrine that the world is governed by law; social advancement is as completely under the control of natural law as is bodily growth. Individual man is an emblem of communities, nations and universal humanity. These exhibit epochs of life like his ages of credulity, enquiry, faith, reason, retrospection, or decrepitude and death; and like him are under the control of physical conditions and therefore of law. But the 'law' of this school is merely the environment, the physical or physiological law. To quote Principal Bain once more:

Buckle's theory begets a vicious mechanical notion of historical progress, for the necessity which obtains in history is not an absolute, but a conditional, necessity. Society develops not according to a fixed, unalterable, pre-determined law, runs not along an inexorable predestined iron line, but proceeds by constant self-adjustment in conformity with ever-changing conditions. The element of personal character and

the play of living passions and motives of men in action are as essential and decisive as the other component natural causes.

3. The third school, of *historical criticism*, which revolutionises the whole aspect of the study, is a continental school having the German Van Ranke as its master, preceded in his comprehensive work by giants of criticism like Niebuhr, Mommsen, Guizot, and Michelet. Ranke's mind was eminently fitted for both minute researches and large speculations. His example of close observation, careful analysis, sustained and sceptical scrutiny, equitable interpretation and impartial judgment gave an altogether new turn to historical investigation, which became international as much as national. Bryce and Lecky, Freeman and Seeley, who thought and wrote under the ægis of this school, have taken great pains to sift truth from falsehood and appreciate the bearing on historical progress of the international relations of the States of Europe. Dr. Cunningham proved in his great work, *The Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, the interdependence of political, economical and social activities, though historically epochs are marked out by political changes. Darwin's conception of evolution and the growth of the science of biology further transformed history, as they transformed every other branch of human knowledge. History and sociology came to be regarded as having a biological basis; the attention of scholars was turned to the organic growth of every institution they had to examine. Max Müller's labours on 'The Sacred Books of the East' revealed to the western world the existence of solid philosophies, religions and literatures in the East, the relics of great civilisations that had risen, and gone down in the incalculable past. Communication

between different parts of the world, closer contact between the West and the East by the growth of the British Empire and the rise of the eastern power of Japan, the spread of the Theosophical idea of human unity and the consequent necessity of better mutual feeling and understanding between the inhabitants of the two hemispheres of the globe, the most startling scientific discoveries of the last twenty-five years—all these are pointing to the rise of a new historical school, the motto of which has already been given by Emerson in the middle of the last century, viz., “the genius of humanity is the right point of view of history”.

This new school can be appropriately called the *synthetic* school. Its master is yet to come. The archæological excavations in India and elsewhere might perhaps lend an impetus to it. Fresh materials and sources of information may come to light to aid some master-mind, imbued with the spirit of continuity, and fixing its gaze on the infinity of progress lying stretched before the ever-varying gradations of race succeeding race, and civilisation following upon civilisation, on the face of this globe. Such a master-mind will prove to the Philistine world that the different races and civilisations in the East and the West are but recurring phases of one continuous evolution of life, improving and progressing at each successive incarnation. Such a view of history will be unitarian and universal, subordinating to its single purpose the multifarious manifestations of human races, propagandas and ideals.

A remarkable beginning of this prospective era was made by Lord Acton in Cambridge in 1898. His death, three years later, nipped the attempt in the bud. Lord Acton's mind was concerned with the greatness of

human affairs, with the moral aspects of political and ecclesiastical achievements; above all, with the final supremacy of the soul over circumstance, and with the sacredness of Truth and inalienable glory of Liberty.

Acton, by his birth, his career and his studies, above all, by his detachment, was driven to regard History from a standpoint neither English nor German, but Universal. As he told the contributors to the *Cambridge Modern History*: “The recent past contains the key to the present time Our Waterloo must be one that satisfies French and English, Germans and Dutch alike.” By Universal History I understand that which is distinct from the combined history of all countries, which is not a rope of sand but a continuous development, not a burden on the memory but an illumination of the soul. It moves in a succession to which the nations are subsidiary. Their story will be told not for their own sake, but in reference and subordination to a higher series, according to the time and the degree in which “they contribute to the common fortunes of mankind”.

I have taxed the readers' patience so long with a rather detailed account of the growth of historical science and historical criticism in the past and in the present, just to show how the growth of history and the progress of the world are closely interdependent, how it is impossible to be a real student of history without a proper appreciation of the relation of the present moment to its predecessor, i.e., “History making” and “History made”; how history is but politics in the past, and how politics is but history in the present; how criticism is a constructive faculty of the mind whose function it is to separate truth from falsehood.

for no other object than a clearer and brighter apprehension of Truth; how, when thus exercised, the critical faculty is a step from reason to intuition; and how the abuse of this divine quality in picking faults, and making "the worse appear the better reason," leads to the coarsening and degradation of human nature. We are endowed with faculties in order that we may use them for the discovery of Truth. Their abuse not only impairs the faculties at present possessed, but puts the acquisition of new faculties beyond our power.

Besides the right and temperate use of the critical faculty, the study of history ought to teach us to control affirmation, to do the best we can for the other side, and to avoid partiality or emphasis on our own. Both sides to a controversy contend for the affirmation of Truth, and they are both but partially true. Ideas in politics and religion are not only truths but also forces. They must be respected; they must not be affirmed. Let us therefore avoid dogmatising, and think and work in such a way that our opinion may grow towards the ideal rather than restrict the ideal to the opinion.

It is said that societies are not made, but grow; revolutions are but moments in evolution; similarly history is a course of action depositing knowledge like grains of gold in the sand of a river. Let us therefore follow the advice of Dr. Arnold in consenting to act together, though we may not consent to believe together. The study of history according to Ranke is meant for the awakening of national self-consciousness, and when that is aroused it is possible to create the bond of a common object and common action. Action, action, is the thing most emphasised, whether it be by the *Bhagavad-Gita* or the lay

scripture of history. We are induced to unity of action by any number of motives, and right action in the right spirit does lead us on to right belief. We, Indians, make haste to believe and rest contented in an idle and inoperative belief. Let history, I mean living history, teach us to appreciate the beauty of action preceding belief, and the force and vividness of the belief that is induced by action. It is thus that we can make error minister to truth, and failures to success.

The study of history in our schools and colleges is not conducted along the proper lines. It ought to promote the growth of what may be called historical-mindedness, to produce a historical frame of mind, to help forward the cause of truly historical thinking and action. History lectures should suggest rather than diminish the need of reading. They should not only inform or instruct, but also inspire. Students must shake off their flip-pant cynicism towards study and reflection, and approach history as a Goddess whose gift is a true grasp of the whole as a container of parts, and a sense of proportionate value and relation of the parts to each other, straightening the mind to the point of clear and unprejudiced receptivity; for history, as Mrs. Besant has so often declared from the Theosophic platform,

... is not a mere mass of dates and names utterly uninteresting, a matter of memory as distinct from thought; nor is it even the realising of the movements of peoples, understanding the great forces by which nations rise, rule and fall, and so play their part in the theatre of the world. You only begin to understand the fascination, the enthralling interest of history, when you see the events on earth as the projections thrown down on to the earth of spiritual realities in higher and mightier worlds. When you begin to see in the events of history the working of a mighty Plan; the shaping of a great purpose; the carrying out down here of the thoughts conceived in the spiritual world; then history rises up before you, and you realise that the outer events are but the shadow of realities, and that

the realities that cast the shadows are the spiritual truths of the universe. And as that thought begins to show itself, history becomes illuminated, and the outlines of the Plan shine through the tangle of events.

Let us, therefore, impress on our minds the supreme duty of growing more and more reverent as our knowledge of Reality makes us profound and far-sighted in action. In the words of Tennyson :

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But deeper.

R. K. Kulkarni

The Hell of Priests—A thing for scorn of men,
And for the hearts of little children, fear.
A lure obscene to bait the traps of Faith,
Where bloody reek of dead men done to death
Cries yet to man for vengeance, drawing near—
When Truth shall cleanse the world of creeds again,
And all their impious calumnies that sere
The unctuous lips of priests with lying breath,
Grown slanderous professing to revere.
A God whose love is half a hatred fell—
This is the burden of an earthly Hell.

John Helston

JUDAS—HIS EXULTANT DEATH

INTERPRETED IN THE LIGHT OF THE "MYSTERIES"

By G. WENDOLEN BISHOP

"Master, to Thee is this sacrifice
Offered ; this of my body. Lo !
I, Betrayer of Man, to the Godhead bow.
Blood-spillers handle the sacred dice,¹
As I sow myself for sesame seed,²
In that same field where the barren tree
Was cursed ; since it bore no fruit for thee.
Ah, Little Ones !³ Hasten ! Bid me God-speed !
I pass, to rejoin Him in Paradise !

"Yea, Comrade, yea ; Thou art slain indeed !
Fulcrum was I to hand⁴ Thee to shame.

¹physi The "sacred dice" were among the seven sacred "playthings" of the mystae, and used to instruct the mystae in the evolution of matter and form ; they represent the five planes of being ; the five Platonic solids.
²aff. "Sesame seed." Fragments of a cake made from sesame seed were eaten by the mystae at the Orphic ritual. To this day it is strewn upon little cakes sold in Greece at Easter time. In Turkey and Arabia a white sweet-meat largely composed of sesame and honey and called "manna"—the symbolic "bread of heaven"—is also made and eaten at that season.

³"Little Ones" are the neophytes, or mystae. "The Little Child" was the ordinary name for a candidate just initiated, i.e., one who had just been "re-born" ; in India called the "twice-born". Christ is reported to have said that "unless a man be born again" he cannot partake of eternal life.

⁴The Greek word translated in the Gospels as "betrayed," or the "betrayal" is the same as one used in the Mysteries of Dionysus, and having the peculiar significance of "handing over". This "handing over" denoted the passing of the sacred foods, etc., from the hands of the epoptai to the hands of the mystae ; they might symbolise their recognition of their true significance by kissing them ; in this manner Judas "handed over" Jesus, and signalled his recognition with a kiss.

—God! It consumes; this, dazzling flame!—
 Their laughter rose when they saw Thee bleed
 On the trunk of the cross-tree's bitter wood,
 And the whole of the mystery was told
 As the Graft from the Apple of Shining Gold
 Blossomed and fell in a shower of blood,
 To nourish the root of the lowliest weed.

"This be Thy praise—that the dark-eyed brood
 For ever shall offer me up to scorn:
 —I, who have kissed the lips of the Dawn!—
 At my grave they will stumble and shuddering, hood
 Their eye¹ from the auriole Light; from the Sun
 Stripping my bones of corporeal blame;
 From the winged soul perched on their cairn of
 shame.
 Behold now, ye mockers! The last corn is spun!
 Jesus slain—the Law—Christ, Christ Himself
 understood!"

For information contained in notes 4, 6, I am indebted to an article by Slade-Butler on "The Greek Mysteries and the Gospels" *Nineteenth Cent.*, Mag, 1905.

Gwendolen Bishop

¹ The Golden Apple was one of the sacred playthings of Bacchus which denoted the inner knowledge—pure gold.

² "I who have kissed the Lips of the Dawn"—the Greek word used in the Gospels to denote the kiss of Judas is not the word used ordinarily for a kiss, but an one that describes the most tender, intimate kiss of the lover; the word used to describe the salutation of sacred things in the Dionysiac ritual.

³ "Their eye," alludes to the third eye; the eye of higher and occult vision, supposed to be placed in the crown of the head, and always looking



GHOSTS AMONG THE GREEKS AND ROMANS

By LACY COLLISON-MORLEY

Author of *Greek and Roman Ghost Stories*

It has been maintained that no man in his senses ever saw a ghost; that these are the delusive visions of women and children, or of men whose intellects are impaired by some physical infirmity, and who believe that their diseased imaginations are of divine origin. But if Dion and Brutus, men of strong and philosophic minds, whose understandings were not affected by any constitutional infirmity—if such men could place so much faith in the appearance of spectres as to give accounts of them to their friends, I see no reason why we should depart from the opinion of the ancients that men had their evil genii who disturbed them with fears and distressed their virtues.

So wrote Plutarch.

It is true that the ghost-story has never occupied the important position in the clear atmosphere of the Mediterranean which it has held in the vague and mystical North. Even to-day ghost-stories are less

common in Italy, as compared with tales of the were-wolf. But though they are rare in classical literature, even after the invasion of the West by the cults of the East, there are more of them than is generally supposed. For one thing, the dead in antiquity were never regarded as entirely cut off from the living. Outside every Latin town a hole was dug before the walls were traced, which was regarded as the entrance to the Lower World for the dead of the town in question, and was opened on three days during the year to give them access to their old homes. Moreover the souls of those who had died violent deaths were condemned to haunt the spots where they had been slain, for the span of their natural life. They were malignant spirits and were therefore propitiated at a special festival, the Lemuria, besides being entrusted with the carrying out of curses.

Hence, as we should expect, necromancy was frequently practised, particularly during the later days of the Republic and the early Empire. Nero called up the shade of his mother, whom he had murdered, and endeavoured to appease it, and we are told that not even the charms of his own acting and singing gave him such delight as the raising of the dead. Caracalla, a later Emperor, indulged in similar practices, and a Greek philosopher even succeeded in raising the shade of Achilles. Throughout the ancient world there were a number of soul-oracles at places where the presence of mephitic vapours gave rise to the belief that they were entrances to the Lower World. Here the dead were regularly consulted by sensible men of the world, like Cicero's friend, Atticus.

Warning apparitions, often gigantic women, are recorded on several important occasions. Shakspeare

has made the vision which appeared to Brutus on the eve of Philippi known to everyone, but few people are aware that a man of heroic size and beauty, according to Suetonius, was suddenly seen in Cæsar's camp while he was still hesitating whether to cross the Rubicon or not. Seizing a trumpet from one of the men who had run up to listen, he blew a loud blast and began to cross the river. Cæsar hesitated no longer, and his men followed him with great enthusiasm.

Lucian is among the scoffers, and his delightfully amusing dialogue, the *Philopseudos*, ridicules the superstitions of his contemporaries. But it is none the less a mine of information and contains instances of almost every kind of supernatural belief held in his day, and with its aid we can find instances of most modern ghost-stories scattered up and down the classics. We read of haunted baths in Chæronea, and of a haunted house at Athens let at a ridiculously low rent, because no one else would live in it but a philosopher. He refused to move from the table where he was working late at night till the ghost actually clanked its chains over his head; then rose and followed it till it vanished. He marked the spot with leaves and had the ground dug up, when some bones and some rusty chains were discovered. These were duly buried and the ghost was laid to rest for ever. Sounds of fighting were heard at Marathon, as on other battle-fields, and Philostratus has left a beautiful description of the activities of the Homeric heroes revisiting the glimpses of the moon round Troy. The worst of the Emperors, Caligula and Nero especially, appeared after their death, and a church was actually built by a mediæval Pope in Rome to lay the latter's restless

shade. The spirit of the wife of Periander, the famous tyrant of Corinth, refused to answer his questions till he had given her all the clothes she needed, and in order to satisfy her he made all the women of the city strip off their clothes and ornaments at a great festival and burnt them in her honour. Lucian also tells us of a wife returning to upbraid her husband because he had omitted to burn one of her slippers on her funeral pyre. She vanished when a little dog barked under the bed. Then there is the well-known story of the poet Simonides being warned in a dream not to sail upon the ship he had selected, by the spirit of an unknown sailor, to whom he had given peace by throwing the obligatory three handfuls of earth upon his unburied bones by the sea-shore.

But there is only one instance of the commonest and best-authenticated kind of modern ghost-story, the apparition of a person at or near the moment of death, generally to some one to whom he has been peculiarly attached or to whom he has promised to appear after death, if such a thing be possible. A traveller put up at an inn at Megara with a quantity of gold upon him, which he carried, as was then usual, concealed in his belt. The host discovered this and murdered him during the night, arranging to take the body outside the walls in a cart-load of dung on the following morning. Meanwhile, however, the ghost of the murdered man appeared to a citizen of the town and told him what had happened, though we are not informed whether the two men had previously been acquainted. But the citizen of Megara was so impressed by his vision that he immediately caused a search to be made, and the murderer was caught exactly at the spot indicated, with the body in the cart.

It cannot be said that this is a very remarkable or a very interesting case, and the general impression left upon us by the majority of the stories that have come down to us is much the same. Their very simplicity makes us realise that we are face to face with the phenomenon in its infancy. They are wholly uncritical, and would be quite useless to a scientific investigator. The only tale which in any way approaches the standard required by a good modern ghost-story is that of Charito and Demostratus, told by Phlegon of Tralles, which supplied Goethe with the material for his *Bräut von Korinth*. It is, however, too long to quote here. But Apuleius' account of the bride who is warned in her sleep by the wraith of her husband that he has been murdered by his treacherous friend, Thrasyllus, might have been taken from the plot of a modern novel. Thrasyllus is courting the widow, for love of whom he has committed the crime, and she pretends to encourage his suit, inviting him to visit her by night, and then she blinds him. As soon as she has accomplished her vengeance, she rushes to her husband's tomb and slays herself. Thither Thrasyllus follows her, filled with remorse, shuts the gates and starves himself to death. Very interesting, too, is the speech of Quintilian, supposed to be delivered on behalf of a mother, whose son had appeared to her every night after his death. She told her husband, meaning him to come and share her joy at the interview. But he was afraid, and sent for a diviner to mew up the boy securely in his tomb with spells. So powerful were these that he had not appeared again and the mother is suing the father to have them removed. Quintilian's speech at least shows the strength of the belief in apparitions of the dead which prevailed in some

quarters, and is noteworthy because the apparition is of a comforting character. This is quite the exception in the ancient world. To the Greek or the Roman the future life was at best a vague shadowy copy of the life upon earth. All his joys were centred round this world, beneath which his spirit would one day be forced to dwell. Christianity first taught men to take refuge from the miseries of life in the contemplation of future bliss. Hence the marked change in the purport of the modern ghost-story.

Ghosts formed a regular part of the theatrical machinery in the Roman comedies; in Plautus they are frequently found. But, as we have seen, the phenomenon is regarded differently by different writers. Lucian laughs, but the Younger Pliny is ready to discuss the subject seriously with a friend, while his uncle, the Elder Pliny, and Suetonius are also believers. God-fearing men like Aelian or Plutarch regard ghosts as the result of the direct intervention of Providence, and it was commonly believed that no spirit could return to the world above except by Pluto's permission and under the conduct of Mercury. Obviously there was a popular idea abroad, shared by a number of educated persons, even after the decay of the old religions and the founding of the various philosophic schools, that death did not cut off the dead man entirely from the world he had left, and that his wraith could, under certain circumstances, return to it. But it is not possible to arrive at very definite conclusions about the character of the beliefs held by the ancients upon the subject from the information at our disposal.

Lacy Collison-Morley

THE BAND OF SERVERS

By C. JINARAJADASA, M. A.

FOR a large number of Theosophists the idea of reincarnation has revolutionised their lives. Reincarnation has been an integral part of Hindūism and Buddhism for centuries, and its proclamation by Theosophy as a part of the evolutionary process cannot therefore be said to be entirely new in the history of thought; nevertheless the way in which that idea has been applied by Theosophists to the living problems of life is undoubtedly new. So far as the Western world is concerned, reincarnation may be said to have come to it, some day to become an integral part of its philosophy, by means of the Theosophical Society.

Much as reincarnation is bound to be for most merely a splendid hypothesis, yet, when that hypothesis is shown to be an inexhaustible reservoir of solutions to problems of life that occur every day, the hypothesis may be said to have passed beyond the stage of a mere theory, and to have become a great living reality. To those who have moulded their lives in the light of reincarnation, and who find their lives therefore more purposeful and dynamic, the supreme proof of reincarnation perhaps lies in the fact that they cannot any more consider a mode of life for themselves wherein the thought of reincarnation has no part. It has been truly said by Herbert Spencer that the inconceivability of the negation of a scientific truth is the last criterion of its validity to an individual. This same general statement is absolutely true concerning the idea of reincarnation.

One powerful element that has made reincarnation a more living truth is the recognition that the past history of individuals in previous lives can be deciphered. Whether this comes to an individual by dreams or visions, or by the direct reading of the records of the past in the memory of the LOGOS, the fact that the past is not unrecoverable is a most inspiring solace to those who desire to understand life. To many Theosophists such brief glimpses into the past lives of certain individuals as have been published have been most illuminating; they have given hints and clues as to those unseen guiding Intelligences, who out of men's circumstances and capabilities weave the tapestry of life.

The first definite series of investigations into past lives was begun in May, 1893; these form the lives of Erato published in THE THEOSOPHIST in April 1912. Since then several series have been investigated, and some of them recorded. The most important of all series recorded are the *Lives of Alcyone*.

When permission was given by the Masters to investigate the past lives of Erato, it was then mentioned that we would gain from them instructive ideas as to the general working of the laws of reincarnation and karma. This has proved to be the case with each series investigated; we have clearer ideas now than we had twenty years ago concerning both these laws of evolution as they apply to re-birth in Root-races and sub-races, and as to the necessary adjustment of karma to give the experiences needed for each soul to make the best out of a given situation.

With the investigations into the past of Alcyone, however, new light has come to us concerning the evolution of men *en masse*. We see now something of a plan

of evolution formulated by a Hierarchy that governs the world, and carried out by its agents who found races and religions. And the later investigations recorded in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* have given us a vast ground-plan of evolution, wherein we may duly place the facts we have so far gathered from our Theosophical studies, and erect that magnificent structure of the Divine Wisdom that is a never-ending source of inspiration. In the light of these latest researches, we begin to see that one aim achieved by reincarnation is the training of souls to work in groups, under leaders and guides, all bent on a common beneficent work, yet co-operating with a willing obedience to carry out the orders of those wiser and greater than themselves.

One such band of Servers have been instrumental in ushering in the Theosophical movement to-day. Under the leadership of the Masters of Wisdom, two great Servers, H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott, founded the Theosophical Society, the nucleus of that future World-Empire of the Spirit, under whose fostering care men shall realise in daily life something of the Divinity within them. Since then, many a Server has entered the ranks to take his part in the Great Work, and year by year new Servers are joining to give of their best to the proclamation of Theosophy.

There are now in the Society hundreds of these Servers, who for many lives in the past have worked under one or other of the Masters. They congregate round some older soul, like one of the Masters, or round one of Their pupils; and in recording the past lives of some of these pupils, a few have been recognised. The following list gives the "star-names" given to them in the book *The Lives of Alcyone*, now in the press and soon to be published.

Names of Characters in the Lives of Alcyone

A	
Achilles	Bootes
Adrona	Boreas
Aglaia *	BRIHAT (BRIHASPATI)
Ajax	Bruce (Brunhilda)
Alastor *	
Alba	C
Albireo	Callio (Calliope)
Alces (Alcestis) *	Calyx (Calypso) *
Alma (Alcmene)	Cancer
Alcyone	Canopus
Aldeb (Aldebaran)	Capella
Aletheia	Capri (Capricorn)
Alex (Alexandros)	Cassio (Cassiopeia)
Algol	Castor
Altair	Cento (Centaurus)
Amal (Amalthea)	Cetus
Andro (Andromeda)	Camel (Chameleon)
Ant (Antares)	Chanda
Apis	Chrys (Chrysos)
Apollo	Circe
Aqua (Aquarius)	Clare (Clarion)
Aquila	Clio *
Ara	Colos (Colossus)
Arcor	Concord (Concordia)
Arthur (Arcturus)	Corona *
Argus	Crux *
Aries	Cygnus
Atlas (Atalanta) *	Cyr (Cyrene)
ATHENA	
Aulus	D
Auriga	Dactyl *
Aurora *	Daleth
Auson (Ausonia)	Daphne
Abel (Avelledo)	Demeter
	Deneb *
B	Dharma
Baldur	DHRUVA
Bee (Beatrix)	Diana
Beatus	Dido (Daedalus)
Bella (Bellatrix)	Dolphin
Beren (Berenice)	Dome (Diomede)
Betel (Betelgeuse)	Dora (Dorado)
Beth	Draco

* Passed over and out of incarnation.

E	
Echo	Iris
Egeria	Ivan
Elekt *	Ivy (Iphigenia)
Elsa	Ixion (Centurion) *
Epsilon	
Erato	J
Eros	Jason
Eta	Jerome
Eudox (Eudoxia) *	Joan
Euphra (Euphrosyne)	Judex
	Juno
F	JUPITER
Fabius	
Fides	K
Flora	Kamu
Flos	Kappa
Fomal (Fomalhaut)	Karu
Fons	Kepos
Forma (Formator)	Kim
Fort (Fortuna)	Koli (Philippa)
	Kos
G	Kratos
Gamma	Kudos
Gaspar	
Gem (Gemini)	L
Gimel	Lacey (Lacerta)
Gluck (Glaucus)	Laxa (Lachesis) *
Gnostic	Leo
	Leopard (Leopardus)
H	Leto
Hebe	Libra
Hector	Lignus
Helios	Lili *
Herakles	Liovtai
Hermin (Herminius)	Lobelia
Hesper (Hesperia)	Lomia
Hestia	Lotus
Holly	Lutea (Lutetia) *
Horus	Lyra
Hygeia	
	M
I	Madhu *
Ida	Magnus
Inca	MAHAGURU
Iota	
Krene *	

* Passed over and out of incarnation.

MANU
Markab
MARS
Math (Mathematicus)
Maya
Melete
Melpo (Meltoomene)
MERCURY
Mira *
Mizar
Mona †
Muni
Myna (Minerva)

N

Naga
Naiad
Nanda
NEPTUNE
Nestor *
Nicos (Nicosia)
Nimrod
Nita (Nitocris)
Noel
Norma
Nu

O

Oak
Obra
Odos
Olaf (Olympia)
Onyx
Ophis (Ophiuchus)
Orca (Minorca)
Orion
Orpheus
OSIRIS

P

Pallas
Parthe (Parthenore)
Pavo
Pax (Pegasus)

Pearl (Proserpina)
Pepin
Percy (Perseus)
Philæ
Phoece *
Phoenix
Phra
Pindar
Pisces
Polaris
Pollux
Pomo (Pomona)
Priam
Proteus
Psyche
Pyx (Procyon)

Q

Quies

R

Radius
Rama
Rao
Rector
Regu (Regulus)
Rex
Rhea
Rigel
Ronald
Rosa
Roxana

S

Sagitta (Sagittarius)
Sappho
SATURN
Scotus
Selene
Sextans
Sif
Sigma
Sirius

* Passed over and out of incarnation.

† Passed over but returned to incarnation immediately.

Sirona
Sita
Siwa †
Soma
Spes
Spica
Stella
SURYA
Sylla

T

* Taurus *
Telema (Telemachus)
Theo (Theodoros)
Theseus
Thétis
Tiphys
Thor
Tolosa †
Tripos (Trapezium)
Trefoil
Tulsi

U

Uchcha
Udor
Ullin
Ulysses †
Una
Upaka
URANUS
Ursa
Ushas

V

Vajra †
Vale (Velleda)
Vega
VENUS
Vesta *
Viola
VIRAJ
Virgo
Vizier
VULCAN

W

Walter
Wences. (Wenceslas)

X

Xanthos
Xulon

Y

Yajna
Yati
Yodha

Z

Zama
Zarathushtra
Zeno
Zephyr
Zeta
Zoe

It must be clearly understood that these are not all the Servers; they are but a fraction of the number that compose a particular band. The fact that a person is not "in the Lives" merely means that a given

* Passed over and out of incarnation.

† Passed over but returned to incarnation immediately.

investigator has not so far noted that person, or has not looked for that person; for often we have changed considerably as causal bodies during long periods of time, and it does not at all follow that the investigator knowing us now would recognise us at first sight as we were then. Every earnest Theosophical worker is "in the Lives," grouped around one or another of the present and past leaders of the Theosophical movement; if he is not in the list published above, it merely means he has not yet been definitely traced. In reality, to be found in the Lives does not necessarily signify much; there are many who have not yet been "found," who are far nearer to the heart of the movement and nearer to Discipleship than some recorded in this list.

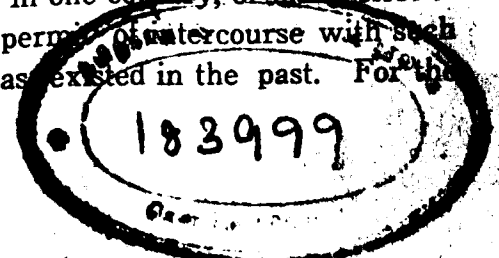
The names given above are only names to serve as mnemonics to designate the egos concerned; they have no occult significance whatsoever. As an ego takes incarnations as man and as woman, it is unsatisfactory to use the name of his present incarnation, if the investigator is describing an incarnation of the ego when the sex was different. Hence it was found more convenient to use some other symbol than the actual name of the present personality. At first, the names of stars and constellations were used; and for easier recognition, the names of the planets were used for those Egos who are now on the Adept level. Later, as more and more Servers were recognised, designations other than names of planets and stars were used; hence the curious jumble of names from many tongues in the present list.

During the earlier investigations, certain egos were noted as repeatedly appearing in a particular series of lives, but they were not recognised through their

present personalities; to these were given names of the Greek and Hebrew alphabets—Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Aleph, Beth, etc. Some of these were later recognised, and their alphabet names, in some cases, were changed, as Alpha to Alastor, Beta to Cancer, Aleph to Aquila; in other cases the alphabet names were retained, even though the egos were recognised—as Gamma, Beth, Gimel, etc. There are some who are still not recognised.

In the list given it will be noted that some names are followed by names in brackets. This shows that the name in the brackets was that used in such series of lives as have been published in THE THEOSOPHIST, but, that they have been changed for use in the series of charts appearing in the book *The Lives of Alcyone*. The changes are chiefly due to the need of curtailing the length of names so as to get them to fit into several parallel columns on a narrow page. The names of those who are Masters of Wisdom to-day are printed in capitals. As mentioned in the foot-notes, the asterisk denotes an ego who has passed out of incarnation, since the founding of the Theosophical Society; the names of those egos who have passed out, but have almost immediately returned to incarnation, are followed by a dagger. No doubt several more of the former type of egos will return quickly to incarnation, without the period in the heaven-world, as suitable opportunities for re-birth are provided for them by the Masters.

Hitherto in the past lives of the great band of Servers, they have mostly lived in one country, or fairly close to each other, so as to permit of intercourse with such means of locomotion as existed in the past. For the



first time, the Servers have now been scattered into many nations, as will be seen from the following chart:

Distribution of the Characters

Country.	Male.	Female.	Total.
India ...	55	4	59
British Isles...	44	42	86
United States ...	22	21	43
Australia and New Zealand ...	10	4	14
Holland and Dutch East Indies ...	9	4	13
France ...	5	8	13
Italy ...	4	4	8
Russia ...	2	3	5
Austria ...	3	1	4
Germany ...	2	...	2
Parsi ...	2	...	2
Spain ...	1	...	1
Switzerland ...	1	...	1
Burma ...	1	...	1

Unrecognised: 9

In the analysis of the characters, none of the Adepts have been counted, nor Proteus, who is now in a Tibetan form. One difficulty in the analysis lies in the fact that a character may belong to a given race, as for example, the English, and yet be settled down for life in a foreign land and make that his home, and find there too his part of the great Theosophical empire which is his heritage. In such cases, disregarding nationality of birth, we have counted as an ego's present country that in which his chief Theosophical activities lie. A vast amount of information concerning all these matters of the past will be at the disposal of students when *The Lives of Alcyone*, now in the press, is finally issued. Preceding the first life of Alcyone, 22,662 B. C.,

published in THE THEOSOPHIST, eighteen new lives are given, two dating as far back as 70,000 B. C. In two of the lives we meet again the great "Mahāguru," during His ministry as Thoth in Egypt 40,000 B. C. and as Zoroaster in Persia 29,700 B. C. A detailed chart of the relationships between the various characters is given after each life. A novel element furthermore will be some dozen pictures of Alcyone as he looked in some of his past lives.

Whether we are in these charts or not, we who are Servers can gain this lesson from the past—that in spite of our weaknesses and lack of ability along certain lines, we do possess to some extent the supreme ability to serve. In service there is neither small nor great; the spirit of our service makes us one with God, who as He is the Master of us all is yet the Servant of us all too. Follows then the lesson for the future, that lesson so significantly expressed in the verse of the Talmud:

The day is short and the work is great.

It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work, but thou must not therefore cease from it.

C. Jinarajadasa

A TRUE GHOST STORY

By ARTHUR E. A. M. TURNER,

[Before presenting the following true story to my readers, I would like to describe the circumstances under which it came into my possession. Being a somewhat technical student of Occult and psychic affairs, I was tempted to comment in a lengthy manner on a review of a work by a sensational ghost-monger in a weekly paper with a considerable circulation, explaining several different kinds of ghosts and the reasons for seeing them. This letter drew me into correspondence with readers almost all over the world, and among their communications I received the following story from a business man in the Argentine Capital.]

THE paragraphs under the subheading 'Haunted localities and houses,' in your letter on 'Ghosts,' which appeared in *T. P's Weekly*, of February 28th, interested me greatly for the reasons stated hereunder.

Let me state, by way of preamble, that I am a commonplace, somewhat unimaginative business-man. The Occult holds no attractions for me, and I have never dived into the depths of psychical research.

On Monday morning, January 13th last, I arrived at my home—a department-house, situated in the Calle Jujuy in this city—after spending the week-end in the country. I noticed a *vigilante* standing on guard a few yards from the door, and asked the porter, who chanced to be in the courtyard, what had happened. He told me that a man had been murdered in the street the previous night, about half-past 11 o'clock. The *vigilante*, hearing our conversation, came forward and explained to me how the police had 'reconstructed' the crime. Here, where a few drops of blood bespattered the pavement, the fatal shot had been fired; there, in the kennel on the opposite side of the roadway, the larger pool and smears as of blood-stained hands showed the victim had

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fallen and struggled to his feet; yonder, beneath the bracket gas-lamp, where the flags and kerb bore ample traces of the tragedy, he had collapsed and died. The body was removed by the police, who had been attracted by the sound of the shot.

The recital did not impress me greatly, as, unfortunately, such scenes are only too common in this cosmopolitan city, and soon the occurrence faded from my recollection.

Some weeks later I arrived home on a Sunday night about 11-30, and, just after passing the corner of the block in which my house is situated, a young fellow, dressed in a brown suit, passed me in the roadway. He crossed in front of me on to the pavement, and looked back, not at me but, apparently, at something beyond me. I had not heard his approach, and I remember idly speculating as to whether he had rubber heels on his shoes. I saw his face distinctly when he turned round, and noticed that he looked pale and agitated. He crossed to the bracket-lamp I have before mentioned, and although I was feeling no particular interest in his doings, and certainly was not keeping my eyes fixed upon him, I saw, as I placed my key in the lock, that he was no longer in sight. I wondered vaguely where he had disappeared to, as the whole of the opposite side of the block is bordered by the high wall of an orphanage playground. No other person besides our two selves was passing through the block at the time.

Not the slightest idea of anything supernatural had occurred to me in connection with the incident, but, while shaving at the open window of my flat the following morning, I heard two women in the courtyard

volubly discussing the appearances of the *Espiritu* of the murdered man. Not, I confess, without a tremor which placed my epidermis in serious jeopardy, did it suddenly strike me that the man I had seen the previous night must have been the apparition of which they talked. I spoke to the porter later, and he assured me that it was the common talk in the neighbourhood, that the ghost appeared every Sunday night at the same time, although he could name no one who had actually seen it. The following Sunday I was at a biograph-exhibition, when the shooting of a man on the screen reminded me of my experience. I looked at my watch; it was twenty minutes past 11. By walking quickly, I reached my block a couple of minutes after the half-hour. I wheeled sharply round the corner and, almost under the bracket-lamp, I saw the same figure I had seen the previous Sunday. This time I stood still and watched intently. Beneath each bracket-lamp there is naturally a small patch of shade, and although I cannot say I saw the figure actually disappear, I saw it pass into the shade from which it never emerged. When I reached my door, a few yards from the lamp, there was nothing to be seen.

Now follows the most extraordinary part of the story. A few nights after, I was sitting with a group of friends in a neighbouring café, when somebody jestingly mentioned the reported appearances, and when I said I had seen the apparition, the laughter was general and unrestrained. The *cafetero* asked if I could recognise a photograph of the face I had seen, and on my replying that I thought I could, he beckoned a gentleman over from another table, and introduced him to me as the Secretary of the sectional comisaria, Senor

Duportal. When the latter heard my tale, he requested me to accompany him to his office, and there produced from a pigeon-hole a stack of photographs. With a sweep of his hand he spread them over his desk and said: "Now, see if he is among that lot." All the photographs were of dead bodies. I ran my eye along the line and, without hesitation, pointed to one and cried: "That's the man." Duportal picked up the one I indicated and, turning it over, referred to some typed particulars pasted on the back. "Dios mio!" he exclaimed, "You are right. That is the photograph of the body of an unknown man, who was shot in the Calle Jujuy on the night of January 12th."

Up to date, the murdered man has not been identified, and no arrest has been made in connection with the crime. Both Duportal and myself tried to find others who had seen the shade, but without success. I have since left the neighbourhood, but on several Sunday nights before doing so I passed through the block at the same hour without again seeing the figure.

As you are evidently much interested in such matters I thought I would send this report to you, and should be much obliged if you will let me know if you consider it a case of thought-projection on the part of the criminal?

Arthur E. A. M. Turner

[The appearance, in this case, would be of the man himself, minus his dense physical body. It may be noted that the man was not seen later on. This would indicate that he had shaken off the etheric, but still physical, matter which remains in contact with the subtler bodies for a short time after death. He would be more easily seen while this remained, as etheric vision is but an extension of the normal physical vision. When the 'etheric double' had dissipated itself, the man would not be visible to any sight lower than astral vision.—ED].

SOME INDIAN EXPERIENCES

By ELISABETH SEVERS

THIS particular series of Indian experiences began on Saturday, December 13th, 1913, at 12 P.M., at which time Mrs. Stead, Miss Noble and myself arrived at Bhuvaneshwar to be met and hospitably housed by Dr. Harrison.

Next morning we drove to Bhuvaneshwar proper, a village some two miles distant, to see the celebrated Orissa Temples. Dr. Schrader was responsible for our visit; he himself had been there lately, and had assured us that it was one of the most interesting districts of India. It is said that Bhuvaneshwar was intended to be a second Benares, and that at one time 7,000 Temples fringed the sacred lake; but now only about 100 remain, nearly all in various stages of ruin. The Temples are dedicated to Shiva, the place was a centre of Shaivism, and are mostly in the lingam form with much outer fluting or convolutions. The Great Temple, walled securely all round, which being Mlechhas we could not enter, is according to Mr. Fergusson, "perhaps the finest example of a purely Hindū temple in India". We mounted a small stone platform which commanded a view of the interior of the Temple, which certainly looked a most imposing structure. Like many of the

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other smaller Temples, it consists of a Vimanah and porch and Nat and Bhog Mandirs, Hall of Offerings, and Dancing-hall. It was originally built 617-657, and is still in use. It is most elaborately carved, every individual stone, it is said, having a pattern carved upon it. The trident, the symbol of Shiva, crowns the spire, and lions, the symbol of the Kesari or Lion dynasty of Orissa, are everywhere. We explored the ruins of some of the smaller Temples, and then, having picked up the old chief priest of the place, started on a walk down a village street to another Temple. In the village were many pilgrims resting on verandas, Sādhus telling their beads, and the inevitable leper holding out maimed hands for alms. I wish the Indian mind and the official world would rise to the necessity of segregating all lepers. Madras seems trying to do so, but lepers are much in evidence in India, and each is a potential cause of suffering and danger to the community. By favour of the old priest we were allowed to enter a very elaborately carved Temple and spent some time inspecting its carving, and outside admiring the view over the large tank. We ourselves were the centre of a certain amount of interest. In one very narrow street leading to the Post Office, all the women and children came to the doors to see us, and I was also interested in them, for they were laden with jewellery, while the walls of their houses, instead of the threshold as is more customary, were decorated with intricate patterns of white lines making a dado; palaces in ruins we also saw. Big carved lions guarded the principal entrance to the Temple, and priests suggested we should give them alms and they would see the Temple for us, a sort of vicarious pilgrimage I suppose. The old priest,

astrologer, and Samskr̥t scholar, proceeded to try and tell our fortunes by palmistry but was not very successful.

Next day quite a little cavalcade left to see the Jain and Buddhist rock-caves at Udayagiri, a dog-cart, two little ekkas, three dogs and several servants. At the Dak Bungalow at Udayagiri we breakfasted, and then explored the Buddhist caves on the Udayagiri hill. There were several of them at different levels, each cave with its own name and adorned with elaborate carvings, small low recesses in which pious Buddhists meditated and tried to escape from the thralldom of the I. They had good taste in choosing their retreat; unlike the Christian monks who generally built their monasteries in a hollow, the Eastern solitary chose the heights, and these caves possessed a beautiful view over the distant country with its celebrated groves of mango trees. The different Buddhas were sculptured round some of the caves, figures purposely defaced and desecrated in a later era of fighting and persecution. Round a row of the largest caves, a place also spoken of as a fort or palace, in ancient India often interchangeable terms, were sculptured a long series of incidents of some forgotten history. Pāli inscriptions were also to be seen. The figures of two small carved elephants guarded the entrance to one cave. We climbed to the top of the hill which ended in a wide plateau, and sat down to rest though the tropical sun blazed down. Another route revealed caves fashioned externally into supposed animal shapes. The Elephant Cave is a natural cave with a long inscription, supposed to date from 300 B. C. The Serpent Cave was decorated with a three-headed cobra, and close by was the Tiger Cave, said to resemble

a tiger with open jaws, and with an inscription of the Ashoka character.

The monkeys, whom our appearance interested very much, came leaping from bough to bough to follow our proceedings. They lent a pleasant "younger brother" touch to our ramblings. As a rule I do not like monkeys with their grotesque resemblance to the human kingdom, but these wild monkeys with their long fluffy tails, black faces and white beards were quite nice animals—from a distance at any rate.

Tea and a rest were both welcome; then we explored the Khandagiri Hill with its Jain remains—a much steeper climb. The Jain religion seems to be of unknown date; many authorities state it appeared about the same time as Buddhism, but Mrs. Besant in her *Four Great Religions* states it was coeval with Hindūism. However that may be, the Jain caves were decorated with elaborate carvings of Lakṣmi and of Dhyāni Buddhas. Here and there were marigolds on shrines, showing pūjā was still performed. In one cave was an inscription no one, we were told, could decipher. The very summit of the hill was crowned with a modern Temple to Parasmath, built in the eighteenth century. Then we visited a tank cut out of the rock (a tank in India means an artificial piece of water and may be of any size), called the Heavenly Gaṅgā, and an old burial ground with cairns, to which we added stones. These two hills must be a happy hunting ground for archæologists.

On our way home we had—just to complete the day—an adventure. We were held up by a tiger! The sun had set, the moon had not yet risen, a long stretch of jungly road faced our little cavalcade. Suddenly the

dog-cart stopped, the mare rearing and refusing to advance, the bullocks drawing our ekka sidled across the road, while the horns of the following bullocks seemed pushing into our cart. The dogs barked, the servants all began talking at the top of their voices. Bedlam seemed to have suddenly broken out. "What is the matter?" we demanded. "Tiger, tiger on the road," was the decidedly unexpected reply. Until now every afternoon during our expeditions on the hills we had been accompanied by an individual whose dress was mainly a large red turban-cap fringed with quite official-looking gold fringe, and armed with a truly formidable double-headed axe. When we enquired why he and the axe came with us we were told: "Because of the wild beasts." I must say in this adventure, knowing we had no defensive weapon at hand and only Indian servants and one small lamp—the dog-cart lights had been forgotten—I regretted the absence of the axe. However there was no time for regrets. At the first alarm, Dr. Harrison had jumped from the cart and run to the rear to see to the dogs, thrusting the reins into Mrs. Stead's hands though, as she remonstrated, she knew nothing about driving; but the svce stood at the horse's head (afterwards he went into raptures over the behaviour of the horse, to which he was devoted). I heard Dr. Harrison calling to me from the back. "What is it?" I called back. "Will you take a dog?" she answered. Now I am fond of dogs, but I did not at that moment particularly covet a dog's company. It did cross my mind that dogs are regarded as precious tit-bits by hungry wild beasts in India, and that a dog might attract this wild beast to further undesirable proximity. However a servant came running up holding a fox-terrier and a cushion. He thrust both

upon me, saying, "Take the dog, hold it tight, cover it up with a cushion," and then returned with another dog and cushion for Miss Noble. So there we sat on the floor of the ekka cross-legged, it is the most comfortable position, each holding a struggling whimpering dog, trying to conceal his person and silence his whimperings. Miss Noble picked up her sun-umbrella, and suggested we should receive the tiger with that rather ineffectual weapon. The dog however was taking most of my energy; he kicked so vehemently that it required both my hands to hold him and cover him at the same time. However, after what seemed like a long delay, nothing more happened. I should imagine the tiger—it is much more likely I think to have been a panther, the road we were on was known to be a panther-haunted road—was quite frightened by the commotion. We moved off, the dog-cart in the rear and our ekka leading the way, and when we came to the village of Bhuvaneshwar with some difficulty borrowed a man with a large lantern to see us home. But our adventures for the evening were not yet over. When we were quite near our destination, the dog-cart suddenly gave a lurch, and we beheld Mrs. Stead flying through the air and falling on the road. Mercifully she fell on a heap of soft sand, and was not hurt beyond the inevitable shock. The wheel of the dog-cart had come right off. The horse was unharnessed, Mrs. Stead transferred to an ekka, and we were, after these excitements, able to catch the midnight train for Calcutta.

But Bhuvaneshwar is a very wild beast place. A tiger had been seen on the very veranda of the bungalow in which we slept. Some wild animal had, one night, come into the bathroom and drunk water.

We were exhorted to be careful in consequence in shutting all our doors at night. Dr. Harrison's mine manager is always seen home every night by a band of his coolies, because of the animal-haunted roads. I had no idea, until I found myself in India, that so many wild beasts still roamed close to civilisation, as represented by a railway station which was only a few hundred yards from our bungalow. Mrs. Stead was extremely plucky about her accident, never complained, was quite ready to go on that night, and spent a very fatiguing day in Calcutta next day without injury, though her pallor betrayed a discomfort she would not own.

A friendly voice had greeted us when we boarded the Calcutta train, and we discovered Mrs. John and Mrs. Forsyth, like ourselves on their way to Benares and sight-seeing. We hoisted ourselves to our top-berths—it was the first time I had ever inhabited one—and slept the sleep of fatigue.

I had been rather struck with Miss Noble's presence of mind *re* the umbrella, so I remarked to her while jogging home that I was not used to this sort of thing, as my life had been spent practically between Bath and London, but that I supposed she was more so, having lived ten years in South Africa. But Miss Noble, jealous for South Africa's good fame, declared she had never been so near to a wild beast before, except in a Zoo, and was highly amused by my supposition that wild beasts roamed quite freely in South Africa. I must say that next day I contemplated a fine tiger at the Calcutta Zoological Gardens with distinct satisfaction that substantial iron bars were between us. But in the fracas on the road, it really seemed to me such an extraordinary and story-book sort of thing that a wild beast was

actually menacing us, that there was no time to feel frightened—one just wondered what would happen next.

In Calcutta we did the usual things during the hours one has perforce to spend waiting for the evening train. We shopped, we visited the Zoological Gardens, we had a meal at Peleti's, we drove about; the many motor-cars, the high-storied buildings of Calcutta are slightly reminiscent of the West.

But next morning found us at Gayā, *en route* for Buddha Gayā, distant seven miles. First of all we visited the Hindū Temple of Viṣṇu Pad or the Footstep of Viṣṇu, because in it is the God's Footstep, though how it got there our questioning did not reveal. The Footstep is thirteen inches long and six inches broad. It is of silver and is set into a silver vessel inserted into the pavement. We had to leave the gharri to get to the Temple; the streets were so narrow. A good many of the inmates of the narrow high houses accompanied us, and a guide who announced he always took all Europeans. As it was certain some one had to take us, as we did not know the way, he took us also. We were of course not allowed to enter the recess where the Footstep is preserved, but looked at it from the doorway. The Temple itself was interesting with its courts and carving and picturesque view over a river below, and a ghat with pilgrims and devotees bathing, and almost naked fakirs, lining the steps of the ghat, with their matted hair and ash-covered bodies clamouring for alms. After a rest and a meal at the Dak Bungalow—there are no hotels at Gayā—we drove to Buddha Gayā, a long slow dusty drive, diversified by the little bands of pilgrims, who looked at us with a kindly interest, recognising we were doing—with a different method—what they too had done.

The great pagoda-like structure of Buddha Gayā towers up from a hollow depression. Before we descended the very steep flight of steps which took us into the grounds, we looked at some carved figures of the Buddha behind a railing on the other side of the road. The largest was a decidedly impressive representation, sitting in meditation, adorned with a jewelled ornament on the hair, yellow marigolds on shoulders, neck, and head. The long pendulous ears, the Mongolian eyes, could not deprive the figure of a certain dignity, an impressive serenity.

A crowd of would-be guides fell upon us at the bottom of the steps. It was a slight drawback that no one at Buddha Gayā could speak a word of English. However, the man who took us round was quite persuaded that if he talked sufficiently we should understand him. At least he acted on that principle, and we got on tolerably well. He struck the big gongs or bells outside the Temple, which, rather to our astonishment, used to the exclusiveness of Hindūism, we were allowed to go all over.

The chief object of worship—it practically amounts to that—was the huge gilt figure of the Buddha in the largest shrine on the ground-floor. It was carefully sheeted, but our guide tucked up a corner—rather a sacrilegious proceeding I thought—to show us the figure was all gilt. Marigolds were of course everywhere; little butter figures with a flag stuck into them were prepared outside in the porch and bought by pilgrims and presented at the shrine (I wanted to buy a flag for a memento, but was not allowed to do so, they were only for pūjā I was told). Buddha Gayā struck me as un-Indian both in feeling and to sight, but as

extraordinarily interesting. It is of course the chief place of pilgrimage in India for Buddhists, but Hindūs pilgrimage there also. A good deal about the Temple itself struck me as meretricious, gaudy and in bad taste. What did impress me was the devotion shown by the pilgrims. Devotees of many nationalities seemed present in the gardens and in the different shrines; it was the pilgrim season. There were many there of a distinctly Mongolian type, with women wearing full trousers. They prostrated, some of them, at the entrance to the Temple; they made offerings at the different shrines; they burst into vocal prayer; they circumambulated round the Bo-Tree with clasped hands and lowered eyes; they seemed very full of religious zeal. We visited all the shrines, seeing many different gilt Buddhas, and saw 42 little butter-lamps being lighted before one shrine. The effect was pretty, like a sea of pale yellow flame, the smell horrible. In the marigold garden outside, the place was ablaze with marigolds, we saw the celebrated Ashoka railing (Murray says it is of later date than King Ashoka) of which Fergusson says: "it is the most ancient sculptured monument in India". One is surprised to see it decorated with western mythological mermaids and centaurs. Perhaps however this shows the solidarity of mythology, or did the West borrow these conceptions from the East, one wonders.

Finally we halted under the Bo-Tree, which has a small gilt Buddha in the wall, making part of the great square platform on which the shrine stands. A small stone platform stands in front of the tree which itself is adorned with gilt splotches, while overhead shreds of cloth flutter in its top branches—a Tibetan.

perhaps. The men who were following us about—we were the only Europeans there—sat down also. But frankly I did not find my surroundings conducive to meditation. All around me were people performing some sort of pūjā, mostly vocal. On my left was a small band of pilgrims sitting round a fire. One, a priest I supposed, was chanting mantrams or prayers, the others responded at intervals by a simultaneous exclamation, at the same time throwing some grain from a heap by them into the fire. On the other hand, was another set of pilgrims sitting, praying, or talking. In the rear close at hand was a large tree and a large platform, on which many people were resting, eating, praying. Different persons kept walking round the tree. One was evidently an elderly Hindū of some position, and his demeanour was very reverent; he finished by saluting the Tree with a deep bow and clasped hands. Then came a trousered woman followed by a servant, who seemed to treat the pilgrimage as something of a joke; she had a decidedly roguish look upon her face. Yet despite all these external phenomena, the vicinity of the Bo-Tree imposed its own deep feeling of peace, of its conviction of an inner certainty. The voices, the figures of the passing pilgrims, were as finite ripples of vanishing sound under which sounded the note of lasting serenity. Personally instead of the gorgeous many-storied, pagoda-fashioned Temple Shrine, I should have preferred to have seen only the quiet country scene on which the eyes of the Lord Buddha Himself must have rested when He sat in the hallowed country-spot under the sheltering tree, and found for Himself Deliverance and for others the noble Eight-fold Path. I left the precincts of the temple with regret.

We then went to the Post Office, from which thirty beggars saw us off. I counted them carefully. The East has a mania for begging; it begs when quite well off, apparently.

The next afternoon found us at Benares, and after a few hours spent at the T. S. we went on to Lucknow. There we devoted ourselves to the usual sight-seeing with ardour. Lucknow is a beautiful town, the city of parks, as it is called, as it is full of large open places. But I should myself have described it as the city of palaces. For the Kings of Oudh had a perfect passion for building, and in consequence their capital is full of their palaces. Wherever you look or drive, most imposing buildings externally meet your eyes; I say imposing externally, for internally they are most disappointing, full of huge chandeliers in the worst of early Victorian taste, and of tawdry representations of Muhammadan shrines or tombs. First of all, of course, we went to see the Residency, now a beautiful well-kept garden, or rather park, for it covers a good deal of ground. Its green turf was a delightful treat to English eyes. We saw all the Mutiny sights; the ruins of Dr. Fayrer's house where Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded while lying ill, the Gate of the Bailey Guard, the Water Gate, the Banqueting Hall, the ruined Residency, with the flag flying over it which during the siege was never lowered, immortalised by Tennyson:

Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow,
Shot through the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised
thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our Banner of England
flew.

We saw the dark underground rooms in which the ladies and children were sheltered, and the room where

Jessie had her celebrated dream of the coming relief. We walked round the cemetery, ringing the ruined Church in which nearly two thousand are buried, and where lie General Neill and Sir Henry Lawrence.

Here lies

HENRY LAWRENCE,
who tried to do his duty.
May the Lord have mercy on his soul!
Born 28th of June 1806
Died 4th of July 1857

So runs the well-known simple inscription.

But personally I was very glad to leave the Residency; for directly I got there an extraordinarily deep sense of depression—it was more acute than depression, it was like an active keen sorrow—fell upon me, until I felt it would have been a relief to have wept aloud. None of the other Mutiny places affected me, I am thankful to say, in the same way. Why Lucknow did I don't know; it was a purely psychic influence of course and a very trying one. The scene itself was beautiful and peaceful in appearance, but the dreadful scenes of suspense, suffering and death experienced here have evidently still left abiding and deep traces on the atmosphere.

We next went over some of Lucknow's many palaces, so many; one is now used as a club (where, in the afternoon, we saw European Society disporting itself at tennis), and another as a Museum. We took a great deal of exercise in the great Imambarah, climbing up to many roofs for views and over the building itself, to see where the Haren sat; through curious narrow little winding passages and very steep flights of steps we

toiled. It is most imposing outside, this Imambarah with its huge Court within; its large inner Hall is said to be one of the largest rooms in the world, boasting the peculiarity of an arched roof without supports, and built by the Nawab Asaf-ud-Dowlah in 1874 to afford relief to the famine-stricken people.

The Mosque, which they would not let us enter even if we took off our shoes, is at a curious angle to the main block of buildings. We saw palaces, with intervals for rest and refreshment all day, and I am very confused as to their details. One palace was interesting, the Talukdars' Barahdarri, as it contained the portraits of the Kings of Oudh with the background of the palaces each built. The deposition of the Kings of Oudh by Lord Dalhousie contributed to the breaking out of the Mutiny. Near this Picture Palace was a beautiful tank, differing from all other tanks I have yet seen, in that its sides, instead of being square, were curved into double bays. Some of the tombs in the Palaces and Imambarahs were fine; one had a silver tomb; but their general effect was lost by the gaudy rubbish which crowded their vicinity. Beautiful chrysanthemums were also everywhere to be seen in the gardens, parks, and adorning the Palaces.

At Cawnpore our next halting place, we were met by two Theosophical friends and a motor, which soon took us to the Memorial Church, built on the much disputed position of General Wheeler's lines and full of memorials to Mutiny victims. Then we went to the Massacre or Sati, Chaura Ghat, where the British survivors of the siege embarked on Nana's safeguard, to be fired on and massacred, while the women and children who were so unfortunate as to escape that death,

were massacred later in the Well tragedy. In the present country-scene, a quiet and deserted spot, it was difficult to picture the historical scene of treachery and slaughter. A half-ruined Hindū temple dedicated to Shiva stands by the Ghat, and near it an old Sati ground.

In the afternoon we motored out to see the Government Agricultural College, where we found a few young men going to dissect dead frogs after a lecture on the heart, though what that employment had to do with agriculture I wondered. A kindly Professor showed us some microscopic slides. The College was an imposing looking place; at the present moment, owing to a change in the rules, it is much in need of more students.

Later in the afternoon we visited the famous Memorial Gardens, containing the well of tragic memory, now situated in spacious and well-kept gardens. Over the former well itself stands now the figure of the Angel of the Resurrection, with arms crossed and hands holding palms. I had been told that the Angel's face was supposed to be dual in expression, that one side bore a look of sorrow and the other an expression of almost joy, but I was unable to detect this subtle difference. A carved screen wall, octagonal in shape surrounds the well with the inscription: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly Women and Children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel Nāna Dhundu Pant of Bithur, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below on the XV of July, MDCCCLVII." Round the arch is written: "These are they which came out of great tribulation." A memorial cross also marks the site of the Massacre House where Nāna's butchers, —his soldiers declined the work—spent the night

butchering the helpless victims. These horrors one really cannot trust oneself to dwell on, on the actual spot where they occurred; they are much better forgotten or ignored.

But the neighbouring cemetery struck me as much more emotion-provoking than the actual Memorial. The rows of neat green unnamed mounds, each with a little rose bush planted at its head, had a strangely pathetic look, though I must say the soldier who accompanied us (no Indian is allowed to enter the Memorial Garden), did his best to vulgarise the scene by his gabbled version of events, in a tone void of any expression, and with adjectives demanding a good deal. But doves were cooing in the Memorial Garden, birds were sitting happily on the Memorial screen, gardeners were mowing the grass, a monkey was running over the ground, carrying its young one; the whole scene was a beautiful and peaceful one. For rest always follows after labour and joy succeeds on sorrow. The victims of many years ago, whom the Memorial commemorated, *had* come out of great tribulation and won to rest.

Elisabeth Severs

A VISION

By Z.

THE following narrative seemed a dream, yet so clear and vivid in all the details were the happenings, that it was as though I lived the experience. What it may have portended, I cannot tell—perhaps nothing—yet it came so distinctly, just before my awakening, that it bears telling.

It was approaching the evening; the sun was setting, and I, with many others, stood in the large upper hall of a huge, new building, standing on an eminence, looking out toward the West. We all seemed to be intent on watching the sun set and all were silent. Suddenly, the sky in the West was covered with a huge cloud, black and threatening, which reached from northern to southern horizon. At the base of the storm was a large, copper-coloured area. Some one among the people spoke about that copper-coloured cloud, fearing it meant a great wind-storm and suggested that we hurry to the basement of the building for protection. The people began to go below, while I hurried about warning others who did not know of the storm. I was the last to go below, and just before descending the stairs I took a hurried look through the huge windows and saw that the storm had risen rapidly.

My memory recalls nothing more until I found myself in the large basement, which was partitioned off

1914

A VISION

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into many rooms, with brick walls, floors, and beamed ceilings, but all new, smelling of fresh lime. No human being was in sight. I could hear my father's voice in conversation with another man, but was unable to find him. So I went about from room to room, looking for the others, but found no one. At last I arrived at an outside room containing windows in the walls. The wind was terrific and I could see the trees bending and rocking, and feel the earth vibrating with its force, but strangely enough, the building in which I stood remained perfectly still. I stood looking through one of the small basement windows, watching the storm, and as I watched, the copper-coloured cloud suddenly parted, leaving a bright blue patch of sky, in the centre of which was a brilliant star. As I gazed, pondering the strangeness of it, a slight wisp of cloud floated across the star, but still it could be clearly seen. I asked myself, "What does that mean, what does it portend?" and out of the stillness above me a voice answered: "Why! do you not understand? This storm ushers in the Coming of the Great Teacher and the Star is His sign"; and I replied: "Of course? How stupid of me not to understand." Then I awoke, still with the feeling of wonder and awe inspired by that strange vision.

Z

CORRESPONDENCE

As the author of *The Bible and Christian Science* reviewed in your December number, will you kindly allow me to correct what is likely to give a wrong impression of Christian Science teaching. I refer to the last lines of the said review in regard to the educational value of suffering.

I am the more anxious to do this because I know a number of Theosophical students hold such view of the teaching—that it does not appreciate the value of suffering and that its only object is to get rid of it regardless of the lesson to be taught. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Mrs. Eddy states that we must all come to a knowledge of the Truth by suffering or by Science. All discordant conditions are due to wrong thinking and doing, and that it is not until people learn to obey The Master's injunction: "Go and sin no more lest a worse thing come upon thee," that permanent healing takes place.

Christian Scientists from experience feel that it is a pity that "seekers after Truth" are sent searching through human wisdom set forth in theological, philosophical, theosophical or occult works to find it; or through the study of food values, hygiene, eugenics, and all the rest of it. The less we think of our bodies the less they trouble us; a truth anyone can test for himself. The laws of nature are instinctive with everyone. "Take no thought for the life," were the words of the Master. Those who disobey are governed by the body and lose power spiritually. Misery is the result on which doctors thrive.

The wisdom or "knowledge of God" comes from above to the receptive mind, to those who live the life. There seems to be a sad confusion of this divine wisdom (spirituality) with Occultism and all its subtleties of the human mind.

The Master was an illiterate, and yet He overcame all the physical laws, but by spiritual means alone, and many are finding to-day His teaching to be demonstrable in proportion to their understanding of the Truth, the infallibility of the laws of Spirit. Those who have gauged the difference between the pure and unadulterated teaching of The Master Jesus Christ, and that of Sectarianism with its 401 sects (which have proved a failure), will understand what is meant in the line drawn from its context in the review, viz., that Mrs. Besant will return whence she started but free of Sectarianism.

ERNEST J. WELLMAN

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Wake Up, India: A Plea for Social Reform, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

To any student of the social conditions now prevailing in Indian Society, there is nothing inexplicable in the great popularity of the series of lectures which are embodied in this volume. The crowded audience that cheered every noble sentiment she expressed was, at first at least, largely composed of a number of people who were drawn to it by a curiosity, often malign, to know something of the strange personality who had been held up to ridicule in some influential quarters, and was in strong contrast with the sparse attendance which Madras Social Reform lecturers do generally attract. The key to this apparently inexplicable phenomenon is to be sought for, not so much in the lecturer herself, as in the line of argument she took up from the very outset. Indian Society requires a good deal of stirring up, but the day of denunciatory orations is happily past. The young men who form the strongest and the most impressive element in the audience at any lecture are as good denunciators as any of the Social Reform heroes themselves and thus find no charm in their ordinary tactics. They require more of constructive proposals, coming forward from any person who realises the necessity that reforms should grow out of the past, and who sympathises with their own feelings on any question. Such a one they found in Mrs. Besant. They felt that they were being advised by one who knew them and their past, and whose business it was not to gather cheap fame by reckless talk. She said in her very first lecture:

I am going to take the line with which you are familiar, of trying to persuade rather than to denounce, of trying to link on the present proposals to the history of the past in India; because I hold that the greatness of its nation and its sequential growth can only be reached when one generation is linked to another, and when slowly and gradually, out of the growth of one time the growth of another succeeds.

This promise she has kept in her whole course of lectures, and that is why the audience lost its hostile character as one by one the lectures came to a close.

The constructive ideals which she preached in those lectures were strengthened by the sympathetic attitude she took up towards most of the intolerable social evils of the Indians. Though there is much which one can and should borrow to-day from English ideals, she referred her hearers constantly to their own past, thus assuring them that she was not there to put forward any exotic revolutionary proposals; and when the subject of her lecture happened to be very painful, she would cheer up the spirits of the audience by another stroke of sympathy. She would ask them to remember that the evil they were suffering from was not peculiar to their own society. She prefaced her stirring lecture on the depressed classes with the significant remark that "there is not a single nation which calls itself civilised which is not faced with this problem". In fact, throughout this series of lectures, she made the people of Madras feel that the ills they were suffering from were neither so desperate nor permanent, and that if they would accept the call of duty to the Motherland, they could expect to banish them without putting any undue strain on the nation.

The lectures are of as much interest to Englishmen as to Indians, though I cannot say how far they will be appreciated by Theosophists as such. I believe Mrs. Besant intended them primarily for people in general, but even Theosophists will, I think, be the wiser for studying the lectures. The questions therein dealt with are of general importance to the Indians and other readers; especially the citizens of the British Empire should read at least a few of its chapters. The lecture on the Colour Bar cannot fail to open their eyes to one of the most momentous dangers to the integrity of the Empire, and all its well-wishers will profit greatly by knowing the Indian point of view which Mrs. Besant explains. Englishmen should never forget "it is not possible that Indians shall remain for ever as they are to-day, shut out from so much of right, so much of good, and shut out on that most flimsy of pretences, the fact that because of their climate, the colour of their skin is dark". It is this simple fact which the people of South Africa, Canada and Australia refuse to believe. They perhaps believe that one-fifth of the human race is destined to remain eternally submerged, and that the day will never come when the Colonies will be asked, and asked successfully, to give up their selfish policy.

Though the primary object of the lectures was to encourage Social Reform, yet they are so full of references to ancient Indian life that their perusal cannot fail to create in us a pride in our past. The nobility of some of the social customs that prevailed in the Vaidik period is scarcely to be met with even in the most enlightened society of to-day. Women were the equals of men and wielded power far stronger than they do in countries where they enjoy the vote. One other feature that distinguishes these lectures from those we hear from our so-called Social Reformers is the copiousness of short and relevant disquisitions on knotty religious points. The argument that the child-widows owe their bereavement to their karma occasioned one of these. She said:

Karma is the result that grows out of causes in the past and is modified by causes in the present. You see a child fall down. The child has fallen down in obedience to the law of gravitation. Does that prevent you from picking it up again? It ought to do so, according to your view of Karma. . . . you might as well think you cannot walk upstairs, because the law of gravitation tends to draw all things towards the centre of the earth. Karma can be conquered, as every one of you would know if you read your own writings instead of talking nonsense about them. What did Bhishma, the great master of of Dharma say? "Exertion is greater than Destiny."

A NON-THEOSOPHIST

The Magicians of Charno, by Geoffrey Williams. (John Murray, London.)

Dedicated to "the boys at Elstree School, interested listeners to my tales of Wildest Africa, told to them by the fireside on many a pleasant evening at Elstree," this stirring tale of adventure will, it is safe to prophesy, interest many besides boys. The author's personal familiarity with Africa gives his work a vivid setting. He has himself witnessed the very barbaric dance of cannibals here pictured. The Magicians of Charno are two individuals who play the part of principal advisers and witch-doctors to a very bloodthirsty and ancient potentate of Central Africa. The plot of the story rests very largely on the machinations and rivalries of these two individuals, respectively the White and the Black Lorio. The hero and his *fidus Achates* have many narrow escapes from peculiarly unpleasant forms of death—the magic of the white practitioner prevailing over that of his black *confrere* in effecting this result, it is pleasant to note. Several illustrations add to the interest of the book.

E. S.

The Present Relations of Science and Religion, by the Rev. Prof. P. G. Bonney, Sc. D., F. R. S. (Robert Scott, London. Price 5s. net.)

This book is valuable, both as a record of its title-subjects, and also because it speaks quite plainly about the difficulties on points of doctrine of the devout Christian of our day. In the make-up of the author, the Professor seems to keep such careful watch over the Priest that the latter sometimes appears to be put almost to comical shifts to obtain a scientific formula for each of his cherished beliefs. But until the tide of evolution has swept man beyond the limitations of humanity there will of necessity remain a debatable land where faith is not yet lost in sight.

The volume runs swiftly and clearly over the advances of science and of the Christian religion from early days up to the present time, and it should be read by all men who lack the time or opportunity to investigate for themselves. We only glance at one or two of the points whereon we think it possible that the expression of Christianity can be reinforced by up-to-date ideas.

Unless we hypnotise ourselves by mutterings of Arius, Nestorius, Eutychus, and such 'unorthodox' thinkers, the "Virgin birth" (pp. 158-164), that stumbling block between science and theology, needs no confirmation from the researches of Loeb into the birth of the sea-urchin, but rather requires a little more examination into the translation of the Nicene Creed. It is said that in the latest Greek form of that creed there is but one preposition for the two nouns, and that incarnation in finer intangible matter and into the coarser visible matter is the idea conveyed by "was incarnate of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mother (or matter)"; instead of "was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary". The question as to the confusion of Maria, Mary, with Maia, Mother, and any connexion of this latter with the Samskrit Mâyâ and its connotations in the light of the latest science well repays study, though we have here no space to do more than draw attention to it.

Pages 175-6 scientifically demolish the doctrine of transubstantiation. "An hypostasis of that sort, which can divest itself of its accidents and transfer them to another hypostasis,

like a man taking off his clothes, may or may not be good in metaphysics, but it is bad in science, the students of which have a right to criticise whenever the theologian begins to deal with the phenomenal universe." Does it not cease to be bad in science if the theologian has grasped the fact of gradations of matter from the coarsest up to the most subtle? The argument on page 95 that the process of becoming and changing goes on all the time fits in with the "isomeric compounds" of modern Chemistry, and they should be studied to show how the arrangement of similar atoms under different ideas gives different bodies. The new idea is that of the Christ nature and life, fitted for the building up of the spiritual nature and life of man; the object remains unchanged in its "accidents," its physical material, but in addition it can now affect the subtle bodies of those participants whose own subtle bodies are attuned to vibrate at the same rate. To take up the illustration of the Reverend Professor on page 176; H₂O continues to the uninstructed to be mere water, even after a power of healing has been so strongly impressed upon it by a good magnetiser that the sick who drink it become whole. But science is only beginning to investigate the subtle ethers, and the hopeless materialist has still a little time in which to explain magnetic healing by declaring the patient to have been in good health all the time.

While very outspoken in condemnation of those who, "themselves ignorant of science, or with no more knowledge of it than an elementary text-book could impart," have flouted and denounced some of its most earnest and able students, not a few of whom were Christians not less sincere than themselves (page 206), the author is no less vigorous in condemnation of "the bald and rather blatant atheism," such as is proclaimed in Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*, "which now finds its advocates chiefly among the smatterers and the ignorant".

Some of the ancient investigations into the regions, which in our modern days are occupied by blind faith, crude disbelief, or weary agnosticism, have been repeated during the last decades by members of the Theosophical Society with such illuminative results that we feel sure some of their publications would appeal to both sides of the author. *The Christian Creed, Esoteric Christianity, The Ancient Wisdom, and Occult Chemistry*

indicate lines of thought complementary to his own, and we have freely used them in our present remarks. We should rejoice to read another volume from the same learned pen—after a study of those books we have mentioned in the unbiassed frame of mind of the man who is ready to sacrifice all in order to know something more of the Real.

A. J. W.

The Philosophy of the Present in Germany, by Oswald Kulpe. Translated from the fifth German Edition by Maud Lyall Patrick and G. T. W. Patrick. (George Allen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

There was a time, says Professor Kulpe, when philosophy stood in the foreground of the general interest. In all the exigencies of life men looked to it for guidance. "The impulse towards knowledge and science, the longing for happiness and peace, the hope for immortality and blessedness, the need of rules and regulations for conduct and action, all turned to philosophy, and were satisfied." Not so at present. In our own day philosophy has forfeited the claim to the proud position it once held and has become either a mere pastime or one among the many sciences of limited scope. Its scientific caution on the one hand, and on the other its pandering to the popular desire for happy modes of expression which make strenuous thought unnecessary, have dragged it down from the high place it once occupied in the estimation of the race. This change Professor Kulpe deplures, and in the present volume he intends to show that modern philosophy has not "renounced the task of constructing a comprehensive view of the world and of life," that its claim to supremacy is not an empty one.

The main currents of modern philosophic thought in Germany to-day are four, our author says: Positivism, Materialism, Naturalism and Idealism. Each of these, as embodied in the works of its chief exponents, is analysed and discussed in turn, Positivism and Idealism being treated at greater length than the other two. In conclusion Professor Kulpe sketches roughly the type of philosophic thinking that will satisfy the needs of the future.

A. de L.

Korean Folk Tales: Imps, Ghosts and Fairies, translated by James S. Gale. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net).

This charming little book contains translations from the writings of Im Bang and Yi Ryuk, who lived in the eighteenth and sixteenth centuries respectively. Three anonymous stories are also included. Mr. Gale says in the Preface:

To anyone who would like to look somewhat into the inner soul of the Oriental and see the peculiar existences among which he lives, the following stories will serve as true interpreters, born as they are of the three great religions of the Far East, Taoism, Buddhism and Confucianism.

The translator has done his work well. One feels the difference in style in the work of the two authors he presents to us. Im Bang is the more interesting story-teller, but in some ways Yi Ryuk is a more finished artist.

The stories themselves are quaint, at times a little crude. Throughout there runs a genuine belief in imps, ghosts and fairies, and we find a curious superstition in the power of the fox to assume human form. The opening story of the book is one of the most interesting, as well as one of the most human. It is a tale of love and self-sacrifice, showing how deeply these qualities are implanted in the Oriental. It is significant, in view of the western popularly accepted ideas of the position of women in the East, that these should be exhibited by a woman, who is the central character in the story. Women, however, play quite a leading part in the tales. Reverence for spiritual greatness is a marked characteristic of the stories. In some of the descriptions we are pleasantly reminded of the *Arabian Nights*, although the present volume lacks the prodigality of imagination of that favourite book of our childhood.

It is delightful to be brought into touch with the life and thought of a people so far distant from, and so little known to, us, and Mr. Gale has written notes, wherever necessary, which are an invaluable aid to the proper understanding of these stories of Korea.

T. L. C.

Shivajñāna Siddhiyār of Aruṇandi Sivāchārya. Translated with Introduction, Notes, Glossary, etc., by J. M. Nallasvāmi Pillai, B.A., B.L. (Meykaṇḍān Press, Madras.)

This is another fruit of the endeavours of Mr. Nallasvāmi Pillai, that indefatigable expounder of the Shaiva Philosophy of South India. This translation from the Tamil original appeared during the years 1897 to 1902 in the *Siddhānta Dipikā*, and it has now been republished in book form, enriched by many Notes and a most valuable Introduction as well as a useful Glossary and Index.

Shivajñāna Siddhiyār is the second of the fourteen basic works of the Shaiva Siddhānta, the first being the well-known *Shivajñānabodham* of Meykaṇḍadeva who appears to have flourished in about the 12th century. The thoroughly philosophical character of the work is evident from its very arrangement, the first Book (called Alavai or Logic) dealing with the means of knowledge recognised by the author, while the remaining chapters fall into a controversial and a constructive part called, respectively, *Parapakṣha* or Foreign Standpoints and *Supakṣha* or The Correct Standpoint. The controversial part, again, deals successively with the Materialists, the four schools of Buddhism, two sects of the Jains, three forms of the Pūrva-Mīmāṃsā, Māyāvāda, Bhāskarāchārya's Parināma-vāda, the Atheistic Sāṃkhya, and, finally, the doctrine of the Pāñcarātras, each chapter containing first a concise statement and then the refutation of the view in question. Then there follows the third Book on the 'Correct Standpoint,' i.e., an exposition of the Shaiva Siddhānta, consisting of twelve 'Sūtras' with several Adhikaraṇas (paragraphs) each: definition of God (*pati*), of the kind of monism (*advaita*) to be recognised, of the individual (*passu*) (two Sūtras), of the relation of God, Soul, and Body, of the nature of the Supreme, of Ātma Darshana, of the way *jñāna* is imparted to the soul, of the purification of the soul, of *pāshakṣhaya* (the vanishing of bondage), of the recognition of God and the nature of *bhakti*, and of the nature of the sanctified.

From the Introduction we notice the rejection of Dr. Barnett's view, viz., that the Tamil *Shaiva Siddhāntam* was derived from the Pratyabhijñā school of Kashmir in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Mr. Nallasvāmi Pillai is of opinion, and his arguments are weighty indeed, that "the

development in the North and South and West were independent of each other, though the authorities (the Shaivāgamas) they followed were the same".

The long 'Note on Nirvāṇa' (pp. 57 ff.) contains some good remarks, e.g., that "there is always a danger in proclaiming and emphasising a half truth, however wholesome it may be at times," but misses altogether the meaning of the Buddhist idea by comparing the Buddhist who has obtained Nirvāṇa with the blind man successfully operated on in a dark room but unable to leave the latter. The man operated on from the Samsāra has reached a condition so utterly different from anything intelligible to us that none of our categories (existence, etc.), can be applied to it; he does see the Light, but it is a something of which ordinary mortals can have no positive idea, but only the negative one that the three characteristics of what we call existence, viz., *anicca*, *dukkha*, *anattā* (transitoriness, sorrow, not-self) have nothing to do with it.

We ought to say much more on this book, of which every page is interesting, but our space and time are unfortunately limited. So we add only the hearty wish that the book may find the large number of readers it deserves.

F. O. S.

The Life of the Blessed Henry Suso, by himself. Translated from the original German by Thomas Francis Knox, Priest of the Oratory. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This new edition of the *Life of Suso* will probably meet with a hearty welcome, owing to the general present keen interest in Mysticism and Mystics—in all varieties of religious experience. Dr. Inge's introduction gives the work an additional value. He describes Suso as "one of the most lovable of God's Saints," and he sees "the mysticism of the fourteenth century with its fresh spiritual beauty and courageous speculative freedom as the first stage in the process by which the nations of Northern Europe came to self-consciousness, and evolved a form of Christianity more suited to the Teutonic genius than Latin Catholicism ever had been or could be".

For Suso's own books were condemned as unorthodox. His philosophy, as expounded to his spiritual daughter Elisabeth Staglin, a nun, in the concluding chapters of his life, is scholastic

in terms, a mixture of Aristotle's and Eckhart's teaching—Eckhart whose orthodoxy Suso stoutly upheld, and whose pupil he had been.

The frightful austerities Suso inflicted on himself (one wonders he survived; his nervous organisation must have been very different from that of the twentieth century) mark him out as a very mediæval Christian indeed. But each man must follow his own path, and when Suso was forty a direct command from God finally put an end to his self-inflicted tortures, though other outer troubles quickly took their place. 'The Servior,' as Suso designates himself in his autobiography, wrote the book to give information "respecting the proper way in which a beginner should order his outer and inner man so as to be in harmony with God's all-lovely will".

Suso was emphatically one of those whom William James designated "sick souls," who find inward peace only through suffering.

Mystical and superphysical experiences were a prominent and almost daily feature of Suso's religious life. Suso seems to have been of an amiable and even affectionate nature, and many disciples clustered round him when his character had been cleared from all charges and his reputation for holiness was well established. To his spiritual daughter Suso was kinder than he had been to himself, and stopped the austerities she was beginning to inflict on her body. "Such austerities suit not the weakness of thy sex nor thy well ordered frame," he wrote to her.

Elisabeth Staglin died some five years before her spiritual father, to whom, after her death, she appeared in a vision clad in snow-white garments, shining with a dazzling brightness and full of heavenly joy.

She drew nigh to him and showed him in what noble fashion she had passed away into the pure Godhead. He saw and heard this with delight, and the vision filled his soul with heavenly consolation. When he came to himself again, he sighed deeply and thought within himself: "Ah God! how blessed is the man who strives after Thee alone. He may well be content to suffer, whose sufferings Thou rewardest thus. God help us to rejoice in this maiden and in all His dear friends, and to enjoy His Divine countenance eternally. Amen."

Words which very fitly conclude the spiritual experiences of the Blessed Henry Suso, as he himself has given them to us.

E. S.

Symbolism and Astrology, by Alan Leo. ("Modern Astrology" Office, London. Price 1s.)

This manual is useful and serviceable, as an introduction to the Esoteric Astrology of Mr. Leo. The author has divided the subject into 14 Chapters, dealing in short with the explanations of the symbols used in Astrology, and has made the so-called dry subject exceedingly interesting and easy for those who want to study Astrology. Its notable feature is the tables of correspondences. They throw light on the hidden side of Astrology, and give quite a different standpoint from which to judge a horoscope. The Chapters on the nature of the zodiacal signs and the planets give some explanation of the fact that everything in nature is directly or indirectly affected by the vibrations of the planetary spheres, and of the possibility of man's response to those vibrations.

The Chapter on 'Individuality and Personality' is interesting to study, especially with regard to how the motto of the Ancients: "The Wise Man rules his Stars, the Fool obeys Them," is justified by the application of the real knowledge of Astrology, and how the really wise man will absorb all the discordant planetary vibrations into himself, and by the application of his knowledge will bring about that harmony and accord which will enable him to sound a higher note, and thus be the maker of his own destiny rather than be a slave to mere outward circumstances. In conclusion, the author tries to explain that Astrology does not lead to fatalism, but rather explains the natures of fate and free-will, that it demonstrates the idea that Character is Destiny, and that it shows the tendencies of the soul, and how the Spirit may be unfolded along the lines of least resistance. We strongly recommend this manual to all who are interested in Astrology, as a valuable introduction to the further study of the esoteric side of Astrology.

J. R. A.

Bergson for Beginners: A Summary of his Philosophy, by Darcy B. Kitchin, M. A. (George Allen & Co., Ltd., London.)

The philosophy of Bergson is so much before the public of the present day that this book is sure to attract many readers. It being 'the thing' to know somewhat of the man and his philosophy, even the most unphilosophically minded are endeavouring to wrestle with the deep problems Bergson presents, in order to be up-to-date. The superficial enquirer will be disappointed in the book before us, for it is not easy reading. Mr. Kitchin writes:

The aim of this book is to give the reader a general sketch of the philosophy of Professor Henri Bergson, in the order of its development and in the simplest manner that is consistent with accuracy.

Still we cannot help feeling that the book might in some ways have been simpler. The Introduction, which runs over briefly the systems of thought of the great philosophers, is very useful and is well done, but it presupposes some former knowledge on the subject. Mr. Kitchin has summarised the main works of Bergson, with notes on them. He has tried to condense the philosophy of Bergson into a handy form, so that the reader of this book will really know something about it, and be able to compare it intelligently with other philosophies. A major portion of the book is devoted to a consideration of Time and Free-will, "since it gives an exposition of the ideas which underlie the whole of Bergson's philosophy".

It is not our province to enter into a consideration of that philosophy—but we may, at least, congratulate the author on the way he has accomplished the task he set himself, namely to trace the development of the Bergsonian philosophy, to give it its rightful place among the philosophies of the world. He is singularly sympathetic to Bergson, and endeavours to interpret his philosophy as the master would have it, but of course an interpretation, however good, ought not to make one forget to seek the original—that is the last thing Mr. Kitchin would desire. Finally, we cannot help thinking that the author might have chosen his title more happily, for it leads one to expect what one does not find—an elementary text-book on Bergson.

T. L. C.

The Secret of Shiva.

Perusing Dr. Burnell's admirable Catalogue of Sanskrit manuscripts preserved in the Tanjore Palace Library, we come across, on page 206, the following entry:

"*Shivarahasya*, a huge *tantra* containing 100,000 *granthas*, full of Shaiva legends, which appear to be collected from various sources, but as this *tantra* is mentioned in *Sāyaṇa's Sāṅkara-vilāsa*, it must be earlier, at least, than 1300 A. D."

The publication of this gigantic work has now been taken in hand by Mr. K. Sadasiva Chettiar, B. A., with the help of Paṇḍits Gaṇeśha Shāstri and Sundareshvara Shāstri, of Maruvūr and Varahūr respectively, and the first volume, neatly printed by the Vāṇinileya Press of Madras, lies before us for review. This volume contains, in 238 pages, the first of the twelve *Amśhas* or parts of which the work consists.

The editors have not taken their task too easily: they have consulted, for this first part, six manuscripts, two in the Devanāgarī character (*i. e.*, probably coming from the North of India) and four in the Grantha character, and they have given in foot-notes the more important readings of these MSS. It appears from the limited number of these readings that the text is, on the whole, well preserved.

The proof-reading has been done with care, though a little more attention might be paid to it in the coming volumes, in which also the paragraphs should be more clearly demarcated; for it is illogical, if, *e. g.*, on p. 15, the second half of the first *Shloka* appears before and not after the word *Nāradaḥ* (second line), and if, on the same page, the eighth line (*sa Nāradaḥ ya vachasā*, etc.), is not separated from the preceding ones by a blank line.

The prospectus and preface give a somewhat misleading and exaggerated idea of the character of the work by calling it an *itihāsa*, and comparing it with the *Mahābhārata*. An *itihāsa*, or epic, must have an *action* extending more or less through the whole of the poem and not merely confined to the frame-work. *Shivarahasya* is not an *itihāsa*, nor perhaps a *tantra*, but a *samhitā* of the *śaivāgama*. Nor is it "written in verses of exquisite beauty not excelled by any other work in the Sanskrit Language," though many of the verses are, indeed very beautiful.

The poem is a dialogue between Shiva and his wife Pārvati, which is related by their son Skanda to the great Yogin Jaigīshavya as a reward for his stupendous penance. This Jaigīshavya is, of course, the same as the one in that suggestive story of the Shalya Parvan, though we may be sure that the Guru of Asita Devala would be not a little astonished to find himself transformed into a Liṅga worshipper.

The transformation of the ancient unsectarian Vedānta into Shaivism seems, indeed, to be the most prominent feature of *Shivarahasya*. The following example may give an idea of the method. The seventh stanza of the second Valli of Kāṭhaka Upaniṣhad runs as follows: "He of whom many never come to hear; whom many, though hearing of Him, cannot comprehend—a wonder the clever man who finds and explains Him; a wonder he [too] who, taught by a clever one, understands Him." *Shivarahasya* makes of it (59, 84): "O Shīvā (Durgā)! it is the lot of many not even to hear of that Liṅga; though hearing of it, O Shīvā, many cannot comprehend that Liṅga," etc.

The Upaniṣhads from which *Shivarahasya*, at least this first Aṁsha of it, seems to draw principally, are Shvetāshvātara, Brhājābāla (called Jābāla), and Atharvashiras. But besides, the "essence" of the ten older Upaniṣhads is given again and over again.

The contents of this Aṁsha consist mainly of hymns in praise of Shiva and descriptions of heavenly Liṅgas, and cannot, consequently, be very edifying or interesting to anyone except a Shivabhakta, the less so as "calamities and most frightful hells" are promised in it to all who do not worship Shiva, nor recite the Shatarudriya, nor wear the sacred ashes, etc., etc. (46th Adhyāya).

But since this is only one-twelfth part of the whole work, we may justly hope that the rest will be more interesting for the general reader.

This much is certain, that *Shivarahasya* as a document of the Shiva religion deserves to be published, and that, therefore, our thanks are due to Mr. Sadasiva Chettiar who has courageously undertaken to carry the work through the press.

F. O. S.

The Quest of the Holy Grail, by Jessie L. Weston. (THE QUEST SERIES. G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Miss Weston has given us in this volume a concise and scholarly precis on a subject of perennial interest, the Grail Legend, while also propounding an original solution of its origin and interpretation. As she points out, the prevailing tendency has been to deal with the Grail story in pieces, sections, rather as a connected whole, taking into consideration every item of an admittedly complex problem—a method of treatment which it is hardly surprising to find has not produced very satisfactory results.

The various theories already in the field in connection with the Grail literature and legend: that it was a purely Christian ecclesiastical legend, the work of monkish compilers; that it was simply the automatic food-providing talisman of popular tradition and, as such, of purely Folklore, preferably Keltic, origin; and the latest theory, fathered by Professor Burdach, "that what Perceval sees is the Byzantine Mass," are discussed, and reasons are adduced for their dismissal. The legends connecting the Grail with S. Joseph of Arimathea and with the Abbey of Glastonbury are, the present reviewer is sorry to find, regarded as untenable, and some mediæval writers were aware of the fact that the Church knew nothing of the Grail legend. The author's own conclusion is that the Grail legend is of ritual imagery connected with the origin and propagation of life, which ritual later developed into a mystery. This hypothesis she works out in detail, bringing forward some very convincing reasons for her belief. She discovers a striking resemblance between the ritual of the Adonis cult and "both in incident and intention" with the *mise-en-scene* of the Grail story. Miss Weston clearly recognises that there was an esoteric side to the Grail story, and that esoteric side she connects very rightly in our opinion with Initiation, with regeneration and spiritual life.

A book to be heartily recommended to all—and there are many—who are interested in this famous and fascinating legend and symbol of the eternal ver.

E. S.

The Great Mother, A Gospel of The Eternal Feminine, by C. H. A. Bjerregaard. (The Inner Life Publishing Co., New York.)

The author writes :

In this book I mean by the Eternal Mother the personal realisation of the Deity as Mother. The Eternal Mother is not a god or goddess, but the power and ultimate foundation of all gods, goddesses, nature and man: The Deity, both cause and effect. The Eternal Mother is not the feminine side of the manifested Deity or God.

This mystic conception is illustrated, under three aspects, Nature-Mystery, Beauty and Art-Mystery, and Religious Mystery, by ideas drawn from many of the books in the Main Reading Room of the New York Public Library, of which Mr. Bjerregaard is Chief. To try to go behind the dual manifestations to the "ultimate foundation," and still to present us with one—the Mother-Side of a pair of opposites—is confusing.

"Woman is the soul of man. Man without his soul (—woman—) is but a mere animal. . . ." does not sound very mystic to students of reincarnation, who realise that the Immortal is neither man nor woman, but that He clothes Himself in either form at will.

Mother-Nature draws our love in all her gracious aspects, and as the author wisely remarks on the last page (325): "To tell the whole story about the Great Mother is impossible."

A. J. W.

The Twelve Major Upanishads, rendered into Tamil, by N. P. Subramania Aiyar. (S. Vaidya & Co., Madras. Price Rs.2-8.)

The late N. P. Subramania Aiyar, who was a member of the Theosophical Society and a practising pleader at Negapatam, had been studying, in the midst of his professional business, the 12 Upanishads in the light of Shri Shankara's *Commentary*. For the benefit of the public he translated them into Tamil, and died without publishing them. After his death his son, N. S. Rajaram Aiyar, had them revised and has now published them all in book form. *The Twelve Major Upanishads* leave out *Kaushitaki* and include instead *Nrsimhatapani* (earlier portion). The translation is well done and the book is nicely brought out. It will, I hope, be a boon to the Tamil-knowing public.

K. N.

Studies in Shaiva-Siddhanta, by J. M. Nallasvami Pillai, B. A., B. L. With an Introduction by V. V. Ramana Shastrin, Ph. D. (Meykandam Press, Madras.)

Mr. Nallasvami Pillai has long been known to readers of the *Agamic Review* called *The Light of Truth or the Siddhanta Dipika*. He has laboured for many years to make the Shaiva-Siddhanta known to the world; and that at last western scholars have turned their attention to this mystic-philosophical system of the South of India is no doubt due, to a great extent, to his endeavours.

The volume before us contains twenty-four papers which appeared first in the *Siddhanta Dipika* and several other magazines. They embrace almost the whole field of the Shaiva Siddhanta, so that one who goes through them will get a fairly complete idea of this system. And nobody, we are sure, who peruses this book with some attention will be able to put it aside without confessing to himself that he has learned a good deal.

Nallasvami Pillai is a sympathetic and thoughtful writer: there is no tinge of sectarianism in his papers, and the wealth of ideas they contain is astonishing. Moreover, his style is free from that tedious prolixity so common in India, contrasting favourably in this respect even with *Der Caiva-Siddhanta* by the Rev. H. W. Schomerus, who, by the way, has not sufficiently acknowledged his indebtedness to Nallasvami Pillai.

The following articles may be specially mentioned: 'Flower and Fragrance' (No. 1), a contribution to the science of metaphors; 'The Light of Truth or Unmai Vilakkam' (No. 2), a translation of 54 stanzas forming one of the Fourteen Siddhanta Shastras; 'Another Side' (No. 4), with pertinent remarks on Samkhya and Vedanta; 'The Tattvas and Beyond' (No. 5), being an explanation of the 36 Tattvas and the Tattvatita; 'The Nature of the Divine Personality' (No. 6), being a criticism of the equation *nirguna* = impersonal; 'Vowels and Consonants' (No. 7), on a simile used in Shaiva Siddhanta to explain the *advaita* relation of mind and body; 'Some Aspects of the Godhead' (No. 10); 'The Shvetashvatara Upanishat' (No. 13); 'The Union of Indian Philosophies' (No. 16); 'The Personality of God according to the Shaiva Siddhanta' (No. 19); 'Advaita according to Shaiva Siddhanta' (No. 20); 'Shaivism in its Relation to

other Systems' (No. 24). We have also read with pleasure the description of 'Shri Parvatam' (No. 23), the most sacred hill for the Shaiva pilgrim.

Among the things with which we cannot quite agree is the criticism, on pages 160 ff., of Prof. Deussen's "false analogy". Similes like that of the stream entering the ocean are never meant to be taken literally.

F. O. S.

Christ and His Age, by Douglas G. Browne. (Methuen & Co. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

In this book the author has tried to free himself both from the conventions of orthodoxy and from the conventions of scepticism; to shake off the accumulated theological dogmas of nineteen centuries, as well as the no less dogmatic prejudices of modern critics, and to try to conceive the Christ as He actually was, and to trace the life He led among His fellow-men. Putting aside the alleged miraculous birth and 'supernatural' powers, which many orthodox Christians seem to feel necessary to the greatness of their Ideal, the author endeavours to portray the Christ as Perfect Man, as the apex of the pyramid of religious teachers, embodying every human virtue, but raised to a higher power, an absolute perfection. We think that he has succeeded. In reading the book, we seem to feel the Christ as a mighty Hero, not the embodiment of passive or negative goodness suggested by many paintings of Him, but the embodiment of perfect Energy and all-knowing, active Love. To put it briefly—the Christ, imagined by the author—is the Christ of the paintings in Mount Athos, which were reproduced in the *Theosophist* a few months back. Theosophists may find the book useful to lend to Christian friends. It recognises the brotherhood of religions and of the great Teachers, but regards Christianity and the Christ as greatest among them.

H. T. R.

The Pharaoh and the Priest, by Alexander Glovatski, translated by Jeremiah Curtin. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This is an Egyptian historical novel of much interest, by the author of the celebrated *Quo Vadis*. The prefatory remarks tell us that Alexander Glovatski is "a true man of letters, a real philosopher, retiring, industrious and modest . . . who has written seventeen books which contain great and vivid pictures of life at the end of the recent century".

The Pharaoh and the Priest concerns the struggle of a young and progressive ruler, first as heir to the throne and then as Pharaoh, with the rich and powerful priesthood. "The ruin of a Pharaoh and the fall of his dynasty with the rise of a self-chosen sovereign and a new line of rulers are the double consummation in this novel." The plot is interesting and its action presents a vivid picture of the civilisation of ancient Egypt in the eleventh century before Christ.

The explanation given by a priest to the Pharaoh of the reason for embalming the mummy, that much disputed point, is: "When a man dies his shade, the ka, separates from his body as does the divine spark. If we burn the body the shade has nothing but ashes with which to gain strength. But if we embalm the body, or preserve it for thousands of years the shade ka is always healthy and strong; it passes the time of purification in calmness and even agreeably." The priest goes on to explain that "there are men who possess the uncommon gift that during life they can separate their own shades from their bodies. Our secret books are filled with the most creditable narratives touching this subject." He relates how magicians have sent out their shades against men whom they hated and damaged their effects; instances of repercussion are also related, and the fact that when a man dies his shade lives and shows itself to people. A footnote remarks: "It is curious that the theory of shades, on which very likely the uncommon care of the Egyptians for the dead was built, has revived in our times in Europe." Adolf d'Assier explains it minutely in a pamphlet *Essai sur l'humanite posthume et le spiritisme*, par un Positiviste the pamphlet Colonel Olcott translated. For truth persists, and the theory of shades, or to give them their modern name, astral bodies, being true, Europe is likely

to hear a good deal more about these snades than when the truth was confined to an ambitious priesthood who used their secret knowledge, as is so often the way with priesthods, chiefly to terrorise an ignorant populace. To any who are interested in ancient Khem—one surely of the most fascinating of all countries—this novel can be heartily recommended.

E. S.

A Handbook of Mystical Theology, by D. H. S. Nicholson. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 2s.)

This is an abridgment of Scaramelli's *Il Direttorio Mistico*, to which Mr. Nicholson contributes a most thoughtful preface, stating the fact that the most vital element in Mysticism cannot be taught in books or communicated in any rite or ceremony, it being an experience to be undergone by each individual. The purpose of the abridgment is to give concisely the position held by the Church on the larger questions of mystical life, as expounded by one of its authoritative writers. It describes the successive stages the soul encounters in its progress from earthly struggles to its ultimate glory and union with the Divine. The use of meditation and the grades of contemplation are described, and stress is laid on the necessity of having a spiritual director. There seems to be no mystical experience of which the book does not treat, and although we cannot find ourselves in agreement with many conclusions of the author, we feel that it is impossible to dogmatise on a subject like Mysticism. The book can be recommended to those who are interested in these questions.

G. G.

The Vampire, by Reginald Hodder. (William Rider & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 6s.)

When Mr. Bram Stoker wrote *Dracula* we felt that the vampire-story had reached its zenith, and apparently we were not mistaken, for even to-day it stands unrivalled. One must therefore attempt to put *Dracula* out of one's mind while considering the book under review. *The Vampire* tells of a Mrs. Valtudor, of whose origin nothing is known, who suddenly descends on a peaceful country-place in England. Everyone who comes into close contact with her soon becomes ghastly pale. By the third or fourth chapters, not

only the astute reader, but most of the characters even—including of course the hero, a young doctor—suspect her to be a vampire. But her method of vampirism is more subtle than that of Count Dracula. It would be unfair, however, to give away the secret of this. Suffice to say that the story is full of, one might say crammed with, incident. We have mummies, talismans, secret societies, new scientific theories, black magicians, etc.; indeed everything one can think of to provide sensations. The trouble is that the book can be read in the dark without a thrill. The characters are not convincing, nor are they the sort of people one would care to meet.

T. L. C.

King Desire and His Knights, by Edith F. A. U. Painton. F. Fenno & Co., New York. Price \$1 net.)

A book for children, in which under a slight form of fiction basic ideas of New Thought are put forth in a manner suitable for the youthful mind. Two large families of children had in their American mothers to almost breaking-point in the effort to provide for their material wants. One mother confesses—and from the Theosophical educational standpoint the confession appals:

I have scolded till I was hoarse; I have whipped till my arms ached hours after; I have cried till my eyes were sore; yes, I have even prayed my very faith was dead. Now I just let them go at their own sweet will, my nerve and patience are utterly worn to shreds; then I get Ben to step in and give them a good sound thrashing all round, and after the noise of their wailing and yelling has died away, I have a sort of peace for another week or two.

How a New Thought Aunt Susie tames these unruly children by her spirited teaching on the power of thought, the law of suggestion, the Spirit of universal love and unity, etc., bringing "real miracles to pass" the reader will learn for himself. With the exception of the appalling doggerel figuring as "little poems" at the close of each chapter the New Thought teaching is very cleverly adapted to its purpose, and the book may be found very helpful in the education of their children by other than New Thought parents, for the New Thought—so called—is in reality the oldest of all old thought.

E. S.

Rearing an Imperial Race, edited by Charles E. Hecht.
(The St. Catherine Press, London.)

This well-produced volume of over 500 pages is a report of the second Guildhall School Conference on Diet, Cookery and Hygiene; with special reports from H. M. Ambassadors Abroad. It consists of a series of exceedingly interesting papers, followed by discussions by experts thoroughly acquainted with every aspect of the subject. They deal with questions of hygiene and diet, from the practical point of view, as applied to schools for the poorest classes.

Representatives of various cities, such as London, Glasgow, Bradford, etc., give the benefit of their experience and tell us the outcome of their experiments, and of their efforts to deal with local conditions. A useful feature is that minute detail are given, such as complete dietaries for meals at one penny per head, methods of cooking, cost, quality, finance, on air versus other schools, sleep, the effect of free or assisted meals upon the children and upon the parents. Reports are included of the work done in this direction by France, Germany, Switzerland and the United States. The volume is well illustrated with photographs. We know of no more useful book either for those who are in charge of schools for the lowest classes, or for the practical philanthropist.

The Conference by its deliberations and the publication of its reports is doing work of the utmost value to the nation, if we trust the National Food Reform Association, at whose instance the Conference was held, will meet with that measure of support from the public, to which the importance of its work entitles it.

C. R. H.

Gipsy Girl, by Beatrice Wrey. (Published by the Author, 59, Bank Chambers, 329, High Holborn, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

A little book of delicious child-play with sympathetic parents who understand the wordless emotions of the child-mind, and can leave room for it to expand itself without undue interference, while they guide the little ones along the best path.

A. J. W.

Customs of the World, Vol. I, edited by Walter Hutchinson
B. A., F. R. G. S., F. R. A. I. (Hutchinson & Co., London.)

This book aims at giving "a popular account of the manners, customs and ceremonies of men and women in all countries". With this intent it is copiously illustrated, there being no fewer than 721 reproductions in black and white, in addition to 16 coloured plates. Mr. A. C. Haddon contributes a most interesting introductory chapter, in which he advises the world in general, and the Anglo-Saxon race, in particular, not to despise the manners and customs of other nations, but rather "to look for the wheat among the tares and not to condemn the good along with the bad".

The contributions on the various countries are written by eminent authorities whose names are sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of their information.

Three maps are included as a guide to the reader. The value of the illustrations cannot be over-estimated. They give a vividness and reality to the text which it would otherwise miss, and the reproductions from those countries which are personally known to us are faithful and accurate.

Such a book ought to find a place in every library, for there is no excuse now-a-days for ignorance concerning the manners and customs of our fellow-men. We observe the book under review to be but the first volume, presumably of a series. Like *Oliver Twist*, we "ask for more".

T. L. C.

The Crescent Moon, by Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

The collection of prose-poems, which are presented to us under this title, deal entirely with child life. Each poem has for its theme the child and its view of life, or the sentiments of the mother. In many of them, such as 'The Champa Flower,' the author has wonderfully well caught the real spirit of the child's point of view. 'Vocation' also sympathetically expresses the longings of a child, while in 'Authorship' we have delicate imagination and a gentle tender humour.

There are several illustrations by Indian artists, but they tend to mar the book. All of them are done by members of that small group of artists, emanating from Calcutta, who instead of developing upon Indian lines, have set themselves slavishly to copy Japanese models. Lacking the hereditary artistic sensibility of that race the results are, as might be expected, most unsatisfactory. 'The Merchant' for example might well pass for one of the crude efforts of a young Japanese art student. In 'Fairylane' the artist has even gone so far as to imitate the square red seal and signature of a Japanese artist. Such misguided efforts are deplorable, and greatly hinder the work of those who have at heart the revival of art in India.

C. R. H.

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

Pond Life, by E. C. Ash, M. R. A. C.

This book tells us in a simple and vivid fashion much detail of the teeming, but generally unknown, life inhabiting our ponds and streams. Among other of life's odd freaks it describes plants resembling animals, in that they are able to move at will. The microscope reveals to us the mysteries and beauties of the many lowly forms of life that water nourishes—tiny organisms with curious modes of reproduction, and convenient power of changing form. It shows us also some of nature's protective devices—for much struggle for life and food is waged in this watery element and many battles to the death are fought. Most people will derive both pleasure and profit from a perusal of this fascinating study of pond life, while to the young with a turn for natural science and natural history, the book will probably prove an inspiration and a revelation leading perchance to that most valuable of all possessions—a hobby of vivid and persistent interest.

E. S.

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

Principles of Logic, by Stanley Williams, B. A.

In speaking of his subject in the Introduction the author says: "If we can only master its names and phraseology, we shall find in it a subject of great practical value and interest, and shall cease to regard it as the useless mental gymnastics of effete pedagogism." An opportunity for such mastery is certainly given in this little book; it fairly bristles with the "names" referred to, and the concise explanations are well illustrated by diagrams and examples. It is a handy little volume for reference as well as a useful one to study by way of preparation for the consideration at greater length of the more vitally interesting problems of logic.

Schopenhauer, by Margrieta Beer, M. A.

For the general reader it is valuable, in starting upon the study of the works of a great philosopher, to acquaint himself beforehand with the main points of that philosopher's teachings. It is encouraging in the mass of new information to come upon a familiar fact here and there. Such little guide-posts in his future wanderings through the writings of Schopenhauer are furnished to the reader in this little book. Besides the Introduction the volume contains four Chapters: 'Schopenhauer's Life,' 'Pessimism,' 'Art,' and 'Virtue'. In these are sketched the general tendency and chief teachings of Schopenhauer's philosophy. The author has succeeded in making the subject very interesting, and has fitted her book admirably to the function it should perform as a very short treatise on a large subject, namely that of stimulating the reader's desire for more on the same subject. A bibliography is included in the volume.

Charles Lamb, by Flora Masson.

A book on Charles Lamb never comes amiss to those who have once fallen under the spell of the "most universally beloved of English writers". Those who have not yet so fallen should read Miss Masson's charming sketch. It is written with sympathy and understanding and presents a very vivid picture of Lamb and his surroundings.

A. de L.

A History of Rome, by A. F. Giles, M. A.

This excellent little book deserves all praise. We have presented to us in a terse and clear way a review, rather than a history, of the growth of the Roman Empire. As the volume is necessarily small, the author does not trouble us with a list of historical events, strung together. He cannot, in the limited number of pages at his command, possibly give an ordered and sequential history, nor does he attempt to do so. He, therefore, works with a broad brush, giving the causes of, and tracing the lines of development of a people who, first under the rule of Kings, formed themselves into a Republic, and later became the makers of one of the greatest Empires the world has ever seen. Two useful maps are included in the volume, and also a chronological synopsis. This little history should lead the reader to seek for the larger histories, and should prove an excellent handbook and aid to their study.

Spiritualism and Psychical Research, by J. Arthur Hill.

The author's name is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of this little book. He states at the outset his own views on Spiritualism. He is not a spiritualist, but is "convinced that things do really happen which orthodox science cannot explain and which certainly seem to point to the continued activity of minds no longer functioning through their old fleshly body". Mr. Hill comes to the subject with an unbiassed mind, and argues for and against Spiritualism impartially. We are given its history, and then we have chapters on the 'Society for Psychical Research,' 'Automatic Writing,' 'Telepathy,' and the 'Subliminal Self'. We cannot sufficiently recommend this book to one who is desirous of knowing something of scientific researches into the unseen. There is not a dull page, and the history and results of investigations narrated are most happily chosen. The author takes nothing on faith, yet he is broad-minded enough not to deny a thing, simply because he doesn't see it. In short he has performed his task most excellently, and we have nothing but praise for this little handbook.

T. L. C.

Biology, by Prof. W. D. Henderson, M. A.

We have here, within 81 small pages of good clear type, a concise account of modern scientific conclusions about Life, its origin and the forms it uses. It is written so well that many a casual reader will be enticed to study further; and for that there is a well arranged bibliography at the end. We might perhaps wish that Dr. J. Beard's valuable researches into the morphological continuity of germ-cells from generation to generation had been referred to on page 83, as they seem to give the best scientific basis for heredity and fit in with the theory of the permanent atom.

A. J. W.

The God Which Is Man, by R. B. Stocker. (Griffiths, London. Price 5s. net.)

Earnest Theosophists must ever welcome any attempt to explain the riddle of the universe; and it should even be possible for them to be in sympathy with any honest attempt to explain it away, as is done in the latest volume by Mr. R. D. Stocker, entitled *The God Which Is Man*. Had one little word, by the way, been added to the title, so that it read: "The God which is in man," the book would probably make a wider appeal, even outside the Theosophical Society—but then it would no longer be rationally in aim and manner, as are all the later works from the pen of this versatile author.

It is, nevertheless, a useful book for Theosophists to read, as it is ever useful to read the works of those who look at the world from an angle quite different from our own; and as we are all apt to imagine, as we progress along a certain mental route, that the whole of thinking humanity is progressing side by side with us, it is helpful to be confronted, from time to time, with some of the views prevalent half a century ago, and to realise that there are still earnest students among us who accept Huxley's and Herbert Spencer's views as the last word in Philosophy and Science.

It is certainly a little startling to be informed that "it is no longer possible to look for purpose and design of any sort in the world. . .," one of those dogmatic assertions of nescience with which the various materialistic schools of the past century have already made us familiar, but surprising from the pen of one

not unacquainted with the 'Divine Wisdom' in East and West.

"To anyone who is abreast of modern thought," we read elsewhere, "to presume to place the universe under the guidance of a providential will must seem the very highest pitch of audacity and folly . . ." A curious statement, this, in view of the fact that it is precisely those who are abreast of modern thought who have discarded, or are rapidly discarding, the conception of a universe ruled by chance! Might one not retort that it is "the very highest pitch of audacity and folly" for any serious thinker to deny an intelligent direction to the world-scheme, for no better reason than that he has so far failed to discover it?

With the chapter entitled 'Modern Thought and the Soul,' most Theosophists will find themselves a good deal in sympathy; for it is free from the somewhat aggressive rationalism of the earlier chapters, and contains some beautiful and suggestive ideas; for instance the following, which has quite a Bergsonian flavour: "Thought, in one sense, must always be ahead of life. But while this is so, the function of thought must always be subordinate to the claims of life. And for that to be so, life must be spontaneous and instinctive. When we come to live aright, we shall not think much about it . . ."

In the very interesting chapter on 'Mind, Morality and the Cosmos,' the author attempts to solve the problem of the origin of man's moral instinct, in the face of a non-moral nature—the old problem of a being evolved, according to Rationalists, by purely mechanical processes, yet attaining to moral conceptions and ideals totally at variance with the iron laws ruling the world of which he is a part—a problem which the genius of neither Huxley nor Tyndal could solve; nor indeed can it be solved by any theory of evolution which sees man from the form-side of things only, and totally ignores the divine life within the form.

The last chapter in the book is devoted to a brief resume of Socialism, which the author hails as the bringer of universal content, peace, and happiness to all the children of men. So mote it be!

JEAN DELAIRE.

Concentration. A Practical Course, by Ernest Wood. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Mr. Ernest Wood's many friends and pupils will all be glad to have their attention called to the fact that he has just published an excellent hand-book, embodying the results of 15 years' study and practice in the teachings of yoga. Mr. Ernest Wood not only passes on the great truths he has received from others, he has original, scientific and systematic methods of his own. On page 39 we find him advising the student to bring forward his 'visitors' or wandering thoughts for review. Here they are:

"... I wish it wasn't so hot or so cold; I wonder if I shall gain such a such a thing; how can I let my superior officer become aware of my many virtues; I wish my wife or my child were not ailing; O, when shall I succeed; I wonder if I am making progress . . . or, in short why did God make things as they are, and why doesn't He carry out the improvements I have to suggest?" Says Mr. Wood: "Say to each: 'For the next hour I am otherwise engaged Good morning.' Treated thus politely the visitors will feel constrained to bow themselves out in silence."

We cordially wish this capital little handbook every success.
K. F. S.

Allegorical Visions, by Katharine Harrow. (The New-Way Publishing Co., New York. Price \$ 1. 25.)

The author contributes an interesting preface as to how the visions came to be written. She had them presented to her in the form of pictures, which came at no particular time. Often while walking, she would lose all sense of present surroundings, and be transported in thought to other worlds. The writer is very much affected by nature, evidently, as most of the visions recorded describe with some minuteness the environment in which she finds herself. We have no doubt that these allegorical visions mean much to the author, and she is wise in letting us draw our own interpretation from them. They are nicely written, and have a rhythmic sense about them which is very pleasing.

T. L. C.

NOTICES

Messrs. Elias Gewurz and L. A. Bosman are bringing out a little series of 'Esoteric Studies,' of which one entitled *The Cosmic Wisdom* (Dharma Press, 16, Oakfield Road, Clapton, London, N. E.) is before us. It deals with the 'Hieroglyphical Interpretation of the Hebrew Alphabet,' and gives on this information which students will find useful. The booklet contains teachings drawn from the Qabala. Two other pamphlets come from the same press, *The Teachings of Theosophy Scientifically Proved*, by Mr. Bosman, and *The Reason for the Hope that is in Us*, by Mr. Gewurz. The title of the first explains its contents, and the second relates to the Order of the Star in the East.

The Adyar Bulletin. The new volume of this little magazine, which began on January last, seems to point to the fact that it is going to improve even the standard it set itself last year. It has now become a 'Theosophical Journal for East and West,' and the first three numbers are very good. The series 'From Twilight to Dawn,' is still continued, as also 'Students in Council'. 'From my Scrap-book' has been renewed. Best of all, there is still every month an article from the pen of Mrs. Besant, and she continues writing the pages: 'From the Editor.' In the last number one of her last Convention lectures is published, and Mr. Leadbeater contributes a most practical article on 'Theosophy for Children'.

VOL. XXXV

No. 8

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE Watch-Tower is being transplanted to Europe while these lines are passing through the press, and will be fixed in London for a short time, whence the outlook will be taken. There is so much work going on just now in India, that it is a little difficult to go away, but as all work has but the one Worker behind it, it does not really specially need any particular person for the mere outer execution. We are all inclined to think too much of our own importance in the work, and transplanting is as good for us as for seedlings.

* * *

Conferences, here in India, are the order of the day, and April has had three of them, so far as I am personally concerned. And here is a telegram from a fourth, in distant Sindh, where our General Secretary is presiding, bringing loving greetings. An interesting point, in this relation, is the growing inclination of the workers on different lines of national reform to draw together, and while each department—Theosophical, social, political—remains entirely autonomous, the

workers seek a friendly co-operation, so that the separate activities may serve the common end of India's progress. And that is natural, since many of the leading workers in the political and social fields are also earnest Theosophists, inspired by the oft-expressed wish of the Masters that India should rise to her rightful place among the nations, and be respected and honoured by all.

* *

It will be remembered that the National Congress was born in Madras at the time of the T. S. Convention there, and that its preliminary Committee included leading Theosophists, men like the then Mr. S. Subramania Iyer and Mr. Norendranath Sen, to say nothing of Mr. Hume himself, whose love for India drew on him the attention of the Masters, and the correspondence he valued so highly. Colonel Olcott was ever an inspirer of efforts for Social Reform, and did much in that for the sake of India's progress, justifying every member of the T. S. in working energetically for all good causes, while bidding them not entangle the T. S. "as such" in outside activities. That is our distinctive note: complete neutrality as a Society, so that workers of every type may come within our borders and find spiritual inspiration, and earnest self-sacrificing work as individuals, choosing the lines of service which, to us, best subserve the ideal of Brotherhood. It is good to read of "the number of men and women" who are members of the T. S., and who "are in the forefront of the social movements of the day". And it is also good to know that some of our members are working conscientiously on opposing lines, as in Woman Suffrage, for we have prominent Suffragettes

among our Fellows, who have suffered in prison—as Mrs. Despard, Miss Annie Kenney and Dr. Alice Ker—while we have also others who absolutely dislike the idea that women should vote at all. And the common membership on the spiritual basis is good for all of us.

* *

Religion owes much to Sir Oliver Lodge in these days. He has been lecturing on the Unseen Universe, and asserting that we have other channels of communication with the universe than our bodies and our senses. "We have minds; we have spirits." "We belong also to a higher, super-sensuous, unseen universe, with which we are more akin, after all, than the other." Sir Oliver has seen a possibility that all students of yoga know as a fact:

Nearly all the important things are done in that way automatically. The object of training is to make actions automatic so that we may liberate our consciousness to do new things. The more cultivated a man, I presume, the more things can go on automatically without his conscious attention. I think that is what happens in cases of genius. The person goes into a brown study. His conscious mind is relieved from the conscious things of life, and his brain is able to get in contact with a higher order of things than ordinarily appeals to the senses. His senses are lulled to sleep, and he gets what is called an inspiration.

It is profoundly interesting to see how science is climbing upwards to the facts discovered by the different method of yoga.

* *

A woman, cursed with a sense of logic, caustically remarks in a letter from England: "Public interest this week is divided between the cutting of the Rokeby Venus and the signing of the Ulster Covenant. The absurdity of inveighing against the militant Suffragettes and swearing to support the militant Ulsteriacs, all in

the same breath, does not appear to strike the average man." The average man would probably reply to my "fair correspondent," that it is very unfeminine to be logical.

* * *

Our first Lodge in Greece itself—there was once one in the Ionian Isles—has been formed in Athens, and has taken the name 'Hermes'. Its organisation is due to the energy and devotion of Mlle. Nina de Gernet, who unites an indomitable zeal to an ailing body—a body sorely exhausted by noble work as a nurse in the Russo-Japanese War.

* * *

A rather curious book has been sent to me, entitled, *Der grosse Advent*; it was published in 1866 by the 'Neu Theosophischer Verlag,' and the mystical society which published it is, I am informed, still in existence. It is stated therein that the Christ will incarnate in 1920—an interesting forecast.

* * *

Miss Ware writes of the laying of the foundation-stone of the new T.S. buildings in Adelaide, South Australia. Our older readers will remember the name of Mr. Knox, the solicitor whose steady perseverance and devotion created and sustained the Adelaide Lodge. It is very pleasant to hear that the grateful love of those who have profited by his labours has given his name to the building. Miss Ware says:

Yesterday, February 23rd, at 4.30, P.M. the foundation-stone of our new T.S. premises was laid in King Wm. Street by Mrs. Knox. A service was held in our present T. S. rooms; then we all walked round to witness the ceremony at the new building. There Mr. Olifent, our President, read a beautiful dedicatory address. The stone has an inscription to the memory of Mr. Knox; the building and Hall will also bear

his name. There was a good attendance at the ceremony. Gifts of money were placed on the stone, to the amount of £42, with promises of more to follow. Later we returned to our T.S. rooms for tea. The weather was perfect throughout the function.

* * *

We printed last month a corrected edition of Sidney Lamier's 'Ballad of Trees and the Master'. An American member sends me another poem of his, written in 1867, entitled 'Barnacles'; it has something of the same quaint old-world touch:

My soul is sailing through the sea,
But the Past is heavy and hindereth me,
The Past hath crusted cumbrous shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea-smells
About my soul.
The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole
And hindereth me from sailing!

Old Past let go, and drop i' the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The Day to find.
Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind,
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing.

* * *

Federation of Lodges is spreading in the United States as in India. Mr. Unger, the head of the Northern Division, has federated the Lodges in his charge into 'The Great Lakes' Federation,' and it will hold its Conference in the summer. Five of the Divisions are holding Summer Conferences, arranging them so that the General Secretary shall visit each in turn. The plan is an admirable one, and is sure to bring about greater solidarity and effectiveness.

Once more at the 'Gate of India,' the splendid city of Bombay, with its wide roads and avenues of over-arching trees, and its strenuous capable population. An arrival at Bombay Station is always a thing to be remembered, the friendly faces, the wealth of flowers, the number of ladies—for Hindū Bombay has largely thrown off the purda, and the Pārsis never had it, apparently. From the station to Mr. Narottam M. Goculdas's beautiful house, with its lovely view of sea and over-arching sky—to Narottamji himself, looking no whit the worse for the storm that has been raging round him for his 'crime' in going abroad. His quiet steadfastness in the right to travel, joined with his sincere Hindūism, have struck the right note, the note of dignified adherence to essentials and liberal indifference to non-essentials. He has taken from the West what the West has to give of useful and pleasant, but has used it to enrich his Indian life not to anglicise it.

* *

The Gaiety Theatre was crowded for a lecture on 'National Education,' Mr. Jehangir Sorabji, the late General Secretary of the Indian Section in the chair. Two valuable gifts to the Adyar Library were a pleasant preliminary to the lecture, one from a Brāhmaṇa, the other from a Pārsi. Bombay Theosophists had two other meetings, one for E. S. students and one for the Lodges—the latter being held in the Shrī Kṛṣṇa Lodge, of which my host is President. Mr. P. K. Telang and Paṇḍit Iqbal Narain Gurtu came down from Benares to talk over the educational work there, and gave a good report on the Boys' School, which is doing excellently well. The Girls' School is less satisfactory, for want of accommodation and for want of the lower classes. It

seems impracticable to have only the higher classes, as the girls in Benares who wish for higher education are but few, while many seek the elementary stages. There is talk of the old C. H. C. School being moved into the town, and, if that be done, we may open the lower classes, if we can raise money sufficient for building and upkeep.

We propose to increase the number of boarders, as we have fortunately found a Hindū widow who can take charge of the girls—an absolutely necessary condition, if the girls confided to us are to be brought up in the gracious Hindū ways and to pass out of the school into happy Hindū homes through the gate of marriage. More harm than good would be done at present by education if it brought up girls in a way which rendered them unfit to be the "Goddess of the home". Well-meaning foreigners quite unconsciously do a large amount of mischief by leading Hindū girls into ways which, harmless in themselves and natural in the West, are alien to India and repellent to the cultured English-educated and the old-fashioned Indian alike.

* *

In a few hours I step on board the good steamer *Mantua*, and say good-bye for a short time to India, "the Motherland of my Master," sacred and beloved. Then, for a space, to dwell among the many dear and loving friends whom good karma has linked me with under other skies and among other scenes. How good it is to know that, in all lands, we who are the servants of the Holy Ones form but one family, whatever may be our outer differences of birth and colour—fair augury of that happier day for earth when brotherhood shall transcend all differences, and when mutual love and

mutual respect shall bind into unity the many varying types of the children of men.

An interesting article, showing the trend of the times, appears in the *Contemporary Review* for April. Mysticism has undoubtedly "arrived" in the West. In the East it has always held a prominent place as Mr. Udney points out in 'Dante's Mysticism'.

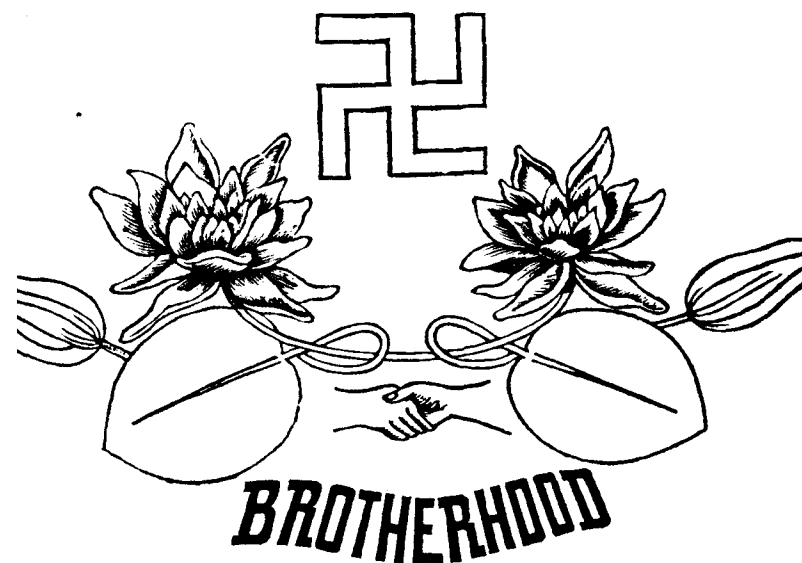
Mr. Udney attributes, as the mainspring of Dante's activities, "a conviction of human nature's capacity to attain Divine illumination through self-mastery and self-devotion". Now that the poets are being read with a discerning eye, some of the true purport of their message may be at last unveiled.

* * *

There has lately been published *The Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope*. So little is definitely known of her life that this book will be very welcome. Up to the present, she has been a name rather than a reality. The *London Observer* comments thus:

"A strange woman she assuredly was: Mr. Thomson, who conducted her funeral service, was justified in describing her as "wholly and magnificently unique." She was the great Pitt's niece; she became "Queen of Palmyra"; and she spent the last years of her life on a hill-top in the Lebanon, studying the stars, waiting for the coming of the new Messiah, the beautiful boy without a father, whose coming should be heralded by a woman from a far country.

This last sentence is very significant. The words speak for themselves, and are especially interesting at the present time.



THE BUILDING OF THE INDIVIDUAL

By ANNIE BESANT P. T. S.

(Continued from p. 17)

THE Supreme Self, manifesting as the Lord of a Universe, as the Ishvara of the Hindū, the Allah of the Muslim, the God of the Christian, the Logos of the Theosophist, manifests Himself in a Universe in three primary aspects of consciousness—Power, Wisdom, Activity, all-pervading and ever-present. These are the three aspects which, looked at separately, as seen from below, have given rise to the Trinities found in ancient and modern faiths, though no more separate in the supreme Unit of Consciousness, the Universe-Consciousness than in the human Unit of Consciousness which we call Man. They are aspects, attributes, faces, persons (*persona*=a

mask) of the ever-indivisible One, of the Supreme Self in His relation to a Universe, as seen from the standpoint of the limited consciousnesses in that Universe. Verily have these aspects 'masked' the Unity, the 'persons' in the Trinity, having become well-nigh separate entities, arithmetical conundrums, taking the place of the Saguna Brahman, the 'Brahman-with-attributes,' or the manifested God. Hence the difficulties of the Athanasian Creed, due to a complete misunderstanding of the truth underlying the phrases, the original meaning of the word 'Person' having changed from a mask, veiling a Reality by an attribute, to an entity, a limited being.

Controversy has also arisen, due to the paucity of English metaphysical language, connoting a corresponding indistinctness of ideas, round the word 'God'. It is forgotten that any manifestation of the ETERNAL in a temporary phenomenal Universe can only be partial, and that the use of the same word for the Eternal Universal Reality and the partial manifestation of that Reality in any phenomenal Universe—our present Universe or any other in the ranges of everlasting Time and unlimited Space—must lead to confusion. Hindūism has avoided this by confining the term 'Brahman' to universal essential Being—bare Being, or Be-ness, the essence of Being, as H. P. Blavatsky preferred to say—whether manifested or unmanifested, distinguishing these by prefixing an epithet only. Unmanifested Being, abstract Being, the Absolute of western metaphysics, out of all relation, out of Space and Time, is 'Nirguna Brahman,' 'Brahman-without-attributes,' and of THAT there is naught to say, save the acknowledgment: "THAT IS." The same essential Being manifested

—there is but the One, without a second—is 'Saguna Brahman,' 'Brahman-with-attributes'. This is the Supreme Self, God, Allah, Supreme LOGOS, of whom every Universe, past, present, and to come, is a partial and passing manifestation: "I established this Universe with a *fragment of Myself*, and I remain," it is written. "Myself," "I," is 'Brahman-with-attributes'.

The attributes of Brahman are, as said, three: Sacchidananda, Sat, Existence; Chit, Consciousness; Ānanda, Bliss. This is the universal statement of the nature of Universal Being, as seen from the view-point of human consciousness—God in relation to any Universe, *i.e.*, in relation to any manifestation, so far as human consciousness, in its highest stage of achievement on our earth, can cognise the Reality. For this, this Saguna Brahman, as for the Absolute, there is no name but 'God,' for the Christian; 'Allah,' for the Muslim. The Theosophist uses the term Supreme SELF, or Supreme 'LOGOS'.

The "fragment of Myself," who establishes a Universe, is never named Brahman by the Hindū, but Ishvara, 'the Lord'; although of the nature of Brahman, not another, He is but a portion of the One, and hence with the three attributes of the One, as a cupful of water has the attributes of water. For the Christian, again, there is no name but 'God' for this "fragment of Myself," God in relation (to a Universe), and therefore not the Absolute; and the confusion between God as the Absolute, out of relation, God in manifestation and therefore in potential relation, and, God as the Father of Spirits, in actual relation to a particular Universe, gives rise to the inextricable atheist-creating tangles of such books as Dean Mansel's

on the nature of God. The solution of the difficulty is in the conceptions of the Brahman-with-attributes and His partial manifestation in and to a Universe, the partial, the fragment, showing the inner triplicity of the whole. For the Muslim, equally, the one name of 'Allah has to serve for the Absolute and for universal and the partial manifestations, and popular Islām feels no difficulty, merely asserting the Unity, while the keen intellects of the great doctors of Islām faced and mastered the metaphysical difficulties in a way identical with the Hindū Vedānta. The Theosophist, wholly at one with these, uses the term 'Supreme LOGOS' to connote the universal Brahman-with-attributes, and a qualifying adjective or descriptive phrase, 'Logos of a Universe,' 'of a system,' etc., to distinguish the "fragment of Myself".

We have seen that the Brahman-with-attributes is qualified as Existence-Consciousness-Bliss, the widest terms that human wit has so far found. When a Universe is established by Him with a fragment of Himself the universal becomes limited as regards that fragment—though "I remain," transcendent—the fragment of the universal Being becoming the all-pervading life of the Universe thus brought into manifestation from the inexhaustible Source, Brahman. So might a fragment of human consciousness embody itself temporarily in a song. This limitation affects the form under which each attribute is seen. *Bliss* expresses itself in relation to a Universe as universal Power, for this alone gives full security, impregnable peace, absence of all that can disturb. *Consciousness* expresses itself in this relation as Wisdom, a dual quality: Awareness or Knowledge, which is Consciousness outward-turned, cognising the Not-Self, and Love, which is Consciousness inward-turned,

cognising the Self as one in numberless forms, and therefore attracting each to each and all to their source. *Existence* expresses itself in this relation as Activity, i.e., Creativeness, the acting outwards, emanating the without, embodying itself by continued self-limitations in endless forms. At once we recognise the characteristics of the 'Persons' in the Lord of a Universe: the First Person is ever characterised by Power, as the Shiva of the Hindū Trinity, the 'Father' of the Christian; the Second by Wisdom, the Viṣṇu, or the Son; the Third by Activity, the creator Brahmā, or the creative Spirit, floating on, or moving upon the face of, the waters.

"The waters" are the symbol, in all religions, of the matter of space, the omnipresent ākāsha, or ether of space. This the Lord of a Universe affects in His third, or creative, aspect. The Theosophist speaks of this either as the 'third aspect of the LOGOS,' or as 'the third LOGOS'; the first is the more accurate, the second the more popularly understood because the more anthropomorphic, and as paralleling the Holy Spirit of the Christian and the Brahmā of the Hindū. Whichever is the more easily grasped by those addressed is the better epithet to use. In the omnipresent ether all Universes are floating, as fishes in a sea, and from this vast ocean of ether the Lord of a Universe draws His material, adapting it to His purposes.¹ All that we here need to note is that the three qualities of the Lord have as correspondences three qualities in matter, each connected with each: Power is answered by *ṭamas*, stability, or inertia; Wisdom by *saṭṭva*, rhythm, or vibration; Activity by *rajas*, mobility.

¹ The process is described in the Appendix on the Aether of Space in *Occult Chemistry*, and in Mr. Leadbeater's *Textbook of Theosophy*.

From these wider horizons, we turn to human consciousness, and we at once see the meaning of the ancient phrase that man was made "in the image of God," the human Self as miniature of the divine. Once more the Hindū epithet of a fragment recurs: "A portion of Myself, a living self" (Jīvātmā). As a Universe is established by a fragment of the ever-existing Brahman, so is each life in that Universe a portion of that fragment; inevitably, therefore, the constituents are identical.

This "image of God" is said to abide ever in the divine Presence, and to descend but partially into the worlds of evolution as a human 'Spirit'; this name denotes the Monad, the living Self, when working under and conditioned by narrower limitations than those which surrounded him in his own native world. Bliss, which manifested as Power, becomes Will in the human Spirit; Power may be said to denote the static, Will the kinetic, condition of the same quality; Power rests, divinely stable, in unchanging serenity, while Will is a latent preparedness for manifestation; or Power may be regarded as the sum of the energies of the Monad, and Will as their arrangement into a one-pointed readiness to stimulate Activity. Wisdom appears as Intuition—spiritual Intuition—in the human Spirit, the quality that discriminates between the Real and the unreal, and with inward-directed vision reaches the inner realisation of the identity of the universal and the limited Self—Self-Realisation. Activity is manifested as Intellect, the creative attribute, which, looking outwards, cognises the worlds around it, is the Knower of the Knowable in the Not-Self.

This Spirit is the Individuality, the Self, the true 'I,' and the process of self-conscious individualisation

is human Evolution; this process begins with the junction of the descending Spirit and the upward-climbing life from below; it continues with the unfolding powers of the Intellect, ever intensifying the sense of separateness by memory of the evolutionary past; then, having acquired Knowledge through Intellect, the Spirit blends his third aspect with the second, the Knowledge of the Without with the realisation of the Within, and thus individualises himself in the next higher world as a centre, not, as below, as a circumference, including not excluding, realising himself as Life and transcending forms. Finally, he blends these merged twins into a Unity, individualising himself in the highest human world of Will, liberating himself from the bondage of matter, not by annihilating life but by transcending death, the power of death being broken when his noose of matter has lost the power to bind, matter having become the pure vehicle of Spirit, responding with instant obedience to the slightest indication of its lord. Individualisation, which has proceeded step by step throughout the ages of evolution, is completed, not annihilated, by the final step of the Spirit individualising himself in the self-conscious realisation of himself as Will, and the unifying of the three attributes of Life, of Brahman, in himself. He is now the fully individualised Self who has realised his own Eternity, and rests calmly within his own realised Self-existence, but all limiting sheaths have fallen away, their artificial help to Self-realisation being no longer necessary. His Self-consciousness lives from within, and no longer requires any supporting divisions without. The death of the false individuality, dependent on bodies, is the triumph of the true Individuality, depending on its own inner divine life; "the house eternal in the heavens"

has been builded, and the scaffolding, now useless, has been for ever cast aside.

Perhaps the understanding of this may be rendered easier by tracing the "three great streams of divine life" before alluded to, as it will then be seen that the casting aside by the life of an outgrown limitation does not mean a loss, but an expansion, of consciousness. As the subject is fairly familiar, it will be sufficient, as before said, to outline it briefly.

From the third, the Activity aspect of the Lord of a system, come the atoms of matter which are aggregated into the bodies which form part of the scaffolding for the building of the House of Individuality. These are aggregated together into the complex bodies called chemical elements, and the evolution of these is still proceeding, so that they offer ever-improving materials for the bodies of men. This is one of the upward-welling streams of divine life, providing materials for all bodies, the basis of the material worlds in all their stages of denser or finer matter.

From the second, the Wisdom aspect of the same Lord—the 'second LOGOS'—comes the stream of life which informs with qualities the aggregations of matter—making the Elemental Kingdoms—and then shapes the matter thus formed into bodies, climbing from the elemental to the mineral, from the mineral to the vegetable, from the vegetable to the animal, from animal to the verge of the human, rendering the material ever more ductile, more responsive; these bodies all live and grow within the life of the LOGOS, and are nourished by it, as the mother-life nourishes the embryo within the womb. Within these bodies the life is developing, and one atom—called the permanent atom,

attached to the sheaths of the Spirit in the higher worlds and to the group-soul of the group to which the bodies aggregated round it belong—is the minute but unbreakable link between the true owner and the embryonic LOGOS-nourished life within the bodies. The life is almost wholly that of the Second LOGOS, preparing the bodies, the embryonic-passional nature, the embryonic mind, for the coming downrush of the Spirit, pouring himself into the vessel prepared for him. The Spirit broods over the dwelling which is preparing for him; he does not yet tenant it; it is not ready for his abiding.

When the verge of humanity is reached, much progress has been made; a personality, a bundle of qualities has been builded, faint reflection of the Individual, a shadowy outline which will condition his early lives as man. The hour strikes, when the growing life-qualities demand better form for expression, and the upward-climbing life sends out a vague appeal to the over-brooding Spirit, aspiring upwards, and the life of the Spirit flashes downward in answer, the causal body is formed, and "a man is born into the world". Such is the preparation for, the birth into, Individuality.

The new Individual, a savage, identifies himself with his body; that to him is 'I,' and with that is his life bound up: "I am hungry; I am thirsty." Later, as his passions and his emotions dominate him, and he identifies himself with them: "I am happy; I am miserable." Then evolves the life of thought, and he identifies himself with the mind: "I think; I imagine." These three are illusory 'I's, and his consciousness widens and deepens as he drops each as being ^{or disposes} ^{on which} self. He is more, not less, alive, when strong emotions

transcends the body, and he is unconscious of its needs. He is more, not less, alive when thought has so uplifted him that he is unconscious of hunger and thirst, of joy and sorrow. Still more does he realise this, if he learns to leave the physical body consciously, and to know the freedom of the astral world, to leave the astral body and know the yet wider liberty of the mental world. Then, by the help of meditation, he slays the 'I's of these three lower worlds, and rises consciously beyond them into higher regions. More life, more life, not less, is his ever-reiterated experience. Onward still he climbs, until intensity of life floods over the barriers of intellectual limitations, and the ever-widening 'I' bounds into the unfettered "liberty of the sons of God," and rejoices in his illimitable freedom. Is more life possible? is fuller security available? One more step he may take rejoicing, to the verge where man passes into Super-man. Where is Individuality? it has the Universe for content. Where is identity? it embraces all. Where is death? it lies drowned in limitless life. Annihilation, void, nothingness? The immortal laughter of a God triumphant rings down the avenues of Time transcended. "If the Eternal, the Self-existent were not, then the transitory and the dependent could not be."

Annie Besant

(To be continued)

FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHER¹

By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

II

Canton

IN most of the temples the soldiers have broken the idols and the people do not seem to consider this a sacrilege. From the point of view of the Church, the Chinese are decidedly irreligious. They are addicted entirely to this world, being practical-minded people, utilitarians and rationalists. The canonical eschatologies are regarded by them either with scepticism or indifference. The general mood is either of the type of Montaigne's "*que sais-je?*" or more frequently that of Confucius, that it is superfluous and harmful to occupy oneself with transcendental problems. Now, that the Chinese are in a deeper sense irreligious is certainly not true, and to this subject I shall return later on in greater detail.

One thing is beyond all doubt, however, namely that for them divine service has nothing to do with religion. What is seen here is nothing but superstition and magic. What surprised me in this country, where public opinion is so free with regard to ecclesiastical matters, is the fact that even the educated classes participate in no small degree in the temple rites and religious observances. I did my best to get behind the meaning of this fact and have thereby brought to light

¹ This is a translation of some chapters very kindly placed at our disposal of a still unpublished work entitled *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* which will be published by Mr. T. F. Lehmann in Munich, in the autumn of 1914.

something most curious. To the Chinese the temples seem to mean much the same as, for instance, to us do our advisory boards. The priests are to them mechanics, mere engineers; that is they are the professionals whose duty it is to regulate the intercourse with the world of ghosts.

This idea does not seem superficial to me but profound, though clothed in a grotesque form as, according to our ideas, so often happens in China. To the Indians, also, their 'Gods,' are not transcendental beings in the sense of the Christian God, but natural phenomena, and the rites only exist in order to propitiate this side of Nature. But the Indian has such a religio-ecclesiastical temperament that he involuntarily concedes to his Gods more than is in accordance with his strict presentation of them; for which reason even the cult of Kali does not essentially differ from a Christian service. Now the Chinese, practical and sober as they are, have drawn all possible conclusions from the given premises; if there be ghosts, and if it be possible to change their unwelcome activities into friendly ones, this must be done by all means, and there must exist institutions and people professionally engaged in this business. This, then, is supposed to be the meaning of the Church.

It is incredible how busy are the mechanics who have to propitiate the devils. China is replete with ghosts to such a degree that the comfort of life suffers seriously from the disturbances which the constant recognition of the devils entails. A man can neither be buried nor marry when he likes, nor where nor whom he chooses; everything depends on things for which we have no standard of judging. Once a missionary, who wished to dissuade a mandarin from his belief in ghosts,

asked him how it was that there were no ghosts in Europe. He received this strange answer: "If nobody believes in ghosts, there are of course none there. Personally," the mandarin continued, "I should be glad if they would depart from China also, but this is hardly probable, as the belief in them is too general to be eradicated very soon." His idea was that the ghosts were objective realities in China because of the people's belief in them; and this seems indeed to be so; whatever might be attributed to the influence of ghosts, such as obsession, being bewitched, and the like, happens oftener in China than anywhere else in the world. What a deep thinker this mandarin was! He was worthy to be ranked with that Indian priest who, on being asked what was the use of prayers to the Gods, as they were but natural phenomena, perishable, and in many respects inferior to man, made the reply: "Prayers are useful in order to strengthen the Gods." He probably meant thereby that in any case, be they objective or merely subjective realities, devout prayers would create a wire of communication, by means of which the idea could re-act on the praying person. Ghosts are real for the reason that people believe in them, and they can literally be killed, or at least be made ineffective, by the cessation of belief in them.

This interpretation is undoubtedly correct, and for my own part I am convinced that psychical realities, which ordinarily exist only for one person, and which owe their being to his thought, can be condensed into objective realities if a sufficient number of people believe sufficiently in them. They would then really correspond to what mythology teaches of its gods and devils. I am well aware that it is still considered heretical to profess

such views, but it will be proven ere long that I am right, since earnest students have of late taken up the investigation of materialisations and kindred subjects.

Summing up, I cannot regard as superficial those traits of character which travellers and residents usually blame in the Chinese. On the contrary, the Chinese have a deeper insight into the nature of things than has, for instance, the modern French Government, whose persecution of Christians can only be stamped as an act of stupidity. Chinese superstition is profounder than modern unbelief, yet there might be drawn from this depth of insight better and more serviceable results than the Chinese have learnt to do.

Peking

How Nature mocks at all illusion! I fancied I had exhausted in my mind every possible type of the literatus, and here I met a man whose existence gives the lie to all my generalisations, a literatus with an ardent soul and of the most ethereal spirituality. In China to-day, as everywhere else, many fantastic persons are busy manufacturing a new world-religion: and here, as everywhere else, it is in most cases not worth while to know these prophets. Being of a scholarly nature and intoxicated by the (supposed) knowledge of the one Spirit which underlies all higher religions, instead of writing harmless text-books on comparative religion, they step forth as reformers.

The man whom I met this afternoon is of a genuine religious nature: in many ways he reminds me of Calvin, only softened by many a Franciscan feature. He sees the main defect of China in the very fact (which is the first to strike every thoughtful traveller) that the spirit has perished in the letter, and his one object is to infuse

new spirit into the letter. The spirit he means is closely allied to the Johannine Christian spirit. But, what is most remarkable indeed, Confucianism is to him the form in which this spirit can best be realised. One must not forget that he is a Chinaman and a highly educated one as well. Did he think otherwise he would not be a true Chinaman. To such a one, neither the looseness of Taoism, nor the excessive meekness of Buddhism can be congenial. With regard to Christianity, my friend was of opinion that its inviolable truths were expressed in a language altogether alien to the Chinese, and the attempt to translate these truths into his language produced Confucianism pure and simple: not perhaps the traditional Confucianism, but such as he understood it. Considering this, he deemed it unnecessary to introduce Christianity.

While listening to him and watching the ever-moving play of his wonderfully refined features, the language of which I could immediately follow, I could not help thinking with shame of the missionaries who dare convert such "heathen". If only they would learn before they teach! True, my friend was not altogether right: the essence of Christianity is not contained in Confucianism. But it is exactly this essence which the Chinese will never grasp, in the same way as no Christian Europeans will ever grasp the essence of Indian religion. We have here biological barriers. Yet these barriers do not narrow one's religious experience. They narrow merely the intellectual field of vision. Thus, a follower of Confucius may be as near divinity and express the divinity within himself as truly as the most enlightened Indians. And he can do this exactly by remaining within the bounds of his own culture.

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How beautiful indeed is a typical Chinese head! In it the utmost of expression appears to be attained, and by how much simpler means than in our own case. In order to look strikingly picturesque a European needs to have an imposing air, that is, his features must be rugged, his hair ruffled, and his skull covered with prominent bumps. The Chinaman has, so to speak, outgrown the stage of looking impressive. Here the highest mobility is found condensed in the simplest of curves with relaxed and unrestrained features. However strange it may sound, a good Chinese head, compared with an equally good European one, strikes one as the more classical.

Tokyo

Some of the leaders of Japanese Buddhism happen to be staying at Tokyo. I availed myself of the opportunity to amend and enlarge, as best I could, the views I had gained from the study of their holy writ. One thing is certain; whatever may be the historical relation between the two, Japanese Buddhism, far from being a degenerate product of original Buddhism, represents, in its philosophical as well as its religious aspects, a very much higher stage. According to my personal opinion, Higher Buddhism is the highest religion yet evolved. As to the meaning of its fundamental principles, I am unable to say anything whatever against it, however much of its development in detail may be historically conditioned and antiquated. The teachings of Ashvaghosa stand in the same relation to those of ancient India, as the teachings of Hegel stand to those of Parmenides, or the teachings of Bergson to those of Spinoza: that is to say, abstract statism is replaced therein by living dynamism, which means a decided progress in cognition, as perished.

The ancient Indians probably meant the same as the founder of the Mahāyāna, only they did not know how to express themselves according to it. Turning their thoughts towards the ultimate meaning of happenings, they turned away from the latter themselves, and thus arrived at a theory of the Eternal which existed in contradistinction to the flow of phenomena. Ashvaghosa, then, achieved the same feat in the school of method, the achievement of which later on stamped, each on his own historical level, Hegel and Bergson as pioneers; that is to say, he restored the connection between Being and Becoming, a connection which less careful thought had violently torn asunder.

Ashvaghosa cognised that Being and Becoming were but different aspects of one identical reality: that is to say, that metaphysical Being coincides with Becoming and Perishing, and that duration in time is an absolute reality. In this way, then, he arrived at the same critical result as that to which, in our own days, a similar fundamental conception has led Bergson: that a metaphysical meaning should not be sought for outside concrete Becoming.

Bergson has not, so far, gone beyond this. He has not yet approached the realm of "must". If once he does so, he will probably say the same as did Ashvaghosa seventeen hundred years ago: namely that, since the metaphysical meaning must not be looked for outside concrete Becoming, all ideal progress must also be realised therein. Speaking thus, Bergson will not proclaim anything new, this very idea being the *leit-motif* of the Christian view of life. However logical was the development which led Ashvaghosa to this point, he executed, with regard to the old Indian view, a regular

volte face: the mood of negation of life changed into one of affirmation of life.

If the highest is to be realised within the realm of Becoming (not in that of Being), no matter on how many higher stages, as Arhat, as Bodhisattva, as Buddha, then the ideals of a yogi, all of which originate from the desire to emancipate oneself from the phenomenal, have lost their *raison d'être*. At once the colouring of *samsāra* looks no longer gloomy, and there is sense again in history—nay, history obtains a new and higher meaning than it ever had before. According to the views of Ancient India, history had no importance, evolution being only understood as liberation from phenomena, no empirical state as such being ranked above another. Not so the Mahāyāna. Its followers set themselves tasks of historical importance. And now began an evolution which, down to the minutest details, runs parallel to the evolution of Christianity. Northern Buddhism irresistibly conquered the world. It considered it its mission to convert mankind; while Southern Buddhism, like Hindūism, never adjudged to itself this task. Accordingly, Northern Buddhism adapted its teachings and methods to given circumstances, and the spirit of knowledge of human nature and of politics united itself to that of religiosity. This necessarily led towards denominational organisation, and, further on, towards the formation of sects. As the pragmatical view-point predominated more and more over the striving after cognition, the occasional dogmatism of the time in question became more and more similar to that of Christianity.

Indeed the doctrines of Christianity and of Higher Buddhism are so much alike that leading missionaries

(Timothy Richards, Arthur Lloyd and Mrs. Gordon) are inclined to regard Buddhism as actually Christianity, that is, as a continuation of Christ's, not Gautama's, teachings. Considering the great part which Nestorians played in China during the first centuries A. D., such a thing is in no way impossible, though it is not probable. But this startling convergence within the evolution of dogmas may have happened without historical interdependence: the spirit of the Mahāyāna and of Christianity being alike, similar circumstances naturally led to similar empirical formations. The dogma of salvation by faith will everywhere replace that of salvation by knowledge as soon as a religion thought out by philosophers takes root amongst men of practical life. In the same way, the more complicated belief in endless progress towards the highest will be replaced by the simpler and more quieting belief in a final beatitude in paradise. Despite all similarity, of course, the differences are still preserved and these latter are very characteristic.

The spirit of Northern Buddhism, too, is by no means as practical and as active as the Christian spirit, nor does it prove itself nearly so good a modeller of life and transmuter of the soul of a people. It is after all too much of an understanding spirit, and it is only a blind and unscrupulous spirit which is quite consistent in its actions. On the other hand, it is much more intelligent and of deeper insight; for which reason I consider Higher Buddhism as the highest of all living religions. It contains all the depth of Christianity *plus* the wealth of Indian Philosophy and Psychology. Of all transmitted religions the Mahāyāna Buddhism approaches nearest to that religion which modern seekers after God invoke as the religion of the future. It is essentially

undogmatic. It has a deep understanding of the value of cults; it excludes no mood of thought; it gives something to everyone. It is wide and broad like Brāhmanism, while at the same time, like Christianity, it is energetic and knows the ways of the world.

But for this very reason, because of Higher Buddhism representing perhaps the ideal of a religion of the future, for this very reason it is only conditionally adapted to present conditions. I realise this ever more clearly the more I see representatives of this Faith. Theosophy, the best and lasting ideas of which coincide with the Mahāyāna teachings, this latter is too subtle and too loose to be able to mould average men; it is no fit vessel for a limited spirituality, especially not for one so little intellectually natured as Japanese spirituality is. I hardly think that any Japanese, either of the present or of the past, ever rightly valued and rightly understood the philosophical contents of the Mahāyāna: among those of to-day certainly no one does. The Japanese once imported this religion, just as to-day they are importing our technical arts. They always recognised at a glance what was best and tried to take advantage of it. But man can only assimilate what is akin to his own nature. Indian Mysticism never was in conformity with the Japanese mind; for which reason the emotional and the practical sides only of the Mahāyāna religion have become living forces in Japan. All Buddhist sects which are typically Japanese are essentially unphilosophical. Again, those of the Japanese priests of to-day who concern themselves with the speculative elements of the Mahāyāna doctrine, do so as mere scholars: they cannot grasp its living aspect.

Despite all this, I must contradict the reproach that the Japanese as a nation are irreligious. The cultured

amongst them do not, as a rule, believe in any distinct creed, nor do most of the Europeans, but that is altogether a different thing. In contradistinction to the Indians, we too generally turn agnostics the moment our thinking emancipates itself, because the way to God by cognition does not seem conformable to our racial aptitudes, and because, at the beginning, thought impairs the directness of the experience. Again, like the Japanese, our religious leaders belonged to the type of the emotional and practical person, and were only mediocre thinkers and knowers. But in Japan these two points, characteristic of both worlds, are far more extreme in their appearance. Amongst ourselves, we have perhaps only once witnessed, in the person of S. Francis of Assisi, the incarnation of a perfect *bhakta*. Among the Japanese such incarnations have been many. Their delicate womanly emotionalism has offered a unique opportunity for love to express itself. Again, our religious leaders were rarely so extremely practical as not a few of the Japanese are.

I had the good luck to-day to meet the most important representative of this latter kind, namely, the Abbot Soyen Shaku of Kamakura, the head of a branch of the Zen sect. This sect of Zen is the most philosophical of Higher Buddhism. It teaches direct withdrawal into the Godhead, independently of all book-lore and all cult. Its theory is almost identical with that of the Rāja Yoga system: it is the most originally Indian sect of all. But, just because of its teaching inwardness and naught but inwardness, this sect has given rise to very different manifestations among different natures. In China it brought about an unparalleled revival of the love of nature; all the greatest masters of landscape-painting being adepts of the Zen school. In Japan it became the principal school of heroism. The Japanese

do not care much for philosophical cognition; rather have they been quick to grasp the fact that nothing increases and steels will-power so much as the practice of yoga. Therefore, the most active-minded among them underwent with preference the training given by the monks of the Zen sect. Hōjō Tokimune, the hero who repelled the hordes of Kublai-Khan, used to spend hours in meditation under the guidance of the head of the Zen sect. Again, many of the leading men of modern Japan have been disciples of Soyen Shaku. I visited this latter at his temple in Kamakura. Never before have I had the impression of such inwardness and at the same time of such martial vigour. This frail-built monk is of a thoroughly soldier-like appearance. How he must have inspired the troops whom he accompanied through Manchuria. His way of teaching meditation is rather harsh. The pupils sit together like Buddha-images in a large empty room. Stick in hand, the Abbot walks up and down amongst them, and if one of them falls asleep he gets a good thrashing. As these exercises are fatiguing, the pupils easily become tired: in which case, though they are not allowed to stop before the fixed time, they may rise and walk about the room two or three times with folded hands and in deep silence. After meditation they undergo a merciless cross-examination in order to see if they have really mastered their subject.

I talked with the reverend Abbot about the meaning and use of this training. He himself has a philosophical mind, which fully understands the spiritual side of his doctrine, but his views are those of a practical man. "The goal," said he, "is not to remain within the light, but rather to steel one's ability for the search after it, so as to become fit for every ideal task of this life."

Hermann Keyserling

THEOSOPHY AND THE CHILD

By L. HADEN GUEST, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.

THE relation of the nation to its children, and our responsibility as a nation to children, is a subject that has come in for a great deal of attention during the last few years. The main conceptions of Theosophy put these relations in quite a new light, and give us an entirely new view-point.

The physical life with which I am chiefly concerned here, is, in the long life of the evolving individual, a short period only, but it is the most important of their Physical life is the period during which all the rich experiences are gained which in the interval between children's lives are worked up into faculty; without physical experience there could be no evolution of Spirit, the consequently we are told that in the early stage of man's evolutionary development, when the simplest life-lessons are to be learned, the period of physical life is much longer than the period of life on the astral and on the mental plane, because man at an early stage has but very little material which can be worked up into faculty in the worlds of emotion and of thought. This means that for man at an early stage of growth, the physical-plane life is even more important than it is for the average man, and that the lower any person may be in evolution, the more important is the physical life, and the more attention should be paid to everything

which concerns that life. That has, I think, a direct bearing on our views on any social changes we may think necessary and any social reconstruction we may desire to bring about; because it is very important how the body of a savage or a lowly-developed man is made up, for on the quality of that body and the responses of that body to his environment practically the whole of his experience depends.

There is one way especially, in which this point of view of man as an evolving individual must greatly modify our conception of our relations to children, and that is with regard to the relationship of parent and child.

The Theosophical conception means that those who are born to us as children are souls of, practically speaking, the same grade of development as ourselves. A child is not an inferior person, not inferior to us in any way, but only a person who has temporarily not got over his vehicles, his thought-body, his emotion-body and his physical body. The age of the soul of any child and the soul-age of a child which may be born to them next year are practically, with the reservation I am about to make, the same. Therefore the duty of the one soul who happens to be born as a parent, and the duty of the other soul that happens to be born as a child, are different from those we sometimes think of traditionally. First of all, that means that we should not force up, or compel to grow up according to a certain pattern any person who may come to us as a child; it is not our business to cause them to be educated along any special line, but to see that they have the utmost possible freedom in order that they themselves may gain control of their vehicles, and have the best opportunities for the

training of those vehicles. What we have to realise about any child—and I am speaking now with reference to the children of any one of those who may be reading these words—is that we are dealing not with a soul that is undeveloped, but with a soul that is a good deal developed, and one of our chief functions is to help that soul to gain control of its physical body, and to gain control of its astral and of its mental body. Anything which helps that is good; anything which hinders that is not good. Now this may seem very much a platitude, but it is certain that until a few years ago any such ideas would have appeared altogether preposterous, and you have only to go back to, let us say, a book like Butler's *Way of all Flesh* to realise the extraordinary relation between parent and child which frequently existed at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

There Butler suggests that all children hate their parents because their parents treat them in such an abominable way, and it has often been said that children naturally hate their parents, that children should get away from their parents, and that the parents are the worst possible people to bring up a child. Ideas such as these are simply the reaction against the idea that the business of a parent was in some way or another to force his child to grow up according to a pattern which he had preconceived, and when the unfortunate child did not want to grow that way there was trouble.

There is at the present time a very important addendum to make to this, because of the period in which we live, because of the great changes in the world which are immediately impending, because the World-Teacher is shortly again to manifest on this earth. It is probable that the children who come to us

are not of the same grade of evolution as ourselves, but are of a higher grade. The great World-Teacher, we have been told by Mrs. Besant, is coming again to this earth in a few years' time, ten, fifteen, twenty, how many exactly is not known, but the children who are now being born will be living in His time; some will be round and about Him, His servants and disciples, and therefore they will be people who will have some kin with Him, some touch with Him, who are drawn to Him by some kârmic link; thus they are people older, if anything, in evolution than ourselves, and those for whom we should be particularly anxious to provide the best possible surroundings.

Now what are the necessary surroundings for children? I am dealing here with the physical and medical aspects of the question, and these are of the utmost importance. For one thing, children ought to have parents who are well-constituted themselves; that is to say, who have no very serious physical or other defects which are likely to affect their offspring. That is the first consideration.

The responsibility of parentage which has been urged so strongly of late years by various schools of eugenists is a responsibility we ought to bear very much in mind, and the first duty to the child is to see that it is born of parents who are capable of bearing children suitably equipped physically.

Secondly, the surroundings of the child ought to be very carefully looked to, and it is necessary to recognise that some of the most important surroundings of the child are those of the time before its birth into the physical world. By the time the child is born into the physical world its brain is equipped with the number of

brain-cells which it is going to have for the rest of its life, and the main lines of its bodily structure are laid down. If therefore, in that period, there is any mal-nutrition, if the child does not get sufficient nourishment, the brain-cells and the foundations of the body may be seriously affected. And as the physical brain and body mark the limit of our capacity for expression upon this physical earth, it is very important that they should be of the best possible calibre and made of the best materials. In order that this may be the case the mother should be well nourished and her surroundings should otherwise be as good as they can be made. Nor is it physical surroundings alone which should be considered; the soul clothed in its new emotion and thought bodies is joined to the embryo for a long time before birth. Violent or undesirable emotion, low or objectionable thought, should all be excluded from the neighbourhood of an expectant mother; for these things act on the child and stimulate to growth any germs of similar qualities which may be sleeping within it. And the same is true of fine emotions, of noble desires, and of lofty thoughts; these too have their influence and should be encouraged.

After birth the surroundings of a child should be very carefully thought out. Particularly is it necessary for us to realise that a child ought to have clean food, and enough. Many children, even children belonging to well-circumstanced people, do not get a sufficiency of the right kind of food. At some of the large public schools, for instance, children are not always given enough food for the work they are doing, while undergoing such a stress of physical and mental activity as school-work implies. It is very important to see that

no child with whom any of us comes into contact, lacks those elementary necessities of life, sufficiency of food, and above all, clean food. By that I mean it should not be impure food; that is, it should not be food of flesh of animals, or fish, or in any other way food which is likely to build up a body less than the purest and the best-balanced body that our knowledge now enables us to build up. And then important too—and very important from the point of view of town-dwellers—is it that the surroundings of the child should be those in which clean air is possible. London and every large town is full of very dirty air; therefore I am afraid we must say that, apart from other considerations, London and large towns are not good places for a child to be brought up in.

Another important matter is that of cleanliness. It is the habit of English people to consider that they are a clean nation. That is one of our errors. We are only a few of us clean, and a great many people are not clean because they have never been taught how to be clean, they have never been taught how to wash themselves.

Washing is an acquired art. The natural child is extremely dirty, as you can see if you go into any slum where a child is allowed to follow its natural propensities. Most people's bodies like to be dirty, and they have to be taught how to be clean. I need not perhaps tell stories of the well-known type about little boys who brag that when they go into the bathroom they make a lot of noise with the water but never have a bath. But that kind of story shows how very necessary it is to teach children to be clean, and to make them learn how to be clean, how to wash themselves properly, especially, by

the way, how to clean their teeth—a matter very often much neglected and one of great importance.

The question of clothing must also be thought of. The clothing of a child should all be quite loose; there should be no restraint and no restriction anywhere, either for a girl or a boy. To many people it is hardly necessary to say that, but multitudes of people habitually bind up their children, especially quite little ones, in such a way that they cannot move easily and cannot develop their bodies. A point in connection with clothing that is often overlooked concerns the shape and make of boots and shoes. If the feet are to be healthily developed and able properly to support the body, the toes must be free to move, the whole foot able to bend easily inside the shoe, and the shape be such as in no way to cramp the growth of the toes. This will prevent foot deformity and promote health. A child should not only be able to move inside its clothes, but it should have plenty of space to move around in, outside. It is not enough to take a child to Battersea Park, or Kensington Gardens, or to any other great Park we are fortunate enough to be near, but a child should have free space to move over some country-side, if it is to be properly brought up. The only places near London where that can be had are in various suburbs where children can roam over the fields, but other places are more fortunate in this respect.

This brings me to the consideration of the training of children's senses. The first sense I want to deal with is that of vision. In order that the sense of sight may be properly developed, it is necessary that there should be long distances for a child to see. Vision cannot be properly developed in a crowded-up city area.

As you know well, North American Indians and other people who, like them, led an unfettered life in the open air, were famed for extraordinary keenness of vision; many people in India have it now; and in order that keen vision should be developed, it is necessary that people should have long ranges of open space to look over. One of the reasons why so many children of the present day suffer from defective vision is because they are brought up in towns, and because they do not have these long stretches to look over. The importance of this consideration is recognised in the 1913 Report of the Chief Medical Officer to the Board of Education in England, in which it is recommended that school-room windows should always be low enough for children to look out and so rest their eyes from the strain of near vision.

The sense of hearing comes next in importance, and in order that this may be properly developed the surroundings should be free from too much jarring noise. London and other large towns again do not provide an environment in which the sense of hearing can be properly developed. The noise of a modern town is so jarring that if people were left to the unfettered action of the law of the survival of the fittest, I rather imagine that in a few hundred years the people surviving in London would all be a little bit deaf; not deaf enough to get run over by motor-busses, but deaf enough not to have their nerves shattered by the constant noise. It is quite certain that the noise of the streets of London is seriously deteriorating people's health, and is also preventing a proper development of the sense of hearing. On the senses of taste and smell I need not pause. The development of them is also

dependent on the purity and serenity of surroundings, and on the purity of food taken into the body. The body accustomed to eating various kinds of food of high flavour and highly seasoned, meat, fish, and alcohol, and so on, cannot have the same delicacy and refinement of taste and smell as bodies otherwise nourished. The sense of touch, a very important sense indeed, needs for its development great care for personal hygiene, and the education of sensibility by calling out the necessity for touching, with the hands and other parts of the body, all kinds of objects.

There is a very important psychological law with regard to experiences and with regard to development which has a serious bearing on our problem. It is a fact, according to orthodox psychologists, that we are not able to distinguish a thing as separate from another when it comes to us along with a bundle of sensations, unless we know it and have previously experienced it as a separate thing. That is to say, if we are to be able at the appropriate moment to distinguish parts of a bundle of sensations as coming from separate things, we must have a large number of experiences of those things on which our memory can fall back, experiences, that is, of all kinds of combinations of things out of which we can dissect or abstract special individual components. If we interpret this, it means that, until you have seen or felt something as separate, you do not make a separate mental image of that something felt or seen, and unless you have a mental image of that something, you cannot recognise it separately when you see it for the first time with others. If, for instance, cold things were always wet, we should not distinguish wetness and coldness as we are now

able to do, because we have experienced these things in various combinations. That is an almost impossible thing as stated in that form, but it indicates how important it is that a child should have a large number of sense experiences, so that it shall have a large store of mental impressions which it can subsequently build up into ideas, into concepts.

Now, that has a very serious bearing on the question of nourishment. You may sometimes see children in the country who look very healthy and with ruddy cheeks, who are stodgy, heavy, with chests well-covered with flesh and who are fat; but those children are stolid and move about slowly and heavily. You know, as a matter of fact, that when they grow up they will be farm labourers or follow some similar occupation; they will be people leading a very restricted life. And you may see living quite near to them the children of a lawyer or of a doctor, who may not be so ruddy-cheeked, not so heavy, not so well-covered on the chest, but who are constantly moving about. And the difference in those two kinds of life is this: that the agricultural labourer's children who appear so healthy and so well-nourished, are having few experiences, are not storing their minds with mental images, are not making raw material out of which later on they can build up thought; whereas the other child is having multitudinous experiences and storing its mind fully. What is the chief reason? What is the difference? Partly, no doubt, it is a difference of grade of development of spiritual evolution, but very largely indeed it is a question of nutrition.

Sometimes in London County Council Schools one gets children who are very stolid and lethargic, although they appear healthy; they do not move about very

much and do not get on very quickly with work. But when you feed them up and give them really good food, they become bright and alert, constantly moving, touching, seeing, and hearing things, and thus are constantly storing up experiences. The thing is very simple if you think it out. The human organism can have just enough food to keep it going in rather a slow way, or it can have sufficient to give it a surplus of energy. If it has a surplus of energy, it is moving about constantly, and having all kinds of experiences which are subsequently built up into thoughts and later into faculties.

It is therefore well to realise that on the differences of nutrition in childhood depends the possibility or impossibility of the subsequent development of a brain capable of responding to fine ideas and complicated thoughts.

Then, of course, an extremely important thing we should do is that we should avoid the constant checking of children, the saying "Don't," continually. It is necessary that we should adapt our life to the child's life, and not expect the child entirely to adapt itself to ours. Children are just as important as we are, and perhaps those born at the present time are a great deal more important; and therefore, if, for instance, we do not want them to smash the drawing-room ornaments, we must not have them in the drawing-room, or, if you have them in the drawing-room, don't have anything there they can smash. I do not suggest that you should let them smash the ornaments; but I do suggest that you should so arrange your life that wherever children are, they should be allowed a reasonable amount of free play, and unless they are going to injure themselves

and do something obviously beyond bounds—and that is a matter which requires very careful consideration—they should not be checked.

Then we ought very carefully indeed to guard our children against diseases. The longer a child can avoid epidemic disease, the better equipped will that child be to fight the disease if, and when, it comes. There was once a tradition that it was necessary for a child to have measles. It is no more necessary to have measles, than it is to have plague. If one can avoid it, so much the better, and the longer one can avoid it, the better. One reason of the greater relative physical efficiency of the upper and middle classes in England as compared with the working classes is that they are able, by making their surroundings hygienic, to put off the age at which their children contract epidemic diseases, and the working classes are not: so that the working classes get these diseases at a time when the children are least able to resist them. Working-class children have the greatest number of complications following these diseases and they suffer in a most severe way in mortality. Measles with its complications is a very fatal disease among the working-classes; it is only rarely fatal with better circumstanced people.

Apart from acute disease, people do not even yet realise the importance of dealing with slight mal-developments, slight troubles of the eyes, slight troubles of the throat, obstructions of the nose, and so on. These defects should always be attended to, and, very important indeed, any trouble with the teeth should be dealt with at once. But there is an even more important matter: any trouble with the digestion or slight nervousness needs, practically speaking, instant attention. A child's digestion

should be as perfect as it can be made. It is one of the unfortunate facts of modern town civilisation that the digestion of a very large number of children is very poor, so that they become flabby and rather pale-looking. A special name has been invented for this disease, "mucous disease," which is a disease of well-circumstanced and not only of poorly circumstanced children, and that particular illness is one which undermines the vitality of a child and takes a very great deal out of it.

Small things like these may not seem to be worth while a Theosophical reader's attention, but the physical body is every whit as important as the astral, if not more so, and we ought just as carefully to attend to all the details connected with the vitality and the upkeep of the physical body, as we should to those connected with finer bodies had we the capacity to do so. All these small defects mentioned have great effects; a throat, obstructed by enlarged tonsils or adenoids, will cause trouble of the chest, trouble with the digestion, with the breathing, with the brain, or perhaps more truly with the nerves. But I have mentioned these diseases not only because they are important in themselves but also because of their probable effect on the emotions. Anyone who has had any experience of the emotion of irritability will have noticed, no doubt, that he is more likely to be irritable when not quite well, and that is because there is a perfectly definite connection between this particular emotion of irritability and the state of your health. Now with a young child, whenever it is very, very cross and very angry, excepting in the most ignorant circles, that child is not supposed to be suffering from temper merely, but from something physical which causes it to behave in that way; it may be some

kind of illness, or it may be a pin sticking into it, but it is not supposed to be inherent and native wickedness, so to speak. It is exactly the same with older people; irritability, bad temper, loss of control in all kinds of ways, are very often indeed due to slight physical illnesses which throw an unnecessary strain on the organism—by which I mean the organism of the physical, astral and mental bodies—so that it is rendered unable to resist disturbing impacts coming from the outside.

We are always accustomed with regard to thought, pure and simple, to realise that it has a physical basis, but I do not know that we are all accustomed to realise that emotion has a physical basis, or that emotions are expressed in the changes in the physical body just as thoughts are expressed in changes in the physical body.

Professor James, in his *Psychology*, explains emotions as our consciousness of certain bodily changes. Every emotion to Professor James is first and foremost a series of changes in the body, which are perceived in consciousness as the emotion, and that corresponds very closely to the Theosophical idea. It is undoubtedly true that every emotion has a certain definite relation to changes in the physical body which can be excited by, or in their turn excite, corresponding changes in the astral body, which again can be excited by, or in their turn excite, corresponding effects in the mental body. Now those changes would appear to exist in a kind of a scale; if the thought be first aroused, the thought of anger for instance, that will affect first the mental body in which it arises, the thought of anger will take shape, become concrete; this will be passed on to the astral body in which it will vibrate, and as it were,

gain volume, this being the feeling of anger; and from the astral it will be handed on to the physical, where it will show in bodily changes of expression, breathing, position of arms and so forth, and finally eventuate in definite action. The physical expression of the emotions has been studied to a great extent, notably by Darwin, and many things are known about the particular expression of face, bodily posture and changes in internal organs which accompany different emotions.

A good deal of this is common knowledge. If you are trying to suggest to anybody else what a boastful man looks like, you will not contract your chest and drop your head, you will expand your chest, hold up your head, and fling about your arms. In the same way, if you are trying to suggest the emotion of depression, you will not hold your head erect; you will let it hang down, with your arms flaccid and your jaw held slackly, because these particular positions have their definite relation with the emotions. Now if you will practise this yourself, you will find a very remarkable result. Supposing you feel depressed, and you know it is unreasonable; then if you deliberately sit up straight, put your shoulders back, laugh and take long and deep breaths, you will find that your depression begins to go. And so with your other emotions. By simulating the posture, the position and the bodily changes which accompany an emotion, you can induce that emotion in yourselves.

How is an emotion usually excited? It is probably usually excited by a thought, by an idea. That thought excites the astral body and the astral body then hands on its vibrations to the physical. You may imagine the highest kinds of emotions being excited by the highest

kinds of thought, and then being connected with or corresponding with the highest kinds of astral matter, which in their turn, are connected with, and correspond with, the finest kinds of physical matter. But the emotions are not always excited in this way; often they are excited by direct action of one vibrating astral body on another, just as one vibrating string calls out the vibrations in another of the same kind and tension; and after the setting up of changes in the astral, the physical and mental are set quivering.

It is important in this connection to realise that the bodily changes which are the bodily expression of the emotions are very largely concerned, not only with facial expression, changes of posture and of muscular tone, but with changes in the lungs, intestines, and other organs in the abdomen. Now the lungs and intestines and other organs in the abdomen are parts of the body which are frequently diseased in children, and the disease of these organs in children—and this I must warn the reader is medically unorthodox—seems to make it very possible that the more objectionable emotions and the coarser kinds of emotions will be more easily excited from the physical plane than the higher and purer. This is partly because jangling vibrations of the coarser kinds are more likely to be correlated with diseased physical organs, but also because we know as the result of experience that ill-health and objectionable emotions are frequently associated. Perfect health means perfect balance, and probably also means, in a person of comparatively good development, that the physical changes corresponding with the worst emotions are not easily excited, and that these emotions therefore are not readily aroused from the physical plane.

These facts are not, I think, sufficiently realised in regard to child-life. The enormous importance of physical health, of physical well-being, particularly as regards the lungs and intestines, the liver, and so forth, the changes of which are so largely the bodily expression of emotion, can hardly be laid too much stress upon.

Another matter which deserves notice is the importance of posture. If you see a child constantly going about with its head poked forward and its shoulders drooped, that child is almost certain to be depressed or morose; but if it can only be made to stand up straight and march with a firm step, that depression will largely vanish, because children are easily affected in these ways. The effect of posture is that of a quite legitimate physical 'suggestion'. And if we avoided the diseases of childhood, which we could by attention to the details of hygiene, we should undoubtedly make the up-bringing of children easier, and make it more difficult for them to develop objectionable emotional traits.

But with all these things we ought to be very careful to avoid the orthodoxy of heterodoxy. We ought not to be faddy because we know something about the astral body, for that does not make it any the less necessary for us to have the proper amount of food and sleep, and so on; and it does not make it any the less necessary for us to have all kinds of elementary things properly attended to. I need not go into that in detail. Yet some people seem to consider necessary all kinds of elaborate methods of treating the physical body, whereas all that is necessary is to follow the routine of common sense, with the additional aid of Theosophical knowledge of the constitution of man.

If we attended to the bodies of children under our care in the way suggested, we should give them good physical instruments capable of responding to the highest kind of mental vibrations and to the highest kind of emotional vibrations, and of active service in the best way on the physical plane. We should minimise anything objectionable there might be in their heredity, and prevent the germs of objectionable characteristics, brought over from the past, being matured in this life.

I have been so far speaking to my readers of the importance of the physical plane from the standpoint of well-circumstanced people. Now I must point out that what I have been saying about the necessity for care in the physical body applies with very great force indeed to all children in London, in England and in the world. And especially at this time, because the World-Teacher is so soon coming again. We have been considering so far, as it were, our own individual duties, those of comparatively fortunately circumstanced people; but we have also to consider what our duties are to the nation as a whole, and this necessitates a rapid re-survey of the matters we have gone through before. Probably most of us are agreed about the necessity for good food and that of the right kind, but at least a million of children in England do not get actually sufficient or suitable food of any kind. And it is undoubtedly our duty to see that they get it, and the more we realise the necessity for our own children, the more ought we to recognise that we should urge the provision of necessaries for those children of the nation who at present are not getting those things. I have not mentioned, except with regard to some of the public schools—and that is not really a very bad case—the question of

definite mal-nutrition, but with regard to the majority of the children of the nation the question of mal-nutrition from insufficiency of food is the pressing question, and just as bad and impure food builds up an impure body, so a lack of food builds up a body which is strained, easily jarred, easily diseased. Also the fact that food is lacking not only for children, but also for their parents, means that the brains and bodies of the majority of children in this country are improperly nourished before birth, their brain-cells do not get a proper chance of growing and are therefore incapable of bringing through any of the higher, or any large number of the higher, vibrations of mental matter which are playing on those cells, and yet for lack of a suitable medium cannot find expression on this physical plane. What the higher aspects of man can express on this plane is rigidly limited by the capacities of the body and brain.

Then there is the question of cleanliness. It may be amusing when we think of little Tommy So-and-So who tells us a story about going into the bathroom and making a noise with the water but does not have his bath; but when we realise that the majority of children in England have no bathroom and no streams or lakes available, and that no one teaches them to be clean in any effective way, that they live in overcrowded wretched rooms with a mother over-driven with worry and domestic cares, who is very probably sweated also at some ill-paid employment, then it is not humorous any more to realise that the majority of people in England do not learn to be clean. There is also that other great requisite of child-life, clean air. They do not get clean air in any of the slums, or in any 'mean street' of the large cities. As for clothing, anybody who

is intimately acquainted with the class of children who come from poor districts will realise that the question of clothing is very serious. The girls, particularly, are usually bound up in such a way that they cannot effectively expand their chests and move freely, and the boys are often hampered by ill-fitting and cramping clothing, so that quite apart from the other surroundings which are very bad, the children of the working classes, especially the girls, cannot get proper physical development, because they are deliberately bound up almost as if to prevent their physical development. This is a very evil thing, affecting them not only in childhood but affecting them later, when they come themselves to be the mothers of families. Then there is that great pre-requisite of a healthy life, space to move in, and here Battersea and Hyde Park and the open spaces of our cities become almost Utopian. Battersea and Hyde Park are by no means ideal places to move about in, but they are comparatively ideal places for the children of the very poor to move about in. But we want more of them nearer to the poorer parts of our cities, making big gaps in our slum areas, bringing breath and life to gasping acres of arid streets. For if they are far away, their mothers have not time to take them there, and this—and the fact that they are ashamed to be seen in the rags and tatters and dirty fragments which are their natural clothing—is one of the reasons why open spaces are not used as much as they should be.

Then with regard to the development of the senses. Large numbers of the children of the nation who do not happen to be born into the more fortunate classes have senses defective, and you can estimate the kind of

surroundings which children have by the defects of their senses. In one school I am acquainted with, near London Bridge in London, the children come from buildings in the neighbourhood which are rather high and very dark. I forget the exact percentage of defects of vision among those children, but it is enormously high, and it is high because of the places in which they live, which do not give them that freedom of vision and that space for vision which is so necessary for its development. They have no long distances to see in those narrow alleys and slum courts, and so their vision becomes defective. Measles and some of the other diseases contracted at an early date in childhood lead very frequently indeed to trouble of the ears, so that children become deaf, they cannot hear well, and so are handicapped at school, in the labour market, and still more in social intercourse.

With regard to the sense of touch and the senses of taste and smell, well, people who are not washed properly do not develop the sense of touch in a very acute way, except under exceptional circumstances, and people who are fed on the casual scraps, as it were, of civilisation do not develop very strong and very refined senses of taste and smell. They have too much impurity around them to have highly developed senses. And this lack of sensitiveness and of sense-development leads to the toleration of serious abuses.

I mentioned earlier that a great deal of surplus energy in a child was necessary in order that it might move about, touch and hear, see and observe freely, and so accumulate a stock of impressions forming mental images which would subsequently be the material out of which thought and faculty were built up. Many of

the children of the working-classes, the poor children of this country generally, have not that energy, they do not spontaneously move about very freely. They may be active and they may play, but for the most part, compared with children of the same age of better circumstanced people, they have a very little amount of spare energy to go about getting experiences. This lack of energy is very largely due to the physical lack of food, and because of this they do not have a chance later on of developing certain mental faculties; this brings me to another aspect of mental development.

If you go down a poor street you will frequently hear: "Don't do this," "Don't do that," and many other negative checkings, varied by spanking and other physical punishments. The majority of children of the nation are constantly being checked by irritated, overworked and harassed mothers, because overworked and harassed mothers can hardly be expected to do anything else. And of course it is extremely bad for the children, because it prevents them from being curious. If every time a child asks: "Why?"—which all intelligent children do at very frequent intervals—it is told: "Don't ask," or gets a smack, it naturally very soon ceases its questions, and therefore misses chances of large amounts of information and experience. The difference in mental alertness between checked and unchecked children is quite marked.

Then there is the question of disease. The majority of the children of the nation are always diseased. It is in slum places where poor children live that measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough and the various epidemics have their hiding and breeding places, whence from time to time they spring out of their lairs like

dragons and devastate the children of the better classes; it is in those areas the diseases remain and always will remain, constantly active, constantly ready to be dangerous while such places exist. The children in such neighbourhoods are every day being infected with those diseases, and vast numbers are being killed off or being injured for the rest of their lives by these quite preventable things.

I put it to my readers that if they agree with me in the first part of this paper that the things I laid down as desirable are desirable for their children and my children, then I insist that they are desirable for all children, and we should do our very utmost to see that they are provided for all children. The children of the nation as a whole are just as important as your children or my children, and for all children these things should be provided, otherwise they cannot have physical bodies properly equipped to receive sensations from, and act upon, the physical plane; they cannot in fact gain sufficient experiences on this plane to make the lives which they lead here of value.

Now I do not suggest for a moment that you can make the necessary changes to secure these possible things for all children very rapidly. And I am quite sure that you cannot do this on any national plan of alms-giving, or of giving things to people under the auspices of any charity. For the only proper thing to do is to see that every family in this country is sufficiently well-equipped to be able to do the things for its children that you and I hope to be able to do for our children. But that is by no means an easy thing to do, and that, I would warn you, means revolutionary social changes, it means a great deal of what is ordinarily

called Socialism, although it does not mean some kinds of Socialism. It certainly does not mean national almsgiving. It means national organisation to give effect to sentiments you applaud, because only by national measures can we put right what is a national evil.

It is sometimes assumed that the present state of things is somehow divinely natural, and that reformers are proposing in some unnatural way—some arbitrary and artificial way—to interfere with the natural state of affairs. But the present state of affairs is as unnatural as any civilisation in the world ever was. It is a civilisation made up of entirely arbitrary and artificial laws. As H. G. Wells has said, human laws are as much a matter of human manufacture as bicycles. Our present civilisation is as much a manufactured thing as a bicycle, and can be changed just as a bicycle can be changed. Let us get back as near to nature as we can, by all means, but it is impossible in the present state of evolution to leave law and order to individuals. We have to have policemen for instance. Just in the same way it is impossible to leave man's social arrangements dealing with his labour and his food to individual arrangements. The things must be managed nationally, because we have not yet reached a stage of evolution in which these things will manage themselves by the mutual goodwill of men, without the exploitation of the weak by the strong.

Now we know what is good for our own children; we know what is desirable for their physical environment and their physical bodies, because there is very little arguable about that. You may have thought all I said about the care of children commonplace platitude, but if so, then it is all the more our business to see that

these platitudes are carried into effect in everyday life. If we do not carry what we know to be desirable into effect then ours will be the karma—the retribution, which will descend on us for refusing to carry out an obvious duty staring us in the face.

Sometimes this matter is looked at from the reversed point of view; sometimes it is said it is the fate of the very poor people to be born into the surroundings where they are, and that these conditions are good for their development. Very well, let them look after their own fate, their own duty, and let us look after ours. And our duty is to do the utmost we can to help to raise those people, so that they shall have the same obviously necessary advantages which we hope to be able to get for ourselves.

Now as I said, this can only be done by establishing the independence of families and of adult individuals but when we have established it let us see that it is used up in the right way. According to Mr. Sidney Webb, we should establish a minimum line of well-being below which no one should be allowed to fall. But also this means we must establish a minimum line of efficiency; and if anyone falls below we must not allow them freedom, but treat them in some different, remedial, and educative way in whatever way may be necessary. Mrs. Besant has pointed out that criminals are only those who are not able to act up to the average standard of any civilisation, because they have not been so long in evolution as have the average, and if we fix a level of efficiency, of good citizenship, of good behaviour, then we are quite justified in treating those who are below as though they were not fit for the full freedom of citizens. Treat them in some special way, with the

idea of educating them up to the civilised level, if not in this incarnation, then in the next. But do not treat them as if they were deliberately evil and of full responsibility.

Our duty towards the children of the nation is to educate their faculties to enable them to grow, to enable them to develop; to enable the immortal Spirits manifesting in those bodies to get as much experience from the life they are in as possible, to enable them to have as perfect instruments to get that experience if possible. The only difference between the slum child and the child born in a well-circumstanced home is probably a difference in the length of its soul-development; nor is this even true of all cases, and it is no advantage, if we can prevent it, to allow that child to go through life with a rickety chest, with perforated ear-drums, with vision which is defective, and with a sense of touch which is blunted by dirt and vermin. There is no sense and no reason in that if we can prevent it, and it is our obvious duty to do our utmost to equip all children to gain physical experience as we equip our own.

I have said this for a special reason. I said at the beginning with regard to children who are being born amongst us that probably some of those will be children who are nearer to the World-Teacher than we are ourselves; they will be some of those who will be around Him, His helpers and His disciples, who will work for Him and who will carry His teaching into other lands. We expect the World-Teacher shortly, and what will the World-Teacher want of the people of this world? He will want that they shall be able to receive His teaching. And how shall the slum children come near to Him with their senses blunted, their minds not grown,

and their emotions imperfectly developed? How shall they be able to respond to His marvellous life?

Now if we can, by changes in the next few years, improve the physique of the child-life of the Nation, we shall improve the capacities of the audience of the World-Teacher. We shall be doing something to make His work easier on the physical plane, doing something to enable those younger in evolution to respond to that which He will give out, and therefore doing them and the world the greatest service, a service which, I think, is our obvious duty and which should become one of our chief aims.

L. Haden Guest

THE HEART SONG

Deep in my heart there dwells a joyous bird
And all my being pulsates with its song
Which throbs like sunshine through the fragrant hours;
Which thrills
And fills

All space with sibilant and silver trills,
A largesse that the God of music showers.
In sky and meadow, as I pass along,
The flowers turn to stars, the stars to flowers;
How sweet
To greet

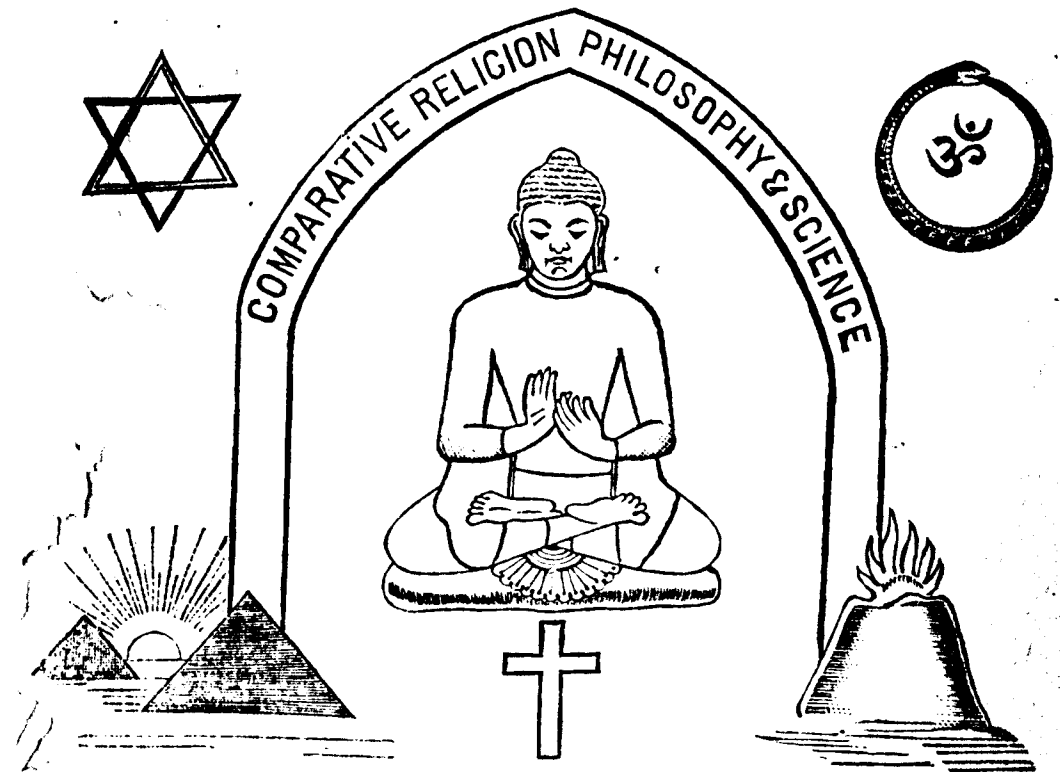
A primrose planet glimmering at my feet!
Upon my soul hath Beauty cast her spell
And I hear melodies till now unheard:
(Deep in my heart there dwells a joyous bird!)

The symphony of light that never dies,
The sound that in the shifting shadow lies,
In emerald woodlands where the aërials dwell.
Soar! Soar! my soul, with bliss that none can tell
And bear me with thee to unbounded skies;
For I am filled with wild and sweet surprise
As in me an awakening life hath stirred,—
Deep in my heart there dwells a joyous bird!
I feel the beating of its dreamlike wings,
I hear the song of ecstasy it sings,
That sighs
And flies

To mingle with the echoes that arise—
The swinging, ringing, rhythm that it brings.

For now, at last, I see with seeing eyes
And know a love beyond all human word,—
That larger love, the wisdom of the wise;
Blessed be the morn this miracle occurred!
Deep in my heart there dwells a joyous bird!

G. W.



PROFESSOR BERGSON AND THE HINDU VEDĀNTA

By K. NARAYANASWAMI AIYAR

IN Europe, two philosophers have of late sprung into prominence, the one from Paris and the other from Jena. The former is named Professor Bergson and the latter, Professor Eucken. The latter has written a large book, containing a good summary of the different philosophies from the earliest times down to the present. In it, he has thrown out here and there his own ideas and hints which evince the capacious intellect of the author; but the former Professor has come out with original ideas which have made an epoch in

the department of philosophy. The Hindūs, however, believe that there is nothing original under the sun and that all ideas are in the mind of the original creator, Brahmā, out of which mankind takes at different epochs, in a greater or lesser degree, according to the receptivity of each brain. I am almost tempted to think that Professor Bergson was in one or more of his previous lives a sturdy Hindū Vedāntin, moving in the scientific grooves of Vedānta. Many of the doctrines of Vedānta which were put forth by the ancient Vedāntins in an archaic form are put by Professor Bergson into the form of modern science and vindicated. Perhaps it may not be too much to say that he is a modern Kapila dressed in the European garb. Like Herbert Spencer, he avails himself of all the latest discoveries of modern science to fortify himself in his conclusions.

Till now, this Professor of Philosophy in Paris has, in that department, brought out three books in the French language, all of which have been translated into English. They are *Time and Free Will*, *Matter and Memory* and *Creative Evolution*. It is the last book that gives the finishing touch to his thoughts on philosophy. I may also state for the benefit of the readers that there is a good summary of his ideas in 'The People's Books' series, entitled *The Philosophy of Change*, by H. Wildon Carr, and it has been brought out with the seal of Professor Bergson on it.

When I state that Professor Bergson's philosophy supports the Hindū Vedānta, it should not be supposed that the whole of Vedānta is corroborated by him. A few only of the main ideas of Vedānta—as I shall presently show—receive support from him. It was not the intention of the Professor to give a complete account

of Evolution from the beginning to the end. He simply lifts humanity from the lower levels of thought, upon which the western philosophers have been treading till now, to a higher—not to the highest level possible. He does not take us into the regions of the Absolute as the Vedāntins did. When, in our study of his books, we come across his wealth of arguments and fund of illustrations, we naturally wonder why mighty heads like Kant and others did not hit on such a simple and familiar thing as life, which is in each one of us and the rest of creation. A ray of light is one with which all are acquainted. It gives us heat; it gives us light; it imparts to us other manifold good; and yet, in regard to its nature, it has eluded, and is, even now, eluding, the grasp of even the mightiest intellects of the world.

In order to establish the existence of life and its significance, our Professor naturally begins with matter and mind. Time was when philosophers like Berkeley postulated that "*esse is percipi*," i. e., "to be is to be perceived". All material things perceived by them are, according to them, real. Then came others like Kant with the theory that thought alone is real, since objects exist only by virtue of thoughts. Without thought, they exist nowhere. Other philosophers came who inclined to this theory or that; but philosophers like Herbert Spencer held that both co-existed and both were real. Now comes Professor Bergson upon the scene and says: Let us understand what life is—that life with which all are familiar and into which all heads are feeling shy of entering.

We all know that the modern scientists analysed the whole world into a number of substances which were, till some years ago, called elements, since they thought

they were no further decomposable. Now even hydrogen—the lightest of the so-called elements—is analysed into a number of electrons or ions. These ions again are traced to the ether, where they are found to be but vortical motion. It is surmised that each vortical centre is but a miniature solar system, with particles rotating round a centre. Moreover each object, though appearing solid, is but an aggregation of particles of matter in a state of ceaseless vibration. Hence even the seemingly solid matter has its ceaseless change. Only it is a change in space. Coming to the mind, we find there is change in it also; but it is a change of state. The mind is ever running through the laws of association of ideas, similar and dissimilar, as Bain puts it. Even when we see the same object again or remember a thought, it is not the same object or thought that is repeated again in our mind. There are some additions or subtractions. Hence whether we study mind or matter, there is always change: in the case of the former, there is a change of state, which is becoming; in the case of the latter, there is the change of place, which is moving. Hence all are moving or becoming. The universe is nothing but a vast ceaseless change of moving and becoming.

Then Professor Bergson studies this ceaseless change from the different standpoints of "Darwin and his insensible variation, Devries and sudden variation, Eimer and orthogenesis, and Neo-Lamarckism and the heritability of acquired characters". The result of his enquiry leads him into the conclusion that the tendency to change is due to "an original impetus of Life passing from one generation of germs to the following generation of germs which bridges the interval

between the generations". This is called by him "the vital impetus".

If we begin to understand the duration of this change, we find that, in matter, time is not its necessary concomitant. It is not by virtue of time that an object exists. Time is but succession, and this no doubt is a fact in the material world. But this does not mean that things should exist through time.

If I want to mix a glass of sugar and water, I must willy-nilly wait until the sugar melts. This little fact is big with meaning. For here the time I have to wait is not that mathematical time which would apply equally well to the entire history of the material world, even if that history were spread out instantaneously in space. It coincides with my impatience, that is to say, with a certain portion of my own duration which I cannot protract or contract as I like. It is no longer something *thought*, it is something *lived*.

But if we enter into the working of the mind, we find, that without time or succession, its states cannot exist. Time is the life of the mind, else the latter is dead. If we enter into its states and observe them, as one follows another, there arises the limited idea of time. This is only an idea of time in space. But should one rise above these ideas trooping one after another and observe them from the standpoint of life, he will see them as one continuous flow of a stream.

When we think of these successive states we imagine them spread out in a continuous line, precisely as we imagine real things to be at any moment all spread out in space. But this is not true duration. Our life is true duration. It is a time-flow that is not measured by some standard in relation to which it may be faster or slower. It is itself absolute, a flowing that never ceases, never repeats itself, an always present, changing, becoming, now.

As Wildon-Carr puts it in another place:

It seems as if a great movement were in progress, sweeping us along in its course. To exist is to be alive, to be borne along in the living stream as it were on the breast of a wave.

The actual present now in which all existence is gathered up, is this movement accomplishing itself. The past is gathered into it, exists in it, is carried along in it as it presses forward into the future, which is continually and without intermission becoming actual. This reality is life.

Vedānta

In Vedānta, the fundamental and foremost thing to do is to discriminate between Ātmā and not-Ātmā or between the Real and the non-Real. According to it, Ātmā alone is real: others are unreal. Matter, mind and others beside Ātmā are not real. The Reality alone should be taken up by the one that wishes to reach It. Ātmā comes from the root *At*=to move. It is also derived from the root *An*=to breathe. Both meanings tend to the conclusion arrived at by the Professor, that it is Life-Change. It is thus Ātmā—or living ceaseless motion—that is alone real.

Here let us try to understand the meaning of the word "Real". Reality is not eternity alone. That which is eternal—i.e., exists in the three periods of time—may not be real. The substance underlying a form or object is existent in the three periods of time: but its form does not endure. Hence such a form or object is not real. But Ātmā is one that exists not only in the three periods of time but also does not change its nature. There is no form for Ātmā: its nature is ceaseless living change. Though there is change of form and state in matter and mind, in the *vyāvahārika* or phenomenal condition, yet both the latter are in their *pāramārthika* or noumenal condition—Ātmā itself.

This Ātmā, according to Hindūism, is twofold—Jīva-Ātmā and Parama-Ātmā, the individual or living Self and the Universal Self. The former alone is named Jīva,

or life and the latter, Param or supreme. Probably because it is the individual Self that has to unfold its powers by being encased in matter, therefore it is given the title "life," to express its power of expansion. Both these Selves are in Hindūism compared among other things, with a big river and its rills. So also Professor Bergson compared the individual lives to rills flowing out of a ceaselessly flowing current. But he does not go beyond these two to that Absolute where all the pairs—mobility and immobility, heat and cold, etc.—meet as one.

Evolution

This life, therefore, which is a mighty current dashing aside all obstacles—even death itself—on its way, divides itself into many rills and becomes encased in matter in order to evolve. As the Professor puts it:

The evolution movement would be a simple one, and we would soon have been able to determine its direction, if life had described a single course like that of a solid ball shot from a cannon. But it proceeds rather like a shell which suddenly bursts into fragments, which fragments, being themselves shells, burst in their turn into fragments, destined to burst again, and so on for a time incommensurably long. We perceive only what is nearest to us, namely the scattered movements of the pulverised explosive. Further we have to go back stage by stage to the original movement. . . . So of the way Life breaks into individuals and species. It depends, we think, on two series of causes: the resistance life meets from inert matter and the explosive force—due to an unstable balance of tendencies which life bears within itself.

Thus it is the Jīvātmā, according to the *Bhāgavata* and other Purāṇas, which forces its way through inert matter to overcome the obstacle and show its many tendencies in the many stages of the mineral, plant, animal and human beings, till at last it rises to the stage of super-man also.

Regarding this evolution, there are two points given out by Professor Bergson which coincide with Hindūism. The word evolution is from *ex*, out and *volvere*, to turn. Should progress take place through life getting out of matter, then there must have been a previous stage when it got into matter. There should have been an involution, or descent into matter, ere ascent takes place. Hindūism puts it generally thus: Mokṣha (emancipation) is from the root *Munchi*—to be released. Release implies a jail already existent, which is Bandha, or bondage in matter. The soul gets into the jail of matter ere it is released. On this, the Professor says thus:

It is true that in the universe itself there are two opposite movements to be distinguished, as we shall see later on—descent and ascent. The first unwinds a roll already prepared. In principle, it might be accomplished almost instantaneously like releasing a spring. But the ascending movement which corresponds to an inner work of ripening, or creating, endures essentially and imposes its rhythm on the first which is inseparable from it.

The second point in Evolution is about the two seemingly opposed ways in which created objects came into existence. In the Purāṇas, in the first, or Svāyam-bhu period of creation, there were two kinds of creation—Elements and Compounds, called Sarga and Praṭi-sarga. In the latter again creation went on in the following order: (1) Minerals, (2) Plants called Urdhwa Shroṭas, (3) Animals called Tiryak Shroṭas, (4) Men called Arvāk Shroṭas—then came higher creations. This order corresponds no doubt with that of the modern evolutionists. But when again we come to this earth of ours on which the present Manu, Vaivasvata, incarnated in order to create, we find a reverse order obtaining—man generating not only man but also the lower orders of

creation, animals, plants and minerals. Of the 60 daughters of Dakṣha, 13 were married to Kashyapa: Kādru begat the serpents, Vināta, the eagles, Ila, plants, etc. We get a corroboration of it from the embryo, where it repeats in the womb all the different stages of evolution this human body underwent aforesaid from the simple cell upwards.

With reference to this, we have another corroboration from the learned Professor. In studying the torpor, instinct and intellectuality of the three kingdoms from the vegetable upwards, he finds that “the difference between them is not a difference of degree or intensity, but only of kind. They are only three divergent directions of activity that has split up as it grew.” Taking first the two kingdoms of plants and animals, he remarks:

Attempts to define the two kingdoms have always come to naught. There is not a single property of vegetable life that is not found in some degree in certain animals. Not a single characteristic feature of the animal that has not been seen in certain species or at certain moments in the vegetable world.

Similarly with reference to animals and men: “It is because intelligence and instinct having originally been interpenetrating retain something of their common origin. Nothing is even found in a pure state.” Examining all these three stages, the Professor concludes thus:

Thus everything bears out the belief that the vegetable and animal are descended from a common ancestor which united the tendencies of both in a rudimentary stage. But the two tendencies mutually implied in this rudimentary form became disassociated as they grew. Hence the world of plants with its fixity and insensibility: hence the animals with their mobility and consciousness.

Thus the two theories of a regular succession in evolution from the mineral upward to man, and of all

the created objects arising from a common ancestor, seem to be as divergent from one another as the two poles. But Hindūism is able to reconcile them both, as having occurred at different epochs, one in the earlier creation and the other in the later one, when we came to this solid earth of ours.

There is also another point in evolution regarding the criterion of distinction between the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Professor Bergson says: "To begin with the second point let us say that no definite characteristic distinguishes the plant from the animal. Attempts to define the two kingdoms strictly have always come to naught. There is not a single property of vegetable life that is not found in some degree in certain animals: not a single characteristic feature of the animal that has not been seen in certain species or at certain moments in the vegetable world. Naturally therefore biologists enamoured of clean-cut concepts have regarded the distinction between the two kingdoms as artificial." Then he says: "In a word the group must not be defined by the possession of certain characters but by its tendency to emphasise them. From this point of view taking tendencies rather than states into account, we find that vegetables and animals may be precisely defined and distinguished, that they correspond to two divergent developments of life. This divergence is shown first in *the method of alimentation*. We know that the vegetable derives directly from the air and water and soil the elements necessary to maintain life especially Carbon and Nitrogen which it takes in mineral form: the animal on the contrary cannot assimilate these elements unless ^{we} they have been fixed first in organic substances by ^{it} ~~us~~ ^{plants} or by animals which directly or

indirectly owe them to plants, so that ultimately the vegetable nourishes the animal."

When such difficulties exist in distinguishing between the vegetables and animals of to-day, more so should they exist between the different forms of creation of the archaic past, and the present—and even of the future. Professor Bergson says that the first and foremost means of differentiation lies in the method of alimentation. Yes, our old Purāṇic writers said that that is the only and surest means. They called man Arvāk Shroṭas—*Arvāk*, having downward (alimentary) canal: animals, Tiryak-Shroṭas—having horizontal or curved canal: and plants Urdhwa-Shroṭas or having upward canal. It is known to all, that in man food goes down the alimentary canal, in plants it is taken up, while in animals it goes in a slanting manner.

Genesis of Matter

If everything is in a state of change and if this mobile life enters matter in order to evolve through its resistance, how is this matter in the world or state of life? And why should it appear in this world of ours as a solid inert mass? According to the Professor, it is like a dam put across the sweeping current of life. As Wildon-Carr puts it:

The solid things which seem to abide and endure, which seem to resist this flowing, which seem more real than the flowing, are periods, cuts across the flowing, views that our mind takes of the living reality of which it is a part, in which it lives and moves, views of the reality prescribed and limited by the needs of its particular activity.

How came into existence this period, or cut across the flowing stream? The Professor is silent on this point. The Upaniṣhats have vouchsafed a reply therein.

In the *Brhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣat*, when the Rṣhi Yājñavalkya ordered the cows to be taken away by his disciples, one among the many questions rained upon him was: "What is the universe composed of?" The reply was: "The warp and woof" (as of a cloth). To put it in modern scientific language there are two kinds of forces of which the universe is composed, one at right angles to the other, like the warp and woof of a cloth. When two forces are working at right angles to one another, circular rhythms are caused. Similarly through these two main forces working at right angles to one another, the Brahmāṇḍa or Brahmā's egg, which is the Universe, was created. Afterwards these two forces which may be called the major and minor axes, had other numberless forces running parallel to them like the numberless threads—lengthwise and breadthwise—of a cloth intersecting one another, which brought about the different points at which matter began to rotate round different centres. In the Purāṇas, when the churning of the milky ocean is described, we are given some clues about the originators of these two axes of forces. The milky ocean represents the nebulous matter of the universe which had to be rendered solid through the churning. Mandara mountain is the major axis which is supported by Viṣṇu—the Protector of the universe—while the minor axis is furnished by Vāsuki, the serpent of time. The vast longitudinal current is of the life-stream of Viṣṇu across which Time, who according to Hindūism is the Shakti of God makes the dam. Thus, I think that matter is due to these two kinds of forces working in different directions like the two diameters of a circle at right angles to one another.

This process in a way explains the rotatory motion in each point of the ether from which matter appears solid. Professor Bergson says thus:

From our point of view, life appears in its entirety as an immense wave which starting from a centre spreads outwards and which on almost the whole of its circumference is stopped and converted into oscillation: at one single point, the obstacle has been forced, the impulsion has passed freely. It is this freedom that the human form registers. Everywhere but in man consciousness has had to come to a stand: in man alone it has kept on its way.

Intellectuality and Matter

If matter is really motion, and if out of each solid object particles of matter are rushing at each moment, why should matter appear solid, as if immobile? To which the Professor says that the mind demands such a condition of things. The mind is but the relation; without objects, no relationship can be observed. Moreover it seems that the mind needs solid objects in order to find out the relationship. If all objects are in a state of motion, it cannot so clearly comprehend them as when they are in a state of rest. Let us take the ear. In order that a tyro in music may make progress, he should not at once be landed in a complexity of sounds vibrating at rapid rates. He should begin with simple sounds at slow rates. Similarly about the mind. In the initial stage, it has to concern itself with a few solid objects which it can observe, classify, etc. Should the whole range of objects, stationary or fleeting, be brought before it, it would but be confused. Hence the Professor calls the mind an *organ*. As Wildon-Carr puts it:

What then is the intellect? It is to the mind what the eye or the ear is to the body. Just as in the course of evolution the body has become endowed with certain special sense-organs which enable it to receive the revelation of the reality

without, and at the same time limit the extent and the form of that revelation, so the intellect is a special adaptation of the mind, which enables the being endowed with it to view the reality outside it, but which at the same time limits both the extent and character of the view the mind takes. When we consider a special organ like the eye, we can see that its usefulness to the creature it serves depends quite as much on what it excludes as on what it admits. If the eye could take in the whole of visible reality, it would be useless The intellect appears to have been formed by the evolution of life in the same way and for a like purpose. And what is the purpose the intellect serves? It gives us views of reality.

A very striking simile is given. The intellect is compared to a cinematograph. In the latter, the moving scenes, say of a cavalry regiment, are represented as if marching. How is it done? Each position of the whole scene though moving is photographed as if fixed. Then all the views are joined together and arranged side by side on the film and passed across the scene in rapid succession. Then they present to us this moving picture. Similarly though the whole nature is moving, the mind takes photographs of different positions of it as if fixed. Though it may seem to us that things are fixed, yet mobility and change are going on ceaselessly and continuously.

Another happy simile is given to show that immobility is but a māya, an appearance. It is drawn from the effects produced upon the eye when two railway trains pass. When they travel in the same direction and at the same rate, they seem not to be moving: but when they move at different rates, they seem to be moving in opposite directions: but should they travel in opposite directions, they seem to be moving at twice the speed at which they are really moving.

When we come to Hinduism, we find that there also the mind is termed an organ. But it is called

Anṭaḥ-karaṇa or internal organ. The word "internal" is used to distinguish it from the external organs of eye, ear, etc., which lie on the periphery of the body. In the eyes of a Hindū, both the mind and the senses are but the avenues or organs through which the Jīvātmā within gains experience of the outside world. Both of them are Jada or inert, the senses being composed of gross matter and the Anṭaḥ-karaṇa of subtle matter. Since it is this physical world that has to be observed, therefore, there is a physical solid sense-organ required: and there is the intermediary of the mind between the soul within and the object without.

Regarding the photographing of the objects by the mind, the *Mahābhārata* says that the mind when it perceives external objects makes images of them. The mind is the great picture-gallery of all its thoughts.

Instinct and Intelligence

If we compare the instinct of some animals with the intelligence possessed by men, we find the former outweighs the latter. We are even tempted to think that the animals are more advanced than men. Let us therefore cite some cases, given by the Professor, in his own words:

When the horse-fly lays its eggs on the legs or shoulders of the horse, it acts as if it knew that its larva has to develop in the horse's stomach and that the horse in licking itself will convey the larva into its digestive tract. When a paralysing wasp stings its victim on just those points where the nervous centres lie, so as to render it motionless without killing it, it acts like a learned entomologist and a skilful surgeon rolled into one. But what shall we say of the little beetle, the sitaris, whose story is often quoted. This insect lays its eggs at the entrance of the underground passages dug by a kind of bee, *Authophora*. Its larva, after long waiting, springs upon the male *Authophora* as it goes out of the passage, clings to it, and

remains attached until the nuptial flight, when it seizes the opportunity to pass from the male to the female and quietly waits until it lays its eggs. It then leaps upon the egg, which serves as a support for it in the honey, devours the egg in a few days and resting on the shell undergoes its first metamorphosis. Organised now to float on the honey, it consumes this provision of nourishment and becomes a nymph, then a perfect insect. Everything happens as if the larva of the sitaris from the moment it was hatched knew.

A case was quoted by Mrs. Besant in one of her lectures—I do not know whence she got it. A hen and a goose laid eggs. The eggs of the one were given to the other to be hatched, and *vice versa*. The young ones came out of the shell and began to move, when the mother goose took its young ones to a tank; but the latter would not get into the water in spite of the mother's pressure. On the contrary when the young ones in charge of the hen rushed into the water, the mother hen began to cackle as if the young ones were in danger. What is this marvellous intelligence exhibited by the animals which is not in man? It is not instinct evolved, that is the intellect in man. The reverse seems to be the case. Even the mentality of a dog, horse, etc., seems possible to understand, since they are vertebrates like man. But what about the invertebrates like bees and ants? After examining these and others, the Professor comes to the following conclusions:

Whatever in instinct and intelligence is innate knowledge bears, in the first case, on things and in the second, on relations. Intellect is characterised by a natural inability to know life... Instinct is sympathy and turned towards life... Instinct perfected is a faculty of using and even of constructing organised instruments: intellect perfected is the faculty of making and using unorganised instruments.

Thus we find that instinct is the faculty of looking inwards, where life is perceived; and though it is a perfect instrument, it is not capable of expansion. The

animal sees the whole within and reproduces it without. But it does not understand their relationship. But the intellect is that which looks outwards on matter: and though it may not at first construct a perfect machine, it has the power of infinite expansion through efforts after efforts made, and through repeated failures.

In instinct, there is sympathy. Imagine the feeling of brotherhood of ants and bees. The moment one comes into existence, it knows its exact place in the brotherhood. Should it be a bee, it knows at once whether it should be with the queen bee or go about in search of things and so on. But man has to blunder and blunder ere he can come to the right way.

The intelligence makes us regard Reality as something other than our Life, as something hostile that we may overcome. In intellect there is the egoism that is instinctive: in instinct, there is the instinctive brotherhood.

Intuition

As we have just seen, instinct is the faculty of looking inwards at life, while intellect is the faculty of looking outwards at matter. The former is developed with disinterestedness or non-separateness; the latter, through self-consciousness or separateness. In the one case, there is the absence of self; in the other, there is its presence. In the former, it is perfect, though there is not the power of expansion; in the latter, it has this power though imperfect.

The next stage of evolution should naturally bring us to a point where both these attributes have to combine. It is in intuition they both meet. The Professor defines it thus:

Intuition is instinct that has become disinterested, self-consciousness capable of reflecting upon its object and enlarging it indefinitely. Intuition and intellect represent two opposite

directions of the work of consciousness. Intuition goes in the very direction of life: intellect in the reverse direction. A complete and perfect humanity would be that in which these two forms of conscious activity should attain their full development. Intuition is there, however, but vague and above all discontinuous. It is a lamp almost extinguished which only glimmers now and then for a few moments. It glimmers whenever a vital interest is at stake... Thus is revealed the unity of spiritual life. We recognise it only when we place ourselves in intuition in order to go from intuition to the intellect: for from the intellect we shall never pass to intuition.

Thus does evolution proceed, bringing into patency all the latent powers of life or consciousness. What then are the means to develop this intuition? The *Bhagavad-Gītā* says that each one should do his karma for its own sake, not actuated by the fruits thereof. Similarly the Professor puts it thus:

We must strive to see in order to see and no longer to see in order to act. The Absolute is revealed very near us and in a certain measure in us. It is of psychological and not of mathematical nor logical essence. It lives with us. Like us, but in certain aspects infinitely more concentrated and more gathered up in itself, it endures.

The Upaniṣat Version

On the stages of Torpor, Instinct, Intellect and Intuition, let us study the Upaniṣats. They treat all these as different stages of consciousness. There are four such according to *Māṇḍūkya Upaniṣat*. The first stage is named Bahiḥ-Prajña, or consciousness working externally: the second, Antaḥ-Prajña, or consciousness working internally: the third Ubhayataḥ-Prajña, or consciousness working externally and internally at the same time: in the fourth, there is neither externality nor internality nor externality-internality—all is one only; which state is called Turiya. Then again each of these four states has four subdivisions according to the above laws.

Without going into the subtle ramifications, let us go into the broad divisions. According to Professor Bergson, life descends into matter, the accumulation of energy. When it becomes encased in matter, "consciousness liès dormant when life is condemned to automatism". It is as if a man were transported to a place where he is left alone, as if it were in a jail, without any help. The consciousness is left helpless and stunned. Then through the repeated shocks to the external matter in which it was, it was roused from its sleep to the stage of the vegetable: and when the outer body of the vegetable became more and more adapted to the outer surroundings and there was "the elastic canalisation of this energy," there came the inner consciousness called the instinct to manifest itself. Then in man, the consciousness was turned outwards, externally. In the Hindū phraseology, Antaḥ-karāṇa—the lower mind—is now developing. The future of man will have the development of Buddhi, where it will be the combined work of the internal and external aspects of consciousness. Both the life and matter aspects of the universe will be seen together but in different planes. Lastly will come the state when all these states will be seen as one. This last state is one that cannot be described by ordinary people. It is only those personages called the Jīvanmuktas that can do justice to it. I do not know whether even They can adequately express in words what They cognise in the highest of states. Even than that state, it is said that there are others higher.

I have culled but a few of the blossoms of truths that the learned Professor has exposed before the world. It is for others more competent than myself to gather others. Moreover it seems to be the will of Providence

that the Hindū religion—though it be of the East—has to be brought to its true position and placed upon its high pedestal only through the combined efforts of the East and the West. If not, why should not God send many souls to incarnate in India to do that work? Why should He send souls like Professor Bergson to the West to vindicate the truths of the religion here? As a lover of Hindūism and as one who has sacrificed his life to it, I welcome all those that work for it directly or indirectly, whether they are in western or eastern bodies. Therefore, as in duty bound, I offer my gratitude to Professor Bergson for having advanced the cause of the Hindū religion in this manner.

K. Narayanaswami Aiyar

THE QUEST IN PERSIA

A STUDY OF SUFIISM

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

Author of *The Persian Mystics*, etc.

PERSIA, once a great world-power, has become a political pawn in the hands of England and Russia. Optimists assert that something of her glory will return some day when the Russian yoke can be thrown off and her finance set on a more satisfactory basis. Be that as it may, for ourselves we must ever remember Persia as a country of earnest searchers after the Light, a country of great mystical poets. Happily we have outgrown the Victorian estimation of Persia, an estimation so steeped in sentimentality that the land of the Lion and the Sun appeared as a garden profuse in roses and bulbuls and sickly love-songs. England read very indifferent translations from the Persian at that time, and the illuminating Mysticism known as Sūfiism was quaintly referred to as "Çoofism". Now students of Mysticism find in Persia much that has been the main theme of all our great Mystics, a Mysticism that made Persia pre-eminently great in her poetry.

It was Zoroaster who is said to have prophesied respecting the birth of Christ, a prophecy the mysterious Magi were destined to verify. The foretelling of

the Star of Bethlehem placed astrology on a high eminence indeed, for it foretold of a Light greater than the light of stars. It heralded the Light of the World. Here, then, in Persia, some six or seven hundred years before the birth of our Lord, we catch the sound of a triumphant note. But it was Muhammad and not Christ who came to Persia in later years.

Zoroaster's teaching was briefly this. He recognised the two great powers, Good and Evil, God and Devil, in constant warfare. How was Evil to be vanquished? By man. How was he to do this? By righteousness. Zoroaster, like so many wise representatives of all great religions, did not attempt to make too sweeping a reform, or to abolish all the childish, but after all harmless, whims and fancies of a naturally imaginative and poetical people. He allowed many of the old religious customs still to play a *ritualistic* part in the propagation of His message.

There is something strangely beautiful in the funeral rites of the Zoroastrians.¹ The chanting, the incense, the journey to the temporary resting place. The body is taken in at one door, and taken out at another in order to symbolise the mystery of birth and re-birth. The long march across country, as the procession bears the deceased to a *Dakhmah* or Tower of Silence.² Then the departure of the carriers, the last farewell of the friends and relatives. The gaunt stone tower rises from the barren plain. Two old men come from that strange starlit place of Death and carry the body up into the Tower of Silence and lay it naked upon the great stone platform. The old men crouch upon the Tower, gazing

¹ *Persia Past and Present: A book of Travel and Research.* By A. V. Williams Jackson.

² *In the Valley of Stars there is a Tower of Silence.* By Smara Khamara.

wistfully into the night, trying in their nearness to Death to look across into Eternity. Then suddenly they chant, in perfect unison, a beautiful prayer to the angels, and once more all is still save, perhaps, for the eerie cry of the wind. The silent body seemed to those who kept watch Evil's greatest victory. The Zoroastrians constantly symbolised Life by a cord, or *kusti*, which they wore under their garments. When Death came they still clung to the idea of Life, and still the *kusti* was bound round the cold, silent body. It expressed a hope that God would raise the Dead to Life Eternal, that Good would vanquish Evil, "where the individual soul unites with the principle of Light without losing its personality".¹

The next religious leaders in Persia were Māni, whose teaching was not unlike that of the Hindū Kapila in respect to his theory of the production of the Universe, and Mazdak, who taught that all men are equal.

It will be observed that the first religious movement in Persia, Zoroastrianism, marked a high standard of spiritual development. It touched the border of a Mysticism that conceived of Union with the Divine. It had yet to advance a further stage in which it recognised the folly of a conception that admitted of preservation of human personality in the Almighty. From a spiritual point of view I am inclined to think that Persia's religious progress received a set-back in the coming of Islām, though, among the more uncouth Arabs, Muhammad's teaching meant a rigorous and beneficial discipline hitherto unknown. The key-note of the Arabs was, as Muir says: "Honour and revenge." The Arab Invasion

¹ *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia.* By Shaikh Muhammad igbal.

came at a time when Persia still felt the effect of the wars of Alexander the Great. Persia suffered from religious dissension, whereas the small Arab army of seven or eight thousand men was filled with almost fanatical ardour. Persia adopted Islām without a very strenuous resistance.¹ The majority of Zoroastrians who refused to join the Muslim faith fled to northern India.

I have endeavoured to sketch, in the merest outline, that which preceded the great mystical movement known as Sūfiism, in order that the reader may have some idea of the religious ground upon which the Sūfi thought evolved.

The origin of Sūfiism is a question about which learned doctors still disagree, and, to be quite candid, I do not think that any of the authorities, such as Von Kremer, Dozy, and Browne, can formulate one theory that may be regarded as completely satisfying to the student. Prof. E. G. Browne¹ gives the following theories, viz.: (1) *Esoteric Doctrine of the Prophet*. (2) *Reaction of the Aryan mind against a Semitic religion*. (3) *Neo-Platonist influence*. (4) *Independent origin*. The last mentioned theory may be readily dismissed, on the ground that Sūfiism is too compact with borrowed ideas ever to claim independent origin. Personally I am inclined to favour (1) and (3). It seems to me that the more learned Persians would accept the teaching of the *Korān*, the book of an invader, with reservation, and give scope to a mind, more subtle and mystical than that of the Arab, by finding in certain passages of the *Korān* an esoteric meaning. This theory alone, however, is not of sufficient weight to justify the existence of Sūfiism. It was quite possible when the Sūfis came to be regarded

¹ *A Literary History of Persia*, Vol. I.

as heretics that they should ingeniously turn to the *Korān* and quote its authority in the hope of escaping religious persecution.

Let us now briefly study the Neo-Platonist theory. Seven Neo-Platonist philosophers came to the Persian Court in the reign of Nūshīrwān, (sixth century A. D.). They had been driven from Athens by Justinian, who was strongly opposed to the teaching of philosophy. These philosophers founded a school in Persia. "The Neo-Platonists believed in the Supreme Good as the Source of all things. Self-existent, it generated from itself. Creation was the reflection of the Good's own Being. Matter was essentially non-existent, a temporary and ever-moving shadow for the embodiment of the Divine."¹ It was by the contemplation of the All-Good that the Neo-Platonist Plotinus, at the age of thirty-seven, set out to study the wisdom of the Persians. We are informed that Plotinus greatly esteemed Numenius, who was well versed in the Persian religions. The following quotation from Plotinus will perhaps help to show the parallel between Sūfiism and Neo-Platonism: "Light everywhere meets with Light; since everything contains all things in itself, and again sees all things in another. So that all things are everywhere, and all is all. For everything there is great, since even that which is small is great. The sun, too, which is there is all the stars; and again each star is the sun and all the stars."²

And last of all we come to the Āryan Reaction theory, a theory that Professor Browne thinks has

¹ *The Persian Mystics: Jalālu'd-Dīn Rūmī*. By F. Hadland Davis.

² *Plotinus, Select works of*. Translated by Thomas Taylor. Edited, with introduction, by G. R. S. Mead.

been exaggerated. There are certainly marked similarities between Sūfism and the Vedānta teachings, but these influences came when the Sūfī system was well established.

I think it will be readily admitted that Sūfism after all owed very much to Neo-Platonism, seeing that Sūfism, broadly speaking, is in poetry what Neo-Platonism is in prose, with, of course, the marked difference between Greek and Persian methods of expression, and one or two other points we need not discuss here.

At the end of the eighth century of our era there was a Theosophic Mysticism known among the Muhammadans as *tasawwuf*. The word *sūf* means "wool". Hence the little order came to be called "wool-wearers," on account of the simple white wool garments that they wore. Abū Hashim was the first Sūfī, while Dhu'l-Nun-al-Misri may be said to have given Sūfism its permanent form.

One of the early Sūfīs was Rabi'a-al-'Adawiyya, of Basra, a woman of remarkable character and deep spirituality. Many of her wise sayings have been preserved by the great Persian poet, Faridu'd-Dīn'Attār. Rabi'a saw in the Islām teaching love of God for the sake of reward and for the fear of punishment. Her own Sūfī belief was love of God for His own sake. An exquisite joy that accompanied the state of ecstasy made her realise that she was one with the Beloved—lost and found in Him. As the Arab poet, Ibnu'l-Fārid, has sung:

With my Beloved I alone have been
When communings more sweet than evening airs
Passed, and the Vision blest
Was granted to my prayers,
That crowned me, else obscure, with endless fame.¹

¹ A Literary History of the Arabs. By R. A. Nicholson.

Once when Rabi'a was stricken with sickness, she gave as her reason for her affliction that she had, in a moment of weakness, "dwelt upon the joys of Paradise". With her beautiful conception of a Divine Union, it is not to be wondered at that she could not tolerate the idea of earthly marriage. "The bonds of wedlock have descended upon me. I am not my own, but my Lord's, and must not be unfaithful to Him." Rabi'a's love of God was essentially intimate, and in this respect she bears a remarkable likeness to the Spanish S. Teresa. S. Teresa was in fact a neuropath, and some of her so-called spiritual visions, such as an angel piercing entrails with a golden dart, were extremely repellent. However, the following experience of S. Teresa may be quoted as showing an extraordinary parallel between Sūfism and Christian Mysticism. S. Teresa on one occasion, while reciting the Hours, saw a "bright mirror, every part of which, back and sides, top and bottom, was perfectly clear. In the centre of this was represented to me Christ our Lord, as I am accustomed to see Him. I seem to see Him in all parts of my soul also, distinctly as in a mirror, and at the same time this mirror was engraved in the Lord Himself, by a communication exceeding amorous which I cannot describe." This parallel is extremely interesting because, as I shall show later, the mirror among the Sūfīs, which was the heart of the true lover, reflected the beloved.

Two other interesting Sūfīs were Bayāzīd and Mansur-al-Hallāj. On one occasion Bayāzīd cried out to his disciples: "Within my vesture is naught but God, whether you seek Him on earth or heaven." His disciples, who were alarmed, plunged their knives into

Bayāzīd's body; but, curiously enough, this action simply caused them to find their knives at their own throats. Bayāzīd explained to the remaining disciples that he had annihilated self, so that he had become, as it were, a mirror in which his foolish disciples saw their own faces reflected, while his soul communed with the Beloved.

Mansur-al-Hallāj seems to me a curious mixture of religious and charlatan. His exact place in Sūfism is still a disputed point among Sūfīs of to-day. It will be readily conceded that his enormous egoism (so essentially non-mystical) did not coincide with the selfless doctrine of the more advanced Sūfī:

All that is not One must ever
Suffer with the wound of Absence;
And whoever in Love's City
Enters, finds but Room for One,
And but in ONENESS Union.

Mr. Bernard Shaw claimed to have written plays equal to Shakspeare, so did Mansur-al-Hallāj claim to be able to write verses equal to those of the *Korān*. And another point that must have deeply shocked the devout Muslim was his theory that the pilgrimage to Mecca could be accomplished by occult practices equally well in any room. As an instance of al-Hallāj's ingenuity I may quote the following incident. Al-Hallāj once pretended to pick an apple from Paradise. When a matter-of-fact individual pointed out that the apple was decayed, and therefore could not have come from Paradise, al-Hallāj replied: "It is because it hath come from the Mansion of Eternity to the Abode of Decay: therefore to its heart hath corruption found its way!" Al-Hallāj had many faults, but he met his death bravely, and, when one has

overlooked his indiscretions and love of conjuring, one finds a residuum not by any means to be ignored. A characteristic saying of his was: "The way to God is two steps: one step out of this world, and one step out of the next world, and lo! you are with the Lord!"

Just as the old masters of Art were inspired by the representation of Christ, the Madonna, and other sacred subjects, so much of Persian poetry become impregnated with Sūfism to such an extent that to appreciate it at its full one must become acquainted with Sūfism, and learn to recognise the elaborate symbolism of many words not to be taken in their bare literal meaning. Never in the whole history of literature was there a form of worship more suitable for poetic interpretation. Love forms the theme for so much poetry the world over, and in Persia it is treated with a warm intensity and sensuous opulence totally different from anything our western poets have given us. The Persian poet could become eminently religious without becoming eminently cold, dry, and dull. He drew on the beauty of the moon shining through the cypress trees, or dancing with her silver feet on some dark stretch of water; he sang of the curls of Heart's Desire and crowned it all—the splendour of the moon, the beauty of woman—with an inrush of jubilant song that raised his human love to that high love of the Beloved. His joy in the wine-cup became an ecstasy of pure and spiritual delight; his idea of earthly marriage quickened into a desire for Union with that Lovely One, who seemed, and surely was, the supreme joy of his existence. But we must not fall into the error of accepting all Persian poetry as Sūfī in meaning. Much of Hāfiz is obviously of a very worldly nature, and no amount of sophistry will make it

otherwise, except to those unfortunate people who, from a lack of humour, get the esoteric craze and try to spiritualise everything, even that which is gross, and in its grossness finds its own poor death. There have been Mystics, such as Thomas Lake Harris, much of whose poetry is steeped with that which is common to Sūfism, who arrive at a certain phase of spiritual development, and then topple over, from a considerable height, into the nets of the senses, that as a last resort, terribly pitiful, they label with a sort of divine prerogative.

One of the greatest Sūfī poets was undoubtedly Jalālu'd-Dīn Rūmī. His poetry is deep with a haunting Mysticism. Now he bids the world be still and listen to the Beloved's sweet call. Now he sings with wild delight, the voice jubilant, ecstatic, brimful of the joy of loving, or yet again he becomes philosophical and full of tenderness for those who are sad. His poetry is full of "the pantheistic beauty of Psalms, the music of the hills, the colour and scent of roses, the swaying of forests; but it has considerably more than that. These things of scent and form and colour are the Mirror of the Beloved; these earthly loves the journey down the valley into the Rose-Garden where the roses never fade and where Love is."¹ The following will give some idea of Jalāl's poetry:

My Soul sends up to Heaven each night the cry of Love!
God's starry Beauty draws with night the cry of Love!
Bright sun and moon each morn dance in my Heart at Dawn
And waking me at daylight, excite the cry of Love!
On every meadow glancing, I see God's sunbeams play;
And all Creation's wonders excite the cry of Love!

I, All in All becoming, now clear see God in All;
And up from Union yearning, takes flight the cry of Love.

¹ *The Persian Mystics: Jalālu'd-Dīn Rūmī.*

Then Jāmī,¹ the last great poet of Persia, was a beautiful exponent of Sūfism. His *Salāmān and Absal*, *Lawa'ih*, *Yūsuf and Zulaika*, and *Bahāristān* are all Sūfī works. Jāmī, in one of his poems, describes the Beloved sitting in some vast space, beautiful, but having no knowledge of His beauty. Suddenly the darkness is filled with a song of His Love, and in that Love there is a gleam of light that touches the Universe, so that all that was once dark, dull, primordial, becomes lit with the presence and the glory of the Beloved:

Where'er thou seest a veil,
Beneath that veil He hides. Whatever heart
Doth yield to love, He charms it. In His love
The heart hath life. Longing for Him, the soul
Hath victory.

Jāmī has not the lyrical beauty of Jalālu'd-Dīn Rūmī, but in the *Lawa'ih* ('Flashes of Light') Jāmī strikes a deeper note. We find in him a due recognition of the vanity of earthly possessions, the vanity of self that is nothing until it loses itself in Very Being. The *Lawa'ih* should be studied with Mahmud Shabistari's *Gulshan-i-Raz*, or 'The Mystic Rose-Garden'.² Both books present Sūfism in its deepest and finest form. Thus Jāmī sings:

O Lord, none but Thyself can fathom Thee,
Yet every mosque and church doth harbour Thee,
I know the seekers and what 'tis they seek—
Seekers and sought are all comprised in Thee.

Sūfism is in short the religion of Love. It has no creed, no dogma, no one way theory to Eternal Life, as with the majority of religions. Sūfism goes with the Lord Buddha in admitting that Self is a delusion, but it does not sublimely leave out of the reckoning the

¹ *The Persian Mystics: Jāmī.* By F. Hadland Davis.

² Translated by W. H. Whitfield.

existence of God, nor does it desire the state of Nirvāṇa. Sūfism after all is a Persian name for that which is common in all Mysticism. The Light touched the West as it did the East, and we find such German Mystics as Ruysbroek, Suso, Tauler, and Eckhart uttering in their own fashion the same deep truths, bound on the same great Quest as the Mystics of Persia. Sūfism is not a dry-as-dust theory. It has vitalised and made Persian poetry what it is to-day, supremely and beautifully mystical. More than that, Sūfism might be made the means of bringing about a welcome reduction in the non-essentials of all religions, insisting not on the bowing down to this altar or that, or the performance of a specified ritual, but insisting on the one thing that matters to humanity, the sacred Oneness of Life and the inspiring and splendid truth that the Beloved and His lover are One.

F. Hadland Davis

THE SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS AT CAMBRIDGE

By F. L. WOODWARD, M. A.

SECLUDED among the trees in the quiet gardens behind St. John's College Cambridge, unknown to many inhabitants of the town and even to those who have been members of the College itself, as I have found, there stands an ancient stone building, moss-grown and reverend with age, patched, repaired and added to from time to time, and of various kinds of architecture, but in the main Norman and early English, with some additions of Perpendicular and Tudor work. The walls are of immense thickness, and it has six bays, four on one side pierced with deep loop-hole windows in the Norman arches, and on the other side a door. Its length outside is seventy feet, inside sixty-three; its breadth outside is twenty-eight and inside twenty-one feet, and it is of two stories. Inside is a room with a vaulted roof, ten feet from the ground to the top of the arches, supported by round pillars with semi-circular arches, resembling those of the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral. The pillars are in the middle, with half-pillars at the sides, so dividing the whole as to form it into twelve equal compartments ten feet square. The windows face the south, the only door the north. There are no stairs inside, but a spiral outside at the N.E. corner.

This building is known as *The School of Pythagoras*, but it was once also called *The Stone House*, and its date of foundation, if we may judge by the architecture, seems to go back to the eleventh century. Little is known of the origin and use of this ancient hall, or even of the origin of its name. Antiquaries at Cambridge can tell us nothing. I have long thought it to be, perhaps, without substantial foundation of proof, one of those ancient centres of knowledge, purposely established by the Brotherhood, as in other parts of the British Isles, which have existed all through those dark times when the lamp of learning was nearly extinguished. I amuse myself with the 'pleasant conceit' that, as our Master K.H., once Pythagoras himself, was pleased to honour Oxford with His presence as a scholar in this century, just passed; (being at Queen's College, as I have heard), so also He may have, some hundreds of years ago, bestowed upon Cambridge a prior favour, with the result that from its early days Platonism there found a happier home than at the sister University.

"However that may be, this building bids fairest to authenticate the antiquity of the University of Cambridge of any in the place, as it seems most likely to have been the structure where the Croyland monks gave their lectures to their scholars; and from them has retained the name of 'school' from that period to this very time." The date should be 1109, "when the Benedictine monks from Croyland Abbey came to Cambridge to lecture on philosophy."

So says Kilner's *The Account of Pythagoras' School in Cambridge*, published circ. 1783, the only work which I have been able to find on the subject. I secured a copy of this book, which is very rare, not long ago (it now

rests in the Adyar Library), and have copied some passages which give the barest information of the origin and use of the old building. *In tenebris involvitur ejus historia.*

"In 1092 the Priory of St. Giles was founded at Cambridge. . . . The premises here and of late called *Pythagoras' School*, but more anciently distinguished as *Domus Lapidea*, or *The Stone House*. . . . was given to Henry Frost, whom I take to have been the original founder of St. John's Hospital in Cambridge, about 1210, by giving the site on which the hospital was built. So that the College of St. John the Evangelist, now grafted on that Hospital, and still enjoying its possessions, may justly be accounted the first of our present colleges."

The book contains several fine copper-plate engravings, one of which, dated 1730, has the following note: "This was y^e dwelling house of Merton, Founder of y^e College of that name in Oxford. Whence it had its name is uncertain; whether a society of gentlemen might not meet here, or live here in a Pythagorean manner, not unlike a college life; or whether the Mathematics, Morals or other Philosophy of Pythagoras might not have been held, or taught here, in opposition to the General Philosophy of those times, is rather to be taken as probable conjecture, than to be admitted as certain. It is now in possession of the College aforesaid." (1730.)

"The great difficulty is still behind, I mean the original use and destination of the building and by whom erected. That it was not designed for any religious purpose is plain, from its having no one part of it proper for an altar to be placed in, and its having only one entrance would be equally inconvenient."

"Mr. R. Parker, in his *Skeletos Cantabrigiensis*, 1623, referred to by Dr. Fuller, uses the name *House of Pythagoras*, and *Schools of Pythagoras*, but without any derivation. He places it however among the Houses of Philosophers and Divines, *Hospitia Artistarum et Theologorum*."

Fuller, *Church History*, vol. iii, S. 3. 7. says: "Amongst the many manors which the first Founder bestowed on this Colledg (*sc.* Merton) one lay in the Parish of St. Peter's and West Suburbe of Cambridg, beyond the Bridg, anciently called Pythagoras' House, since Merton Hall."

"From the union however of scholars for learning, and brethren for religion, as here in the Hospital, whatever was the sort of it; and from the connexion of them (as in the society referred to for example) learning and religion were soon brought together as in the present colleges in the Universities; the scholars of this Hospital in Cambridge having been made a college of themselves In 1284 the Stone House and Estate was transferred to the College." (p. 25)

"Hervey Fitz-Eustace, the grantee, was not only the proprietor, but the inhabitant of the *Stone House* in Cambridge (*note*; *The Stone House* of the Dunninges, since called *Merton Hall* and *The House of Pythagoras*) The said place, with its appurtenances, was conveyed by the College to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge for the new foundation of King's College there 22 Jul. 24 Henry VI. 1446 ("The royal saint"), but within eighteen years after it was restored to Merton College. 1463."

"In Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. ii, p. 440, it occurs by the name of *Schola de Merton* it appears to have

been entitled to such a school appellation, if it was the place, as has been related *where Erasmus read lectures on the Greek language in the University* it came to be more commonly called the *House of Pythagoras* and *School of Pythagoras*; and there are those who, from the antiquity of the name, thus lately attributed to it, are for deducing the antiquity of it as a school or house of learning, in this right ancient seat of it, '*Londinensis*' being at the least a promoter of the conceit, of its being *the very place where this philosopher exhibited himself and taught in Cambridge*. Others, however, as seeing this more for ridicule than reality, have been content to have it called by his name, as the house of the sect or school of his philosophy in Cambridge; or, as even less secure of this, and to make the matter still more easy, only because the building, in the form of it, might some time perhaps have resembled a Y, his beloved letter; and in this way of naming it from the resemblance, and with rather more perhaps in the remains to credit it; its very *undercroft* might not impossibly have had its share in somewhat imaging, if not his school at Samos, at least that more cryptic cave in his house at Croton, he shut himself up in."

That the world is never left without teachers is quite certain. No teacher has so influenced the West as Pythagoras, from whom through the Greeks and Plato Europe has received the best she has of arts and sciences. As far back as Julius Cæsar we read, in his commentaries, that the ancient Druids of the Celtic West used Greek as the vehicle of their sacred script. Doubtless the tradition of Pythagoras was there kept up until with the coming of the monks to England and the founding of monasteries it faded out under the influence of Latin Christianity.

Aristotelians, blazing up again perhaps in 1200 with Roger Bacon at Oxford, the only light in the darkness of those dark days, till once more another Brother lived and died in that tradition of Platonism, Sir Thomas More, *lumen Britanniae*, the great Chancellor, in 1500. Then came the revival of learning that followed the introduction of Greek. Erasmus taught Greek at Cambridge, perhaps, as suggested above, in this very School of Pythagoras; and John Fisher, with Roger Ascham, Sir John Cheeke, both scholars of St. John's, Tyndale, Miles Coverdale and Latimer were the centres of this movement.

Later in that century came the days of Francis Bacon, another Brother, preceded at Cambridge by Wyatt, Marlowe and Spenser. Francis Bacon was the centre of a group of scholars who seem to have been inspired by him. Later on arose Milton at Christ's, and the mystic tradition was continued by George Herbert, the poet, and Nicholas Ferrar, of Little Gidding, Huntingdon (so well described in *John Inglesant*). Oliver Cromwell and William Penn, the Quaker, were also Cambridge men at this time.

In the middle of the seventeenth century flourished the Cambridge Platonists. At Oxford Aristotle reigned supreme; yet there was a Brother there in the person of Thomas Vaughan, *Eugenius Philalethes*, a Rosicrucian contemporary with Sir Thomas Browne. At Cambridge Plato and the Mysticism of Plotinus had more weight (for the subject of the Cambridge Platonists consult Mr. Howard's excellent edition of Richard Ward's *Life of Dr. More*, pub. T.P.S.).

The Cambridge Platonists were many, but the chief names are those of Dr. More, Cudworth, Benjamin Jowett, Nathaniel Culverwell and

Richard Ward. Dr. More was the centre of a psychic society, including Van Helmont, Glanvil (Matthew Arnold's *Scholar Gipsy*), Greatrakes, the magnetic healer, and Cudworth, Fellows of the Royal Society, who were opposed to the philosophy of Hobbes and Descartes, then in fashion, "seers and prophets rather than mere scholarly dreamers, and they essayed great enterprises which two centuries later were still in their earliest stage."

And here is another link. This same Dr. More is "the old Platonist" of Col. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves* (vol. I. chap. xv, *passim*), who died Sept. 1, 1687, and used H.P.B. as his amanuensis in writing *Isis Unveiled*, (1875) about whom the reader will find many interesting facts therein described. One of his terse sayings is: "There are as arrant fools out of the body as in the body," a warning to over-credulous spiritualists; we also read of him that "he drank small beer at college and said it was seraphical and the best liquor in the world" (this is very comforting to those who aspire to saintship!). But enough. I have woven round this old building some fanciful ideas, no doubt. Perhaps there is a grain of truth at the bottom of the vessel, which may our seers extract and amplify.

F. L. Woodward

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

White Lotus Day, May 8th

Great Soul, who camest forth of thy good will
To serve the world
A world that knew thee not, but at thee hurl'd
Its venom'd spite—we thank thee.

* * * *

Rear'd in luxurious home,
Thou left it all to roam,
Like Buddha you renounced all worldly wealth;
In climates cold and hot
Your courage wavered not,
You laboured on regardless of all health.
"Mid countries strange and peoples rude
Like martyrs of all times you were not understood."

True seer of your age,
On Time's prophetic page
You wrote about the things that were to be;
O, thou of lion heart,
Nobly you played your part
And battled for the Truth which sets men free:
"The Secret Doctrine" from your pen
Proclaimed God's plan of evolution for all men.

Revered H. P. B.,
The world will one day see
'Twas Wisdom's pen you wielded with your might,
For much that you implied
Has since been verified,
Your forecasts now are coming into sight;
Yea, scientific men now find
Results which you by occult knowledge had defined.

Scorning all risk and cost
Through life you never lost
The purpose of your incarnation here;
You taught how man to-day
Can tread "the narrow way"
The Truth of Ancient Wisdom plain and clear,
Man ever may his birthright claim.
Your message was THEOSOPHY—for that you came.

May thy example lead
Us all to feel the need
Of doing everything with all our might,
Hearing the Master's call,
Ready to stand or fall
In helping others on to find the Light.
Unselfish like thee, we too may
Adorn the Ancient Wisdom in our world to-day.

W. S. M.



THE STATE OF BEING

By BARONESS MELLINA D'ASBECK

WE shall never know, with our minds, that we are immortal—and it is a true statement. At our present stage of evolution we are ignorant of our immortality because we get the sense of reality only through the mind, and in those regions where immortality is found to be real the mind is powerless and useless. Thus, it is likely that we shall develop another instrument, another organ of knowledge, in order to acquire the certainty of our immortality. The

thirst for a higher knowledge is the effort of life to evolve this other organ. Though this organ may possibly be the achievement of a remote future only, yet we can perhaps indicate some of the means by which it may be acquired.

The step towards the formation of such an instrument of knowledge seems to lie in the using of a state of consciousness that would place the whole problem of knowledge on an entirely new basis. This new basis is life.

This shifting of our criterion of knowledge might work along the following lines.

We find that some of our experiences, certain ideas and feelings, the seeing even of some physical objects—such as a person we love—some beauty in nature, the hearing of certain sounds, have a life-giving quality that other states of consciousness lack. The experiencing of them is a state of intensified life, a feeling of great reality. When those states of consciousness are over, they stand out in our memory as the great realities of our existence, and all the rest, compared with them, is pale and meaningless. Thus we find that their influence is a lasting one and it distinguishes them from mere emotional moods. These states may be associated with emotion, but are not the emotion itself. We notice moreover that this sense of reality does not necessarily coexist with a conscious clearness of understanding. Sometimes it does, sometimes it does not. I mean by understanding, the clear grasp of the elements that make up a state of consciousness and of the relation between these elements. But this sense of reality, though more or less independent of intellectual clearness, is always supremely

positive. It might even be described as "a positive state of consciousness," all other states of consciousness being, compared to it, negative or neuter.

It stands as negative to none. It cannot be swept away or undermined or annihilated by any other state of consciousness. It is what it is. It stands in consciousness as a fact, exactly as in the physical world the objects we see, or the events that have happened, stand as facts. But, as a fact, it has a greater reality even than the objects of the physical world, for the evidence of the senses is a mere child's toy when faced with it. Such a fact also possesses more reality than "truths" so-called, and when a fact in consciousness comes into conflict with a "truth," intellectually demonstrated and understood, the truth remains where it was, but the fact remains also. Nor are these states neuter, for they are endowed with vitality, activity, or rather, *they are active states of consciousness.*

The summary of all this is: We have in our consciousness experiences related apparently to knowledge, that are more positive than those afforded either by mental understanding or the evidence of the senses. We have two sorts of experiences related to knowledge—that of *understanding* and that of *being*.

The question, for one preoccupied with the solution of the problem of knowledge or the criterion of truth,¹ is the following: which of these two experiences or states of

¹ We remind our readers that a criterion of truth is a standard with which we are supposed to measure our experiences in order to control whether they are true or not. "The Supreme Good" for Plato, the clearness of an idea for Descartes, the evidence of the senses for Auguste Comte, were criteria of truth. Such criteria were usually considered as being capable of giving objective knowledge, that is, a series of truths that would remain true even if the subject (the individual) who discovers them did not exist. Such truths are objective, i.e., they have an existence independent of the subject. Our contention is that there is no objective criterion of truth, and therefore, no objective knowledge.

consciousness has most value in the finding of Reality, that is, the sensing of things as they are—the state of understanding, or the state of being?

We may, I think, to help in the solution of this problem, ask ourselves which of the two states is itself nearer to Reality.

The very definition of the state of being shows that, in itself, as a state of consciousness, it is nearer to Reality than any other state, in fact, it *is* a state of Reality in us, a state that is, to us, more real than any other one, a state in which we are supremely conscious of our own existence, conscious of being. This is its value in the sensing of Reality from the subjective standpoint.

But what is its value objectively? Truth, we are told, is the agreement of our ideas with Reality. Our question then must not be: what is the intrinsic value of the state of being, but what is its value in relation to Reality?

Here we come to the old problem of the criterion of truth, this ghastly guardian of the threshold of knowledge. Philosophers have wrestled with it entirely in vain. No established criterion of truth has ever helped in the finding of any truth. All that has ever been found to be true has been proved to be so by an immediate experience and the confronting of such an experience with others, but never by the measuring of a discovery against an 'objective' reality that, *a priori*, cannot possibly be known by us, since *no one can go out of his own consciousness* in order to compare his state of consciousness with an objective reality.

"The agreement of our ideas with Reality" is an empty phrase. There is no Reality for us but *our* reality. It is useless to argue as to whether this be deplorable

or not. It is a fact, no more, no less, and we must have the courage to face it. There is no Reality but our reality.

Such a statement may be said to overthrow all hopes of ever finding truth. It may overthrow stale theories concerning the discovery of truth, but such theories should never block the way when they are found to be false. It needs considerable blindness not to see that all the so-called 'objective' truth, all the "ideals" with their existence *per se* that the philosophers set up, and with which they compared their subjective experiences, were as subjective as these experiences themselves, being standards created *by the human mind*.

If anything objective exists at all, and this, of course, is a question, it exists, *a priori*, outside our consciousness. As soon as anything exists in our consciousness, it becomes, is, or always has been, subjective. These subjective elements are the only possible elements in our knowledge and there are no others.

It seems curious that so evident a truth has not always been considered as such and that it should be necessary to state it. It has been stated over and over again, but this theory has been systematically disregarded by those philosophers who feared it would land humanity in sophistry and scepticism, and also those who believed that their own standards and excogitations could possibly be objective.

Yet, to us, it seems of the greatest importance for the expansion of our life that we should realise quite clearly that an 'objective' criterion of truth is entirely a creation of our own minds, that this thing, never seen, never sensed, never known, yet looms over our mental

horizon, preventing us from stretching out our wings to soar ever higher. It hampers us in our flight, for it makes us doubt our own powers. Every genuine experience is branded as 'subjective' and thereby discredited. Though the immediate impression, the immediate experience is the only language of truth for us, this language is silenced continually by theories concerning objective values. Whatever we see, we cautiously add: "this is not the Reality," and we replace this subjective impression, so keen, so beautiful, so life-giving, by some abstract skeleton, forgetting that the latter is as subjective as all the rest.

Having seen that no objective criterion of truth can exist for us, and that all pretensions to such criteria are entirely illusory, we must then turn to the subject himself in order to establish a standard of values. We have, in fact, never done anything else, like Mr. Jourdain who had written prose all his life without realising it. But now we do it deliberately and consciously; we will no longer be entangled by the cobwebs of our own imagination.

We have first defined truth as the agreement of our ideas with Reality, and have then found that there is no reality but our own. This agreement becomes then the agreement of our ideas with our own reality. This agreement at its highest pitch is evidently the sense of Reality itself, or what I have called the state of Being.

We are now in a position to answer the question that we put at the outset of this discussion. Of the two states in us which pertain to knowledge, the state of understanding and the state of being, which of the two has more value in the finding and sensing of Reality?

It ..

We seem justified in concluding that the state which carries with it the fullest sense of Reality is probably nearer the finding of it.

We remind our readers that for many philosophers 'evidence' depended on this very subjective attitude that any idea brought with it. Thus Spinoza says: "Truth carries its proof in it"—this proof being naught but the sense of Reality we mentioned. Similarly, Plato's *Noesis*, the state of seeing, of intuition, has the power and the conviction of an immediate perception and soars above the logismos, that is, the rational demonstration.

We must now ask ourselves: What are the consequences of such a theory. First of all, what does it mean? and what has been done in this revolutionising of our basis of knowledge?

Life has been placed above form.

The practical consequence of this is that, in our consciousness, not to know, but to *be* as fully and intensely as possible, should be our aim. For in being we realise ourselves, and thus, through being we know. Only this knowledge obtained through the realisation of being is life-knowledge. All other knowledge is form-knowledge, knowledge of aspects under which life appears unto us, and, if not entirely illusory, at least indifferent from the standpoint of realisation. What we call "life-knowledge" is synonymous to life-realisation, or to realisation pure and simple.

But before going any further let us face the objections this theory will have to deal with. Suppose it be true that the "state of being" is most important. Our opponents will say: You are on the most dangerous ground. You may slip into error at any moment. You

leave full scope for the wildest imaginations. The most weird hallucination will, in your eyes, have more value in the sensing of Reality than a sound, logical, healthy argument. All the perversity of the mind may creep into your system. Dreams of hashish and opium smoking, that are accompanied with a great exhilaration, the morphia that made Musset write his best poems, the ravings of megalomaniacs, all these will be a greater "sensing of Reality". Where will you stop? and how will you draw a border line between healthy and unhealthy experiences, since reason is out of the game?

In order to answer this question, we must divide our experiences into the three types into which they naturally fall, and answer for each group separately.

First of all we have a series of experiences referring to physical objects. These include the totality of the experiences of science. The reader will remember that though we put aside the possibility of finding an objective criterion of truth we never deprecated experience. We have in the experience of the senses all the tests for truth used by science, and used by all of us when our field of knowledge is the physical world. According to Kant, physical experience was so necessary that no science was possible for him where there are no objects whose reactions could control our assertions. Logically the experimental method is a method of subjective tests. Nobody objects to that. Nobody attempts to found a science with any other organisms but our five-sensed human organisms as controlling factors. Were we entirely differently constituted, with other senses and other reactions, science would be revolutionised. Our science is made by us and for us; there lies its use and its value.

So our answer here to those who fear hallucinations is: your hallucination, irrationality, or any other failure will soon be rectified by experiences. If the number of experiences condemning any action are not sufficient for an individual to realise his error, his powers of action will nevertheless be weakened and in time destroyed. The survival of the fittest works all through the physical world. This is what one commonly calls the logic of life, a merciless logic that eliminates whatever does not fit into the scheme of things.

We now come to the series of experiences unrelated to physical objects. Here an idea is confronted not with a thing, but with another idea. We are in a realm where, according to Kant, science of knowledge is impossible, for we have nothing by which to check our imaginations. It is the metaphysical realm. Here we find philosophical and religious *systems*. We have already shown that this world is entirely made by us. We shall now see why we made it, and in its purpose we shall find both its justification and the means of controlling it. This realm is not theoretical but practical. No man makes a metaphysical assertion unless he wants it to be true, and he wants it to be true because it helps him to live. The whole psychology underlying philosophical and religious systems is the following: physical objects are not sufficient to satisfy us. In order to live we need concepts. We do not mean by living the mere upkeep of the body, though even that depends much upon our 'philosophy,' as all mind-cure proves. But by living we mean the full development of all the human being, including all his powers. And concepts are not only a mental

expansion, but also afford to man the solutions to the problems of life without which apparently he cannot be contented. Almost every man, perhaps even every single one, must have some system of concepts, be it a creed or a philosophy, in order to direct his actions and feel more or less satisfied. We each of us live in a system as we live in a house. This system has no more and no less value than the house we live in. Nothing matters but that we should live. The means by which we achieve this end are insignificant in themselves. This does not undermine their value. The fact that we require them is enough to justify their existence. If any man could see perfectly clearly that all systems of thought are mental houses, he would, once for all, become absolutely tolerant.

Every metaphysical concept, made by us, is rejected as untrue as soon as it does not work. We will take for example the concept of God. Humanity makes its God according to its own ideal. The God of past generations is put aside by the future ones on account of his shortcomings. "The original factor in fixing the figure of the Gods," says William James, "must always have been psychological. So soon as the fruits he seemed to yield began to seem quite worthless, so soon as they conflicted with indispensable human ideals, or thwarted too extensively other values; so soon as they appeared childish, contemptible, or immoral when reflected on, the deity grew discredited and was ere long neglected and forgotten. When we cease to admire or approve what the definition of a deity implies, we end by deeming that deity incredible." Man's ideal, or conscience, has thus more value for him than any God, and if the God comes into conflict with man's ideal, the

ideal remains and the God goes. Such historical facts are tokens of the glory of man.

So to those who fear disordinate imaginations in the realm of thought, we answer: to begin with, all religious and philosophical systems are series of imaginations, some of them very disordinate and some very illogical, yet standing firm on account of their sway over humanity. The 'objective' method consists in testing one imagination by another that has been adopted as a standard of truth. Such a method checks nothing and has no logical value. To test an imagination by its results in human life, its influence upon character and capacities, seems to us to be quite as illogical but more useful, besides making concepts serve the only purpose for which they were made.

We finally come to the third type of experiences within ourselves, the only one that, according to us, has any value *per se* in the sensing of Reality, the others being only means to an end. It is the type that we have called the state of being. This state is not a means, nor even an end, but a reality or a realisation. It is a state of "pure life". Images, ideas, crumble into nothing around it. And the attitude the soul takes towards them is one of supreme indifference, together with an exhilarating sense of freedom. Here the objection of letting imagination run riot falls to the ground immediately, for this state is only what it is by its entire independence from all imagination. It is furthermore characterised by its tremendous constructive power in the psychology of a human being, and its impetus towards activity. These are never the results of morbid exhilaration, which should therefore be carefully distinguished from the state we mean. This state is moreover

one of deep philosophical insight, reached only by the pure in heart in moments of perfect selflessness, as results of a life of high aspiration, deep thought, artistic inspiration, intense, selfless love.

Here the soul realises at last that all forms are imaginations, that way in which one life reacts on another life. The character of the reaction determines that of the object or idea, differing for each one of us. There is the *Māyā*, the great illusion. The life in it that has no form nor image is the only Reality. In order to live and let life flow through, you spin webs of imagination for your own use. Make your own *Māyā* as every creature does. By making a beautiful *Māyā* you are a creator and a God. This may seem wild, yet in the realms of synthesis and "pure life" it is not mad. It is perhaps the standpoint from which the ego looks upon our sciences, our systems of logic and ethics, our religions. It is a vast, a formidable sweep, that, like a cyclone, passes over the world of forms, leaving it ruined, crumbled into nothing. What remains? What remains in a world over which a cyclone has passed? The voice of the wind. Mentally it does almost throw one down. Used as we are to the world of forms, such a wholesale destruction is overpowering, awing, terrible. But it is great, so great that it gives a wild, inexpressible delight. It is as if suddenly the soul had grown wings and was soaring up in a state of life, intoxicated by it. And in that soaring it feels free.

Free to create its own world, a world of beauty and luxuriant growth. Free to divinise any form therein. Free as regards all creeds, all organisations, societies, movements, regarding them all, without exception, as phantoms, creations of striving souls. Free also to

say: The dream has vanished, all things are gone. The day is over, all is dark, I live. And in this life, all life does play. Yet, like a swimmer floating for a while, I rest. Peace is within me.

Such is the feeling of perfect freedom that the state of being or "pure life" brings to man. To escape at last from the bonds of concepts or thought-forms is like the liberation out of a prison. Better still. For the prison is often quiet and silent. The creeds and theories of man are noisy and obtrusive, and in us our concepts wage war and mar our peace.

The nearer to life and the further away from concepts, the more genuine our "states of being".

Thus may the soul find its way out of the world of forms into that of life, and begin to understand what being is, and, hence, immortality.

M. d'Asbeck

CAUGHT IN TRANSIT

By A. J. WILLSON

WE are told, and we believe it, that earnest members are taught while out of their physical bodies during their rest, and the recollections that a few bring through on awakening confirm this. The large majority, however, are quite blank on awakening as to what went on during the night; others have had confused dreams, obviously to be referred to vague astral wanderings, distorted in recollection by the state of digestion or nerves. Now and again some dream will come through that is so clearly impressed on the brain and is so wonderful in its staging and actors that the impulse is to write a full description to the nearest older member to enquire what it means. When these dreams are referred back to an authority the usual answer is: "I do not know what it means unless I go carefully into it, and I have not the time to do that."

If it be realised that an examination of a dream necessitates a careful scrutiny of the usual refraction and distortion by the etheric and physical layers of brain-matter—through which the dream has to penetrate before it is sensed by the consciousness in waking life—it will be also seen that each person has his own particular idiosyncrasies of thought and feeling by which he cognises in a muffled way as through a veil; and that the reality may be so widely different from the

remembered dream that time and trouble are required to translate that reality into terms sufficiently in touch with the recollection to make the connection at all obvious to the enquirer. This is very clearly shown by some of the cases analysed by Mr. Leadbeater in THE THEOSOPHIST.

Now while it is largely waste of time to tell dreams and expect others to act the Joseph to our Pharaoh, this slight connection between the life outside and inside the prison of the flesh is too valuable to be discarded; more especially as many people certainly are taught by them.

If each student will realise that his dreams are his own, to be interpreted by himself, if they are to be of use to him, much vain questioning will be avoided. Putting aside the many dreams that amuse our first waking moments by their fanciful happenings, now and again a dream is so vividly impressed on our brain that it seems our duty to examine it, and extract from it the lesson it was evidently designed we should learn. It may be that we were behaving in a way impossible to our present moral waking condition. Let us take that as a warning to beware, for atoms so impressed are yet lurking within our aura, abiding the time to respond and give us trouble when vivified by contact with that vice in some one else. Many a man who is, he thinks, quite beyond the temptation when awake, still enjoys his dream-glass. Or a matron finds that she has been happy with the forgotten lover of her youth. Don't smile at the incongruity, but take it as a warning when anything like this occurs; marshal your mental reasons against such a lapse and throw the whole weight of your emotion against it now that you are awake. That

dream will not then have been in vain, but will leave you a little more one-pointed than it found you, and so have done good work in clearing away rubbish that, left to accumulate, would require to burn it up the fire of suffering.

Germes of jealousy, flaws in all and each of the virtues, may in this way be detected and removed. And to make my meaning clearer, I will give an example of a dream and its explanation:

"It was night and I was walking with my Guru along a mean road between poverty-stricken houses. C., my fellow-chelā and dear to me, was a little way behind when suddenly he turned quickly off into a house on the right and disappeared. Our Guru stopped and looked round after him; then turned off also into a house on the same side of the way. This was all done quite suddenly, leaving me alone in the road. I felt puzzled, but decided that our Guru must be hiding in order to teach C. not to go off to pay visits when out on duty. So, thinking I had better help by hiding too, I also vanished into a house to the left of the road. I found the house empty and knew, in the way one knows in dreams, that all the people of the place were away.

"All night I waited, minute by minute anxiously expecting C. to come up and look for us. At last, just before dawn, I heard the people of the house returning and escaped, shoeless in my hurry, determined to search for C. in the house he had entered. Down in the back of it, in a dilapidated room, I found him, evidently settled comfortably and there of set purpose. I was much astounded; and his answers to my questions showed me, what he tried not to show, that all had been arranged before in order that C., together with our Guru, might be present at some special meeting.

"Now, had I been told of this arrangement beforehand, I loved both too well to mind their going without me; but taken thus off my guard, I was furiously angry at having been tricked into waiting all night, and into trying to help them, when they were evidently quite callous as to any anxiety they gave me by leaving me alone on a dark night with no security that all was well with them. I would not believe it of my Guru; and I rushed off to the house he had entered, only to stop short when I found him calmly reclining, evidently resting after a hard night's work. . . .

"Here I awoke, feeling sure that indignation was justified if such a thing should really occur; and that no friendship—not to mention a higher relationship—was possible when the ordinary courtesies of life were ignored; yet also feeling, somehow, that I had been on trial—and had failed; and I wanted to see wherein the failure could possibly lie.

"Carefully considering it, it came to me that the failure I sensed lay in mixing up two things.

"(a) I had professed confidence in my Guru, and I knew him to be engaged in teaching and helping many people in many separate ways—suited to each individually; but

"(b) When he treated me as a pupil, to whom no explanation was necessary, but who could be trusted to think the best of any sudden happening, I failed to rise to the occasion and took a view that would be correct between ordinary people who had no inner ties at all.

"So now my self-given task is to impress upon my suspicious lower nature that lesson of confidence, which satisfies my higher nature, in my chosen Guru—in

small things as in great ones. Quite naturally no responsible task can be entrusted to one who requires a map and a guide for every new road, along which he would be sent at a moment's notice if he could be depended upon to see clearly."

Here the dreamer extracts his own lesson from the dream. And this is what all should do for themselves.

Some dreams are not dramatic but take geometrical forms; others show landscapes, personages or things; some impossible, others quite normal in their make-up. Each form of dream relates especially to the person who sees it, in so far that something in him has responded and brought the memory through.

For around our subtle bodies all things, good or bad, are going on at the same time, just as they do around us on the physical plane, and Una will walk unharmed and spotless seeing only the beautiful to which her whole nature responds, where *La belle Dame sans Merci* will fall into the first snare and soon drag on a maimed life in torn and sullied garments.

And each man brings back recollections according to his nature and stage in evolution; passing from a stage like that of the Esquimaux (whose sleep seems to be as vividly material as life awake), through the haphazard dreaming of the ordinary civilised man, on to the stage when life out of the body is more vital and unhampered and more vivid than is the life to-day in our waking state. Thus there are endless opportunities of service to the all-round developed man.

A. J. Willson

SUMMER SCHOOL AT WEISSER HIRSCH

THE International Theosophical Summer School courses at Weisser Hirsch near Dresden, which gave so great an impulse of enthusiasm, hope and harmony, are to be held this year from June 22nd to July 18th. On this occasion not only are planned public lectures in the evenings, but courses are also arranged in the afternoons for more detailed studies. The lectures and courses will be as follows: *First week*: Folklore, Myths, Religions, History; *Second week*: Education and Self-Education; *Third week*: Theoretical and Practical Theosophy; *Fourth week*: Science and Art related to Theosophy.

Among those who have kindly agreed to lecture are: Mme. de Manziarly, Paris; Mme. Perk-Joosten, Haarlem; Mme. A. Kamensky, Russia; M. Polak, Brussels; and Herr Ahner, Weisser Hirsch, Dresden. For any information regarding the Summer Courses, application may be made to the last named gentleman, or to the Secretary, Miss J. Luise Guttmann, Planckstr. 1, Göttingen.

THE SMILE

By CHARLOTTE M. MEW

AN old woman once lived at the top of a wonderful Tower. Travellers who know the country well speak little of her, telling only how that land is marked by an air of great loneliness; how far off it lies; and of a strange spell, as of some tumultuous peace, which it throws like a garment over those who linger there.

The Tower rose from the centre of a wood. Strangers skirted the dark entanglement. It was a place of tyrant shadows and imprisoned sunlight, melodious with the notes of hidden birds, who shook the boughs, while scents swept down. The Tower was round and battlemented, its summit farther from earth than sky. The great trees round its base, waving their mighty branches, looked, as its height mocked them, like wind-tossed flowers. The steadfast gazer could see this grey giant rear itself against the blue. Dwellers in the town below said sometimes that it was not there. Some, who traced its outline in the twilight, or through the mists of morning, thought it a trick of cloud and sky.

The ascent to this mysterious height was steep and winding.

Tales were told of blood, of blindness, of men who died defeated and fell headlong into the deep and secret

places of the wood. It is true men had been blinded by the myriad hues, the changing lights, or by the dust thrown upward by the footsteps of their fellows. Some fell and reached the summit bleeding; and there were dangers which are not told.

But they might sleep upon the way.

The dead who found rest in the wood's green embrace did not ask a kinder bed. Above, the strange old woman wove strange spells round men, wooing them to seek her, singing—ere they climbed madly upward—a magical song. She held gifts in her hands, and her white hair hung grandly round her unseen face.

It was said she wiped the eyes and feet of weary climbers with those soft tresses, before she parted them, to shed her Smile.

Many, in the streets beyond the wood, never heard her voice, nor knew of the gigantic Tower. Others saw it, and looked upward, and passed along. There were legends told in the country of her beautiful Face. None had seen it, for her white locks lay across it.

In the huts and taverns of the town, the people sat at evening, picturing it—while darkness gathered and hid the Tower.

It was only visible by day. At night, the figure aloft on it was hidden, sending through darkness wild and wonderful strains.

He who heard would start from his place and thrust back the casement, standing motionless as the music stole through the still air towards him, over the trees and along the lighted streets.

Then his comrades whispered together, saying: "He hears the voice." On the morrow they watched to see him set out towards the wood..

As he stood at the window, they spoke softly of the old woman's ruthless summons, and whispered of his little ones at home. Then one, perhaps, would start a drinking song, lest others heard it and were called away.

"What," said they, "if her brow be white as the mountain-tops, it is as cold as snow!"

"But her glance," says he at the window dreamily, "sends brighter gleams than the sun over hills and hamlets, in the break of a dark day."

"Fool," they answered, "thou hast not seen it."

"Nay," he cried, "but I may, she calls me," and at daybreak, he was gone.

Lovers, wandering together through the fields, had heard it and fled, warning neither friends nor kindred, who found them, long afterward, it may be, stretched on soft mosses in the wood. One youth missed his maiden's lips for ever, summoned, as he clasped her, by the imperious call. Breathlessly, without farewell, he sped away, while she, forsaken, stood in the darkness, moaning. Thus some children found her, with wild eyes, distraught. For none returned who set out on that journey, save those tossed down to slumber in the silent wood. It was from the heights that those sad souls were hurled. The last steps of the way appalled them—and they fell, struggling to ascend the slant. Barbed stakes in the slippery surface they might grasp—and some achieved the goal, so aided, with torn and bleeding limbs. The old woman stooped to tend them, flinging aside her misty veil of hair.

She bent towards them and her Smile shone out. It may have crept on, as the dawn steals across the shrouded sky, or perhaps, it flashed like some great beacon into their tired and dimmed eyes, and the

splendid light fell full upon them, as they, transfigured with reflected glory, met her face to face.

This grand gaze claimed the victors. They pressed up. Those who reached the summit might ask of her what they would. She could steep their soul in music by a whisper in their ear. Above her head she threw marvellous gifts in circles, like a juggler's balls. Below, poor climbers, longed for them, but desire was dead and yet undying, in those who met the Smile.

Travellers hasten through that country, speaking little with its people, oppressed by the mysterious mantle, as of some stormy quietude, which it flings over those who loiter there. Some dare not enter it, knowing not what they fear.

Yet it is a place of quiet fields and gentle hill-slopes, where men till, and drive their oxen. Evil is not thought or done there: priests are banished, home is the only Temple found, and wayfarers, always welcomed to the simple dwellings, find them abodes of peace.

Far from the Tower, among the hills, is a little cottage. It stands in the midst of sloping meadows, shut in by trees, which seem like guardians of the lonely spot. A mother once lived there with her baby. It was an ugly child, naughty, and perpetually hungry, and red in the face. The winds, once pitying the tired woman, asked the trees to help them sing it to sleep. But it drowned their lullaby and screamed louder, till they grew wrathful and nearly blew the roof off, and beat the branches down. This frightened the little one, who kept cowardly peace till morning. It woke as cross as ever, and was washed and fed, and its mother tied gay ribbons on it, and bore it across the meadows, and through the town.

All the way, it could be heard crying to be taken back to toast its crumpled feet before the fire.

But its mother, rather, loved to sit on a green mound by the great tree-trunks in the wood, beneath the Tower. Here she came to watch the distant treasures, which attracted her, for she was poor. She shut her ears to the wonderful voice, rising and falling, calling, like the sound of silence, far away. Gladly she would have listened and joined the climbers, but women with babies cannot always do what they would. So she sat knitting, hushing the babe when it was troublesome, and looking upward when she could.

It has been said that none but the topmost climbers, ever saw the beautiful Face, but this is not so, for the baby, who could not even crawl, opened a small blue eye one day, and saw it; unclosed the other, and sat up and stopped crying, and tumbled off its mother's knee. For those who once see that vision, there is no other.

The baby was stupid and tiresome, but it discovered this, and began to puzzle its mother by toppling over continually in its efforts to peer up so high.

The old woman, for a brief moment had grown weary of watching the way-worn travellers up the steep and she glanced down and saw at the bottom the red and puckered baby face. It cannot be told why she was seized with sudden love for it. It happened so.

At first she sent strange lullabies across the wood, and through the town, and over the meadows, to where at night-time the baby lay. She longed for the child to hear her voice, and strung her magic notes, yet the warm little monster only slept heedless, and ceased crying sooner than it used to do.

The old woman said to herself: "The child will not listen, but if she sees my Face, when she grows older she will long, more than all these climbers, to come up to me."

She trembled lest the babe might make one of the crowd who saw the Tower, and looked up at it, and passed along. And so she sought to win the child, and thrust her thick white locks aside.

The stars drop dimly down their heavenly glances on mortal eyes, and men look upward at the distant mountains, learning some of the thoughts seated on their high white brows. The child scrambled through the wood's tangled spaces, seeking its Vision, day by day. She lay in the long grass dreaming, watching the wonderful sight.

Years passed, and still she crept to the great tree-trunk, her gaze chained upward.

Through her life, she said nothing of what she saw. She was possessed, enchanted. Toilers from the steep called to her; she listened smiling, and heard unmoved, the low beguilements of the magic voice. She would murmur to herself: "Poor souls, how far they climb to see my beautiful Face!"

She grew a woman. Her mother, now bent and grey, begged her to stay at home, to work, and sweep, and to train the vine up the cottage walls. Now and again she did some of these small services, but soon the ache for the beautiful Face assailed her, till, leaving the pot to burn, the vine to droop, her mother weeping, she stole away. And through her life it was always so.

Youths in the town would willingly have won her; for the ugly babe was a comely damsel now. She smiled on one. He drove his oxen past their door each

morning. Ere the sun rose, she pushed back her case-ment; and flushed from slumber, looked down on him as he went by. They walked the fields together in the twilights of one short summer. Then she grew tired of a mortal face. Her daily pilgrimage angered him, and he forbade her to approach the Tower; so they parted.

The neighbours laughed, and spoke of her as one who had no understanding. The old folks shook their heads, nodding them nearly off, at the spectacle of her idle, thriftless ways. She was counted, indeed, a good-for-nothing. Yet the old woman on the Tower loved her still, though she began to doubt if her beloved one would ever bestir herself to scale the height. The poor maid had not dreamed of it. Her life was filled with the delight of gazing at the beautiful Face. Who could tell her that the Smile was absent from it; that none but victors may invoke it; that it was indeed their triumph which gave it birth?

And still the years sped on. She dwelt happily, though cold guests came to the lonely cottage, and stripped it bare, and bore her mother to their unknown land.

At length, despairing, in a moment of great sadness, the old woman turned her Face away and the maiden found herself bereft.

She sat heavy hearted in the empty cottage, bidding the magic voice console her, for that she still could hear. Her old lover passed the window. She beckoned him, saying: "I go no longer to the Tower." He clasped her, and hand in hand, they walked the lanes once more. But by her fireside, the great ache seized her, and the unappeasable hunger grew. She would start

from fitful slumber, smiling from dreams of the irrevocable sight.

One evening, she called her lover to the cottage, and said: "We spend this night together!" She drew him in and, at dawn, they parted about the hour of sunrise: she saying nothing of farewell. Free of his last embrace, she stood by her door to watch him disappear, a moving speck upon the hills. Then with a liberated cry, she set off leaping and shouting towards the Tower.

She started on the journey. The way is long. Flowers spring everywhere. On other roads to heavenly places, the pilgrim must not note them or delay. Here he gathers one from every plant he sees; or half-way up, at a stream's edge, a tiny creature, wet and barefoot, holds her hands out for the nosegay, ere she leads across the water. She counts every blossom, and nods stern "No," if stalks are bent, or petals fallen, or if the posy wants a bud. Many go downward, sadly searching, and return long after, with their offerings complete. A thousand hues dazzle the climber's dust-dimmed eyes. Butterflies and birds sweep past him. The air is full of scent and song. As he mounts, he may look down, and see the child scatter his flowers. Travellers pause; she waits for them to present their posies; laughs, examines, and flings them on the stream.

Above her, sits the old man at the cross roads. He alone can point out the upward path. For him, the toilers chase each butterfly that flutters past them. He demands these with unbrushed wings, imprisoned, that he may set them free.

Towards the summit, there is a gate. A bird unlatches it; the pass-word is to end his song. No climber

knows, if thrush, or linnet, or wren, will hail him. Hundreds of singers take their turn and he must learn the note of all.

The maiden soon grew weary. Stones cut her feet; she fell; the labyrinths bewildered her. She sank and slept upon the way. Three times, the fairy at the brook rejected her; she dropped her flowers, or brought them crushed. Far below, in the cottage, she had lived listless. So labour was doubly irksome to her. And the climbers may not help each other. Those who will do so, slip backward and are seen no more. Her lover might have wept to see her stoop so painfully, and struggle with spent breath to gain the old man's fee. It was piteous, too, to hear her gasping travesties of the birds' joyous song. She kept on, bent and almost beaten, and neared at length the last steep slope.

Men named it the despairing spot.

She saw poor climbers, from afar, afraid to clutch the cruel stakes, spin in the air, ere they fell down, down into the wood.

She rested, spent and scarred, her eyes seeking wildly the well-known Face.

Her comrades greeted it, lifting their hands as if in prayer. They raised glad looks, illumined by the splendour which shone down. Her eyes rained tears—so near it seemed. Summoning ebbing strength, she fought, blood-stained and broken, up the last awful path. Men, uncheered, had never trod it, but she pressed on desperately, mounting to the topmost height.

Safe through the battlements, she tasted victory. But the beautiful Face had missed her triumph. The old woman stood, her grand white locks wound round her looking another way.

The maiden threw her torn arms upward, and then sank lifeless with a desolate cry. The old woman heard, and turned to her beloved, raising her, and sweeping the stains from breast and feet. She called, in tones unknown to earthly music. They rang melodious pæans to dumb distance. The toilers in the fields below, the busy citizens, and on his mountain slope, the maiden's lonely lover, stood still to hear.

The old woman stooped, pushed back her shadowing hair. The maid's stark eyes met hers. In that encounter, the Smile broke, and wavered. Then the ageless light went out.

Travellers tell of the great loneliness that wraps that land; how far it lies; and speak mysteriously of the spell it casts over the dwellers there as of some tempestuous calm. Some have seen the Tower, and a strange white figure at the summit, clothed in tossed hair. It stands, they say, for ever speechless, desolate, striving to waken a burden in its arms.

Charlotte M. Mew

THEOSOPHISTS AND POLITICS.

By 'W. H. KIRBY, M.A.

IT has always been the attraction of the Theosophical Society that it has so broad a platform, that freedom of thought and liberty of opinion is encouraged within its ranks. No one is fairer or wider on this subject than our President who, like all strong natures, while going her own way never forces it on others, and never bears ill will to any who may not see eye to eye with her.

Availing myself of this latitude I would like to put down here, as impartially and impersonally as I may, a certain point of view with regard to present activities within the Theosophical Society which appear to me worthy of earnest consideration, presenting as they do a serious departure from our fundamental objects and policy, not without elements of danger however indirect.

It is open, I imagine, to every one in the Theosophical Society to start movements, leagues, orders, etc. for those ideals and objects with which he or she sympathises, and in which he or she is interested. No one in the Theosophical Society is committed to the opinions expressed or the public work done by another. The Editor of *The Commonweal* doubtless claims the same liberty. Mrs. Besant rarely does anything without good reason and her present journalistic venture has, doubtless, a motive and an impulse behind it into which we need not enter.

But the question I want to touch upon is this—it is a question of form and of principle and it needs to be put at the present time since it has arisen in the minds of many, shall we say, of the more 'conservative' Theosophical members. First, is Mrs. Besant, as President of the Theosophical Society, as free in what she says and does as the ordinary member? Secondly, if the answer is in the affirmative, how far is the Society at large likely to be implicated, both collectively and individually, by a weekly publication of a radical nature edited by its President, printed and published on its premises, and largely dependent upon Theosophists and Theosophical resources for its existence and maintenance?

It is only by an argument that verges on the sophistical that it can be urged that *The Commonweal* has "nothing whatever to do with the Theosophical Society".

It is, say what anyone will and from what was just said, distinctly an activity absorbing energies within the Theosophical Society, carried on by Theosophists, and, what aggravates the point of view I am exposing, inspired and directed by Mrs. Besant who is President of our Society, and whose spoken or written words are generally felt to be the key-notes both as to policy and as to teaching among members all the world over.

No other figure in the Society has reached her altitude; no other personality is so clearly designated to be both leader and spiritual teacher, and it is in the inspiration of her addresses and her books that all tender her love and gratitude and look to her for guidance.

She considers it now her work to take an active part in social and national reform generally, but especially

in India and for Indians. For this purpose is the weekly *Commonweal* started and the best Theosophical workers and organisations engaged on its publication.

But in this departure in a special work and for a special country, has she fully considered the Society as a whole, and its fundamental principles and traditions? Has she considered her position as President, as the custodian of our statutes, the impartial arbiter of all views, the inflexible sustainer of our declared objects? Or, am I entirely wrong—I am open to correction and ask for information—is the Society merely a mass of considerable fluctuating, heterogeneous elements scattered over the world, holding fundamentally a vague belief in brotherhood and vaguer theories still on religious and occult matters, whose policy is simply to believe what they are told, and to follow their President in whatever direction she chooses to lead them? Not that I think that a man or woman would go very far wrong were he to limit himself to trying to be and do one fractional tithe of all Mrs. Besant does and is. But that is not the point in hand.

The point is that it is impossible to put entirely on one side the disquieting feeling that indirectly the Society and its members are being, as a whole—especially by the outside world—saddled with the peculiar and partial trend of ideas expressed in *The Commonweal*; ideas which far from promoting brotherhood and love tend steadily, by their tone and their nature, to accentuate and widen the gap of racial differences that with such care and tact the higher, competent, and responsible circles of politicians have been and are, since a long time, continually trying to fill up and gradually lessen.

Nothing *The Commonweal* can say about colour-bar or character-bar and so forth is new. The whole question is, surely, one of slow modification, the position is delicate in the extreme and the less said and the most done quietly and silently in the proper spheres of influence, the better, if we are to bridge over the many differences existing between peoples of different stock, climate, race, habits, history, capacities, character and religion.

The position is aggrieved and rendered still more delicate by the factors depending on relations between those who have to govern and those who are governed. While the Editor of *The Commonweal* is undoubtedly one of the greatest spiritual teachers of the age, the magazine in question has little to differentiate it from the ordinary category of papers with partial views, intended to air grievances and producing generally ill-feeling on one side or the other.

While this may appeal to a certain section of the Indian public; while, also, it is open no doubt to anyone, disagreeing, to ignore the publication, one cannot help asking oneself within, if this work must be done, whether it might not take some form that involved less the Theosophical Society, through its President, and committed it and its members all the world over less to views and a policy which, after all, are chiefly local, and which, verging as they do on politics, appear to me quite inconsistent with the scope and traditional policy of a Society like ours.

In support of this last statement I beg to quote a document, *in extenso*, signed by H. P. Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Olcott, our Founders, who certainly realised the dangers of political questions in a Society of such mixed races and opinions as ours, and who presumably

were equally guided as to the welfare of the Society and its requirements. The article in question is called 'Politics and Theosophy' and appeared in the Supplement to *The Theosophist* of July 1883 dated at Headquarters, Adyar, 27-6-1883. It is signed by our two Founders "Col. H.E. Olcott, P.T.S. and H. P. Blavatsky, Corr. Secretary, Theosophical Society," whose double authority is now vested in their successor, Mrs. Besant. Here is the article:

The tenacious observance by the Founders of our Society of the principle of absolute neutrality, on its behalf, in all questions which lie outside the limits of its declared "objects," ought to have obviated the necessity to say that there is a natural and perpetual divorce between Theosophy and Politics. Upon an hundred platforms I have announced this fact, and in every other practicable way, public and private, it has been affirmed and reiterated. Before we came to India, the word Politics had never been pronounced in connection with our names; for the idea was too absurd to be even entertained, much less expressed. But in this country, affairs are in such an exceptional state, that every foreigner of whatsoever nationality, comes under police surveillance, more or less; and it was natural that we should be looked after until the real purpose of our Society's movements had been thoroughly well shown by the developments of time. That end was reached in due course; and in the year 1880, the Government of India, after an examination of our papers and other evidence, became convinced of our political neutrality, and issued all the necessary orders to relieve us from further annoying surveillance. Since then we have gone our ways without troubling ourselves more than any other law-abiding persons, about the existence of policemen or detective bureaux. I would not have reverted to so stale a topic if I had not been forced to do so by recent events. I am informed that in Upper India some unwise members of the Society have been talking about the political questions of the hour, as though authorised to speak for our organisation itself, or at least to give to this or that view of current agitations the imprimatur of its approval or disapproval. At a European capital, the other day, an Asiatic, whom I suspect to be a political agent, was invited to a social gathering of local Theosophists, where, certainly, philosophy and not politics, was the theme of discussion, but where this mysterious unknown's presence was calculated to throw suspicion over the meeting.

Again, it was but a fortnight or so ago that one of the most respectable and able of our Hindū fellows strongly importuned me to allow the Theosophical Society's influence—such as it may be—to be thrown in favour of Bills to promote religious instruction for Hindū children, and other "non-political" measures. That our members and others whom it interests, may make no mistake as to the Society's attitude as regards Politics, I take this occasion to say that our Rules and traditional policy alike, prohibit every officer and fellow of the Society, as such, to meddle with political questions in the slightest degree, and to compromise the Society by saying that it has, as such, any opinion upon those or any other questions.

The Presidents of Branches, in all countries, will be good enough to read this protest to their members, and in every instance when initiating a candidate to give him to understand—as I invariably do—the fact of our corporate neutrality. So convinced am I that the perpetuity of our Society—at least in countries under despotic or to any degree arbitrary Governments—depends upon our keeping closely to our legitimate province, and leaving Politics "severely alone," I shall use the full power permitted me as President-Founder to suspend or expel every member, or even discipline or discharter any Branch which shall, by offending in this respect, imperil the work now so prosperously going on in various parts of the world.

OFFICIAL
HEAD-QUARTERS, }
Adyar, 27-6-1883. }

H. S. OLCOTT, P.T.S.
H. P. BLAVATSKY,
Corr. Secy., Theosophical Society.

The letter sent in 1880 by the Government of India referred to by Col. Olcott in the above, is quoted by him more specifically in a communication, sent by him as President of the Theosophical Society to the Madras Government, which is printed in the October Supplement to *The Theosophist*, 1883, and which it is well to quote:

I would respectfully invite attention to the enclosed letter [No. 1025 E. G. dated Simla, the 2nd October 1880] from the Secretary to Government in the Foreign Department to myself—which I transmit in the original, with request for its return. It is therein remarked that "The Government of India has no desire to subject you (ourselves) to any inconvenience during your (our) stay in the country" and "so long as the

members of the Society confine themselves to the prosecution of philosophical and scientific studies, wholly unconnected with politics they need apprehend no annoyance, etc."

All of the above, even allowing for the different times and circumstances in the Society's history, would seem to make it pretty plain that for Theosophists to meddle, however indirectly, with political questions, both as individuals and, *majoris causa*, if officials in the Society, is not only unwise but contrary to the views expressed above by our Founders.

Even if Theosophists do not do so, *as such*, it is sufficiently shown that a paper edited, supported, and published by the Theosophical element is and will be identified with the Society and its views. This, in other words, is compromising the Society at large and all those members who, having joined for its declared objects, fail to see why, however indirectly, they and the Society's name should be—however indirectly—involved in a new departure whose policy and views are outside of the province of our objects both in fact and in tone.

That our President herself held another standpoint as a Theosophist towards Politics in the past may be gleaned from the following of many extracts one might make from a lecture entitled: 'The Place of Politics in the Life of a Nation,' printed in 1895 at Benares. She says:

I mean by 'politics' every form of activity which is carried on in a particular geographical district under a Government of any kind that rules over that district, no matter what that Government may be called—imperial or local, municipal or parliamentary.

There are three great ways of influencing human life and human conduct, the first and the greatest of all is the work of the thinker. then the teacher—standing as types of

thought and discussion that have to be realised before an action is performed. Then comes the third stage—action.

Compromise is a necessary part of political action and you cannot avoid it Therefore every statesman must necessarily compromise and statesmanship is skilful compromise; he must work step by step towards the ideal he desires to attain. Therefore I say the teacher should never be a politician. Let him set up the ideal which politicians are to work towards.

To the Thinker the great ideal which is to mould the future of a nation; to the Teacher the setting forth of the ideal that men's minds may be guided by it and their thoughts shaped; to the Politician the putting into action, into legislation, the great ideal thus conceived and taught. That is the coherent progress in a nation where duty is thoroughly and usefully discharged. But there should be no confusion between the functions. The Thinker weakens his power if he mixes himself up with the strife of political parties and with the details of political work. The Thinker must remain in the serene atmosphere of thought uninfluenced by the lower motives which needs must play on the men in the ordinary life of the world.

Therefore it is that I, as Theosophist, and teacher of principles, never mix in political detail nor take any share in these strifes of warring parties; therefore the Theosophical Society to which I belong, stands not as politician but as holder-up of ideals for every nation, for every party, for every man and every woman no matter what the political systems or the political parties to which they may severally belong.

So that if you choose the material ideal you choose strife, struggle, poverty, dissatisfaction, unrest and final death; whereas if you choose the spiritual you choose a peace that is ever growing, power that is ever increasing, strength that knows no diminution, and immortality of life. Which do you choose?

But I, who love India as my own, for she is mine, India with whom all my hopes of the future and my memories of the past are bound up, this India that is so great and yet so little, so mighty and yet so poor—I claim from the children that come from the Womb of India that there shall be some worthy of the past, that there shall be some worthy of

their mother, that there shall be some who shall give her what she asks, thought, philosophy, literature, science, the great things that she loves, and not merely the struggles of parties and the questions that divide politicians. Some of the better brains should do this work, some of the abler tongues should preach it. I have told you the place for the politician, but some place is needed for the teacher and some for the Thinker. I plead to the young among you, who have not yet chosen their path in life, whose hearts are still soft, and whose hopes are still pure. Turn aside from the struggles of the bar, turn aside from the examinations of the colleges, turn aside from the hopes of civil service, and the employment that is paid for with gold; give yourselves to the motherland, give yourselves to her help, give yourselves to her redemption; let politics be followed by some, not by all; but let not the other be forgotten since it is the more important thing. For politics will perish but thought remains.

* * * *

In setting forth the above document of our Founders—the conclusion of which is very explicit—and the high ideals expressed by Mrs. Besant on the subject of Theosophists in their relation to Politics, I wish to draw no conclusions leaving each to think the matter out as he will. I have endeavoured only—as objectively as possible—to put my finger on what seems to me an anomaly, presenting features that are both defective and dangerous in our Society as constituted.

Rarely has a society such as ours the privilege and blessing of so great a spiritual Teacher at its head. It is in this capacity that Mrs. Besant has won the hearts of us all; it is as the author of *The Outer Court*, *The Path of Discipleship* and of many other such priceless books that have brought the highest ideals and inspiration into the lives of numberless men and women. Not in outer activities, with which so many can competently deal, but in inner and spiritual realities Theosophists, all the world over, look to her to give them the food for which their souls are hungry.

W. H. Kirby

HAVE COURAGE

A LETTER FROM A THEOSOPHIST TO A DEPRESSED FRIEND

DEAR—

A letter all to yourself this week because your last had a note of sadness and disappointment, and there is always a very tender corner in my heart for all those who are sad, and especially those who are sad because they have looked with pure and simple faith into the hearts of others and have seen there things they would perhaps have given their own hearts never to have known. Nothing so much as that makes you feel how empty the world is, and sometimes you feel that your own heart would break because of the awful loneliness that comes over you when you find things out like that. Perhaps long before this the mood will have passed away and you will be your old cheerful self again—that is the worst of a long distance correspondence; the things that move one to write in a particular way may have passed and been almost forgotten in the rush of other things before the answer to one's letter comes.

You are quite right; once these things have been realised the past can never be the same again, but you must remember this, that when later you come to look back over the track of your life you will find that these are the epochs that mark definite stages on the road of the soul's progress—stages where you either failed at a great moment or succeeded. You will find too that the

things that mark the stages very often leave no mark at all—the gaining of knowledge, the development of faculty, the accomplishing of some great work—these are things that don't matter in the least, while the thing that really matters is that purely inner thing which no one sees and no one but yourself knows and which you can't expound, whether in the hour of trial and revelation you have met shallowness, deceit, hypocrisy, falsity with scorn or with tenderness, whether you have in your own soul poured your own soul back upon itself with contempt or answered it with your very heart's blood in sympathy and tenderness. The one who fails in the trial remains apparently unchanged, though in reality he knows that the very springs of his actions and feelings have become soured. The one who succeeds finds his power of love and sympathy and tenderness not only greater in himself but greater in helping other people also—yet it is all a subjective experience. In a small way these experiences are exactly the same as those great tests which have to be gone through on the big scale in the conscious experience of every soul before it enters that true Path to the Masters, the first step of which has not yet been discovered by many of those who seem to-day to imagine that they are tripping quite gaily along the Path itself. The true path that leads to Buddhahood is a path of Power—not powers—and no one can help another to walk that Path unless he has to some extent learned to stand alone. Heaps more could be said, especially about discriminating between the Real and the unreal, but this will have to be left until we can philosophise in person. There are heaps of delusions about this subject, because most people run away with the idea that the Real is the

conventionally good, and the unreal is the conventionally bad, and other equally false notions that lead to complete confusion and much painful self-righteousness. Somehow as I read your letter, I wondered if you still remembered that poem of Kipling's:

If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you.
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, but make allowance for their doubting too;
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting, or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
 Or, being hated, not give way to hating and yet don't look too good nor talk too wise;
 If you dream and not make dreams your master,
 If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,
 If you can meet with triumph and disaster
 And treat these two impostors just the same;
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to—broken,
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools, etc.

Still you know X—is one in a thousand and you are not praising him a bit too highly when you admire the courage, loyalty, purity of purpose and of heart, his magnificent steadfastness and gentleness. Souls like X—'s don't drop into the world every day and it must be a great happiness to feel absolutely certain X—is solid gold right through to the very core, and that no matter how much X—may be tested in the crucible of a not-understanding criticism yet he will, with absolute certainty come out solid stuff in the end. Keep your ideals, not only about X—but about other people also, but—don't expect other people to fit into your ideal. Look at their innermost souls when you are having a real look at them, not at their actions nor their expressed thoughts and feelings; don't pay any attention at all, or certainly not very much, to anything about them that is expressed, but look at them inside and

you've no idea how much deep happiness you can get by seeing the real inner effort to grow into something like the ideal standard. Now this is quite long enough, so no more.

Yours,
Y.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND FROM A THEOSOPHIST

DEAR—

Of course we've got to remember that it takes all sorts to make a world, but when one sees narrowness and meanness and cant going side by side with high and noble professions, it is hard to feel quite calm and reconciled, and sometimes one feels as though the whole game was a farce and absolutely sickening to the soul of one who is trying hard to cling on to some shreds of earnestness and reality. But during those dark days one must just hold on, and when breathing-space comes one can look round and get one's bearings again and when one gets one's bearings one realises heaps of things that are worth knowing, and somehow or other, though one may sink in the mud sometimes or get driven out into the wilderness, these are in the end the only things worth living for. Even if everyone else were to fail—even though the world were full of rogues and hypocrites or there was no one in the whole world but oneself—the realities of one's own inner life remain and must remain unchanged and unshakable.

"Before beginning and without an end as space eternal and as surely sure, is fixed a power Divine that moves to good, only *Its* laws endure." You know the

quotation from the 'Light of Asia' of course. Well it seems to me that if we can realise that fact we can hold on with absolute certainty and confidence whatever happens for that is the only power in the entire universe, and the whole universe is each of us; and though we go sometimes into the depths and sometimes the clouds blot out the sun, yet unstayed, unchanging, silent and certain, the Great Law moves to its appointed end and we *know* that all is well even though people may disappoint us, and theories may crumble up under our feet, and when people so disappoint us it will save our own heartaches a good bit if we try to realise that they too are part of the divine life and that as Omar Khayyam says:

And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows— HE knows.

GOD'S ROSARY

By CLARA JEROME KOCHERSPERGER

To H. P. B.

IN God's jewel-box there lay a rosary; and from it a heavy cross was hung. The beads were of some sweetly scented wood and between each pair of wooden beads a crystal drop was strung, while round the box and beads a faint sweet perfume clung as a memory of some forgotten time.

A strange sadness stole upon me ; I saw the crystal drops as tears, binding together, yet holding apart, the little wooden beads, and here and there one breathed an ill-defined perfume.

A purple haze stole o'er my sight and that day was blotted out; but down the avenues of Time I saw a band of pilgrims wearying by, and in the lead, so far ahead, bent One beneath a cross, and from His sacred brow dropped crystal beads, and the pilgrims gathered them and stored them in their hearts.

Each traveller wore a cloak of brown, and from his soul a prayer, as fragrance, wafted up to God.

And then the scene was changed, and I watched as in a dream; the cross lay upon the ground; the Blessed One had carried it for His appointed time, and now it lay there waiting for one to raise and carry it that the pilgrims might go on.

Only here and there I noticed the prayer still stealing up to God.

One came at last, and, bending low his back beneath the load, lifted the cross, and stumbling, and bruised beneath its weight, he led the band. And from every heart the echo of a prayer stole up to God!

Again I saw the box, again God's rosary, the cross, the beads, held together with crystal drops, and the fragrance rising up to God!

I looked beyond, and in the dim to-morrow, I saw each bead breathing forth its perfume as incense, a great volume, and from the cross a blood-rose had sprung!

Some few there were too faint to pray; they were being carried up to God!

Clara Jerome Kochersperger

REVIEWS

The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon, by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, D.Sc. (London), F.L.S., F.G.S., M.R.A.S., (T. N. Foulis, London & Edinburgh. Price 6s. net.)

The author in this volume of 'The World of Art Series,' presents us graphically and concisely with a great tradition of art, preserved through the ages in the rules of the *Shilpa-shāstrās*, whose original formulæ, correctly interpreted by the craftsman, would express the thought-forms of their divine originator, Vishvakarmā. Indian ancient history and religion are briefly surveyed to mark the influence of each period on the expression, by good or bad craftsmen, of the original conception. We are warned from the first not to judge by modern standards, but to remember the key-note of Indian art struck again by Shukrāchārya in the fifth century A.D.:

Even a misshapen image of a God is to be preferred to an image of a man howsoever charming.

Indian art thus seems to have originated in the desire to preserve a vision of the Gods to the generations of men to whom They no longer showed Themselves. To ensure this, "not only are images of men condemned by ancient rules, but originality, divergence from type, the expression of personal sentiment are equally forbidden. . . . The spirit of these uncompromising doctrines lies at the root of the Hindū view of art: these limitations and this discipline are the source of its power" (page 16). The Shilpan must begin his work by an invocation to the Gods, and rebirth in a royal family rewards his success as a craftsman. The first illustration is the well-known image of Natarāja, the dancing Shiva, and the author interprets it thus:

In the Night of Brahmā, Nature is inert and cannot dance till Shiva wills it: He rises from his stillness, and, dancing, sends through matter pulsing waves of awakening sound, proceeding from the drum: then Nature also dances, appearing about Him as a glory . . . Then in the fulness of time, still dancing,

He destroys all Names and Forms by Fire, and there is new rest The orderly dance of the spheres, the perpetual movement of atoms, evolution and involution, are conceptions that have at all times recurred to men's minds; but to represent them in the visible form of Natarāja's dances is a unique and magnificent achievement of the Indians. (Page 18).

In the same way the likeness of the seated Yogi as "a lamp in a windless place that flickers not" (*Bhagavad-Gītā*, vi, 19), is what we must look for in the Buddha statues; a something that helps those who spend still moments of contemplation before it to be flooded by that vivid peace that outside life cannot give.

Theosophists who have read the description of the City of the Bridge in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* will find much in the book to ponder over, for they know of earlier civilisations which must also have helped to mould Indian art. Where was that "city in heaven" which formed the model when the King called his architect and said: "Send to the city of the Gods and procure me a plan of their palace and build one like it" (page 106)?

Are not stūpas merely the shape of a begging bowl inverted over the sacred relics?

To those who wish to gain an insight into the soul of Indian art—and is not that all thoughtful men to-day?—we warmly commend these twelve chapters with their 225 illustrations of Hindū and Mughal architecture and pictures, of textiles, embroidery and jewellery, old and new, and the varied lore each page contains about them and where they are found. If it be now true, as the author sadly remarks, that "ninety-nine of a hundred university-educated Indians are perfectly indifferent" to-day, it will also be true that each one of the hundred who chances on this book will rise from its perusal with a wider outlook and a deeper understanding of the outward and inward correspondences in all that he sees around him; he will have sensed, if but for a moment, something of the deeper life of the Motherland that, behind all outward movements of play and passion, smiles serene.

A. J. W.

Life, Emotion, and Intellect, by Cyril Bruyn Andrews. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 5s. net.)

This collection of essays deals chiefly with the importance of emotion in Life. In an introductory chapter on 'Life and Psychology,' the author proposes to trace his subject in a way somewhat out of the ordinary. He has, for once, put away his psychological textbooks and "turns to write rather about the life around me than the theories I have studied". Psychology differs from other sciences which are objective in nature, in that its essential subjectiveness prevents its professors from having "a monopoly or even a partial monopoly of human experience".

In nearly every department of life emotion is present. It does not necessarily obtrude itself. We may justify or attempt to justify our actions at the bar of intellect, but emotion has been a strong factor in the performance of these actions. The English nation attempts to suppress emotion, but the emotion exists. We may get temporary satisfaction by viewing the emotions of others displayed on the stage or elsewhere, and possibly art and music are the "chief emotional outlets in our somewhat over-socialised and over-intellectual age". There are papers on 'Love and Friendship,' 'Religion,' 'The Stage,' 'Law and Crime,' and 'Struggle and Growth'. In the paper on 'Religion' the author writes:

Scientific knowledge often leads by slow and laboured steps along the road to which our belief has long been pointing. If the most important doctrine of evolution is that man only progresses by a painful struggle, but that he glories in his strife and suffering, surely Christ's life teaches us the same lesson Science seems in many respects to explain laboriously what our feelings and instincts have long ago taught us.

But here surely we are entering into the realms of the Intuition, higher than the Intellect, and yet bound up in some mysterious way with the emotions. We venture to think Mr. Andrews would do well to ponder over the problem of the Intuition, for we feel—instinctively or intuitionally—that that is what he is really trying to "get at". His book is most interesting and clearly written, and therefore is most easy to read. As in his valuable *Introduction to the Study of Adolescent Education*, he puts his ideas in an attractive and practical way.

T. L. C.

Abu'l Ala the Syrian, by Henry Baerlin. (THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. John Murray, London. Price 2s. net.)

This volume contains the life and some of the poems of this poet and philosopher, of whom von Kramen said: "He was one of the greatest and most original geniuses whom the world has borne." He was born at Ma'arra, a village to the south of Aleppo in A. D. 973. An attack of small-pox when a child left him nearly blind. But his wonderful memory compensated him for his blindness. He belongs to the post-classical period of Arabic poetry. Refusing to follow the custom of his time, and be the paid panegyrist of some wealthy patron, he, like the troubadours, wrote only for love. His love of nature is clearly seen in his poem on 'Spring.'

His opinion of the world in which he lived was not very enthusiastic. He considered it a very bad place. He was ahead of his times. His soul was "like a star and dwelt apart". His philosophy may be summed up in his own words:

Free yourself from the will to live. Seek redemption by denying your individuality, by being altruistic.

As a religious teacher he has been accused of unbelief and denial of what others consider sacred, but this seems to have been only a protest against adopting ready-made religions. He studied other religions, amongst them Buddhism and Zoroastrianism, saying his own position would be strengthened if he knew the weakness and strength of those of other people. Abu'l Ala was also a great social reformer, being a vegetarian and condemning slavery and the custom amongst the Arabs of burying their little girls alive. This latter seems to have been their simple way of settling the feminist question. His reform even extended to questions of dress. He condemned the wearing of trousers as effeminate.

His biographer apologises for his digressions as being too garrulous for the English reader. It is these very digressions which make the book so fascinating, and we become entranced with the picture he gives us of Baghdad and its poets and philosophers, at a time when Arabia was the custodian of the learning of the world. This new volume increases our debt of gratitude to the editors of the Series, and must tend to further good-will and understanding between East and West.

E. B. N.

1914

The Gardener, by Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

These "lyrics of love and life," says the author, "were written much earlier than the series of religious poems contained in the book named *Gitanjali*". They are delightful poems, so easy to read that one flies in sheer joy from first to last page in the book. They have an atmosphere of open air and freshness. So simple and yet effective. Rabindranath Tagore has the power of making the simplest events wonderful. His delicate touch makes us pause and reverence the beauty of what he takes up. It may be the description of two women drawing water from a well, or a little child in sorrow over something wanted and not possessed, or of some one who has taken all the good things of life:

I plucked your flower, O World!
I pressed it to my heart and the thorn pricked.
When the day waned and it darkened,
I found that the flower had faded,
But the pain remained.

The love poems are translucent. There is an absence of sentimentality in them, but they express strong patient, enduring quality, even in the face of adversity, and are permeated with an element of detachment and of non-passion.

Being a very understanding person of the varieties in human nature, the author sees also the other side of the question, and, writing of the departure of a loved one, says:

It is heroic to hug one's sorrow and determine not to be consoled.
But a fresh face peeps across my door and raises its eyes to my eyes.
I cannot but wipe away my tears and change the tune of my song.

The author writes, too, of the man who has evidently been plodding along, following a good and moral life, but perhaps in a somewhat narrow way and rather selfishly, and who gets tired of this. He comes to a time when it is necessary for him to change his course, and in his restlessness, before he finds his new sphere, he has a reaction and cries:

... I have wasted my days and nights in the company of steady wise neighbours. Much knowing has turned my hair grey, and much watching has made my sight dim

... The world is peopled with worthies and workers, useful and clever. There are men who come easily first and men who come decently after. Let them be happy and prosper, and let me be foolishly futile. For I know 'tis the end of all works to be drunken and go to the dogs.

This restless creature also says he will "let go his pride of learning and judgment of right and of wrong". Learning may be a burden, unless it is turned into useful activity. We feel confident that the individual would find his level and return to a life of larger activity and peace, when this uncomfortable time of shaking free from the old conditions had passed.

Those who have read *Gītānjali* will certainly read *The Gardener*, and will be satisfied that they have done so.

D. J. H. E.

The Zoroastrian Law of Purity, by N. M. Desai. (The Cheraq Office, Bombay. Price Ans. 8.)

This is a posthumous work from the pen of a Zoroastrian Theosophist, who has, during his short period of life here, striven to pay back, through service and devotion, his debt to Theosophy—this manual being a tribute to the source in which he saw the light for the interpretation of his own faith. It is a brief treatise on the Law of Zoroaster, which, of late, is proved historically as having influenced the Hebrew Law so entirely, during the Assyrian Conquest of Persia, that some parts of the Old Testament appear as mere transcription of the *Vendidad*—the Zoroastrian "Law against the Evil". The Ancient Wisdom of Iran is mainly based on *Asha* (almost an untranslatable word, here denoted by *Purity* which must be taken in its most comprehensive sense), the third Aspect of Mazda, the Omniscient and "the Boundless Time" when He manifested as Ahura, the Lord of Existence. This corresponds to the Hindū Shiva (or Will) Aspect and the Christian Son¹. Curiously the Zoroastrian symbol of God for Worship—Fire—is known as "The Son of God"; and this in its highest spiritual manifestation is *Asha*, Rectitude, "whose body is the Sun". So the Law of Purity is the doctrine of the Christ in its essence, and is defined by Zoroaster as "the only way," "the only true happiness," and "the means of friendship with God". The author traces, step by step, the essentials of Purity as leading to the Final Union. He reads Theosophy so clearly in his religion that most of the comparisons between Zoroastrianism and the occult teachings are mutually supporting and

¹ The Will-aspect is that of the Father, not of the Son—Ed.

materially uniform. The law has its punishing side, like Shiva, regenerating as well as "consuming the doer of inequity like fire". Man is here shown as unconsciously wasting powerful forces by thought and speech, and as capable of making or marring the harmony (which is another meaning of *Asha*) of the Universe, and, indirectly, himself along with his surroundings. The help of invisible workers—the *Shaoshyants*—is justly acknowledged as essential to the attainment of faultless rectitude, and proved here as indicated by the oldest Hymns of Zoroaster. There is much in these bare outlines of a great topic—unfinished, as "fate intervened"—that would powerfully appeal to all lovers of the devotional side of Iranian philosophy; and the many select stanzas of Zoroaster's Hymns afford interesting reading in a nut-shell. The *Pârsis* would benefit by such Theosophical interpretations of their faith, and the *Cheraq* Office has done service to the community by bringing this book to light.

K. S. D.

What is Occultism? A Philosophical and Critical Study, by "Papus," translated by Fred Rothwell, B.A. (William Rider & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s.)

Parts of this book, which is well translated from the French, are good, parts seem likely to lead certain types of people into mischief, at other parts, e.g., chapter viii we rubbed our eyes and fancied we must be dreaming when, in a grave book by a well-known author, we read of "Ram the Druid" who changed his name to Lam (Lamb) and "Lamaism was thus added to Brâhmanism".

The first two chapters give the writer's ideas on Occultism and show how it differs from other systems. The third chapter deals with the ethics of Occultism and shows them to be of the most rigorous and lofty type. But on p. 36 the note of danger is struck:

... What interests us in this system of ethics is not so much these rules, which we find inculcated more or less by all moralists, as the practical path of demonstration by direct vision.

Direct vision comes to the true Occultist as a necessity of his ascent of the rugged path; it is not his aim. That aim is to

quicken evolution, and all he gains with one hand he passes on with the other. He *knows* how to do this and *dares* to do it. His *will* is in accord with that of his Master and he is *silent* on all that cannot yet benefit the race.

The chapter on Sociology seems very good, and the last chapter gives much information about men of all kinds who have touched on the Occult. As we close the book we feel that the various schools of magic have done their work in guarding a knowledge of the real through the ages that saw only the unreal. In the dawning light of this wonderful century, all Occultists and Mages will unite in preparing the way for the great occult Teacher.

A. J. W.

Perpetual Youth, by Henry Proctor, F.R.S.L., M.R.A.S.
(L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

This is the story of one, Amrafel Ibrahim, who discovered the elixir of life some five hundred years ago and is living yet. He was an extensive traveller, and associated with the chief personages of the day during all this period. He became clairvoyant, and is a prophet inasmuch as he foretells the millennium. He also claims to have inspired Edison, when that inventor was at a loss. Throughout the book, this egoistical gentleman preaches at the readers. The author, in his introduction, explains the purpose of this "occult and historical romance," and says:

Although this little book is in the form of fiction, yet the truth-lover and truth-seeker will find in it deep and weighty truths, etc., etc.

We cannot imagine any reader seriously perusing this book from beginning to end. We feel certain that, before the opening chapters were finished, an irritating antagonism towards the hero would present itself. We trust that the 'truth-lover,' and 'truth-seeker,' may be satisfied, but if they are, we fear we will not have much respect for their intellect.

T. L. C.



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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

LONDON, May 7, 1914

A CROWD of some three hundred people had gathered at Charing Cross to meet the party from Dover. Mr. Graham Pole had met me at Brindisi; we picked up M. Blech at Amiens, and Messrs. Davies and Hodgson Smith and Christie at Calais; at Dover, like a rolling snowball we gathered up Dr. Rocke, Lady Emily Lutyens, Miss Arundale, Messrs. Arundale, Cordes, J. Krishnamurti, and J. Nityananda, and thus brought quite a little crowd of our own to meet the large one at Charing Cross Station. We motored off gaily amid much cheering—Miss Bright, the two "minors" and myself. A little later, I went down to the National Liberal Club to ask for news of Mr. Gokhale, and found, to my joy, that he was better and had gone abroad. God bring him safely home to us in India.

The next day, there was a long consultation with counsel, Mr. R. Younger, K. C., Sir Henry Erle

Richards, K. C. and Mr. Turnbull, with, of course, my solicitor, Mr. Smith of Messrs. Lee and Pemberton, and Mr. Graham Pole, who has been a tower of strength. The consultation was thoroughly satisfactory, and Mr. Younger and Sir Henry Erle Richards made a splendid pair, with the fine grasp and insight of the first strengthened by the sound knowledge of Indian law of the second. After an hour and three quarters of close consultation over the points involved, Mr. Graham Pole and myself went on to meet the counsel for the minors—the Right Hon. The Lord Advocate of Scotland, K. C., Mr. P., Mr. Sheldon, K. C., and Mr. Ingram, with Mr. Alders Wood, the solicitor, and spent another hour with them; the Lord Advocate had travelled from Scotland that morning and only arrived half an hour before our meeting. It would have been difficult, I think, to find six more brilliant men, with their hearts more thoroughly in the case, than these who so readily and so warmly came forward to fight our battles. Suitors seeking the King's justice could have found no fitter champions, and I feel profoundly grateful to these eminent men, who brought hearts as well as brains to do battle for justice and right.

* * *

On the evening of the same day, there was a crowded meeting of welcome at Chelsea Town Hall, restricted to members of the Society. The Vice-President Mr. A. P. Sinnett presided, and made a charming speech, and then followed a very pretty and unexpected ceremony, men, women and children—the children first—filing across the platform in long procession, each giving flowers, mostly from Lodges, as sign of loving welcome. The platform became a garden, piled

high with lovely blossoms, and nothing more effective could have been designed. After this a brief address of welcome was read by Mrs. Betts, acting for the loved General Secretary, Mrs. Sharpe, whose absence, due to serious illness, was the only shadow on the joyous gathering. Then came a short speech from myself, and, after deciding to send all the flowers to the hospitals, we ate ices and cakes, and drank tea and coffee, a happy crowd.

* * *

On Sunday we began with a meeting, and at luncheon and afternoon tea welcomed many friends, from abroad as well as from various parts of England. Monday, the day fixed for the hearing of the appeal, came all too soon, and at 10.30, the doors of the Court were opened and we all walked in, to see, sitting at the long table, the Lords of the Judicial Committee, the Lord Chancellor in the centre, Lord Fletcher-Moulton and Sir John Edge on his right, Lord Parker and Mr. Ameer Ali on his left, the Right Hon. Councillors of His Majesty the King, the Supreme Imperial Court of Justice. It was a splendid Court for intellect, for knowledge, and for utter justice; with no factitious pomp, five men in ordinary dress sitting at a table, there was an extraordinary sense of dignity and power, due to the Lords themselves, unaided by outer show, and softened only by an exquisitely urbane courtesy.

* * *

Mr. Younger, K.C. presented the case with a clarity and precision which left nothing to be desired; it was a masterpiece of pleading; the keen searching questions of the Judges were answered with promptitude

and plentiful knowledge; now and then Sir Henry Erle Richards, K.C., supplied details of Indian practice, but for the most part even that was not needed; Mr. Younger was sometimes sarcastic, sometimes humorous, and he exposed with masterly severity the contradictory reasons given by the Madras Judges for arriving at the same conclusion; he showed the absurd condition in which their decisions landed them, complained of the treatment of the minors as "bales of goods," of the exclusion of evidence as to their wishes and the indifference shown to their welfare. "The Court practically tried a minor for a criminal offence in his absence," remarked Lord Parker with a strong note of indignation in his voice. "Why was the evidence excluded?" asked Lord Fletcher Moulton, and an eloquent shrug of the shoulders was counsel's only answer. "The status of the boys was altered and they were deprived of three years of liberty by a Court in which they were not represented," said Lord Fletcher Moulton. The proceedings were obviously wellnigh incredible to these learned and just-dealing men. What evidently puzzled the Court was the entire disregard of the minors shown in the Madras Courts, and the human note, so painfully absent in Madras, sounded clearly here; "They seemed to think it enough that they had Mrs. Besant"; "But the interests of the minors are the essence of the suit"; and so on. At the end of Mr. Younger's address of a day and a half, the Lord Chancellor asked the Lord Advocate if he had personally ascertained the wishes of the minors, and he answered that he had done so, and that they were "passionately averse to returning to India" and "strongly desired to remain in England". Mr. Kenworthy Brown, K.C., for the Respondent, had

an impossible task, to justify a decision in which law had been entirely disregarded and in which no answer could be made to the questions which were put to him by Judges who were intent only on deciding according to law; he evidently felt the hopelessness of his task, and finally said, on an intimation from the Lord Chancellor, that he regarded the action as entirely misconceived, that he could not go on. The Lord Chancellor said that their Lordships would advise His Majesty that the appeal should be admitted, and that they would give their reasons later. Mr. Kenworthy Brown asked that costs should not be given against his client, and was answered by Lord Parker: "Your man brought a suit in the wrong Court. He made serious allegations he could not justify. Why should he not pay?" Thus has ended the long struggle: in the Court of first instance, the scandalous charges made were declared to be lies put forward to break the agreement; in the Supreme Court of the Empire the law laid down in Madras has been declared to be wrong; on law and on facts judgment is with us; the elder lad is now a major, and none can touch him. It is a joy that, by this persistent struggle, he has been guarded until he has reached manhood, and is free, and so the charge given by the Masters has been carried out.

* * *

I must place on record my deep and grateful appreciation of all the work done in England and Scotland by Mr. Graham Pole. He knew all details of the case from being with me in Madras, and, by printing the shorthand notes of my speech on jurisdiction and placing them in the hands of solicitors and counsel, he showed the impregnable strength of the legal argument, much

of which was necessarily unfamiliar here, but which was at once appreciated when presented. He threw aside all consideration for his own professional work and gave himself wholly to this, secured the help of the Lord Advocate and Mr. Ingram, and worked incessantly to help them. Our success is his reward. And, though I may not mention names, I must thank the friends whose generosity made possible the cost of this London struggle, entirely beyond my means as it was.

* *

Some extraordinary children are coming into the world just now. On Wednesday last we went to the Albert Hall to hear a child of seven-and-a-half years old conduct a first-class orchestra of ninety performers through a programme of works by Wagner, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Berlioz and Elgar! The little fellow, clad in white plush tunic and white silk stockings, with a mass of curly hair falling on his shoulders, stood up alone in the midst of the orchestra and ruled it effectively, quickening and retarding the time, keeping the rhythm, calling on each section for its work, and in all respects acting as a well-trained conductor. "He must be a reincarnation of some great musician," said a listener in an adjoining box. Verily only reincarnation explains such children. Another child of seven has been speaking—he can neither read nor write—prose-poems for the last two years. Here is one of them:

The God of Dreams came to me last night and I had a dream of the world when the world was a child. And in this child-world there were two Gods; the God of Nature and the God Genius.

The God of Nature provided all the materials, and the God Genius took them and made them into wonderful things.

Nature gave Genius a pair of leaves and Genius made them into wings—wings for the birds, wings for all the things that fly. Such a beautiful dream! Such a wonderful world! the world when it was a child.

* *

Plotinus is coming to his own. In our modern world he has been much studied by Theosophists, but has been regarded by that world as an exponent of ancient superstitions. Now Professor Bergson, in his Gifford lectures, is declaring that his system is "typical of the metaphysic to which we were eventually led" by certain conceptions, and we had Mind forming Body, not Body evolving Mind. Thus is Professor Bergson, *via* Plotinus, re-affirming the teaching of the *Chhāṇḍogyaopaniṣad*.

* *

The votes for the presidential election are coming in, and the Theosophical Society will pass its judgment on the work of the last seven years, the "new policy," and all the rest of the controverted topics. In this way, the periodical elections are useful, as they give the T. S. the opportunity of renewing or withdrawing its approval of the actions of its chief officer, and personally, I am well content that my work should be submitted to the Society and that it should pass its verdict thereupon.

* *

The King has given much pleasure to the Non-conformists, and much displeasure to the narrower section of the Anglicans, by visiting the Leys School to open its new buildings. Head of the Anglican Church the King may be, but he is the Sovereign of all his people, whatever their creed may be. He said:

I know and appreciate the character of the work which the school is doing, not only in the training of mind and

body but also in the formation of character. In the Leys School, boys from families representing many different aspects of religious thought are brought together at the most impressionable time of their lives, and in their joint life here they learn lessons of mutual toleration and co-operation for common ends which later they will carry into the wider life of the Universities and the world.

That is the lesson which the Empire must learn if it is to hold together—"mutual toleration and co-operation for common ends". It is one of the many values of the T. S. that it perpetually teaches this lesson. The Kikuyu controversy still rages, and threatens to rend the Anglican church in twain.

Theosophical students will find the series of articles from the scholarly pen of Mr. A. Mahadeva Sastri, Curator of the Mysore Library, on the question of Caste very instructive reading. Four of them have already been published in *The Commonweal* for April 24th, May 1st, 15th and 29th and the last one on 'How to Abolish Caste' will appear in the issue of 5th June. This is of interest not only to the Indians but to all who want to know the evolution of sociological principles in this ancient country. The passing away of castes as they exist to-day is essential for the progress of India, and these articles will draw the sympathy and support of all thoughtful among the orthodox, who have been in favour of preserving them, and convince them of the wrongness of the institution. The learned author has clearly proven that the great shāstraic writers were persons of deep insight and never meant the observance of caste rules and regulations as they are in vogue to-day, and he has also shown that the evolution of the

present castes is rooted in ignorance and misunderstanding and that is why such folly prevails. Theosophists ought to popularise Mr. Mahadeva Sastri's expositions because amongst us there are many members who are orthodox Hindūs and they should certainly receive the enlightenment that these articles bring.

* * *

During the month has passed away from the field of active work an old friend and colleague of Colonel Olcott—Pandit C. Iyothee Thass. He was one of the two gentlemen whom the Colonel took to Ceylon in 1898 as representative of the Pañchama Community of Madras. Both of them were admitted into the Buddhist fold by the High Priest Sumangala, and thus began a new era in the history of the unfortunate Pañchamas of Southern India whose friend and champion Pandit Iyothee Thass always was. The Colonel writes:

The problem of the origin and religious heredity of the Pariahs of Southern India was so important, that I determined to bring the communities into relation with the High Priest Sumangala, so that in case they were proved to have been original Buddhists their communities might be brought into close connection and under surveillance of the Buddhists of Ceylon.

On his return the good Pandit began his noble work and founded in Madras, Bangalore and elsewhere societies which are doing good work among the masses. They save the poor Pañchamas from falling into the hands of Christian missionaries, and Buddhism, the faith of their ancestors, is found more suitable for them than missionary-Christianity. Buddhist workers are in demand for the carrying on of this work, in the inception of which our late President-Founder had a hand. We may draw our readers'

attention to THE THEOSOPHIST of October 1906 (pp 1-4.) in which Col. Olcott speaks about it. Pandit Iyothee Thass died on 5th May and the grateful crowds who owe him so much expressed their feelings of love and reverence at the Victoria Hall, Madras, on the 20th, when some of us, from Adyar were present. It was a very crowded meeting presided over by an Adyarite.

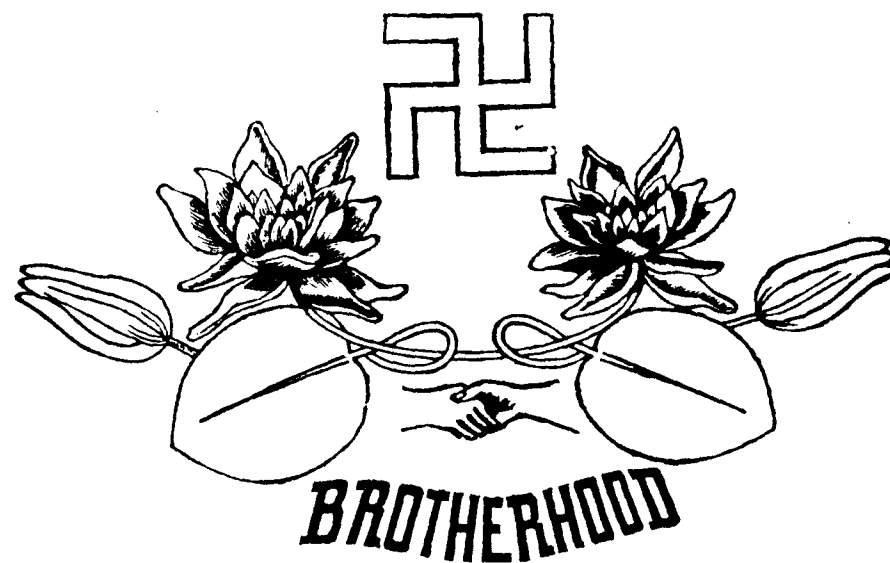
* * *

We take the following from the *Yorkshire Observer* :

Mrs. Annie Besant, who in spite of her Theosophy is certainly one of the foremost women of this time, arrived at Charing Cross to-day by the Indian mail....She leaves again for India about the middle of June, and will have a busy time during her stay. It is hoped Mrs. Besant, as an aforesaid member of the Fabian executive committee, will find time to be present at the Fabian Society's dinner to their secretary, Mr. E. R. Pease, which is expected to be a brilliant occasion, and to take part in a conference on "The next steps in educational progress" to be held at London University on June 18, 19 and 20.

* * *

Adyar is very empty and there is a lull everywhere, save in the Publishing House which has to grind slowly but surely the weekly *Commonweal* and the regular monthly Magazines. Mr. Jinarajadasa has gone to Poona to preside over the Mahratta Federation and will visit Bombay later on. The weather here is somewhat trying and most of our residents have flown to the hills, but the Indian summer with all its trials has its charm and nothing is more peaceful than quiet and beautiful Adyar.



THE BUILDING OF THE INDIVIDUAL

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

(Continued from p. 174)

BEFORE we consider the different methods of individualisation, and the way in which the Individual works upon his sheaths, we must pause to look into the nature of his environment—the nature of the spheres of matter with which he finds himself surrounded, and hence of the matter appropriated by him from those spheres for the making of his sheaths, or bodies, through which he comes into contact with these spheres.

These spheres, worlds, planes of matter, the matter of our solar system, are seven in number, each of a

different type. Each has its own ultimate atom, or fundamental type of matter, and all the varieties of matter in any world—those which in our physical world we call 'states of matter,' solid, liquid, gaseous, sub-etheric, etheric, sub-atomic—are all formed of aggregations of the ultimate atom, aggregations of a larger or smaller number, aggregations more or less compressed. We term them solids when the aggregations are stable in form and nature, when they hold together if left to themselves and only break up under external pressure. In the solid, mutual attraction, cohesion, triumphs, it is said. We call them liquid when they keep no external shape as self-preserved, when they adapt themselves readily to the shape of any containing vessel, when they tend to spread themselves out in thinner and thinner layers over any plane surface. In the liquid, attraction and repulsion are balanced. We call them gas when they fly apart from each other, rushing out equally in all directions when unconfined, becoming more and more tenuous, when, it is said, mutual repulsion triumphs. The three next higher stages are not yet recognised by science, save under the general name of ether; their particles are normally self-contained, and so devoid of mutual attraction and repulsion that they oppose no appreciable obstacle to the passage through them of any of the lower states of matter, but are capable of being acted upon from within, of being thus thrown into waves, known to us as 'forces,' of being thus held together into a solidity of which the thinnest film will turn a bullet, of being subjected to torsions without cleavage, to strains without loss of elasticity. The subject of their possibilities is, as yet, unstudied, so far as I know, by any of our occult students, and a

vast field of knowledge lies here, practically unexplored, for any painstaking investigator equipped with the necessary apparatus of etheric vision. The researches of physicists fail for lack of this, no apparatus external to the investigator having been as yet discovered rendering observations possible. Where these are lacking to check the conclusions of the reason, science cannot speak with certainty, and until scientific men recognise the possibility of clairvoyant development, their progress must be hampered. For science to speak with certainty, reason must collate and check the observations of the senses, and the observations of the senses must test the conclusions of the reason. Where either help fails it, certainty cannot be reached.

That which is true of the atom and its aggregations forming the states of matter in the physical worlds, is true also of the six other subtler worlds of our solar system; each world, or sphere, has its own fundamental atom, and all its states of matter are formed of the aggregations of that atom. The differences of the characteristics in all these worlds are due to the different types of their fundamental atoms. All these worlds are material, whether the matter be tenuous or dense; they are all phenomenal, worlds of appearances, garments veiling the realities of the Spirit, He alone conscious in them all; one is no more sacred than another, any more than lightning is more sacred than lava; sacredness does not depend on the tenuity of the matter in any phenomenon, all are equally open to observation when the necessary apparatus is available, and all are equally subject to mastery through knowledge by the Spirit who is embodied as man; heaven is no more a mystery of God—holy and guarded from investigation

—than is earth; there are no limits to investigation save the temporary ones of the power to investigate. God is equally everywhere dwelling, in the Deva, the Angel, or in the grains of dust. Either all investigation is blasphemous, or none is. There is no 'sacred' and 'profane' in Nature. Every unintelligible phenomenon hides God, but reveals Him when it is understood.

These seven spheres are concentric; they interpenetrate each other in every tiniest area of space within our solar system. Each sphere is complete in itself and is continuous throughout its whole area so far as communication is concerned, just as our earth is visibly a continuous sphere, or our body a continuous sentient whole. Wherever we may be, matter of the seven spheres is around us and throughout us; we need not move to pass from world to world; we pass from world to world by a change of mood in consciousness not by a change of place in body. We are in the sphere to which we open our consciousness, as we see the landscape outside when we unshutter a window. Heaven has been said to be a state not a place; it is a place, if by place be meant an extension of matter in space, and it is around us all the time; but it is a state, if it be meant that only in a certain state of consciousness can we be aware of heaven. "Heaven lies about us" in our manhood as much as in our infancy, but the child's consciousness, fresh from the heaven-world and not yet attuned to earth, more readily assumes the mood which answers to the mood of the heaven-world, and the sensitive child-body more easily responds thereto, being as yet uncoarsened by the grosser impacts of earth.

It may be asked why, if this be so, we are unconscious of these surrounding and interpenetrating

worlds. For the same reason that we are unconscious of any impacts, if we stand in the midst of the electric waves which convey a wireless message; we have not, without us or within us, an apparatus, a receiver, which intercepts the message. We can only perceive that in the without which we are able to reproduce in the within. We see with our eyes, because the vibrations of ether which are light, entering our eyes, find a suitable receiver in the retina, and its nerve-mechanism reproduces the vibrations. If there were no such organ in the body, the light-vibrations would pass through unperceived, as indeed they do above and below the spectrum visible because reproduced in the eye, and as they do in the case of the blind man, whose receiver for these messages is defective. His incapacity to reproduce them does not affect the light waves, nor prevent others from seeing. And so there are millions of other vibrations passing through our bodies that we do not feel, having developed no organ as their receiver. We have, surrounding us, myriads of beings whom we do not see, myriads of existences of whom we are unconscious, merely because we have not reached our full development, and are blind, deaf, insensible, to the higher and lower ranges of light and sound and touch—I use these words since we are limited to a vocabulary based on physical experiences. When people become receptive to these, develop organs, or receivers, attuned to them, we call these people clairvoyant, clairsaudient, seers, mediums, mystics. They are becoming more numerous as evolution proceeds, and presently we shall all see, hear and feel the phenomena, the appearances, belonging to the next more subtle world. In the long process of Becoming, that stage is being entered by many.

Becoming is rendered possible by Being appropriating matter, and thus appearing as Spirit, Being individualised and standing at the entrance of the long path of Becoming, at the gateway of Forthgoing. Man, or Spirit embodied, has appropriated matter from six of the spheres of our solar system, since he begins his long pilgrimage in the second sphere, the sphere of the emanation of the Monads, called sometimes therefore the Monadic World, the world of the begetting of the Sons of God who are to become Sons of Man, Words of God made flesh. We hear of a sphere still subtler, the Divine World, whereof we know nothing, but the Divine Fragment who is Man begins his building of himself as an individual in that supernal second sphere, and then appropriates, attaches to himself, matter of the remaining five spheres, the worlds of manifestation. From each of these he appropriates permanently one atom, hence called "the permanent atom," and these he keeps in relation with himself. At first, the relation is one of external attachment, beads threaded on his string of life; later the relation becomes an indwelling, and through and by these he works on the bodies builded for his use, and finally himself builds them. We shall need to trace this process. For the moment, we may take the general principle only. Round these permanent atoms gather the aggregations of the matter of each sphere, and the aggregations are congruous to the stage of evolution, of complexity, of the permanent atom concerned. In the man, after the union of the downward-pouring and upward-climbing streams of life, each of the five atoms is thrilling with the life of the Spirit, but for long the higher three serve indeed as channels for the life to pass through to

the lower, and retain but little for their own evolution. Man develops the physical body in the lowest sphere, especially as to its higher nervous system, in each life-period, and gradually develops also the desire, emotional or astral; body as vehicle of the passions and emotions in the second sphere, and the mental body, of the four lower states of matter, in the third.

But these two latter are developed as feeders for the consciousness in the physical world, rather than as instruments for it in the second and third worlds during the lifetime of the physical body. For this last is the gatherer of experience, and for this gathering during hundreds of thousands of years the consciousness is only awake in, aware of, its physical environment, *i. e.*, its physical body and the physical world. Consciousness can only become aware of any world by the use of the apparatus, the body, composed of materials drawn from that same world. These materials alone can be fashioned into the organs which can reproduce the vibrations coming from their own world. And for many ages the consciousness during physical life is outward-turned only to the physical world, and the desire-body and the mental body transmit vibrations to the physical body, they do not receive them for direct affecting of the consciousness they clothe. The Spirit sends a stream of his life downwards to the physical body, and does not turn his attention outwards to the other worlds through his subtler bodies. Their turn comes after the death of the physical body. When the Spirit draws away the out-given portion of his life from the physical body, finding it useless for his purposes any longer, that body disintegrates, its work is done, it has enriched the indwelling consciousness with a mass of experiences.

With these for harvest, the consciousness is withdrawn, and then the Spirit dwells through that same portion of himself in the body of passions and emotions, reading the results of the lower experiences in sufferings through that body, now the vehicle of his consciousness. Here are learned the earliest lessons of right and wrong, to be engraved on the tablet of his memory in the causal, the relatively permanent, body. Then, he withdraws from the body of emotions, leaving it to disintegrate in its own sphere, as did the physical in its sphere, and he dwells for awhile in that same portion of his consciousness, originally put forth into these lower bodies, in the lower stages of the mental world, blissfully assimilating all that is good and useful in his experiences in the lowest world. When all this is done, he withdraws the out-sent portion of his consciousness from the mental body, which in its turn disintegrates, restoring its materials to the world whence they were drawn. Then that forth-put portion of his consciousness, like a river pouring into the sea, mingles with the rest, colouring it with the hue of the experiences harvested in the lower worlds. With him alone the memory of his past in the now disintegrated bodies remains, and when he anew sends forth a portion of his consciousness and awakens to a new day of life the slumbering permanent atoms connected with the lower bodies, that portion of the enriched consciousness now sent forth does not carry memory with it, but it carries forth the assimilated thoughts and impresses them as germinal faculties on the new body of mental matter which it draws round it through the permanent mental unit; and it carries with it also the results of actions in happiness and sorrow, and impresses them as conscience on the new

body of emotions, with germinal virtues and vices, outcomes of past experiences; and it finally enters its new dwelling, the physical body, formed by kârmic agencies for its use during the new day of life in the physical world.

If this process be clearly understood, it will be seen that the memory of the events of a life in the physical world must persist through the two subtler worlds—the desire-world and the heaven-world—into which the man passes after the death of the physical body, for the consciousness is the same person in the three worlds, and has experienced the events, has enjoyed and suffered, has loved and hated. Memory can no more be lost by the consciousness by passing through death into a new environment, than by crossing the Channel from England to France, by going from Italy to India. The person is the consciousness using the bodies, and he remains the same, carrying his emotions, his thoughts, his memories with him, until—as the nerves of the finger carry a message to the brain, and the brain registers it—he, the person, carries all with him to the Individual, whose extended nerve to the periphery he was, and the Individual registers the whole as *his* experience, not as the experience of the nerve-thread outgrown from him. When the hour of rebirth strikes, the Individual sends out another nerve-thread to the periphery, another outputting of a fragment of himself, another person, as we say, with a new mind-body, impressed as said above, a new desire-body, a new physical body. These are the heirs of their predecessors, enriched by them, resulting from them, but not themselves. They can have no memory of a past through which they have not travelled; the memory of that is in the Individual, as the memory of impressions

is in the brain, not in the finger which contacted the without. The person abides ever in the Eternal, where all is that ever existed, and can be re-lived by the Individual at his will—it is part of himself, its experiences are his, it is an ever-living portion of that which is his continuous unbroken identity, as the man recognises himself as boy. Infancy, boyhood, youth, manhood, maturity—each passes away not to return in that life-period, but the consciousness that is the I persists; “When I was a boy,” says the man, with no sense of break, of incongruity, or of loss. So the Individual looks back on his past stages of growth, his personalities, each of which has passed away not to return, but the consciousness which is the I persists. “When I was the peasant James Smith, the soldier François Martel, the merchant Jagannath Chetti,” says the Individual, and feels his continuous identity, with no sense of incongruity or of loss. Each of his past phases has brought him some enrichment of life, some increase of power, some addition of knowledge. In all past phases *he* has lived, as in all future phases he will continue to endure, he, the Eternal, the Self, manifesting as limited Selves under the conditions of space and time. Each person is but a phase of himself; he lives in each. The qualities which distinguish the giant oak of centuries are all limited within the acorn it bears and casts off into the soil to develop its contained powers and to grow into the likeness of its parent. The qualities which are divine are limited within the individualised Self, and he is cast into the soil of earthly experience to develop his latent potentialities. As soon might an acorn grow into a beech, as man unfold into aught but Divinity.

Annie Besant

(To be continued)

FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHER¹

By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

III

On the Pacific, towards America

WITH the best will in the world I cannot feel genuine friendship for the missionaries. The desire to force one's opinion upon other people is and remains narrow-mindedness, and this manifests itself in practice only too clearly in the fact that all true missionaries have a very limited outlook. Persons of a wider outlook evidently could never adopt such a profession. Here on board I have conversed with some who have lived for years in China, and they have actually managed not to observe any of the advantages of Confucianism! Such blindness can only be called a divine gift; only explicable in a supernatural way.

Most probably the missionaries at the beginning of our era were not much better, and when I remember this, as also the progress for which they have nevertheless paved the way, then my mood towards those of the present becomes softened. Unquestionably it is a positive calamity that missionaries should go to India and China,

¹ This is a translation of some chapters very kindly placed at our disposal of a still unpublished work entitled *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* which will be published by Mr. T. F. Lehmann in Munich, in the autumn of 1914.

for the inhabitants of these countries are far superior in intellect, in morality and in spirituality to those who come to teach them. It is therefore impossible that the activity of missionaries should in any way conduce to advancement in old centres of culture, from which missionaries should, as such, be by law excluded. But to less developed peoples they may profitably be sent. To those they may be as useful as their predecessors have been to our barbarous ancestors, indeed to them they will be more useful than the heralds of the deeper wisdom of the Orient were able to be, because undoubtedly a unique formative power is inherent in Christianity. It is the only spiritualistic religion which possesses such a power and, more, it possesses it apparently quite independently of the quality of those who preach it, or of the mental value of their dogmatic premises. For the value of the latter is small in comparison with that of Brāhmanism and the two Buddhisms. It has even steadily dwindled in the course of the centuries; for though the earliest Church Fathers did possess spiritual insight, this was already much less the case with Luther and Calvin, and not at all with the labourers and muddle-heads who have arisen in America as founders of religions. Their dogmatic conceptions were in most cases grotesque. But almost in proportion as the intellectual value of Christianity sank, its practical value, its efficacy, rose. It cannot be denied that Protestantism forms men of greater ideality than does Catholicism, and the dogmatics, however grotesque, of the American sects, have developed the spirit of Christianity in its followers into a power such as has never existed before. How to account for that? Precisely in this way; that the spirit of Christianity is essentially

a spirit of action. Therefore it does not matter very much to which religious conceptions this spirit happens to be bound at any given time. From this point of view alone it is possible to do justice to Christianity. It is not true that the teachings of Jesus Christ signify a maximum of spiritual profundity; even the Gospel of St. John sounds flat as compared with the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. In the teachings of Shri Kṛṣṇa and the Mahāyana religion, the fundamental teachings of the Saviour of the West are expounded in an incomparably deeper way; and moreover, they are there woven into a connected whole which we may assume has remained altogether hidden to Him, though it was the very element that would have endowed those teachings of His with their real meaning.

As seen from the point of view of metaphysical perception, Christianity appears as a preliminary stage, yet it is not at all a religion of knowledge, but a religion of practical action, and as such it is superior to all others. As I have already written, only amongst Christian people have the conceptions of love, of humanitarianism, of compassion, become objective powers, which means that the metaphysically real, however imperfectly realised, has better manifested itself objectively in Christianity than in any other religion. Christ and His great followers were perhaps less profound metaphysicians, but incomparably deeper men of action than Kṛṣṇa and Ashvagoshā. And further, in so far as both wanted to mould the world of appearance, the first were in reality the more profound workmen, for in the sphere of actual life that expression of an idea is absolutely the best, which shows itself such in practice—no matter how far it mentally satisfies. This is

the significance of that superiority of Christianity which history proves, however much the one-sided intellectualist may doubt it.

And this at once justifies missionary enterprise. These narrow people who wander forth to force their inadequate opinions on others nevertheless proclaim by their existence a genuine gospel—the gospel of work and of action. In this sense their influence is really a good one, as is also admitted without further ado by the Chinese and the Japanese. Only it would be indeed desirable that they should drop the question of faith altogether, for the faith of the missionaries is not a very lofty one. And as this cannot be demanded from the clerical profession, it would after all be best if missions in the old sense of the word ceased completely and only physicians, philanthropists, and educationalists were sent out. In such lives the *true* spirit of Christianity, the spirit which to all eternity will bring forth good. The Christian faith, as such, will sooner or later be replaced by a higher one, just as it has already now died out in its former shape in the majority of the more thoughtful amongst men.

Eastwards to Chicago

The hard-working American, still far from any great results, is undoubtedly the best type which this continent contains at the present time, and an excellent type in itself. The adventurous life suits the lowly, and one cannot help liking these fellows after all, these tramps, whose habit it is to measure the wide distances of the West and Middle States, hanging under railway carriages in life-imperilling positions; who often for days and days take not a single mouthful of food, and, once arrived at their destination, are nevertheless too

proud to beg, and go on starving until they have gained for themselves a meal by their own work. Yes, one cannot help liking these fellows better, I say, than our petty pushers with their class hatred and confident expectation of future greatness. From the point of view of civilisation the most valuable quality of a man in the process of becoming is the initiative he possesses. Initiative is more valuable than knowledge, culture and virtue, for once he has this quality he can acquire all else that he lacks. A man of the people in the far West is for this reason so much superior in civilisation to his European colleague, because he possesses much more initiative.

And it is exactly in connection with this that the small man in America is worth so much more than the great man. As said, with boys it is initiative which is the important point; however ignorant and unmannerly they may be, if they only have initiative then all is well. American parents are so exactly conscious of this that with characteristic exaggeration they scarcely any longer demand obedience from their children. But the demands on grown-up men are more and different; they are not in a state of becoming, but in a state of being; and for the perfection of being, initiative is of no use. Therefore the Americans of the higher social ranks appear so crude as compared with the people of the lower classes. A boy, however perfect, is imperfect as a man. The more I see of the country and the people of America the more it strikes me how much all men here are big and crude hobbledehoys. As such most attractive, where we deal with real youth, either in the sense of individual or social youth, but proportionately unpleasant where they have outgrown this stage.

As an American I should be an extreme Democrat. Here all salvation is without a doubt to be expected from below, from those I mean who have passed some consecutive generations in the lower ranks. Those who now stand at the top—with the exception of the aristocrats of New England who, their short genealogical tree notwithstanding, show more marks of age than the oldest families of Europe—have risen much too rapidly and are precisely for that very reason without value for the future. The sons of the multi-millionaires are, almost without exception, decadent, more decadent than any princely scion with us, and their lineage will undoubtedly very quickly die out.

The well-to-do Americans, however, who constitute the bulk of the upper layers of society, possess the characteristics of belated schoolboys as we have mentioned above, and they will hardly succeed in bringing up their children to an essentially better type than they themselves represent. But those who rise slowly—and their number will constantly grow, as getting rich quickly will become more difficult from year to year and will soon be impossible of realisation without a great initial capital—those will spend their youthfulness while they are still real boys. And then they will become indeed better men than their more precocious predecessors were, just as he who has at first been a thorough boy generally becomes the best man. This new type of man—at the present time scarcely yet arisen—will then have the same superiority over the other which the Etonian, without exception, has over the product of French Lyceums; only that this superiority will here not be rooted in the individual but in the race, because here it has been a matter of racial

education. Thus the American of the future will be able to start from a natural basis which corresponds to a stage of civilisation in old Europe. Till then is a far cry, I know. But after all it is pleasant to revel occasionally in pictures of the future.

Yes, in America democracy means a stage which undoubtedly leads upwards. It quickens the inner metamorphosis which the European *psyche* has to undergo in order to participate in individual form in exactly that perfection which, until now, it could only hope to find in typical embodiments. Democracy leads upwards in America because the conditions there render possible the hard schooling through which anyone has of necessity to pass who wants to conquer for himself the right of absolute self-determination.

The good fortune of America is the lack of social consciousness—however superficial this may render the American; this lack forces the individual to take his independence very seriously indeed. Amongst us, democracy will most probably produce only harm as we are already too firmly set to be able ever to lose again our social consciousness. Amongst us, the individual in the future, as in the past, will be far too much supported by the community to develop the characteristics which alone may justify individualism. So there is little prospect that the new ideal will in Europe ever be realised objectively for the better. Like the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, we shall have to submit to the fact that the ideas which have sprouted amongst us only ripen amongst others.

Chicago

What should have happened to me after a three months' stay in Chicago? Should I be dead, or

incurably diseased, or perchance healthy and content because completely adapted? This last alternative seems the most probable even for me, notwithstanding the fact that perhaps no atmosphere which I have ever breathed has been so repellent to me; for such an overpowering repulsion enforces that self-surrender which makes it appear bearable; the organism adapts itself rapidly in order not to perish immediately. And the self-transformation necessary for Chicago cannot be so very difficult, as it has been effected without much ado, and is still being daily effected anew, by millions who prosper here exceedingly. One has to live exclusively through the senses, which, as such, never tire, and also like a bird of prey, to concentrate all attention on that special thing which one happens to intend doing at any particular moment. In such a condition it is no great achievement to be able to telephone in the midst of an infernal clamour, never to lose one's equanimity in the midst of the hurry-scurry, not to lose sight of one's aim in the midst of all the glitter and commotion around. For although the concentration required may be considerable, it is here easier than might be supposed. In the first place, because, after all, only the most superficial layers of consciousness are active, and these like the heart are used to constant work—and then because the environment forces everyone who does not wish to die of starvation to such exertion, and because a "must" makes the most burdensome task possible. In Chicago one has only to take heed not to live beyond the senses and the superficial mind. If one should attempt this, then indeed he is lost. In Chicago the soul is incapable of life.

I arrived here in the afternoon, and by way of a beginning, drove through the city in one of these

touring or seeing cars, which, for very little money, drive hurried tourists in an incredibly short time past all the sights. How I used to jeer in Rome and Paris at the same institution. But there it really constitutes a monstrosity, for that with which we become acquainted from a Cook's car is that which is least interesting. Of all the sights in all the centres of culture, those which are really significant lie beyond the naked fact which is all the Cook-adept beholds. But in Chicago there is no beyond to the facts—no history, no atmosphere, no significance. So one is right to rattle through the streets and past monuments in a rapid motor-car under the direction of a trained guide who incessantly whoops a constant stream of information through a tin megaphone into the car. One does not lose anything by it, but rather gains enormously in time.

Nevertheless that world is awful in which voyages of such a kind appear an *optimum*. I have no objection whatever to the mechanisation in and for itself of life; on the contrary, I think it good that all that is mechanisable should be completely mechanised as soon and as thoroughly as possible, in order that the spirit should in its turn retain the more force and leisure for the super-mechanical. The awfulness of this world lies in the fact that life exhausts itself here in the mechanisable. Here the instrument enslaves the man who should be its master. How have things come to such a pass? In the first place, the scarcity of labour has rendered it a necessity to mechanise whatever was mechanisable and then the fabulous profitableness of this kind of activity has more and more drawn the general attention, so that the non-mechanisable, the

super-mechanisable, appears less and less necessary to life and sinks further and further away from the surface of consciousness. It is a pity indeed that it is not true that a soulless life cannot give a full consciousness of life; all available energy and intensity may be used up in a machine-like existence, so that the very man who appears to the onlooker the most feckless of fellows rightly feels himself a full man and looks down on the more anæmic "soul". The objection to this mechanisation, namely that it devitalises man in the biological sense of that word, is unjustified. The American is brimful of vitality and considers his way of living, precisely for this reason, superior to all others, because it heightens the sense of existence in a way that no other does. And this it does because it forces all available energy into the narrowest possible channel of activity through which that energy receives an enormous momentum. The American business people are true yogis in so far as they concentrate their attention on one thing, and all the fruits of yoga-practice come to them in principle, such as the potentialising of vitality and of the feeling of their existence, the heightening of capacities, the enlarging of the psychical working capital. What is so horrible in this Americanism is, not that it devitalises people, but that it simplifies that psychic organism to an unheard-of degree; it presses back this organism to the same level as that of the animal. This Americanism proves that an entirely full life may be lived without soul, without spiritual interest, without emotional culture. Of course that is so; most probably no salamander, no worm, longs to emancipate itself from its present condition. When it is said that the narrowest people are the happiest ones, then this gives expression

to the same truth. It is ever so much simpler to realise within narrow limits the completeness of one's life. But this narrowness embodies no ideal; the ideal condition should rather be one in which man managed to become conscious of this completeness through the medium of the universe, in which he would not have to exclude anything to be wholly himself. It would be the absolutely ideal condition, because man is in reality incomparably much more than his person and can therefore by no means become conscious of his own completeness through this personality alone. He can do so in the direction of intensity, but intensity embodies only one dimension. To estimate the American's feeling of existence as higher than that of the World-Sage would mean to attach higher value to a single organ tone—though this might indeed manifest the whole force of the instrument—than to the *Mattheus Passion*.

What then is so terrible in this Americanism is that it impoverishes man. As it reduces all values to that of quantity alone, so it reduces the whole *psyche* to an apparatus for monetary gain. In doing so it pushes back man to the level of the lower animals. Regarding the state of affairs in this way, it appears indeed so repulsive that one might be inclined to think it devoid of danger. In reality it possesses an enormous recruiting power, probably the greatest of its kind in our times. This power it possesses in the first place because everyone hankers after material success, and because the American formula of life is the most favourable to success. The man who does not lose any time with ideals, ideas, and feelings, gets on more rapidly than others. But it is not this which exercises the chief attraction. This

attraction is based on the fact that in this form of Americanism everyone, even the most feckless fellow, becomes conscious of the fullness of his own existence; this formula is so narrow, so cramped, that it gives tension to every vital force. Here then lurks a terrible danger: from now on a lower condition shines out to humanity as the highest. If this ideal be not dethroned with all speed, then it will conduct with certainty to barbarism—the most extreme which has ever reigned.

Hermann Keyserling

CREDO

I believe in the Lord of Life and in His undying love for all that lives.

I believe in the great Concourse of His ministers and in their absolute devotion to His commands.

I believe in the White Brotherhood and in their power and will to serve mankind.

I believe in my own inner God and in Its oneness with the All.

I believe that in the personality I now use, and in all the personalities that shall hereafter grow out of it, I am pledged irrevocably to Human Service and that this pledge will bind me inextricably through all the kalpas.

I believe that the path of love will lead me eventually to the death of the cross, therefore I profess my belief in the love that is stronger than death.

M. M. C. P.

A DREAM

By A. L. POGOSKY

Prologue

HAVE you thought of the wonderful time in which we live and the changes which are going on around us? Some of us may have failed to see how these came about, but none can help seeing and feeling them in his or her own life, and in the lives of those among whom they live. What wonder that this new life clamours for a new form of expression? We cannot, simply cannot, go on hanging in space, nor can we crawl into the old garments all outgrown, all threadbare and ridiculous. The *esprit de corps* has taken birth already. It is evident and manifests itself as soon as "two or three are gathered together in My name". It has spread far and wide all over the globe. We never know whither these downy seeds have flown and found soil and are but awaiting the call.

Have you thought, my friends, that science, art, religion, ethics—all the essence of human life—lie in shreds at our feet, torn from their high pedestals by the same breath of truth that changed our inner world? Do you think they will be reconstructed in the separate cells of individualists? No, a thousand times no. The world of patentees has come to an end. Henceforward we are not to be afraid of our discoveries, of our share of service,

being of use to others. We feel we have come to live for this very giving of our best to the Commonwealth. And I ask you, is it possible at all to accomplish this stupendous work in separateness?

This and this alone may be a basis of Industrial Co-operation. We need scholars, artists, workers of all kinds to join in a supreme effort to build up in harmony—I would like to say, in divine, creative harmony—a new beautiful world, and to work out a new form of life, where our best can be expressed.

Dreams come sometimes from good quarters. While the lower mind finds nothing to suggest for the remedy of endless evils accumulating in our life, something behind it shows at times radiant pictures of a happier and more picturesque life, where the "love of comrades" reigns supreme and creates the beauty of life. Such pictures as these come to me often and one of them I am going to tell as well as I can in English.

The Dream

There is a nice little grove of old trees. A winding path among them leads to a bright little garden, gay with many-coloured blossoms. It looks pretty. One would like to stop for awhile under the few mountain-ashes, on the low, broad bench. It belongs to an old lady who was the first settler in the Colony. She evidently has her own ideas of gardens, and does not force them into traditional flower-beds with borders of shells or tiles or wire-work. No such thing! The plants and their moods are respected and left to please themselves. One would say a happy, little corner where the plants from many countries live amicably together, and remind their hostess of all the spots in

many lands she lived in, and in which she left roots of her existence. But there she is, coming out from her porch with an armful of many-coloured bunches of yarn.

"My dear Professor, you are just the very one whom I wish to see. You can help me greatly," she calls out.

And the two walk away from the little house through another group of trees and enter a large yard. It is all intersected with ropes fixed to movable poles, and never did a village fair look gayer than this wonderful yard. All the colours of the rainbow are there. Small and large skeins of yarn and linen thread are spread all along the ropes. Golden browns and pinks and russet reds and the blues! Ah, the blues are evidently the favourite shades here—from the palest dreamy blue to the blue of the corn flower; dark serious blues and the blue-green of the sea-waves. Pieces of silk and linen are drying in the hot sun and there are some special golden browns in peculiar patterns that the Professor never saw before, and that attract him at once.

"Yes, these are pretty. We are trying to reproduce the ancient Java pattern dyeing; thanks to the Javanese comrades, we are getting valuable results already. But come to my South Russian room and give us your light on the subject."

They presently enter a sunny room where a South Russian young woman in her native tartan skirt and embroidered shirt sits at her loom weaving a new tartan. Little red leather boots stand daintily near the loom. Baskets of many-coloured balls of wool, little skeins hanging everywhere from her loom, and the

wall full of specimens and experiments, make the room very bright. A new-comer, she lives in the way of her own country. A scrupulously clean maiden-room it is. Her bed is dazzling white with three high pillows put one over the other. Over it the white wall is covered with pretty devices all made out of twigs and leaves. Flowers are everywhere, a big bunch of wormwood stands on the outer sill of the open window and spreads abroad its peculiar, bitter aroma. In the corner a large icon with many little ones around it, and a lamp burning before the dark Byzantine holy image of S. Nicholas. The maiden has come from her own country not so very long ago and has yet all her old ways. Her stove and dresser are covered with an embroidered curtain. The whole room is peculiarly fresh and bright, a true reflection of its owner. She does not speak much English yet, but evidently has already developed a sense of confidence. She smiles shyly in reply to the Professor's greeting, but her musical South Russian flows rapidly when she speaks to the old lady.

"Here we are," says the latter, showing the various skeins of newly-dyed threads. "There they all are, soft and harmonious, the greens and browns and blues and yellows, red and purple, all mixing together in a most harmonious way."

The old lady played with the skeins, mixing them in many fantastic combinations, and never failed to get a new effect of beauty.

"You *are* clever," said the Professor admiringly.

"Not at all. That is just the quality of vegetable dyes. They always marry harmoniously. I think they must be akin! I mean they must be all one. I cannot

make it out somehow. Whoever would dream of bringing these purples, yellows, blues and reds together? But here they are, a perfect harmony; don't you think so?" and the old lady put the new combination of shades on a cloth of grey, and it looked most attractive.

"But look at this. Here are three shades of red. Look how impossible, how utterly foreign they seem among these soft colours. Why they seem nearly vicious! Yet they come from our own dye-house where you know we do not use artificial mineral pigments. Here, Odarka, show us the materials you used for these reds."

Odarka ran to the next room, climbed with the elastic swing of her youth up the rows of shelves, and soon the Professor had in his hands a little phial of some dark substance. He examined it carefully and said: "I think I know why it does not mix well with the other shades. It belongs to another kingdom. All the others are vegetable, this one belongs to the animal kingdom. Come now to my own den, and let us investigate this at once. It is most interesting and very suggestive."

They went through a winding path between the characteristic Russian peasant fences overgrown with climbing pumpkins. A good many raspberry and black currant bushes bordered neat little patches of cucumbers and beans and fennel. A strong spicy aroma of many kitchen herbs came from these patches. A couple of Norwegian houses were seen close to the straw-thatched Russian houses. One more winding, and the scene changed completely. They were now in a fully English sphere, and a very happy English corner this one appeared to be; old-fashioned flowers in neat flower-beds, on a slope ascending towards a cottage. The broom was

in full bloom and the hollyhocks formed a living wall of radiance. The neatly kept sandy paths led the two to the Professor's cottage. It was difficult to say where the garden stopped and the house began. The green plants and blossoms seemed to invade the house, and some of them made their homes under the roof and climbed up to the glass set in for the north light. It was a lovely abode. Some one must have put a soul into it.

"My old woman loves her flowers and her home," said the old man, "and she designed and planned the house herself. As long as she suffers me and all my dusty books in every room of the ground-floor, I am content. She is imagining now a new ridiculous thing. Fancy, we are to dust the books now with the vacuum cleaner. So there is to be no more dust to speak of, and I need not run away during the spring cleaning as of yore. Dear me! I shudder to think of it!"

They entered in a pleasant subdued light. The dining room and the study and every available wall, in the central hall or lounge, over the doors and under the staircase, was full of books. The Professor reached out after one book and another, and became more and more interested.

"I see a little light now," he said at last. "Nature does not like sudden jumps. All is orderly within its laws of evolution. Man, it is true, often forces these laws. It is natural for him to seek, to investigate, to enlarge his consciousness. So he experiments—does he not? Sometimes he discovers beauty. Sometimes he goes the wrong way, gets entangled, vitiates his own perception of beauty, brings about ugliness, perverts the conception of beauty of many generations. Now what have we here in this little phial of your quaint

little maiden? It is cochineal. Do you know anything about the life of the cochineals? Well, well, many of us could get a lesson from these seemingly insignificant little beasts. We are apt to judge by the size, are we not? It is true they are small. I find just now that a pound of Polish cochineal pigments contains one hundred and thirty-five thousand insects. Small enough. But these little things have a large idea of duty. To begin with the male dies after he has done his duty by the female. Then the female lays eggs and in order to protect their development covers them with her own body and remains till the eggs are hatched and grown into fully equipped insects. Then of the mother there remains only an empty shell. These very heroines served as material for these reds that you found so foreign to your assortment of vegetable dyes."

"I understand now," said the old lady. "Thank you. You helped me greatly. I never would have been able to find this out. But what shall I do to substitute for the red obtained in this criminal way another red of vegetable origin?"

"You will have to do as the vegetarians did during the first years, when they had to fight against the habit and prejudice of ages. You do not hear now that the vegetarians have to starve themselves in order not to kill lambs and calves and birds, and what not, or that the unkilld animals will fill the earth and force out man. The old meat-eaters were punished for their criminal ways by gout, sclerosis, all sorts of illnesses, while you, by breaking into the animal kingdom and destroying milliards of beings, were punished by an ugly colour. You further sin by inflicting on the human eye something ugly, under pretext of beauty.

This last is the greatest sin of all. But there is another side to it and for this you must consult our Theosophical friend, who is for ever sticking his nose into the *Secret Doctrine*. I think he will be able to give you the true philosophy of this, and I venture to say he will be glad to have your facts brought out like this from the concrete world. We all help each other, sister."

They parted amicably, both happy to have helped each other to find a new truth.

The old lady turned round to continue her way, when a young stranger appeared on the path, led by some of her little girl-friends. She hastened to welcome the new-comer. Indeed there was no need of finding expression for hospitable welcome. The old lady has lived all her life in the wide world's family in almost every clime and continent, and she loved to see them coming from anywhere, sure to hear of some mutual friend, of some new scheme of life, and always hoping to make more and more converts to her own ideals. Every time she saw a stranger she felt her immense family was growing.

"I come to you from Chicago," said the visitor. "Jane Adams sent me to you."

"And no name could sound better in my heart," replied the old lady friendly, "though indeed you need no pass-word here. We are glad to see comrades coming here whether they come to stay, or only as a temporary link between ourselves and their own folks wherever they may be living."

"Dear friend, my name is Helen Baldwin. Do you remember me?"

"My dear Helen!" The old face lightened sweetly. "My sweet child, of course I do. Did I not keep you

often enough on my lap and teach you Russian embroidery. A young full-fledged woman now," she said, and kissed her eyes and cheeks. "You give me a rare pleasure, darling! We must have a long, good time together and I will make a new friendship. There is more of you now," said the old lady, looking deep into the girl's beautiful eyes. Then she threw off this mood and resumed her ordinary busy self.

"Will you come to my house, dear, or, if not too tired, would you care to go on with me a little further? I have yet a business call to make?"

"The sooner I see how you all live and work here, the better I will be pleased," replied the American. "I have heard no end about your group at home."

"Let us go on then. I have to see a young jeweller, who settled here not long since. He is anxious to have orders, and I bring him very good news from town. I just returned thence this morning. Perhaps you may have heard we have a co-operative depôt there. A good deal of what we produce here is sold through this depôt and we get orders. We have quite a system of fitting-rooms, and interview-parlours. All sorts of connections with town are centred there. Well, I do not mind playing the message-boy for them sometimes," smiled the old lady. "But here we are!"

At the jeweller's quite a different style of living obtained. It was a whole nest, a regular human bee-hive. A good many young artisans and artists lived here, preferring to have their own rather free and easy ways. They did not bother as yet about flowers and properly dusted rooms full of books. The house seemed to belong to no special style of architecture, and presented rather a system of unpremeditated afterthoughts in the way of

extensions, little turrets, studios and balconies, overhanging a big lawn with a few shady trees, where the inmates evidently spent their leisure. A deal of noise came from these quarters, and a song was heard accompanied by some hammering. It would suddenly drop and suddenly commence again. The singer evidently forgot all about who might be listening to his cheerful voice. Coming nearer, the old lady saw just the man she wished to see. His bench was at the open window. Summer and winter he worked there, rarely closing his window. The hot metal-work protected him enough from cold. But he was not alone. At the outside of the window sat a very popular figure, a favourite lecturer, a man who knew many things from the ancient times. A hot discussion was going on at this moment and so interested were both that they never noticed the new-comer.

"Why! This explains everything!" the old lady heard the jeweller saying. His face was greatly excited. His eyes sparkled. "I always felt there must be a meaning to it. But you know how we are taught. Who will ever take the trouble to speak to us of symbols, of all these beautiful things you told me just now? Now I seem to have wings. But I will have to arrange everything differently in my head. Ah, yes—I will study, sure enough. And when I go to the library in our hall, I will try to get the book you spoke about. I feel ashamed of having worked all my life as an ignoramus, of having used words without knowing their meaning, in fact not suspecting they had a meaning. Folks wanted pretty jewellery, and I made it to order, that's all. But I felt it all the same when I did something really good. It was usually when I took my design

from an ancient piece. I need not pride myself much, because I only copied something I did not understand. Now I see it as plain as plain can be," he exclaimed excitedly, lifting one of his golden ornaments. "Of course this symbol is wrongly wrought! What a shame! It is just as if an artist would represent a man, drawing him upside down! You put me quite on a new track, friend!"

The old lady claimed his attention now. She went into his workshop and gave him various messages and orders, while the young girl remained at the open window. She heard their conversation on some Siberian stones and Frankfurt ones. She saw the two bending over little boxes of these stones and comparing them with American ones. She was astonished to hear more details about the points of the Mexican opals than she ever suspected they could have. At last the old lady hurried out giving the jeweller her last words: "And don't you disappoint the two sisters with their Greek necklets. They must have them for the Greek dances in a fortnight."

And taking Helen's arm she crossed the lawn.

From behind a group of trees now came dancing a joyous young band, mostly girls, dark and fair, and little Odarka was there too in all her Oukraina finery, flowers and innumerable ribbons and corals. The girls belonged to different nationalities, and you never saw such a striking completeness of types and ways. It was the richest bouquet of the prettiest of flowers that spoke of North and South, West and East, all united in love. It was good to see them, this living garland full of hope and joy! They fluttered like so many birds and just as suddenly settled under a large chestnut-tree

where a young artist made a centre among an eager group of boys. There must have been something very interesting going on. The old lady went closer, and at once became as interested as the youngest of the boys. The artist had on his knee a board and a few sheets of paper. The designs he made looked not at all modern. One would say it was some new art, unlimited by any laws of graphic arts as we know them to-day.

"What are you teaching these boys, friend?"

"They teach me as much as I do them," said the artist, smiling, and lifting his pink face to the old lady. "We think of the best way, the best line to express a mood or a fact of nature." And he showed her a number of loose sheets full of quaintest designs which reminded her of Hindū pictures of ancient times.

"I thought you drew symbols?"

"And so they are. Is not any true picture a symbol of the mood one wishes to express? The boys gave me excellent suggestions and I value them, because they are not yet spoiled by conventional ideas, by rules and dogmas of the modern school. I had to break through all this myself and sometimes am not yet quite sure that I have got rid of my academic ways. But I am beginning to find a new and truer way since I have learnt to consider this material world only as a reflection of the spiritual world."

The boys became impatient; they did not enjoy these conversations so much as the delightful process of imagining, creating, expressing themselves in lines.

"Look here, Jadensh, is not the line of a wave and a mountain the same? Look how it comes." And the crowd bent over the artist's knees and his loose sheets anew and the two ladies left them and went their own way.

Under another tree a very heterogeneous group was in animated conversation. A botanist, grey-haired and bent with age, a scholar for ever poring over books and MSS. and dried plants, and a tall, fair young girl in Swedish costume. She was a healer and herbalist. Another of the group was an astrologer, and among these, strikingly quaint, sat an old Russian peasant woman. She was also a healer in her own village, and the lore of the woods and meadows used to be an open book to her. She came with her daughter to live among these foreign folks for a little as a sacrifice to her daughter's whim; at first critical and keeping apart, gradually all the loving ways of these 'foreigners' won her over and she picked up English and loved to attend every meeting and was herself quite a pet of every one, young and old. The young mothers often brought her their babies when they had to go to town or to a meeting, and with these she needed not any more elaborate English than she already possessed. They met in love and understood each other perfectly. She was quite charmed to see all the simple herbs she knew so well spread out in the scholar's collection on big white sheets, in portfolios and under glass. At home, in Russia, gentry only made fun of her, and the doctors would not allow her to use them for the sick. Indeed she was many times prosecuted, and for what? She wished them well! But here, people were different. They were even interested in her lore about the various plants she recognised on the pictures and sheets. Once the old scholar got quite excited and put down on paper all she said! He pretended it was she who taught him a lesson! What a joke, to be sure, thought the old mother.

"Now, my dear," said the old lady, turning to her American guest, "come to my own nest, and let us have a cup of tea and rest a bit, before I take you to our communal evening meal and meeting. I feel as if I have done enough for the day, according to my strength."

The two turned into another shady path, avoiding this time all the settlements, and came down nearly to the edge of a little rivulet.

"This is my favourite path," said the old lady, and she stood still, taking a very long breath. She seemed to need the silence of the woods and the bitter strong aroma of the vegetation, and even the warbling sound of the water. "Come, I will show you something I like better than any famous picture in the galleries, or any sensations of mountain scenery in our big albums, reproduced from the best landscape painters." And she led her friend to a secluded spot. The trees, now in the radiance of autumn colouring, receded, leaving a charming little lake, or rather pond, with a mirror-like surface, in which the pretty, many-hued trees and bushes and the line of the sky were reflected. Not a stir, not a wave; only a sound of trickling drops of water came from somewhere, and made the silence more silent, more holy. Some of the pink and golden leaves dropped quietly, one by one, sailing through the air till they touched the mirror-like surface of the water and remained there. A wonderful mood reigned in this place and soon took hold of the two. They stood there arm in arm, plunged in thought. The light golden leaves dropped here and there in a dreamlike motion.

"Look, Helen, they seem living things, giving up their mortal shapes back to nature and, who knows, that

their souls, yes, the souls of each of these little yellow leaves, are not rejoicing now in their being liberated on higher spheres? Who knows that this mood of ours is not an unrealised communion of our own souls with these brothers and sisters, the barrier of the material body being broken in this really majestic, beautiful way? There is no death! I think I begin to feel how beautiful this release of the soul may be."

The girl touched her cheek lovingly and they continued their way, still by the edge of the brook. It was a pleasant, half-overgrown path, evidently not often used. But here was the straw-thatched roof of the house which the old lady made her own for the time being. A little porch with two low, broad benches, a shelf-table with a few tools on it and a basket with odds and ends, showed that the old lady used this porch as a balcony. It was turned to the West, and she loved to watch the sundown from this spot, doing her various handiwork.

They went in, left their bonnets and shawls in a little side-room, a quaint little place with a wash-stand, garden tools, baskets and a few distaffs and spinning wheels, and a large mirror in a carved frame representing old Russian mythological deities. Odarka heard her "little mother" coming, and made the tea in the studio. The latter was a beautiful, restful room with large windows above and dark wooden panels all round.

"I did not know you had a studio," said Helen. "I never heard you were an artist."

"If you call artist one who paints pictures, I am not an artist," smiled the old lady, "but my eyes love a comfortable light, as I work a great deal with my hands and use my eyes all the light hours of the day. And

who can be comfortable when the light shines right into the eyes on their level? No, I like the light coming from above. The sun shows the way, if we only study its purpose. Perhaps this is why I am still working without spectacles, old as I am. But here is the tea. Odarka, come and have tea with us."

"Little mother, I had tea already with the girls, and I must finish my to-day's work. Time is getting on. I must leave the loom in a decent way before we all go to the Hall, you know, little mother."

The 'studio' bore an impression of many years' work. A wide counter on one side of it was filled with simple cardboard maps of various specimens of the handicrafts of many lands. Laborious stages of revival of weavings, embroideries and laces, designs and patterns of garments, mostly oriental, with pictures also of eastern people wearing them in ancient and modern time, specimens of vegetable dyeing and various processes of hand-block printing on silks and cottons and linens. These portfolios evidently contained the accumulations of years and years of strenuous study and work, and attempts of all kinds filled large shelves under the counter. Two large glass cases on both sides of the counter contained a beautiful collection of antique garments, head-wear, silver ornaments, amber, crosses of many ancient shapes, belts, buttons with precious stones and embroideries. The young American had 'an eye' for antiques, her own country being so devoid of a past. "You must be proud of your collection," she said admiringly.

"No, my dear. It is not pride; my collection only reminds me how well folks worked when they loved their work, when work and love and life were one. It

answers all my difficulties. When in my modern mind I cannot find the right method, the right shape, the right colouring, I open my treasures, I meditate upon these, and always find a way, find help."

Tea was a welcome treat. The two fell into silence. The twilight mood was upon them, something like a gathering of all the many-coloured threads of the day's impressions and work into one light thread of experience. The old lady seemed absorbed and retrospective, the young one full of new thoughts and resolutions for the future.

"It is time we should go to our evening meeting," said the hostess at last, as if unwilling to come out of her reverie. "This, I am sure, will be something of a sensation for you, and I promise you, you will enjoy yourself."

They went through the little garden gate, finding their way through kitchen gardens by a short cut the old lady much preferred, on account of the nice, spicy odours the various herbs exhaled, then through the grove that divided the centre lawn from the bunch of settlements.

When they emerged from the grove a sight met their eyes which, even in the beginning of the twentieth century, might fill anyone with wonder, unacquainted with the recent, famous discovery of this fantastical substance which now they call *glass-iron*, and which revolutionised the art of architecture completely. There was the Hall or rather several Halls in a bunch, the joyful dream of an artist, a conception precipitated from higher spheres in a moment of adoration. It glowed in an even, subdued, opalescent light. Who could describe its shape? Since all the straight lines that limited the old architecture

had disappeared and seemed unnecessary, unnatural, in this new style of architecture inspired by this new substance, so easy to shape, fluid in its originating through the gate of fire, almost as fluid as the artist's thoughts and visions, and yet so firm and solid when completed! Its fluidity in some way suggested the lines of shells and flowers. The wonderful building they approached now resembled very much four huge shells turned down, spreading their outer edge to the four cardinal points. Out of their connected backs shot first a spiral tower decorated by translucent groups of shells and flowers. The whole radiant lovely building was poised lightly in the surrounding world of plants and flowers, now dark under the night's sky but making a living border of a lacy pattern where the feet of the building touched earth. It seemed a dream ready to disperse like vapour; it carried the mind to higher spheres, to higher conceptions of beauty.

The two went in with a feeling of expectancy and joy, and found themselves in a magic castle, the magic lent by the grand proportions and fantastic lines made possible by this wonderful glass-iron substance, so transparent and pearl-like, yet as strong as a rock. The hour of the evening meal was not yet, and no one but the officers on duty were there arranging the flowers on the tables already glistening with the freshness of the cloths and pretty service. Pottery was there only as an exception, as a contrast to the fantastic vases and jugs made of glass-iron. The articles evidently clung to the mediæval shapes of the Venetians, yet there was also a new note of the twentieth century suggestive of seeking new expression of loftier lines and carrying the mind to more ethereal ideals of beauty. Flowers

were in abundance. Almost more telling was the variegated, many-hued autumn foliage set up in huge bunches in pottery stands behind some of the seats and sofas.

Lights were not to be seen anywhere, but light flowed freely, reflected in the luminous walls. The newcomer sought the source of this glorious light and traced it up to the ceiling. In graceful bunches of lotus-flowers, among their many leaves, as if it all formed a reflected lake with these swimming leaves and flowers, light streamed generously. There was facility for colouring the light, and then the flowers and leaves were all in their natural shades, but as a rule the creamy-white light was preferred and considered more restful.

The proportions of the lofty hall made the number of seats as naught. There was no crowding, no monotony in the arrangement of seats, perfect freedom of space and many picturesque little nooks in the recesses of the waving line of the shell-like dado, attractive little bowers for three or four people; in some larger ones a table following the shape of the recess, for ten or more, seemed to await a joyous band of friends, always meeting there at this hour and having their own individual details in the setting of the table.

The ventilation seemed perfect. The windows had nothing to remind one of the clumsy, stiff lines of a former style of architecture. By a clever device a part of the wall opened and a network of interlaced leaves and flowers remained, and, fluttering in the evening breeze, served as a pretty fan. If necessary, this network could be pushed asunder and a large oval left open.

The officers on duty all wore pretty overalls to protect the evening dress, because none of them would

like to miss the evening lecture and social. The washing up part of the work, which comes after a meal on the tired hands, that once gave so much bitter feeling, was dealt with in a simple way. The large scullery had big tanks with running water. All the dishes after the meal were put in there and left for the night. In the morning, during the work-hours, those whose duty it was, came and cleaned hall, kitchen and dishes in a thorough and composed way, without any hurry or bitter feeling of having missed one of the most interesting hours of communal life.

As they had still some time left and the old lady had to see some of the staff, they went into the kitchen. To the great amazement of the new-comer the kitchen was as large and as splendid in its appointments as the dining hall. When she took in all the features of this little kingdom so full of movement, and the young smiling faces of the officers on duty, and the huge groups of fruit and vegetables, she thought she never knew there was so much beauty, colour and exquisiteness of shape in what, up to this time, was referred to by her only as food, and kept rather out of sight. She noticed a recess, evidently fitted up specially for fruit and vegetables, with movable shelves. Huge pumpkins, melons, long cucumbers and small, juicy, vivid-green Russian ones, the English rich-red tomatoes, and apples and pears from nearly all parts of the globe, were on the broad lower shelves. Over them the democratic pretty carrots and turnips. Large bunches of poppy heads and red pepper pods were among them, as if to bring an artistic note of bizarre lines and colouring into the sober prose of the carrots and turnips. Higher still were all sorts of things, ripe and ripening. On the large counter beneath,

and under it, were numerous baskets of nuts and chest-nuts, herbs and salads, beans and celery; the air was full of sweet and spicy flavours.

A pretty girl sat near this wealth of colour, herself like a ripe hazel-nut, shelling beans for to-morrow.

She greeted the new-comer.

"You do not mind this work?" said the latter.

"Mind? I love it," quickly replied the girl. "Look at these darlings. They lie in the pod, like a precious jewel, in this pretty delicate wadding provided by the mother plant. Besides I do not shell beans all the time. We have a variety of things to do and go from one thing to another steadily. We not only serve, but we learn. It is our academy, and this is our dear professor. Look at him now. We all love him and are glad when our turn comes. The colonists are so many now that there may be a whole month before my turn comes again."

The new-comer turned to see the professor. Sure enough! He seemed a lovable old body. He stood in the centre of the kitchen behind a half-circular counter like a real magician. He directed the whole operation from this spot. The assistants, circulating from every part of the kitchen and receiving instructions went on, giving place to others.

A pretty young girl with her head covered fantastically with a turban brought a sauce-pan and seemed very intent upon its contents. "Look, daddy; here is this sauce of yours which you said was going to put a cachet of perfection on the whole meal to-night! I do not care a straw about anything else. But this must be a real success. Taste it please, daddy, I am rather anxious," and she watched him enquiringly while the

old gentleman daintily put it to the test, and the young American was trying her best not to laugh—they seemed so grave over it.

“My dear,” said he, “it may have done for a time before you and I came upon the scene, when people boiled and overboiled in lots of water any vegetable, without any respect or understanding of their individual characteristic, and in order to be able to swallow the vile stuff covered it with gravy and impossible strong hot sauces made in factories. In those times of course anything would do, people would not notice. But now! Ah, well! I know what is wanted.” He turned to his innumerable little drawers, all carefully labelled, took out something of one and another, opened a third, and then putting the whole collection of ingredients into the sauce-pan, suggested: “Put the sauce-pan on the chafing round No. 4, let it simmer. *Please* do not boil it. Those are very subtle flavours and will not bear coarse handling. After twenty minutes’ simmering put it all through a sieve, and you will have something to your credit, dear! It will be excellent.” And he kissed his fingers to the girl, who already was on her way to the stoves.

“Yes, dear,” he said to another, “never put the fruit on the plates without its natural surrounding, a few pretty leaves. Thank goodness, we are not in winter yet. Plenty in the division B. Select what you like and the less uniform your fruit plates are, the better. Why, in their native land, who ever serves an orange without its twig and leaves!”

A young man was waiting his turn, complaining he could not get flavour-extracts for his pudding-sauce.

“I see, you are new here,” said the old gentleman, “so I will tell you. The Colonists have decided to avoid

as much as they possibly can, any imitations. Why?” he flared up. “We want the real thing, no caricature of it. No coal-tar productions here! We have nearly lost our taste with all this factory stuff, and began to swallow all as tamely as . . . Well, here you are, there are some pods of real vanilla, right from Mexico. What can be better? Use this and you will never wish to use anything else out of these factory bottles which we banished from here, I hope for ever.”

The gong sounded and the little trolleys with soup tureens rolled out of the kitchen to the openings where the assistants received them and carried them to the tables.

The dining hall filled rapidly through the many entrances from the lawn, where the people usually strolled about, meeting comrades and exchanging news. It was a pretty sight that met the eyes of the young American guest. A feeling of festivity and contentment reigned among all those who entered the prettily lighted hall, and those who yet came through the lawn and lighted paths in picturesque groups. Yes, the scene was truly picturesque and the former ridiculous dark attire of man seemed discarded. People followed their own inspirations, and their garments were more human than fashionable. Being a summer night, a great many wore natural creamy-white Chinese silk. A few had their respective traditional garb, a few kilts and Hindū flowing robes were among them too, and a few experiments, not always happily expressed, yet suggestive of an artistic feeling and an idea of freedom of movement. Some wore the various cloths woven in the colony, and some evidently studied the colour of their own aura, helped by the researches of the old astrologer. Some of

those who worked in town held yet to the starched shirts, but indeed there were few of these survivals, swept away as they were by the easier and prettier garments. Women? They had an easier time of it, and they took to these pretty, original garments like ducks to water. It needed only some common-sense, some understanding of the true relation of man to animals, and all this nightmare of feathers and plumes, shells and furs disappeared like a cloud in a sunny day.

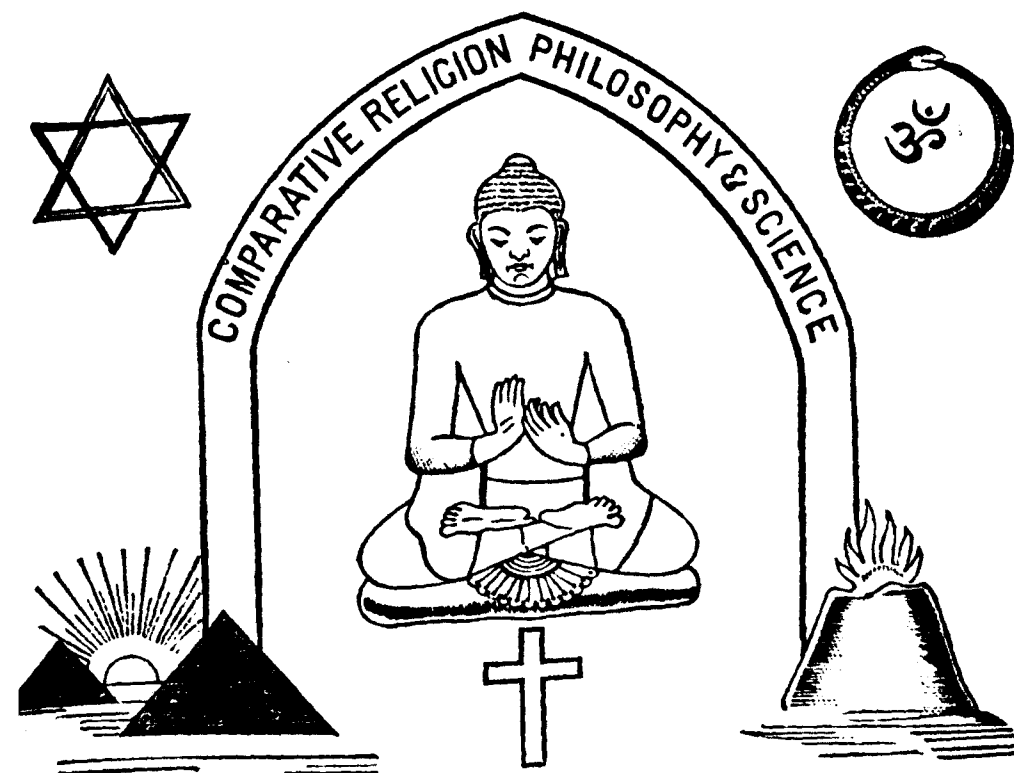
Later in the evening, the two friends entered the lecture hall. A different mood seemed to reign here and the noise of the talking and laughing seemed to be hushed from the very atmosphere of it. One could feel that this place was beloved and cherished in a different way and people turned quite a different side of their being to it. It was associated with many bright and beloved names of teachers and comrades, and the hearts of the audience often beat in unison under the influence of some inspired speech, some winged thought, which came soaring from the platform.

The Hall was filling rapidly. Someone lowered the light, so as to make it pleasant and restful. The platform alone was brightly lighted. The strains of music were heard from an upper gallery. Tender, soft chords shed their harmony on the crowd from above, as a blessing and a gift to all. And having done this the music softly melted into silence.

A well-known voice came from the platform:

I will establish in every city, inland and seaboard,
And in the fields and woods and above every keel,
little or large, that dents the water
Without edifices or rules or trustees or any argument,
The institution of the dear love of comrades.

A. L. Pogosky



HYMN TO PRAKRṬI

From the Prapañchasāra Tantra¹

By ARTHUR AVALON

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Hymns to the Goddess, etc.

THE following fine hymn is translated from the *Prapañchasāra* (Essence or Account of the extended elemental Universe), a celebrated Tāntrik work attributed by Indian tradition to Bhagavān Śaṅkarāchārya, author of the *Śārīraka Bhāṣya* who is believed to have been an incarnation of Shiva Himself. And so the author of the *Prapañchasāravivaraṇa* states

¹ The Samakṛt text of which will shortly be published with a summary in English in the third volume of my *Tāntrik Texts*.

that Shiva is the author of this work through his incarnation (Avaṭāra), the philosopher Śaṅkara. The *Prapañchasāra* is a discourse by Nārāyaṇa (here the Mahāviṣṇu or Paramashiva) in reply to a question of Brahmā as to the origin of Himself and the world; and after a discussion of this and other general subjects passes to that of ritual in the description of which this Hymn with others is to be found (10th Chapter v. 49 *et seq.*) The *Mahāsiddhasāra Tantra* includes a Tantra called *Prapañchasāra* amongst the group of sixty-four which are assigned to what is called Rathakrāntā or region extending from the Vindhya Mountains to Mahāchīna but whether this is the same work I cannot say. I have been informed, though I have not seen any such manuscript, that there was an ancient Tantra called *Prapañchapañchaka* and it has been suggested that the text from which this Hymn is taken is a summary of that work. At present, however, this is mere conjecture and against it there is, amongst other things, the fact that the work describes itself as a Tantra; that is, to use the term in its proper sense, an original Scripture. For Nārāyaṇa says at v. 62 of Chapter 33. "Oh Lotus-born, in this Tantra (Tantra'smin) I have shown Thee the Prapañcha in its fivefold aspect." The text is one in any case of high authority in Tāntrik literature. It has been the subject of several commentaries such as the *Prapañchasāravivarāṇa*, the *Prapañchasārasambhaṇḍa-dīpikā*, and the *Prapañchasārasārasaṅgraha*. It is constantly cited as an authority in other Tāntrik works notably by Rāghava Bhaṭṭa, one of the greatest of Tāntrik commentators, the author of the commentary on the celebrated Tāntrik compendium formerly so current in Bengal—the *Shāradatīlaka*.

As will be later seen, this Hymn like others of its type contains a large number of technical terms and scriptural allusions. These will be found explained in the English Introduction to the Tāntrik Text from which it is an extract. The purpose of this article is merely to give the English reader a general idea of the style of this work on its higher devotional side. Touching this particular Hymn it is sufficient to point out here that in conformity with the principles of Hindū worship, as enunciated by the great Śaṅkara, when we contemplate the World-flower we are led back in thought to its seed and then again shown its state of blossoming. Therefore the Hymn commences with Pradhāna (Pra+dhā+ana) or "That which contains all things in itself"; the source and receptacle of all matter and form. In another aspect this Pradhāna is known as Prakṛti (Pra+krṣi) or "That by which all actions, namely, creation (Sṛṣṭi), maintenance (Sṭhiti), and dissolution (Laya), are achieved". We can ourselves know nothing of the nature of this action beyond what appears to us in its effects. For it is Apraṭarkya, that is beyond all human conception and discussion. It is known only to the dual "male-female" Puruṣha-Prakṛti aspect of the Supreme Unity in action. We are ourselves but its effects or transformation (Vikṛti) and limited manifestations of the immanent and yet transcendent cause.

Revealed Scripture tells us of certain creational states known in the Tantra as Vinḍu, Nāḍa, Vīja, or conditions of the One in the manifestation of Śakti and Shiva. In relation to the Prapañcha they appear as the threefold functions which are Brahmā (Aja), Viṣṇu (Adhokṣhaja: Spouse of Shri); Nārāyaṇa ("Enemy of Kaiṭabha"); Rudra (Triṣhana; Bhava; "The enemy

of Tripura"; Spouse of the Daughter of the King of mountains) to whom the Great Mother Māyā is still a mystery as She is to ourselves. Verse 18 refers to Shakti and Shānta. In the science of Mantra these form part of the Vija or seed-mantra and are states of the Brahman which in its various aspects the Mantra is. When referable to the Sādhaka (worshipper) Shakti is that all-pervading, all-embracing energy which appears in the Sādhaka of the Mantra in the stage leading to and immediately preceding Shānta. Here all his wishes are realised without will or effort; for he is himself that by which they are done. Shānta is a Rasa (or "sentiment," to use a common but inappropriate term) which implies that state in which there is neither happiness nor unhappiness, attachment or desire. The Shānta here spoken of is the subtle essence (tanmātra) of that. This state appears in the Moksha (liberation) stage when the supreme Ātmā is realised. Many principles and elements (Tattva) have gone to our making and that of the world wherein we live. From the Supreme Tattvas (Paratattva) of Puruṣha-Shiva and Prakṛti-Shakti have evolved the well-known Vikṛtis of Buddhi, Ahaṅkāra and so forth; ending with the gross elements (Mahābhūta), the combinations of which make up our physical world. Mahatṭva in v. 4, is that state of transformation (Vikṛti) of Mūlaprakṛti which when individualised is called Buddhi; and the Ahaṅkāra in the same verse is distinguishable from that mentioned in v. 6 in that the former is this Tattva before its division into the Taijjasa, Vaikārika and Bhautika Ahaṅkāras. The Hymn celebrates all these and Her dual aspect as the various Deities and the world of things which She is and of which She as Māyā is the great Mother, and the

Antarātmā (v. 7) or indwelling Spirit in all. For they are all Hers and Her. It is through Her workings that the One Light appears to be broken into countless rays by the prism of our waking (Jāgrat) consciousness. But as the Hymn says: how can we know Her as She is—the own-form or Svarūpa as the Hindūs call it? Owing to the inherent nature of our conditioned consciousness we can only (v. 3) know and worship the Mother in Her gross form as Our Ruling Lady (Maheshī). And what is this worship? The Hymn tells us in accordance with the principles of a well-known Tāntrik precept: "May all we do be homage to Thee"; that is: all bodily action should according to a fundamental principle of the Tantra be first offered to Her and thus divinised. In the same way the Hymn to Viṣṇu in the 21st Chapter of the same work contains the fine line "Devesha karma sarvvang me bhaved ārāḍhanam tava" ("Oh Lord of Devas, all my actions should be worship of Thee"). The Mantra given in Chapter 6, vv. 171-181 of the Mahānirvāṇa Tantra, explains in greater detail what these are. Worship in fact is according to the Tantra the conscious and right orientation of ourselves and every one of our activities of which set hymn and prayer are but one of many forms of true self-expression.

HYMN TO PRAKṚTI

- 1 Be gracious to me, Oh Pradhānā
Who art Prakṛti in the form of the elemental world,
Life of all that lives.
With folded hands I make obeisance to Thee Our Lady
Whose very nature and will it is to do
That which we cannot understand.

- 2 A hymn is composed of sentences
And these of words with their terminations ;
Words again consist of letters
And Thou Thyself, Oh Supreme Queen, art the letter.
Thus art Thou both the Hymn and those who hymn Thee.
- 3 Even Aja, Adhokṣhaja and Trikṣhaṇa
Know not Thy Supreme form which is Māyā,
But pray to Thee in Thy gross form as Ruler.
Therefore so must I pray to Thee.
- 4 Salutation to Thee our Lady supreme over all
Who art Vindu ;
Obeisance to Thee the Paraṭattva,
Who art Pradhāna and Mahattva
Salutation to Thee who art in the form of Ahankāra.
- 5 Obeisance to Thee in the form of sound and ether,
Salutation to Thee in the form of touch and air,
Obeisance to Thee in the form of sight and fire,
Salutation to Thee in the form (of taste and) water,
Obeisance to Thee in the form of earth with its quality of
smell.
- 6 Salutation to Thee in the form of the ear, skin, eyes,
tongue, and nose,
And in the form of mouth, arms, legs, organs of excretion
and generation ;
Salutation to Thee as Buddhi, Ahankāra and Chitta ;
Obeisance to Thee who art in the form of the whole
Universe,
Who pervadest all
And yet art formless.
- 7 Thou art the Anṭarātmā,
Who by the sun upholdest all living creatures
And who by the moon ever nourishes them.
Again assuming the appearance of fire, the carrier of obla-
tions, Thou burnest.
Oh Mahādevi verily do these three lights and fires issue
from Thee.
- 8 Assuming the form of Brahmā with active quality
The four-headed one seated on a shining white swan
Thou dost create the world
Of which Thou becomest the Mother.
Who is there indeed, Oh Supreme Ruler,
Who can imagine Thy supreme state ?

- 9 Adorned with crown,
Resplendent with conch and discus,
As Nārāyaṇa with quality of manifestation,
Thou dost maintain the world ;
For He also is part of Thee.
- 10 Again in the form of the three-eyed Rudra
Carrying axe and a rosary
On whose matted hair are moon, serpent, and Ganges,
He with the quality which veils,
Thou dost at the end of the Kalpa destroy the whole
universe
And then alone shinest.
- 11 Thou, Oh Supreme Lady, art Sarasvatī
The presiding Goddess of speech
Clad in white raiment,
Holding a rosary of Rudrākṣha beads, a pen, and a jar of
nectar.
Thou makest the Chintā gesture.
Thou art the Three-Eyed One
Bearing upon Thy matted hair
The shining crescent moon.
- 12 Thou art, Oh Queen, the uncreated changeless One,
Thou art Durgā
With shining conch and discus,
Formidable with whirling sword ;
She who with high and glittering crown
Is borne upon a roaring lion.
The crowd of Dāityas Thou dost destroy,
But Siddhas worship Thee.
- 13 Truly, Oh supreme Ruler, Thou art The (one) Mother
Who art the half of the body of the enemy of Tripura,
Shining forth as the spouse of Bhava,
And again as Daughter of the King of mountains,
Oh good and supreme Queen,
Great Yogins salute Thee.
- 14 Great Goddess, I know Thee to be Shri,
The only Mistress of all peoples
Dear to the world ;
She who lives in the sky-blue breast of the enemy of
Kaiṭabha,
Beauteous with the glittering splendour of the Kaustubha
gem.

- 15 Oh great Goddess and all-pervading One,
The seven shining Mothers
Are parts and forms of Thee ;
They who bear the signs, implements, and weapons
Of Aja, Adri, Guha, Abjāksha,
Potri, Indraka, and Mahabhairava.
- 16 Thy lustre is that of a thousand rising suns
In the endless spaces of the Universe.
Upon Thy head is the crescent moon.
Thou holdest the noose and goad
And makest the gestures of granting blessing and of
dispelling fear.
- 17 Thou, Oh Ruler, art light, fame and beauty,
Day, evening, and night,
Action, hope, darkness and hunger,
Intelligence, memory, patience,
Speech, mind and knowledge,
Beauty and splendour,
And all other powers.
- 18 Oh Destructress of ills,
Thou who art
Vindu and Nāda ;
Shakti and Shānta
Thou art in the form of the seven
Regions, nether worlds, mountains and oceans,
Stars, islands, substances, and tones.
- 19 Salutation to Thee, Oh great Queen,
Who art all
And in the form of all,
Who art the power in all things,
Who dost assume forms both gross and subtle.
Thou art spoken of as memory and knowledge
And as the want thereof.
- 20 Let all our thoughts be ever of Thee,
Oh our Great Lady ;
May all our speech be of, and all our hymn to Thee,
May all we do be homage to Thee.
Be ever gracious to and pardon me.

Arthur Avalon

BUDDHISM IN THE NORTH AND EAST

By HERBERT BAYNES

Author of *The Way of Buddha, The Ideals of the East, The Evolution of Religious Thought in Modern India, etc.*

IN a volume contributed to the series known as the WISDOM OF THE EAST, I strove to trace the ontological and ethical aspects of Buddhism. It will now be my endeavour to point out the way, not as taught by the founder himself, but as distorted by his followers in Tibet and in the Far East.

Considered as a system of morality the goal of the *Dharma-Chakra* is *Nirvāṇam*, the blowing or going out from the heart of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. But the *Mahā Yāna* or Northern School of Buddha thought was not content with this. It wanted not only a Wheel of the Law but a Wheel of Life. The end of the Path was no longer a state to be reached here and now, but a far place to which the pilgrim would attain only after much wearisome transmigration.

According to Tibetan and Mongolian Cosmology the *Chakra-Vala* or Wheel of Life has for its six spokes 31 *Sattva-lōkas*, i. e., abodes of six classes of beings rising one above the other and distributed under systems built up in successive tiers below, upon and above *Sumeru*, the great World-Hill and centre of all. Under

three heads we find arranged all possible places of habitation for migrating beings, and of the forms of existence under which everything that has life must be classed two are good and four bad. The three heads consist of *Naraka*, Hell; four *Kāma-lokas*, worlds of desire; and twenty-six *Deva-lokas*, dwelling-places of the gods, divided into six heavens of beings subject to sensuous desires, sixteen *Rūpa-lokas* or heavens of beings who have acquired true forms, and four *Arūpa-lokas*, heavens of formless entities. The six forms of being representing the spokes of the wheel are: gods, men, demons, animals, ghosts and those undergoing torment in the hells.

In order to appreciate the meaning of the *Arūpa-lokas*, the mystical regions of abstract thought, we must call to mind those higher progressive stages of meditation through which the Buddha is said to have gone at the moment of *Pari-Nirvāṇam*. In the *Mahā-parinibbāna-Sutta* (Chāṇ vi), we read:

"Then the Adorable entered the first stage of meditation; on leaving the first he passed into the second; rising out of the second he entered the third; leaving the third he entered the fourth; rising out of the fourth stage he arrived at the conception of the infinity of space; leaving this conception he attained that of the infinity of intelligence; going beyond this he reached the conception of absolute nonentity; rising out of this idea he entered the region where there is neither consciousness nor unconsciousness; and rising out of that region he passed into the state in which all sensation and perception of ideas had wholly ceased."

By the practice of *Samādhi*, the six *Abhijñas* or transcendent faculties were supposed to be won, and

there arose at last in Nepāl and Tibet the mystical doctrine of the *Dhyani-Buddhas*, those abstract essences, the ethereal and eternal types of the fleeting earthly Buddhas who were held to exist in these four formless worlds of thought.

A.—CHATVĀRO 'RUPĀVACHARĀ DEVĀH

Arūpa Lokas

Heavens of formless Entities

1. Nāiva-Sañjñānā-Sañjñāyatanā Dēvāh.—Beings who abide in neither consciousness nor unconsciousness.
2. Ākiñchanyāyatanā Dēvāh.—Those who can conceive the idea of absolute nothingness.
3. Vijñānāntyāyatanā Dēvāh.—Such as are capable of the conception of infinite intelligence.
4. Ākāsānāntyāyatanā Dēvāh.—Those who rejoice in the concept of infinite space.

Then follow the heavens of real forms:

B.—ASHTĀDASA RUPĀVACHARĀ DEVĀH

Rūpa Lokas

Heavens of beings having true forms

5. Akanishtā Dēvāh.—Highest of all beings.
6. Sudarsinō Dēvāh.—Beings lovely to behold.
7. Sudarsa Dēvāh.—Such as see clearly.
8. Atapā Dēvāh.—Those who never endure pain.
9. Avṛhā Dēvāh.—Beings who make no efforts.
10. Asañjñi-sattva Dēvāh.—Such as are lost in unconsciousness.
11. Vṛhat-Phalā Dēvāh.—Those enjoying great reward.

In these seven heavens dwell the emancipated Arhats, who have freed themselves from Samsāra by rising to the fourth or highest grade of Dhyāna. This stage implies freedom from *Nishklesa*, from *Upadana* and from *Karma*. The Arhat is, in fact, the Jīvan-mukta, the soul that lives in liberty, that has entered Nirvāṇam and obtained the Abhiñās, namely: the inner eye, the inner ear, knowledge of all thoughts, recollection of former existences and power over matter.

12. Subha-Kṛtsnā Dēvāh.—Beings of absolute purity.

13. Apramāṇa-Subhā Dēvāh.—Those of unlimited purity.

14. Paritta-Subhā Dēvāh.—Such as are of limited purity.

The third Dhyāna means freedom from the first five fetters and re-birth in a Brahmā heaven. Here we find those who are distinguished for purity, the three tiers representing three grades of this virtue.

15. Ābhāsvarā Dēvāh.—Souls of the clearest light.

16. Apramāṇābhā Dēvāh.—Beings of infinite light.

17. Parittābhā Dēvāh.—Such as are of limited enlightenment.

The man who has risen to the Second *Dhyāna* is one who has nearly become free from the first five fetters, but is still liable to one more birth on the earth. He is the Sakṛd-āghāmī, whilst the man who has reached the third stage of meditation has become An-āghāmī. Of these three heavens the great characteristic is Light, not so much of the sun as rather of the mind, so that we have different heights of intelligence.

18. Mahā-Brahmā Dēvāh.—The great Brahmā Gods.

19. Brahma-purōhitā Dēvāh.—Those who are ministers of Brahma.

20. Brahma-parisajjā Dēvāh.—Such as constitute the retinue of Brahma.

These three constitute the lowest of the four groups of worlds of Real Form, wherein all sexual distinctions are obliterated. This group is the home of the Brahmas. To one of these heavens, according to the extent of his practice, the Buddhist of the first *Dhyāna* ascends. Any man who has "entered the stream" by freeing himself from the delusion of self, from doubts about the Buddha's teaching and from dependence on external rites cannot be born again in any region lower than these Brahmā worlds.

Then follow the *Deva-lokas*, the abode of beings subject to sensuous desires. These heavens rise in the sky above Mount *Meru*; the Gods here dwelling, being a light unto themselves, have need neither of the sun nor of the moon. But these spheres are all worlds of sense and the inhabitants of both sexes lead active lives. The first of these is ruled by *Mahā-Mara*, the lord of Desire, who is chief in the sense-spheres, above even *Indra* himself. The region of the Tushitas is held to be specially sacred, as it is the home of the *Bodhi-Sattvas* who will in due course become *Buddhas*. It was there that *Gautama* himself once dwelt and it is the loka of which *Maitreya* is now president.

Last of all come the worlds of men, animals, ghosts and demons.

This is surely enough to show us that the human soul can never work out its own Nirvāṇam. Shall we not listen to that voice of unearthly sweetness: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world!"

Herbert Baynes

VAHADAT-I-MUTLAQA OR ONE THE ABSOLUTE

In the Name of God the Compassionate and Merciful

[Rendered into English from an Arabic MSS. of the great teacher Shaik Mohyoddin Iban Arabi by "Mazharulla Haidaori".]

PRAISE belongs to God behind and beyond whose unity there is not aught but He alone, who is not confined to above or below, to right or left, to whom proximity and distance are meaningless, who is neither location nor limitation, nor time nor change.

God is as He was. He is thus *per se* one and whole. He is both name and substance. His name is not other than He, nor His substance other than He. He is therefore first without being first, last without being last, outer without being outer, inner without being inner. Viewed thus in the aspect of eternity His names *Awwal* (the First) *Akhir* (the Last) *Zahir* (the Outer) and *Batin* (the Inner) fail to facilitate a true comprehension of His greatness and glory.

Nor is penetration, it must be borne in mind, an attribute of His, since He never penetrates into a thing or a thing into Him. One should know God in this wise and not strive to grasp Him by means of intellect lest one might, through a belief in noumenon, be lost in association.

Enveloped and veiled as He is by unity which is one existence past conception, no one beholds Him besides Himself, no one knows Him besides Himself, no one comprehends Him besides Himself. No messenger, prophet or master, or the closest angel is capable of knowing Him. He Himself is His messenger, prophet. He Himself is His message, His word. He Himself sent His nature as prophet to His nature as people without any cause or intermediary that is other than Him. There is thus no difference between a prophet, the message and the people to whom it is sent.

"He who knows his Self knows his Lord," said our Prophet (on whom be peace). This indicates that one's existence is no existence apart from God's, that God exists without him, that God has not penetrated into him or he into God, that God is not without him and he without God. In other words, one never existed at all, nor will exist in future, nor exists by his nature with, in, or by, divine nature, nor is subject to *Fana*, nor is he the very Self of God, nor is God the very self of him. Such a knowing of Self alone is a certain path to the realisation of God the Lord, other paths leading but to association.

But some masters maintain that divine unveiling is to be acquired by *Fana* of existence and *Fana* of *Fana*. Herein they wrong themselves. Things that have no existence of their own have no *Fana*, for *Fana* must presuppose existence. The Prophet did not say: "He who effaces self knows his Lord," because one's personal being is neither existent nor non-existent for one is even now as non-existent as he was before his birth; besides, the notion that *Fana* is the fundamental basis for unveiling implies the existence of other than God which

is rank association. Further, a thing said to exist by itself or even in divine nature, is supposed to be *Fana* in its *Fana*. This leads from one association to another. Rotation of *Fana* results. Those who therefore behold a thing as with, by, or in, God and who uphold a thing as coexistent with God or even in divine nature or as non-eternal by its existence or *Fana*—such never smell the odour of unveiling and are remote from the ultimate knowledge of a Being that is all-existent, without a second.

God and what is said to be other than God, *Nafs* and other than *Nafs*, Self-existence and things extant are one and the same. The Prophet explained *Nafs* to mean existence and did not qualify by *Lavvama* (conscious), *Ammara* (evil), *Muthamainna* (comforted), or *Mulhimma* (inspired). Once he prayed of God: "Unveil to me the things or other than *Nafs* in order that I may perceive and know things as Thy very self or other than Thee, and whether they are perishable or eternal." God granted his prayer. He exhibited to him His *Nafs*. The Prophet beheld things as they are or saw things as the very God in endless spontaneity.

The divine *Nafs* includes then what is other than *Nafs*. In other words the existence of *Nafs* is the existence of things. To know things is to know *Nafs*. To know *Nafs* is to know God. What one fancies to be other than God is not so in truth. One sees God, still, he is not aware of his doing so. His ignorance ceases to obscure his understanding when he actualises what is said. He exists for ever heedless of time. In time he lives in eternity. All divine attributes become his, God's outer, his outer, God's inner, his inner, God's *Awwal*, his *Awwal*, God's *Akhir*, his *Akhir*. In

short he beholds his nature as God's without his becoming God's and God's, his. Beside him there is not aught so that one may remain unto eternity and the other perish. Henceforth wherever he turns there is naught, to his wonder, but divine nature which all the while continued and continues to exist as it was, pure, changeless, unaffected, unaltered and devoid of penetration by the existence of things extant and their doings. No nature, no existence there is beside God's. This the Prophet indicated in: "Treat not the Universe with contempt for it is God." Again in the Table Talk, God says: "Servant, I was ill, you did not ask after My health nor give Me alms when I begged of you." The existence of the sick, it is clear, is the very existence of God: and the existence of the asker, it is clear, is the very existence of God. When the sick man's and asker's existence is divine it follows that anyone's existence is God's and the existence of all things extant, therefore, be it property or accident, is the very existence of God. God is patent by unity and latent by oneness. In him who dies before death God is actualised to perfection. The Prophet said: "Die before death," meaning: "Know Self before death." Further God revealed: "My servant always nears Me by supererogatory prayers"—to such an extent that He holds him as His friend. He becomes the hearing, the sight, the tongue, the hands of the servant. In the light of what has been said the import of "La ilaha illahu," and the signification of "other than God" will be clearly revealed. Between non-eternal and eternal there is no difference. Non-eternal is the outer phase and eternal, the inner. Still the outer is the very inner, and the inner, the very outer.

All is one and one is all. Union and separation, since they imply duality, have no meaning. Similarly proximity and distance. Their usage is owing to the want of knowledge of self. One is in truth neither near nor far from God. Self and God, though one, appear to be distinct till the light of unveiling discloses to one the ultimate truth that self knows God or in other words, God knows God since self is God. But it is said that one continues to remain self only and not God, till the *Fana* of self is effected. This is far from truth. Self as other existence besides God's is assumed, and with the assumption the sin of association is sinned. God has not lost anything nor self become *Fana* in God nor has there been any inclusion or exclusion between the two nor has the nature of God penetrated into self. When one realises that self is God, he also knows God by God and not by self, for self is not a thing to constitute a medium by which to know other things.

But some masters state that they have known their 'selves' and thereby their God; that they have been freed from existence, the field of forgetfulness; and that divine attainment is secured by *Fana* and *Fana of Fana*. Their statements lack understanding and wisdom. They presume that they are effacing association by negation of existence through the instrumentality sometimes of *Fana* and sometimes of *Fana of Fana*. All these are naught but associations pure and simple. He who establishes a thing beside God and afterwards insists on its *Fana of Fana*, upholds it as other than God. And other than God is but association.

Something like this is often urged: "Knowing of self is knowing of God. And the knower of self is other than God. How can other than God know God? And

further if he cannot know God, how will he attain Him? To this the answer: He who knows self knows that his existence is not by his, or other than his existence but it is the very existence of God without his existence being God's and without his existence being with or in God's. Further he beholds to perfection what constitutes his existence to be as it was before he took his being, without *Fana* and *Fana of Fana*; *Fana*, as already stated, proves a thing and the thing's proof is not *per se* in such a way that its existence is independent of God. It is thus clear that a master's knowing Self is God's knowing Self since a master's Self is not aught but God. His existence is divine both in the inner and the outer, his word, God's word, his act, God's act.

A master may say: "I am God." Here the speaker is God and not the servant. If the hearer is incapable of comprehending him, he should not turn away from him, or perhaps the hearer has not attained that station which the speaker has acquired, otherwise he would readily understand him, say what he said, and behold what he sees. The existence of things is the very existence of God. From this it may be inferred that God is in the created alone but some masters have stated that God is in other than created as well. This sublime saying of theirs is the result of perfect unveiling.

"Sight perceives Him not, but He perceives men's sights." This revelation may appear contradictory to "Everything is God." Really it is not so. No one indeed perceives God. If it were proper that in existence there was His other, His other would perceive Him, though His other there is not by this very verse beside Himself. He Himself perceives Himself. There is thus no other beside Him. Sight does not

perceive Him and there is no sight but His existence. God no doubt said "Sight, etc.," for the sight is non-eternal and what is non-eternal cannot know what is eternal.

Different stations possess different qualities. One beholds naught but God; another anything but God. What is in the vessel will out. He who cannot see, will not see, will not know and will not understand. He who can see will see, will know and will understand. Those restless to realise what is said will do well by serving a perfect master by the light of whose instructions they will secure the straight path and journey on aided by mercy, if God will.

I now close this discourse addressed to such as those of clear sight and of settled purpose to know self and not to such as those who say, "dung is dung," and "corpse is corpse," and argue therefrom that either of them is God, woefully ignorant of the sublime truth that God is free from any of these or other things. And so mercy and peace be to Muhammad the first and foremost of the created, to his kith and kin and to his companions, and As-Salam, Peace to one and all.

ANCIENT JEWISH PROVERBS

By THE REV. A. COHEN

MOST nations of the world have a metal coinage—of gold, silver, and copper; yet coins differ with different peoples. The material is the same, but the design stamped upon it varies. It is similarly the case with national proverbs. The material out of which proverbs are coined is the experiences of humanity. The best definition of a proverb is that of Cervantes, who described it as "a short sentence founded on long experience". But human nature and experience are very much alike the world over. Oriental and occidental, ancient and modern, are all members of one family, influenced by the same elemental forces, and animated fundamentally by like passions, however distinct from each other they may outwardly appear.

It follows, therefore, that since all nations have proverbs in current use, and the material out of which these proverbs are formed is practically the same for all, there will be a similarity in the popular sayings of different ages and climes. A true proverb is applicable at all times and to all places. And this we actually find. Yet each nation has its own distinctive proverbs and its own peculiar method of giving expression to its experiences. Hence by studying the proverbs of a country, we can learn a great deal about the inner life and thought of its inhabitants. For instance, if the objects used as illustrations in a people's sayings are largely drawn from nature, we may conclude that we are dealing with an agricultural community. If the proverbs reflect a high moral standard, we may regard

this fact as an indication of a lofty ethical outlook on the part of the nation.

The present writer had the privilege of contributing a volume on *Ancient Jewish Proverbs* to the "WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES," in which was given a collection of three hundred and fifty classified proverbs. They represent the sayings used by the Jewish People in Palestine about the time of their final subjection by Rome in A.D. 135, and before their dispersion. What first strikes the reader of these proverbs is the absence of the coarseness of speech which is so conspicuous in the proverbs of most oriental peoples. One derives a sense of refinement from them. They further display a lofty standard of morality and ethics. Compare such proverbs as: "Immorality in the house is like a worm on vegetables"; "Be not intoxicated and thou wilt not sin"; "When two quarrel, he who keeps silence first is more praiseworthy"; "Strife is like the aperture of a leakage; as the aperture widens, so the stream of water increases"; "The third tongue [*i.e.*, slander] slays three: the speaker, the spoken to, and the spoken of"; "Be the cursed and not the curser".

The illustrations used in Jewish Proverbs are very frequently drawn from nature, thus showing that they belong to the time when the Jews were still an agricultural people. For instance, the English saying "The child is father of the man," appears under the form, "Every pumpkin is known by its stem," and "While the thorn is still young it produces prickles". The idea that to attempt too much is often to lose all is expressed as follows: "Who rents a garden will eat birds; who rents gardens, the birds will eat him." The thought that the good generally suffer with the bad in

the time of calamity is contained in "Together with the shrub the cabbage is beaten." The English proverb "Birds of a feather flock together" is paralleled by "The degenerate palm goes among the unfruitful reeds".

Woman and family life figure largely in these proverbs. The saying: "An old man in the house is a snare in the house; an old woman in the house is a treasure in the house," indicates that woman's superior usefulness was duly recognised. Matrimonial matters never lose their interest for women, whatever their age; hence the saying: "A woman of sixty, like a girl of six, runs at the sound of wedding music." The fact that the welfare of the home depends upon the industry of the wife is well expressed in "As she slumbers, the basket falls from her head". Man is advised: "Descend a step in taking a wife; ascend a step in choosing a friend," and "Haste in buying land; hesitate in taking a wife". On the other hand, sincere tenderness is inculcated in the proverb: "If thy wife is short, bend down and whisper to her." A wise saying is: "The talk of the child in the street is that of his father or his mother." The child merely repeats what it has heard at home; so be careful what you say in the presence of the young. Further, how true it is: "A father's love is for his children, and the children's love for their children." The bad son of a good father is wittily described as "Vinegar the son of wine".

Another wise proverb is to the effect: "Flay a carcass in the street and earn a living, and say not, I am a great man and the work is below my dignity." Judaism always insisted on the dignity of labour. The Rabbis have said: "Great is work, for it honours the workman." A distinction was, however, drawn in practice between

desirable and less desirable occupations. Several proverbs show that weavers in particular were held in low esteem. The tradesman is advised: "Loosen thy purse-strings, then open thy sack," *i. e.*, receive payment before parting with your goods.

Here are a few rules of conduct: "Hast gone into the city, conform to its laws"; "Hast spoiled thy work, take a needle and sew"; "Whatever thou hast to thy discredit, be the first to tell it," because it will be worse for you if others tell it; "Cast no mud into the well from which thou hast drunk"; "If one person tell thee thou hast ass's ears, take no notice; should two tell thee so, procure a saddle for thyself"; "First learn, then form opinions".

Then again, how true it is "This world is like pump-wheels whereby the full become empty that the empty shall become full"; "They eat and we say grace," *i. e.*, some have the work and others the enjoyment. The proverb, "The common soldiers do the fighting and the officers claim the victory," expresses the same thought.

And lastly, oriental fatalism is discernible in such sayings as: "Seven years lasted the pestilence, but not a man died before his year," "No man pricks his finger below, unless it has been decreed above," "All that God does is done for the best". The part which dreams played in popular life may be gathered from the proverb: "A dream which has not been interpreted is like a letter unread"; with which may be compared the saying of an ancient Rabbi: "Dreams are a sixtieth part of prophecy."

A. Cohen

REASONING "RÖLF"

By W. H. KIRBY, M.A.

IN the August 1913 number of THE THEOSOPHIST, I wrote a paper about the 'Thinking Horses' of Elberfeld calling attention to the wonderful experiments of Herr Van Osten and Herr Krall with the horses Hans I and II, Muhamed, Zarif, Hänschen, Berto the blind, and others, as personally witnessed and testified to in many writings by eminent zoologists and scientists such as Professors Ziegler, Sarasin, Kraemer, Besredka, Bultle-Reepen, Claparède, Mackenzie, Assagioli, and many another.

These experiments showed not only the possibility of educating the equine intelligence—by patient methods and kindness—to understand questions and reply to them, but revealed further a particular and remarkable facility in the horse for dealing with arithmetical questions, even to the prompt extraction of cube and fourth roots of numbers of five or six figures.

That article laid stress less on the fact of these marvellous results, than on the psychological interest all like experiments and developments must have for those who, like Theosophists, believe that there is only One Great Life pouring through all the kingdoms of nature, and that the one consciousness is differentiated and limited by the vehicle, that it can only express itself according to its means and its precise position in

evolution. Therefore, in the case of the higher animals, this individual consciousness has reached or is reaching a point where—given the time and the patience and the method—it seeks to express itself more and more. Man can do much by extending a helping hand to form a true link of explicit understanding and inter-communication between the Animal and the Human Kingdom.

If the theories of gradual unfolding and evolution are true, is it not logical to assume that the dividing line is not such a hard and fast affair as we imagine? Just as the evolved labourer of to-day is a very different being, in intelligence and capacities, from the serf and slave of old times, may we not argue that most of the higher animals, and especially the more individualised ones, have advanced to a far closer position to us in intelligence and comprehension than man usually credits them with or takes the trouble to realise?

It is always unsafe to generalise, but it appears that such experiments as those carried on for years with the horses of Elberfeld, and the following I am about to relate, open up for all thinking people new problems of psychology, and bring in new factors and principles with reference to the attitude and duty of man towards his "little brothers".

One thing, however, is clear—that in seeking for better methods to approach and learn to understand animals, the essential thing necessary is love. The animal, like the savage, is to be won over by affection and sympathy, which give to the investigator the key to enlightenment. Scientific methods, disciplined regularity, coercion, ^{and} ^{gentleness,} ^{patience and love are} ^{the only instruments for probing} ^{fear,} will obtain nothing. Gentleness, ^{the only instruments for probing}

into the animal consciousness for they evoke confidence. In dealing with certain men one would say: "Appeal to the heart rather than to the head," and the same may be said of the animals, if by "heart" we comprise the emotions, extend these to the stomach, which at their stage—small blame to them—governs so much of their feelings and aspirations!

Rolf, then, is an Airedale rough-coated dog, about three years old, belonging to a respectable family called Moekel in Mannheim. Madame Moekel is an invalid who is obliged to pass most of the day in her long chair, and the dog was a foundling puppy given her early in 1911 by a gardener who had found it in a field. Dr. Moekel is a professional man of reputation and they have four children, between the ages of fifteen and seven. The two youngest are the constant companions of the dog, and Rolf, apart from his peculiar development, may be said to be in every way a normal member of a normal family. Besides Rolf there is another dog, Yela, and a cat, Daisy—and the two latter have, to a less extent, also shown capacity to understand and express their ideas.

Rolf's main characteristics are a gay and happy nature, sincere and good, very responsive to affection, most sensitive to blame or praise. He seems to have a marvellous memory, keen hearing and sight, and but poor powers of scent. At first the dog was put at a foundling's institute, but when the time was up, after much discussion, he was taken into the Moekel household "on account of his beautiful eyes". So he grew up with, and became the plaything of, the youngest children.

It was in December 1911 that an extraordinary fact occurred, which led to all the rest.

The dog was, as usual, with the children when they were having their lessons. The second child had been asked what $122+2$ was, and somehow failed to give the answer. Mme. Moekel added her reproaches to those of the teacher, saying: "Why, even Rolf would be able to solve an addition like that!" Rolf approaches and looks intensely, wagging his tail. "I am sure you could tell me, Rolf, what 2 and 2 make?" Rolf raises his left forepaw and raps gently four times on his mistress' arm!

This is the story told by Mme. Moekel to Dr. Kenzie, who is personally known to me, with whom I have spoken on all this, and to whose long and detailed paper in the September and December 1913 number of the psychological Review *Psiche*, edited by Dr. Roberts Assagioli of Florence, I am indebted for the material I have made use of in the present article.

From that eventful day on, Mme. Moekel dedicated herself to the education of Rolf together with her children, and without difference of method, except that the dog had to answer by rapping out numbers for letters with his left paw.

This numerical method of rapping, selected both in the cases of the horses and the dogs, is interesting in that Mme. Moekel asserts that she knew nothing of Krall's experiments with the horses of Elberfeld. She had vaguely heard years before in the papers, as every one else, of *Der Kluge Hans* who had once been on exhibition in Berlin. Moreover Krall's book was only published in 1912.

At any rate, she continued quite alone and independently her training of Rolf who soon showed marked ability in arithmetical questions.

The alphabet was later on compiled, as in the case of the horses, by means of a numerical table, with the difference that in learning 5 or 6 letters a day the dog gave the letters his own numbers and has never since varied or forgotten. This in itself reveals an extraordinary memory, for Mme. Moekel has to keep a copy of the table before her in order to transpose the numerical replies into letters. Again, unlike the handier system of Krall with his horses—(see the table in my article of August 1913)—who rapped tens with the left, and units with the right, hoof, Rolf raps everything with his left forepaw, which leads often to extreme fatigue and even swelling of muscles unaccustomed to the stiffness of this unnatural position. The only modification, introduced since, is a pause; for instance in a figure like 29, 2 is rapped out first, then a slight pause, then 9.

Here is Rolf's Alphabet:

a	b	c	d	e-ei	f	g	h	i	k	l	m	n
4	7	24	9	10	1	11	12	13	14	5	8	6
o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	z		
2	15	25	3	16	17	18	20	19	21	23		

To which must be added the conventional signs: 2=yes, 3=no, 4=tired, 5=go outside (in the road), 7=bed.

At first Mme. Moekel had begun by teaching Rolf different objects and writing a number against them. She would show or draw them on a slate and use the word and then give it a number; but this would have limited the expressions very much and it only occurred to her later (September 1912) to use numbers for letters. She explained this idea to the dog, as one would to a child, and he showed he understood it at once and

forthwith the arbitrary alphabet above given came into being and has never been changed by the dog.

The language employed by Rolf is that he hears spoken habitually round him, namely the Mannheim dialect of German. But what is of particular interest is that Rolf, like the horses of Elberfeld—and, like them, without being taught to do so—has adopted the short phonetic way of spelling. He too spells *essen*=to eat, *s-n*. So *Yela* (his companion dog) he spells *i-l-a* (*i. e.*, *i-el-a*); using, in short, the phonetic value of letters as they occur in a word instead of all the letters of orthodox spelling. This, shows, as with the horses, who spell *hafer*, *hfr*, and *gehen*, *gn*, a sort of directness and simplicity in these dawning minds, which certainly has its points; for is it not the greater powers of reasoning which introduce complexity?

After the complete construction of the alphabet and conventional numbers and signs had been learnt, instruction proceeded at a great rate and Rolf took his part regularly at lesson-time, showing much aptitude not only for mathematics but for all he was taught. He, however, gets easily tired and, not infrequently, gives evident signs, like the horses, of undue strain and mental fatigue requiring long periods of rest. Such fatigue is shown by sighs, yawnings, inattention, shortness of breath, inaccuracy or carelessness, and once, after a long sitting, even led to slight nose-bleeding.

Dr. Mackenzie in his article expresses the opinion that herein may lie a danger of completely using him up by attempting more than is wise. In fact how often has it not happened that when the receptivity and plastic powers of some young musical prodigy have been pushed too far, the power has rapidly dwindled and been

used up, so that with adolescence no further progress was made?

It is all so novel that it is hopeless for scientists to impose their ideas on their subjects. The only chance of success is by the slow progress of observation so that the animals' own psychology and the laws *they* follow may be brought to light by degrees and so guide investigators to a greater measure of understanding. One is glad to hear of the formation of a Society of Zoopsychology founded by eminent zoologists and scientists who have dedicated, and are dedicating, time and study to the 'Horses of Elberfeld' and 'Rolf of Mannheim,' and are responsible for the publication of much patient and long-continued research-material, giving signed and detailed statements of the results of their investigations. These men—men of position and note—are the pioneers, and naturally there is, as in all dawning scientific discoveries, a mass of opposition and controversy on the part of the orthodox, especially on the part of those who have not personally seen and tried at first hand. There is also, strangely enough, considerable opposition on the part of Catholic professors and priests who probably intuitively feel that the whole structure of certain creeds may be rendered insecure if such new and, in their opinion, dangerous ideas and principles as to animals and their relation to man and to God are introduced and perhaps become, ere long, capable of proof.

To give now just a few samples of Rolf's performances:

Here is a well-documented one done in a semi-public gathering for some charity.

Rolf is asked the following: ($\sqrt[8]{1331} + \sqrt[3]{1000}$) ÷ 3 and replies promptly 7.

Again Dr. Mackenzie quotes from some notes of Dr. Sarasin of Basle written in his own handwriting: "The dog is asked: 8×12 , less 6, divided by 10? and answers 9, before I can mentally finish the calculation"; which shows the characteristic rapidity of mental arithmetic exhibited also by the horses.

But what is chiefly interesting about Rolf is his reasoning power, his dry humour, and his unexpected and original thought, presenting problems in psychological science which have yet to be studied and understood and which, were it not for unimpeachable sources and oft-repeated and independent research and control of men of scientific repute, would be wellnigh incredible.

Here are a few examples taken at random from Dr. Mackenzie's article.¹

Madame Moekel returns from a journey, Rolf and Yela salute her tumultuously. Rolf starts rapping with his paw; the alphabet is fetched, and Madame Moekel spells out:

11 5 13 14 5 13 11
g l i k l i g (*glücklich*=happy).

Rolf's pet name, I may mention, is *Lol* and so he always calls himself. He had been in the kitchen and from a suspicious noise of plates Madame Moekel went to investigate and found he had emptied a plate on the table.

Rolf approaches contrite with his tail between legs, and, without being asked to do so, raps out:

5 2 5 11 9 5 9
L o l g d l d (*Lol gedeld*). The word

¹ For brevity's sake I omit dates and full quotations, the detailed accounts can be read in the Review itself, *Psiche*, No. 5-6, Sept.-Dec. 1913. Ed. by R. Assagioli, 46 Via degli Alfani, Florence, which, by the way, is a number dedicated to all these questions and has a remarkably extensive bibliography of psychological works and essays in the Appendix.

gedeld in the Mannheim dialect used by a child would mean *stolen*.

When asked what he had stolen he spelt:

7 3 2 9
b r o d (*Brot*=bread.)

Madame Moekel's child had gone away and the mother was crying. Rolf leans his cheek on hers and suddenly raps out:

8 18 9 3 — 6 13 17 — 19 10 6 3 —
m u d r (er) n i t w ei n n (en)
5 2 5 — 19
l o l w (we)

(i.e., *Mutter nicht weinen Lol weh*=Mother don't cry, it hurts Lol.)

Rolf had been cropped a day or two before and it was Yela's turn. At first he remains timidly on one side, then approaches when he hears every one remarking on the quantity of little inhabitants emerging from Yela, and forthwith sits down and raps out:

5 2 5 1 13 5 1 5 2 13 5 4
l o l f i l f l o i l a
1 13 5 3
f i l r

(i.e., *Lol viel flöh, Yela vieler*=Lol many fleas, Yela many more.)

The above were just a batch of recent examples sent in a letter to Dr. Mackenzie by Madame Moekel, as one would relate current news, when he was in correspondence with her regarding his imminent personal visit to Mannheim. They certainly give a very fair indication of Rolf's character, and in their childish simplicity attract and interest. Madame Moekel and her husband seek no profit from the dog though remunerative offers for tours have been made.

It is curious to note also how the middle-class mind, especially, revolts at what it cannot understand or at what is unusual; so that the Moekel family have had to endure much in the way of talk, criticism and ridicule from their acquaintances and fellow-citizens on account of the dog and the interest he has attracted.

Both Yela and Daisy (the cat) have begun lessons and made some progress. From the notes of Dr. Wilser of Heidelberg the following performances of the cat may be quoted:

Madame Moekel asks: $17+4\div 7$, less 1? Answer 2.

Dr. Wilson asks: $3\times 3-5$? Answer 4.

Madame Moekel asks, taking her by the ear: What's

this? Answer $\begin{matrix} 2 & 3 \\ o & r \end{matrix}$ (*ohr*=ear.)

The above is only mentioned to show that this training need not be confined to exceptional and extraordinary examples, but is possible—no doubt to a greatly varying extent—with a good proportion of the higher animals, if sympathetic interest, affection, and great patience be devoted to them.

Rolf's humour is apparent in the following: Madame Moekel is speaking with a Mme. E. van S. about the enemies the former has in Mannheim in connection with these things. Mme. Van S. exclaims: "*Rolf, was sind das für Menschen?*" (Rolf, what sort of people are those?) Rolf answers promptly: "*s!*" (*Esel*=donkeys).

After this Rolf is rather lazy and so Mme. Van S. insists saying: "*Rolf, du bist so faul, warum willst du denn nicht mehr arbeiten?*" (Rolf, you are so lazy. Why will you not do any more work?)

Rolf answers: $\frac{Dogdr}{Doctor} \frac{hd}{hat} \frac{frbodn}{verboten}$ (The Doctor has forbidden it!)

Mme. Moekel then asks Rolf to give a problem to the aunt who is present. Rolf raps out the question: "9+5?" Mme. Van S., for fun, says: "9+5 is 13."

Rolf raps sharply three times indicating "No". She then tries "Fourteen". Rolf more energetically: "No!" "Fifteen," says the lady, "No!" says Rolf. "Well then, say it yourself," says Mme. Van S. "Fourteen," answers Rolf. "But I had said that already," replies Mme. Van S. Rolf: "*Negd!*" (which stands for the dialect word *geneckt* meaning "joked" or "made fun"!)

Mme. Moekel then says to the dog: "All right, we understand; now do you give an order to the aunt, beg her to do something." Rolf reflects a little and then raps out *w d l n*, that is, *wedeln*=wag your tail !!

Now we come to a few of the experiments in which Dr. Mackenzie personally took part and which, though related in as brief a way as possible, give the reader the best way of judging for himself how the mind of the dog works.

Scene: the Moekel's drawing-room. Present, four members of the family, a Dr. Wilser of Heidelberg and Dr. Mackenzie. The dog is called by one of the girls and trots in festively. He is asked to give his paw and gives the right one. Note that he raps with the left. The alphabet card is fetched and the dog being asked if he will work raps out 2=Yes. Dr. Mackenzie asks him if he will say something of his own accord. Rolf looks at him and then raps out:

$\begin{matrix} 19 & 3 & 9 & 8 \\ w(w e) & r & d & u \end{matrix}$ (i. e., *Wer du*=Who are you?)

Surely a most appropriate remark, which straightway astonished the questioner. Dr. Mackenzie explains he has come from far to see him, that he is fond of animals and having heard much about him wished to see him himself. Rolf appears satisfied and raps without being asked to do so:

5 13 7 12 9 5 2 5 9 13 3 3
l i b h d l o l d i r r

(*Lieb hat Lol dir*=Lol likes you.)

The dog is nervous when he is answering questions and Mme. Moekel had warned Dr. Mackenzie not to touch him. Unwittingly he attempts to stroke his head and Rolf growls. His mistress scolds him and Rolf at once shows he is sorry at the impoliteness and volunteers the remark:

5 2 5 1 10 6
l o l f e i n (i. e., Lol's all right.)

For brevity's sake the numbers will now be omitted and a few more examples selected at random to illustrate other points. Rolf is asked what he is doing, he replies: "Working." Asked why he works if he dislikes it, he answers promptly: "Must." "And what would happen if you chose not to?" Rolf, who is never flogged, and to the comic indignation of the members of the family present, answers: "*Whacks!*"

Asked what he likes best of all, he answers: "To eat smoked salmon," which it appears was given him some time back and which he much enjoyed and never forgot.

On being asked further what else he likes, after some distraction, he answers: "Pictures." This is a notable answer in two ways: firstly, he might reasonably after the first question, have answered naming

some other edible substance; secondly, it will be remembered that pictures, especially brightly coloured ones of simple domestic subjects, were also much in favour with the horses of Elberfeld.

At another sitting Dr. Mackenzie asks the dog: "Well, do you still know me?" On answering in the affirmative, the dog is asked what else he can say about him and promptly raps out:

"*M a g n (en) s i*"=Magensi which is quite a fair phonetic representation of Mackenzie. "What else?" asks Dr. Mackenzie; Rolf answers: "*G (ge) n u a*"=Genua, German for Genoa.

As the dog leaves the room to go and have a drink in the kitchen, Dr. Mackenzie now proposes an experiment that should allow the dog to give an answer that the questioner himself does not know. So some simple drawings are prepared on cards. Mme. Moekel, at the request of Dr. Mackenzie, draws on one card the outline of a bird and on another in clear letters the word 'Karla'; while Dr. Mackenzie designs on two other cards a big star, and a double square of red and blue. All present withdraw behind Mme. Moekel so that she cannot see what is held up. Rolf faces her. From a closed envelope one of the drawings is extracted at random with its blank back to the drawer and is passed forward for the dog to look at, so that it is impossible for anyone else to see what is designed on it. When the dog has seen it, it is similarly replaced in an envelope and that envelope is placed in a separate pocket by Dr. Mackenzie. The dog is then asked what he saw and being urged to reply by Dr. Mackenzie who promises to give him some pictures, answers presently: "*Rod blau eg*" (*Rod blau eck*=a red and blue square). The separate

envelope containing what no one has seen except the dog is opened and the card drawn out by Dr. Mackenzie proves to be his own drawing of the red and blue square which showed the reply to be perfectly correct. Every one is very pleased and Rolf shows a desire to profit by the moment to remind Dr. Mackenzie of his promise, and spontaneously raps out: "*Bilddr gbn*" (*Bilder geben*=give me the pictures!), and one feels that he meant to add: "And hurry up about it after your promise!"

Rolf is given some illustrated postcards brought on purpose by Dr. Mackenzie, and on being shown one of himself is asked: "Who is it?" and answers at once: "Lol." He is then shown one of a dachshund and asked what it is answers: "*D (de) g l (el)* (*Degel* or *Deckel*, dialect for *Dackel*, a dachshund). "All right," says Mackenzie, "but are you a *Deckel*?" Rolf answers: "Hund" (a dog). "Yes, I understand," says Mackenzie, "but look well at the *Deckel*, he too is a dog, what is the difference?" Rolf replies: "*Andr fuss*" (other feet); and indeed the reply could not have been more precise, for it is the short, crooked, out-turned feet of the Dachs breed that are an especially noticeable feature.

Rolf is shown other pictures of horses, dogs, etc., and describes them perfectly correctly. He shows a distinct predilection for ladies, like the horses of Elberfeld, and again, like them, when asked "why," says it is their hair and bright clothes he admires. When it is pointed out to Rolf that his master also has fine hair in the shape of a flowing beard, and a bright neck-tie, and he is asked what difference he makes between men and women, he answers the single word "*Hosn*" (Trousers); surely a shrewd touch again of canine humour!

It was always noticed with the horses how much less easily than average children they are confused by certain types of puzzling questions; the same proved to be the case with Rolf. He saw through puzzles of a simple nature. To take only one instance out of several: When asked which weighed more, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers, he replied after some thought: "*Gein*" (*Kein*=neither).

Rolf's mistress talks to Rolf when he is sitting by her as she would to a child. Here is a little anecdote that is noteworthy. Mme. Moekel was congratulating Rolf on his day's performance when he spontaneously rapped out: "*Lol spil Sondag*" (*i. e.*, Lol wants to play on Sunday, not to work). The interest in the remark is how he knew it was Sunday.

On being asked this he replied: "*Von K (ka) l n (en) d r (er)* (*Von Kalender*=from the Calendar). "From which Calendar?" is asked. Answer: "*Gudr (er) le irn (en)* (*Guthörle ihren*=that of Miss Guthörle, who had left one on the writing table). Question: "But how can you see on the Calendar that it is Sunday?" Answer: "*Rod Dsal*" (*Rot zahl, viz.*: Red number)!

Here is another most interesting indication of Rolf's powers of comprehension. Madame Moekel was talking with Dr. Mackenzie, telling him various anecdotes and incidents and Rolf was resting close by. She was telling him how on one of the rare occasions she (being an invalid) had been out on the road with Rolf, she had been approached by a suspicious individual at whose throat Rolf had at once jumped to protect his mistress. Dr. Mackenzie notices at this point that Rolf's tail is executing a spasmodic series of twitches, indicating probably delight at the reminiscence, and determines to find out

if Rolf has really understood the conversation. So he asks him if he has understood what his mistress was saying. "Yes," replies Rolf. "What then?" says Mackenzie. Answer: *Hr(er) bs(es) lol hl(el) fn(en) mudr(er)*, i. e., Herr böS Lol helfen mutter=the man was wicked, Lol helps his mother). This being clear proof that the dog had understood what was said, Dr. Mackenzie wanted to test Rolf's powers of reading. So he sends out a servant to buy the newspaper and manages that no one shall see it but he and the dog. Taking a big headline where the following appeared printed at the top of a column: "*Der Herbst zieht ins Land*," he shows it to Rolf and asks him to say what he sees. Rolf raps out: "*Dr hrbst dsid in Land*." Now this surely is a very important answer; for what the dog has read is not repeated mechanically letter by letter, but is transliterated into the dog's own phonetic spelling showing that a thought phase has taken place.

The next stage in this incident is equally interesting. The dog being tired is allowed to go out to drink some milk. Whilst he is out, Dr. Mackenzie asks Mme. Moekel whether the dog is likely to be able to answer an abstract question—for instance if he were to ask him what is *Der Herbst* (Autumn). Mme. Moekel says she feels sure he can and that he will probably answer "*Fahreszeit*" (i. e., Season). Rolf returns and is put the question. His reply is: "*dseid w(we)n abl (el) g(ge) bd*," (i. e., zeit wenn appel gebt=the time when there are apples!). The words '*appel gebt*' are the dialect form of *Apfel gibt*. Surely this unexpected reply appealing more to the dog's point of view of what the season concretely meant to him—he is very fond of sweet apples—is the most delightful indication of how

far an abstract idea in the developed mir

represented in the infant mind of younger simon is

Returning to the cardboard designs close^{and} opes, Dr. Mackenzie relates how, on another^{all} novel- with similar and absolute precautions of contri^{tion}, that the dog alone should see the card, he showed Rolf card with a blue star on it, and the dog after being to he would get a bit of sugar if he answered right replied "*Blau strn wüst*" (Blau stern wüst=Blue star, ugly). A little bit of snappy sarcasm because of the deferre sugar! Another interesting point to notice is that w^d the same previous blue and red square drawing come up again for description, he called it a "*blau rod wirfl*", that is a blue red dice and added "*genug*," that he had had "enough" of it and of such experiments.

No one, I think, after the few examples above described, can any longer doubt that the animal is capable of thinking and observing as we think and observe, within his own limitations and powers, and of expressing himself, given the necessary method and training, by conventional signs and symbols as we do, but with his own restrictions, so as to convey an intelligent communication of some simple idea or thought.

People who are fond of animals have often asked themselves how far the favourite dog or horse or cat left behind has thought of and remembered, beyond mere habit and routine, their absent friends or masters. Here is an incident that reveals a good deal when one recollects that, to Rolf, Dr. Mackenzie was a mere visitor of a few days together.

A day or two after these sittings, Mme. Moekel writes to Dr. Mackenzie and tells him that Rolf not seeing Dr. Mackenzie arrive any longer had spontaneously

rapped out on her daughter's hand: "*Lib dogdr komn Lol in ex, come, Lol is heartsick*". A touching indication of how he had felt friendly and missed him when he could not come.

Next day in fact he rapped out a regular letter to Mr. Mackenzie which is, though brief, a very complete and compact little document. It ran like this: "*lib dogdr bald gourn nimr gn mir bildr gbn aug en fou dir fil grus Hein lol*," (i. e., *Lieb Doctor, bald kommen, nimmer gehen, mir Bilder geben, auch ein von Dir, viel Grüss, Dein Lol*=Dear Doctor, quickly come back, never go away, to me pictures give, also one of you, many greetings, your Lol). The dog, says Mme. Moekel, had never spelt out so many words at a time before and for him the letter was a long one.

There would be plenty of other examples, incidents, and anecdotes to quote from other sources, and very much to say on the whole subject both as regards the facile criticism of sceptical people as also concerning the psychological problems and aspects of the subject. But discussion is not the scope of the present paper, nor would space consent. I have merely wished, in the case of the thinking horses and of this dog, to call the attention of Theosophists to what is occurring at the present time round us now in the world in these matters, because I think that much of all this is interesting and important specially to members of the Theosophical Society where concrete practical examples are valuable in correcting or proving assertions and theories as to evolution of life and consciousness.

One other aspect seems to me also all-important to Theosophists: and it is that in a Society where the

basic ideas of brotherhood, in the abstract, lead, *inter alia*, to the implied humanitarianism of generally adopting a vegetarian diet, it would be both logical and very advisable if, not lovers of animals merely, but all members indiscriminately, from the leaders to the last joined, on account of their principles, took up more active work, and used in their daily lives every opportunity on behalf of, and to better the lot of, "our little brothers".

It is only the ignorant world, those without theories of life, who are indifferent to God's creatures and ignore them and brush them heedlessly out of the way or cast them unfeelingly out.

But it is the logical duty of the Theosophist to use his head, and especially his heart, to help on the evolution of animals by trying to understand them, trying to get at *their* point of view, trying to win *their* confidence and love and so be rewarded by finding God's world richer and more beautiful. That such efforts are amply repaid no one who has ever had an animal and loved it can gainsay; and in reporting the above rare instances of extraordinary development I have purposely tried to show, by what the horses and the dog have revealed of their intelligent connection and dependence on us their elder brothers, that we cannot and must not continue any longer selfishly to consider our own point of view *only* with regard to them because they all need us more than we need them, and to them we have both a debt and a duty.

W. H. Kirby

THE CHRIST IN ART

OUR readers will remember the remarkable pictures of the Christ, painted by some of the monks of Mount Athos in Sicilian churches, and the difference between these virile conceptions and the more familiar feminine type current in Europe.

We add to these the reproduction of a striking picture from the Wladimir Cathedral in Kieff, Russia. It may be said to be intermediate between the Sicilian and the ordinary pictures, strong and virile as the Sicilian but less rugged than they are. Students should notice the position of the fingers in the upraised right hand.

A. B.



A PICTURE OF THE CHRIST



THE HIDDEN WORK OF NATURE¹

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A.

NEVER, in the history of mankind, has there been a time as to-day when it could be so truly said that,

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

It is true that "the man in the street" knows of no such great change; life for him moves as of old in

¹ A Lecture delivered at the Small Queen's Hall, London, October 26th, 1913.

its fixed grooves, and if the world's progress has multiplied for him life's conveniences, it has also multiplied for him life's needs. Change to him is largely a matter of a surplus of comforts over pains, and in this regard the old order has changed but little for him. But the man in the library, the laboratory, the studio, the pulpit, is aware of this great change, and he knows that it began with the work of Darwin and his school.

The importance of the work of modern scientists lies in the fact that they have marshalled for us the events of nature into an orderly pageant of evolution. What mere religion has not been able to do, science has achieved, which is to show Life as one. Theological trinitities of Creator, Creation, and Creature, or dualities of God and Man, have not unified life for us in the way science has done; mysticism alone, with its truth of Immanence, has revealed to men something of that unified existence of all that is, that is the logical deduction from modern evolutionary theories.

When we contemplate the pageant of nature, we see her at a work of building and unbuilding. From mineral to bacterium and plant, from microbe to animal and man, nature is busy at a visible work, step by step evolving higher and more complex structures. Though she may seem at first sight to work blindly and mechanically, she has in reality a coherent plan of action; this is to evolve structures stage by stage, so that the amount of time needed by a given creature for its self-protection and sustenance may be less and less with each successive generation. The higher a structure is in its organisation and adaptability, the more time, and hence more energy, there is free for other purposes of life than sustenance and procreation.

Two elements in life arise from the perfection of the structural mechanism that the higher order of creatures reveal. First, they have time for play, for it is in play that such energy manifests as is not required for gaining food and shelter. The second element manifests itself only when human beings appear in evolution, and men begin to show a desire for adaptability. Adaptability to environment exists in the plant and in the animal, but it is in them purely instinctive or mechanical; with man on the other hand there is an attempt at conscious adaptability.

When this desire for adaptability increases, nature reveals a new principle of evolution. To the principle of the survival of the fittest by a struggle for existence, she adds the new one of evolution by inter-dependence. Hence we find human units aggregating themselves into groups, and primitive men organising themselves into families and tribes.

Once more this means a saving of labour and time in the material struggle for existence; some of both is now at nature's disposal to train men to discover new ways of life and action. To the play of the individual there is added a communal life that makes civilisation possible. For civilisation means that some individuals in a community are dissatisfied with what contents all the others, and that therefore they are burning with a zeal for reform; and the spirit of reform sooner or later is inevitable in evolution. The survival of the fittest can only come about by that mysterious arrival of the fittest that no scientist can explain; nature now ushers in "the fittest" in the few that are planning for reform. For reform means that slowly organisms will adapt themselves more and more to the possibilities of

environment, for to each successive change to greater adaptability nature has something new to give.

Thus individual men and women become nature's tools; she works with their hearts and minds and hands to create social and political activities. Religion and science and art appear among men; the struggle for existence is no longer nature's sole means for bringing to realisation her aim; inter-dependence of units, and therewith reform, are the means she uses now.

Then it is that nature proclaims to men that message she has kept for them through the ages. It is the joy of social service. Strange and unreal, as yet, to most men is the thought of such a joy; but evolution has but lately entered on this phase of her work, and ages must yet elapse before social service becomes as instinctive in men as are now self-assertion and selfishness. But that day must inevitably be; the handful of reformers to-day are as the "missing links" of a chain that stretches forward from man to superman. As from the isolation and selfishness of the brute, nature has evolved the inter-dependence of men, so too is self-sacrifice the next logical step in her evolutionary self-revelation.

A more inspiring picture there could hardly be than this of nature at work at her building and unbuilding. Yet there are not a few of dark shadows in the picture. So long as the individual lives only the few brief years of his life, so long as nothing of him remains as an individual after his death, there is a ruthlessness about nature that is appalling. Where is to-day "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome"? Some day there must be an end to nature's work, in this planet at least where we live. There are

dead suns in space and some day our sun will die out and every satellite of his will be a frozen world. Careful of the type, nature truly builds form after form, and will build for many an age yet to come. There is indeed a far-off event "to which the whole creation moves," but it is to that state when living organisms shall lack what they need for their life.

So long as we contemplate nature's *visible* work only, not the greatest altruist but must now and then feel the shadow of a great despair. That which alone makes life and self-sacrifice real and inspiring to great souls, the thought and the feeling that their work will endure for ever, is lacking when we consider nature's work in the light of modern science alone. Yet many an altruist would be content to die, and be nothing thereafter, if he could but feel that nature had some pity for his fate. Well the poet voices this feeling arising from this conception of nature, or of a Deity who is as passionless as nature:

Life is pleasant, and friends may be nigh,
Fain would I speak one word and be spared;
Yet I could be silent and cheerfully die,
If I were only sure God cared;
If I had faith and were only certain
That light is behind that terrible curtain.

It is here that Theosophy steps in to continue the work of science and explain the true significance of nature's self-revelations. As modern science points to nature's visible work, so Theosophy points to a Hidden Work of Nature. There is a Hidden Light that reveals to men that nature is but one expression of a Consciousness at work; that this Consciousness is at work with a Plan of evolution; and that this Consciousness carries out Its plan through us and through us alone. The moment we realise the significance of this message

of the Hidden Light that men are immortal souls and not perishable bodies, we begin to see that while careful of the type, nature is not less careful of the single life too. For then we see that nature's latest phase, a fullness of life through social service, necessarily involves the recognition of men as souls; for it would be useless for nature to slowly fashion a reformer unless she could utilise his ability and experience for greater reforms in the future. That his specialised abilities shall not be dissipated would surely then be logical in a nature for which we postulate an aim that persists from age to age.

It does not require much profound thought or speculation to deduce from this view of nature's work that men live for ever as souls, and that through reincarnation they become fitter tools in nature's hands to achieve her purpose of evolution. Let but reincarnation be considered a part of nature's plan, and at once the tragedy of nature transforms itself into an inspiring and stately pageant. For then the future is ourselves; it is we that shall make the glorious utopias of dreams; we that painfully toil to-day to fashion bricks for nature's beautiful edifice in far-off days, we, and not others, shall see that edifice in its splendour, and be its very possessors. Though the spirit of action of the best of us is ever a *sic vos sed non vobis*, yet in reality, like bread cast upon the waters, our work shall greet us ages hence, and we shall then be glad that we have toiled so well now.

So comes to us the message of the Hidden Light that nature is consciously going from good to better, from better to best, and that she works out her splendid purpose through us, who may become either her ministers or her slaves.

The spirit of reform then being a part of the evolutionary process, the next point to note is that in all effective reform there are two elements: first, the reform is brought about by individuals working as a group, and second, the group has a leader. It is fairly easy to understand the grouping of individuals co-operating for a common aim as a part of nature's evolutionary plan; their united action but expresses the social instinct. But it is perhaps less easy to see that nature selects the leader and sends him to a particular group to crystallise dreams and plans into organisation and action. Yet this is the message of the Hidden Light—that a leader does not appear by a mere concatenation of chance circumstances, but only because he is selected for a particular work and is sent to do it. For a leader does not come in evolution as a "sport," a passing variant produced nobody knows how; he is fashioned by a slow laborious process lasting thousands of years. Life after life, in a process of rebirth, the would-be leader must earn his future position by dedication to works of reform; by little actions for reform as a savage, by larger actions as a civilised man, he trains himself for the rôle that nature has written for him.

If we look at reformers in the light of reincarnation, we shall see that their present ability to lead is simply the result of work done in past lives. Since biologists are agreed that acquired characters are not transmissible, we must look for that rare inborn capacity to lead, not in the heredity of the organism, but in a spiritual heredity that is in the life and consciousness of the individual. This is exactly what reincarnation says; the individual acquired his ability to lead to-day by endeavours to lead in many a past life, and by succeeding so to do.

Furthermore the Hidden Light reveals to us that each present movement for reform was rehearsed in many a primitive setting long ago, with the present leaders and their co-adjutors as actors. We need but look at the reform movements for the amelioration of the lot of the working classes in Europe to see how the leaders to-day in the various countries were tribunes of the plebs in Rome or demagogoi in Athens or leaders of the masses in Carthage. Nay, furthermore, it is not difficult to note how some of the politicians and statesmen of Greece and Rome and elsewhere, that worked to abolish abuses and to free the oppressed, have changed sex in their present incarnations, and are with us to-day as leaders of the various suffragist and feminist movements of the world. Where else, but in past lives, did these women learn the tactical strategy and mastery of leadership that they evince in their campaigns for reform? Why should certain men and women, and not all, labour and toil for their fellow-men, renouncing all and coveting martyrdom, unless those same men and women had learnt by past experiences the glory of action for reform? For the born leaders in every reform are geniuses in their way; they go unerringly to an aim with the conviction of success; where did they develop this faith in themselves? They are in reality the "missing links" from men to-day to the supermen of the future, and it is nature herself with her Hidden Work that has so fashioned them life after life.

So nature plans and achieves, and the stately pageant moves on. But her purpose is not achieved slowly and leisurely, adding change to change; she does not bring about a new order of things by an accumulation of small changes. Nature goes by leaps, "*per saltum*";

and as in the biological world crises appear and nature makes a leap and ushers in new species, so too is it in the world of human affairs. Though there is a slow steady upward movement for progress through reform, yet now and then there is a crisis in the affairs of men; then things happen, and after the crisis is over there is, as it were, a new species in human activity. Reform takes a new trend and a whole host of new reforms are ushered in to make life fuller and nobler.

One such crisis in human affairs came in Palestine, with the coming of Christ. For though men knew not that it was a crisis, though Greece and Rome dreamed and planned of philosophy and dominion without end, a dawn had begun of a new era, and an age was ushered in, in the hey-day of which Greece and Rome should be a mere name. Christ ministered in Palestine, spoke to peasant and priest, and gave His sermons "on the Mount"; and men knew not then that with His message He gave birth to new species of idealism in action. But after two thousand years have elapsed, we of another generation can see that when Christ lived in Palestine, and the Roman Empire was but just then beginning its day of glory, that then indeed was the beginning of the end of a world of thought and action—of that "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome"—and that Christ gave His message not so much to the men of His day as to those that were to come.

So too was it in India, six centuries before Christ; another "dreamer" appeared, Siddhārtha, Prince of the Sākya Clan; men listened to Him and loved Him and followed Him, but they little dreamed that He was in reality building an Empire of Righteousness, which

even after twenty-five centuries should embrace within it five hundred millions of souls. To the critics of His time, He was but another "Teacher," one of hundreds then living in India pointing out "the Way"; it is only after the lapse of centuries that later generations know that He was a Teacher of Teachers, a Flower on our human tree the like of which had never been.

Ever so often then, there is a climax in human affairs, and always such a climax is preceded by an age when men "dream dreams". In Palestine prophet after prophet dreamed of "the great and dreadful day of the Lord" before Christ came, and proclaimed its coming and worked for it; in India many a sage and philosopher with his solutions prepared the way for the message of the Buddha. And in every such climax, small or great, the resolution comes through the intermediary of a Personality. For nature weaves the tangled knot of human fate, "nowise moved except unto the working out of doom"; but she plans too the Solver of the knot, and for every crisis which is of her planning, she has prepared the Man who holds the solution in his heart and brain.

In this our twentieth century, men dream dreams as never heretofore. East and west, north and south, the machinery of human life grates on the ear, and there is not a single man or woman of true imagination who can say, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world!"

"De profundis clamavi" better describes the wail of every nation. Millions are spent on armies and navies, while the poor are clamouring for bread; and statesmen themselves are wringing their hands that they cannot give a nation's wealth back to the nation in hospitals

and schools and fair gardens and clean habitations. For there are wars and rumours of wars. The spirit of charity grows year by year, but it seems as though charity but added patches to a rotting garment, and the more the patches that are put on the more the rents that appear. Strife between capital and labour, race-hatred between white and brown and yellow and black, a deadlock between science and religion, and more than all else the increasing luxury of the few and the increasing misery of the many, these are but a few of the problems facing philanthropists to-day. But every reformer realises, in whatever department he works, that for lasting reform a complete reconstruction is needed of the whole social structure, if poverty and disease and ignorance and misery shall be as a nightmare that has been but shall never be again. All are eager for reform; thousands are willing to co-operate. But none knows where to begin, in the true reconstruction. Each is indeed terrified lest in trying to pull one brick out of the present social edifice, to replace it by a better, he may not pull the whole structure down, and so cause misery instead of joy.

This is the crisis present before our eyes, confronting not one nation but all. "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord," is true to-day as never before.

Everywhere, in every department where men work for reform, men are looking for a Leader. Where is He that nature has selected, in whose mind is the Plan, in whose heart is the Spirit, and in whose hand is the Power? Let Him but appear, let Him but say: "This is how you shall work," and thousands will flock to Him in joy. And it is the message of the Hidden Light

that He is ready, for from the hearts of men a cry has gone forth, and from the bosom of God a Son shall come. The world is in the birth-throes once again for the coming of a Son of Man, and the young men that see visions to-day shall in their prime find Him in their midst, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Prince of Peace.

Never an age, when God has need of him,
Shall want its man, predestined by that need,
To pour his life in fiery word and deed,
The great Archangel of the Elohim.

When He that the world waits for, and whom nature has planned to come "unto this hour," shall appear, what will be His work? What but to carry on nature's work one step further? The day is past when men can go forward with competition as their cry of progress; nothing lasting can now come for men unless it is brought about by inter-dependence and co-operation. The best of men to-day see the inevitable coming of this new age when men shall be sons of God in deed and not merely in name; but their cry for altruism and co-operation is as a voice hurled against a tempest. They can but gather round them here an enthusiast and there a disciple; but they accomplish little, for they lack the character that compels a world to listen. Till comes that Personality who is not of one nation but of all, whose message is not for this century alone but for all others to come, till then the dawn of the new day will drag its slow length along. But when He comes, then indeed what He says and what He does will be the proof to us that it is He, and not another, that nature has planned to be the Shadow of God upon earth to men, the Saviour that is born unto them this day.

Then once more shall the Hidden Light be revealed to men, that Light "that shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not". Then science shall be our religion, and religion our art; then shall we cease to be nature's slaves and enter upon our heritage and become her councillors and guides. Then shall we know, not merely believe, that behind the seeming pitiless plan of nature there is a most pitiful Mind, careful of the type and careful of the single life too. Nevermore shall our eyes be blinded by passionate tears as we look at the misery of men and feel the utter hopelessness of its effective diminution; for we shall know that nature but veils an Eye that sees, a Heart that feels, and a Mind that plans, for One shall be with us to be a *Martyros*, a Witness, of that Light that shineth in darkness, even when the darkness comprehends it not.

He will call on the many to co-operate in all good works in His Name and for the love of mankind; He will teach them the next lesson that nature has planned for them, the joy of neighbourly service. But to a few He will give the call to follow Him through the ages. For He comes but to usher in a new age; that age must be tended and fostered decade after decade, century by century, till the seed becomes the tree and the tree bears flowers, and by the perfecting of man comes the fulfilment of God. As He is nature's husbandman, so will He need helpers in those fields whence alone comes the Daily Bread for men.

The many will love Him for the peace and the joy He brings; but a few will answer the call to follow Him life after life, toiling, toiling, in a work seemingly without end. But to these few alone will it be given

to know the inwardness of the message of the Hidden Light, that nature keeps her diadems not for those that reap happiness in her pleasant fields and gardens, but for those that co-operate with her in her Hidden Work, and try "to lift a little of the heavy karma of the world". For this is nature's Hidden Work, to weave a vesture out of the karmas of men that shall reflect the pattern given her from on high; and the weaving halts, unperfected, till through the actions of all men there shall shine one great Action. When the perfect vesture is woven for Him who desires it, and the karmas of all men act in unison, then, and not before, will come "that day" when Nature can say to men, as now to her God, "I am in my Father, and ye in me and I in you". Unto that hour she toils at her Hidden Work, and it is the Hidden Light that reveals to men her process of evolution as she shapes from out the dust immortal Sons of God.

C. Jinarajadasa

ON THE LIVES OF MIZAR

By C. R. SRINIVASAYANGAR, B. A.

I HAVE much pleasure in placing before my readers the following information from independent sources, as it goes to corroborate many incidents in the first and second lives of Mizar (*The Theosophist*. Vol. xxxii, No. 6, pp. 954-961).

From V. A. Smith's *The Early History of India* pp. 400 to 423:

1. We hear of a mission sent by King Pandyan to Augustus Cæsar in 20 B.C. (*Strabo*. Bk. xv, ch. 4, 73; *Merivale*, *History of the Romans under the Empire*, iv. 118, 175). Both the author of *Periplus of the Erythrean Sea* (circ. A.D. 100) and Ptolemy the Geographer (circ. A.D. 140), were well informed concerning the names and positions of the marts and ports of the Pandya country. Caracalla's massacre at Alexandria in A.D. 215 put an end to the direct Roman trade between Southern India and Egypt (*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, October 1907. p. 954).

2. The Tamil States maintained powerful navies, and were visited freely by ships from both East and West, which brought merchants of various races eager to buy the pearls, pepper and beryls and other choice commodities of India and to pay for them with gold, silver and art-ware of Europe. There is good reason to believe that considerable colonies of Roman subjects were settled in Southern India engaged in trade, during the first two centuries of our era. It is even stated and no doubt truly, that a temple dedicated to Augustus

existed at Muziris (Cranganore). Another foreign (Yāvana) colony was settled at Kaveripatnam or Pukār, a busy port situated on the eastern coast at the mouth of the northern branch of the Kaveri river. Both town and harbour disappeared long since, and now lie buried under vast mounds of sand [*The Tamils 1800 Years Ago*, pp. 16, 25, 31, 36, 38. The 'Pelltingerian Tables,' a collection of ancient maps believed to date from A.D. 226, are the authority for the temple of Augustus at Muziris, which is indicated on the map by a rough sketch of a building marked "templ augusti i" inserted beside 'Muziris'. The identification of Muziris with Cranganore is well established, Kaveripatnam=Pukār=Kāk-anthi (Kākandī of Bharhut inscription No. 101. *Ind. Ant.* xxi, 235);=Kamara (*Periplus* ch. 60. *Ind. Ant.* viii, 149);=Khābēries (Ptolemy, Bk. vii, ch. i, 13, *Ind. Ant.* vii, 40; xiii, 332)].

3. Ancient Tamil literature and the Greek and Roman authors prove that in the first two centuries of the Christian era the ports on the Coromandel or Chola coast enjoyed the benefits of active commerce with both West and East. The Chola fleets did not confine themselves to coasting voyages, but boldly crossed the Bay of Bengal to the mouths of the Ganges and the Irrawady, and the Indian Ocean to the Islands of the Malay Archipelago. All kinds of goods imported into Kerala or Malabar from Egypt found a ready market in the Chola territory; while, on the other hand, the western ports drew a large part of their supplies of merchandise from the bazaars of the eastern coast, which produced great quantities of cotton goods. The principal Chola port was Kāvīripaddīnam, situated at the northern mouth of the Kaveri (Cauvery) river. This

once wealthy city, in which the king maintained a magnificent palace, and foreign merchants found residence agreeable and profitable, has vanished, and its site lies buried under deep sand-drifts.

4. The early Tamil Literature mentions a Pandya king named Neduncheliyan, supposed to be contemporary with Karikala Chola and Athen I of Chera. The *Kural*, the celebrated poem of Tiruvalluvar, is said to have been published at the Court of Ugra-peru-valuthi a successor of Neduncheliyan. According to tradition, Madura in those days was the seat of a school or college of poets. [Mr. Gover dated Tiruvalluvar in the third century A. D. (*Folk Songs of Southern India*, p. 217)].

5. Karikala Chola was nearly contemporary with Gajabahu, King of Ceylon, which places him within the limits of the second century A. D. He was, according to the poets, succeeded by a grandson named Ched-Chenni Nalan-Killi, who was succeeded in his turn by Killi-vallavan. Chen-kudduva or Imaya-varman, a cousin of Ched-Chenni, is said to have been contemporary, at fifty years of age, with Gajabahu, King of Ceylon, to whom the traditional chronology assigns a period from A. D. 113 to 125. But the true date must be considerably later.

6. Kulottunga, otherwise called Rajendra Chola, ruled from A. D. 1070 to 1118. The celebrated philosopher, Ramanuja, received his education at Kānchi and resided at Shrīraṅgam near Trichinopoly during the reign of Kulottunga; but, owing to the hostility of the King, who professed the Shaiva faith, he was obliged to retire into the Mysore territory until Kullottunga's death freed him from anxiety. The holy man returned to Shrīraṅgam, where he remained until his decease. Vikrama Chola succeeded his father in A. D. 1118.

7. In or about the year A.D. 1175, the Pandya country was invaded by a powerful force under the command of two generals in the service of Parakramabahu, the ambitious King of Ceylon. Two detailed accounts of this event, written from different points of view, are extant. The story, as told in the island chronicle, *Mahavamsa*, naturally represents the victorious career of the invaders as unbroken by defeat; but the rival account, preserved in a long inscription at Arpakkam near Kāñchī, which is the more trustworthy record, proves that the invading army, having gained considerable successes at first, ultimately was obliged to retire in consequence of the vigorous resistance of a coalition of the southern princes. The occasion of the Sinhalese intervention was a disputed succession to the Pandya throne of Madura.

From Ancient Tamil Writers

1. *Silappadhikaram* and *Manimekhalai*, two of the five great Tamil kavyas deal with the same period of South Indian History. The first was composed by Ilangovadikal, the brother of Chenkuttuvan the King of Chera, who succeeded his father Athen (named in the original *Cheral-athan*). He was contemporary with the events he describes. The second is the production of *Koola-Vānigan-Sāththanar*, and is a sequel to the first; it narrates the adventures of the daughter of Kovalan, the hero of the first poem. The two poets wrote their works in each other's presence.

2. From them we learn that Nedunchelian ruled at Madura, Ilan-chelian at Korkai, the ancient capital of the Pandya kingdom, Karikala Chola at Kaveripatnam, the ancient capital of the Chola kingdom, Peru-nar-killi chola at Uraiyoor, Senkuttuvan, at Vanji, the Chera

capital, and Gajabahu in Ceylon (then known as Rathna-dweepa).

3. Kaveripatnam was, in its palmy days, the Queen of the South; it was to India what Athens was to Greece in the Periclean Age. In its harbour, Ponnithurai, might be seen the representatives of the world's commerce. The richest and most exquisite treasures of architecture, sculpture and painting adorned it; it was the home of poets, philosophers, sages, scientists, and warriors. It was divided into parts—Maruvloorppakam inhabited by the middle class, the artisans and the Pattinappakam by merchant-princes, noblemen, and the Upper Ten with their magnificent palaces. It had, at all times, a fixed population of about sixty thousand. It is sanctified in the eyes of the Āryans of the South as the home of Iyarppakaynayanar and Pattinattar, two of the great sages of the Tamil country. Its ancient name is Champavathi. There were five remarkable spots in it:

i. *Vellidaimanram*. Any thieves or robbers that happened to enter the city were seized with a strange fit of madness and continued to walk round and round the town until they were caught and punished.

ii. *Ilanjimanram*. There was a pool in it where the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the lame, the crooked, and the leper came to bathe and went back clean and hale.

iii. *Nedunkalmanram*. A pillar which had power to relieve those that walked round it from the evil effects of snake-bites, poisoning drugs, and obsession by evil spirits.

iv. *Bhoothachathukkam*. The traitor to his country, the sanctimonious hypocrite, the unchaste wife, and the adulterer, were brought to swear their innocence; and a Bhootha that made that spot his abode, struck them dead if they perjured themselves.

v. *Pavaimanram*. A statue was there which shed pitiful tears whenever the King or his officers of justice did not administer it right.

4. Mahāmahōpādhyāya Swaminadhier, of the Presidency College, Madras, the greatest Tamil scholar of our times, fixes the date of the *Sillappadhikaram* as A. D. 132, from the date assigned to Gajabahu in *Mahāvamsa*. But he adds that there was another king of the same name who reigned about 628 B. C. and that researches into the dynastic accounts of other kings of the age, incline him to assign the latter date.

Now, I would like to draw the attention of Mr. Leadbeater to the following points and request him to throw further light thereon.

1. "Mizar was born in the year A. D. 222" (p. 944. Vol. xxii, *The Theosophist*). "He died in 293" (*Ibid.*, 959). Are there any reasons for preferring the earlier date of 628 B. C.?

2. "Mizar was born in the Chola country, whose King was Chenkuddeva." (*Ibid.* 956). Vincent Smith opines that the king was a cousin of Ched-chenni-nalam-killi, the grandson and successor, of Karikāla Chola. He was a contemporary of Gajabahu of Ceylon, to whom is assigned the date A. D. 132 or 628 B. C. by the Tamil poets.

They make him ruler of the Chera kingdom after Athen I and as the son-in-law of Karikala Chola, who reigned at Kaveripatnam. Was he the king of the Chera country or the Chola?

3. According to *Silappadhikaram*, Nedunchelian, King of Madura was succeeded by Ilan-cheliyan, the ruler of Korkai. Senkuttuvan was the contemporary of both. V. A. Smith says that Tiruvalluvar was made a member of the Tamil Sangam in the reign of

Ugra-peru-valuthi, a successor of Neduncheliyan. If Mizar was a subject of Chenkuttuvan, if he was present when Tiruvalluvar received great honours, may we conclude that Ugra-peru-valuthi and Ilam-cheliyan were the same?

4. "Sri Ramanujacharya found it politic 'to retire' to Shrīraṅgam". V. A. Smith says that he retired from Shrīraṅgam to Mysore. The traditions of the Vaiṣṇavites of the South incline "to the latter opinion". I have discussed the question as thoroughly as I could in my *Life of Sri Ramanuja Charya* and have come to the same conclusion. It was during the reign of King Bitti Deva of the Hoysala dynasty, who had their Capital at Dwarasamudra. (1117 A. D.). During his reign, the Jains enjoyed high favour under his minister Gangaraja, but he came under the influence of Sri Ramanuja and was converted to Vaishnavism. He changed his name to Viṣṇu-var-dhana and the magnificent buildings at Halebid and Beloor testify to his zeal and devotion to his new faith. Sri Ramanuja came over to Shrīraṅgam from Kāñchī taking holy orders, and at the express commands of his predecessor, Sri Yāmuna (or Ālavandār). Which is correct?

5. Vijayabahu, King of Ceylon, undertook a great expedition against the Tamil invaders of his country, and had finally driven them back to the mainland (*Ibid.*, 961). V. A. Smith says that it was the two generals of Parakramabahu that invaded the Pandya Kingdom, and that they were ultimately defeated and driven back and quotes the Arpakkam inscription to support him. Was it Vijayabahu or Parakrama that ruled in Ceylon at that time? Did he invade India or was he invaded by the Tamils of the mainland?

C. R. Srinivasayangar

THE THREAD

By FRITZ KUNZ

THERE was a great stir in the kingdom of the world. Men spoke to one another in the market-places of the new Wonder Worker come to the capital city; the women watched from the house-tops in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of him; the children wove his name into the games they played; all the world spoke of his magic. Even the King of the world turned aside from his dream of empires, hearing about him the speech of courtiers. He gave command that there should be brought before him this worker of wonders, a traveller from many far-off lands, to show his magic to the King in the great hall of audience.

And now it was come to the day of that audience. The country and the city folk lined the roads and the lanes, hither and thither surging, in the hope that they might see him. The garments of these people were those they wear on gala days, pale-blue, and white, and the shimmering green that glints the Meru hills at sunrise. Here and there wandered groups of school-children in white and violet, flinging joyously into the air dew-spangled lilies, and singing now this strain, now that, in the happy inconsequence of holiday.

Now the wonder-working traveller had never yet been seen in the kingdom of the world, though ages before

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(the wise Books said) such another had come from the same far-off countries this same way, alone, afoot and without train. But none knew now, and the King's wise men could only tell the tales. *They* said that they too could do magic and wonders, under a power left by the other Visitor; but yet they never had made the rain come to save the crops, nor stopped the plague. And also some others had lately come into the kingdom of the world who said that they too had *heard* of this traveller, and among these were two who said they had *seen* him. These also said that the King's wise men could make magic. But the King's wise men feared this as flattery, and kept silent, except to say they knew not, for the ways of God are dark, and as broken waters. And being in the King's house, their words were strong; and the others, those who had lately come, spoke only plain words which none heeded save the few.

Therefore men wrangled much as to the nature of this traveller. Some said that the wise Books talked of a weak and womanish man, who smiled never, nor ever showed power. Some said that the magic was but trickery, and that only the foolish believed. Others said that it was all an old woman's tale. Those who had lately come into the kingdom of the world said little of his appearance, but it was thought that they had really seen him.

But now at last the world was to see. And so the throngs waited in the streets, and in the great hall of audience sat the King and his courtiers doing justice until this traveller might arrive. Then all-suddenly came running into the hall a page from the Keeper of the Gate, to say that one had come who said that he was the traveller whom they expected. He had arrived

before the gate quietly and without train, and awaited the pleasure of the King of the world.

So the King signed with his hand, and the page fled to the door to bring in the worker of wonders.

The hall of audience was splendidly hung in arms and tapestries, and soft lights hung from marble pillars about the arched domes. The tessellated floors reflected faintly the lights; the low voices of the waiting multitude caused a steady undulation in the soft glow that filled the room. The dreaminess of all the surroundings poured over the watcher like a stream.

Then suddenly all was changed as into the hall stepped the traveller. The straight and sinewy figure glided and yet strode over the polished floor, and, about him, the purest light played and grew—grew, truly, until the very light of day had banished the false lights above. Nor was this all: before his serenity and in sympathy with his silence the hall grew quiet, and in the perfume of his presence the air grew fresh.

It was as if the light and beauty of the day had come into the hall—the Light of the world.

The cadence of the voice that sprung from his lips made all forget that he spoke without the royal sign of permission from the throne.

"Sir," he said, "you have asked that I come, that I do before you the magic which men love, that I show you the wonders which, in my travels, I have gathered. Ask and it shall be shown unto you!"

Now the King loved jewels above all else. Himself the possessor of a great store, he drew into favour as well those of his nobles who could display great stones or ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~rice~~. And so the courtiers knew that he would ask to see such treasure. But, craftily, first he tried the

powers of the worker of wonders in other things, lest he, knowing the King's great desire, might have brought false stones. Therefore he asked first for some sign of power.

The traveller bowed low before the throne, and as his blue robe swept the floor, there leaped up from the cold flags of marble a golden flame that marked a magic symbol that only the wise men know. The flame leaped upward—and was gone. Then followed magic feats that made the kingdom of the world wonder; of which they still speak, though I may tell you of but a few.

In one of these, from his garment the traveller drew a red lacquer box, small, but wondrously carved. He pressed the spring and laid the box upon the floor. Immediately about it sprang a little grove; the box disappeared and on the spot where it had been stood an elephant not so high as one's hand, but perfect in form and with a howdah of ivory. Out of the jungle trotted a little man, the mahout, crying in a wee small voice to the elephant. The animal sank to the ground, the mahout was lifted into his place, and together they saluted the King. As they stood thus, the traveller drew about the scene a circle, which moved inward, rolling up the forest as it were, then swallowed them up in the red lacquer box, which seemed to come out of the floor.

"Buy that," the King commanded his minister; and straightway a light smile fled across the face of the traveller; but he gave over the box.

From another fold of his garment he drew forth a ring of crystal, in size like to a man's forearm. This he put upon the floor, spinning it lightly with his hand. Straightway the ring was lost to view and in its

place revolved an iris-coloured sphere, which pulsed and shimmered with all the colours of the finest mother-of-pearl, and strange to say, hummed and sang as it spun.

"There, O King of all the world, is the speaking heart. Ask whatsoever you would know, and it shall be answered. But once only," said the traveller.

And in the heart of the King was again his desire for jewels, so he said: "Shall I not receive and possess great gems, the envy of the world?"

The traveller smiled again, and his smile was as the waters under summer air. But the voice from the singing heart dropped to the merest whisper, as if communing with another, and then its bell-like tones rang out in answer to the King:

"TO-DAY—BUT NOT TO-MORROW"

and straightway the crystal ring came back out of the rainbow-coloured mist, and rocked itself to rest upon the floor.

"That, too, must we have," said the King.

But now his great desire could no longer be repressed, and he interrogated the stranger, asking him what stones of price he had found in foreign lands. As if anticipating this, the worker of wonders drew forth from his garment a most marvellous case of seven sides, but with no fastening on it, nor opening. And yet he lifted from it, almost it seemed that he drew *through* it, the greatest marvel yet seen in the kingdom of the world.

It was a living necklace, strung upon a simple thread, brilliant beyond the power of words to describe, from which veritably poured a torrent of light. Cascades of colour poured through the audience hall. The King

and the nobles, must, at first, shade their wonder-struck eyes before the power of the gems. For gems they seemed to be, when, presently, the King's gaze perceived each member of the chain.

Then the traveller showed the King each jewel on the string, speaking words which fell in part upon deaf ears, and of which all were understood only by those who had lately come into the kingdom of the world, and happened also to be present.

"This," he said, "is the great lapis lazuli of perfect health. It completes the chain at the bottom. Men have said that in its place we might better have a transparent stone, or, at least, a pearl. But in this they show not wisdom, for without this gem, perfect in its strength, all the others would fall from the thread into the mire." And here the King saw, but only to forget again through the desire which was upon him, that although the traveller spoke of that upon which these gems were strung as a thread, yet it seemed to have a strange silver and rose brilliance; though near the bottom it was indeed, to his eyes, like a simple thread.

"Here," continued the traveller, "is the fire opal. See how it dartles now red, now blue, now violet from the stones above! It reflects and mimics all. Next above it is a flawless oval ruby. At the bottom its perfect blood-red seems the very essence of pure passion, and at the top this palest rose seems like unto the pure affection of which tales are told. Over it hangs this emerald. Have you ever seen such, Sir? None save myself has ever seen in its perfection this gem of gems. Men have said, and here they say wisely, that its perfect sea-green stimulates in them the most profound knowledge, and these pale shades of electric purity are

like in value unto the Egyptian sunset, and bring forth a sympathy transcendent. Above this hangs a sapphire beyond compare, except that it is like the highest vault of heaven. And next above hangs this stone." Here the traveller pointed to a gem that has no name in the kingdom of the world. The King and all men marvelled. But one of those who had lately come to the kingdom was heard to murmur of the Wisdom of the Blessed One, and another chanted that His Wisdom shone like unto silver islands in a sapphire sea. Hearing this, the traveller turned upon the speaker with a radiant smile that can never be forgotten, and he continued, speaking for all, but with a new meaning to those who seemed to have heard of this One called Blessed:

"Aye, this stone shines with the radiance of perfect wisdom. It is the far famed jewel of Compassion which my Brother gave to me. And above that is this diamond without a spot. See how clear it is! How its rays pour down through the chain and illuminate and intensify it! The diamond is hard, but nothing can be substituted for it. He who makes this his own will have with him ever that which cuts more surely than steel; a centre upon which all things may revolve. He shall have *the will to do*."

The voice of the traveller dropped away into nothing. He had been almost forgotten, so complete was his sympathy and identification with the stones before him. The King's desire to possess the necklace grew apace, and he said again.

"Those, too, must I have. Every one must be mine. Give him whatsoever he asks for them."

Once more the same faint smile fled across the face, of the worker of wonders. "O King!" he said, "the

speaking heart has said that you will have great jewels to-day but not to-morrow. Shall they be these jewels?" The King signified his assent.

"They are yours," said the traveller, "But behold!" He knelt upon the marble and stripped the great stones from off the simple thread which held them, and which the King had forgotten. And lo! The splendid jewels, as each slipped from that thread, became dimmed and dull. The lapis lazuli and the fire opal were as lumps of clay; the great ruby seemed spirited away, for there lay a common brown stone; in the emerald appeared cracks; the sapphire seemed to shrink and wither; the jewel of Compassion rolled into a crevice in the flags and was for ages lost; even the great diamond filmed over, and the brilliance of it fled, leaving only a cold hard stone.

Before the amazed gathering the traveller stood erect in all the majesty of his height. The clear tones of his voice struck with fearless candour through the hall of audience as he addressed the throne.

"You are King of all the world," he said, "and you have bought, with the dust of principalities, the baubles of magic, and those dull gems. But you did not (for you cannot) buy this simple thread. Yet it is because they were strung upon this that those stones wellnigh blinded you with their light. See them now as they lie there dull and broken! Whatsoever man desires that does he receive. But this you have not desired. For this is the simple silver cord without which the jewels are as you see them now. For *this* men call Love, though the Masters of men know it by another name."

His silver voice vanished for the last time. Into the fold of his garment he placed the thread. He

saluted the King, walked to the end of the hall and out into the day.

Straightway the same dullness fell upon the company before the King, and the heavy air and feeble lights returned. At the far end of the passage some saw that dusk had fallen, and that over the distant hills where leads an ancient little road out of the kingdom of the world, a majestic figure showed small against the rosy sunset sky, and vanished beyond into descending night. But those who had lately come into the kingdom saw an evening star blaze forth as if to promise to the kingdom of the world such another day.

II. THE SEARCH

The King of the world stood in his own chamber above the Court of the Fountain and gazed musingly over the palace into the pale green of the sunset sky. There for a moment had hung the evening star, over the ancient narrow road that leads out of the kingdom of the world; and there too had rested momentarily the figure of the great Magician to whom he had given audience but a brief time before. Saddened and overwrought had the King left the hall of audience, bearing in his clenched hand six dull jewels, bought from the looked-for traveller. By some trick, of which none knew the real nature, these stones were brilliant with the light of life when strung upon the thread which held them suspended from the hand of the worker of wonders; but now they were cold and dark, and the seventh was lost. And the King, chagrined at this change, his great desire rebuffed, was thoughtful and downcast.

As he mused, his sober thought was slowly disturbed by voices in the court below him. When his attention was thus drawn he heard the serene tones of two who had lately come into the kingdom of the world speaking of the great visitor, who had just left them, in words which clearly showed that this had not been their first sight of him. For they were recalling, as they paced slowly about the great fountain, how they had come together, though by different roads, to the very home of the worker of wonders there in the Hills of Meru; how they had met before the gateway of the Great Hall of Light in that place, and entered into it together. The man spoke so vividly in his rich deep voice of the glory of that hall, its colours, its lights and its never-ceasing fountain that even the words (which came back to the King later) seemed to give a certain measure of peace and calm even after the two had gone from the Court of the Fountain—even so that in the heart of the King grew a mighty resolve that he also should forsake for a time the kingdom of the world to seek that hall of splendour and learn, perhaps, the secret of the thread. So it was that with a heart that sang he turned himself to the task of state fixed for the evening, knowing well that the morrow would bring him on his way.

The ancient narrow road which led and still leads out of the kingdom of the world is approached by several wide avenues, one springing from the very gate of the Palace of the King. He had long known of its existence, and so it was with little difficulty that he found it even before dawn the next morning. For he had arisen early and taken the road alone, bearing in his hand a staff, wearing his simplest garments, and

taking in addition only a sword and a case containing his six jewels. For it was his purpose to find the Hall of Light that same day, so great was his resolve.

Now he stood on the edge of his kingdom, having followed the road to the ridge of the hills. And he turned eastward his gaze to see once more his home. Beyond the spires and domes the first flush of the dawn lay low in the sky, and a single star hung in the silver blue above. The sun had not yet risen when he turned from the scene and strode resolutely along his appointed and chosen pathway, following the ancient road ever followed by those who leave the kingdom of the world.

It is not an easy way, this road, as he soon found. It is narrow and rough, and one who has never taken it before can see only a little way along it. Yet despite the difficulties and the loneliness of it the royal traveller found delight in the added freedom which had come to him when first he set foot upon it, and a keener zest in the clean air and better vision that were his.

But a turn in the pathway brought him suddenly upon an obstacle before which he paused. A great boulder lay across his way and prevented his further advance. For a moment his resolution forsook him, and he wondered what might be the obstacles further on if such were met thus early. Then with a rush his determination came back to him, and with his staff he began the work of clearing the road. Slowly he moved the rock, until his staff broke in his hands. Then still more laboriously did he attack his task, now with bare hands and bent back. Finally, with a supreme effort that called forth all the reserve of his physical force, he toppled the great obstacle into the valley below him.

Weary and spent, the King of the world paused to adjust his now soiled and torn garments and to gird on his sword anew. Taking up his case of jewels, but leaving behind his broken staff, once more did he take his way forward. He did not note, but in the case the precious lapis lazuli had again regained its perfect form, and the diamond sparkled as of yore. Nor did he know that far ahead of him, from his eyrie in the Meru hills, there was One who saw the struggle and its result, and who wrote upon His record:

HE HAS GIVEN ME HIS BODY : I HAVE GIVEN
HIM MY WILL

Again the wanderer took his way, and again another turn in the pathway brought him before a task. A great tangle blocked his way, the growth of centuries; a tree that was strangely hard, and yet seemed alive like a veritable tangle of serpents. From this too the royal wanderer fell back momentarily daunted. But once more, and this time with greater power (for he had need of it), his resolution returned to him, and he sprang to his giant task with unsheathed sword, cutting and hewing with the strength of ten at the maze of writhing branches. Roots gripped his feet and sinuous poisoned fronds stung his body. Now he had need of the will he had won, for this was the task of killing the great deadly nightshade of ancient false delusions, and none is more difficult. Never pausing, never resting, in a fight which knows no quarter, torn and bleeding and worn, with a heart nigh unto bursting, at last he cut his way to the chief stem, and with one stupendous blow severed the trunk. All about him fell the now dead serpent limbs, and he, almost spent in body and in

heart, had need once more to rest upon his road. Again the Silent Watcher wrote a single sentence in the record :

HE HAS GIVEN ME HIS HEART :

I WILL GIVE HIM MY COMPASSION

Then came the end of that brief respite, and, refreshed in body and renewed in heart, abandoning his dulled sword, but clinging to his stones of price, once more he resumed his way. The flawless ruby glowed within, but he saw it not.

The second task was done, but in the very doing came the danger from the third. For now the King walked with confident mind, saying to himself : " Have I not won my way ? Can I not meet the greatest of trials and conquer ? " So did he think, walking on with head proudly erect. And therein was the way of greatest danger ; for over his path was a great pit that he saw not in his pride, and into this he fell heavily. Up those walls none can clamber quite unassisted, and none was by to help. But once more came into him like a flood the King's mighty conviction, and almost without a pause he stripped his torn garments from him to make a slender rope to throw over some projection. And then began a wearisome time of many efforts and many failures, until at last he pulled himself up into the light of common day, once more to rest his tired body. And a third time the Silent Watcher saw and wrote :

HE HAS GIVEN ME HIS MIND :

I HAVE GIVEN HIM MY WISDOM

Then there came for a moment into the heart and inmost being of the traveller the blackness of utter

despair, for the long slanting beams of the setting sun casting their golden haze over the hills and the valleys told him that the day was wellnigh spent. And here was he who went forth so boldly that very morning, armed and equipped, now without a weapon, and his very garments in shreds. Thus despairing, he dragged his weary body to a near-by stream, bathed himself as best he might, and then turned forward, almost from force of habit it would seem, with his eyes fixed modestly upon the road, until his thoughts turned to the need of shelter for the night. He stopped and cast his gaze forward along the road, when—behold ! Before him was the very goal he sought, the Hall of Light, resplendent in the sun.

In the very pathway it stood, with its ivory gate wide ajar. Then suddenly the King thought of his beloved stones, tied upon his wrist. He drew them forth and saw that at last they were perfect, the six that were there, though shining with their *own* splendour. As he wondered at this there came no more to him his great desire to possess gems, for he saw now that in themselves they are as nothing. So he resolved to lay them silently upon the threshold, that the great Worker of Wonders might have them back, (for the King now saw that they were indeed not his own), to look into the mighty hall before him, and then go back once more to his own kingdom. So, naked and unafraid, mind and heart burned pure, he strode to the entrance and stepped into the hall. And now he saw that it was well that he had given up his desire for stones of price, for this soaring building was built wholly of them. It was a sight of sights, and never can he forget it. While his eye also noted the glories of the Hall of Light the voice

and the very words of the man in the garden rang again in his ears:

Emerald was the central stair,
 Pearl the sweeping balustrade,
 Gold and silver arms were there,
 Tapestries of glistening jade.

Crystal was the fountain bowl,
 Amber-pearl the water fell,
 Iridescent shadows stole,
 Across the floor of rainbow shell.

The dome that fled from pillars round
 Leapt like a lightning golden flame.
 There flashed a star wherein is found
 The symbol of that blessed Name.

Who shall tell of the joy of the King to see these things without desire to possess them? And surely no words can express his veritable bliss when into this coruscating Hall of Light came none other than the Worker of Wonders, in all the beauty of His transcendent form. This One placed in the hand of the King the jewels he had laid at the gate, complete now and pulsing with the light of life. But this was not all. For with that same rare smile, so like the soft summer breeze upon still waters, He said:

"There is the thread you sought and the stones you have fairly won by the very act of giving. Take them and return once more to your own kingdom to prepare it again to receive Me, for I shall soon return. It is My Will, My Compassion, and My Wisdom you shall employ, but yours are the brain, the heart, and the shoulders. So long as these jewels hang upon this thread you shall have in the great task the light of life, and the Star shall hang above you. Go then, and work unceasingly against the day of My return. Peace be with you!"

So it comes that now when the King of all the world stands looking out over the Court of the Fountain in the half light of a dying day, and sees once more the evening star sinking over the Hills of Meru, he feels only joy, for he knows that beneath that symbol lives in changeless calm that celestial One who gave to him the eternal thread that men call Love. And he knows too that soon again those calm eyes of perfect repose and perfect understanding will look upon the world, and bless the earth, the water, and the air with the strength, the beauty, and the light that are His.

III. THE RETURN

Prelude

The Great Magician rose at the first suggestion of the dawn upon the Hills of Meru, and stood at the latticed window, gazing out over the poppy field, far out and away where the rose-rimmed horizon sent a soft wind that whispered faintly, faintly, "Lord, art Thou coming?" Afar off a single note floated across the cavern of the sky; and then fell once more the silent moment that speaks to the heart at this hour. What said it to Him?

The fair hair was rippled like ruffled water, and from it sprang lights like the satin dew on the poppies there at His feet. Was that light in the blue eyes all from the dawn? Was the rosy-fingered East alone reflected as the sudden glow that lighted that perfect countenance? Truly it seems not so, for the sudden springing of the eastern light, flooding the valleys' mist, though it saw that calm unchanged, yet revealed something that spoke of an undying resolve.

And now the day broke before Him. Silver-green resolved itself to sapphire; warm rose burned paler into palest gold. The pure note of an untutored starling fled upward, broke, and dissolved itself into a chorus. The soft sough of pine-laden air shook a thousand diamonds from the poppies. Then another crystal moment, and—behold! it was day. With the grace of the supple tiger He swept His hand lightly down His beard, chestnut now in the full light; and as He turned from the east He spoke one brief word. But having heard only that, I fled gladly to mine own place in the kingdom of the world, happy, serene and assured: the word He spoke was "Yes".

In my own place in the kingdom of the world I saw another arise at the same dawn and gaze in mute content into the silvered East. I could not see his face with these dull eyes, but I saw the coming of day, and heard a brief phrase go from this watcher's lips—heard it slip into the dawn wind—"Lord, art Thou coming?"

Then once more was the glory of dayspring; the swift magic of new-born light melting the old heart of nature; the whispering of waking things in hushed voices; the gleam of iridescent mists; the second moment of pure silence. Then the west wind answered again unto the east. As it breathed past, my dull ears caught a low Love tone that seemed to come from the far-off unimaginable heights of the Hills of Meru—but only this word, "Yes".

Once more the King of the world is seated in his own chamber above the Court of the Fountain; but now he is old and spent. Snow-white hair and beard

frame his noble face in a pure white ground, and from his deep-set eyes pours a resistless flame that marks his indomitable will. The slow bubbling fountain whispers words he seems from long familiarity half to understand; the faint voices of woodland and stream murmur across the silent sleeping city from the Hills of Meru. Often in the pale dim dawn had the King sat thus, watching ever for the Day of Days, the dawn that had never come. Children grew up; old courtiers died; the cares of state grew incessantly heavier, yet sustained by an unfaltering trust and living in a promise and a hope, his majestic figure bent only slowly under the burden, as he looked ever forward.

But now he was come to be old and spent. Intrigue ringed him round and enemies struck upon his outlying districts and peoples. Worst of all, even to-day he was to adjust in open audience a bitter quarrel between the merciless Lord of Mamona and his ancient enemy the strong Baron of the Reaches. Now with this and then with that adjustment had the King sought to allay their at first secret and now open strife. But ever he had failed. Greed of possessions held both leaders, and the kingdom of the world was the real goal of each, for the King was without issue.

To him in his troubled state this dawn came much as any other; with the usual sense of disappointment, but this time somehow more poignant than ever before, he slowly arose and retired to the half light of a further room, still wrestling with his troublesome problem.

The day wore on toward the hour of the audience. The drowsy rustle of human life gathered strength steadily, until it rumbled like the far-sounding sea. The aged figure, half lay and half sat in the shadow of

his lounging room. In a casket beside him glowed a set of seven priceless gems, world-famed. But the weary man gazed idly and dully. As the hour of the audience drew near a figure stood in the door. The half-reclining tired old man slowly arose, to beckon the nobleman. He was clothed for the work before him, but himself clasped upon his bosom finally the wondrous necklace. He strode resolutely to his task.

The audience hall was quite crowded, even as it had been on another occasion. The murmur of respectful voices died away as the majestic figure entered, and lackeys and courtiers settled into place, whilst a crier called for silence, and announced the ancient custom of the Crown of offering public hearing to any who asked it. The King declared the audience open. He signed to an eager man before him, who arose at the signal; this was the great Baron of the Reaches. Slightly stooped but powerful of form, he stood for a moment amidst the heavy silence, his sombre face and sombre clothes fittingly matched. Then his voice, harsh and strong, opened the dread question:

"Sire," he began, "under your beneficent rule it is hard for any to speak of wrongs done. Yet even so must I do, even though with a heavy heart. For in my province great has been the injustice; greatly therefore must it be righted."

Now with flattery, now with pathos, false and true, the strong but rough voice of the noble carried on the tale of his grievances. How in his states he had sought to upraise all men; how he had educated and trained; how he had organised and advised his people; but especially how he had striven against the corruptions

of wealth. Ever it was of rights and justice, the honest reward of the poor and labouring.

"But," his words rang out, charged with hatred, "one of thine own lieges has ever warred silently against me. He corrupted with wealth even the bearers of news, the pulpit and the schools. For ever and ceaselessly he has worked with agents sinister and strong. Now it has at last come to the surface. Shall it be war against him? Here he sits before you; judgment I ask on behalf of depressed humanity, judgment against that man."

His muscled arm pointed unswervingly at one of the foremost nobles, one gorgeously clad in a crimson cloak, a vivid and rich spot of colour in the pale green of the uniformed figures of his retainers there about him. The eyes of the Lord of Mamona rose from the floor at the charge, and the King saw them grey, small and cold, in keeping with the hard lines of the face. At a sign from the throne he also stood erect. His voice was quiet and controlled, his gestures simple and his words few, but charged with a quiet and deadly power:

"Sire," he said, "all this the whole kingdom of the world has heard many times before. Why should I weary you now with fresh denials? It is well known that in the confines of my own provinces these charges would be held groundless. Why should I reach out to do in one place what I do nowhere else? It is true that I have great wealth; but is this in itself a crime? Yes, war there will be if necessary, but I fight only in defence. In your hands is the issue." And with a suave gesture he seated himself amongst his retainers.

The hall of audience was quiet with the stillness of death. The bitter words of the nobles had left no

room for compromise. War would mean the rupture of the whole kindom. Each had declared his settled policy anew. Neither held out any hope of peace.

In the ominous silence the King of all the world sat quiet and apparently unmoved. Long since transcending his pride of race and country, himself living only for the good of the people, he had also held the rule of the state for them only, in the great hope that another King should come, that One whom he had seen, that One to whom he had spoken. Struggling against intrigue, eternally watchful, he had looked and longed for the Man of Men, a Worker of Wonders, to stop the tide of almost certain defeat. Now the last effort had been made, but no hope was offered, and in this bitter moment his heart was heavy and he was utterly weary.

About him no pity showed in the faces amongst his nobles; unrelieved selfishness there ringed him round. His eye wandered idly back into the hall. He saw many faces familiar and half-familiar, and many strange. Who were those in the simple dress sitting somewhat apart? Out of his oldest images came to the King, the memory of another audience in his early years on the throne. Ah! yes. There were they who had come into the kingdom only a short time before the visit of the Great Magician. How peaceful and serene their gaze! How youthful still they seemed. The burning eyes of the aged man paused at the refreshing simplicity of the group and their happy strength. A half-familiar man sat amongst them, perfectly unruffled in his calm. His serene and untroubled gaze met the King's eyes, and seemed to give him that peace which comes to the night watcher when dawn breaks. So striking was this in the stirring scenes about him that the King's attention

was with difficulty drawn back by the aggressive tone of the Baron of the Reaches, calling: "Judgment, Sire!"

The aged King glanced at the Lord of Mamona and received a sign of defiant assent. He drew himself up to the fullest of his fine stature. With a flash of his ancient strength (whence came it?) he spoke, with quick decision, the age-old formula:

"Know all ye the ancient custom of the public audience amongst us. It is that each party to the quarrel speaks for himself. One is then chosen without favour from the people to give a decision to them, and him we call the Judgment Giver. Then, if it please him, the throne speaks nothing and the judgment stands. But if it please not the throne then does he render the decision. This day, so shall I welcome a just decision and wise, that I offer for it this, my great necklace, to the Judgment Giver, if his decision be acceptable to me. These have asked for judgment; give it, thou!" And his gesture swept toward the silent, quiet man with the wonderful eyes, he who sat in the group where the King's gaze had only just rested. Quite unembarrassed, with a gentle dignity far beyond his years, this one descended to the floor of the hall. What was this strange clear light which seemed to grow? why was the air so suddenly sweet?

He stood quietly before the tense multitude. The fierce gaze of the dark Baron and the cold glare of the great Lord were found to falter before the gentle eyes. The King's heart leapt when the clear voice filled the hall. How like the Worker of Wonders so long ago!

"Judgment you cry. And in the name of the King I shall answer. But who of us shall judge? who shall say, 'This is right; this wrong' to his fellow?"

Never before in all the years of public audience had one of the folk spoken thus boldly. Astonishment seized the audience; the nobles were bewildered. And then came such a scene as none shall describe with words. The soft tones of the Judgment Giver made living the cruel horrors of war; the bitterness of defeat; the vainness of victory. His words dropped with the softness of silk over the bruised heart of one; poured like cool water over the burning heart of another. He spoke of suffering; strong men wept. He spoke of joy; every heart sang. He turned at last in unbroken silence to the old foes:

"Judgment, you ask. This is the only judgment that man can give to man, it is to give what men call Love. Have you given that? None is too poor to give it; none too rich to receive it. Time does not alter it, nor place corrupt it, for it is of—nay it is God. It is a judgment and an award that each can render. I give that to you," turning to the wonder-struck baron, "and the same to you," to the now-softened lord: "Offer it now to one another." And before the astonished multitude the ancient enemies faced each other; moved by a common impulse each stepped forward; and, wonder of wonders, their hands met in a sturdy grip of renewed friendship.

"Judgment! In the King's name and for the King have I given it," rang out the old formula.

The gaze of the crowd swept to the old ruler, knowing full well that he would have the judgment stand. But lo! he was, as they say, dead. Yet, somehow, none was shocked, for serenity lay like a benediction in his face; his brow was untroubled; his lips were smiling.

Then, moved by this wonder of the King's silent assent, the nobles swore new fealty to the state and chose from among them one to rule.

But the Judgment Giver unclasped his reward, the flaming necklace, from the body of the King. And one who was near by heard him strangely say, as he lifted away the quenchless necklace: "Now hast thou no need of this, for thou hast the Light of Life; and though thou, the King, art gone, still there remains the Light of the World."

Thus, have I heard, returned in strange garb the Worker of Wonders, and so once more did the great jewels go whence they came. And the simple thread upon which they were strung, that too was no longer seen. Yet there be those who say that in the crystal casket of the heart of every man hang seven jewels on such a thread, and that he who thence turns his gaze can see strange scenes; that, if he but watches there and waits, there will echo in that small and silent chamber, that is so like unto the greater Hall of Light, the voice of the Great Magician, who shall say: "Peace be with you."

Fritz Kunz

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In the March number of THE THEOSOPHIST, commenting on the Gifford Lectures, you do not allow the æsthetic emotions a pedigree in the struggle for existence. That colour plays a large part in plant fertilisation is well known. In the animal kingdom beauty of colour, and perhaps of form also, enters largely into propagation, and, in a less degree, into nutrition. Colouring is also protective. Primitive man thus endowed with a love of natural beauty would have a distinct asset in the survival of the fittest. Women with a love of beauty, or gifted with æsthetic emotions, would become attractive.

Similarly, where evolution of the race depends so much on propagation and selection, it would seem that the higher ethical emotions were an advantage in the struggle for existence. Loving kindness in the bringing up of a family is conducive to strength, whatever form it may take; ethical emotions are in themselves vitalising; and the warfare plays such a large part in history, it is significant that in times of peace the ethically developed man will usually outlive the man of violence, who, impatient of family life, seeks abroad occasions of danger.

C. B. DAWSON

REVIEWS

Modern World Movements, by J. D. Buck, M.D. (Indo-American Book Co., Chicago.)

This is a little book well worth reading. It gives a valuable and succinct sketch of Theosophical Movements from Jacob Behmen onwards, placing the T.S. in a true perspective. Then it sketches the story of the T.S., with full and affectionate loyalty to H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott. Its error lies in the ignorance of the writer of the T.S. as a world-movement, not only as an American movement, and the consequent preposterous statement, made more than once, that the T.S. is weaker in influence now than when H. P. Blavatsky passed away! Putting this aside, we find an interesting account of an American movement, under "J K," in which the same truths are put forward in a modern scientific way, without any allusion to their more eastern presentation by H. P. Blavatsky. Dr. Buck thinks that this method will better suit the western mind. Only time can decide which way is the better. But all good Theosophists will rejoice that the truths should be proclaimed in any language which meets the needs of any people, for there is but one Work for the uplifting of mankind, and in that all loyal-hearted and self-sacrificing men must ever be welcomed as co-labourers.

A. B.

Hereafter, Notes on the Fifteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, Verses 20 to 28, by Hilda, Baroness Deichmann. (Published for the author by the T.P.S., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This beautiful little book would seem from the 'Foreword' to have been communicated by automatic writing, but, however produced, it will purify the emotions of those who are happy enough to come across it and use it as a book of devotion. S. Paul's words in themselves are a mine of spiritual meaning, and this treatise is on the broadest lines of orthodox Christianity. Many a devout person will be grateful to the writer.

A. J. W.

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

As the months go by this eminently useful collection increases in number, grows more and more comprehensive and approaches nearer and nearer towards forming a modern cyclopædia in which the various topics can be had separately, at small price and in handy form.

Zoology, the Study of Animal Life, by E. W. MacBride, F.R.S.

A clearly written little manual, with several illustrations, especially in the sections on 'Cells and Tissues' and 'The Classification of Animals.' The most interesting part of the booklet will to most readers lie in its last three sections on 'The Origin of Species,' 'The Consequences of Darwin's Theory. The Interpretation of Development' and 'The Bearing of Zoology on the question of human origin and the future destiny of the race'. From the latter section we may quote the dictum: "In fact, at the present day it may be confidently asserted that there is no intelligent naturalist who is not convinced that the human race is descended from monkey-like ancestors; and the quibbling objection which is sometimes raised, that our ancestors could not have been identical with any race of monkeys existing now, is entirely beside the point." The whole last chapter is original and interesting; it will amply repay study and it shows that the author has rightly understood his task in writing a volume for *The People's Books*, in not executing it in any narrow or closet-bound spirit. Decidedly a book to recommend.

The Science of Light, by Percy Phillips, D.Sc., B.Sc., B.A.

A well-ordered and graduated exposition of the laws governing light leading up to the final statement "that light consists of short, transverse, electro-magnetic waves" and that "there is little regularity in the vibrations of the source". This volume also is well illustrated. The chapters deal successively with the rectilinear propagation, the reflection and refraction, the dispersion, the interference, the diffraction and the polarisation of light. The work is as little technical as could be, considering the subject it treats of.

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

Sir William Huggins and Spectroscopic Astronomy, by E. W. Maunder, F.R.A.S.

This is an entirely fascinating little book, written in parts with poetic eloquence and imagination. Star-lovers will welcome this volume which is a true romance of science. 'The Story of Nebulium' is perhaps the most interesting chapter in it. The booklet does not lend itself to analysis but we may quote its closing sentences as an indication of its tenor:

"Astronomy is the oldest of the sciences; Astrophysics, that is to say, Spectroscopic Astronomy, is the youngest. Yet they concur in their testimony. The Universe is One".

The Problem of Truth, by H. Wildon Carr, Hon. D.Litt.

This little book must be fairly stiff reading to the "ordinary man" but is nevertheless instructive and interesting. The author sums up the contents of his treatise as follows: "The problem of truth is to discover the nature of the agreement between the things of the mind, our ideas, and the reality of which ideas are the knowledge. We call the agreement truth. What is it? There are three different answers, namely—(1) that it is a correspondence between the idea and the reality; (2) that it is the coherence of the idea in a consistent and harmonious whole; and (3) that it is a value that we ourselves give to our ideas."

We recommend our readers to discover for themselves the answer which Mr. Carr prefers and to weigh his reasons for doing so.

British Birds. Descriptions of all the Commoner Species, Their Nests and Eggs, by F. B. Kirkman, B.A.

This is not a book for reading, but one for reference. It gives, in dictionary form, a description (illustrated) of some 200 of the commoner British birds, together with that of their nests, eggs, names and locations. It cannot but be a treasure to all young British naturalists, though it must needs be of restricted use outside the British Isles. A useful diagram and a table of terms used in the book are joined to the text, so facilitating its easy understanding.

Kindergarten Teaching at Home, by Sister Charlotte and Sister Ethel Isabella.

This little manual should be in the hands of the multitudes of parents and teachers of the small ones, and we wish it a very great success. Writing, however, in India, where a little, inexpensive but thorough work like the one before us, would be an inestimable boon, we must regret that it is worked out on such specifically western, and even British, lines. Though nevertheless useful—very useful even—to intelligent non-British parents, the booklet stands in need of an appreciable amount of revision and adaptation before it would be able to find full application in the East. We recommend the volume, but add that we wish that a special edition of it might appear, especially adapted for use in India by Indians. The booklet is too good not to find a wider field, than it is likely to find as it now is, in the East generally.

J. v. M.

The Foundation of Religion, by Stanley A. Cook, M.A.

Broad views expressed on so vast a subject will attract the attention of those who seek for liberal views in religion, and make this booklet another valuable contribution to this popular series. The author regards thought as something that grows, develops and evolves. He emphasises the relationship of man to his own development and environment to the universe and to the supernatural. The psychical realities, the study of comparative religion and the scientific evidence for the oneness of all mankind form the background for this interesting and ever fascinating subject.

G. G.

Judaism, by Ephraim Levine, M.A.

The author in his preface tells us that this little book only attempts to give the reader interested in the subject of Judaism "some idea of the various stages through which the religion has passed, and of the many tendencies that have reacted and still react on it". As is fitting, his first chapter is entitled 'The Bible in Judaism,' by which, of course, is meant the Old Testament. The Bible means much to the Jew and is venerated as the Book. "It is the most complete record of Israel's early history and religion." The history of Judaism is traced down the centuries, showing how it came into touch with Hellenism and Christianity which was, at first, "nothing more or less than a

part of Judaism". Then the sad tale of the dispersion of the Jews, of their persecution, even up to the present day in some parts of the world. The last chapter is exceptionally interesting on 'Judaism of To-day: Its Problems,' and indeed the whole volume should be widely read, as the history of Judaism is too little known to the general public.

Coleridge, by S. L. Bensusan.

The life of Coleridge must make its appeal to the psychologist, and the writer of this little biography has endeavoured, with great insight, to give to the public some idea of the character of the poet. His was never a happy life. He was almost always involved in pecuniary difficulties, and had invariably recourse to outside aid, not having the inner strength to stand alone. Melancholy seems to have "marked him for her own," and indeed such a strain runs through most of his poetry. It is useless to speculate on what he might have done, but his nature being what it was, it was practically impossible that he should be successful. This biography is peculiarly interesting, and the writer is to be congratulated on it. One hopes many people will take advantage of it, and learn a little about the author of 'The Ancient Mariner' and 'Christabel'.

T. L. C.

The Monarchy and the People, by W. T. Waugh, M.A.

It would be cruel on the part of any critic to expect any writer within the short compass of some 90 pages to deal with the History of England from 1485-1689 in such a way as to put before the public any materials not already known to regular students of the subject. But to the man in the street for whom these are intended in the first place a book such as *The Monarchy and the People* should be quite welcome. The titles of the chapters are extremely suggestive. The whole period covered by the book is a very important one. At the beginning we have a people wholly exhausted after the Wars of the Roses with their cruelties and treacheries, and readily acquiescing in any form of government which would assure them a decent degree of peace. We see as the years roll on how the subservient Parliament of Henry VIII and Mary begins to murmur with ill-conceived vexation in the closing

years of the good Queen Bess. A space of some 50 years and we see the descendant of Henry VIII on the scaffold at Whitehall. It is true that the success did not continue for a long time and what is more the very apostle of Liberty ruled for about three years as a despot. But the day of glory was not far off. "The Declaration of Right rendered Parliament uncontestably supreme in the spheres of Legislation and Finance. And . . . it soon became clear . . . that the Parliament must be allowed to make and unmake ministries and determine national policy." The concise yet clear treatment and the breadth of view that pervades the book are some of the points that tell most strongly in favour of it.

Mediaeval Socialism, by Bede Jarrett, O.P., M.A.

The Stock Exchange, by J. F. Wheeler.

In judging such small handbooks as these we shall have more than ever to be careful about the aims of the authors and in no case put them to tests which the author never intended them to bear. Thus there is, as Mr. Wheeler says, "much misconception regarding the functions of the stock exchange and to many people the newspaper columns giving the quotations of Public Securities . . . are regarded in the same light as uninteresting advertisements". When we realise this and at the same time the enormous importance that attaches to the subject we cannot but welcome a book such as Mr. Wheeler's which gives within a short compass an intelligent idea of the whole of the mystery. One that will be more popular than *The Stock Exchange* is *Mediaeval Socialism*. Socialism is no longer held to be pernicious all round; and "many who ten years ago would have objected to it as a name of ill omen see in it now nothing which may not be harmonised with the most ordinary of political and social doctrines". Hence any study of socialistic doctrines, vague or intense as the case may be, should exert a good deal of attraction. Mr. Jarrett's book should also be interesting on account of the select quotations from mediaeval writers, which bear on the problem in hand. Thus his chapter on the 'Theory of Alms-giving' is enriched by quaint passages from St. Thomas Aquinas.

C. D. S. C.

Orient and Occident, by Manmath C. Mallik. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.)

To all who in any degree whatever are interested in the problem of the East and the West and their mutual relations a book like the present must be welcome. The author has a right to speak upon his subject as one 'whom intimate knowledge of the life of both hemispheres has familiarised with both sides of the question. He is not one of those persons who think that Europe and Asia cannot understand each other. On the contrary, he believes that races may be brought together in relations of mutual tolerance, respect and even sympathy. But in order that this true friendliness may be established between the two, changes must be brought about in the attitude of each towards the other.

This bulky volume is divided into three long chapters. Chapter I is devoted to the analysis of the eastern character and the western, the differences between the two and their agreements being emphasised. Mr. Mallik goes into great detail and himself fears that critics may find fault with his "prolixity of statement". He holds, however, "that the causes hindering the Empire of Britain from becoming the most potent instrument ever forged by Providence for the advancement of human welfare cannot be represented under too many aspects," especially when the general public, even that section which for one reason or another the question nearly concerns, knows so little about it. Tolerance and sympathy are born of understanding, understanding of knowledge. No effort should be spared that may help to spread a knowledge of the facts. Chapter II is devoted to "a comparison of the state of things in the different countries composing the Britains". The writer's interest is evidently centred in India and the greater part of this section deals with that country and her relations with England. His obvious sympathy with both sides and balanced insight into the problem make his words well worth careful consideration. In the last chapter he compares eastern with western thought, adding an extensive collection of parallel quotations showing the interesting similarity that exists in the ideas of the greatest minds of each hemisphere.

A. de L.

Personality, by F. B. Jevons, Litt.D. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The reality of the Personality—is it, or is it not, real? is the theme, and the author examines evidence, for and against, before arriving at the conclusion that personality proven—or granted—implies other personalities, human and divine, and that the unity—"the peace which passeth understanding"—"after which a 'person' strives" is only to be gained by—but is it fair to the author to tell what the reader will discover for himself? Suffice it to say that we are shown not to be "closed up systems," but to live in one another. It is good to see the same conclusion arrived at by various and often seemingly opposed lines of argument. To those who regard each 'personality' merely as one of the many masks through which the ego, simultaneously at some points in evolution, successively at others, senses the material world, the reasoning of this book may seem to lead to a foregone conclusion. But there are many ways of indicating the one high goal, and some men require to follow the line of thought of the author of this book.

A. J. W.

Collected Poems, by A. E. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 6s. net.)

Of this collection (made by himself) from his already published volumes, together with certain new verses, the author tells us that "this book holds what poetry of mine I would wish my friends to read". But he finds expression through sorrow, rather than joy: "I have found it easier to read the mystery told in tears, and understood Thee better in sorrow than in joy." The poet is a Kelt, and has as his birth-right the Keltic temperament—that in which tears and smiles lie very close together. The mystic element is very strongly marked in such a one, and shows itself clearly in all the poems. Indeed through all the songs this singer sings, is heard a plaintive wail, which, even at the feast, may be discerned. The reader of A. E., must be sympathetic with his temperament, otherwise the verses will not appeal to him. The poet belongs to that new school of poets which in the last few decades has come into being, and which includes W. B. Yeats

and—latest known to the West—Rabindranath Tagore. For is he not performing for the East what those singers of Ireland are doing for the West?

One must not approach the poems of A. E. with the stern eye of the critic, although many of them would pass the test so imposed. One must try to penetrate their meaning by the Spirit-sense. The work of A. E. will be known to most readers of this review, so that quotation will be unnecessary; still, lest there be a few who have not yet caught the melody of his song, two verses are set down:

Ere I lose myself in the vastness and drowse myself with peace,
While I gaze on the light and the beauty, afar from the dim homes of men,
May I still feel the heart-pang and pity, love-ties that I would not release;
May the voices of sorrow appealing call me back to their succour again.

Not alone, not alone would I go to my rest in the heart of the love:
Were I tranced in the innermost beauty, the flame of its tenderest breath,
I would still hear the cry of the fallen recalling me back from above,
To go down to the side of the people who weep in the shadow of death.

T. L. C.

Buddhist Scriptures. A Selection translated from the Pāli. (THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. John Murray, London. Price 2s. net.)

This is an addition to the Buddhist volumes of this series and contains extracts from the discourses of the Buddha, His answers to questions, and stories about His life and stories of His former incarnations. The introduction concerns itself about the parallels between Christianity and Buddhism, saying that the deepest distinction is that the latter has no Saviour. A careful study of these Buddhist Scriptures will show the reason. The Buddha came to point out the Path to be trodden; the Noble Eightfold Path of right views, right aspirations, speech, actions, livelihood, endeavours, watchfulness and meditation. But each man must tread it for himself; he must work out his own salvation. No one else can tread it for him. The depending upon another to do it for one has become the weakness of Christianity. The other accusation which Christians bring against Buddhism is that it is a religion without a God. It has not, as has the Christian, an anthropomorphic God. A further study of these Scriptures will show that the Buddha taught His disciples how to open out those

faculties by which they could cognise God for themselves. To those who did so God was revealed. To the others it was useless to give any definition, and when questioned on this subject the Buddha was silent.

Notwithstanding these differences it is admitted that "Buddhism has more in common with it [Christianity] than appears at first sight." The more Buddhism is studied by Christians the more will the two religions be found to have in common, and we welcome this additional volume which will help to reveal to the West the beauty of a religion which is professed by so large a portion of the human race.

E. B. N.

Music as a Religion of the Future, by Ricciotto Canudo. (T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh and London.)

This translation is prefaced by 'A Praise of Music,' by Barnett D. Conlan, and seems to be rather a discourse on Art in general. The writer defines Art thus:

All great Art is an answer to a demand for synthesis, to a desire for some all-comprehensive form in which the spirit of an epoch or a people can find its most adequate expression.

He writes that "civilisation seems to evolve through great discords of Revolution to harmonies of Art":

The revolution that arose in France produced a galaxy of genius in all the arts, producing Napoleon and Beethoven; the first essayed to draw together the forces of Humanity in the framework of a vast Form, the form of Government, and in that he was Artist and poet supreme; the second opened out a path to the unknown in man and nature, building up an art that could pierce out toward the Infinite element in things.

He calls music the direct expression of life, and mentions the dawn of a primitive age now, when the truths of all past centuries are in a state of transformation, and the arts and sciences, with that essential force in humanity that comprises religion, are changing their values, and are passing through discords to a new harmony.

Mr. Canudo leads up to his idea of music by a thorough dissertation on idealism, religion and morality. He says we have need of a religion without ritual, and that music is the only art that can furnish this.

A comparative study of religions leads us to hope for one of pure sensation, and one that is neither sentimental nor contemplative.

Is not music already a religion in the lives of many in the present day? And there must be at the same time those religions that are sentimental and contemplative to suit other temperaments. We must be content to realise the "other paths" and try to enter into the spirit of them, and as far as possible understand and sympathise with their forms.

D. J. H. E.

The Waiting Place of Souls, by Cecil E. Weston, M.A. (Robert Scott, London.)

The Soul in Paradise, by W. Edwin Botejue. (Skeffington & Son, London. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

Both these little books treat of the same subject and that from practically the same point of view. This is not surprising, as both are written by clergymen who belong presumably to the High Church party of the Anglican Church, and who represent its accepted views as to the life after death and the existence of an Intermediate State: Paradise, Hades, or whatever name by which one may choose to call it. Mr. Weston is less theological in his treatment of the subject than is Mr. Botejue, and he appeals more to the emotions than to the mind. *The Waiting Place of Souls*, as also *The Soul in Paradise*, is sure to bring comfort to many to whom this view of the after-death life may be new. But there is no excuse for Mr. Weston misquoting Longfellow (p. 47), and we venture to doubt whether Father Faber would care for his hymn to be used in the connection in which Mr. Weston uses it. Paradise, to the Roman Catholic, is not the Intermediate State, but the place where the Soul at last beholds the Beatific Vision. Mr. Botejue, who writes on his subject more definitely, makes much use of scriptural quotations to support his arguments, and he is firmly convinced, as also Mr. Weston, that "at death there is no restarting of life". Both writers strongly urge prayers for the dead, but surely nowadays (one hopes) there are few people so narrow as to condemn this custom. There is nothing really new in either of the books under review. They are merely a restatement of a widely-accepted religious hypothesis, which has undoubtedly within it a great truth, however imperfectly this truth may be expressed.

T. L. C.

Popular Phrenology, by J. Millott Severn. (William Rider & Son Ltd., London.)

This small book might serve as a popular compendium of all that is useful and valuable in the science of Phrenology, which was first brought to England a hundred years ago by Dr. Spurzheim. It is divided into fifteen chapters, and they lead an ordinary reader to the grasp of broad principles. The author shows that it is a mistake to think that Dr. Gall, the discoverer of Phrenology, mapped out the skull into so many compartments, and then assigned different faculties to different parts of the brain. On the contrary he made considerable observations, and after carefully comparing the results, and accumulating innumerable facts for nearly thirty years, propounded his doctrines. That Phrenology is a science is clearly shown by the harmony manifested in the arrangements of the mental organs. 'Phrenology and Child Life' is a chapter useful to parents and those who have the care of children. Attention to health and diet is specially drawn in cases of children who have very large brains and generally weak bodies. In the cultivation of the memory no elaborate "system" is necessary. What is wanted is that the thing to be remembered must first be thoroughly understood and comprehended, and then impressed upon the mind. The idea, rather than the actual words themselves, must be impressed. There is no single faculty of memory. Every one of the forty-two mind faculties has its own individual memory, viz., there are forty-two separate memories, and whether the memory of a faculty is strong or weak depends upon the degree of development the organ has attained. The value of Phrenology is shown in its application to the choice of business, literary or scientific pursuits, professions, and even marriage. The types of national heads are well worth a study, and the whole book gives a fairly accurate idea of the science of the mind in its practical application to human character.

J. R. A.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

LONDON, May 14, 1914

WHITE Lotus Day was kept in London as usual, the temporary building in Tavistock Square being gay with flowers, and warm with loving hearts. As I had another meeting to attend, my speech was placed first on the programme; later, Miss Arundale and Mr. D. N. Dunlop were the chosen readers, and the loving memories of our departed workers which had travelled from the far East across Europe to Britain, travelled on westwards to America, weighted yet more with love and gratitude.

Miss Bright, my two dear adopted sons and myself went on to a great demonstration of the locked-out building Trades-Unionists in the Albert Hall, where, after sixteen weeks of compulsory idleness, the men had met to press the claims of their starving women and children on the public. Whatever may be the rights and wrongs of any special question raised in the Labour War, it must never be forgotten that on the main issue—the right of every one born into a civilised community to

conditions which enable him to develop all the faculties he brings with him into the world—the manual workers have Right and Justice on their side. Hence, while not agreeing with much of the Labour policy of the moment, I cannot but sympathise with the spirit of all efforts to raise those who supply us with the necessities of life to at least the minimum of comfort, health, education and refinement necessary for any life deserving to be called human. The life of the manual workers in Great Britain is but too often not a human life, and to live near the precipice of starvation is a fate which should never befall an industrious decent man or woman. The present condition is intolerable, and *must* be changed. But the counsel and goodwill of the educated and thoughtful, and the wealth of the rich are needed to build the bridge from the old system to the new, so that Revolution may be avoided. Theosophists should bring to bear on Social Problems all their knowledge and their love, in order to help Society through the transition stage.

* * *

The T.S. Braille League is bringing out a monthly magazine for the Blind, and this benevolent enterprise should be supported by members of the Society, for the blind are mostly poor, and it would be an act of charity to give this monthly paper to those who are pathetically eager to share in the knowledge which brightens so many lives. The cost is only 6s. a year post free in the United Kingdom, and 9s. outside. All information can be obtained from the Editor, Mrs. Dudley, 17 Hornsey Rise Gardens, London, N., to whom also subscriptions and donations may be sent.

* * *

I have seen a leaflet issued by Mrs. Emmy Gysi making various surprising statements. This good lady brought me a "message" that if I did not give up the ring H. P. B. had given me, to be broken into pieces and scattered on the sea, various terrible things would happen to me! I did not feel nervous, and declined. Unfortunately, Mrs. Gysi, in mentioning this, makes the further statement (4th April, 1914) that "the President will have a verdict against her in the legal proceedings which are still pending concerning the two young Hindūs". Perhaps all the other forecasts may prove equally mistaken.

* * *

Mrs. William Mann (Maud McCarthy) is doing very beautiful work, wedding together Theosophy and Music, the music eastern-born, with the magic of India in it. She has also been forming centres of the Brotherhood of Arts—a Theosophical idea—and M. Henri Verbruggen, the conductor of the Glasgow Choral Union, joined it enthusiastically, when she formed one in his city, as did also the Head Master of a large local Grammar School. Mrs. Mann's exquisite singing of Indian music is arousing wonder and delight wherever she goes, and she is doing real service to India as well as placing Theosophy in a most attractive light.

* * *

Colour-Music is spoken of as the "latest thing in emotions" by *Science Siftings*, which says:

Colour-music is, roughly, the use of colour instead of music to affect the human emotions. It is based largely on the relation of light to sound—a relation that long has been guessed at but only lately has been proved to exist to a remarkable degree. The wave relations of colour and sound are not only connected mathematically, but have a remarkable similarity in their effect upon your feelings. From the discovery

of this emotional relation was born the art of Colour-Music, which consists in making the same appeal to the eye through a succession of colours as is made to the ear through a succession of sounds that form music. By means of Colour-Music attempts have been made to render well known musical compositions in their corresponding colours.

The notes C and C sharp, yielded by 395 and 433 vibrations, give red, and so on up to violet; a musical scale can thus be reproduced in colours, and played so as to be seen. It is thought, from certain indications, that the colour beyond the violet is a reproduction of red as an 'octave'. It is interesting to notice that H. P. Blavatsky, in 1889, gave her pupils a chart, published in Volume iii of *The Secret Doctrine*, giving these exact relations, except that she put in indigo between blue and violet as corresponding to B. "Sensitives connect every colour with a definite sound," said H. P. B. "Every sound corresponds to a colour and a number (a potency spiritual, psychic, or physical) and to a sensation on some plane." Science has yet to correlate sound and colour with the initiation of forces causing movements, and with sensations. Sounds may be "*seen* not *heard*," for colours are but correlatives of sounds, produced in finer, subtler, matter. The language of the Devas is in colours. Colours are called the "Fathers of the Sounds," because colours in finer matter yield sounds in denser—the reverse of the above experiments. "In the realm of hidden Forces, an *audible* sound is but a subjective colour; and a perceptible colour but an *inaudible* sound." The nerves, she said, vibrate and thrill in correspondence with emotions, producing undulations in the aura, yielding chromatic effects. "The intermediate tones of the chromatic musical scale were formerly written in colours."

May 9th found me at Cheltenham in connection with the Southern Federation. Dr. Wilkins has taken a good house in Cheltenham for the T.S. Lodge there, and the delegates gathered there for the opening. I gave a short address, and we then adjourned to tea. After tea came a lecture on 'Theosophy' to a crowded meeting in the Town Hall, and I have never addressed a more attentive and appreciative audience. Then back to London by midnight. Business filled the next days—visit to Headquarters, discussion with representatives of Trades Union workers, interview with Australian journalist, visit to British Congress Committee, and so on. Saturday, the 16th, will see a visit to Sheffield for the Northern Federation, and on the 17th, the London Sunday lectures begin.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst has commanded her followers among the militant Suffragists to leave all other Societies to which they belong. This tyrannical ukase will alienate from her section of the Suffragists much valuable sympathy, and we shall lose a few members who had made the woman's movement their life-work before they joined the T.S., and who belong to Miss Pankhurst's following. Wise generals seek for allies, they do not ostracise them. We are sorry to lose those who formed a link with the Pankhurst wing of the movement, and wish them all the success their noble motives will bring in time.

It is a pity that a man like Professor T. W. Rhys Davids should speak so foolishly of the T.S. as he did on the celebration of his birthday, if rightly reported.

He said, speaking of new methods in history :

Of course I am aware of the pretensions put forward by the adherents of what is called Theosophy, but to the student they are of no importance whatever. The exponents of that creed are lamentably ignorant of the literatures of the East. They know nothing of Pāli, and they talk, for instance, about esoteric teaching, though there is no esoteric teaching whatever in Buddhism.

Dr. Rhys David's ignorance of esotericism in Buddhism proves nothing, while his sweeping statement that the exponents of Theosophy "know nothing of Pāli" is a little impertinent when we remember that Mr. C. Jinarajadasa took honours in that language and Samskr̥ṭ at Cambridge, and Dr. F. Otto Schrāder, the Adyar Library Director, has a reputation among all western Orientalists who keep abreast of the times. It is amusing to learn that they are equally "ignorant of the literatures of the East," when we recall our learned Hindū members and their various publications, to say nothing of the standard text of the Minor Upaniṣhaṭs now issuing from Adyar, and many translations. The sneer, which was justifiable when the T.S. was first founded, is now a silly anachronism, and only injures the reputation for knowledge and fair dealing of any one who makes it.

* * *

M. Scriabine, the Russian Theosophist whose music has caused so great a sensation in London, hopes to visit Adyar in the coming autumn. It is doubtful whether India will have the privilege of hearing his compositions, as they need a highly trained orchestra, and that is not available.

PARIS, May 22, 1914

Saturday, May 16th, found Lady Emily Lutyens and myself at Sheffield, whither we went to take part in the Northern Federation meeting. I could only give an afternoon lecture, as the Sunday Queen's Hall meetings began next day, but it was pleasant to meet for even so short a time many sturdy northern friends. Back to London after a north-country tea, for the two Sunday lectures, and the evening found Queen's Hall packed as usual, and many turned away from it, for the lecture on 'The Meaning and Method of Mysticism'. What was not usual was that *The Pall Mall Gazette* gave nearly a column of report, the first time that a big London daily has reported a London Sunday lecture. *The Christian Commonwealth* gave an admirable summary of over two columns, and some big provincial journals have dealt generously with it. On the 18th, I had a long talk with Mr. Mallet at the India Office over the grievances of Indian students, and found him anxious to help them; but the students maintain that the Department does them more harm than good. My son gave an afternoon tea to the Congress delegates and some English sympathisers, and we spent a pleasant hour.

The next day gave me the opportunity of saying another word for India in an interview with a *Lady's Pictorial* man, and a little later I had a pleasant little talk on Indian difficulties with Mr. Massingham, editor of *The Nation*, who is warmly sympathetic with Indian aspirations. The Annual Meeting of the Peace Society in the Guildhall was rather dull; the managers seem to be too much in a groove.

On May 20th, five of us left England for Paris—Mr. Graham Pole, Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. Banks, Mr. Krishnamurti, and myself. There was a big crowd at the station to greet us, and at 9 p.m. there was a large reception, M. Charles Blech, the General Secretary, giving a short speech of kindly welcome. Many had come from the provinces and from Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and Russia, and every one seemed to be very happy, full of enthusiasm and vitality. On returning from a meeting the next morning, we stopped at the new Headquarters, a really splendid building, well planned and well executed. It is already roof-high, and should be ready for occupation in the late autumn or early winter. A lecture to members and friends on 'Des difficultés dans les recherches occultes' drew a large audience to a nice hall in the rue d'Athènes, and they listened with much interest to careful explanations of the reasons which made all original research difficult. A third lecture in the evening should have given a surfeit of talk for one day.

* * *

To-morrow I hope to breakfast with the founders of Co-Freemasonry, to lecture on 'L'individuation et l'origine du karma individuel,' and, with the help of some of the founders of the Supreme Temple of the Rosy Cross, to consecrate a Grand Temple for France. The following day will see us travelling back to England.

Below we print in full the Judgment of the Lords of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council delivered on 25th May 1914 by Lord Parker of Waddington.

This is an appeal from an order made by the High Court of Madras in its appellate jurisdiction on the 29th October 1913 confirming with a variation as to costs a decree of Mr. Justice Bakewell in a suit in which G. Narayaniah (the present respondent) was plaintiff, and Annie Besant (the present appellant) was defendant. The decree declared that J. Krishnamurti and J. Nityananda, the sons of the plaintiff, were wards of Court and that the plaintiff was guardian of their persons, and ordered the defendant to hand over the custody of the wards to the plaintiff as such guardian.

The facts which gave rise to the action were as follows:—The plaintiff is a Hindu residing at Madras. He is a Brahmin, but is not well off, having an income of some 160*l.* per annum only. He was for many years a member of a society called the Theosophical Society, of which the defendant was president and was well acquainted with her. He had two sons, J. Krishnamurti and J. Nityananda, born respectively on the 11th May 1895 and 30th May 1898. Early in 1910 the defendant offered to take charge of these sons and defray the expense of their maintenance and education in England and at the University of Oxford. The plaintiff thought it desirable to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded of giving his sons a western education, notwithstanding it would entail a loss of caste. He accordingly accepted the defendant's offer, and by a letter to the defendant, dated the 6th March 1910, affected to appoint the defendant to be guardian of their persons and authorised her to act as such from that time forward.

In their Lordships' opinion the principle on which the legal effect of such a letter falls to be determined do not admit of dispute.

There is no difference in this respect between English and Hindu law. As in this country so among the Hindus, the father is the natural guardian of his children during their minorities, but this guardianship is in the nature of a sacred trust, and he cannot therefore during his lifetime substitute another person to be guardian in his place. He may, it is true, in the exercise of his discretion as guardian, entrust the custody and education of his children to another, but the authority he thus confers is essentially a revocable authority, and if the welfare of his children require it, he can, notwithstanding any contract to the contrary, take such custody and education once more into his own hands. If, however, the authority has been acted upon in such a way as, in the opinion of the Court exercising the jurisdiction of the Crown over infants, to create associations or give rise to expectations on the part of the infants which it would be undesirable in their interests to

disturb or disappoint, such Court will interfere to prevent its revocation. (*Lyons v. Blenkin*, Jac. 245.)

Shortly after the respondent accepted her offer the appellant took charge of the boys and they have since been in her custody and she has defrayed the expense of their maintenance and education. In February 1912 they left India in her company, and after staying with her for some time in Sicily and Italy finally accompanied her to England, where she left them under the charge of Mrs. Jacob Bright, having made arrangements for their having a course of tuition such as would enable them to enter the University of Oxford.

Though the respondent's confidence in the appellant appears to have been shaken sometime previously for reasons to which it is unnecessary to refer, he assented to, or at any rate acquiesced in, the departure of his sons in her company for Europe. Nevertheless on the 11th July 1912 he wrote the appellant a letter cancelling his previous letter of the 6th March 1910, demanding that his sons should be restored to his custody and threatening proceedings if such demand were not complied with. The appellant who had returned to India refused to comply with such demand, and the respondent thereupon commenced a suit in the District Court of Chingleput, in the Madras Presidency, asking to have it declared, that he was entitled to the guardianship and custody of his sons, and that the appellant was not entitled to, or in any case was unfit to be in charge and guardianship of such sons, and for an order on the appellant to hand over such sons to the respondent or such other person as to the Court might seem meet.

In their Lordships' opinion this suit was entirely misconceived. It was not, and indeed could not be disputed that the plaintiff remained the guardian of his children notwithstanding that he had affected to substitute the defendant as guardian in his place. The real question was whether he was still entitled to exercise the functions of guardian and resume the custody of his sons and alter the scheme which had been formulated for their education. Again, it was not and could not be disputed that the letter of the 6th of March 1910 was in the nature of a revocable authority. The real question was whether in the events which had happened the plaintiff was at liberty to revoke it. Both questions fell to be determined having regard to the interests and welfare of the infants, bearing in mind, of course, their parentage and religion, and could only be decided by a Court exercising the jurisdiction of the Crown over infants, and in their presence. The District Court in which the suit was instituted had no jurisdiction over the infants except such jurisdiction as was conferred by the Guardians

and Wards Act, 1890. By the 9th section of that Act the jurisdiction of the Court is confined to infants ordinarily resident in the district. It is in their Lordships' opinion impossible to hold that infants who had months previously left India with a view to being educated in England and going to the University of Oxford were ordinarily resident in the district of Chingleput. Further a suit *inter partes* is not the form of procedure prescribed by the Act for proceedings in a District Court touching the guardianship of infants. It is true that the suit was subsequently transferred to the High Court under Clause 13 of the Letters Patent 1865, but the powers of the High Court in dealing with suits so transferred would seem to be confined to powers which but for the transfer might have been exercised by the District Court.

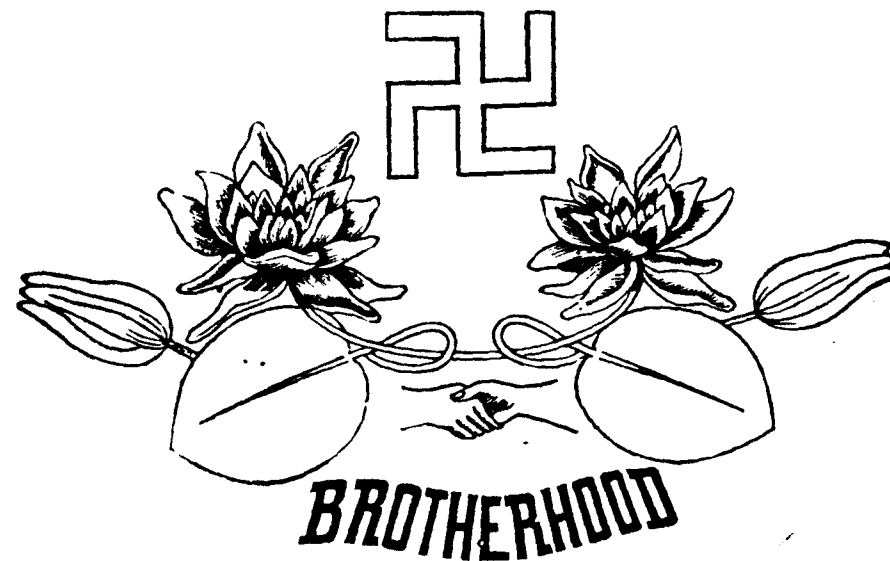
Again, the relief asked for was a mandatory order directing the defendant to take possession of the persons of the infants in England, bring them to India, and hand them over to their father. Considering the age of the infants any attempt on the part of the defendant to comply with this order, would, if the infants had refused to return to India, have been contrary to the law of this country, and would have at once exposed the defendant to proceedings in this country on writ of *habeas corpus*. No court ought to make an order which might lead to these consequences. The most which a court of competent jurisdiction in India could do under circumstances such as existed in the present case, was to order the defendant to concur with the plaintiff as the infants' guardian in taking proceedings in this country to regain the custody and control of his sons.

The difficulties and anomalies of the procedure adopted by the plaintiff are well illustrated by the history of the proceedings. After the transfer to the High Court, issues were settled in the ordinary manner. There was no issue as to whether it was or was not desirable in the interests of the infants, that they should give up all idea of a western university education, and return to India. It was urged that the High Court did in fact consider their interests. If it did so, it must have been upon evidence admitted as relevant on other issues, and it is by no means apparent that, had a proper issue on the point been directed, further evidence would not have been available. At any rate on such an issue, the necessity of the infants being properly represented before the Court, and of ascertaining what they themselves desired, could hardly have been overlooked.

At the trial of the action some difficulty appears to have been felt by reason of the facts (1) that the suit was not such as to make the infants wards of Court, and (2) that the elder infant would within a very short time attain his majority

according to Hindu law. The Trial Judge sought to overcome those difficulties (1) by declaring the infants wards of Court, and (2) by taking advantage of Section 3 of the Indian Majority Act, 1875, as amended by Section 52 of the Guardians and Wards Act, 1890, and declaring under Section 7 of the latter Act that the plaintiff was their guardian so as to prolong their minorities until they attained respectively the age of 21 years. It was hardly contended that any such order was competent to the District Court in the suit in question. It is alleged, however, that when once the suit had been transferred to the High Court, the High Court had a general jurisdiction over infants which they could exercise at pleasure, and that the directions in question were properly given by virtue of such general jurisdiction. It is to be observed, however, that whatever may have been the jurisdiction of the High Court to declare the infants to be Wards of Court, an order declaring a guardian could only be made if their interests required it, and, as appears above, they were not before the Court, nor were their interests adequately considered. And further, no order declaring a guardian could by reason of the 19th Section of the Guardians and Wards Act, 1890, be made during the respondent's life unless in the opinion of the Court he was unfit to be their guardian, which was clearly not the case.

Since the appeal has been presented the infants have obtained the leave of the Board to intervene therein and be heard by counsel. Counsel on their behalf have appeared before their Lordships' Board and stated that the infants do not desire to return to India or abandon their chance of obtaining an university education in this country. The order of the High Court directing the defendant to take them back to India cannot be lawfully carried out without their consent or without an order from the Court exercising the jurisdiction of the Crown over infants in this country. It is and always was open to the respondent to apply to His Majesty's High Court of Justice in England for that purpose. If he does so the interests of the infants will be considered, and care will be taken to ascertain their own wishes on all material points. Their Lordships do not consider it desirable to express any opinion of their own on questions with which only the High Court in England can deal satisfactorily. It is enough to say that the order made by the Trial Judge in India as varied by the High Court in its appellate jurisdiction cannot stand, and their Lordships will humbly advise His Majesty that the same ought to be discharged, and the suit dismissed with costs both here and in the Courts below, but without prejudice to any application the respondent may think fit to make to the High Court in England touching the guardianship, custody, and maintenance of his children.



WHITE LOTUS DAY, 1914

AN ADDRESS BY ANNIE BESANT

WE all, I think, on White Lotus day, as the hours roll by, think of the other parts of the world where these celebrations are being held, and I have often liked to imagine that as the sun, I was going to say "goes round the earth," and I will say so though it is not correct, he sees in one land after another the flame of our love for our leaders in the past, a light on altar after altar in every National Society, until at last he returns to the East and begins the course of what, in one sense, is a new year. We naturally look back as I say on those early days, but we also look forward. Back with intense gratitude to our H. P. B. for all that was done in that heroic life, for all the light that was brought and the strength that was given, she to whom so many of us owe all that makes life precious and strong. Still some of her old pupils remain, remembering her as she then was, although looking forward to him as he now is.

In this last year one very faithful pupil of H. P. B. has passed onwards for a time, one whom all the elder members amongst you know full well, one of our best students and most faithful members, Isabel Cooper-Oakley. She left us from Hungary where she was doing her Master's work—doing it with steadfast heroism in a worn-out body; when many would have given up in despair, still keeping courage high and strong, and resembling in that her great teacher, who through a broken body continued unbroken work. H. P. B., as we know him now, is living in a physical body in our own world, but working from the higher planes. We often wonder when he will think fit to come amongst us again and on the whole, I think, he has not felt encouraged within the last few years, because he is finding it considerably easier to work outside of the turmoil of the world than in the midst of it.

Then our thoughts go to our President-Founder who also passed away from us, leaving behind a golden record of work. He, as many of you know, has come back again into this world, but in a child body, not as H. P. B. who took one that was practically mature, though young. He will not, I think, have the chance to keep away from us as H. P. B. is doing, because we shall keep an eye upon him as he grows up, and not allow him to go too far away; for his is a work that we cannot spare, and, however grateful we may be for the past, we look forward with still livelier gratitude to the help and strength yet to be given to the cause.

Many another we remember on a day like this, sending words of love across that supposed gulf of death, which really does not divide heart from heart. Looking backward with thanks for the work that has been

done, we ever turn joyously to the future, when those who have worked before will work amongst us again. And as one after another passes away from this side, and as the numbers grow on the other side of coming workers, inevitably we think how many, who have passed away before we were here this time, are now coming back among us to carry on this work we all love so well.

The Christians are very fond of speaking of the Communion of Saints, and that phrase has a very real significance. It applies to the communion of all those who are seeking to live the higher and nobler life, communion of all the workers in great causes, united by that bond which death cannot touch, the bond of high ideals of love and strenuous endeavour; and we rejoice to think that all the valuable things of life are really beyond the touch of death, that death can only strike away the outer forms which matter little and cannot touch the realities; for when one form passes away, we create other forms for work and life, remembering in the words so familiar to us that "the Real can never cease to be".

Each one of you to-day will think of those whom you have specially loved and who have passed beyond for a while. Each heart has its own memories, and to each life some special lives are dear and sacred; and by our knowledge of each other we come into touch with all those whom each one specially loves, so making this great Communion of the ever-living and the ever-working, whether in this world or in any other, for worlds cannot separate those whom love unites.

For us, then, life is joyous even when death for a moment touches it, for we know no broken ties, we know

no real separation, among those who love and who live. The great words put into the mouth of the Christ that "God is not the God of the dead but of the living" are also true for us who live in these days. There are no dead; there are only living in a universe of life, some here and some elsewhere, so binding all worlds together; knowing this with full assurance of certainty, we can tread our path onwards, knowing that for us there can be no shadow of division or of loss, feeling sure that all who work and love are ever bound together, and that in ages far ahead of the present day, in millennia still unborn, we who live and work and love shall ever re-find each other, that ever and ever again we shall labour side by side, and that thus loving and thus working, bound to those greatest Servants of humanity to whom our lives are given, we can pass onwards unfearing, unterrified, unsorrowful; for all the sorrows of the world are but as dust for those who are ever pressing forward on the wheels of an immortal life. We *know* the truth of that in which we believe; we know that our life, eternal as the life of God is eternal, knows neither birth nor death, recognises neither youth nor age, for in the Eternal no passage of time is marked, and that which has emanated from the Supreme, the Eternal, can never pass away nor know shadow of changing.

We, eternal Spirits, living in Eternity, where for us is sorrow, where for us is change?

So, brothers and sisters, I greet you as you turn your hearts backward now and forward as well, and, leaving you for the moment for other work,¹ I know that your thoughts will circle round those noble ones of whom I have been speaking, and that they are with us wherever hearts love and remember, and that in that glad presence of the ever-living, you and I will for ever abide.

¹ Mrs. Besant had another meeting to attend.

REFLECTIONS ON INDIAN THOUGHT AND LIFE¹

By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

REALISATION only was the aim of the Indian sages; thus they could attach no value to originality. To them that, the reflection of which in the consciousness is called truth, *is*. There is no question of invention. Discovery however, involves no personal merit, as man can only discover that which higher powers reveal to him: "Only by him whom he chooses, by him is he understood." (Ruysbroek) And as to the embodiment of Truth, only a fixed one could be realised. Those subject to change were of no value. Furthermore, new adaptations use up energy which might be spent better and otherwise. Men of faith, like those of action, are, of physiological necessity, inimical to originality with regard to conceptions as such. Both create in another dimension than do intellectual creators. The former transmute ideas into inner reality, the latter, into outer reality. In themselves these ideas have no significance for them, to them they are motives, outlines, starting points, only of value in proportion as they are realised. To such natures any theorising appears idle. Not only Napoleon, but Bismarck also, has cordially

¹ This is a translation of some chapters very kindly placed at our disposal of a still unpublished work entitled *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* which will be published by Mr. T. F. Lehmann in Munich, in the autumn of 1914.

hated the ideologues, and both of them firmly believed in a Providence. This faith was physiologically necessary to them: without safe cover in the rear both would not have confidently marched forward, and as with men of action so it is with men of faith. Being religious means to realise, to desire to transmute mental values into life. In order that one should be able to devote himself without any further concern wholly to this task, these values have, as such, to be unquestionable certainties. Thus he is bound to believe in dogmas, to keep inviolably fast to definite conceptions. Whether, for the rest, he is tolerant or fanatical depends on the degree of his soul-culture, on the width of his spiritual horizon. The orthodox Christian, in his delusion that salvation depends on dogma as such, wants to convert, *coute qui coute*, all those cherishing other beliefs, and therefore looks down upon them. I have not met a single Hindū who did not believe, with a faith as firm as a rock, some dogma or other, but on the other hand also, no single one who wished to convert anyone whomsoever, or who despised anyone whomsoever for his belief in another faith. The fact is that the Hindūs are cultured enough to know that not dogma as such, is the most important element, but its action on life.

But the negative attitude of the Indian towards originality has a still deeper root than the one we have so far considered. The R̥shis thought from the depth of their consciousness, which enabled them to behold meanings immediately: why produce another phenomenon in the world when there are already so many? For what else are creative ideas but tiny flowers springing up in the meadows? What does it matter how far

any one of them attains? They did not think thus as sceptics, but as all-knowers. It has often been noticed that scepticism and the deepest metaphysical insight coincide on the surface, and that is so. Sceptics as well as Mystics, realise the relativity of all formation, and therefore they must agree in its valuation. Only the latter know, what the former do not divine, that reality is not exhausted in relativity. They are conscious of the being which expresses itself through the medium of manifestation. This applies, in small things, to every man of action, every creator; indeed to every one who has made up his mind about anything; such an one humanity has then ever, with a true instinct, preferred to the doubter, however clever he might be. But it applies to him indeed, only in small things; hence the limitations of all doers, their one-sidednesses, their prejudices, their inadequacies, with regard to which the sceptical onlooker has such an easy game. In great things the same applies to the sage: he does not consider all manifestation as equally non-serious, but as equally serious. And so, like God, is beyond all narrowness, all partisanship.

But can such knowledge transform itself into fertile life? In the case of God it does. He knows the relativity of every manifestation, and yet lives Himself out in every one, with the most extreme one-sidedness; He knows the inadequacy of every separate expression, and yet this never weakens the energy in Him. In fact He creates connectedly. Man, as an understander, may indeed reach divine universality, but as a doer, he remains strongly limited; as a living being he never attains beyond the one-sidedness of separate existence. Thus a too deep insight lames his energy. It is not

necessary that it should do so, but mostly it does do so. It has done so in the case of the Indians. Against the truth of their theory nothing can be said. Undoubtedly the ideas of an Alexander had no more significance for the cosmos than any tiny flower; both are natural phenomena, each in their own way. He who gives birth to ideas does, in principle, no more than any cow: when forms of knowledge develop themselves and seize life, then that is only one natural process amongst others. The struggle of artists for recognition, of states for power, of humanity for ideals, is one form amongst others of the general struggle for existence, and progress is a biological process which finds everywhere its parallels. So, no ambition is in reality more than an animal craving for growth; no idealism is anything more than one exponent amongst others of the general striving of all life towards ascent and increase, and whether this or that happen, whether one more masterpiece, one more piece of knowledge, one more heroic act enrich the world, is of small enough importance in the connected whole. The more so, because the meaning is one everywhere and does not gain anything new from its own standpoint by the increase or improvement of its forms of expression. Indeed, the ideas of Alexander have, in the sight of God, no greater significance than tiny flowers. But would it have been useful to Alexander to think so? Yes, if he had been so great that he nevertheless would have fulfilled his destiny as Alexander; but that he would in such a case hardly have done.

The Indians have been aware that no knowledge may encroach upon action according to Dharma; this is especially the fundamental idea of the *Bhāgavad-Gītā*.

There, Shri Kṛṣṇa teaches Arjuna that he *must* fight—whatever he may know, or realise—for he is born to fight. The same fundamental idea pervades the whole doctrine of non-attachment: kill ambition in thyself, but act in such a way as if thou wert animated by the most extreme ambition: stifle all egoism, but live thy separate life so energetically active as only an egoist would do; love equally all creatures, but do not neglect therefore first to do what lies to thy hand. Indeed, as to knowing, the Indians have known everything. But knowing and living are two things, and nowhere does that show more markedly than with them. We do not know of any Indian who, as a living human being, has expressed in action this wisdom in great things; and there are probably fewer Hindūs, who do so in small things, than Turks and Chinamen. That is the curse of that primacy of the psychic, which characterises, as nothing else, the Indian state of consciousness.

From time immemorial they have laid the stress of existence on psychic experience, that is the realisation of life within the sphere of the psychic. Owing to that, they have arrived so wonderfully far as realisers and seers of the divine; but also owing to that they have, as living, acting human beings, never been a fraction of that which their theory postulates. And that is only natural. When the spirit centres itself in the world of conceptions then new understandings arise as independent entities, unrelated to the personal life. The latter remains, notwithstanding all understanding, where it was before. Another adaptation is necessary to make a great man. So the Hindūs illustrate with exemplary plasticity the advantages, as well as the disadvantages of a life purely directed towards

understanding. It leads to understanding as does no other; it further leads the born sages and saints towards such a perfection as seems impossible under other initial conditions; but it is not beneficial to the life of the remaining people. Of late, English-speaking Hindūs, goaded by European criticisms which they disliked, have again and again pointed out that the Indian doctrines know how to deal with practical life and do not at all favour quietism. Certainly, they do not do that; as doctrines they are the truest and deepest, the most comprehensive and most exhaustive which exist, but they have never influenced Indian *life*.

It is not so beneficial for the average man to know too much. When Alexander, at some time, hears that he is, in the sight of God, merely a daisy, then he only too willingly abdicates as Alexander. He decides for himself that no particular existence serves any purpose, and, at best, he does what lies nearest to his hand, filling more or less perfectly the position into which he was born. He renounces altogether too soon all ambition. It is true that the sacred scriptures teach that only the highest man is ripe for the highest life, and that the others have to war, to fight, to live actively, to be ambitious, because that only brings them inwardly forwards. But which of those who do not belong to the most highly cultured, acquiesce in not being born for the highest?

When once anywhere a condition is proclaimed as the all-highest, there every one strives to realise it in his own way. In the Orient, ambition is generally considered something base: that is a misfortune. It does indeed indicate the very highest when a wholly great one is without ambition, but the small one who

has no ambition, does not leave his corner. To the Hindūs, as to Christ, gentleness is the highest virtue: this is a misfortune. Only he who possesses the passion of a Peter the Great may profess the ideal of gentleness; the weak ones—and the Hindūs are weak—it renders still weaker than they were. All-understanding is taken as the highest: professed by such as have no understanding, this ideal lames development as no other. For it makes of them energy-lacking sceptics. And so, precisely, the unique depth of their understanding has ruined the Indians as a people. It has made them supine and weak.

This is most significant; it is once more an example which India gives to all humanity. It shows how little good it is when all men strive after perfection as philosophers. This way is only suitable to the very few who belong to this type of being; all others it leads to ruin.

And so then, the Indian myth, according to which the R̥shi, the Yogī, yea even the Sannyāsī, are amongst all men actually the highest, signifies something else than it appears to do. It does not mean that these types are amongst all others actually the highest, that all men should within that class find their most perfect self-realisation: it means that according to Indian assumptions, only born philosophers and saints can become perfect. Whilst the rest of humanity perishes!

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This then would be the true reason why the world-conception of the Indians is, not unjustly, looked upon as quietistic: it is not the doctrine as such which gives precedence to non-action as against action, to apathy as against energy, but this is the way in which it has acted upon life. As understanders the Hindūs have lifted

themselves above the chances of experience as no other people have done; but practical life has not followed this lofty flight of the spirit; it has unmasked it by a specificness all the more pronounced as an expression of that *hybris* which the gods never leave unpunished.

What is general cannot become a life-power. That is only possible for what is definite; which in the case of a world-conception means: its definite understanding and interpretation, a definite practical application. Thus the knowledge of the R̥shis, however universal it may have been, has been understood specifically from the very outset. The Ātman, so teach the Vedas, rests beyond all manifestations, purely in itself, not name, not form, not action. And the highest aim of existence is to become one with the Ātman; that is, to turn so deeply inwards that the consciousness takes root in the principle of life. From this doctrine several practical consequences may be deduced. The Indians have established as highest the withdrawal from life into the deity, that is the conjuring away of the whole of creation. *Plus royalistes que le roi*, cleverer than Brahman Himself—for He at any rate deemed it good to unfold Himself into the universe—they have directed all their efforts to reach out of, and beyond, becoming. Thus the renouncers must necessarily appear to them as the absolutely highest human types, and thus they could not recognise any value in the shapings of this life. I would draw from the same doctrine, with the same logical justification, the opposite conclusions. We should recognise the Ātman within us, and then make it a reality in this world; we should assist Brahman, whose partial expressions we are, towards self-perfection in manifestation. Conceived in such a manner the Vedic teachings

do not prove themselves sterilising but productive in the highest degree. Reason recognises that our actions are not necessarily related to the deepest self: on this basis one should not become a quietist but should bring it about that all actions mirror the Ātman! The centre of consciousness which corresponds to the synthesis of the mind, is not in itself the deepest I. One has to develop it so far that it answers to it completely. And so on. If, now, anyone could have attained this, if he had wholly objectivated the deity on earth, then the whole question of the difference between the absolute and the relative would no longer pose itself; then he would neither have to assent to, nor to deny it, as he would be living as Being in manifestation. That the Indians have not chosen this alternative—which again and again they have recognised as the higher one, and which, undoubtedly is wholly preferable—may be traced probably to the influences of a tropical world. These have transformed the Āryan immigrants, more and more, from energetic into indolent beings, have lent to their lives more and more of that vegetative character which has found its perfect expression in Buddhism. It has been of no use at all that they have conquered that life as such, probably out of the unconscious realisation of its degenerate character; its tendency was the tendency of their blood.

Now the question arises: Would the Hindūs, as understanders and beholders of the Divine, have reached so uniquely high a stage if they had been different as men? Would they have been able to understand so clearly what really is of importance, if they had been able to put it into practice? Scarcely! The great moralist is typically non-moral, because freedom from prejudices

means freedom from fetters; the great understander is typically characterless, because he cannot judge any formation as absolutely the best; and inversely the great doer is always limited, and likewise the man to whom it is impossible not to be good. That the Indians are fully conscious of all this is by nothing so well-proven as by their good catholic attitude, their pronounced aversion to all Protestantisms: they know that they, because inwardly too free, are in absolute need of firm outer norms in order not to disintegrate. It is further proven by the fact that, in everything intelligible, they have, to an unprecedented degree, put forward the awakening of perfect understanding (not of perfect character, not of virtuous disposition, etc.) as life's aim: the man of real understanding can only decide by mental insight. But whether they have known it or not, the fact is certain. For the highest perfection in the sphere of knowledge and of religious realisation, a natural basis is necessary, which, though not excluding perfection in other directions, yet renders it extremely difficult. The people know this, in so far as they are astonished when a 'knower' is at the same time 'good'; science knows it, in so far as it states that a higher measure of religiousness appears, almost without exception, bound to a natural disposition which it judges as pathological; all the public opinion of all the world knows it in the case of the artist. Scarcely ever are such people humanly fully developed in all their values. With these human types the real life proceeds in psychic spheres; and its transformation into, and action on, that which to others is 'real' life, has as little significance for their being, as the philosophy which he prefers best has for the doer. And it can have no more significance for them, as they

would otherwise be incapable of expressing themselves completely in knowledge, in poetic fiction, in religious sentiment. To know completely, one has not only to live exclusively for knowledge, one has, to a certain extent to *be* knowledge; one has to live out one's life in knowing, as another does in loving. If, now, one does that, then henceforth it appears impossible to direct towards life the primary energy of the application of one's knowledge, for it is already bound in another direction. Realisation in contemplation, and realisation in active life exclude each other, being situated in different dimensions. But the realisation of the knower is exactly as full as that of the doer. In the sight of God there exists absolutely no difference between him who perfects himself through knowledge, and him who does so through love, or action; it merely indicates another type of being. Ever and eternally will knowers be imperfect as doers, and inversely likewise; just as ever and eternally the creatures of the air and those of the water must appear thoroughly fit, in different senses.

So it would indicate, after all, a misunderstanding to reproach the Hindūs because they have not proved themselves equally great in the world of practical active life as in that of knowledge and religious feeling. Their weaknesses signify the price of their excellencies. Of course, not all Hindūs are knowers, and the non-knowers amongst them are accordingly still inferior to European fools. But, in the same sense, the idlers of Europe are incomparably much worse than those of Hindustan.

Every system of civilisation appears orientated in the average character of the people who have invented

it, and education within its lines is fatally noxious to those whose nature deviates too much from that of the average. Now the question may be raised if some special tendency of form may not possess absolute advantages over others. Such as, for instance, the Christo-European over the Indian. Many think so. I cannot come to a decision. In so far as the greatest perfection of the masses is taken as a measure, it may well be possible that we have chosen the better part. But do quantitative points of view come up at all in real connections? I am content to state the fact that India, and not Europe, has produced the up-till-now most profound metaphysics, and the up-till-now most perfect religion.

Since, then, in Indian life the psychic element has a primary significance, in so far as realisation in conceptions is biologically equivalent to the realisation in actual practice amongst us—it is clear that, to the Hindūs, the knowers, the understanders, the anti-worldly seers and ecstasies should have to appear as the highest types. According to their postulates, so are they. And it is not after all astonishing that they look up in surprise when a European asks them if no higher forms of existence are conceivable.

Hermann Keyserling

AN APPEAL TO ENGLAND¹

By PHILIP OYLER

ENGLAND, England, let us be still and listen for one moment. Let us cease all our activities and ponder once, just once, over what we are doing and whither we are going. Let us look first at the path by which we have travelled. See how it is marked along the centuries by victory upon victory, gained formerly by physical strength and courage but latterly more by brains and what money can buy. Whatever the methods, the result has generally been the same, so that there appears behind us an almost unbroken chain of success, and we stand and pride ourselves to-day upon having the greatest empire that the world has ever known. But let us consider in what sense it is the greatest. Is it not from the fact that it has the largest possessions of land, the most powerful navy and so on, and is therefore the greatest from the world's point of view, that is, from a material point of view? We must admit it and therefore must admit too that our success can only be a temporal one, for it is founded, not upon eternal things but upon things that pass. These material things *look* stable and that is why we imagine ourselves secure behind them. But we really ought to realise (and probably do realise in the depths of ourselves) that our principles are fundamentally wrong; otherwise a really happy and healthy person would not be such a rarity in this wonderful empire of ours.

¹ Few will agree with this article, but this writer is a very thoughtful and earnest man, and has a right to have his say.—Ed.

If we really cannot see at once the fate that we are so obviously bringing upon ourselves (we shall call it bad luck no doubt when it comes), let us turn to historical records and read of the rise and fall of Rome and other empires that have each in their turn been the greatest in the world. Then, when we compare them and ourselves, we cannot help seeing that we have risen in exactly the same way as they, and will most certainly fall for the same reason unless we make some mighty reform. We are powerful now only on paper. We are living almost entirely on a past reputation. We are degraded by luxury on the one hand and poverty on the other, we are dependent upon other countries for most of our food supplies and so on, and we must deliberately blind ourselves to the fact of our coming fall. Those who win their way to supremacy by force always breed enemies—human enemies, who look with jealous or revengeful eyes, and enemies within, that rob the mind of peace and therefore the body of strength. We have both these kinds of enemies, but it is the enemy within me, as usual, that will bring about our downfall, though other forces may *appear* to do so.

There is one way and only one way to save ourselves. To take that way needs more courage than has gone to the winning of all our battles by sea and land put together. None of the other great empires has had the courage to take that way and save itself. Each generation has gone on thoughtlessly and selfishly, hoping merely that the deluge would not come in its lifetime. Shall we do this too? Or are we prepared to think of others? If so, here is the only way by which we can be saved.

We must kill completely every atom of pride. We must humble ourselves before God, whom we hardly

acknowledge, and before all men. We must give up all that we possess to those from whom we took it, we must lay down all our arms and openly admit to the world that all these conquests, all these possessions have brought us no love, no peace, no happiness. They have brought us trade and money and a temporal fame in the eyes of men, but nothing, absolutely nothing that is really worth having. And we must admit to God and men that we have been the greatest of sinners, as indeed we have, for we have acted continually against our conscience, which is God's word to us, and have fought continually against our fellow men throughout the world, thereby breaking again and again the two greatest Commandments, which as Jesus said, are "Love God," and "Love your neighbour".

If we do pray for forgiveness with perfect sincerity and absolute humility; if we do really from the depths of our hearts abase ourselves before God and man; if we strive henceforth to stifle unkind thoughts and impure feelings, and to pour forth love to all instead; if we try to free ourselves of all selfish aims, and desire instead to serve in no matter how small a way; if we content ourselves with the simplest food and clothes and houses and pray that we regain our childhood's faith—thus and thus only can we be saved, for pride will ever have a fall but "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted".

For an individual the moment of worldly success is the moment for him specially to beware, for he is in danger of selling his soul eternally by killing his conscience, and for a nation it is exactly the same as for an individual. Therefore we must all humble ourselves, must all reform ourselves and our lives completely. There are among us, as always at times of crisis, a few

people of spiritual vision who can teach us the way to the kingdom of heaven through renunciation and love. They will teach us gladly, if we turn to them, and will help us to save ourselves. If we give no heed, they will build beautifully after our downfall, for the spirit is certain to prevail, whether we accept it or not. Shall we turn to them for guidance, since we ourselves have ceased to hear God's voice within us? Shall we kill our pride, which is one of our greatest enemies? Shall we have the courage to make this tremendous self-sacrifice? Or shall we go with the stream and get sucked into the vortex, towards which we are rapidly going?

The courage needed is immense. If it were not, it would be no test of our worth. The time to begin is now. The world is *talking* of universal peace, talking of it but in no way diminishing its attention to armies and navies. Here then is clearly our chance and our duty. England, England, to whom all others look, whether out of revenge, or spite, or respect, or what not, let us not talk of peace, but let us be it. Let us once, just once, set a Christ-like example and lay down our arms at the feet of our supposed enemies in all humility but with the desire for friendship. It matters not whether they embrace us eagerly or despise us with a sneer. We shall be happy, happier than we have ever been, for we shall have done one thing that will be to our everlasting glory and to God's glory too.

Let us cast out our enemy, fear, and not allow ourselves to imagine that others would rush in and plunder. Others can be trusted far more than we think. Moreover it takes at least two to make a quarrel, and if we refuse to be party to it, there can be no quarrel. And with such an example set, others will follow suit and

find their moral courage too, and feel how they have sinned and would repent. We must not wait for others to move. It must be England that leads the way, for England is considered the mightiest nation, and to the mightiest all look to take their cue. We must not wait for long. We must decide soon, soon. It needs no prophet to see that the crisis is near, and that if we delay, we shall be too late to save ourselves.

If we ignore this warning, which must have been felt by every one; if we continue our selfish, unnatural ways; then comes the mighty fall as it came to Rome and other empires, and we shall see how impotent is worldly wealth to help, and how impotent it has made us. Let us open our eyes to our many defects and weaknesses. Let us not be blind to the present, which we can see if we will, and to the past, of which we can read if we will, and then we cannot but see something of the future and realise that our decision comes to this. Shall we renounce all out of repentance and humility, and thereby gain a measure of happiness, by being obedient to a spiritual truth and by setting a noble example to others? Or shall we continue till we are compelled against our will to give up all and lose our reputation in the eyes of men and reap no harvest in heaven, because we sowed no seed there?

We may think that there is more choice. There is not, there is not. Let us then choose the nobler way and take the warnings of minor disasters that are continually being given to us, and let us thereby show that at least one empire has had the courage to admit the vanity of riches and the sin of courting them.

Philip Oyler

THE SEX QUESTION

By A. J. WILLSON

A CURIOUS position in England is exciting the wonder of the world. During the last decades higher education has been thrown more and more open to women, and they have studied science so effectually that they are aware of the strong backing that scientific investigation gives to the moral demands of religion. Perfect self-control for men as for women in all sex-relationships is now the goal pointed out by the vanguard of science, in terms that clearly show the terrible evils that each man who gives way to his passions brings upon his wife and children, as well as upon himself. Once the evil is recognised, every decent man will determine that the race shall not be destroyed by his self-indulgence, and his sons will be so instructed that another decade should see the evils of to-day things of a past state of ignorance. Naturally men were only too glad to believe that infidelity and promiscuity were not criminal and that Dame Nature blinked at—nay, approved—such slips in conduct; and their women were happy to pretend to be blind and to take the view of the men they loved and looked up to. Once, however, the veil of illusion was torn aside by a study of science; once women realised how the innocent and guilty suffered together, and how the whole nature

became warped, and the conscience twisted, in order to secure indulgence to men, and how laws and commercial customs had come to be the slaves of vice; there has been no hesitation on their part in denouncing the evil. When we read such books as *The Great Scourge*, by C. Pankhurst, LL.B., or *Prisons and Prisoners*, by Lady Constance Lytton, can we wonder that some women, who in their self-sacrificing investigations have come face to face with the depths of infamy, have taken the Brāhmaṇa's vow neither to eat nor rest in comfort until the race is free from this curse? Hence the spectacle of delicate women undergoing imprisonment and suffering, until all sense of proportion is lost in the one endeavour to save their fellows. The present laws were made in the days of ignorance before modern science had spoken, and they have to be changed, because they condone vice. Men fear a revolution if the changes be made too quickly, while women urge drastic reforms at once. This is the key to the "suffragette" movement, by which the nation will have benefited when the mistakes of "doing evil that good may come," which mark the burnings and smashings and insane sex-war of the present day, have been paid for, and the goal of a gallant, clear-eyed people, sound in mind and body, has been attained. This is at the bottom of the otherwise senseless call for votes for women. Women only care for votes in order to be able to put right the ancient wrongs of the race.

India, in all these deep questions, has the advantage over the younger western nations, in so far that the divine nature of life and of all functions connected with it have been emphasised in her ancient sacred books. Creative power is not the chance of a wild game

of the passions, but a holy function bringing out the best and highest both in men and women.

The Samskāras are explained in modern scientific terms in the *Praṇava-Vāda* of Gārgyāyana, freely translated with notes by Bhagavan Das, M.A. (Vol. I, pp. 165—286). According to Samskr̥t Vaidyaka physiology, the ideal time for closing brahmacharya is as late as the thirty-sixth year. This gives time for the ripening of the whole organism and brahmacharya in mind as well as body means the perfection of controlled vigour :

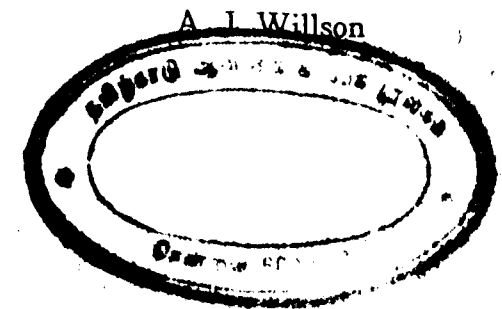
The skin takes on the bloom, the *lavanya*, the 'saltiness,' *namakini* in the Persian language, the crystal gleam, the pearly shine, which is the essence of the good complexion, and which is more than half the beauty of youth. (*Ibid.*, p. 246).

Increase of force to live and work, and not decrease, as was feared, is shown to be the reward of perfect chastity. Brahmacharya without education to occupy the mind, active games to exercise the body, and unselfish work to exercise the emotions, is a failure. The energy imparted by the natural rise of the vital forces will be turned to evil unless utilised to regulate and provision the brain by study during youth of all the stored wisdom of the schools and colleges, so that the reincarnating Jīva may quickly understand the new surroundings of its new body which it exercises by games and work. Jīvas, as we know, are in themselves neither male nor female, though the bodies they use are either one or the other. A girl's body, into which a Jīva is born, after in the last birth occupying the body of a man, requires much time to become acquainted with and properly made use of. Similarly a boy's body in charge of a Jīva last accustomed to function through the vehicles of a woman, has to be grown into. Those who for several lives have been born into bodies

of their present sex are more accustomed to them, but even then country, language, customs and ways of expression are all new and during the period of childhood and adolescence every boy and girl requires the best training and affectionate care in all ways.

America already gives State instruction to every one of her boys and girls, and this has to be aimed at in all countries. Heart, head and body—religion, study, and work and play—each has to be cared for. When once the ego has full control over his body, he takes charge himself and directs his own life, but by that time habits of self-control should have become automatic.

Men and women working intelligently together can quicken the progress of the race as neither alone can do. Intelligent control of home and children lays the foundation firmly for the next generation, and fathers and mothers of one mind are an immense power for good. The suffragette disturbances and the causes that brought them about in the West to-day are largely the result of the lack of knowledge of the laws of reincarnation; so we must not relax our efforts to educate our women, for fear of similar excesses here, were karma and reincarnation less well known. When once the West has grasped these laws they will be worked into daily life with the energy of a youthful nation, and India must re-study and apply them also now that the laws of evolution from man to superman are once more explained to us.



SOME IDEAS ON KARMA.

IN GREEK THOUGHT

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

RENAN, speaking of the nations that are fitted to play a part in universal history, says that "they must die first that the world may live through them"; that "a people must choose between the prolonged life, the tranquil and obscure destiny of one who lives for himself, and the troubled, stormy career of one who lives for humanity".

This is, perhaps, more true of ancient Greece than of any country in the world, except India. Greece, behind whose mighty civilisation, language and symbolism, we discern an eastern background.

From the moment Greece died, she began to live.

First she permeated the Macedonian and Roman Empires with her influence, and the modern world no less, owes to her a debt incalculable of wisdom and beauty. To our own nation, as much as any other, she has brought gifts of priceless boon. Shelley says: "We are all Greeks, our laws, literature, religion, art, have their roots in Greece."

This being so, it is of deepest value to study these noble works of "the antique time," to live again in the spirit of Hellenic thought, to trace in the minds of great men their philosophical outlook on the idea of Karma, including Destiny, Free will, Necessity and Fate.

There is abundant evidence of the menace and struggle aspect of the force, from Homer to Euripides. Plato alone approaches the subject from the point of view of a sage who *knows*. The others are more conscious of the "doom-impending" side of Karma's reversible shield. Karma may well be imaged as a shield; one side whereof is Fate, the other, Destiny. Eternal problem for every man—which side will he present to the foe on the battle-field of human life?

It is this feeling of the inevitability of karma, which gives to the Greek genius, so full of exquisite and childlike joy, a strain of haunting melancholy: a *motif* which does not mar the music, but steeps the senses in that atmosphere of mystery, of "shadow-shapes," that is inherent in the soul of Beauty. Within the space of this article, it will be only possible to give a few hints and outlines as to how the idea of karma pursued and took hold on the Greek genius, and perchance to suggest a field of work for other minds whose tendencies are toward the Greek mode of culture.

Homer makes us hear, above all sound of warfare and victory, the voice of pity, the questions of "what for?" and "why?"—immortal problems for all great minds, when contemplating the tragic side of mortal life. "The pity of it." Hear what Glaucus says to Diomedes, when they meet in single combat. "Even as are the generations of leaves, such are those likewise of men; the leaves that the wind scattereth to earth, and the forest, budding, putteth forth another growth, and the new leaves come on in the spring-tide; so of the generations of men, one putteth forth its bloom and another passeth away." Phrases such as this occur, now and again, as if a questioning mood, even then,

haunted the soul of that bright child-world, a minor chord, struck almost at random, amid the jewelled harmony of joy, wherein Homer, child of Gods, delights.

It was always weakness the Greek dreaded, beyond all things. He saw how no calamity was unbearable, so long as the spirit rose on its wings to heroic heights. He did not understand the intricacies of the working of kârmic law, but he sensed the truth that man is superior to all ills of the flesh and senses. That it is the use he makes of calamity that puts limits to the power of the impending tragedy. This being the well known Theosophical axiom that man modifies his karma by the acceptance and working out thereof. In the 'Eumenides' of Æschylus, we find the Gods disputing about Orestes, who had slain his mother, to avenge her murder of his father, and they cannot decide, for long, how to balance the scales of Justice: at length Pallas arbitrates, and it is the unanimous decision that "no longer shall crime and punishment desolate the house of Athens". In other words, the family karma of Orestes is now balanced. Orestes takes sanctuary at Delphi. The Furies even change their name, under the benign influence of Pallas, and become the Eumenides, benevolent goddesses, metamorphosis of profound spiritual significance to students of karma.

Æschylus (according to Cicero) was a Pythagorean. It is therefore not surprising that he taught deep mysteries through the medium of drama. Apollo, God of youthful enthusiasm, commands Orestes to the dark deed of vengeance. The tribunal of human justice, and the terrible torments of the Furies overtake him. But in the end Pallas acquits him of evil, and he is

allowed to rest in peace, brought thither through the purgatorial pain of expiation. Æschylus (in common with all genius) doubtless taught even more than he knew; Sophocles' historic remark is occult in its significance: "Æschylus does what is right, without knowing." Thus spoke the intellectual rival of Æschylus; let us now glance at his idea, and treatment of karma.

Sophocles is a rare instance of many-sided genius, even in that golden age of Greek catholicity. The harmony and balance of his work were so exquisite that one of his names was "The Attic Bee". But his tragic power was equally developed. He seems to stand midway between the Promethean grandeur of Æschylus and "Euripides the Human". Sophocles grasped the educative effect of suffering, more than any of his compeers. He shows forth, by anticipation, Plato's theory, that when a man is beloved of the Gods, poverty and all ills that the flesh is heir to, can turn out only for his good, in the true meaning of the word.

Yet sorrow and suffering, according to Sophocles, were not so much to soften and humanise the proud Spirit encased in flesh, as to chasten, strengthen, and raise it. 'Œdipus Coloneus' provides a striking example of this force-educing side of suffering. A "problem play"; indeed, it might well bear as alternative title 'A Study in Karma'. The difference between moral and ceremonial purity is clearly defined. Elsewhere, Sophocles remarks: "The unwitting sin makes no man bad," and we find the spiritual truth of the alchemical force of suffering portrayed in this noble Play, wherein it is taught that though the breaking of law leaves a stain, yet it can be cleansed by the

atonement of purificatory ceremonial, and is not of that indelible type such as causes Lady Macbeth to exclaim: "All the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this little hand."

Œdipus disencumbers himself of karmic debt, and then comes the realisation that an outworn past, when "paid for," is no longer a part of the way, but drops away, according to the natural law of evolution. Œdipus, at the close of his life, contemplates his doom and rest, with equal gaze, and knows that the end is harmony. In the words of the chorus:

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Sophocles senses "peace—beyond these voices"; he soars beyond all common-place award of happiness or grief to personalities, he knows that man is a divine fragment, a link in a chain. He shows how knowledge is put into the crucible of life-experience, to come forth the pure gold of wisdom. What is this but spiritual alchemy? Now let us turn to the third name in the trinity of dramatists, Euripides.

Far more faulty and unequal is this dramatist, the least of the three. Euripides shows us man the slave of his passions. Æschylus shows us the Promethean Spirit of humanity, who knows that ultimate freedom is his heritage, even while chained to the rock of mortality, with the hungry passions gnawing at his heart. Sophocles idealises and sublimates the minds of men—strips off the garment of flesh, and shows us the soul of tragedy, grand in the beauty of Medusa-splendour. Euripides shows man the sport and caprice of passion. He has a way of parading morality for morality's sake, at once inartistic, and belittling to the higher ethics. In

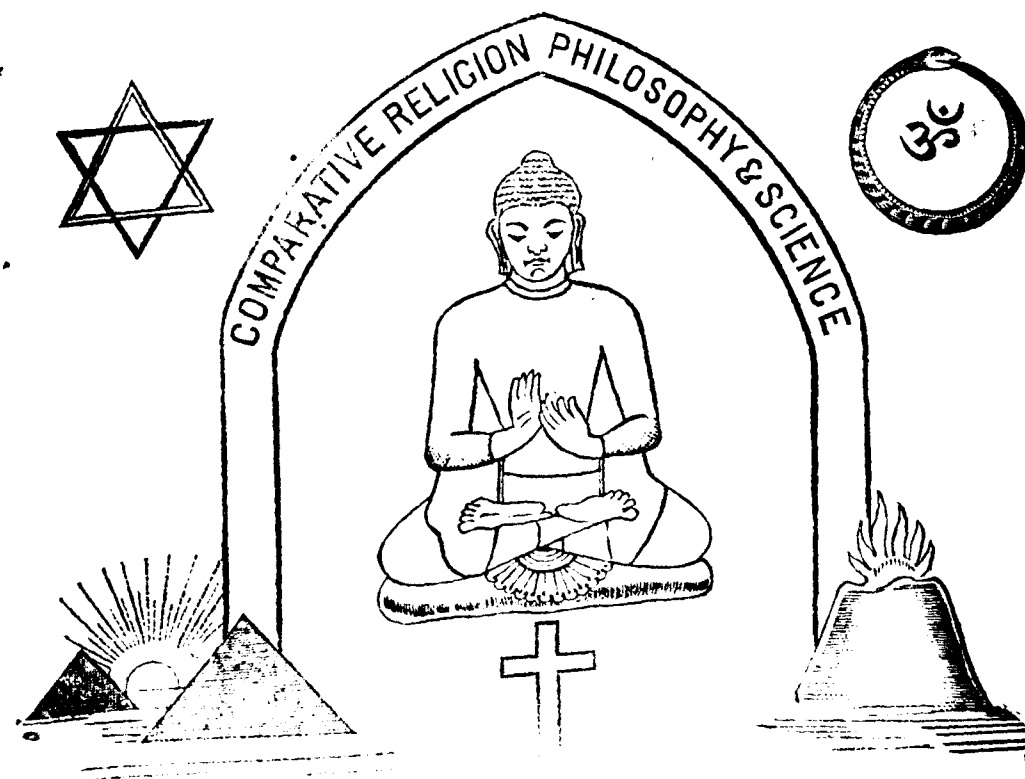
the same manner he parades outward show, success, and wealth, as things desirable in and for themselves. His famous brief for the casuist has almost passed into a household word: "The tongue swore, but the mind was unsworn." Yet Euripides can display the spectacular drama-lesson of a soul distracted, distraught, the prey of its own passions and weaknesses. He shows us the fatal karmic results of a mind that is *not* "at unity with itself". In the working out of his idea of the characters Orestes and Electra, he shows us how the same action, even under identical conditions of circumstance, can ennoble one man and degrade another. Orestes and Electra, in the hands of Æschylus and Sophocles, move on, with the inevitability of the true tragic spirit; in those of Euripides they seem pushed on by a reluctant, half-hearted Fate. They do not suffer grandly as men, but "like driven cattle". In short, Euripides shows us men and women ruled by their passions, when we feel that they might have ruled them, and to witness such subjection becomes, at times, almost intolerable. Even in the 'Hippolytus,' we feel that his Phædra was a sufficiently strong character to have bridled her unreturned passion, and that the passion should have ennobled, rather than degraded her. But Euripides makes her the slave of a love-spell, and there is no escape. Yet, curiously enough, it is after all Euripides who popularises, more than either of his two great compeers, the idea of the "vengeance is mine, I will repay" aspect of karma. He lays on the sensation thickly, with the brush of a theatrical scene-painter, rather than that of a creative artist. The proportions and perspective of the dramas of Euripides are not typically Greek, they are too unequal

and unbalanced, and belong rather to the "realistic-romantic" school, rather than to the antique-classic type of mind. However, in most of his works, and certainly in the 'Hippolytus' and 'Electra,' we feel that a sense of "the evil that men do, lives after them" pervades the atmosphere of the play.

In the 'Bacchanals,' the greatest, most poetic, achievement of Euripides, we trace Diōnysos through his wanderings—his madness, pursuit, imprisonment, death, and ultimate peace, and therein is written the story of all Dionysian spirits. Herein too, the mystic consciousness of Orphic tradition, is plainly exhibited. The play is a Masque of Spring, a dithyramb of Life wherein the chief actor is both priest and victim. We see the figure of youth and joy, starting forth on his pilgrimage, to give "life, more life," wherever his footsteps trod, and therefore, also (strange paradox) desolation, torment and woe followed in his train. Yet the god sets forth—glorious in all the wild ecstasy of youth (youth, now and always the best gift which life offers to mortality, perchance because it is the fleetest); bearing in his hand the sacred thyrsus, a wand with a pine-cone at the top, wreathed in flowers, yet covering and concealing a spear-head, profoundly significant symbol.

Enough has been shown here, to demonstrate that there was a very real idea of the working of Karma in Greek thought. Indeed the three-fold aspects of the Law, form the basic material from which was wrought most of the finest antique work. Throughout Greek Drama as in all immortal thought, the genius is but deputy of the divine Architect. Of the genius it is ever said: "He builded better than he knew."

Lily Nightingale



AN ANTHEM IN THE GARDEN

By CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS

[The following fragment is an endeavour to produce a literary parallel to a musical device, a movement "Per recte et retro". Though chiefly beloved of purely academical composers one example of this kind is well known—a very melodious double chant in G major by Dr. W. Crotch, to be found in every Anglican choir-book. An exact application to literature is possible only by use of such reversible words as "Live—Evil". The aim here, however, is to illustrate the artifice in thought itself, rather than in the mechanical means of its expression. The same remark applies to some shorter musico-literary parallels which follow the "Anthem."]

PER RECTE ET RETRO

I

FROM THE ONE TO THE MANY

Musica Parlante.—Search a garden and in one spot or another will generally be found some dense growth which appears to be a single plant but proves on examination to be a cluster of plants, a ravelled mass of flowers and weeds and grasses. To dig it up is to discover that it has not one root, but many, lying in all directions and often far apart. To watch it day by day is to find that it has no common fruit, no common flower; be its stems never so small, never so inextricably intermixed and tangled, each tiniest frond produces exactly the fruit proper to it, and can produce no other. Its shoots have nothing in common save that they have come to the surface together.

So with men: Coming to the surface as members of the same Race, Nation, Religion, Church, Social Caste, or Political Party, are men whose motives, spirit, springs of action, are absolutely different. And such clusters of men have no common fruit. Each separate man, each separate vice or virtue of each separate man, produces exactly his and its own particular fruit. No closeness of association in such clusters will alter the going of each to his own place.

Duet.—Then shall two be {the one shall be taken,
in the field: {and the other left.

Two women shall {the one shall be taken,
be grinding at the mill: {and the other left.

Musica Parlante.—This is not to say that all Races and Religions are themselves alike and interchangeable, but:

Chorus.—"They are not all Israel which are of Israel."

Musica Parlante.—Men speak of good coming out of evil. Good never comes out of evil. No root can produce anything but its own fruit; no fruit be got from anything but its own tree.

Solo.—"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"—*St. Matt.*, vii, 16.

Musica Parlante.—When men do evil that good may come, and good does come, it is always due to some grain of good in the motive which prompted the evil, and never to the evil itself: there would always have been more good in the end had the evil means not been adopted. A cruel injury is done to a man, and neighbours show compassion never suspected before. But it is the suffering, not the cause of the suffering, which brings out the compassion, and the suffering itself does not cause the compassion, but only shows it to exist. But, it may be objected: "Suffering, though innocently caused, is in itself an evil, and showing compassion to exist is a good thing." Granted, but that suffering should be necessary for the manifestation of love of our neighbour is an evil thing: we should love our neighbour whether he suffers or not.

Duet.—Rejoice } with them that {do rejoice,
Weep } {weep.

—*Rom.*, xii, 15

Musica Parlante.—Whenever anything in its essence evil becomes right, it is always due to a wrong that it should be right. Apart from the existence of evil, which the one is meant to cure, there is no difference between the knife of the surgeon and that of the garotter.

When war is right it is always due to a wrong that it should be right.

If anything could make a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit, or a good tree bring forth evil fruit, grafting would. But it will not: stock and scion must be at least of the same genus. A good man born in a corrupt religion will do, not evil, but good—he will purify it: an evil man born in a pure religion will do not good but evil—he will corrupt the fount of truth itself if he can. Such are Spiritual Wickedness in high places, and Shining Lights in the dark places of the earth. Let a branch be clean-cut from its root and blown to the ends of the earth or engulfed in its bowels, it will produce the fruit proper to the stock from whence it sprang, or none. There is only this difference between the tree and the man, that the one cannot change its character and consequently cannot change its fruit, and the other can.

It is the extreme fineness and inextricable intermixture of good and evil which deceives us. Quality itself is absolute. Whatever is good at all is good altogether and nothing but good, it will do good and cannot help doing it and can do nothing else.

II

FROM THE MANY TO THE ONE

And in gardening one often finds that what above ground appear to be several plants, under ground are but one, all having the same root. So it is among men. Those who believe that the *fact* of birth is of infinitely more moment than the accident of birth; whose sympathy with their fellow-creatures is not limited by

geographical accidents, arbitrary and changing political delimitations, or the circumstance of colour, who therefore are striving to bring about the Brotherhood of Man, these men above ground belong to different Races, Nations, Religions, Churches, Social and Political Parties. But underneath the mere surface of things they belong to each other, they are citizens of a City whose Builder and Maker is God.

Solo.—"Blessed are the Peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."—*St. Matt.*, v, 9.

Musica Parlante.—Again, this is not to say that all Races, Governments, and Religions are equal, but:

Chorus.—"In every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him." *Acts*, x, 35.

All good things are in harmony with each other. No good thing is really in antagonism with any other good thing. Truths never really contradict each other. All really good things can be combined, and not only so, every good thing helps every other good thing. Good cannot be single: it is impossible to mend anything without mending other things, if not *everything* else, at the same time. And so with evil: whatsoever is evil is evil altogether and in league with every other evil. This is why "it never rains but it pours," and we hear so often of a 'Chapter of Accidents'.

Solo.—"Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it."—*I. Cor.*, xii, 26.

Good and evil are each like a stone thrown into a pool and becoming the centre of wave-circles ever widening in extent: they exert their influence in every direction and to an ever-increasing distance. When a partisan changes sides, he not only strengthens the side

he goes to but he weakens the side he leaves: his action is double in its effect. Not only all actions but all *qualities*, Good and Evil, exert this double action in all directions—towards every point of the compass and its opposite. Infinite is the importance of *quality*--of the question not *how much*, but *whether* a thing is evil or good. A little evil is evil as much, though not as much evil, as a great evil, and to the end of its existence will bring forth evil fruit. A good thing is good in every way. The music which was the greatest pleasure to compose, is the greatest pleasure to practise, occasions the least loss of time and temper, and brings the greatest reward: it cost the least—save of pleasurable labour—and is worth the most: it is wholly good. Let a man choose the right profession, and he will not only enjoy his work more but do it better, receive higher remuneration for it, and by this means get better holidays than in the wrong one and his holidays again will react on his work. His choice will be wholly good. Every real good brings some other good with it. Every good is an unmixed good.

Chorus.—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—*St. Matt.*, vi, 33.

A CANON BY AUGMENTATION

[One in which the second voice, the "Comes" or "Consequent" repeats the theme sung by the first, the "Dux" or "Antecedent" in notes of double, triple, or quadruple, length.]

Prelude.—The lesson musically illustrated by the impressive device of Augmentation would seem to be that one should follow an ever-expanding train of thought, tracing every section to the circle of which it is a part, every instance to its principle.

Dux.—(given out by the church organ) The Vicar is narrow-minded in theological matters.

Comes.—by Augmentation: (from the choir) All clergymen are.

Double Augmentation.—(reverberating in the nave) All professional men are towards those who differ from them technically: Buonencinists towards Handelians, Gluckists towards Piccinists, Fixed-Dohists towards Movable-Dohists, Wagnerites towards anti-Wagnerites, in music; Orthodox medical practitioners towards Homœopathists, Darwinites towards anti-Darwinites in Science: the opponents of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood towards its founders, in Art.

Triple Augmentation.—(echoing in the world outside) All men are narrow-minded towards those who differ from them on whatever subject, personal, political, or religious, practical or theoretical, they care most about. Indifference is not broad-mindedness: no man can be really broad-minded who has not strong convictions and few men are broad-minded who have—except about something else.

AN INFINITE CANON

[One which repeats itself *ad infinitum* unless arbitrarily broken off.]

The sting of brooding does not lie in its tail, nor its poison in its fangs: but in the fact that it has neither

head nor tail, and knows no end. The essence of moodiness is the rejection of finality, a conclusion is its abhorrence, and though always alluring its victim with the prospect of one, it invariably overshoots the mark and embarks on a further quest. The snare is chiefly contained in the fact that, having in imagination, advanced an argument absolutely demanding an answer, or said one's most scathing thing, nothing happens! The only cure is to take this as final and do something else. Otherwise one will either imagine a speech more luridly insulting than before, by way of taunting one's shadow of an enemy into speech, or brood the whole thing over again! Giving up without a sense of finish will hurt one's feelings, but this cannot be helped. Brooding must be given up in the middle or not at all.

CHROMATIC HARMONY

[Harmony containing notes foreign to the key.]

Nature is characterised less by the number of her laws than by their universality: there might seem to be little in common between the carrying through of a great religious or political upheaval—a Reformation or a French Revolution—and the effective playing of a few notes on a tinkling spinet. Yet if these notes be chromatic there is a cardinal principle in common. That which is to displace something else must have not merely an abstract but a relative strength, must be stronger than the thing it is to displace, or the effect instead of being of strength and beauty will be of weakness and failure. Hence a Revolution must be carried through

with strength or it will leave abuses worse than those it found; and a chromatic 'sharp' or 'flat' must be played with decision and significance, or instead of producing one of the most beautiful effects in music—that of modulation—it will sound—like a wrong note.

AN UNRESOLVED DISCORD

[Technically a discord is not something harsh or disagreeable, but merely a note which requires some other note, called its "resolution," to follow it, before a sense of rest and finality is produced.]

Nothing is so unsatisfactory as satisfaction. That a man can be happy, one of whose senses is satisfied, is only because some other isn't. Getting, not Having; Becoming, not Being; the Present, not the Past; a Verb, not a Noun, are the source of satisfaction. "A duty fulfilled always continues to be felt as a debt, for it never gives entire satisfaction to oneself."—Goethe.

INTERRUPTED CADENCES—AND OTHERS

[Those in which the final chord is not what the ear most naturally expected.]

Other people's successes and failures often have the effect of a well-placed Interrupted Cadence—they surprise us. Our own rarely do: our successes only do in so far as they fall short of what we had secretly expected; our failures only when wholly free from a secret foreboding of what prove to be the results—which is rare. What misfortune due to an error of judgment—especially a moral one—was completely unforeseen?

DA CAPO

It is in the Da Capos, the "repeats" of life, that the difference between weak men and strong is seen most clearly. Weak people are not incapable of repentance, but can only repent of a mistake when there is no opportunity of repeating it: they are not impervious to argument but only to every argument but one—that of its being too late to amend. The weak gambler, ruined, repents, perhaps sincerely; but give him money and he will gamble again. The strong man, ruined, verbally justifies his mistakes, blames his luck and everybody but himself. But give him his life over again and there is not one of his carefully justified actions he would repeat!

If my existence up to now proved to be only the First (*i.e.*, the repeated) Section of the Symphony of Life, how many of its notes would I play as I previously played them?

Clement Antrobus Harris

THE WORSHIP OF ISIS—THE WIDOW

By JAMES TEACKLE DENNIS

OF all the deities known to us, of whatever religion, race or time, Isis of Egypt stands unique. Other nations had, and have, their female deities—Kālī, Tezcatlipoca, Astarte, Pallas, Venus, Mary of Bethlehem, and many others: it remained for Egypt alone to worship a *widow*, and deify her. And this widow's cult extended from the dark ages before Egypt's historic period down into the centuries when Rome ruled, and was carried thence to Gaul and Britain. It is a curious fact that the merely feminine phase of Isis worship had little or no representation in the Egyptian faith; not until the XXVIth dynasty, about 600 B. C., did her position as Mother of Horus—the purely female deity—become prominent. Sekhinet, Ta-urt, Nepthys and other female deities occur in the Egyptian pantheon, some being spouses of certain gods, others spinsters: yet none of their cults attained the degree of veneration accorded to that of the "widowed" Isis. The liturgies translated in the *Burden of Isis*, and the ceremonies of her worship as far as known, are pre-eminently those of widowhood—and not only so, but of a widow mourning her deceased husband. The mere death of a God enters in some form or another into nearly every religion; in fact, it seems to be almost

a prerequisite to deification. Only after passing the portals of Death could Siddhārtha become the Buddha; and the crucifixion of the Christ preceded his adoption into Godhead. And maternity has likewise played its part in the theological arena: but the worship of Isis was based neither on her sisterhood and wifehood to Osiris, nor on the fact that she was mother of Horus: she stands as the sole example of deified widowhood. Only after the XXVIth dynasty, as I said, did the maternal side of her cult develop, and it is this phase which passed into Christianity as the "Virgin Mother"—an idea which seems to have been adopted chiefly with the idea of disassociation of this feature of her personality from that of the wedded and widowed Isis: yet as "Mater Dolorosa," mourning for a dead son instead of husband, she has become also christianised. The spiritual hold of the Virgin Mary lies less in her being the recipient of a direct visitation from the Deity than in her being the mother of Jesus. There is a reason for the special position of Isis in the Egyptian theology, however. From the earliest times in that country, woman was held in the highest esteem: royal blood could be transmitted through the female lines for many generations, even to the exclusion of male descendants in certain cases: Aahmes of the XVIIIth dynasty was recognised as Pharaoh solely by reason of the old, royal, blood of his wife, and it was through maternal lines also that Heru-em-Heb obtained the throne. So the union of Isis and Osiris, while not advancing the cult of the former, gave an added and otherwise unexplained impetus to the worship of the latter. It was this idea of the special purity of blood in the female line that caused several of the Pharaohs to marry their sisters,

and, even on occasions, their daughters. So the godly blood of Isis, purer than that of Osiris, would naturally tend to make her worship more popular.

The origin of the cult of Isis and Osiris is unknown, but the resemblances between the traditions woven around them both, and those of Mayach (where the similarity is particularly noticeable), India, Persia and elsewhere, would lead to the conclusion that it first arose in some actual, historic event, in that part of the world where the earlier civilisations had their origin; and from thence it spread through and influenced the theologies of much of the world to the present time. Ormuzd and Ahriman, Cain and Abel, Baldur and Loki—are all simply variations of the death of Osiris at the hands of the evil-minded Set. Too often in recent years is the theory advanced that the early deities of the world were but personifications of the forces of Nature—light and darkness, fructivity and barrenness, cold and heat, summer and winter. But this view is absolutely incompatible with facts as we know them to exist to-day among savage or semi-savage peoples—and human nature in its genesis must always be the same. Undoubtedly the savages of to-day *fear* the storm, they *dread* cold, they *rejoice* in plenteousness of game and crops (if they are sufficiently advanced as to have become agricultural). But these are none of their objects of *worship*, properly so called: the only creature whom they really consider in the light of a real 'deity,' or having the attributes usually ascribed to a deity, is the village or tribal sheikh or chief. Therefore the idea of 'God' originated primarily in Sheikhhood: and when this ruler's death occurred, the savage mind would infer that it was

only a prolonged sleep, from which the sheikh might awaken at any time: hence the idea of a 'resurrection' would necessarily take root; and as the sheikh, on awaking, would surely demand an accounting from his tribe, offerings at the spot where he was sleeping should be the first sights to meet his eyes, while the worship and reverence paid to his 'sleeping' body could be adduced as proof that his power and command were recognised, even when in abeyance. No one would affirm of the founder of the Christian religion that he was only a "personification of the forces of nature"—and there is no more reason in attributing such an idea to the savage mind. The various 'fetiches' which the wild child of nature carries with him for good luck, or to protect him from danger and evil, have no more to do with the idea of "natural forces" than had the bit of the true cross carried by the crusader, the crucifix and reliquary of the Christian, or the rabbit foot of the negro of the United States. So we should consider the legend of Isis and Osiris as based on fact, altered during the centuries that may have elapsed between the actual event, and its culmination into a theological proposition: and the strength of the cult of Isis in particular lies probably in its pathetic delineation of the truest, highest inspiration of humanity, fighting against all obstructions raised either by nature or man, and culminating in a sublime submission to the great Laws of the Universe, whose workings are certain at the end. The indomitable energy of the widowed Isis, absolutely sure of herself and of the ultimate success of her mission, yet alone, save where Nephthys occasionally appears toward the end of her wanderings, may well typify the long worship and ceremonial at the shrine of the 'sleeping' sheikh

of the earlier race where the legend sprang into flower; and her finding and interment of the fragments of the body of Osiris may refer to the ultimate realisation of what we call 'Death': while his introduction into Amennet and subsequent rule over the spirits of the dead was but a corollary to the original belief in his (the sheikh's) actual physical return from the "Land of Sleep"—a recognition that his greatness and power had passed into a different sphere, where the worshippers themselves should finally gather around him once again. Faith must be based on a preponderance of evidence to be of any value—but that evidence may be of the human heart as well as of the human intellect. The best teachings of the best religions will find their counterpart in the cults of Isis and Osiris.

James Teackle Dennis

[The author of this article has written a very interesting book, *The Burden of Isis*, (Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.) to which we draw our readers' attention.]

AN ANCIENT PROPHECY FULFILLED

By J. F. SCHELTEMA

A FEW months ago the Crown Prince of Jogjakarta, which is one of the two quasi-independent principalities of the island of Jāva, died under strange, not to say suspicious, circumstances. Pangeran Adipati Anom Hamangku Negoro—such were his official title and name—had been ill, but was convalescent, when unexpectedly the news came from the *kraton*¹ of the Sooltan, his father, that he had succumbed to a violent attack of fever. A later announcement added that he had refused to swallow the prescribed quinine, showing a decided preference for native medicine, a dose of which had therefore been administered at his urgent request. This set people talking: native medicine, looked down upon by prejudiced Europeans, has saved many a life given up by physicians learned merely in the lore of western medical schools; but in the case of His Highness the native medicine might have been native poison. Intrigue, sometimes of a desperate character, plays an important part at the Courts of Surakarta and Jogjakarta. Every one knew, furthermore, that an influential clique felt dissatisfied with the deceased and, before him, with

¹ Royal or princely residence, comprising not only the palace proper with its dependencies but also the dwellings of the household, different functionaries, a numerous retinue, attendants, servants and hangers-on; the *kraton* at Jogjakarta has no less than 15,000 inhabitants.

a predeceased heir apparent to the throne¹ of the latter principality, having been raised to that lofty station, and the most knowing connected his sudden demise with the flight and recapture, in the eighties, of the widow of his grand uncle, the Sooltan Hamangku Buwono V, and her son, Pangeran Muhammad, who had been excluded from the succession. Much was also made of the fact that the Pangeran Adipati Anom's first, legitimate wife had borne him only a daughter, quite in accordance with a prediction denying him legitimate male issue, while a concubine of mixed Chinese and Javanese blood, converted to the Islām faith on her admission to his harem, had made him father to a boy he seemed very proud of, which awakened in the mother's heart fond and ambitious hopes for the future of her son—far too ambitious hopes, considering her low extraction, as envious rivals thought.

However all this may be, the consensus of native opinion appears gradually to have abandoned the poison theory in favour of a visitation from heaven, brought upon the Crown Prince by his flagrant disregard of an ancient prophecy attaching to the Boro Budoor, the world's masterpiece of Buddhist architecture, twenty-five miles to the north of his father's capital. One of the many Buddha statues which adorn that beautiful and imposing temple, passes with the natives for Bimo, the chivalrous brother of Arjuno, whose story is told in the *Mahābhārata*. Calling it Sang Bimo or Kaki Bimo, they ascribe to it a supernatural power and believe that any of their princes who looks on it among the thousand statues of the venerable pile, will surely come to grief.

¹ Still another older brother lost his rights to the throne because he became demented.

This superstition gained ground when, notwithstanding remonstrance and warning, a Crown Prince of Jogjakarta gratified his desire to see Sang Bimo and soon after, December, 1758, began to spit blood and died.¹ The late Pangeran Adipati Anom Mangku Negoro, unmindful of the fate which befell the older scion of his house, visited the Boro Budoor to look upon Sang Bimo in 1900. As time passed without the *ilaila* or ancient prophecy coming true to punish also *his* foolhardiness, *his* defiance of destiny's decree, people imagined that the statue had lost its occult energy. The sad sequel now reported, proves however that fulfilment, though slow, was none the less surely overtaking its victim.

What fate imposes, men must needs abide.

When no doubt remained that Pangeran Adipati Anom Mangku Negoro had breathed his last, his body was washed, according to custom, in the presence of the other princes and princesses, his brothers, sisters and cousins. The aged Sooltan, his father, being informed, came personally to convince himself of the truth of the woeful message delivered to him, and to gaze for the last time on the features of his oldest son and heir apparent that was. Then the attendants wrapped the body with appropriate ceremonial in a piece of white silk and bore it to the audience-chamber where they placed it in state on a gilt couch, covered with flowers and surrounded by the deceased's mourning and wailing family. Besides his legitimate spouse with her daughter, and his favourite concubine with her son, there were several more ladies of his harem present with their

¹ For particulars regarding this fateful visit to Sang Bimo and a description of the magnificent, wonderful Boro Budoor, a building full of charm and mystery, see the writer's recently published volume on *Monumental Java* (Macmillan & Co.)

numerous offspring. Next morning a company of *prajurits*¹ lined up at the principal gate of the palace, presenting arms to the Resident of Jogjakarta who arrived with the Dutch officials, preceding the head of the princely house of Paku Alam with the native chiefs, and private persons of consequence, to condole with the Sooltan in his bereavement. After receiving his visitors and listening for about an hour to their expressions of sorrow and sympathy with his loss, the Sooltan issued his order for burial, and the procession to Imogiri, the royal cemetery, was formed. The infantry of the garrison saluted the body with a rattling salvo the moment it left the *kraton*, conducted by the dragoon life-guard, while the colours were lowered and the drums beaten before the bands struck up a funeral march. As the procession moved out, the disconsolate father retired to his private apartments, but the princes and the native chiefs and thousands of his subjects and many Europeans, too, followed the bier through the streets of the city. On the flower-strewn pall, the Crown Prince's military uniform was displayed with the insignia of his high rank in life; his favourite horse was led and the chair he used on occasions of gala was carried behind. During the long march to Imogiri, tea and other refreshments were served to those whom neither the heat nor the distance deterred from accompanying him to his final home. The infantry of the garrison returned after having given their escort for a couple of miles. The Sooltan's troops stayed with the dead son of their master to the end and fired a second salvo over his grave when, a little after sunset, it was filled in over his remains, care being taken to turn

¹ Lit. warriors: the Sooltan's troops.

his face towards Mecca and to facilitate his sitting up when approached by the examiners who would interrogate him concerning his faith and works on the earth, and, according to his answers, would let him rest in peace until the day of resurrection, refreshed by the air wafted from paradise, or would beat him with their maces and make him roar for anguish, disturbing all creation, except men and genii. Many of the *hajis*¹ standing round, instead of dispersing with the crowd, remained to offer their prayers for the departed, and during the next seven days the drums of the soldiers could be heard interrupting the drone of their voices every morning and every afternoon at five, detachments of the *prajurits* keeping a constant watch. At the expiration of the appointed week Imogiri resumed its usual aspect in charge of the *amat dalam*, its hereditary guardians, who will relate, they and their descendants, how in 1913 the ancient prophecy regarding Sang Bimo of the Boro Budoor and his mysterious influence on the reigning house of Jogjakarta, has been fulfilled once more.

J. F. Scheltema

¹ Persons who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

THE MYSTICAL POETRY OF PERSIA

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

Author of *The Persian Mystics, The Wit and Humour of Persian Poets, The Masterpieces of Persian Literature, The Land of the Yellow Spring, The Myths and Legends of Japan*

THE wonderful poetry of Rabindranath Tagore is almost as well known and as fully appreciated in England to-day as it is in India itself. I use the word "almost" advisedly, for I am aware that in England we are apt to regard Mysticism as a kind of preserve that belongs exclusively to the cultured few and into which the man in the street has no desire to enter. From end to end of India, however, Tagore is a household word, a name that is revered alike by the learned and the peasant working in the field. His poetry is a spiritual force that overrides all question of creed, dogma, or caste. It is almost inevitable that Tagore will become one of the great poets of the world, for he has converted Mysticism into a potent song that satisfies the soul seeking union with God. He has lit a great beacon-light in India, but because Mysticism is a universal power that light is not confined to the country of his birth: it flashes forth its message to the four corners of the globe.

The mystical poetry of Persia differs very considerably from the mystical poetry of India, but the difference is only in the manner of expression, for the truth that underlies all Mysticism is the same. The old poets of Persia, particularly Jalálu'd-dín Rûmî, Jâmi, and Sa'di, have, with much brilliance of metaphor and considerable lyrical beauty, sung of the Beloved and of Union with Him. Their love is ecstatic, jubilant, and is touched with the same fire that quickened and made lovely for all time 'The Song of Songs,' the same love that made glorious the utterances of Eckhart, Tauler, and Ruysbroek. The camel bells are ringing, a bulbul is singing to a rose, there is the joyous rhythm of a dance, and the good cheer of a wedding feast in their poetry. Their way is not the way of an ascetic sitting in a lonely mountain hut whose joy is expressed in quiet meditation, neither is it the way of the gentle St. Francis of Assisi. These Persian poets sing of wine, and dark tresses, of moles on their mistresses' cheek, and of a shower of sweet-scented petals; but because they sing of these things we must not regard them as crude materialists, as sensual as Herrick or Anacreon. They make no foolish distinction between things secular and things divine. They recognise that the beauty of this world, the great star-strewn sky, the mighty deep, the loveliness of women, are but the reflection of the Beloved Himself, and so in honouring Him they do honour to all He made.

The key to the mystical poetry of Persia is to be found in Súfiism, which may be briefly described as the religion of love. It is a golden key that opens many golden doors, and the more we use it the more we realise the exquisite beauty and deep significance

of Persian poetry. Dull theologians and wearisome commentators fade away. We stand on the threshold of Truth and look forth, not with fear, but with radiant hope, assured that "when the bells ring to unload the camels, by Allah 'twill all be well!" We have read of no frail maiden whose eyebrows will not always be curved like the crescent moon: we have read of the one transcendent beauty, the Divine Himself.

We should not regard Omar Khayyám as a great mystical poet. Much more truly was he the poet of religious revolt. His sky is of brass, against which he hurls his bitter invectives. In one of his verses, according to Edward Fitzgerald, he refers to "a Súfi pipkin". His God is cruel, grinding Fate, and even a superficial reading of the *Rubāiyāt* will be sufficient to discover the petulance of Omar on the one hand, and on the other his conception of a frigid God complacently hidden behind an impenetrable veil. I have read Omar over and over again with much pleasure, but I realise that had he been touched by the fire of Súfiism, or any other form of real Mysticism, he would not have written with such stirring pathos:

There was the Door to which I found no Key:
There was the Veil through which I might not see:

neither would he have written that haunting verse describing the moon floating over "this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!" I do not deny that Omar was an earnest seeker after truth, but the child of joy was not in him, and, being essentially iconoclastic, he not only met trouble half way, but quarrelled with it and painted it in very drab colours indeed.

The Persian poets loved colour almost as much as Sarojini Naidu when she wrote that exquisite poem,

'In the Bazaars of Hyderabad,' and their very wealth of imagery has been a stumbling block to many students seeking a mystical interpretation. Frequent reference to wine and woman and the wayside tavern are apt to make him turn aside from his quest and regard Persian poetry as an interesting example of erotic literature. He looks in vain for something akin to the quiet utterances of George Herbert, Keble, or Jeremy Taylor. If he will but have the patience to master Súfiism thoroughly his search will certainly not be barren. If he will carefully study the *Lawa'ih* and *Baharistan* of Jámí, certain passages in Jalálu'd-dín Rúmí's *Mathnawi*, and finally if he will ponder over the *Gulshan-i-Raz* of Mahmud Shabistari, he will realise that the spring of the Súfí poet's love is part of the very Water of Life itself. In 'The Mystic Rose Garden' he will find:

Go, sweep out the chamber of your heart,
Make it ready to be the dwelling-place of the Beloved.
When you depart out, He will enter in,
In you, void of yourself, will He display His beauty.

That is a truth that Christ Himself has expressed and many Christian Mystics too: that is a truth which the leaders of Indian religious thought have uttered with no less assurance.

If I were asked to state definitely the favourite theme of the Persian poet, the starting point upon which he bases his mystical fancies, I should have no hesitation in naming the beautiful garden of the Land of the Lion and the Sun. Bacon, in his famous essay 'On Gardens,' denounces conventional figures made from coloured earths, and observes: "You may see as good Sights, many times, in Tarts." His treatment

of the subject was strictly utilitarian from a horticultural point of view, and was the very reverse of the Persian poet. In Sa'di's *Gulistan*, the roses he offers are undying flowers that spring from his soul and their perfume never passes away. Jámí's *Baharistan* is written on somewhat similar lines and was originally intended for the instruction of his son. In the symbolic gardens of this great poet we find: "It is requested that the promenaders in these gardens—which contain no thorns to give offence, nor rubbish displayed for interested purposes—walking through them with sympathetic steps and looking at them carefully, will bestow their good wishes, and rejoice with praise the gardener who has spent much trouble and great exertion in planning and cultivating these gardens."

In a Persian garden we find dark cypress trees, nodding giants against the blue dome and brown walls of a mosque, and cool water-tanks reflecting the golden lamps of orange trees. Perhaps there is a tomb, but Death walks so lightly in this garden that he mingles the dust of the sleeper with rose-petals. Here the nightingale sings a rapturous love-song to the rose. Here, perhaps, when the summer nights are heavy with the scent of flowers, some one will play soft music on the *si-tar*, gently beat the *dumbak*, and sing of that Garden at the end of life's dust highway, where the wayfarer is wayfarer no more, where the Beloved beckons and offers, beyond the sound of the camel bell, His divine love. The world's Mystics have made that Garden possible of attainment, and the mystic poets of Persia have sung an immortal song with a rush of supernal joy that can only come from a God-touched soul.

F. Hadland Davis

SICILY IN SUMMER

By THOMAS HERNE

ETNA is wedded to the Sea. It is one of those marriages that are said to be consummated in Heaven. He looks down at her beauty, remaining ever near her like a towering giant of protection. He is calm and strong, with only a hint of the passion that literally burns within him. The hint is pale, white smoke curling slowly to the sky.

She, Lonia, has blue eyes in summer, and deeper and more fathomless are they than the eyes of any mortal woman. They, too, give little indication of the furies that are now in slumber. At present she is caressing, careless, free, inviting, laughing softly.

Of the union of Etna with the Sea is born Beauty.

* * * *

Taormina is blessed in summer. Scarlet flowers, warm and passionate as the Southland where they blow, seem to be expectant—as if they were waiting with nerves tense to dance the Tarantella. Here it is glorious—away from the world, near this Charybdis, yet away from the Scylla of Sorrow and the Charybdis of Care. No one dares sorrow in summer at Sicily.

Everything about the South has more life than it knows what to do with. Joy is burning in a seething cauldron. Care is buried carelessly. And Etna has eternal youth, even as Sicily herself.

Palermo is exquisite, but more people are there, therefore it has less charm. It is like some glorious carpet trodden by many feet. But Taormina is almost a realm apart. Inland the hot flowers of summer blow—different-colored irises, white and crimson hibiscus, anemones, thyme, and roses such as one may dream of but never in England see. This is the beauty of Sicily, that in it we can realise our dreams.

Sitting on a white road leading down to a gleaming sapphire sea, surrounded by scarlet flowers, one sees a little boat—a white boat of some fisherman—gliding across the Ionian Sea, as a graceful woman crosses the polished floor of a ball-room. You look around. Great gourd-like grapes cluster everywhere, bowed down with the weight of beauty as a famous man is bowed down with the weight of fame. In the naked taste of the grape one seems to catch the Elixir of Life, as one never could catch it in the earthly, headlong madness of its wine.

And in the restful shade of Etna is shadowed, one fancies, the philosopher's stone.



ON THE VALENCY OF THE CHEMICAL ATOMS

IN CONNECTION WITH THEOSOPHICAL CONCEPTIONS
CONCERNING THEIR EXTERIOR FORM

By A. C. de JONGH

Mining Engineer

TRANSLATORS' NOTE:

In fairness to the Author it should be stated that the MS. of the above article was written in Dutch and was translated without the Author's assistance. The translators, a non-chemical Dutchman and an English chemist, ignorant of Dutch, co-operated in the manner of the blind and lame men to the best of their ability. Seeing however the extremely technical nature of the paper—bristling not only with chemical technical

terms, but also with such as pertain to mineralogy, geometry and other branches of knowledge—they cannot confidently claim any absolute correctness for their rendering. They believe that the translation as it stands is fairly trustworthy and for practical purposes sufficiently correct, but they doubt not that a revision by the Author would have benefited the eventual result. In order to avoid the creeping in of interpretation as against strict rendering, they have translated as literally as possible, keeping to the long and complicated sentences of the original instead of cutting these up and re-arranging them in a fashion perhaps more true to English rules and manners of composition. A source of error was found in those words which allow a twofold translation. For instance *gelijkwaardig* (in Dutch literally: “like-worthy”) may mean (technically) *homovalent*, but if used in a non-technical sense nothing more than *equivalent*. Some words have been rendered by guess only, the available lexicographical means at the translators’ disposal (to say nothing of their own ignorance) not being sufficient to establish a sure identification. An example is the word *navelpunt* (literally: *navel point*) which has been translated as *umbilicus* without definite certainty as to the identity of the two terms. The difference between *valence* and *valency* might perhaps have been more strictly observed but the translators considered that great latitude is allowable in the discrimination between the two. The Author sent a comprehensive list of Dutch-English equivalents of technical terms, which proved extremely useful and facilitated the labour of the translators considerably.

A number of other details, mostly of subordinate importance, might be mentioned, but it may be sufficient to limit ourselves to a general recommendation of caution that discrepancies or faulty expression in the text as now laid before the public may be due only to the translators’ shortcomings and should not necessarily be laid at the Author’s door.

The Author has expressed the wish that the translators should introduce Mr. Leadbeater’s name more often in the paper than he had done in his MS., if such were thought desirable. We have not done so, as all readers may be supposed to be fully aware that *Occult Chemistry* is the joint production of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, and that ‘occult chemistry’ research is even a special hobby of the latter. For shortness’ sake it is quite sufficient that, after the first mention of the names of both the Writers, further on, in the body of the paper, Mrs. Besant is everywhere cited as the one of the two partners representing the whole Firm. No reader will misunderstand the Author on this point.

J. v. M.

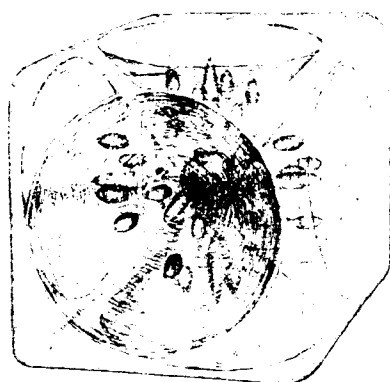
W. A. C.



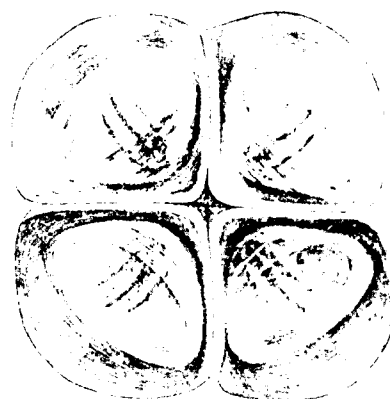
Dumb-bell.



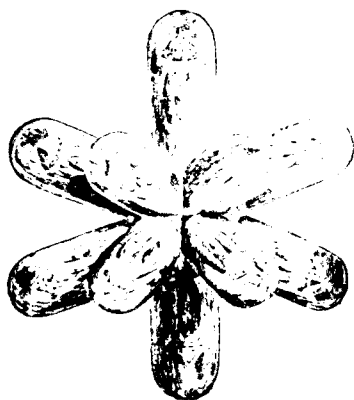
Tetrahedron.



Cube or hexahedron.



Octahedron.



Bar.



Star.

SO far as I am aware, up to the present no attempt has been made to compare the teachings of modern chemistry with the interesting data obtained in 1895 and in 1907 by *Mrs. Besant* and *Mr. C. W. Leadbeater* when clairvoyantly investigating the interior structure of the chemical elements.¹

Some one interested in the matter has put me the question as to how the sketches and the descriptions of the forms of the atoms presented by the above-mentioned investigators might be connected with the known valencies of those elements. This prompted me to a closer examination, with the result that the correspondence sought for soon proved to be readily attainable; while the variation of valency also found a perfectly natural explanation. If, nevertheless, it is not easy to immediately insert all details in their places in the scheme, yet this difficulty cannot be a reason for rejection, considering the preliminary character ascribed by both observers to their statements: the less so as official western science has not yet arrived at generally accepted explanations of chemical valency, to say nothing of the variation of valency.² One of the very few atoms, concerning the distribution of valency of which somewhat definite conceptions have been formed, is that of carbon. Since Van 't Hoff propounded his theory of the asymmetric carbon atom, a somewhat tetrahedral form has been attributed to it, with valencies operative at the angles. The strength with which this conception immediately took root makes it easy to understand that *Mrs. Besant's* statement that carbon atoms are in reality octohedral

¹ *The Theosophist*, 1908, published in book form in the same year.

² "Notwithstanding the large number of hypotheses which have been put forward, no explanation is yet established of that property of atoms which is called their valency"—SIR WILLIAM A. TILDEN: *The Elements*, 1910.

in structure seems strange at first sight. If it be, however, remembered how, for instance, different sub-groups of the isometric crystal system not only theoretically but also actually, and even as a rule, produce octohedral crystals, of which four faces behave themselves somewhat differently towards physical and chemical influences from the four opposite faces, notwithstanding the fact that the eight faces are, from a geometrical point of view, all of equal value, then it becomes clear that for the carbon atom also the supposition of a sort of interior hemi-hedrism can harmonise both theories once more.

Further, such surprising results appear upon the comparison of the recognised qualities of the other elements with their structure as described by Mrs. Besant, that no omission to draw attention to them is permissible. In order to prevent misunderstanding, however, it should be repeated that what follows is purely a speculation of the present writer, in which the contents of Mrs. Besant's and Mr. Leadbeater's book are taken for granted. To quote more from it than what is strictly necessary would serve no purpose, on account the impossibility of reproducing here the very complicated diagrams.¹ I shall deem the trouble I have taken already fully rewarded if this article should contribute towards the result that scientists should acquaint themselves more than heretofore with these investigations, and perhaps profit from them.

Let us imagine the chemical atoms as bodies which, as such, are kept in existence and in action by a permanent stream of energy entering them at one or

¹ Having at our disposal the original blocks used in the book, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to reprint here the illustrations of the various types of atoms there shown.—ED.

more points, and passing out at one or more other points. For the moment it is beyond our understanding of what precise nature is this stream: neither do we know if we have to imagine its whole course as three-dimensional as against an assumption that it flows partly through more-dimensional spaces, as is accepted for the universal building units of our physical world, Mrs. Besant's "physical ultimate atoms," between the two poles of which moves a stream of force which descends from the astral—probably fourth-dimensional—world, and again disappears into it, a stream which if checked would cause the whole atom to dissolve into astral matter.

Though it might, indeed, perhaps be advantageous to be allowed to introduce the fourth dimension for the explanation of some valency values, we prefer, in what follows, to leave this out of consideration for the present, and rather seek an explanation of the different phenomena within the world of three dimensions perceptible to us all.

We therefore imagine the atoms—analogueous to magnets, between the poles of which lies a magnetic field which we symbolise by a bundle of lines of force—as bodies possessing on their surfaces one or more positive, and a similar, or as the case may be, dissimilar number of negative poles, which are connected by bundles of lines of force.¹ Now we conceive the arising of

¹ The assumption, on the surface of a body, of a number of positive and a number of negative poles, is in perfect analogy with cases which occur in nature itself. Cubic crystals of boracite, whose eight angles are replaced by small tetrahedral faces—the ordinary form of this mineral—show, on being heated, charges of positive electricity on the one set, and charges of negative electricity on the other set, of the tetrahedral faces. Tourmaline shows under the same circumstances two poles, one positive and one negative, at the ends of its chief axis. Quartz exhibits positive charges on three of its prism-edges, and negative charges on the three alternate edges. Numerous other minerals possess similar qualities: so that it seems justifiable, when taking into account the uniformity of the architectural rules of nature, to attribute to chemical elements also analogueous qualities.

a chemical compound as the result of a mutual attraction between a number of bundles of one kind of atom, and a similar number of bundles of another kind of atom, in such a manner that these bundles unite themselves by pairs into one, and that each pair forms one bundle, closed in itself, which links together the different atoms (see Figs. 1 and 2). The same thing can take place between two atoms of the same kind mutually: and then di- and poly-atomic molecules of an element are formed.

The number of poles of each kind, and with them the number of force-bundles or valencies which issue from them, is posited as dependent on the form of the atom. At the same time it is always assumed that they are distributed over the surface of the atom in a high measure of symmetry. Also that when a force-bundle, its polarity remaining the same, splits up into several bundles, and the valency thereby increases: or when the total inner capacity of the atom distributes itself in another way, and thereby one set of poles recedes to give place to another set—which is also a possible means of varying the valency—a high degree of symmetry is always maintained. In that case, the distributions of energy which will tend to predominate will then be those which give rise to the most common valencies of the elements. Often the force-stream issuing from a positive pole flows towards the negative pole diametrically opposite: and in order to do so, in the case of free atoms, distributes itself equally around the body of the atom just as water welling up in a basin will flow off equally from all sides. Only when linking occurs will this enveloping stream-surface be able to condense itself into separate bundles, although even then there may

NOTE

Generally speaking, in the figures of the hydrocarbon molecules only the C atoms have been indicated (Figs. 7-13), and that on the flat only. The fields left light or shaded represent planes respectively with negative and positive poles. The different colouring of the wave lines has no special significance but simply helps to an easier understanding of the figures.

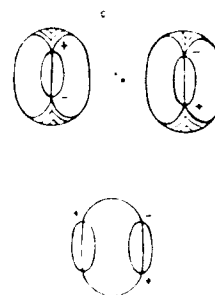


Fig. 1. Two monovalent atoms, free and combined.

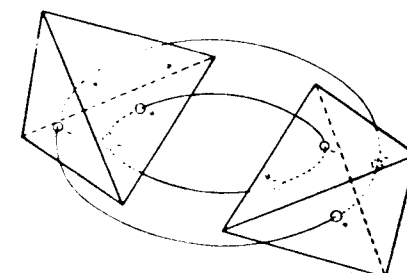


Fig. 2. Connections of two divalent atoms.

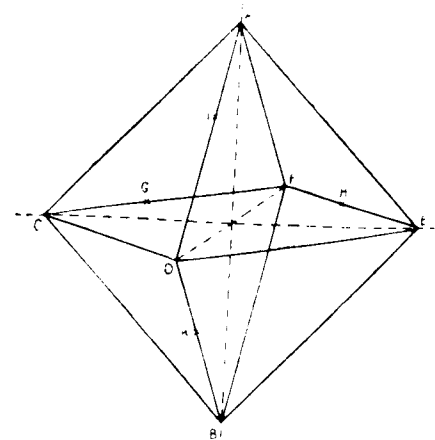


Fig. 3. Carbon atom.

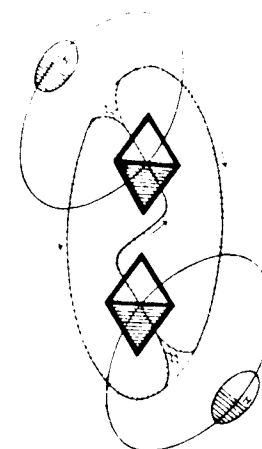


Fig. 5. Axial section through the benzene molecule, showing how the third and fourth valencies of the C atoms are satisfied by para-linking and H atoms respectively.

occur cases in which, for instance, two poles of opposite sign directly contact each other, and the curtain which connects the two other poles surrounds the whole molecule.

Often, also, other negative poles will exactly then absorb the opposite stream issuing from a positive pole : but here also the demand for symmetry made by intuition can always be complied with.

Further, in the construction of the theory, cases occurred which render the assumption desirable that in some compounds the force-bundle issuing from a certain pole does not flow through one but through several other atoms before it flows back into the first atom, like the thread in a string of pearls.

For the sake of clearness it should be, finally, observed that in so far as the nature of the linkings allows motion, this motion can most probably continue to take place undisturbed within the molecules of chemical compounds. So, for instance, the bonds which link together two monovalent atoms will still endure without difficulty a rotation of both atoms each on its own axis, just as pearls may turn round on their string.

I shall now deal consecutively with the various groups into which Mrs. Besant has divided, on the basis of their form, those chemical elements which she has investigated. These groups tally on the whole with those of the periodic system. Then I shall venture to submit a few speculations in explanation of the structure of some special compounds with which modern chemistry has had, and is still having, many difficulties. I want specially to state that I have only selected a few facts out of the gigantic mass of material with which

science furnishes us. But precisely the fact that all the more or less chance selections which I have made prove without exception to allow of an acceptable explanation, gives me the courage to present this study.

The Dumb-bell Group

The atoms of the elements whose places are in the first and the seventh groups, and at the same time in one of the uneven series of the periodic system, have, according to Mrs. Besant, generally the form of a rod with garlands of smaller bodies at the extremities. Seen in projection, they therefore look like a sort of dumb-bell which in the case of the heavier atoms assumes rather an ovoid shape because of the expansion of the central body. For the many details we may refer to *Occult Chemistry*. We imagine the force-stream, which these elements produce, as a more or less ellipsoidal surface enveloping the whole atom, and having umbilici at the extremities of the central rod. When the atom becomes connected with an atom of similar structure, then these two can either place themselves the one above the other, turning opposite poles towards each other whilst the whole compound remains enveloped by a curtain, or each curtain opens and merges into one force-bundle (Fig. 1). Seeing that these are the most likely possibilities, monovalency is the rule in this group. However, without violating the symmetry in the least, the one curtain may be also split up into an arbitrary number of bundles, which all have the axis of the atom in common and surround it radially. So we find divalency in compounds like CuO, AgO (if we take for granted that the oxygen here retains its ordinary divalency, which is rather probable), in CuCl_2 , etc., etc.;

trivalency, for example, in ICl_3 , in NaO_2H , AuCl_3 and KAgCy_2 ; tetravalency in ClO_2 ; pentavalency in chlorates, bromates, etc.; hexavalency in K_2CuCy_4 ; heptavalency Cl_2O_7 , in perchlorates, etc. Further than into seven the division of the curtain does not seem to proceed: which fact may be interesting on account of its apparent motivelessness: the more so because chlorine heptoxide is at the same time the most stable oxygen compound of chlorine.

The Tetrahedral Group

With the exception of oxygen, which possesses, like several of the members of the first period, an abnormal form (or, as Mrs. Besant expresses it, is *sui generis*) all elements of groups II and VI of the periodic system are described as belonging to this type. The normal divalence of these elements may be explained by the assumption either that the faces of the tetrahedron possess two positive and two negative poles, or that these are situated at the angles. Perhaps both cases occur: and it may be that here lies the line of separation between the even and uneven series, or between groups II and VI.

The numerous values which the valency can assume with bodies of group VI may all, more or less easily, be deduced from the tetrahedral form, according as the valency under discussion is more or less normal. Trivalency—as in Cr_2O_3 ; MoCl_3 ; S_2O_3 ; and in the disulphides isomorphous with diarsenides, etc., of the same metals: pyrites, etc.—might be explained by the assumption of poles situated on the centre of the edges, or by letting a threefold force-bundle issue from one angle with branches either to each of the other angles, or to the centre of the opposite face. When we connect

all four angles with the centres of the opposite faces, or if we assume only two poles lying at the centre of two opposite edges and connected by four force-bundles in what a crystallographer would call cube faces, then tetravalence arises which is exhibited not only by W, Mo, and U, but also by S, Se, and Te. The somewhat obscure, but as appears little stable, pentavalence of W and Mo is probably to be understood as a combination of di- and tri-valence. Hexavalence, which is prominent in all members of group VI, may be explained by one of the possible combinations of two of the cases of tri-valence indicated above, alternatively also as $2+4$. The very high valences which chromium seems to reach in compounds like Cr_2O_9 , NH_4CrO_6 , and $\text{K}_2\text{Cr}_2\text{O}_7$, may be got by different combinations which are plausible in themselves: $2+3+4=9$, $3+4+6=13$; but it seems that only this element which behaves also strangely from another point of view—see below—is capable of such excesses.¹

The almost always divalent atom of oxygen which, according to Mrs. Besant, is built up out of two snake-like bodies, deviates from the group to which it belongs in that it shows an ovoid form. From this form, of course, just as in the case of the dumb-bell bodies, the possibility of other valencies may be derived, though for reasons of symmetry divalence will remain the normal case. In some compounds, however, it seems to be trivalent; in some suboxides (Ag_4O , Pb_2O) as well as in oxonium salts (compounds of di-methylpyrone $\text{CO}(\text{CH})_2(\text{C}.\text{CH}_3)_2\text{O}$ with acids), tetravalent.

¹ If it might be assumed that the force-bundles, issuing at different points from the atom, can move through the fourth dimension and unite again, e.g., in the centre of the atom, then from this another explanation—perhaps a more beautiful one—might be deduced for tetra- and hexa-valence.

Hexahedral group

Again, with the exception of the first member, nitrogen, the elements of groups III and V of the periodic system all consist, according to Mrs. Besant, of six conical complexes of ultimate atoms, the tops of which approach each other in the centre of the atom, whilst the openings of the funnels are turned towards the faces of a cube. In order to derive from this the very uniform tri- and pentavalence of this group, we consider for the first case one of the three-dimensional diagonals of the regular body as an axis around which at the one end three positive poles, and at the other end three negative poles, group themselves, which poles may be situated either on the edges or on the faces of the cube. To explain pentavalence we might, if need be, assume that the six cones of which the atom consists admit of some play in their mutual situation, with the result that one of the cones absorbs the force-bundles issuing from the other five. It seems, however, more probable to me that one of the (crystallographical) primary axes of the cube acts as the monovalent primary axis, and that the other four valences lie around it like a garland—their poles either in the eight angles of the cube, or in the centre of the edges perpendicular to the axis—whilst the whole is enveloped by the curtain of the first valence which is not then of equal value with the others. The body thus assumes similarity with an atom of the dumb-bell group, which would explain the analogy between phosphonium salts and alkali compounds. If the atom already has, even without the hinging on of four hydrogen atoms, a sufficient expansion through its own complexity, then the analogy with sodium, etc., can occur even in the element itself, as with

monovalent thallium. The rare cases of di- and tetravalence in this group, which I believe have only been established for vanadium, may probably also be derived from the cube form, though in a more roundabout way.

The ovoid shape characterising the lightest element of group V, nitrogen, again permits it all sorts of possibilities of valence. It could be monovalent in laughing gas (N_2O), and in the azides (hydrazoic acid N_3H , chlorazide ClN_3 , etc., perhaps all of them built up of tetratomic rings with only one circulating force-bundle, instead of the irregularly triatomic nitrogen ring of the official conception); divalent in NO ; tetravalent in NO_2 ; tri- and pentavalent respectively in nitrites and nitrates; and as a maximum probably again heptavalent in HNO_4 , pernitric acid. The narrow relations existing between nitrogen and the further members of this group render it probable that the ammonium salts are built up in a similar way to that assumed above for the phosphonium salts; in other words that here, also, four valences are situated in the equatorial zone of the atom, and that the fifth envelopes the whole with its force-lines, as with a curtain, just as with the elements of the dumb-bell group. I will return in what follows to the possibilities of valence of nitrogen.

The Octohedral Group

This comprises the elements of group IV. The constituent cones whose bases form the boundaries of the octohedral atoms are, in so far as both clairvoyant observers could ascertain, all equal in the members of the uneven series, whilst they occur in the elements of the even series in two slightly different modifications, each comprising four cones, which causes a hemihedral (tetrahedral) inner structure. The tetravalence of this

group may be explained by the assumption of four positive poles tetrahedrally distributed over the octohedral faces, and as many negative poles on the other set of faces. The possibility of divalence which occurs in Sn, Pb, and Ge, and perhaps also in carbon (oxide CO) may also be derived without difficulty from the octohedral shape, whilst also eventual octovalence which may be accepted for the double fluorides and chlorides of tin, lead, silicon, and titanium finds a ready explanation in various ways. It is remarkable, however, that furthermore cerium can be trivalent in cerous compounds, and that titanium can manifest both as trivalent and hexavalent ($TiCl_3$, TiN , TiO_3). Mrs. Besant indicates that the atoms of Ti and Zr (Ce was not investigated) show a peculiar modification of the octohedral form; and rather look like a rosette with four radiating arms. As the diagrams given by the author are only schematic projections of the three-dimensional bodies observed, it is the most obvious thing to assume—though it is not expressly mentioned—that the arms of the titanium and zirconium crosses are most likely not situated in the same plane, but point from a centre towards the angles of a tetrahedron. In that case the tri- and hexavalence have to be conceived in the same way as in the case of the bodies of the tetrahedral group. That the octohedral nature of carbon does not interfere with the theory of the asymmetric carbon atom, follows already spontaneously from the above. I will further on return to the new views which our conception permits us concerning the building up of aromatic compounds.

The Bar Group

This coincides with the eighth or inter-periodic group of western chemistry: and comprises up to the

present three triads of closely related elements to which ultimately perhaps a fourth triad from the fifth period (rare earths) may be found to join itself. If, to begin with, we consider only the acknowledged members of the eighth group, we notice amongst them a great mutual similarity in chemical characteristics, together with frequent changing of valence. So far as I am aware, divalence appears to be still unknown in ruthenium and iridium only: trivalence to be absent in platinum and palladium only. With the exception of rhodium all metals of the two last series can be tetravalent, and perhaps also the iron-metals in their peroxides and disulphides. Hexavalence is assumed for Fe, Ru, Os, (ferrates, ruthenates) and occurs, as we have already observed, probably also in disulphides and diarsenides of Co and Ni.¹ It seems that only ruthenium can be heptavalent in a per-ruthenate showing analogy with potassium permanganate. On the contrary, octovalence can occur both in the elements of the first triad, as well as in Ru, Rh, and Os, respectively in their carbonyls, and in their highest oxides. The three remaining platinum metals are perhaps also octovalent in their so-called double salts. Now, according to Mrs. Besant, the atoms of each of these nine metals consist invariably of fourteen bars, which radiate from an immaterial centre, and which are distributed in such a way that two bars placed in line with each other form an axis round which the remaining twelve arrange themselves in two belts like the ecliptics round

¹ It seems to me not impossible that the difference between the minerals crystallising in the pyritohedral sub-group of the isometric system, pyrites, smaltite, chloantite, gersdorffite, etc., and similarly constituted minerals of the orthorhombic group, markasite, safflorite, rammelsbergite, wolfschite, etc., is based on the difference of valence of their constituent parts, being respectively 4-2, and 6-3.

the earth's axis. This form shows analogy as well with that of the dumb-bell bodies as with the nitrogen and phosphorus atoms (loaded in the equatorial zone) of the NH_4 and the PH_4 salts indicated above. I conceive that from the axis a variable number of rays of valence can issue: 0, 1, 2, or 3, if need be more, though such an assumption does not seem necessary. Besides this, 0, 2, 3, 4, or 6, valences can find saturation in a symmetrical way in the tropical zone of the atom; each of these cases in combination with one of the above mentioned chief axial valences renders possible an equilibrated compound. It is clear that there must be a difference between the bindings at the poles and those at the equator. The latter agree with Werner's "partial valences," and as they will show a preference to be either all saturated or not saturated at all—because in the intermediate cases the symmetry, and with it the equilibrium, are less perfect—so it may on account of this be explained why Werner found all these metals "co-ordinatively hexavalent".

It is known that compounds of the form $R.(NH_3)_6X_3$ —in which X represents an acid radicle and R an atom of an element of the inter-periodic group, and in which the ammonia molecule may either be replaced by water or by organic bases—are not split up into ions in aqueous solution. If, however, these triacidotriammonio compounds are converted into hexammonio salts $\{R.(NH_3)_6\}X_3$ by the taking up of three successive NH_3 molecules via diacidotetrammonio salts $\{R.(NH_3)_4X_2\}X$ and

¹ It is said of silver and gold, which also have a tendency to zero-valency (that is, are "noble metals") that their atoms, through a strong swelling in the tropical zone, deviate from the type of their group. Does this thickness perhaps render difficult the linking on of other bodies, and is it thus both with silver and gold and with the platinum metals the cause of the noble-metal character?

acidopentammonio salts $\{R.(NH_3)_5X\}X_5$, then all three acid radicles become successively ionisable. I assume that in the process they are forced out of the equatorial garland, and proceed to bind themselves at the polar axis, the valency of which thus grows gradually from 0 to 3. Only those groups which are bound at the poles are then ionisable as, *e.g.*, with sal ammoniac, in which only the pole-bound Cl atom is ionisable, and not the equatorially linked hydrogen atoms. Similar constitutions might be ascribed to bodies like potassium ferrocyanide, potassium ferricyanide, and their relations; to potassium-cobalt nitrite and its transition forms; whilst most probably the numerous carbonyls of iron, of nickel, of $PtCl_2$, etc., may also prove to be connected with this structure of the central metal atom.

Though the above-named complex compounds are especially prominent with the elements of group VIII, they are also known in connection with other elements. Thus, I find it stated that boron, carbon, and nitrogen may be "co-ordinatively tetravalent" (*Holleman, Leerboek der anorganische Chemie*, 4th ed., translated into many languages, Japanese included, and many times reprinted). The compounds referred to seem, however, to have little stability, and are but little known. It is admissible that also in the case of these elements there must exist a similar difference between polar and equatorial valences. Their form allows that without difficulty, as I have already remarked when discussing nitrogen. It is remarkable that also trivalent chromium forms similar ammonio-compounds to the iron metals; and then whilst retaining its trivalence is also co-ordinatively hexavalent. Are, in this case, the partial valences situated on the edges of the tetrahedra, or must we

assume that chromium can undergo a sudden interior shifting of atoms (atoms here in the sense of Mrs. Besant's ultimate atoms), a transformation of the same intensity as has also to be assumed in the disintegration of the tetrahedral radium atom, in (probably) star-shaped niton, and subsequently in (probably) octohedral lead? The ambiguous conduct of this element which in some of its compounds resembles sulphur (chromates isomorphous with sulphates), in others iron (chromite, $FeO.Cr_2O_3$ isomorphous with magnetite, $FeO.Fe_3O_4$), might find its explanation in the assumption of two allotropic modifications, of which only the first would have been investigated by Mrs. Besant.

Perhaps, however, we might have to put chromium in line with metals like Cd, Zn, Mg, Be, Ca, whose halides like those of Mn, Cu (cupric) and others are capable of combining with six molecules of ammonia into relatively stable substances (*F. Ephraim, Ueber die Natur der Nebenvalenzen, Zeitschr. f. Physik. Chemie, Band LXXXI, No. 5*). Calcium chloride, furthermore, combines under special circumstances with four, and under other circumstances with eight molecules of NH_3 . Though, also, these "partial valences" may be tolerably well explained from the described forms of the atoms, I nevertheless believe that we are here gradually leaving the domain of the combinations which have to be regarded as true compounds, and are rather approaching substances analagous to salts containing water of crystallisation—the chlorides of the metals mentioned above likewise crystallise by preference with six molecules of water—a domain which most probably is governed by still other laws, and which I do not venture to enter at present.

From the fact that two isomers have become known of compounds of the form $R.(NH_3)_2X_4$, it has been deduced that the six groups must be distributed around the central atom according to the angles of an octohedron. On the other hand, our conception of a garland makes us expect three isomers, analogous to the three isomers in di-substitution products of benzene. The fact that a third form has never been found does not prove much in and for itself—also in the double substitution in the benzene ring three isomers arise in very unequal quantities and the third has been often overlooked—but apart from this the question remains whether an arrangement which might be expected on the sole basis of the structure of the central atom could or could not be practically impossible for other reasons as, e.g., for reasons of equilibrium. Compounds of the form $R.(NH_3)_3X_3$ are also to be expected in two, according to the octohedral arrangement, and again in three modifications, according to the garland arrangement. I am not aware how many have been found.

It is not necessary to say much here about the metal-ammonio compounds containing two or more metallic nuclei which were found by Werner. It is clear that these may be formed by linking one (two, equal or unequal) torial partial valences *via* one (two, equal or unequal) bridge(s) to one (two) similar valence(s) of the other atom, in which case the possibility remains that the axis of the one atom is divalent, and the axis of the other trivalent, and that a compound arises like for instance $Cl_2\{Co(NH_3)_5\}NH_2\{Co(NH_3)_5\}Cl_2$ (*Chem. Centralbl.*, 1909, I, p. 13). It seems to me more important to give our attention for a moment to the nature of the "bridges" here used. In the ordinary ammonia

compounds monovalent acid radicles are replaceable by the groups NH_3 and H_2O which, as independent compounds in their normal condition, are of course zero-valent. We must assume that with the setting in of combination the oxygen here becomes trivalent, the nitrogen tetravalent, for which our theory gives us ample latitude. And most certainly the nitrogen has to be taken as tetravalent in the poly-nucleated compound just mentioned, in which an amido group forms the bridge between the two cobalt atoms. I imagine that here only those partial valences are active which are situated in an equatorial square, whilst the polar ones remain unused—which permits of a much more regular building up of the whole than the curious form which up to the present has been ascribed to the nitrogen atom.

In doing so we get at the same time an explanation hitherto still lacking in official chemistry of the "asymmetric nitrogen atom". As is known, after much difficulty, chemists have at last succeeded in splitting up a quaternary nitrogen base of the formula $OH.NX_1.X_2.X_3.X_4$ into components of lævo- and dextro-rotatory power. If we took it for granted that the differences between both the extremities of the axis of the nitrogen atom, the "positive" and the "negative" poles, were perchance *not* of such a nature that the stereo-isomerism which depended upon that alone would manifest in the chemical and physical qualities of the substances, then we might expect the above-mentioned compound to have three stereo-isomers, *viz.*, 1.2.3.4., 1.2.4.3., and 1.4.2.3. If, however, on the contrary, these differences should prove to be important, and if they should give rise, for instance, to a contrary rotation of the plane of polarisation,

then the possibility might be deduced therefrom of the existence of a second triad optically isomeric with the above, 1.4.3.2., 1.3.4.2., and 1.3.2.4.

The conception of nitrogen as an ovoid body also gives—in connection with the octohedral shape of carbon—a similar and sufficient explanation of the stereo-isomerism of oximes, as assumed by chemistry, without any necessity for calling in the aid of the difficultly conceivable notion of a nitrogen atom having a tetrahedron as its field of activity, and concentrating its three valences in three angles, whilst residing itself, like a spider outside its web, in the fourth angle. (Holleman, *Organische Chemie*, p. 469, 4th Ed.). In the compounds of the formula XCN (nitriles) we therefore imagine the ovoid N atom placed above the plane ADE of the carbon octohedron (see fig. 3) in such a way that its valences are saturated by those which have their poles in the planes DBE, CDA, and FEA of the octohedron. The force-stream between the planes ADE and BCF then remains free as a fourth valency enveloping the whole carbon atom, and there is no question of stereo-isomerism. In a body of the formula X_2CNOH (oxime) we may imagine the N atom above one of the angles of the carbon atom, *e.g.*, above A, so that two of its valences are saturated by those whose positive poles are situated in the planes AFC and ADE. Those which issue in the planes DBC and FEB then remain available for both X groups, whilst the hydroxyl group which saturates the third valency of nitrogen must of necessity be placed either to the front, above the plane ACD, or behind, above the plane AFE. As soon, now, as both X groups become unequal, stereo-isomerism ensues, and in that case the OH group is situated nearer to the X_1

group than to the X_2 group. This is in conformity with what has been found.

After this digression we return to the still remaining elements contained in the so-called

Spike Group

This contains the rather heterogeneous set which is to be found in the even series of groups I and VIII. These elements consist of a varying number of spike-like bodies which radiate from a central sphere. The number of these bodies is stated to be for lithium 1, for potassium 9, for rubidium 16, for manganese 14, and for fluorine 8. Of manganese alone, which, in its conduct allies itself most closely to the iron group, it is said that its spikes are arranged similarly to those of that group. The much varying valence of this element (2, 3, 4, 6, 7) may be explained in the same way as in the case of the Bar group proper. For the other elements of the group, Mrs. Besant does not give any indication as to how we have to imagine the distribution of the spikes in space. It seems most probable to me that with this sort of atom the interior grouping is changeable, and that the constituent bodies can arrange themselves in different ways around a physical or around an immaterial axis formed by one or more spikes, so that the atoms show similarity with those of the dumb-bell group, and are like those normally monovalent, with different possibilities of higher valences. So it seems that fluorine which is built up out of eight spikes and two "balloons" shows a tendency towards divalence (H_2F_2); K, Rb, and Cs can be trivalent ($RbBr_3$, CsI_3 , etc.), whilst the valence of the first mentioned alkali metal may even rise to 9 in its halogen compounds, which is very remarkable in

connection with the nine spikes referred to above. The deviating, hemi-morphous form of the lithium atom may perhaps be connected with its conduct, which deviates perceptibly from that of the other alkali metals.

The Star Group

Now, only the 0 group of the periodic system remains, the so-called noble gases, the zero-valent atoms of which have according to Mrs. Besant, the form of a star with six arms radiating from a complicated—though uniform for all members—central body. Helium alone has again a form of its own. To which cause the zero-valence of these atoms has to be ascribed is, of course, difficult to guess. It is, however, remarkable that it is here expressly stated that the star is flat, which, as we remember was not the case with titanium and zirconium. Though it is of no immediate interest for the narrower treatment of our subject, it may yet be here mentioned that Mrs. Besant observed moreover, besides the ordinary atoms of neon, argon, krypton, and xenon, bye-forms of these elements, which she distinguishes by the prefix "meta," and which differ from the normal atoms by the presence in each case of 42 additional ultimate particles per atom, which raises the atomic weights in question by $42:18=2.33$. One of these bye-forms, meta-neon, was discovered by Prof. J. J. Thomson some five years after the publication of *Occult Chemistry* with the help of canal-ray analysis, and isolated by Aston. For the atomic weight of this new gas, which Aston—following Mrs. Besant?—proposes to baptise *meta-neon*, he found in fact a number somewhat higher than the atomic weight of neon, namely, about 22.1 against 19.9 (Mrs. Besant: 22.23 against 20.0). She also observed

"in the air of a spacious room only a few atoms" of a pair of similarly built elements, baptised kalon and meta-kalon, which with the atomic weights of 169.66 and 172 might fill the vacant place between xenon and niton in the Periodic system. Further, the gas "occultum," atomic weight 3, which was discovered in 1895 by Mrs. Besant, belongs perhaps also to the group of the noble gases, though it shows, like helium, a form of its own, and this gas might be identical with the very difficultly condensable gas "nebulium" which according to Sv. Arrhenius constitutes, together with helium and hydrogen the chief mass of the nebular worlds. It seems that this gas also has been isolated by Thomson after he had been for some years on its track, and Sir William Tilden also found himself compelled in 1910 to assume the existence of a proto-element of this atomic weight. The atomic weight of the new gas now isolated by Thomson is in fact 3.

I will now come back for a moment to the constitution of the derivatives of benzene as deducible from our theory. Though it seemed at first to be most plausible to assume carbon, in these, to be trivalent, with valences linking in the angles of the octohedron, the difficulty of deducing herefrom an easy explanation of the structure of aromatic bodies with condensed nuclei was one of the reasons which brought us back to the tetravalence of carbon, and, in doing so, this proved to permit an explanation of the problem satisfactory in every sense.

For a correct understanding of what follows I may be permitted to explain more in detail our conceptions regarding the distribution of valency of the carbon atom. We imagine that the disposition and distribution of the

poles are unchangeable, and are analogous to those of the pyro-electric boracite crystal above mentioned, so that therefore in Fig. 3 the positive poles are situated in the plane ACD, AFE, BDE, and BCF, and the negative poles opposite. The outer connection between these poles may arise in various ways, and the mutual situations of the valencies may in connection with them be different. Now I assume that the different groups of carbon compounds are characterised by different distributions of valence, and I observe in this connection that all such modifications may take place altogether outside the atom itself, and that it is not necessary that this atom should inwardly change on this account. One of the ways might be a connection between the planes ACD-AED, BDE-BDC, AFE-BFE, and BCF-ACF, whilst the centres of the exterior parts of the lines of force respectively fall at the points I, K, H and G so that the four valences are distributed according to the angles of a tetrahedron. A second possibility consists in the assumption of four parallel connecting lines, whilst each pole of the top half of the atom is connected with the poles of the bottom half, situated on the contiguous octohedral face. The four valences are then arranged in the shape of a garland, but if we imagine to ourselves that the four atoms or groups, which are to be hooked on, periodically oscillate between the positive and the negative poles, just as pearls can be made to slide along their thread, then we get at the end of each half-swing again a tetrahedral position which may explain asymmetry, should it occur. Though in both cases the four valences are, with regard to the central atom, in the same position, yet with regard to one of

the valences the three remaining ones are not in completely the same relation. If it prove necessary to assume in some compounds the equal value of each valency with regard to the three other ones, then the most likely distribution of valence is that which presumably is generally prevalent in aliphatic chains, and wherein each pole links itself with the diametrically opposite one, so that the free carbon atom is therefore surrounded by four mutually intersecting homovalent "curtains". The position of the groups to be hooked on is then identical with the one which results from the tetrahedron hypothesis of chemistry. Still another distribution of valence with ever constant polarity we have already met with in nitriles and oximes, whereas in cyclic compounds yet another course of the force-bundles may be assumed.

It is known that neither the benzene formula of Kekulé, nor that of Baeyer, is satisfactory in every respect. The first one must in order to escape the conclusion that there are two unequal ortho-derivatives—which have never been found—assume a constant "oscillation" of the single and the double bonds which—as soon as we try to recall to mind this conduct of tetrahedral atoms—seems incompatible with the striking stability of the benzene ring. Neither does it explain why Baeyer's reagent should not act on the double bond. Both objections are also valid to some extent against Thiele's modification of Kekulé's conception. Baeyer's formula makes us expect two different sets of di-substitution products, as in this case the annular plane is no longer a symmetrical plane nor contains axes of binary symmetry. If, however, we explain six octohedra in a plane ring in such a manner

that six angles are turned inwards and six outwards, whilst each octohedron has in every case one edge, perpendicular to the plane of the ring, in common with both the adjoining ones, then we get a firm combination which in my opinion is free from the faults alluded to above, and which admits of an acceptable way of saturation of the valences without the occurrence therein of forced double bonds or disturbances. In Fig. 4 it has been indicated how the valences whose poles are situated in the median plane of the ring—namely, half of the 6×4 valences which are in all available—saturate each other in two closed wave lines which are typical both of benzene and of the bodies with condensated or hetero-cyclic nuclei¹, and which therefore are not made responsible for the so-called “aromatic character”. Against this, I consider the *true benzene binding*—that is to say, therefore, that which causes the remarkable conduct of aromatic bodies—to be the cross connection indicated in Fig. 5 by a dotted line between each opposite pair of C atoms, in which linkings of the third valence of each of the six atoms of the ring are saturated. The fourth valence of each atom, indicated in Fig. 5 by continuous lines, remains then available for hydrogen atoms or substituents which must be alternately situated above and below the median plane.

The force-streams of the third valence, which, according to our hypothesis, meet or intersect in the centre of the molecule, only admit of a symmetrical grouping around this centre if the number of pairs of opposite C atoms is uneven. From this follows, firstly, that six is the smallest and only ten the next following

¹ On condition only that the number of atoms partaking in the ring binding is even. In the case of an uneven number, the two separate wave lines become one, which then twice encircles the ring.

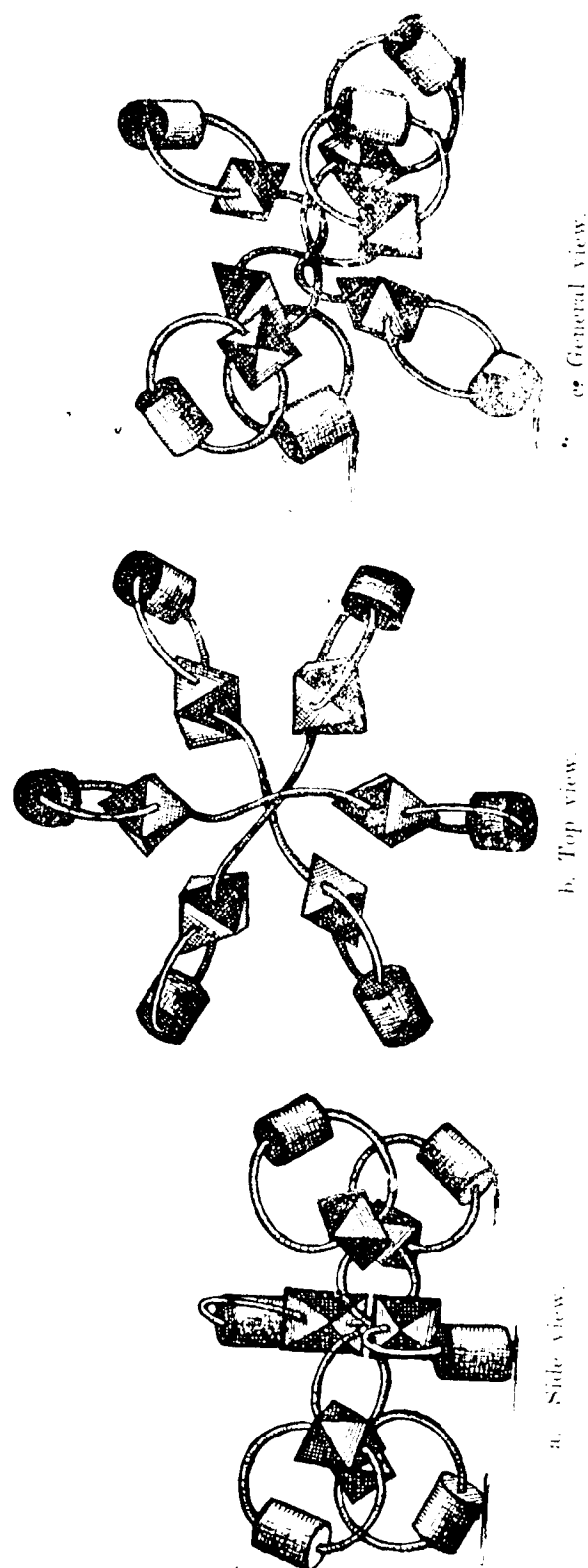
number of C atoms of which might be expected that they would constitute such a ring binding; and secondly, that the benzene ring in case of a partial addition to it must immediately lose its aromatic character, as the symmetry, and with this the equilibrium, is broken, through which ordinary, that is forced and unstable, double linkings arise.¹

I believe that this benzene formula satisfies all requirements. It explains why the ring has to exist out of precisely six atoms—for the rest I will come back to this point—the whole is stable, firm, and compact. The difference from aliphatic bodies is essential, also that from hydro-aromatic compounds—see below—all valences of the carbon are saturated, all C atoms are homo-valent as well as all H atoms: partial addition is not possible without a modification of the construction of the whole building in such a way that the distribution of valence changes into that of hexamethylene, in which case double linkings with unsaturated character must arise so long as the number of added atoms or radicles remains below six.² Further, only one kind of ortho-di-substitution

¹ The tendency towards addition which inheres in all "unsaturated" carbon compounds, but which is lacking in aromatic bodies, is explained by Baeyer as a tendency of the tetrahedra which rest against each other with the edges or possibly with whole faces, to give up this closed way of joining and to replace it by a connection at only one angle. Taking for granted that the valence is in every case the result of the arising of an analagon of magnetic attraction, then it seems indeed little plausible that such a single link should be stronger than double linking at the extremities of a common edge, in which form Baeyer imagines the double linking. If, on the contrary, we hold fast to our own conception that each valence is formed by a bundle of force-lines which respectively enter into, and issue from, the atomic surface, at definite points—whether these points are situated at the angles or on the edges, or, as with the carbon atom, in the centre of the faces—then it becomes clear that a double binding will in many cases be less strong than a single one, as it demands, as a rule, a deflection of the force-lines from their normal course, does not allow such a compact structure of the molecule, and becomes, in consequence of both these causes, less stable.

² The objection might be raised, that the symmetry is in so far imperfect, as all the hydrogen atoms turn their positive poles to one side of the plane of the ring, the negative poles facing the opposite side. I do not believe that

Fig. 14 a, b, c. Partial model of the benzene molecule in three aspects. Compare text.



product is possible, and at the same time, in the case of both di- and tri-substitution products, not only does the number of possible isomers find an explanation, but even the different conduct of these isomers and the relative quantities in which they arise are illuminated in an interesting way, if not altogether explained. For, if we consider, in Fig. 5, the position of both the free bindings available for the hydrogen atoms, then we find that the hydrogen atoms in the complete benzene ring, as has been already observed, are situated in two different planes at equal distances from the median plane, and that alternately above and below this plane. If now in the preparation of a di-substitution product, the circumstances or the mutual affinities of the substituents are of such a nature that substitution only takes place

this slight irregularity will seriously disturb the equilibrium of the molecule and for this belief I have some reason.

Since writing the above article, I had the pleasure of showing a model of the benzene molecule, built according to these conceptions, to Mr. Leadbeater, who had the kindness to compare it with the liquid itself, observing the latter clairvoyantly. Mr. Leadbeater told me, that the diagrams in the text-books, which I could show him and which were designed upon the bases of Kekule's and Baeyer's conceptions, did not in the least agree with reality: but that the model, crude and poor though it was, seemed, as far as it went, to convey a tolerably satisfactory idea of the real molecule. The difficulty, however, was this, that not only were the natural molecules as a whole throbbing and beating like hearts, and moving and rotating at a tremendous rate, but that the same was true of all the constituent atoms, which were constantly revolving and shifting their positions, and sliding along strings of streaming force. These strings of valency, though my general ideas about them seemed to be right, were much more numerous than those that had been represented in the model, and they too were turning and twisting with high velocity, while at the same time they never stopped shifting from one pole to another, the poles themselves continually interchanging their character. Still, at every separate moment, all the strings would be connecting poles of opposite character, and the whole thing would remain perfectly symmetrical all through. If it could be managed to freeze up for a moment the molecule, then—so Mr. Leadbeater told me—the model might eventually prove to represent one stage in the periodical movement of the molecule.

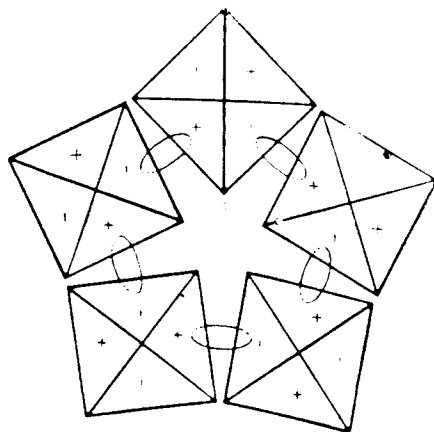
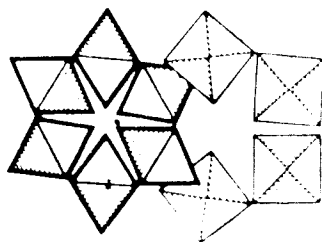
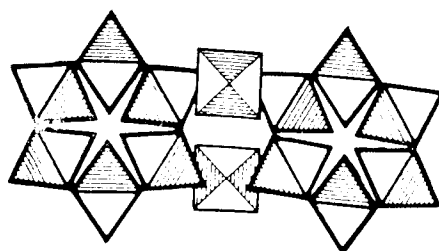
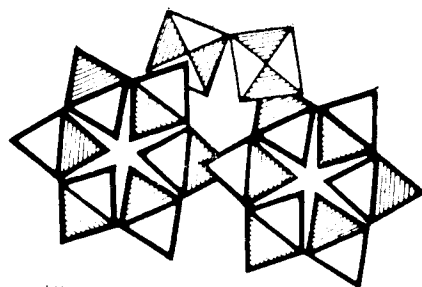
Part of the model discussed here has been represented in Fig. 14, which was drawn by a Javanese painter, Mas Pringadie, F.T.S. In this drawing the 1st and 2nd valences are not represented at all, whereas the 3 individual currents of the 3rd valence are shown only partially, their exterior connections, which have been sketched in Fig. 5, being here left out in order to show more clearly the interwoven interior course. The hydrogen atoms, represented as small cylinders, are shown to satisfy the 4th valence of each carbon atom.

on one side of the median plane, then only the meta-derivative can arise. If, however, the second atom to be substituted has the tendency to place itself at the opposite side of the median plane to that of the first arisen substitute, then only ortho- and para-derivatives are possible. Practice teaches that ortho- and para-derivatives arise simultaneously, but that side by side with meta-compounds both the others are commonly formed in decidedly minor proportion. That in the first case the quantity of para-product formed, exceeds by far, as a rule, the meta-product, whilst nevertheless the theory of probabilities would lead us to expect 67 per cent. ortho- against 33 per cent. para-derivative, probably finds its cause in the higher degree of symmetry of the para-compound, which on that account must possess more equilibrium in the nascent state than the ortho-compound. For we have to consider the following. The molecule of an ortho-compound has, even with similar substituents, no single element of symmetry if we wish to take into consideration the different sign, positive or negative, of the octohedral faces, and if we overlook this it shows even then only one single element of symmetry, *viz.*, an axis of binary symmetry. Against this, the molecule of the corresponding para-compounds possesses in every case, even with dissimilar substituents, a plane of symmetry, whilst in the case of similar substituents, and if we overlook an influence of the sign of the poles, still two further elements of symmetry arise—in the crystallographical sense of the word—*viz.*, a centre, and the binary axis.

That the benzene molecule does not possess a plane of symmetry in its median plane does not necessarily lead to the same objection which adheres to the

stereo-structural formula of Baeyer, as the six axes of binary symmetry already render impossible the arising of two different ortho-derivatives. The same could be reached in Baeyer's formula by making the tetrahedra point alternately upwards and downwards with their free angles. But in the first place this arrangement would carry two ortho-positions very far apart, and moreover the whole would give an impression of great instability.

I want still to point out, in passing, that the normal face angle of two octohedral faces amounts to $70^{\circ} 31' 44''$, and that therefore in our arrangement the hexagon is the regular polygon permitting the most compact structure—overlooking, of course, the pentagon, which cannot be considered, as an uneven number of atoms does not admit of a diametral ring-binding (third valence, Fig. 5). Fours and eights of carbon atoms might, nevertheless, maintain themselves perhaps, though less closely joined together than sixes, if it were not, as we have already seen above, that these configurations cannot occur for reasons of symmetry, and that only numbers of the formula $2(2n + 1)$, that is, therefore, 6, 10, 14, etc., are theoretically possible. So it is clear why only hexagonal nuclei have become known. Another state of affairs occurs in the so-called hydro-aromatic compounds, hexamethylene and other polymethylenes. If we assume that all these are built according to the plan of Fig. 6 (pentamethylene), and that the poles situated on the inner side effect the mutual binding of the C atoms, whilst on the outer side of the ring in each atom two valences situated on both sides of the median plane remain available, then from this it follows—in addition to an easy explanation of the occurrence of cis- and

Fig. 6. Penta-methylene, C_5H_{10} .Fig. 8. Tetra-methylene, C_4H_8 . Partially hydrogenated cyclopentadiene. Hydrocarbon of the same class.Fig. 10. Anthracene dihydride, $C_{14}H_{12}$. Partially hydrogenated anthracene.Fig. 12. Phenanthrene dihydride, $C_{14}H_{12}$. Partially hydrogenated phenanthrene.

trans-modifications in substitution products—that each arbitrary number of C atoms, up to a maximum only limited for reasons of stability, can link themselves into a ring. That instead of the number four, which would entirely fill up the circle, the pentatomic nucleus is the most stable one in this series, may perhaps indicate that the magnetic field which envelopes the atoms does not permit an actual, immediate contact of the atoms, but demands a certain—and for the rest, as small as possible—free interspace, a small necessary free path, which makes that pentatomic nucleus prevail over the tetra-atomic in compactness and equilibrium. The facility with which the C atoms at the extremes of aliphatic chains act upon each other if these chains consist of four or five atoms therefore also finds an explanation by our theory.¹ The train of thought followed above also

¹ In connection with this recognised tendency of pentatomic chains to fold themselves up, as it were, into rings—which makes us suppose that the atoms of their molecules are connected in a mobile manner—it is perhaps permissible to venture a speculation concerning the conduct of these compounds in different states of aggregation. Let us suppose that the chains of which the molecules of aliphatic compounds consist are in the solid state more or less rigid, but continually oscillate around their own centre in the liquid and gaseous state, conducting themselves more violently, but to a certain extent in a similar manner to a weak spring held in the centre. It is plausible that in this case the chains with an uneven number of C atoms—in which therefore one of these atoms stands exactly in the centre, and in which, in consequence, the elastic deflection of the lines of force, which is necessary for the bending round of the chain, and which will be chiefly borne by its middle part, can divide itself over two intervals—will conduct themselves differently, for instance, become more easily mobile (melt at a lower temperature) than chains with an even number of C atoms in which one ligament situated in the precise centre must alone stand the strain of the greatest transformation. Might there not be a connection between this and the peculiar zig-zag lines which are shown by the graphically represented melting-points of the successive homologues in various aliphatic series, e.g., in the series of monobasic and in that of dibasic aliphatic acids? The fact that in both series mentioned the melting-point lies at five C atoms is perhaps connected with the above-mentioned ease with which chains of this length oscillate, and are able to bring together their extreme C atoms. Shorter chains are probably stiffer, whilst longer ones will be more inert on account of their greater mass. That the boiling points, at least in the case of fatty acids, do not show a zig-zag line, but mount gradually, is clear if we assume that the height of this point depends alone on the length of the chain just as the rising power of a kite is diminished by an excessive length of its tail. The fact that in the case of isomeric hydrocarbons the boiling points are lower according as the chain is more complexly ramified, supports this conception.

proved capable of yielding an acceptable explanation of the structure of aromatic bodies with condensated nuclei, Fig. 7, for example, represents a plausible structure for naphthalene. The asterisks in the centres of both homovalent nuclei represent the three para-bindings (of the type of Fig. 5) which we have considered as characteristic for aromatic bodies. It is seen that the linking together of both nuclei has been to the detriment of the compactness of each separately, that neither of the rings is any longer a genuine benzene ring, as is also shown in actual practice. By hydrogenation, four H atoms can be easily added, and a true benzene ring arises, with closed side chain, which however is aliphatic in character, as is represented in Fig. 8. Further hydrogenation is now as difficult as in benzene itself. Fig. 7 also proves that in naphthalene there must be difference in distance between the ortho-positions AB and BC and the observation of actual practice that ortho-compounds of the type AB form more difficultly than those of the type BC may herein find an explanation. For the rest, the similarity should be observed between peri-derivatives of naphthalene and ortho-compounds of benzene.

In Fig. 9, which represents the structure of anthracene, three aromatic star-combinations are assumed, by which the difficulty disappears that one single para-binding, which in itself is not very probable, must be placed between both of the central C atoms. If anthracene is hydrogenated, which only happens easily in both the atoms mentioned, then the compound sketched in Fig. 10 arises, which in contrast with the looser combination of Fig. 9 again contains two true compact benzene rings. In connection herewith some typical qualities of the benzene bodies which are lacking in

anthracene occur again in this partially hydrogenated body.

The anthracene formulæ constructed by Marckwald and by Thiele on the basis of Kekulé's benzene formula, and in which the presence of the above-mentioned para-binding in the centre of the molecule is postulated, would necessitate the assumption that the "Oscillationsfähigkeit" of the double bindings—which is assumed for benzene, but which is extinguished in the case of naphthalene by the non-displaceable and unchangeable double binding in the centre of the atomic complex—arises again at the outer nuclei of the anthracene molecule. For, an obstacle in the form of a double binding bound to a definite place, is, according to these formulæ, no longer present in anthracene: and thus the groups substituted at both the outer nuclei ought to conduct themselves precisely as if they had been substituted in benzene. They conduct themselves, however, as in naphthalene, which forms an objection against Marckwald's theory, but is compatible with ours. Only after hydrogenation of both the central C atoms does the perfect agreement with the benzene bodies arise (Meyer and Jacobson, *Lehrbuch der organischen Chemie*, II, 2, p. 497). This conduct might, however, likewise find a sufficient explanation in the anthracene formula which Bamberger has developed on the basis of the centric benzene formula of Armstrong-Baeyer. But exactly the reverse is true for the isomeric compound phenanthrene. The centric formula should not be allowed to permit here the serious difference between both the central H atoms of phenanthrene and those of anthracene, which difference however does exist (Meyer and Jacobson, *loc. cit.*, p. 498 and 582-584). The

formula of Kekulé-Marckwald does indeed give an explanation of this fact, but also our conception, represented in Fig. 11, maintains itself here... In Fig. 12, then, representing, *e.g.*, phenanthrene-chinone, both the nuclei which in Fig. 11 were not yet fully developed, have become true benzene nuclei.

We come to the conclusion that of both the existing conceptions, the one of Kekulé-Marckwald, and the other of Baeyer-Bamberger, each only fully satisfies in one of the two cases, in other words that neither satisfies, whilst our conception explains both compounds and thus merits preference.

I believe that a more correct light than that in which they have thus far appeared, will fall on the constitution of bodies like pyrene, chrysene, etc., when looked at from our point of view. Thus, pyrene, $C_{16}H_{10}$, might be represented by Fig. 13, in which the naphthalene nucleus is already incipiently visible, and which gives an acceptable explanation of the ready formation of hexa-hydropyrene as the first hydrogenation product. The mutual situation of the three C atoms in each of the side-chains admits further very well of the passing force-stream—which in pyrene itself passes both the side-chains entirely, and which in hexa-hydropyrene has been wholly withdrawn from it¹—, under certain circumstances, entering the third carbon atom of the side-chain directly from the first, without touching the middle one, through which then this atom has one more valence set free, and instead of an H atom can bind an O atom. Herewith an explanation would have been given of the structure of pyrene-chinone, for which compound a seemingly acceptable

¹ This and the next case are indicated in the sketch by dotted lines.

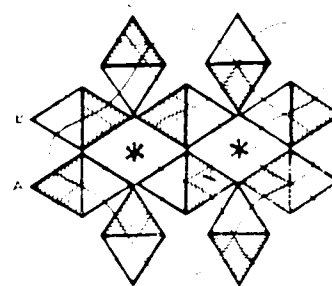


Fig. 7. Naphthalene, $C_{10}H_8$. Section through the ring plane.

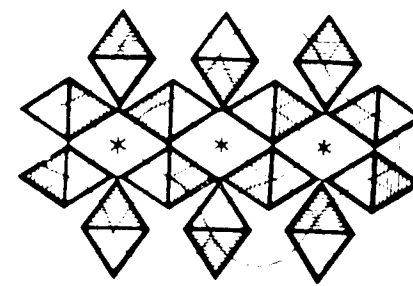


Fig. 8. Anthracene, $C_{14}H_{10}$. Section through the ring plane.

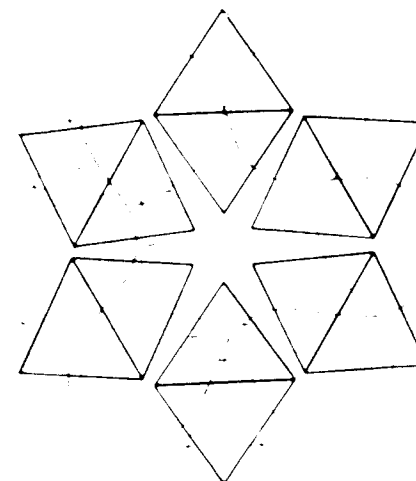


Fig. 9. Section through the ring plane of two benzene nuclei, showing how the first and second valence bonds of the C atoms at the ends of the side-chains are situated.

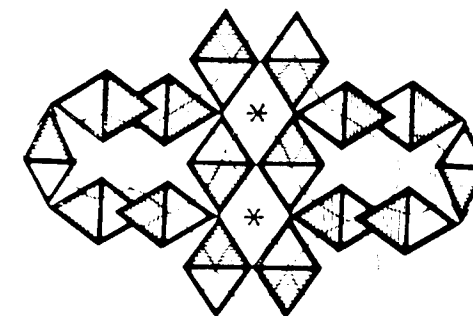
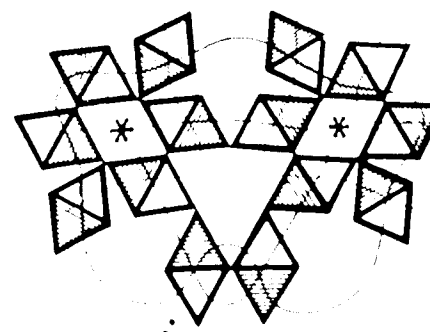


Fig. 11. Phenanthrene, $C_{18}H_{14}$. Section through the ring plane. Fig. 13. Pyrene, $C_{16}H_{10}$. Section through the ring plane.

constitution-formula has been hitherto lacking, as likewise, of course, for pyrene itself.

It would carry us too far to expatiate also concerning hetero-cyclic compounds. It is, for the rest, clear that the form which Mrs. Besant ascribed to the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen very readily permits these to replace a carbon atom in ring bindings.

I think I have demonstrated in the above that it is quite possible to deduce from the data furnished in *Occult Chemistry* a conception of valence which without difficulty may replace the existing explanations, and which sheds, furthermore, new light on a number of thus far unexplained facts. Whether it will also satisfy the second demand of a serviceable theory, and will lead to the discovery of new facts, the future may show.

Finally, still a few words about the question of the exact number of physical ultimate atoms of which the various chemical atoms are said to consist. Against the numbers given by Mrs. Besant some criticism has been raised, based on the opinion that one atom of hydrogen should produce on disintegration about 1,700 electrons, because such a number of electrons have together the weight of an atom of hydrogen. If we, however, assume that only the "negative ultimate atoms" of Mrs. Besant are able to make themselves known as electrons, and that these negative ultimate atoms—as may be implicitly read in her work—are present in the various elements in a number about equal to that of their positive congeners, then we arrive, as G. E. Sutcliffe very rightly observes in *The Theosophist* of November 1912, at numbers of the same order as those published by Prof. H. A. Wilson in *The Philosophical Magazine*, Vol. XXI, June 1911, as the result of his researches. I quote these

here as they are given in the above-mentioned number of *The Theosophist*. The first column gives the number of ultimate atoms per chemical atom of the elements investigated, according to the counting of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater: the second column, the same number divided by two: the last column, the estimations made by Prof. Wilson of the number of electrons per atom:

Hydrogen	18	9	8
Lithium	127	63	47
Sodium	418	209	142
Potassium	701	350	320
Rubidium	1530	765	600

Even these correspondences seem sufficiently striking to induce one to pay some more attention to Mrs. Besant's work than has until now been given to it, the more so because the chief objection raised against the results of this clairvoyant observer and her collaborator have very appreciably lost force in recent days. This was that the atomic weights calculated by them—deduced from the counted number of ultimate atoms, and based on the supposition (not proclaimed as a verified law, but only expressed as a supposition), that chemical atomic weight is proportionate to that number, a supposition which is perhaps not perfectly correct—lie sometimes above and sometimes below the official values, and that these differences which are sometimes rather appreciable, have not disappeared in the case of more recent and correct determinations of atomic weights, but have in several cases become greater. Now however, Soddy has declared at the meeting of the British Association, held in Birmingham in 1913, that he has good grounds for believing that each element consists of a group of inseparable elements, whilst the atomic

weight is not a constant number but an average to which much less value has to be attached than has hitherto been believed. Now it is obvious that in the occult investigations to which only one, or some very few, atoms of all the elements investigated were subjected, generally only one of the modifications from each group was met with, and then described as *the* element, though in one case, that of platinum—apart from the above-mentioned bye-forms of the noble gases—already a second and somewhat heavier modification came to light, which was distinguished from platinum A as platinum B. For the rest, Mrs. Besant mentions in her introduction that, especially in the case of the heavier elements, a subsequent and more minute investigation perhaps will still produce some minor modifications, e.g., when an atom contained a number of apparently equal constituent parts, only in one of these constituent parts was the number of ultimate atoms counted, for the sake of saving time, and that the number found was multiplied by the number of groups. In some cases, however, the apparently equal groups proved after all to differ in one or more ultimate atoms, which for the total atomic weight must cause an error, though a very small one.

I am thoroughly conscious of having introduced in the above many risky conjectures which may not perhaps be able to withstand the test of criticism. I shall appreciate it if others more expert in chemistry than I am, and with more time at their disposal, will take upon themselves the task of judging these speculations.

A. C. de Jongh

A VISION

By M BESANT-SCOTT

THE strains of a violin fell softly, so softly that they could scarce be heard above the clamour of conversation in the room. Soft but persistent, so that gradually silence fell, and even the heated discussion amongst those seated on the broad window seat died down as the exquisite sounds stole into the hearts of those present. It was not a large room, but lofty, with great oak beams crossing the vaulted dimness; no hangings covered the rough stone walls, nor coverings the polished floor, and the window was a mere slit in the thickness of the wall. About a dozen men leant against the walls or sat on carved stools and on the flat stone seat in the embrasure of the window. The player stood apart at the side of the room furthest from the window, his face laid lovingly on his instrument whose graceful lines, delicate dark varnish and smallness of make told of the handicraft of a master. And still the notes fell softly, coaxing their way into the inmost hearts of those who listened, afraid almost to breathe lest they should lose one faintest particle of those sounds soft and delicate as the down on an angel's wing bearing them up to heights of spiritual ecstasy hitherto undreamt of.

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Imperceptibly the sounds died away; the player raised his head and his piercing dark eyes swept with compelling magnetism over those dreamy faces, drawing all eyes to his. He raised his bow with commanding gesture and a sharp indrawn breath of suspense quavered on the air. He swept his bow across the strings in three or four mighty chords and again there was silence and the expectation grew tense, thrilling. The room darkened but still those wonderful eyes pierced through the gloom so that none could withdraw his gaze. Then came a rippling cascade of notes; a mournful wind arose, rustling among the leaves of ivy outside and mingling in strange cadences with the wailing of the violin. Then the storm broke: the wind increased until it howled and screamed, the leaves of the ivy were dashed against the glass, the rain came down in pattering drops, the crash of a fallen tree sounded above the tumult; faster fell the rain, harder blew the wind, a frightened bird dashed past with scurry of wings, the room grew darker as thunder muttered and growled, and even the gleam of those wonderful eyes was blotted out in the blackness. Terror gripped the listeners and they covered their faces with their hands; all but one, a slender youth with dreamy eyes, who gazed unseeing through the small slit of window. Slowly the scene outside became plain to him: the sun shone brilliantly as before out of a cloudless sky and the leaves of ivy scarcely stirred in the faint breeze that wavered over their surface. He turned his gaze back into the room. Surely it was still dark and the storm still growled. But as he looked he saw there was a dim light around the player which increased and grew

brilliant until it dominated the room. The figure also seemed to grow, became majestic, spiritual, unearthly. The storm died away with low reluctant mutterings and rumblings, and rippling notes spoke of the promise and joy of the clean washed air. A melody detached itself, was woven into great triumphal chords relieving the terror and lifting the listeners out of the fret and worry of everyday life to the world of pure thoughts and high endeavour where all is service, so that they thrilled with the desire to carry that message of hope and love to the care-worn hearts of men. More wondrous grew the chords telling of realms they could not reach: and then they knew and recognised the player to whom heretofore they had looked up merely as greater in intellect and in knowledge than any of the rest. He was indeed a leader among men, far, far above them all, One who had attained, who spoke of His own home in those wonderful chords belonging to another world. And as the realisation of what and who He was sank deep into their hearts, the little company gathered in that lofty chamber bowed in deepest homage. One more worshipping glance at those wonderful eyes, filled with unutterable majesty and tenderest love and the vision faded and I was sitting in the familiar room. But the memory remains to cheer and uplift when sometimes the strain of effort and struggle seems too great. Through love and service shall one attain to the privilege of greater service.

M. Besant-Scott

WHY NOT THEOSOPHISTS AND POLITICS?

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A.

THE article entitled 'Theosophists and Politics' by Mr. W. H. Kirby in the May number of this magazine raises certain issues that are of importance to the welfare of the Theosophical Society. That article is a criticism of the activities of Mrs. Besant in India during the last year, and its author holds that those activities are fruitful not of peace but of strife, because she has laid unnecessary and undue emphasis on the "colour bar" enforced against Indians by the English in India.

What Mr. Kirby says in support of his thesis can be controverted by those of us who know from personal experience what the colour bar means: but this magazine is hardly the place to conduct a controversy on that topic. But since Mrs. Besant has been criticised for her action in this matter, I should like therefore simply to record here the deep feeling of gratitude some of us educated Indians have to her for boldly saying those things for which she is now being criticised. Whether her policy is wise or not time alone will show; I venture to believe that Mrs. Besant is not quite the hot-headed enthusiast on this matter, but is the far-sighted leader who sees deeper down into the problems of the British Empire than does the average British statesman. She knows there is not only a "white

man's burden" but a brown man's burden as well, and she knows that till *both* are taken into consideration the real empire-building will not begin. The time will yet come when the salvation of England will not be from "our far-flung battle-line," nor from her armies, but from what India alone has to give; then the future historian will realise that Mrs. Besant perhaps was the only constructive statesman the British Empire possessed in the second decade of the twentieth century.

I pass to the far more important point raised by Mr. Kirby, so far as at least the Theosophical Society is concerned, and that is "that for Theosophists to meddle, however indirectly, with political questions, both as individuals, and, *majoris causa*, if officials in the Society, is not only unwise but contrary to the views expressed above by our Founders". If these words at all represent the views of the majority of members of the Society, then we have indeed a Theosophical orthodoxy with a vengeance.

Mr. Kirby gives chapter and verse, so to speak, from both the founders of the Theosophical Society. Much as we all reverence both and are grateful for their labours, is it not surely a fatal policy to take what they said as a Theosophical dogma, at the bar of which dissentients are to be tried and condemned? Seeing that we are discovering more of Theosophy day by day, may it not be that later generations of Theosophists may be wiser on some points than the earlier? Would it at least not be better to give perfect freedom to later generations in their search for truth, and not tie them down with "fundamental principles and traditions"?

On this matter of politics, however, Colonel Olcott does certainly urge us to leave politics "severely

alone". But I would like to point out that his advice is not for every land nor for every age, since he precedes his advice with these noteworthy words, "at least in countries under despotic or to any degree arbitrary governments". Those words explain at once why again and again he proclaims "the political neutrality" of the Theosophical Society in India, from its first day of work in this land.

That officials of the Theosophical Society *as such*, i.e., as representing a Lodge, or a Section, or the whole Society, should not make pronouncements on political issues is surely reasonable: but it is another affair to deduce from this sound principle for a heterogeneous Society like ours that "as individuals," they had better not "meddle, however indirectly, with political questions". Such a principle, if accepted as a Theosophical axiom, would be intolerable to hundreds of members now and to thousands later. For there are those of us who realise that Theosophy is not a philosophy that deals merely with "soul evolution," but deals with *life* in every phase. We feel there should not be a single field of human activity where the cardinal truths of Theosophy should not be worked out in detail.

Furthermore the word "politics" is a vague term; agitating for drains or a water-supply or a hospital or a school may each easily be made into a political issue by the circumstances of the moment. Indeed this is what is practically happening in most cities of America, where movements for decent and orderly municipal administration are ranged on the side of one or other of the existing political parties, according to local conditions. If Theosophists are not to engage in reforms because such are or may become identified with political

issues, then the outlook for humanity can hardly be considered bright: for it is the conviction of some of us that we Theosophists alone have the true principles that should guide all human activities, and that it is our duty *as Theosophists* to guide them.

Rather than lay down what Theosophists shall or shall not do, would it not be more useful to proclaim what should be the *spirit* of all their actions, which is to make the nucleus of Universal Brotherhood grow till it becomes a body? Can we not trust our members, and *majoris causa*, our officials whom we elect voluntarily, to give of their best to Theosophy as lecturers, writers, philanthropists, artists, and as politicians and statesmen too? As we proclaim a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour, can we not also build up a Universal Brotherhood of Service without distinction of trade, art, craft, or profession?

"Not in outer activities, with which so many can competently deal, but in inner and spiritual realities Theosophists, all the world over, look to her to give them the food for which their souls are hungry." So ends the article that questions the wisdom of Mrs. Besant's actions. May I be permitted to speak for some Theosophists, "all the world over," and say that just because about inner and spiritual realities Mrs. Besant is so full of light and strength, we *do* look to her, in outer activities also, to give us the guidance for which our souls are hungry?

C. Jinarajadasa

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Is Theosophy Anti-Christian? by G. Herbert Whyte. (THE RIDDLE OF LIFE SERIES No. 6.¹ THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Those who have studied Theosophy even superficially know that it is not anti-Christian though it may be found anti-Churchian. In the Brotherhood of religions Christianity has its rightful place, and its claim to uniqueness put forward by its narrow-minded votaries is distinctly opposed to the sentiments for which the Christ lived and laboured and died. In the Press and the Pulpit Christianity of the Christ is more in evidence in progressive countries like England, but that such a booklet as this has to be published shows that there still exist in our civilisation people whose legitimate place is mediæval Europe enveloped in the age of darkness. Mr. Whyte writes lucidly and convincingly and here in India we recommend this book to all Christians; it will serve a double purpose: (1) it will dispel certain doubts rooted in bigotry and dogmatism; (2) it will illuminate the faith of the Christ, and explain many things that churchianity does not and cannot explain. A cheap book, well printed and got up, full of the most useful information, and we cannot but wish it great success.

B. P. W.

Quests Old and New, by G. R. S. Mead. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Mead has added another book to the long list standing to his name. This time, as in the previous one, its contents are not devoted to one definite subject patiently unravelled and carefully set forth but consist of a collection of miscellaneous essays on various topics. Readers of *The Quest* are already familiar with the bulk of the matter here presented, for it is from the pages of this journal that most of the studies are reprinted, two others are republished from other magazines.

¹ Other volumes in this series, each Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.: *The Riddle of Life*, by Annie Besant; *The Life after Death*, by C. W. Leadbeater; *Theosophy and Social Reconstruction*, by Dr. L. Haden Guest; *Theosophy and the Woman's Movement*, by C. Despard; *Nature's Mysteries*, by A. P. Sinnett.

In the volume there is less of original work than is usual in Mr. Mead's writings. The first five and the last three essays are rather in the nature of reporting, exposition, or popularising the data furnished by other books than attempts at independent composition. They are no less readable for all that and also no less useful to those who shirk a perusal of the heavier works on which they are based.

The first two papers aim at setting forth some leading conceptions of ancient Taoism, mainly based on Chwang Tsz, and that again mainly on the basis of Giles' translation. The latter fact is to a certain extent to be regretted, for of late we have been cautioned, from a competent side, against it. Richard Wilhelm says: "Giles gibt eine recht lesbare Uebersetzung, doch stark subjektiv gefarbt. An manchen schwierigen Stellen gibt er mehr Vermutung als Uebersetzung." He seems also to ignore the recent translations of Wilhelm and Wieger—both of great importance—and the older partial translation of de Harlez, all of which are indispensable to the serious student of Chwang Tsz's book. As the net result of the papers will nevertheless most probably be the kindling of interest in our farouche Chinese philosopher, not much harm is done.

The next three papers deal with Buddhism: the first two with Mahāyāna conceptions, the third with Buddhist psychology, based on the *Abhidhammatha-Sangaha*, as translated, annotated and edited by Shwe Zan Aung and Mrs. Rhys Davids. Several readers will be grateful to the author for having summarised much which in its original form would hardly invite them to study, but which is now put before them not only in an attractive, but above all in a digestible form. It is nevertheless good to keep in mind—in so far as the first two articles of the group seem to be more or less based on Suzuki's *Outlines*—the condemnation, by L. de la Vallée Poussin, of this book: "qui, pour n'être pas historique, n'en vaut pas mieux." We note with interest that Mr. Mead interprets Tathā-gata as He-who-has-reached-the-Thus-state.

The last three papers in the collection consist of intelligent and clear summaries of some leading points in the philosophical teachings of three contemporaneous philosophers: Vaishinger, Bergson, and Eucken. He names these three philosophies respectively "as-if-ism," "intuitionism" and

"activism". Bergson is the fashion now and so must remain suspect until the crowds have thinned somewhat and the clamour has subsided, but as to the two others thinkers, it is to be hoped that Mr. Mead's summaries may send new disciples to the founts.

The remaining five articles are somewhat more original, and show the author to more advantage as a writer and thinker.

The first of this group, entitled 'The Doctrine of Reincarnation ethically considered' is a cautious—very cautious indeed—piece of reasoning about the nature, value, place of the reincarnation conception, in the past and now. This is the sort of paper we should like to see more in evidence in our own "officially" Theosophical literature and we recommend its study to our readers.

Then come three articles on subjects which are Mr. Mead's own speciality, dealing with problems of Hellenistic religion, gnosis and early Christianity. As usual they are interesting and in certain ways instructive, but we must confess that just where Mr. Mead testifies to finding the highest expression of mystic insight and sublimity of experience, there we begin to feel uncomfortably apprehensive of having arrived in the domain of the vague and the unsatisfactory. We are profoundly distrustful of any "direct communion with God," "inspiration of the Divine Mind," "God's goodly presence," etc., and our distrust is not less because such things are spoken of in documents of more than 1,500 years ago. But as there is a large section of mystically inclined people, both in and outside the Theosophical Society, it is only gratifying that Mr. Mead should labour in this corner of the great garden for their benefit and with the skill and sympathy which are his own.

The last paper in the series is a very useful one. The title is 'The Rising Psychic Tide,' and, roughly speaking, discusses psychism versus spirituality. The essay is timely, well balanced and eminently readable. Vast sections of the psychism-mongerers might benefit from it. We most heartily commend it to our readers.

So, in all, we owe to Mr. Mead again an interesting and instructive volume, worthy of his pen. Many of our readers should also become readers of this book.

J. v. M.

Spiritual Healing. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. 1s.)

The Christ of the Healing Hand, by J. L. Macbeth Bain. Theosophical Publishing Society, London.)

Some Principles of Spiritual Healing, by Rev. H. Lane. (Lynwood & Co., Ltd., London.)

We have before us for review three books, on spiritual healing. That this is becoming a subject of universal interest is manifested by the fact that well-known clergymen and doctors have joined forces in a "Committee of Inquiry into spiritual, faith, and mental healing". The central idea was that on such matters both professions might work in harmony, and the result of the inquiry so far seems to be that though they put no limit to the power of God, "in inspiring courage and hope to resist morbid conditions of the body," yet they think that this power conforms to natural laws, and they cannot find that in the results of the healings wrought by faith or spiritual means differ from those of "mental healing or healing by suggestion". In a very different vein writes Mr. Macbeth Bain in his *The Christ of the Healing Hand*. He is a veritable apostle of healing, and affirms that "we cannot be true-hearted mystics without being healers". And this is the book of a mystic, who is giving up his life to the healing of the sick and who tells us he has performed many cures, or rather through him many cures have been effective. We do not think that this book will make a wide appeal. It is altogether too mystical and indefinite in tone to attract—nor do we think that it will contribute much to the study of the subject the author has at heart. A practical work on a similar subject is written by the Rev. H. Lane. He descends to a doctrine perilously like healing by suggestion. He agrees in the main with the principles held by most mental healers, but in 'nervous' diseases a truly religious sense may effect much relief. There is little that is new in this book, but like many others of its kind it may prove helpful.

T. L. C.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, for 1912. (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

This year this excellent publication runs to 780 pages of which the first 130 are filled with official matter, the report

proper. The appendix contains the usual varied collection of interesting papers on all sorts of subjects by the foremost men of science of our times. The following are some of the forty-eight titles, likely to be of most interest to our readers: *The Year's Progress in Astronomy*, by P. Puiseux; *The Spiral Nebulæ*, by the same; *The Connection between the Ether and Matter*, by Henri Poincaré; *Holes in the Air*, by W. J. Humphreys; *The Ants and Their Guests*, by P. E. Wassmann; *Life: Its Nature, Origin and Maintenance*, by E. A. Schafer; *The Origin of Life: A Chemist's Phantasy*, by H. E. Armstrong; *Ancient Greece and Its Slave Population*, by S. Zaborowski; and *the History of the Finger-Print System*, by Berthold Laufer. Of the remaining papers not a single one does not invite the reader to its perusal; the same high standard of interest and instruction being maintained throughout the volume. If it be added that the volume is as usual profusely and well illustrated and carefully indexed no more has to be said in order to prove that the Smithsonian Institution has once more laid the public under a debt of gratitude for its magnificent labours.

J. v. M.

The Peoples of India, by J. D. Anderson, M.A., Cambridge. University Press, Fetter Lane, London, E.C. Price 1s.)

This volume of the Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature is an admirable summary of the tribes and religions of India. It is based on important researches of certain capable members of the Indian Civil Service and is from one particular point of view thoroughly reliable. Hinduism is defined as the "religion of the Aryo-Dravidians. It is the religion and social system of races and classes which consider themselves intrinsically superior, and practise a traditional kind of eugenics of race preservation," which is not altogether correct or happy. The book is written from the ethnological point of view; it treats of castes, languages and religions of India, and it is an excellent piece of work. Blue books and Census Reports are not for the reading public but such handy volumes as this, based on them, are full of interest and instruction.

G. G.

The Master, by J. Todd Ferrier. (Percy Lund, Humphries & Co., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a book written for those who seek mystical interpretations of the Christian teachings of the New Testament; but apart from its value in that respect it has the interest which attaches to all personal religious experience, since, as the author states, its contents are "recoveries by the writer through illuminations, visions and experiences". In the preface Mr. Ferrier says that "he feels that the teachings will not command the interest and approbation of those who are accustomed to follow the purely traditional methods of research and interpretation; but he has reason for believing that there are many Souls awaiting such a message, who will gladly welcome a true vision of the Master, and what He meant by Jesushood, Christhood, and a Lord-consciousness. It seems a pity that the book should not have been published in two volumes of a more convenient size than the present bulky one. But it is perhaps expecting too much of the mystic to require him to be practical and the difficulty he must have in translating his experiences to the "common herd" calls for our sympathy and is sufficient apology for his too frequent wordiness. The coining of the adjective "soullic" does not strike us as being particularly happy but such details are of trifling moment if the spiritual food given is that for which the soul is hungering.

A. E. A.

The Religion of the Sikhs, by Dorothy Field. (THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES.¹ John Murray. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s.)

The name of the author is familiar to the readers of this journal. Some months ago she wrote a very interesting article on the subject of this book which ran through several issues. The book under review is a more detailed and therefore more finished production on which the writer must be congratulated. The martial Sikhs and their splendid faith form one of the most romantic chapters of Indian history, and a sympathetic exposition is sure to popularise this sturdy nation and their religious achievement. Mr. Macauliffe's monumental work has contributed a great deal towards this, and we have no

¹ The whole of this admirable and very useful series is obtainable from the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

doubt that the small volume under review will further aid it. It is a delightful volume well planned and carefully written, and we heartily recommend it to all our readers. Students of comparative religion will find it most helpful.

B. P. W.

Dreams and the Way of Dreams, by Reginald L. Hine. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

The author's aim in writing this book is to present his subject in a way that "shall have the grace of simplicity and be free from too much weight of learning". And this is partly due to the feeling that dreams are too ethereal to be treated of in any but the most artistic manner. "How easily may their beauty be marred! How soon their grace shattered!" he exclaims. Nevertheless Mr. Hine has studied a quantity of books on the subject and is well acquainted with all the theories that have been put forward regarding dreams. He is fortunate, perhaps, in being one of those people who dream with fair regularity. Some of these dreams he relates in the second half of his book, and they have a convincing touch. The incident of his little sister (a mere child) having a heated argument with some one in church on the authenticity of one of St. Paul's Epistles (she being in the waking-state not devoted to scripture lessons) has a reality which appeals to us. How often do we not dream dreams as absurd which appear to us perfectly natural during the experience. Mr. Hine's book is largely personal. It is on his own experiences and his own interpretation of them, that he bases his contentions. He divides dreams into "dreams of the body," i.e., those which spring from physical causes, and dreams of the Spirit, and we are interested to find that the writer in his section on the interpretation of dreams, confesses to a belief in reincarnation. We cannot recommend Mr. Hine to read Mr. Leadbeater's books on the subject of dreams for we find two of them quoted in the bibliography at the end. Mr. Hine writes in a mystic manner. His book should be read in the quiet of a summer afternoon, and the reader should give rein to imagination. Thus it will be bound to give pleasure, and will certainly lead people to think on the mystic land of dreams where so much of our life is spent and of which we remember so little.

T. L. C.

The Rise and Fall of Religions in the World, Anonymous.
(The Year Book Press. London.)

The very short prefatory note informs us that "this book has important additions and revisions, but it consists mainly in a previous work published by the same author and entitled: 'The Laws which Govern the Course and Destinies of Religions'." This latter work we have reviewed in Vol. XXXIV of THE THEOSOPHIST, part i, p. 609 and we refer our readers to that place. In comparing the two editions we have not been able to find out the importance either of the additions or the revision. The chief change seems to have been made in Chapter XV, which is re-written and in which an additional eight pages have been wedged in. For the rest it seems as if the new edition is practically a reprint of the old one, or even a re-issue of the old sheets; the page numbering tallies exactly in both editions and the pages do not show any evident difference. As said in our previous notice the book is a very elementary treatise on a very big subject and may serve as a useful starting point for further inquiry if not for any more ambitious purpose.

J. v. M.

The Purpose of Education. By St. George Lane Fox Pitt,
(Cambridge University Press. Price 2s. 6d. net).

"It is the object of the present work" says the author, "to apply this knowledge [i.e., the fresh knowledge as to the facts relating to the working of human mind] to the elucidation of educational problems, in the hope that some of the confusions and difficulties which prevail may to some extent, at any rate, be cleared up." The author believes that without a serious effort being made to introduce a really moral and religious atmosphere into popular education, the spirit of unrest prevailing everywhere could not be satisfied. Referring to the 'Sermon on the Mount,' he asks what is its true meaning!

"A counsel of perfection," is the glib official reply. Certainly but it has no practical value, and, if so, what is it intended to convey? Related in old prosaic language, the lesson there inculcated urges us to rely less on the seen, the concrete, the physically tangible; and more on the spiritual side of our natures, unmanifest to our senses, but none the less real and permanent. We are told there on authority that by this way we gain true security and everlasting peace.

C. D. S.

The Man of To-morrow, by Floyd B. Wilson.

The Miracle of Right Thought, by Orison Swelt Marsden.
(Messrs. Rider & Son. Price each 3s. 6d.)

Master Keys, by Capt. Walter Carey, R.N. (Order of the Golden Age. Each Price 1s.)

These volumes are meant to help men in the building of character and the attaining of refinement and power in which lies happiness. The first is an exhortation to humanity to realise its own inherent Divinity and indicates the pathways that lead to actualising of ideals. "My studies have forced upon me the conclusion that only the few have discovered the Key to greatness, and that it may be seized and used by the million is really the true incentive for the writing and the publishing of this book," says the author, and his 224 pages are full of suggestions for practice, some very good, others of less value, but all more or less useful. Some discrimination, however, is necessary in putting into practice these teachings and the motive of action should never be forgotten and should ever be taken into account. The book contains information on out-of-the-way subjects pertaining to psychology which may be found interesting. The second is published in "the hope of arousing the reader to discover the wonderful forces in the Great Within of himself which, if he could unlock and utilise, would lift him out of the region of anxiety and worry, eliminate most, if not all, of the discords and frictions of life, and enable him to make of himself everything he ever imagined he could and longed to become"—and who wants anything more from a book? This assurance is given and the realisation of it—well, my reader, you might, if you have leisure and inclination, give the book a trial; it is good of its kind and reading and reflecting will not do you any harm. The third offers the keys to understanding and happiness, keys of life and death and progress, keys to health and the purpose of the animal creation—all done in 138 pages, but cleverly conceived and nicely carried out. The writer has thought over his subjects and it is a careful piece of work which we recommend to our readers. It is also full of Theosophical teachings, in fact we have no hesitation in calling it a Theosophical book, and as such we heartily welcome it.

B. P. W.

In the Next World, by A. P. Sinnett. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

Has W. T. Stead Returned?, by James Coates. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Ghosts in Solid Form, by Gambier Bolton. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

Spiritualism: A Philosophy of Life, by W. H. Evans. (London Spiritualist Alliance Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

The literature on spiritualism and spiritualistic phenomena seems to be increasing each year, and this indicates an increased interest in the public mind concerning such subjects. Mr. Sinnett has given in his little work fragments of the experiences of certain persons who have passed beyond the veil. He tells us that lately he has had opportunities of getting into touch with them, and as he brings to bear on all the cases his wide Theosophical knowledge, his accounts are extremely interesting. In his introduction, he gives a rapid survey of the astral plane and its subdivisions, in fact a condensed account of the Theosophical conception of death and karma, in order to help readers unfamiliar with that line of thought. Mr. Sinnett has entirely confined himself to trying to learn the history and experiences of those souls when they passed into astral life. These are absorbingly interesting and are carefully chosen, showing how karma works out on other planes. This book should be read by all interested on such subjects, because it is written in such a peculiarly "sane way" that it cannot fail to make an impression. That there are ways by which the so-called "dead" can reach those on earth is now becoming pretty generally recognised. That so ardent a believer in such methods of communication, and so daring an experimenter as the late Mr. W. T. Stead, would endeavour to return to tell us what lies beyond, was only to be expected. Miss Estelle Stead contributes the preface to Mr. Coates' book, *Has W. T. Stead Returned?* In it she says:

I firmly believe it will not be many years before the truth of the possibility of the return of the so-called dead is an established fact. . . . of all that great host from the *Titanic*, my father's return is the most apparent. Why? Because he opened up the way while here and passed over prepared with the full knowledge that he could return, and returning would find many ready and longing to welcome him and acknowledge his presence.

Despite these very favourable conditions Mr. Stead evidently found communication with the earth a far more difficult thing than he had thought. Mr. Coates has collected and arranged in order all the evidence that can be gathered for Mr. Stead's communications after death, giving these communications in full. There are two spirit photographs reproduced in which a head is plainly visible, and this head is attributed to Mr. Stead by those who should know.

Materialisation is the theme of the next book under review, and under the title of *Ghosts in Solid Form*, Mr. Bolton gives us a most interesting and scientific account of his experimental investigations "of certain little known phenomena". He first describes the conditions under which such manifestations can be most favourably produced, and he describes at length the precautions taken to avoid fraud, giving a diagram of a room in which some of the investigations were conducted. The precautions taken seem to put a stop to all suggestion or even possibility of fraud, and then follows the account of several actual experiments made under such test conditions. A chapter is devoted to questions put to, and answered by, various entities, and these are interesting but of course as to their value the individual reader must be left to decide. Mr. Bolton has so many qualifications to prove himself a reliable observer, and has been associated with Sir William Crookes in his researches, that we are enabled in his book to gain sound information and at a very moderate price.

The philosophic aspects of Spiritualism are given in a book by Mr. W. H. Evans. We do not think that this book will prove attractive to a large circle of readers, because the type employed in printing is so small, that it makes the reading tedious. These papers appeared originally in *Light*, and express the author's individual views on Spiritualism. A religious vein is very prominent in this work, and it is really rather as a guide to life and character that we should regard it. There does not seem to be anything strikingly original in *Spiritualism*, but we feel sure that there are many who will derive comfort from it, should they brace themselves up to the task of tackling the closely printed pages.

T. L. C.

Smithsonian Institution. Bureau of American Ethnology. Bulletin 53. *Chippewa Music—II*, by Frances Densmore. (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

Miss Frances Densmore published, some years ago, the first volume of her studies on the music of the Chippewa, or Ojibwa, Indians as Bulletin No. 45 of the same series, and now completes her work in the present, second, volume. The first volume met with a very hearty response from the public and students of primitive music, and led to several of the recorded melodies being executed by orchestras. As in the previous volume, so here a profusion of tunes are recorded. The words of the songs are given in transliteration and translation. The various circumstances under which the songs are sung are fully described, together with the rites accompanying such singing. Full ethnographical descriptions are added pertaining to everything connected with the feasts and solemn festivities connected with the songs, as well as pictures of the musical instruments, costumes, etc., of singers and players. Each song is fully analysed from the technical standpoint. Most of the songs consist of a single short sentence, repeated, with modulations, several times. Some of them are very quaint, for instance:

No. 107. You desire vainly that I seek you; the reason is: I come to see your younger sister.

No. 109. I sit here thinking of her; I am sad as I think of her.

No. 94. They are sailing on the breeze, my feathers.

No. 13. I feel no fears when the Great River-man speaks of death.

A piece of sarcasm is given in No. 14 which commemorates the man who stayed at home instead of joining his tribe on the war-path.

No. 14. Although Jingwabe considers himself a man, his wife certainly takes all his attention.

A curious song is that sung by Nambines, who, when dying, sang his death song which he is said to have composed at that time. Looking into the faces of his comrades, he said: "When you reach home sing this for the women to dance by and tell them how I died." The song itself runs:

No. 33. The odour of death, I discern the odour of death in the front of my body.

A tender sentiment is revealed in:

No. 38. I wonder if she is humiliated, the Sioux woman, that I cut off her head?

A naive vanity is betrayed in the next song, composed after a terrible battle:

No. 41. Surely, I will have great praise.

The dream song of a forgotten warrior is eerie:

No. 43. From the middle of the great water I am called by the spirit.

A very laconic song is that sung by a Chippewa pipe bearer when offering the peace pipe to the Sioux. It runs:

No. 45. My pipestem.

A fine song is that glorifying the heroic conduct of Bicanab, a sort of local Joan of Arc. It tells its own tale and runs:

No. 48. Greatly, she defending her children, the old woman fought for us all.

A similar incident gave rise to the following song:

No. 49. Once careless of her children, she of the Wapeton Sioux now comes in haste surely to their defence.

Enough has been quoted to give some insight into this primitive but not unattractive poetry. For musical students the work contains a wealth of information. To praise a book published by the Smithsonian Institution is not only superfluous, it is nearly impudent. We leave it at that. We have enjoyed nibbling at the work.

J. v. M.

France To-day, Its Religious Orientation, by Paul Sabatier, translated by Henry Bryan Binns. (J. M. Dent & Sons, London. Price 6s. net.)

To those of our readers who are unacquainted with the French language we can heartily recommend this excellent translation of M. Paul Sabatier's most interesting book. France is perhaps the most psychologically sensitive of all the nations to the deep underlying spiritual currents which are ever moving below the surface of human affairs; and the

superficial eddies of unrest, of social and religious revolt, which disturb her peace are but indications of the irresistible flow of this spiritual tide and the promise of greater things to come. It is the study of all the various trends of thought and activity which make up this great spiritual movement that the author implies in the term "religious orientation," not the study of religion in its more restricted sense; for religion, far from directing the flow of this deeper spiritual current is swept onward by it to meet the growing needs of Life. Religion, philosophy, science, art and literature, all have their part in it and the demand of the time is that they shall help men to express the reality which is Life in action. Pure intellectualism does not satisfy, a dogmatic or even a scientific religion meets with little or no response; a science which is not applied to human life, a philosophy of abstractions, art and literature which do not touch the heart—these things are valueless at this moment. They are but stones given when the demand is for bread. Mr. Sabatier dates the beginning of this latest movement in France from the war of 1870, when the nation in its great need turned to the Churches Catholic and Protestant for consolation and direction and, meeting only with misunderstanding, was thrown back on herself to work out her own salvation.

To see France through the eyes of M. Sabatier is to see her at her highest and to judge France by Paris is to mistake a mood for a character, a part for the whole. Where he is least convincing is in the chapters which deal with undenominational schools which he himself regards as the heart of his subject; for he gives no plan of independent moral teaching nor any indication how it is to be arrived at.

The central reality is apparently the "social life" but that too is a very nebulous guide to the perplexity of the teacher in the face of this problem. However, as "Time is a good fellow," no doubt he will see to the solution of the puzzle. In the meantime we close M. Sabatier's book refreshed and stimulated by the pure quality of his thought and the breadth of his horizons, and we hope this English translation of *France To-day* will find a wide circulation amongst our readers. It is well-printed and of a convenient size in strong and neat binding and contains a good portrait of the author as frontispiece.

On the Consciousness of the Universal and the Individual. A contribution to the phenomenology of the thought-processes, by Francis Aveling, Ph.D., D.Sc., D.D. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd. London. Price 5s. net.)

This fascinating little book which constitutes a thesis for the degree of Doctor of Science in the University of London, contains the report of an interesting investigation of certain problems of experimental psychology. An ancient problem of philosophy, steadily worked at during the last twenty centuries, is that arising from 'universal' and 'individual' thoughts, concrete and abstract thinking. This problem, says our author, is threefold. Metaphysically, the question is: "Do the 'universals' exist in nature?" Epistemologically the question is: "Do our universal ideas correspond to reality?" And to experimental psychology the question is: "What is discoverable in consciousness when we think the 'universal' or the 'individual'?" The work before us deals only with this third form of the question.

In a rapid review, extending nevertheless over seventy-two pages, the author gives the history of the problem in western philosophy from Plato and Aristotle down to the most recent times. This exposition is very clear and reveals the extraordinary importance attached to the question from the most remote times onward.

Then, in the second part, the investigation is carefully described, the problem as set, well defined, and an abstract given from the protocols of the sittings, the results of which are minutely tabulated in a number of transparent tables. The ingenious method applied consisted, roughly, in the exhibition of ten sets of five pictures each, each set consisting of representations of a similar nature. Each set was coupled to a specially coined 'nonsense-word'. The persons experimented upon were asked carefully to note down their thought-processes after each exhibition of the pictures or the 'nonsense-names' assigned to them, primarily with a view "to ascertaining the manner in which the meaning of the 'nonsense-word' subjects was present to consciousness in 'universal' and 'individual' judgments." Nevertheless the investigation proved to lead to several other collateral data of no mean

importance and interest. Dr. Aveling sums up his result in nine short theses of which the first runs as follows :

Nonsense-words (nouns) acquire general meaning gradually by a process of association with the objects denoted by them. In this process a concept is abstracted from the objects and associated with the words; or the objects are subsumed under an appropriate concept previously abstracted from experience which is associated with the words. This concept, which may or may not be accompanied by sensorial elements, when revived by the word gives the latter its meaning.

The little book is very instructive but, though clearly written, is too much swathed in the special language of psychology to make easy reading for the laymen.

An excellent little bibliography terminates the volume.

J. v. M.

Jatakamala or Garland of Birth Stories, by Marie Musseus Higgins, Colombo.

In many ways Indian Literature is unique. Perhaps not the least important of them is the possession of the finest and by far the largest collection of tales. In the book before us we have some very interesting stories full of meaning to those who have not yet lost all delight in life. Each story is supposed to deal with one of the births of the Lord Buddha and is meant to teach one or the other of the great virtues inculcated by Him in His last birth. It is not surprising therefore that all these stories are full of instruction to the readers. But what seems to be a most impressive feature about them is that they all appear to have emanated from people who felt what they said. Witness this sermon on Temperance :

The one who drinks this 'Sura' loses power over his mind as well as over his body. His enemies laugh at him because he behaves like a beast... Even the timid and the bashful, after drinking from it lose all their timidity. This liquor turns our friends into enemies so that they kill each other in their fury... It makes the tongue loose, and the limbs tremulous, the eyes dull and heavy, and it ruins the mind and makes a man contemptible to every one. A curse lies in this golden coloured fluid.

To add to its usefulness a part of the book is devoted to the narration of some of the important features in the Life of the Buddha. The book is very admirably illustrated with the carvings of the Boro-Budoor Temple in Java. A book so ably edited should meet with the warm welcome of not only those interested in the Buddhist folklore but of everyone.

C. D. S.

An Unorthodox Conception of Being, A Synthetic Philosophy of Ontology, by William Ellsworth Hermance. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

The book—well printed and well bound—strikes us as the work of a man who has thought and talked more than he has read, though he has also read a good deal on certain lines. We are presented with his choice, amongst many ideas, on fundamentals, and his mind is awake though his intuitions sometimes sleep. A bold swimmer on the advancing wave of thought, he has not yet caught sight of a beacon to guide.

The opening is good and the style is clear, and we hoped from the chapter headings to have a mental feast; but the writing is somewhat uneven and it is almost as if another hand had written some chapters. That on 'Jesus Christ,' perhaps because of the high possibilities of the subject, seems somewhat confused and slangy. "Mental paralysis" and "ecstasy" are not synonymous terms. As an independent effort to express the mental position of the author the book has its value, and the chapter on 'Equity,' with its plan of co-operation in production and distribution, shows that thoughts on Metaphysics and Ontology can sharpen the brain to help our fellow-men.

A. J. W.

The Christian Tradition and Its Verification. The Angus Lectures VIII, by T. R. Glover. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

To the reviewer—as will be most probably the case with the majority of our readers—the argument of this book has been entirely unconvincing. Nevertheless we have read it with a certain amount of appreciation. It is an apology for modern post-reformation Christianity by an able, sincere and cultured writer. His faith produces, it is true, a certain narrowness in spiritual sympathies but never leads to downright or outrageous fanaticism. In short the book is a useful means for those who think of themselves as standing outside the Christian Church to study the mind and view-point of the cultured

insider. The weakest parts in the work are those where the other great religions of the world and their founders are compared with Christianity and Jesus. The author, indeed, in those passages where he deals with his apology proper, gives a fine and true exposition of the sympathy and goodwill which are prerequisites for any just appreciation of Christianity. Where he deals with the other religions, and especially where the highest of them are concerned, he does not apply his own golden rule but finishes off his subject in rapid paragraphs full of disputable assertions and generalisations.

The Theosophical position is referred to in a few places, mainly on the basis of second-hand information and the references are neither so generous nor so well informed as the author's own standard seems to demand.

In short: for actual instruction the book seems to us disappointing, and its convincing force for those who do not start their thought from a Jesu-centric conception not great. As an apology it will rather strengthen believers than convert outsiders. Yet the book is readable and psychologically instructive. Many a good thought, well expressed, is to be found in it, and we recommend it to the discriminating reader.

We quote a fine saying:

For Jesus Christ is not a teacher to be quoted, I think. If we quote Him, we use Him amiss. His words are nothing till they come somehow out of our own hearts again, as they did from Peter's long ago; they are not dead; they live.

On the other hand a phrase inspired by bad taste, and furthermore so one-sided as to be practically untrue, is singularly out of place in a work of this nature:

Even with the assistance of Leopold II and his Belgians, it will be hard for anyone without special knowledge to imagine what things were tolerated in ancient society—or are tolerated in India—in civilised communities, that is—and in neither case with much disapproval.

The author deals more satisfactorily with his subject when touching the lower forms of ancient paganism than when touching the higher.

In fine: though nothing much for us, by no means a bad book.

J. v. M.

1914

Greek Divination: A Study of Its Methods and Principles, by W. R. Halliday, B.A., B. Litt. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s.)

Some men do read the Vedas four
And other books of Sacred Lore,
Yet know their contents, by my troth,
As ladle knows the taste of broth.

The present reviewer is in this case with regard to the book under consideration. This, however, is a confession of weakness on his part, not condemnation of *Greek Divination*. The fact is, this book is not intended for the general reader, but for specialists. To the uninitiated it presents many technical difficulties. It presupposes a great deal of previous knowledge on the part of the reader, without which he cannot appreciate its worth. The author has brought boundless enthusiasm and a well-trained mind to bear upon his task. This task is "to give some account of the methods of divination employed by the ancient Greeks together with an analysis of the principle and presuppositions which, however unconsciously, moulded their form and maintained their vitality". He analyses and classifies the various subdivisions of Greek divination; he shows how great a part these played in the daily life of the people and how it was an essential part of their religion. He draws interesting parallels from the rites of other nations. The volume ends with copious indexes, bibliographical and general.

A. de L.

The First Principles of Evolution, by S. Herbert. (Adam & Charles Black, London. Price 5s. net.)

Dr. Herbert is the author of a previous book on *The First Principles of Heredity* which at the time of its appearance was most warmly received. He has now followed up his first success with a second volume which deserves an equally cordial welcome. The author endeavours in the present work to give a general and popular exposition of the subject of evolution, which, though strictly scientific in its manner of treatment, aims at being perfectly intelligible to the ordinary reader. Besides, it aims at being thoroughly comprehensive, presenting the problem of evolution in all its aspects. The task thus set seems to us to have been executed in a completely satisfactory manner.

way, and the book resulting fills indeed a gap in the existing literature of the subject. The work is profusely illustrated, not only by numerous clear pictures but also by a number of enlightening diagrams and tables. An excellent and well-arranged bibliography (split up into no less than thirty-eight sub-headings) points out the way towards further study. A copious glossary of scientific terms used throughout the book will be welcome to many, though some of the terms cited lack definition. The index also is very full. In short the methodical and material arrangements of the work are worthy of all praise.

So, we recommend the book most cordially. There are few books on evolution which gather together so much material, treated from so many standpoints, as this present one. It is one of the best popular expositions of the subject we know, and though more learned and more bulky works exist, there is scarcely any other book so apt to serve as a general introduction to the branch of science of which it treats.

J. v. M.

VOL. XXXV

No. 11

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

LONDON, June 16th.

IT is thought that a guarantee fund of £1,000 will be required to put properly on the stage the play of *Sensa*, dramatised by "Mabel Collins" and Miss Hoffman from the exquisite *Idyll of the White Lotus*. It should form a most attractive play, with its Egyptian setting and beautiful imagery—the temptation and victory of a human soul. It is desirable that the play should be produced for the first time in England, though it has been copyrighted also in America, so as to protect it, and there must be many who will be glad to make possible its appearance on a London stage.

* *

June 19th.

We hear from Germany that Herr Sixtus von Kapff, M. D., has been elected General Secretary of the German National Society; he is a renowned physician and a good speaker, and has been the leader of psychical research in Berlin, as well as the founder of the T. S. Du Prel Lodge; he is also the head of an idealistic

society, which numbers among its members some of the Professors of the Berlin University, and has thus the intellectual *cachet*, so necessary in Berlin. The Recording Secretary is Herr Paul Krojanker, and the Treasurer is Dr. Antonie Schiller. The late General Secretary, Mr. Lauwerik, continues to edit the *Theosophisches Streben*, as he can combine this with his professorial duties at Hagen, though it was felt impossible that the General Secretary should be so far away from the centre of work. We congratulate our German brethren on their wise choice, and hope that the movement in Germany will prosper. Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, to whom the rescue of Theosophy in Germany from sectarianism is so largely due, is much satisfied with the election of officers. Countess Olga von Schack, who was so useful in Adyar, is on the Executive Committee.

* * *

I am astonished to learn from *The Church Missionary Gleaner* that Christian missionaries in China refuse to accept into Church membership any converts to Christianity who are vegetarians. It seems incredible that eating dead animals should be made a *sine qua non* of Christianity. In its issue of May 1st, 1914, under the heading 'Broken Vows,' *The Gleaner* says: "One of the difficulties in the way of the spread of the gospel in China has often been the vegetarian vows taken by Buddhists. . . . The breaking down of these stumbling-blocks is always gladly welcomed by the missionaries." This editorial introduction is followed by stories of the removal of the stumbling-blocks: A Mrs. Deng was "in great trouble with a bad foot. She had been in great pain, day and night, for over a year, and asked for

treatment. In years gone by she would never come near the Christians, but the pain had been so great that she was only too willing to accept an invitation to come to the mission house for treatment, even on condition of having to break her fast." Mrs. Deng's mother, Mrs. Wang; "also decided to break her fast," and "broke her last connexion with outward idolatry by partaking of a meat dinner, thus discontinuing her fast of thirty years".

A sister of hers, living here in Chungpa, who several years ago was a catechumen but never gave up her vegetarian vow, and therefore could not be taken into membership, has taken courage and followed her elder sister in also breaking her fast. She—a Mrs. Sie—had been ill for many months. Whenever she was exhorted to put her whole trust in the Lord and give up her vow she replied that she was afraid to break it. But when she heard of her elder sister doing so she at once expressed a wish to do so too. I brought her some cooked meat, and after prayer she took the long feared step, and said she would now really trust the Lord wholly and solely. She was in such a weak condition that one felt the little remnant of life might any time be finished, and therefore we were very thankful to see her enter the fold. Only two days after breaking her fast she died quite peaceably. Her son and daughter-in-law, who had tended her with great care, have also promised to "learn the doctrine".

The picture of the sick woman induced to pollute her body and dying two days later is rather ghastly. The whole proceedings with this unfortunate family, forced out of taking clean food, in the first case by the refusal of medical help until meat was eaten, would be incredible if they were not in a missionary journal.

* * *

Dean Inge's studies in Mysticism have led him to believe that "the philosophic Mystics" can give to Christianity the help of which it stands in need. Materialistic philosophy, while profoundly unsatisfactory,

had presented a clear-cut and intelligible scheme, and unless some coherent and scientific view could be propounded on the other side, there was a danger of falling into scepticism. Mysticism declared that it had found that which religionists were seeking. The Dean appears to have been somewhat sarcastic. "Our generation had welcomed the French-Jewish philosopher who had told them exactly what they wanted to hear. Their delight was increased when they were told that the intellect was only one and not the best line of progress—that something called instinct often provided a short cut to the point we wanted to reach. Thinking was hard work. What a joy to hear that it was mostly waste of time." This is hardly fair to Bergson, who regards intuition as a higher faculty than intellect, and as marking a higher stage of evolution. The strenuous effort needed to accomplish this stage is greater than that of thinking, and Dean Inge will mislead many by his scoffing way of dealing with a serious question. He remarked further :

Not only was free will rehabilitated, but the primitive spiritism of the savage could come forth unabashed from its lurking places in the minds of the half-civilised. Ghosts once more walked abroad, and were patronised by the highly-respectable gentlemen and ladies who studied psychical research. The medicine man reappeared as a faith healer and made a good income. Christian Science churches and hotels at Lourdes did a roaring trade. Priests were overjoyed at the unexpected boom in their earliest line of business. The pride of the intellectuals had indeed received a blow. They had learned that the ingrained mental habits of 50,000 years were not to be destroyed by the labours of a few university professors.

Dr. Inge was more interesting when he turned to the teachings of Plotinus, and then went on to Eucken, with his assertion that salvation was a "transition from the common experience of life to a new and higher sphere which he called the life of spirit".

"Were the affirmations of the illuminated soul tragic illusions or cosmic realities?" asked the Dean. And he answered :

The higher life had already been lived by very many. They agreed in what they told us about it. Why should we not receive their witness? The great popularity of Eucken's writings both in Germany and England showed that our generation was ripe for this kind of religion. It was a very good sign if it was so. For this philosophy of life had nothing to fear from scientific or historical criticism. It was broad based on personal experience and buttressed by sound metaphysics. Its morality was pure and elevated; it cared nothing for denominational barriers; it found ample room for science and art, honouring both; and like Christianity, with which it had so much in common, it gave us a valuation of the goods and evils of life and was so a guide to practical wisdom. He would not speak of "the religion of the future," for there would be as many religions in the future as in the past; but that this was the true line of progress in religion, as well as in philosophy, he had no doubt whatever.

In other words, the Dean is accepting Theosophy under another name, and boldly ranges himself on the side of Mysticism.

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On June 18th, I lectured to the Philosophical Circle of the Lyceum Club on 'The Yoga Philosophy,' and found a crowded and deeply interested audience, over which Mme. Jean Delaire presided. It is delightful to see the welcome given to Hindū philosophy by cultured and highly educated people in England. As in the morning I presided over an Educational Conference, and in the evening lectured in the Queen's Hall on 'Why We Believe in the Coming of a World-Teacher,' the day was fairly filled. A pleasant interlude was welcoming to lunch Mr. Sri Prakasa, the eldest son of Bābu Bhagavan Das Sāhab of Benares, who has just been called to the Bar, and has taken the B.A. and LL.B. degrees at Cambridge University. He goes back

to the Motherland, loving her the more dearly for his stay in England.

* * *

The Education Conference is occupying three days and is a very important gathering. Among other Societies are represented the National Union of Teachers, the London Teachers' Association, the Association of Assistant Mistresses in Public Secondary Schools, the Parents' National Educational Union, the Association of Technical Institutions, the School Medical Officers Association, the Royal Society of Literature, the Fabian Education Group, the Moral Education League, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the Theosophical Educational Trust, and the Theosophical Society. I had the honour of presiding over the opening session, and a number of distinguished men and women are taking part in the meetings. It is good to see our beloved T.S. taking its rightful place in the public life of England.

* * *

I am glad to see that the Redemption League, started two years ago during my visit to London, is doing good work. The Organising Secretary, Miss Birmingham, lecturing the other day, said that "its ideal was to become a world-wide organisation to combat a world-wide evil, an International League fighting an international traffic"—the terrible White Slave Traffic. Centres are started in Russia, Norway and Holland, and others are to follow. Dr. Anthony says that there are 4,000 men employed in this vile trade in London—a ghastly thought. The second object of the League is to work for moral purity and for the equalisation of the

moral standard of men and women; the third is to found hostels for women and girls where safety and shelter can be found at the cheapest possible rate. The League should spread far and wide, for its work is a noble one.

* * *

Twelve lectures in ten days, with journeys to Brighton and Folkestone, is not a bad record of work, added to meetings with people at various lunches and teas! Lady Brassey gave a pleasant "At Home" to "Visitors from the Overseas Dominions," at which various interesting people were present, on the afternoon of June 11th, the lecture on 'India's Plea for Justice,' at which her husband presided, being in the evening. There was a splendid meeting in the Queen's Hall, showing that Englishmen were ready to take interest in India, but the London press hardly noticed it. We shall have hard work to reach the people by forcing on the press the dissemination of India's claims, and so educating English public opinion. But *The Times*, *The Daily News*, and *The Daily Chronicle* among the dailies, have inserted statements from my pen, as have *The Christian Commonwealth* and *The Nation* among the weeklies. *The Westminster* and *The Daily Telegraph* have refused to do anything. But we have made a good beginning with the above-named.

* * *

ADEN, July 5th.

A flying visit to Oxford, to lecture at the X Club, whose President is an Indian gentleman, Mr. Raju, made a pleasant excursion on June 19th. The lecture was on 'India's Claims,' and I tried to awaken the undergraduate mind to a sense of what England owed to India. Benares friends will be glad to hear of the well-being of

the young men from the C. H. C. who are now undergraduates of Oxford. I was grieved to find that some of our Indian lads, who had learned to love England in Benares, had been driven out of that love by the treatment they had met with in England. On the 20th, I again spoke at the Educational Conference, and in the afternoon went to a pleasant "At Home," given by Lady Emily Lutyens, as a member of the Hospitality Committee presided over by the Lord Chancellor.

•••

The 21st saw me at Esher, with that noble warrior of earlier days, the widow of Jacob Bright, who preserves a keen brain and a young heart in a worn-out and helpless body. Her interest in all good causes is as vivid as when she stood beside her husband in the forefront of the fray. From Esher, I motored over to Twickenham to call on the Hon. Mr. G. K. Gokhale, though hardly hoping to see him. I had, however, the privilege of an interview with him, and we chatted for half an hour on Indian questions. It is so seldom that one meets a man in public life for whom one can feel the whole-hearted respect which one feels for Mr. Gokhale, whose one love is India, whose one ambition is service, and who gives himself with the enthusiasm of a youth and the wisdom of a grey-beard to the Motherland. It was a joy to receive a letter from him four days later, saying that he had been able to attend through two three-hour sittings of the Commission without feeling much the worse. He hopes to leave England for home in November, and we all pray that his health will allow him to come to the Congress in Madras.

The last few days in England were very full. Meetings of the Temple of the Rosy Cross and of the T. S. Executive; a lecture on the Woman Question at Queen's Hall, packed to its utmost limit; a Brotherhood of Arts meeting, where that rare piece of Dresden china, Maud Mann, was made President, with her husband to shield her from too rough contacts with an inartistic world; a meeting with the haggard builders, gaunt with starvation, but glad at heart to be again at work—what a civilisation is ours, when men may not even work for bread, unless they cringe to the owners of capital!—interviews with the Editor of *The Review of Reviews*, brave W. T. Stead's son and successor, and with the Editor of *The Daily Telegraph*, Anglo-Indian in *excelsis*; with some of my best lieutenants on work to be carried out; and as a final item, a talk with an East End magistrate over a proposed Children's Colony on a piece of land in Essex, generously given by him, and the forming of a little group of Trustees, to hold and administer it. Then a crowd at Charing Cross to say "Good-bye," and the swift journey to Dover, a calm voyage across the Channel, the racing across the Continent to Brindisi, with pleasant greetings of friends here and there, to find the 'Persia' waiting for us, anchored outside the harbour, and so to dinner and bed.

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Two lectures were asked for and given ere we reached Aden, one in the first, one in the second cabin. It was a very legal steamer, with the Chief Justice of Bombay, Sir Basil Scott, on board, as well as several Madras Judges and the Advocate-General and some Counsel.

HOME AGAIN, *July 11th.*

We landed at Bombay on Friday, July 10th, and there I had a warm welcome and address from the Lodges of India, a big crowd of members and sympathisers filling the Gaiety Theatre to endorse it. Away once more to the station and into the special train for Madras, the dear Indian faces crowded together as we steamed away, and every smiling face and loving hand-touch seem to repeat: "You are again at Home." How strange is the subtle tie of love that binds the heart to one country above all the countries of the earth, that makes the very soil beloved, that thrills through every pulse with the sense of a common life, at the sight of a coloured crowd.

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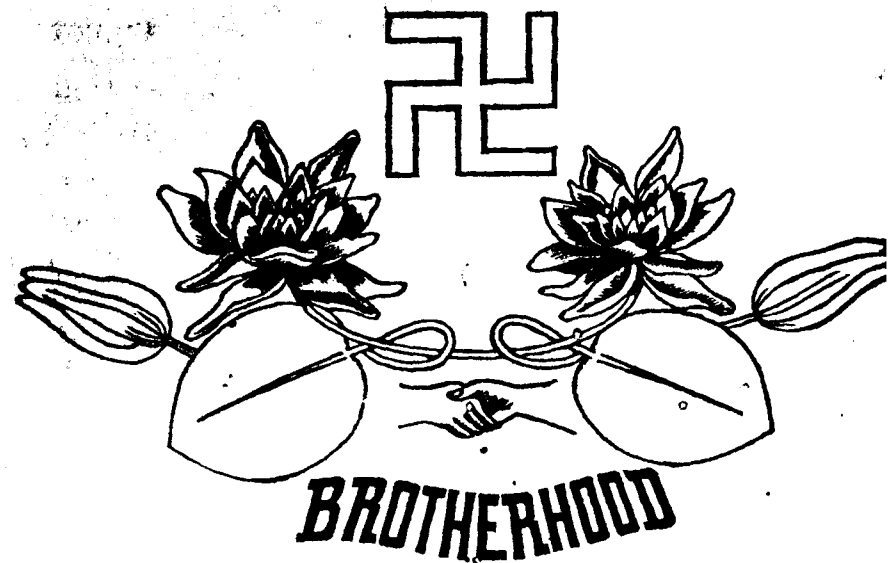
On the following day, Sunday, Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar took me to the hostel opened by the Young Men's Indian Association for the students of Pachaiyappa's College, the one specially assigned to our joint care. Then we went to those in George Town, cared for by Mr. G. A. Natesan and Rao Sāhab G. Soobhiah Chetty. Then into the Association building, growing into its new form, and the restaurant, very popular with the members. Lastly I went to the Triplicane Hostel with Rao Sāhab, and so again to Adyar. The Association is growing in strength and popularity, but the demand for hostels is greater than we can supply. The untiring work done by Rao Sāhab G. Soobhiah Chetty and by Mr. Govindaraja Mudaliar is beyond all praise, for they face the wearisome drudgery of detail without hesitation, and no work is too troublesome to be cheerfully executed. Through all

the summer months they have toiled unremittingly, and we all owe them our gratitude.

* * *

"Wisdom is justified of her children"—some day. But how slow is the justification in coming. Our splendid pioneer, H. P. Blavatsky, lies under a load of obloquy, hurled at her by ignorant and malicious men. But gradually one stone after another is being lifted off, and perhaps, in time, all will be removed. Much has been done to establish her knowledge by the more recent scientific discoveries, and now there appears in print Dr. Hodgson's frank confession of injustice done. (He said the same to me personally, many years ago.) Mr. Scott Craven, writing in *The Clarion*, states that "Richard Hodgson, an official investigator on behalf of the S.P.R., once told me that he had largely modified his opinion since making his report, fuller knowledge having brought him increasing humility." And Mr. Craven remarks: "Whether charlatan or not, if other 'charlatans' will give us literature as inspiring as *The Voice of the Silence* or as *Practical Occultism*, God rain down charlatans on us abundantly." Mr. Scott Craven here suggests a great truth. Men try to measure with their average yard-measures the giants of Occultism; their measures are meant for the ordinary stature of the everyday man. The Occultist's test is what of knowledge, what of encouragement, what of inspiration to noble living, he can give to the world. If he can pass this test, the less we judge him the better, lest in our narrow interpretations of the sin of blasphemy we may stone a Christ.

I have bought—not with my own money!—*The Madras Standard*, a daily paper founded in 1841. It had been going downhill for a long time, was often so badly printed that a whole column would be illegible, had no foreign news save that copied from other papers, and was generally in the lowest of low water. The purchase was made at railway speed, but in the nick of time, for its first work has been to raise a protest against the acceptance of the Government proposals, conditioning the grant of a Charter to the proposed Hindū University. These terms bind the University into complete subjection to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, making it a provincial Government University instead of a National one under Hindū control. In fact the control claimed is even greater than in the case of the official institution. If these terms be accepted, all the money collected will be diverted from the object for which it was given, and our Central Hindū College, carried on for India by labour and self-sacrifice, will be reduced to the level of the ordinary Government establishment. The plan should be resisted by every legitimate means, by legal action if practicable as well as by popular protests. Better to have no Hindū University than to have a shell, whence the spirit is fled. *The Madras Standard* has raised its voice, and a pamphlet reprinting the articles which have appeared can be had on sending one anna postage by all who have subscribed to the C. H. C. in the past, or more lately to the Hindū University.



REVIVAL OF PERSECUTION IN ENGLAND

By ANNIE BESANT¹

THERE have been one or two prosecutions under the Blasphemy Laws of late years, and a man was recently sentenced to imprisonment under this obsolescent statute. In view of the fact that men of high repute write books which prove them to be blasphemers and renegades in the legal sense of these unpleasant terms, and yet escape unscathed because they express themselves in refined and philosophical English, it is obvious that when men of little education use the language of their class in criticising Christianity and are thereupon imprisoned, the crime punished is not blasphemy but vulgarity, and the thing supposed to be defended by the punishment is not religion but good manners. On the other hand vulgarity is not an offence which should be punished with imprisonment, and is a

¹ I am writing this month on this subject of pressing importance instead of continuing the series on the 'Building of the Individual'; that will be resumed in our next month's issue.

social disadvantage which is a man's misfortune rather than his fault. To bring his form of expression under the statute, while permitting the essence of his remarks to go unpunished when voiced in elegant language, is class injustice of a serious character, and makes blasphemy prosecutions as hypocritical as they are cruel. A religion, which invites the cultured blasphemer to its drawing-room while it succeeds in imprisoning the uncultured, renders itself contemptible in the eyes of all honest men. Christians who love their faith should be the first to protest against its being dragged in the mud by such despicable procedure, and should earnestly press on their representatives in Parliament to abolish laws which can be used in fashion so repulsive.

During the last few weeks we have had two other examples of the use of old statutes to hinder freedom of opinion and the progress of thought. For the protection of ignorant servants and others who "cross the hand" of gipsies and other vagrants in order to have their fortunes told, a law was passed against fortune-telling, branding as rogues and vagabonds those who practised it. Under this law, Mr. Alan Leo was brought up in the Mansion House Police Court on May 6th last, for casting a horoscope.

The two summonses taken out were dismissed on technicalities, and the Lord Mayor, not having heard the defence, made the most improper remark that he had no doubt that Mr. Alan Leo told fortunes, *i. e.*, that he was punishable under the law as it stood. Another astrologer, brought up a little later, was convicted and sentenced to £25 fine, or alternatively to two months' imprisonment, and it was thus shown that the casting of horoscopes, in the view of a sapient magistracy, is a

punishable telling of fortunes. It is intolerable that the students of an ancient science, followed by many eminent men in the past and studied by many intellectual persons in the present, should be branded as criminal by magistrates, who may be learned in the law, but who are wholly ignorant of astrological science. Detectives in modern London play the part of inquisitors in the Middle Ages, and harmless men are haled into the police court as of old they were flung into the cells of the Inquisition. In modern England, police courts are being used to crush women who are seeking political enfranchisement, and respectable men who are pursuing an ancient and honoured art. They should keep to their proper work of preserving decency against the aggression of the indecent, and policemen should pick up the drunken and incapable, not execute warrants against astrologers.

Mr. Alan Leo is an astrologer of world-wide repute, and has followed astrological studies for some five-and-twenty years. By deep study and cautious work, he has much raised astrology in the estimation of the public, and he edits a journal of wide circulation and of ethical value. The casting of horoscopes is an integral part of astrology, and he is careful to point out to those who seek his help that the horoscope shows capacities, weaknesses and tendencies, throwing light on the character, and enabling the native to meet better the circumstances of life than he could meet them in ignorance of his own strong and weak points. I know personally Mr. Leo's methods, for he long ago cast my own horoscope and has since, from time to time, cast my progressed horoscopes. They are based on careful calculations of the effect of various solar, lunar, and planetary

influences, and are useful as showing the particular types of difficulties which have to be met and overcome at any particular time. I have personally no doubt that a properly calculated horoscope shows the conditions amid which one is working, and the favourable or unfavourable influences present at any given time. These are as much matters of calculation as the temperature favourable or unfavourable to the success of a chemical experiment. To forecast these conditions, brought about by the laws of nature and indicated by the relative positions of the sun, moon and planets, each radiating forth its own influence, is no more to "tell fortunes" than it is telling fortunes to say to an electrician: "Much moisture will be present in the air at that time, and you will not be able to make a spark flash across from pole to pole." All scientific knowledge enables its possessor to forecast the results of special combinations, and there can be no crime—other than an artificial one created by a stupid law—in sharing with other people, desirous of the information, the results of such combinations. Astrological calculations are worked out on a definite and well-recognised system, and are vitiated by any error in calculation or by any overlooking of factors present as would be any other scientific calculation.

In India, the horoscopes of any intending parties to marriages are always consulted. A father, seeking a bride for his son, will receive the horoscopes of the daughters of his friends, with a view to ascertaining the characters of those who seem suitable otherwise, and the girl's father will carefully study the character shown by the horoscope of his proposed son-in-law. If this be fortune-telling, it is fortune-telling of an innocuous

and even beneficial type. Is it fortune-telling to watch other indications of character as shown in conduct before entering on a marriage contract? Or is only this one method, proved by experience to be peculiarly reliable, to be punished under a law passed for another purpose, and stretched to include a scientifically calculated chart of disposition and character? The very wording of a horoscope is enough to differentiate its carefully drawn delineations of character and environment from the seeing by a gipsy of a rich and attractive suitor for the hand of an eager servant-maid.

The attempt to crush out the practice of 'Occult Arts' by police persecution is foredoomed to failure, but if persisted in may cause much temporary loss and annoyance to harmless and innocent people. The growing indifference to law in England—a dangerous and disintegrating feeling—is increased by every attempt to wrest the law away from its legitimate functions, and to make it an instrument of religious and political persecution. Law can only be honoured when it is fairly and impartially administered, and when it becomes a terror to the good instead of to the evil-doer its very foundation is threatened. Let us hope that the police will be instructed to devote themselves to their proper duties, and not to meddle with things which they cannot understand.

Annie Besant

THE MANU ON EDUCATION

By JOSEPHINE RANSOM

Learn the Dharma which is followed by the wise and good, by those ever free from spite and passion, and which is acknowledged by the heart.—*Manu*, II, 1.

IT is not the purpose of this short treatise to take into consideration how much or how little of the *Laws of Manu* are authentic, nor to trouble as to the date of their framing as judged by philological experts, but to try and express something of the spirit of those Laws—as far as one's understanding goes—where they deal with matters Educational.

We must begin with the first chapter of *Manu*, which some think is merely introductory, but in which we find some important instruction concerning human types. Great saints of old, we are told, came to the Manu, and with all due reverence said unto him: "Lord, deign to tell us in order the rules of all the castes, and of all the castes that arise between?" Here we need not at once think of Indian castes, and lightly dismiss the subject from our minds. According to *Manu*: *Whence, How and Whither* (other authorities are in conformity with this assertion), the caste-system was ordained about 8,000 B.C. But the early tribes to whom the Manu presumably issued His directions lived, we are told, some seventy or eighty thousand years ago. Into their souls were woven the ideals which were to persist till

they found fruition in the civilisations that have come and gone ever since. Obviously, then, we are to think, not of present day Hindū castes, but of the types of human beings that everywhere prevail to-day. As declared those ancient Wise Ones, only the Manu knew the purpose and meaning of every object in this whole Universe, and gradually men would reach to the same power of comprehension.

In stately phrase the Manu proceeds to recite the order of things—of their forthgoing by means of the activities of the great ministering Lords, of the waking of the worlds when the Divine Being awakes, and of their sleeping when He sleeps. Then Bhṛgu, great seer, takes up the count, and tells of the Manus and their cycles, and of the ages that come and go, periodic; of the creation of mind—from which is traced the establishing of selfhood in all things; of the Dharmas that were given unto the four types of mankind—Brāhmaṇa, Kṣhātrīya, Vaiśya, Shūdra. And in the midst of all these important and high mysteries, we find the first statements concerning the importance of the teacher.

For Brāhmaṇas the Dharma is study, teaching, sacrifice. The hint is pretty plain that only the experienced, and therefore the wise, should have charge over young people. It will be readily conceded that the true Brāhmaṇa is to be met with in every country, the real teacher who obeys his Dharma, reveals his caste and sacrifices his knowledge for the good of the child. "But of these typical Brāhmaṇas the best are the wise, and of the wise those who know their duty, and of those who know it, such as do it, and of those who do it, those who know the Veda" (*Manu*, I, 97). Here again, the Veda is not to be imagined as merely

that statement of Truth which forms the Sacred Scripture of the Hindūs; the Veda is Knowledge, the knowledge of the "Essence of Things," the interrelation of all things plainly visible to the spiritual sight of the "Seer".

How high a Brāhmaṇa should be on the ladder of human attainment we may gather from the following verses: "The birth of a Brāhmaṇa is a perpetual incarnation of Dharma; for he exists for the sake of Dharma, and for the existence of the Vedas" (I, 98). "When a Brāhmaṇa is born, he is born above the world, the chief of all creatures, to guard the treasury of Dharma" (I, 99).

It was the high duty of the Brāhmaṇa, the teacher, to explain the laws of life to the pupils. None other than he might do this work, none but he pure enough to be unbiassed seer of the great God's eternal Laws and explain them in terms understandable to his pupils. His qualifications are rated high in terms of purity and virtue: the earth is his for he is lord over himself, serene and self-controlled. Such, alone, may be styled by the holy name of "teacher".

The Manu makes some very important declarations about pupils—who they are and what they should become. Little is said of child-life till it arrives at pupilage. Presumably children were left to grow in grace and freedom for the first few years of life. At seven, Brāhmaṇas were to begin their studies. The future soldier and the future merchant were to begin at the ages of ten and eleven respectively. At these ages they were invested with the sacred-thread, and this investiture seemed to mark the commencement of the student-life. Evidently the idea was that according to the power and experience of the soul, so should be the

opportunity offered. The Brāhmaṇa mind and soul would be ready to assimilate and profit by teaching far earlier than those of the soldier or the merchant. It is very noticeable that a child or youth allowed to run excessively to games and physical exercise becomes dull of understanding. The virility of the future teacher was not to be expended in that way, it was to go to the making of brain power. The future soldier was to develop his virility into muscle and strength, and the future merchant was taught to keep alert in the affairs of men. Thus early were duties impressed upon the growing child and its faculties trained accordingly. Behind all education lay a plan and children were chosen with care and wisdom to play their parts in it. If any child among these types showed out special faculties then they were to begin their studies much earlier—at four, five, and seven respectively. We note in passing that the Manu counted age from the time of conception not of birth, the former being the beginning of a new life-cycle, the latter but one of the stages in it.

The Manu is emphatic that after the ages of sixteen, twenty-two and twenty-four years respectively, it is too late to take up the student-life. Then the mysteriously potent Gāyatrī mantra may not be communicated. And such benighted beings were to be regarded as not altogether respectable Āryans! It is quite clear that the Gāyatrī mantra affects the nervous system. Its special purpose is to stimulate creative activity on all planes, and in the young child who uses it there probably results an increase of spiritual power which will, magnet-like, draw to itself the activities of the rest of the nature. But when physical activities are already established and the magnet is set

low instead of high, the whole nervous system would doubtlessly quiver to a dangerous arousing of the baser elements, should the Gāyatrī's rhythmic vibrations steal along coarsened nerves, compelling them to some coarse expression. Mentally uttered, of course, the Gāyatrī is a plea to the High God to illumine human intelligence with divine knowledge. Again, the purity of childhood made the invocation safe and guided aright the budding powers of comprehension into high channels. Ideas would flow in undimmed by worldly experience and mould the lower mind and build a receptive brain; they would not be distorted, and therefore threatening, as might be the case in an older child already warped by contact with the world.

The clothing of students was distinctive. Garments were of hemp for Brāhmaṇas, flax for Kṣhattriyas and wool for Vaishyas; over these was thrown as covering skins of the black deer, ordinary deer or of goats. The idea was simplicity, cleanliness and appropriateness. The simple undergarment gave covering sufficient while the skin served as protection from cold, rain and so on. Special stress was laid on the staves that students carried, each having a particular wood according to his caste. They were emphatically "not weapons of offence against men," so must have served some especial purpose. As most of the teachers of the older days lived in or near forests the staves may have served as means of defence against the wild beasts inhabiting them. But they may have had other uses, possibly magnetic, which are not specified.

Teachers were supported by their pupils. Purity, simplicity of life, great learning, profound wisdom, unmistakable spiritual attainments—all these were the

possessions of the teacher in return for which their pupils sought out and offered reverently to him the necessities of life. The pupils had also to maintain themselves. With his staff ready, his young face turned to the sun (the giver of all things), and after having with reverent steps paced round the sacred fire (the mouth of the Gods in whose hands are held mighty secrets about man's being)—the lad went forth to seek alms. "Sir! give alms," pleaded the Brāhmaṇa; "Give, sir, alms," the Kṣhattriya; "Give alms, sir," the Vaishya. Very likely the arrangement of the words indicated the caste of the boy and the food supplied him would be in accordance with that. The same kind of food would not suit all three types alike, for they would be of different physical calibre.

It was appointed that the boy should first beg of his own kith and kin, to avoid any possible chance of having his feelings hurt and therefrom discover a dislike for this primary duty of the student-life. Babu Bhagavan Das draws a delightful picture of the results of this custom upon the life of a community.

There is the practice of true socialism, where every mother and every sister learns to look upon every dear student-beggar as her own son and her own brother; for if she gives food to the hungry child or brother of another, is not her own hungry child or brother being helped tenderly at the same time by another? And so the heart of every parent goes out to every child, and of every child to every parent, and affection reigns in the community and love suffuses and softens every life. And burdens are proportionately divided, and not felt but welcomed eagerly, for the capacities of every family are known, and no more students go to any than can be conveniently provided for by it. And, because the Great Father Manu has said that students must not take their food from the houses of the vicious and the sinful, and therefore the children will not come to them and do them the honour of accepting their food if they are not virtuous, therefore every home, for the sake of the children, strives to maintain its standard of dutifulness high.

By this simple device, of every student begging food from every other home than his own, the Great Progenitor binds together in one the hearts of all the families of the community, and consecrates the spirit in them, so it shines forth in the life of matter and joy becomes duty and love becomes law."—*The Laws of Manu in the Light of Theosophy*, pp. 152-153.

A fine picture of a remarkable ideal, evidently once a fact in practice!

Upon the return of the student the food was eaten, the body having been cleansed and the mind made cheerful. Care was taken to see that the students had the right kind of food, it was seemingly carefully apportioned according to the caste of the child; they were not forced to eat indiscriminately,—that would result in disturbing the characteristic balance of the whole physical nature, and, consequent upon that, mind and spirit would have a distorted, deranged mechanism through which to manifest. The Manu further declared that a happy frame of mind when eating conduced to the best results from food. The student was not to find fault with the food, but to rejoice and be satisfied and eat it gladly (II, 54). "For food that has been revered ever bestows strength and power; but that which has not been revered, if eaten, destroys both" (II, 54). Note, also, these instructions: "... Let him also not eat between times; let him not eat to excess, and let him not go with a morsel in his mouth" (II, 56). "Overeating is unwholesome, prejudicial to long life and attainment of heaven..." (II, 57). Are not these ancient rules of health, those of modern reformers in matters of hygiene?

Open air was an essential in the old Aryan methods of educating. Delightful glades were chosen as the scene of the school-life, not too far removed from the town whence bodily wants were procured, not too

deep in the forest where wild creatures abounded, but some beautiful spot, open to the sun, with the welcome shade of forest trees near by, and a spring or streamlet of pure water for frequent bathing and drinking. Huts were provided for inclement weather and for various other uses, but "out-of-doors" was the golden rule.

Teacher and pupil having taken up their sacred relationship, the first duty of the teacher was to instruct the pupil in ceremonial purity, and the religious exercises that took place morning and evening. Here we have a vivid picture of that most important of all things in the training of youth—the development of the religious nature. The day opens with the feeding of the deeper emotions—the inner craving after high and holy things—as lively a need in the heart of a child as in the heart of a grown-up. Sentences of deep import are repeated in sonorous tone with accompanying gesture. "Give the child only that which he can understand," says many an educator, impatient of the more hidden depths of consciousness in the child. "Give the child some great things to repeat," said the wise old Aryan instructors, "do not trouble to explain them, embed them deep in the young mind and they will be fructified of the divine that abides within, and bear fruit in wisdom and enlightenment as the child grows older and comes to have a trained brain through which they shall shine."

In the details which mark the hours of tuition one can readily see that they were directed ~~on~~, eliminating from the surroundings everything ~~towards~~ distracting. The child was attuned ~~to~~ gross or tionally, mentally and spiritually to ~~physically~~, emotionally, mentally and spiritually to ~~an exquisite degree~~—

a perfect instrument from which the teacher could draw the surest responses.

All the study was expounded from the Vedas. We might be tempted to think that the Vedas are hardly suitable as textbooks for a child; we have vague notions of them as being expositions of pagan lore, of how to worship a multitude of deities, of how to carry out magical practices. The Manu directed the use of three of the Vedas, and out of them grows directly all the knowledge of science, philosophy and righteousness of the Brāhmaṇa, all the right conduct and glorious chivalry of the Kṣhātrīya, the rules of warfare and wise statecraft, and the principles which guide the Vāishya through the mazes of commercial affairs, and the interaction of nature with all those things wherein men play their parts. All branches of knowledge emanate from the Vedas—religion, philosophy, science, astronomy, phonetics, geometry, philology, prosody, grammar, etc., etc.

The Manu is explicit about the nature of the senses and the necessity of controlling them. If the mind is controlled, then the senses are conquered—thus He goes at once to the root of the whole matter. One statement has passed into a proverb: "Desire never rests by the enjoyment of lusts, like as a fire of a surety increases the more as butter is poured into it" (II, 94). Also another statement: "If, among all the senses, one sense fails, by that his wisdom fails; as water escapes by one little hole from the leathern bag" (II, 99). One is reminded of Christian parables by the following words: "Where there are not virtue and wealth and suitable obedience, learning is not to be sown, just as good seed is not sown in barren soil" (II, 112).

"Rather a teacher of the Veda should die with his knowledge; even if in distress he may not sow it in wild salt soil" (II, 113).

Then comes a quaintly instructive story: Learning went to a Brāhmaṇa and said: "I am thy treasure! Guard me! Give me not to a scorner! so I shall be strongest! But him whom thou knowest to be a pure student, declare me to him, a Brāhmaṇa, a protector of this treasure, not self-willed."

Four grades of teachers were recognised by the Manu: (1) The teacher who invests the pupil with the sacred-thread, and teaches him the Vedas and the Upanishads—he is called Āchārya; (2) He who teaches parts of the Vedas, or Vedāṅgas (sciences)—he is called Upādhyāya; (3) He who performs the various rites that mark the early stages of life—he is called Guru; (4) He who performs special sacrifices as priest and ritualist—he is called R̥tōij. But, goes on the Manu, "an Āchārya (head teacher) surpasses in venerableness ten sub-teachers, a father one hundred teachers; but a mother surpasses one thousand fathers" (II, 145). Thus did the great Lawgiver estimate the influence of the mother over the child!

The spiritual teacher who leads others into the way of knowledge is pre-eminent in the Manu's estimation. A delightful little story illustrates the point: Āngirasa Kavi, a child, taught his elders, and said to them, "Children"—having received them as pupils by reason of his knowledge. They, indignant, asked the Gods about the matter; and the Gods having assembled, said to them: "The child has spoken to you correctly" (II, 151-2).

On the health and conduct of the student the Manu is quite severe. In food, in apparel, in action, in social

It will be noted that the Manu left out any question of the education of the Shūdras, the working population. Babu Bhagavan Das, in discussing this question, points out that they were treated as one treats the child in the home before the student days began. It was the duty of all to care for and protect the worker—as one would a child. The worker is regarded as the human-child for whom all human-adults are responsible. They were trained in their work, made skilled artisans in whatever they were engaged. Food for mind and soul was given them in the dramatic presentation of cosmogonical happenings as well as of history.

We see then how the Manu regarded the Āryan Race as a unit, how He laid His plans so that eventually there shall appear in the midst of men the fruits of the long, long preparation through which He leads His Race age after age. His plan has not failed; His children are still learning the lessons He set them and are not yet ready—save a few—to step out of student-life and be truly efficient co-workers with Him in the leading and guiding of the younger members of our humanity. Mrs. Besant has summarised the Manu's educational scheme in a few words:

The education of the child should be very largely one that seeks to give him opportunities of manifestation, rather than to impose on him methods of development. And until it is realised [as the Manu realised—J. R.] that the child is an Eternal Spirit, with powers and capacities of his own, not by forcing into a mould but to an individual growth, that the duty is reminder is to aid the growth and not to try to change it; words: "When understood, the whole educational system is going suitable obedience, good seed is not sown."

Josephine Ransom

THE HINDU PROBLEM IN CANADA

By HAMILTON R. MOHLER

NO thinking man or woman, seeing the signs of the times, can fail to understand, that unless the spiritually progressed people of the earth shall unite their forces, and by continued and unselfish spiritual effort counteract the mighty powers of evil now threatening the peace of the entire world, the situation must continually grow worse, until a storm of human passions and resentful retaliation must ensue.

Many are the legal, commercial, and political abuses that enable the existing condition to prevail. The observers of human progress note the strong undertide of spiritual force that is beginning to become so apparent, and which is causing the awakening of the masses to a perception of the great wrongs that underlie the present suffering. Many phases of these many abuses are visible all over the world.

I wish however to call attention to a special instance of this kind that has come under my observation, in which a somewhat unusual form of restraint is found; in which loyal subjects of a great nation, and followers of a pure religious faith—that exacts of its members moral and physical cleanliness, the practice of the virtues of a pure home life, loyal citizenship, and valorous service in time of war—are deprived of that right of living with their own wives and to them: privilege not withheld from the Japanese (11, 151-2). who enjoy the same chance for student the Manu el, in action, in social

the home-life of the Sikh approaches that of the Christian more nearly than that found in the followers of any other eastern religion, yet, prevented by a prejudice as blind as it is unjust, families are separated and the home-life, that very foundation of the British Empire, as it is of all governments, is made impossible.

The law requiring one continuous journey from India to Canada, as there were no lines of vessels making that trip, prevented others from coming and many acts of injustice have occurred as a result, notably that in which Mr. Ram Chand figured. It is the unequivocal testimony of employers of large numbers of labourers in the United States and Canada, that the Hindūs are among the best workmen they have ever employed. The Sikhs especially, says an article in *The Toronto World*, have proven themselves in every respect admirable subjects. They are highly civilised, markedly intellectual and their religious beliefs rank them with the most advanced nations.

In 1912 Canada admitted 11,932 Chinese and 2,986 Japanese of whom 1,037 were women; during the same period *one Hindū was allowed to land*. Said Dr. E. H. Lawson in 1913 as ship's surgeon on the C.P.R. S. S. *Monteagle* and later on the *Tartar* at the time of the greatest influx of Hindūs: "In making physical examination of passengers, though previously strongly prejudiced, I found the Sikhs 100 per cent cleaner in their habits, and freer from disease than perfect European steerage passengers. Altogether, Physical I rate me as a clean, manly and honest race." But the whole the Dominion Government passed led to shut out all immigrants

from British Columbia, to remain in force till March 1914. Yet recently in Ottawa, Premier McBride, it is said, caused it to be extended for a period of six months. Meanwhile, immigrants from other nations come in, constantly, *via* Halifax, Quebec or other eastern ports, the Hindū alone being debarred. Although Chief Justice Hunter in a test case supported the idea that the Hindūs are component parts of the British Empire, and therefore free to travel without let or hindrance, yet as it is now, they with their wives and children are absolutely debarred.

Says W. Dudlick John, B.A., in a recent article: "The Hindūs have a just grievance, civic, national, international, ethical and humanitarian. The ejaculatory and non-argumentative phrase, 'We don't want them here,' is un-British and not harmonious with the unity of the British Empire."

But why add more? Is it not too evident that here, in this land of enlightenment and prosperity a crime is being perpetrated against an innocent and blameless people? a crime almost worthy of the days of the Spanish Inquisition.

So much has been written and said on this subject, both at home and abroad, yet nothing has been done to relieve the situation. What will be the final ending of

Will justice at last be done?

Only the progressive spiritually minded people of this land must see to it that the home-life, at least, of these, our brothers, is made possible, that loving hearts of husband and wife, parent and child, be once more united and thus repay in part the load of karmic debt that must be the result of these unjust conditions.

H. R. Mohler

WHY THE WORLD DOES NOT UNDERSTAND¹*(Translated from the Italian by Johan van Manen)*

THERE is no doubt whatever that in the eyes of the world the coming of the Great Master will be considered a failure. It is uncertain, however, if the failure will create a stir, or whether it will simply meet with the indifference of the public. For many years after the Advent, it is certain that the failure will appear to be complete and the New Religion disposed of, in the same manner as all the other curious sects which swarm on this, and especially the other, side of the Atlantic. A limited few will more or less secretly nurse the tiny spark, which will burst into a new flame only when the New Religion has penetrated the masses and been rendered exoteric.

In order that these prophecies may not appear absurd, I will quote orthodoxy, and mention that to those who are accustomed to meditate upon the teachings of Mrs. Besant and to make them their own, two counsels concerning the way to attend and prepare for the Coming of the Christ, are singularly suggestive. The first—not definitely stated, but clearly suggested to the readers and hearers of her two latest lectures—is the warning to prepare ourselves for great difficulties, and to see also the protagonist of the approaching drama being combated, and apparently defeated. The second, repeated again and again, is to study the previous manifestations of the Great Ones of Religion. Further,

¹ *Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana*, Vol. VIII, No. 5, May 1914. This beautiful and suggestive article appeared anonymously. To our regret we are therefore unable to mention the author's name.

we should not forget (a third counsel which I permit myself to add to the two others of so much greater authority) that the New Religion must feed millions of souls.

From all this, it should be clear that the phenomenon which already has shown itself many times, will be repeated—that phenomenon through which it has become possible to deny even the existence of Jesus, so weak was the immediate echo of his words on the tempestuous ocean of Imperial Rome.

Such a phenomenon is due to many causes: the oral teaching, a tradition never violated by the great Beings (which in our present days also would not procure by means of our journalism anything more than an ephemeral survival for the words of the Master); the nature of the doctrines taught which are so old to every one's heart, that it seems useless to record them, and at the same time so new that they cannot at once be assimilated by the masses; but, above all, the moral and spiritual elevation of these very doctrines, which will only render them accessible to the legions of the intellectual plebs, when a certain manipulation on the part of less-elevated people has soiled them enough to make them human; when the mists of the years, of the imagination, and of lies, have veiled the heavenly glow.

The religion of the future therefore, will be something very different from what we hope for, and dream of to-day: it will not be the circle of a certain moral and mental aristocracy, as the Theosophical Society might be, but a true and proper Church, which will have its temples, its altars, its rites, to speak to the millions of the faithful, in humbler and more concrete forms, in parables, which will constitute its dogmas.

And this is no evil, on the contrary it will be a very great good. It is what has happened, and what will happen, who knows how many times more, as long as the lower ranks of our present humanity have not reached a stage of evolution at which they can throw exoteric forms overboard.

A limited circle, the Theosophical Society, will hide perhaps for a few centuries the tiny flame under the bushel. Then there will be born in the New Religion the present positivists, who are simply the Athanasii who have killed esotericism in the Christian Church, and who will excommunicate their precursors—the eternal rebels against exoteric dogma and custodians of the tradition. A myth, consisting of an atom of truth, a molecule of symbol, and a mountain of lies, inventions and legends, will take form; and the masses will believe in it. The rôle of the pioneers will be finished; they will disappear in the crowd, linked together by an invisible bond, silently to continue the work, and to find each other again at the preparation of a new step in advance of Truth.

The undeniable uneasiness of some faithful Theosophists, caused by the recent prophecies concerning the Christ, springs from their not having understood what is being prepared. But no less mistaken is the position of those who believe literally and blindly—I might say exoterically—in the near advent of certain definite happenings. In reality, the experience of history and the works of our leaders, teach us that that which is in process of preparation is *the construction of a myth*—the myth which will serve as the basis for the Religion of centuries to come. That the Christ already *hides now* in that myth, is no article of faith. He will inspire

the future Religion when it comes into existence. But the conception which the hosts of His faithful cherish of His coming, will be so far away from the truth, and, above all, from things as they now appear to the world, that I venture to say that the present details have no importance whatever, in comparison with those more or less fantastic, and more or less twisted conceptions, regarding His approaching coming, which will crystallise later.

It is an error, due to lack of reflection, to believe that the task of the Messiah will be so easy as to permit Him to overcome without strife the obstacles which will arise; to convert *en masse*, not only the few thousands of hearers, but the multitudes who cannot approach Him. If this were so, there would be no necessity to prepare the field for Him, and those who know would not then insist so strongly on the necessity for great and intense labour. In reality, the world will only become aware that He has been there, when His coming has already become involved in uncertainty, when the details have already become legendary. It will be the work of centuries to construct His mystical and symbolical figure. And the religious epopee, profiting by the effacing effect of time on the angularities which hurt and repel so many among us, will help this work. It is wise for the sculptor—to whom the execution of a statue which has to be raised up on the pinnacle of an edifice is entrusted—to use a much stronger and heavier technique, than when his statue has only to be erected on the level ground. The same happens now amongst us: the work is being performed in its broad outlines, without attention to the completeness of the details. This hurts those who see the outline from too near, from a too immediate

view, which therefore is a wrong one. But when the image of the Christ appears on the pedestal of the centuries, with history for its background, in the poetry of the past and the uncertain, then the whole will appear complete and organic, like the statue which glitters on the pinnacle of a temple.

It is difficult for us, living and feeling in this ideal world, to appreciate the necessity of postponing the view of the Christ for perhaps a century or so, and it must be impossible for people living outside our circle, who do not admit that the work is for those who come after us, and who demand that the spectacle shall be dedicated to the actor on the stage itself.

As I have used these rough but effective similes, I shall not be thought irreverent in saying, in order to explain myself more clearly, that we are assisting at the preparations for the theatrical make-up of the Christ. To see a theatrical actor from near-by with his face completely plastered with rouge, powder, and lamp-black, is horrible, and yet the make-up is necessary in order that he may present himself before the footlights. The Christ will "make Himself up" for the centuries to come. To us, His coryphees on the stage of the present, this will perhaps seem anti-æsthetic and repugnant, because we shall not understand the necessity for it, and so much the less will the masses understand it, who, though moving on the same stage, do not take a direct part in the action. The spectators, that is the future generations, on the contrary, will be totally absorbed in the plot of the drama, and will see beauty and depth of the expression in what to us seems ridiculous.

of ce. I have said that this comparison, though audacious, now in irreverent. It may be considered in bad taste, I

do not deny, but it serves to explain an historical process, exemplified by all the great heroic and sacred figures of humanity, who have always been uncomprehended by their contemporaries in proportion as they were destined to throw their shadows further over the succeeding centuries. For the rest, the august origins of the theatre, and the nobility of the art, save me from the accusation of irreverence. *Il n'y a pas de grand homme pour son valet de chambre!*¹ Blessed the *valet de chambre* of this Great One amongst men, if he understands that the human pettinesses—which will constitute precisely the heavy burden to be borne by the humanised Christ—will disappear in his historical transfiguration; and if he does not, after the manner of a slavish soul, seize upon these in order to believe Him small!

Therefore, it is necessary to insist on this: the Christ made flesh will submit to human necessities and thus will perhaps create disillusionment in those who may have clothed Him in pure poetry. And, already this slight discontent is to be seen in many who do not understand a preparation so prosaic, so full of detail, and so rich also in crude externals. They forget that all the great figures of history have had to submit to the inexorable law of matter, and that the distance of centuries has eliminated the prosaic and common elements from their lives, only to preserve their mystic poetry.

The coming of the Christ is, to use a fashionable phrase, an event *en grand stile*. But even the 'grand manner' had recourse to technical artifices, though it knows how to mask these and render them invisible in the completed work. Thus the yearned-for coming will show the grandeur of its style only in the completed

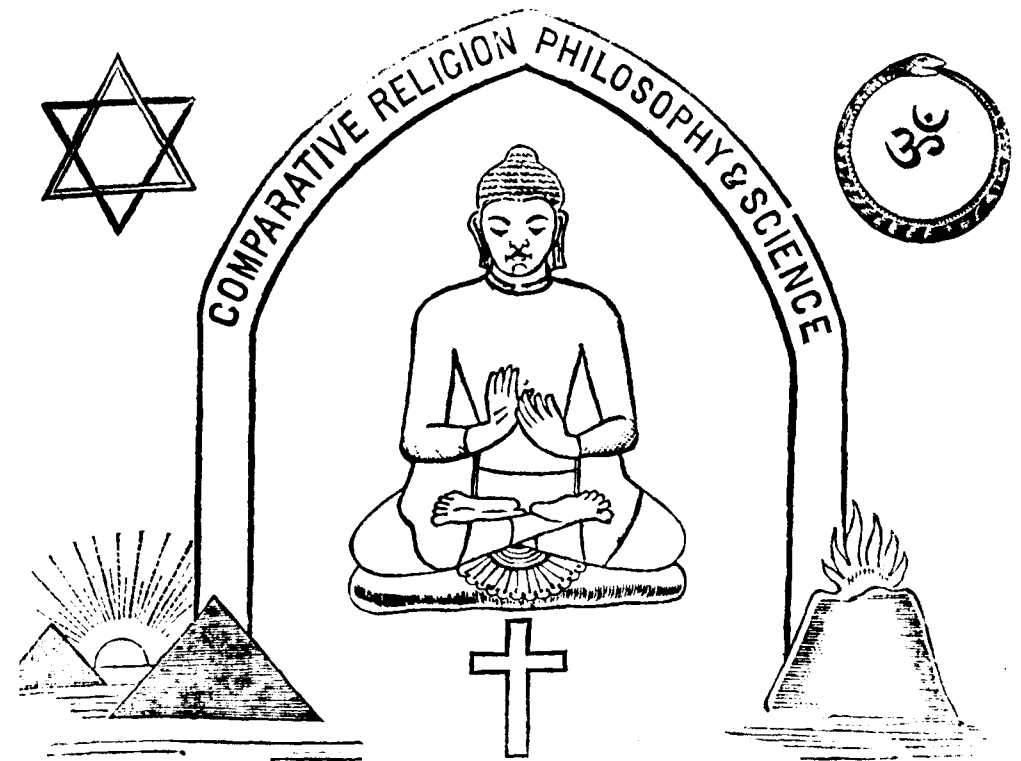
¹ No man is a hero to his valet.

work, after some centuries. Therefore the present world cannot understand that its rôle is not that of those who are willing to understand the development of the entire drama, or of those who are secondary actors. But the drama has as its theatre the whole world, and is destined for the spectators of the distant future. We observe from too short a perspective, from below upwards as it were. A few centuries hence, we too shall be amongst the public and then we shall forget our small part in looking at the whole scene.

For the moment, the drama which is about to conclude on the stage of the world, is still that of some two thousand years ago, and we scarcely yet understand its plot. The public no longer sees whether the make-up of the represented Christ is a falsification of paint and the play of lights. The Actor prepares himself to represent another drama: He will always be the same, and the means for making Himself up in a new aspect, for a new part, will also be the same.

Occultists try and seek to serve the Actor, and do not pay any attention to the paint. The public is interested in the fate of Hamlet and Othello; it believes their adventures real; it follows them intensely; it hisses and it applauds. But he who has donned the costumes of Hamlet and Othello, is not only an actor but a Man, who recites in order to move the simple public, or to make it laugh, who has a home and lives at quite a distance from the theatre.

Let us see to it that He shall obtain a success at the next representation: the public will perhaps applaud the interpreting hero; we shall count on the affection of the Artist.



THE ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET

By HERBERT BAYNES

FEW problems are more fascinating than those which deal with the rise and growth of Reason. Since the days when Plato wrote his *Kratylos*, the famous dialogue on the derivation and meaning of words, some of the best minds in Europe have been occupied with the beginnings of speech and the genesis of thought. How, at the first, were concepts framed and named, and, having been formed, how were they

communicated from one mind to another? One can well imagine how the early dwellers upon earth might converse by gesture, but this would necessarily be a limited conversation. The real problem arises when it is a question of the passing from the concrete to the abstract. When man ceased to make a bird's bill with two fingers in front of his lips and to flap with his arms in order to express *goose*, and began to use the word instead, we have a transition of vast significance and importance. In the same way, when, instead of drawing a picture of the bird, mankind began to write *hamisa*, *anser*, *chén*, *gans*, *goose*, there was an intellectual development almost without parallel in human history. No wonder our Teutonic forefathers called letters 'runes,' secrets, the man who could read them a *rūna* or wizard, the woman who could understand them, *alrūna*, the prophetess.

As is well known, our alphabet came to us from the mother of cities, with Roman civilisation, but the Romans were not its inventors. It came to Rome from Cumae, where, for the first time, it appears in almost its present form. To this once flourishing city it was brought from Greece, but the Greeks had received it in another form from the Phœnicians, and there may be good ground for believing that it came to Phœnicia from Egypt. The word *alphabetum* is used by Tertullian and St. Jerome, and Juvenal speaks of the A. B. C. of Roman girls as an alphabet. And, although we do not find the noun *Alphabêton*, a Greek comedian named Philyllius, who flourished in 392 B. C., makes use of the privative compound adjective, *Analphabêtos*, in the sense of a man who does not know the first two letters.

The Roman historians seem to have taken great interest in the question of the origin of the letters. In the eleventh book of the *Annals*, for instance, Tacitus says: "The form of the Latin letters is the same as that of the most ancient Greek." And Pliny asserts that "the original Greek alphabet was nearly the same as the present Latin, as appears by the Delphic inscription". According to Pliny and Solinus the first to carry letters into Italy were the Pelasgi, who had been driven out of Thessaly and, about the year 1476 B. C., had settled and built cities in the district between the Tiber and the Liris.

As to Greek tradition there can be no question, for Herodotus tells us: "The Phœnicians who came with Cadmus (1257 B. C.) as they brought other knowledge into Greece, so they likewise introduced letters, which, it seems to me, were not in Greece before." Indeed at one time the word *phoinikizein* was used in the sense of *anagnôskein*, to read. But the best proof of the borrowing by the Greeks is found in the names of the letters themselves, which are not Āryan but Semitic. And just as the Tell-el-Amarna tablets have shown that the cuneiform script was the means of communication between the dwellers in Mesopotamia and those in the valley of the Nile, so the Greek alphabet shows that in very early times there was considerable intercourse between Semites and Āryans.

At different times in the world's history both Babylonia and Egypt held sway over those parts of Asia to which the Phœnicians had access and would be likely to visit, and this fact has led Assyrian scholars to look to Mesopotamia as the home of letters, whilst those whose studies have been mostly Egyptian have

found it in Egypt. And though at first sight it may seem strange that an Aryan people should borrow an alphabet from Semites who wrote from right to left, we must remember that the earliest inscriptions found on coins and monuments, both Greek and Latin, are written in this way, and that at least one Aryan language, the ancient Bactrian or Zend, has always been so written.

Now, the oldest forms of Semitic letters with which we are acquainted are the Phœnician characters of the Moabite Stone, the date of which is about 900 B. C. The next question is, therefore, to find out alike the form, the name and the meaning of these letters.

The first is called *Aleph*, meaning an ox, and is represented thus , a form in which one can still trace an  ox's head with horns and ears. Other forms are: Hieroglyphics , Samaritan , Hebrew , Aramaic , Estrangelo , Palmyrenian , Cypriote  and three forms of the wedge-shaped characters of Mesopotamia, namely, ,  and ; Hittite , and Sanskrit , Telugu and Kanarese .



The second letter is called *Bêth*, which means a House, and by its form  we can see at least the roof and one side of such

an object. Hieroglyphic  and Demotic

 represent a more 'primitive kind of building. Early Hellenic  and the Roman B have turned the house into a

double cottage, but the dwelling best known to the Phœnicians was doubtless a tent, and it is a tent which the form of the letter most resembles.



Both in form and name it is not difficult to recognise in *Gîmel*, the Camel: at all events the head and neck. 



That the Phœnicians meant a tent by the second letter seems clear from their framing of the fourth,  *Daleth*, a Door; obviously the opening to such an erection.



There may perhaps be some doubt as to the exact meaning of *Hê* , but Gesenius gives it as Lattice or window, and this is what it is most like.

The next letter, *Vâv*  means a Hook and represents one of the pegs or pins which fastened the tent to the ground.

It is by no means easy to say what kind of arm *Zain* is intended to resemble, but it certainly indicates a weapon of no mean calibre:



An enclosed field or one of the hurdles of a fence is indicated by *Chêth*, an enclosure.



The next letter is particularly interesting and important. It may be described as the Semitic cerebral *par excellence*, and, though it is not found on the stone of King Mesa, it does occur in other inscriptions. *Têth* means a Snake, and in its Hebrew, Kufic and Estrangelo forms is easily recognisable as such:



U, *L*, *f*; Samaritan *V*.

In its Hebrew form *Yod* is the smallest letter in the alphabet. The meaning is



a Hand, and we can still see in the Phœnician and Samaritan characters, which are both a good size, two fingers and part of the arm:

Z, *M*.

Kaph also means a Hand but, apparently, in a bent condition, showing three fingers:



y; Egyptian *L*.

Lâmed is an Ox-goad, and the letter faces sometimes to the right, as in Hieroglyphics



and Phœnician to the left,



,and occasionally as in Hieratic



and Hebrew



Mêm means water, and in nearly every language the letter is indicated by a wavy line or lines:



u, *u*, *u*, *u*.

u, *M*, *u*.

Nûn is a Fish in Egyptian, and reduced to one of the eel type in Phœnician *y*. In all the Semitic languages this is the meaning of the word by which the letter is known.



Sâmek is a Prop, in Phœnician supporting a trellis *f*, in Egyptian *L* something more substantial.



Ain is an Eye, both in shape and meaning: Egyptian , Phœnician , .

Pé is a mouth , and in this case the Hebrew character  is more like its meaning than the Phœnician, .

Tsádhé is a Fish-hook , .

Koph in its Arabic form means the *back of the head*, and this is probably what it meant

in Hebrew and Phœnician:   .

, .

Résh also means Head, but most likely a profile, as the character faces to the right in Egyptian and to the left in Phœnician:

  .

Shín is a Tooth. In Old Greek and Ancient Italic the letter is very like this object:

  In Hebrew and Phœnician it seems to be inverted:

In Etrurian it is sideways, , , not altogether unlike the Roman: , S.

Tāv, like our own , is a Crop: in Phœnician , in Old Italic   , in Palmyrenian .

Now, it might well be possible occasionally to find resemblances to other things, but that the letters of the alphabet are derived from pictures by gradual deterioration and simplification seems abundantly clear. The next question is: what are the steps by which a picture which represented an object to the eye came to stand as the symbol of a sound? If in Phœnician, Hebrew and Arabic *Alph* meant an *Ox*, how did it come to stand as the first letter of the alphabet?

The researches of anthropologists have shown that, in order to understand primitive culture or the manners and customs of mankind in its early stages, we cannot do better than study the arts and habits of those of the lowest culture in our own day. What, then, are the means used by savages and such as are both deaf and dumb in order to express thought?

By savage tribes all over the world as well as by children of the civilised who cannot speak, the medium of communication used is picture-writing and gesture-language, which may be described as the two sides of the same mental curve. The Indians of North America have brought this pantomimic intercourse to a remarkable degree of development. Their system of signs is intelligible alike to the deaf-mutes, the Laplander, the Chinese and the dusky dweller of Hawaii. To beckon toward oneself means "come," a gesture which civilised man also makes when he cannot speak. The sign for mounting a horse or riding is to make a

pair of legs of the two first fingers of the right hand and to straddle them across the left forefinger. "To see" is expressed by darting the two first fingers from the eyes. In another dialect of this language of nature, that of those who neither hear nor speak, we find similar devices. The pronouns, for instance, are expressed in the following way: push the forefinger against the pit of the stomach for "I"; toward the person addressed for "Thou"; point the thumb over the right shoulder for "He". And it has been found that in a school for the deaf and dumb a savage from any part of the world can both understand and be understood.

Nor is this all. The pictures first formed in the air would soon come to be cut into the rock, the bones of the reindeer or the bark of a tree. On the face of a rock on the shore of Lake Superior is a picture recording an expedition across the lake led by a renowned Indian Chief name Mjingun, Wolf, who is represented on horseback. Above the Chief are five canoes and on his right are a tortoise and an arch with three suns underneath, indicating that a landing was effected on the third day. And the tone-artist amongst the Redskins made use of precisely the same means to represent his compositions, so that both ideas and music were originally expressed pictorially.

We know, moreover, that an untaught man amongst ourselves occasionally resorts to ideograms when he finds himself obliged to put his thoughts or claims upon paper. For instance, a bricklayer once made out a bill in the following way: he drew three figures, two large and one small, a window of four panes of glass with a dot in three, two capital Ys and two crosses which

meant that he had employed two men and a boy for three quarters of a day, that two hods of mortar had been used, and that the amount of his bill was ten shillings and ten pence. As soon as it was settled the bricklayer added to his pictures that of a man hanging from the gallows!

Being based upon the gesture-language common to all mankind ideography is intelligible to all, whether found in Mexico or Egypt, in Babylonia or China. Take for instance, the signs for Sun, Hand, Fish:

Egyptian:



Chinese:



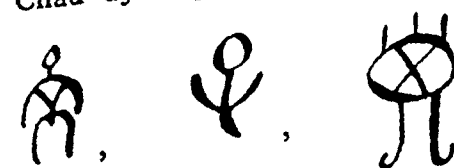
Babylonian:



According to Mr. Boscawen these are the oldest forms of these objects in Babylonian, although one would hardly recognise them in their cursive Cuneiform character. A similar simplification has taken place in Chinese. During the Chau dynasty the character for

'Son' or 'Boy'

was drawn thus:



whereas to-day
it is only this:



Thus the stages of the evolution of writing are the following: the hieroglyphic or pictorial; the hieratic or semi-pictorial; and the cursive or practical, in which there is a mere outline of the original object and not always even that. But we must remember that, though

the picture disappears the sound remains, even after the former has become a mere letter of the alphabet. It is true that the Hebrew names of the letters have slightly been modified in Arabic, Bêth becoming Bâ or Bè, Dâleth Dâdd, and Lâmedh Lâm, but there is no doubt as to identity of origin.

Having traced the letters of the Alphabet back to a Semitic original we have to ask: Were the ideograms invented by the Phœnicians or did they borrow them from the hieroglyphics of Egypt? Professor Sayce considers that the Phœnician characters may be derived from the Egyptian hieratic, his view being that the shepherds and cowherds of Phœnicia and Palestine who came to the Delta about 2,700 years before the Christian era with the traders of Tyre and Sidon, carried back with them 22 characters from the Egyptian system. He admits that the names prove them to have been of pictorial origin and thinks that the Semitic dialect from which the names were derived was perhaps a Canaanite one, spoken in Northern Syria by a semi-nomad people which knew the ox and the camel.

Now it seems to me that there is no need to go to Egypt for an explanation. We have found picture-writing not only in China but also in Babylonia as well as Egypt. And if, as M. Renan held, the Phœnicians were the first to leave the cradle of the Semitic race, somewhere in Mesopotamia, they would probably take with them the hieroglyphs used by the Akkadians. In a recent article on this subject in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society Dr. Hirschfeld writes: "The independent origin of the Phœnician alphabet has not, as yet, been irrefutably disproved, and there is no sufficient reason to deprive the Phœnicians of the credit

of having provided the world with a serviceable mode of writing."

The real difficulty is to find out why the beginning of the alphabet should denote objects implying a pastoral life, the middle a fisherman's or sea-faring occupation, and the end various parts of the body. We have heard a good deal lately about the astral theory and the signs of the zodiac, and there is at least one authority who does not hesitate to find the origin of the alphabet in the contemplation of the stars. When the Chaldæans considered the heavens it was the moon which struck them first, so *Aleph*, "the head of the Bull," became its symbol, *Bêth* one of its stations, whilst *Dâleth* was the gate between the constellation of Taurus and the Milky Way and *Ain* the eye of Taurus, etc. This at all events is the view of Prof. Fritz Hommel: "One should," he says, "particularly observe *Aleph* and *Bêth* as overture and *Shîn* and *Tâv* as finale of this grand astral symphony, which, like the music of the spheres from remote times, even now strikes the ear at the recitation of the alphabet as soon as our senses are but properly attuned to understand it." As Dr. Hirschfeld truly says: "This sounds grand enough, but the theory is poetic rather than convincing."

On the whole I am inclined to think that the Phœnicians began with the Ox, the Tent, and the Camel because, these objects were the most familiar and really represented their wealth; that when they became a sea-faring and commercial people they added the signs for *Sea* and *Fish* and ended by introducing parts of the human frame as being intelligible not only to themselves but to all with whom they might come into contact. The tradition handed down by Sanchoniathon

is that letters were invented by a Phœnician named Tautus about 2178 B. C., and I quite agree with Mr. George St. Clair when writing on this subject: "I have a notion that this god who is the author of letters is not far from every one of us. To his names Teth, Tet, Taartus, Taut, Thoth, Tot, I would add the English name Thought; thought is the parent of language, the idea is the father of the ideograph."

Herbert Baynes

A PROPHET OF PERSIA

By ERIC HAMMOND

Author of *The Splendour of God, The Bahai*

Movement [Wisdom of the East Series]

THROUGH century after century, sages and seers of the Orient have inspired western minds with philosophic food for thought and impulse. The Vedānist and the Zoroastrian, the Muhammadan and the Buddhist, each of these has contributed some signal service towards the general uplift of humanity. Nor are these alone. That pregnant phrase "Out of the East comes Light," has proved potentially true. The fountain of Eastern Wisdom has from time immemorial refreshed and revived the spiritual streams of the world, and the source from which that fountain springs still flows with vital force.

London is naturally a centre towards which leaders of thought find themselves attracted, and their creeds or systems are, sooner or later, stated in that city, by the printed or spoken word. In London, as also in Paris, in New York and elsewhere, a Persian prophet, Abdul Baha, has recently received appreciative hearing. Audiences have welcomed him in churches, lecture-halls and drawing-rooms. Nearly seventy years old, he carries himself with aristocratic dignity and grace. He is possessed of singular courtesy and appealing charm. His countenance discloses the beauty of a soul made perfect through suffering, a suffering borne for the welfare of others than himself.

Of medium height, with clear direct eyes, finely cut nostrils, grey-white hair and beard; wearing garb of Persian pattern, a white turban and "raiment of camel's hair," he claimed and acquired reverential admiration. His message was an earnest urgent appeal for unity. His mission made for universal peace. He bade all men look towards and follow the Light from heaven which shines within.

He said: "War must cease. Let us be united and love one another. We know the evil effects of war; let us try peace as an experiment. If we see that unity brings light, we shall continue it." Again: "Search for truth. Seek the realities in all religions. Put aside all superstition. Many of us do not realise the reality of all religions." And, again: "The guidance of God is that which will always lead people in the right way; close your eyes to racial differences and welcome all with the light of Oneness. This handful of dust, the earth, is one home; let it be in unity. Each man is of a truth a Son of God. Each creed is founded upon faith in God. The basis of unity lies in that Sonship and in that faith, and no external divergence can destroy the one or the other. The garments of God's Messengers differ, but their attributes are the same; they bear the light on high."

These three sayings supply the key-notes of our prophet's purpose, Unity, Peace, and the Light or Guidance. They are characteristic of the Bahai movement.

In connection with that movement we must refer especially to three persons, The Bab, Baha'u'llah, and Abdul Baha Abbas. (1) Ali Mohammed, "The Bab," proclaimed himself at Shiraz as the forerunner of

One whom God would manifest; One who would preach and teach with consummate power, and who would lead heedful listeners into the very heart of God. He, himself, spoke of love from all to all; of perfect equality, as intellectual beings, of women and men; of all-pervading charity and righteousness of life. He was denounced as a heretic by priests and governors and, in 1846, he earned the halo of martyrdom, being shot by order at Tabriz. History records the painful persecution of 20,000 of his followers called Babis. (2) Mirza Hussein Ali, "Baha'u'llah," comes second in succession. Born at Teheran in 1817, son of a Vizier, he was noble, wealthy, and immeasurably generous. Unfailing sympathy with, and affection for, his fellow-citizens endeared him so greatly to them that they called him the Father of the Poor. An ardent disciple of the Bab, devoted to the cause of the Babis, he endured imprisonment with others at Teheran and Baghdad and, being accused of political revolt, he was summoned to Constantinople. No charge could have been more absurd, since these pious people were interested only in holiness of being and in the exercise of charity and universal goodwill. From Constantinople Baha'u'llah and his faithful friends were hailed to Adrianople and, finally, incarcerated at Akka, a small fortress notorious for malaria. *En route* to Constantinople, in 1863, Baha'u'llah announced himself, to a select few, as "The One who should come," the manifestation of Him, whom, according to the Bab's prophecy, God would reveal. His announcement was acclaimed with glad joy and a corresponding access of enthusiasm. Persecution, borne with wonderful fortitude and constant courtesy, added impetus to the movement. The execution of many resulted in the

conversion of many more ; confiscation of property and loss of life confirmed the Babis in their opinions. Their reverence for Baha'u'llah brought about a change in their designation. The "Babis" become "Bahais".

At Akka, seventy of them were crowded into two rooms. Their bearing, under harsh discipline and discomfort, the complete consistency of their life with the Light which they professed to follow, disarmed prejudice ; the various authorities of the fortress learned to admire and esteem them. Seven years of close confinement were followed by some amelioration of their condition and they were permitted to dwell outside Akka but within eighteen miles of its walls. Meanwhile Baha'u'llah cheered, comforted and taught, and, from the prison city and its vicinity, his unceasing cry for Unity, Peace, and Light, made itself heard in all quarters of the civilised world. Venerable and venerated, he "passed over" in 1892, the mantle of his spiritual insight alighting upon his son, long known as Abbas Effendi, now everywhere recognised as (3) Abdul Baha. The hundreds of Babis of early days have multiplied, now, into millions. Baha'u'llah selected his successor with unfailing insight. Abdul Baha appropriated the burden of the prophecy. Born amid the suffering of his people, upborne by absolute assurance of faith, he supported the Bahais throughout the austerities of their mutilated existence at Akka. Administrative changes, happy for him and them, have at last allowed him to move beyond the limitations that confined him. His adventures in Europe and America have afforded opportunities for personally conveying his message to the West ; his message of "The Most Great Peace," of the divine origin and Unity of mankind, and of practical attendance on the guiding Light, "the Glory of the Glory of God".

Eric Hammond

MYSTICISM AND ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY

By REV. J. J. B. COLES

THE Initiation of the Apostle Paul into the highest order of Mysteries relating to God, Christ and the Universe, is recorded in the second Epistle to the Corinthians and in the Epistle to the Ephesians.

The risen and glorified Son of Man, the Lord Jesus Christ, who had been raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, was the true inner life of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. It was no longer Paul's old self or his "transcendental ego" that he counted his true life, but the risen Christ in heaven who now lived in him.

The Lesser and Greater Mysteries of the East and West were now surpassed and superseded by a Third Order of Mysteries—and without Initiation into this third sphere, "on-high," far above all heavens, where Christ is at the right hand of God, the "deeper things" of esoteric Christianity could not and cannot be apprehended either by intuition or by intellect, but by the Spirit alone, who searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

The Son of God, by whom and for whom all things had been created, had by His Cross triumphed over and led captive all the hostile principalities and powers in heavenly places and was (and is now) seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

To the Apostle Paul was granted the position of a wise Master-builder, and to him was the special privilege given of making known, by the guidance and power of the Holy Spirit, the great and hitherto "hidden" and unrevealed mystery of Christ and the Church in connection with God the Father's purpose as to the future government not only of the Millennial heavens and earth, but also of the vast Universe of God.

This third sphere of the glories of the Lord Jesus Christ which is specially unfolded in the later Epistles of the Apostle Paul, is the key to the deep esoteric teaching of this great Initiation.

No wonder that writers on esoteric Christianity utterly fail in their attempts to place Confucius, Zoroaster, Buddha and Kṛṣṇa on a level with the God-Man, the Lord Jesus Christ!

Vain indeed are the efforts to separate His deity (theotes) from His holy humanity—by talking of the "Historical," the "Mythic," and the "Mystic" Christ.

The glory of His Person is wonderful and its nature inscrutable, so that it cannot be explained away by writers on Theosophy, Mysticism, Occultism and Transcendental Metaphysics.

The transcendent glories of the Risen Christ, to whom every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, things on earth and things under the earth, cannot be dimmed by those who have been deceived by the spiritual agents of a revived Gnosticism or of an esoteric Buddhism.

"Ye shall be as Gods," was Lucifer's offer to Eve in the garden in Eden, and we see how potent still is this temptation in the present crisis of a reaction from a gross materialism to a still more dangerous Mysticism.

in the case of some of Eve's most talented and thoughtful daughters.

"The serpent beguiled me and I did eat," was the sorrowful answer given by the woman in that far-off day.

"The Serpent beguiled Eve by his subtilty," "thoroughly deceived her," writes St. Paul—stating a plain fact apart from all allegorical application. But the "Seed of the woman," the Lord Jesus Christ, "beheld Satan as lightning fallen from heaven". May not the time be near when we shall be able to say: "The days are at hand and the effect of every vision"?

J. J. B. Coles

AN OUTLINE OF ESSENISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

I. SOURCES

NO one outside the Community seems ever to have known what Essenism really meant. In a sense this is natural, because secrecy as to the important elements of the sect was sworn before entering the third degree, in which degree only were taught all the doctrines forming their religious system. Even so, we do not understand why there should be so much mystery about the sect which numbered probably several thousand members. We do not know who founded it; we are ignorant of the principles which inspired its foundation, although many theories have been advanced, as we shall see later on. As to the doctrines, certain limited information has come to our knowledge which is to be found in books not dealing specially with the subject but yet devoting a few pages to it. Josephus mentions the existence of books of the Essenes¹ but not a fragment of these remains to us. The theory that the Essenes were the forerunners of Jesus Christ, and that He Himself received education at their hands, still obtains. The documents do not give us any information on this point, but it has been more than once pointed out that a system of asceticism, such as that of the Essenes, might very well be based on Messianic hopes, and that some of the teachings of Jesus, and some of the principles put forward by the Essenes, are identical. This will be spoken of in another chapter.

¹ Joseph. *Bell. Jud.*, II, 8, 6.

The sources of information that we have may be divided into three divisions:

1. Jewish: Philo and Josephus.
2. Pagan: Pliny, Solinus, Dio Chrysostomos.
3. Christian: Hippolytus (Porphyrius) Eusebius, Epiphanius and a few others.

To this little list Weinstein adds several books of the *Talmud*, but though this theory is a very tempting one, and has many points in its favour, nothing is certain. The name 'Essene' never appears in the *Talmud*, but several features of Essenism correspond with what is there said concerning certain persons.

The two really important sources are Philo and Josephus, and over the first much discussion has been aroused. Two documents, however, concerning the Essenes are attributed to Philo: (1) *Quod omnis probus liber* (Chapters xii-xiii); and (2) his *Apology for the Jews* preserved in Eusebius' *Præparatio Evangelica* (viii, 11). Tideman¹ supposed that Philo's communications about the Essenes were not his own, but part of a greater work on the Essenes from the hands of disciples of Philo. Dr. Z. Fränkel also gives six technical reasons for doubting the genuineness of the Philonian documents. Ohle's attack is severe: he considers that the Essene passage in the *Apology for the Jews* is decidedly false. He finds it improbable that a life such as there described should be mentioned as an example of freedom. In the description, the Essenes are international, and apart from being called "disciples of the Lawgiver" (Moses), there is nothing to show that they are Jews. They are un-Jewish in their disregard of marriage. Philo was too much of a Jew himself, and revered Moses

¹ See Bibliography.

too greatly to praise people who held such views. Communion of property, as practised by the Essenes, runs contrary to Philo's opinions. He respected women, and was in favour of family life, so he could never have spoken with sympathy about people who held on these matters views so much in contradiction to his own.

From certain resemblances Ohle thinks it likely that the Essene passage in the *Apology* was written by the same author as the *Vita Contemplativa* which he considers to be falsely attributed to Philo. The author of *Quod omnis probus liber* may have got his principal information from the same sources as the writer of the *Apology*. There are however certain contradictions in the two books attributed to Philo. One speaks of the Essenes as dwelling in a town, the other gives contrary information; in the one we find that no young people are accepted among the Essenes, in the other we hear of the elders giving instruction and examples to the young. The correspondence of many points in the *Vita Contemplativa*—speaking of the Therapeutæ—and the passages in the two books of Philo which deal with the Essenes, make Ohle decide that these three works are from the hand of one author who perpetrated a fraud in Philo's writings. Ohle even states that in the fraudulent passages, expressions are used which occur in Philo's writings only when speaking of the enemies of the Jews.

There must certainly have been some reason why the author of these documents—be it Philo or not—wanted to express enthusiastically favourable opinions on the Essenes, and Ohle is inclined to think that the author himself must have been in favour of an ascetic life, such as the Essenes led—some member perhaps of an association of monks at the beginning of the third

century.¹ Again, Ohle thinks it unlikely that the Essene passage in the *Quod omnis probus liber* should be from the hand of the author to whom it is attributed, because the doctrine of the Essenes is one of action—which does not fit in with the tendency of the whole book. Ausfield² also, has attacked the authenticity of this information, and Ohle tries, by proving that those passages are not genuine, to deny at the same time the existence of the Therapeutæ and of the Essenes.

The critical remarks of Grätz,³ Harnack,⁴ Kuenen,⁵ Siegfried,⁶ Hanet,⁷ Ohle,⁸ and Fränke⁹ as to the authenticity of the whole of the *Quod omnis probus liber* or of the two paragraphs dealing with the Essenes bear on the dedication of that work to Theodotus, the veneration for Greek philosophers, the phlegmatic attitude towards polytheism, the objective way in which the author speaks of the Jews, and the literary composition of the book.

Lucius,¹⁰ however, considers that even if all these remarks were justified it would not prove that the book was not written by Philo; he finds much that can be said against such a criticism.¹¹ He points out other passages in the writings of Philo where love of Greek philosophy is shown; that Philo by his quotations from Greek mythology proves himself not to be antipathetic to polytheism; the objective manner in which the Jews are spoken of, is also to be found in other writings of his.

¹ Ausfield, *De Libro Peri tou panta sporedaion einai eleutheron* (1897).

² Bibliography, iii, p. 680.

³ Harnack, *Theol. Lit. Ztg.* (1887).

⁴ *De Godsdienst van Israel*. Haarlem, ii, p. 441 (1869).

⁵ Philo, Jena, 1875, pp. 28, 137.

⁶ *Revue Politique et Littéraire*, Paris, 1875, p. 740.

⁷ Bibliography, p. 59. *Jahrb. für Prot. Theol.*, 1887, pp. 293, 376, 1888, p. 314.

⁸ Programm zur Eroff. des Jud. Theol. Seminars zu Breslau, 1854,

p. 32, Note 8.

⁹ in Bibliography, p. 13.

It must be said, however, that there is a great difference between Philo's usual writing, and this treatise which is childlike both in its language and in its ideas, which are hardly ever original, but are rather a compilation of the thoughts of other philosophers and poets.

If this book should date from Philo's early years this would explain all the objections that can be made against its authenticity. The length of the Essene passage, and the detailed description of this sect are, according to Lucius, due to the fact that Philo must have been proud that among his nation such virtuous people were to be found. Philo must have been much in sympathy with the Essenes, for the ethical systems of both had many points in common.

Lucius thinks that at any rate the *Apology for the Jews* belongs to the later part of Philo's life and that the author meant to put forward the best elements which his nation had produced. In this description of the Essenes there are no philosophical elements, but in the second description Philo seems to have gained a greater amount of precise information and brings this more to the front than the personal reflections of the author which occupied the greater part of the other document. As Philo himself states that he has been to Palestine¹ it is quite likely that he should have visited this sect with which he was so much in sympathy.

As has already been said, we find in the *Apology* statements about the Essenes which contradict those of the *Quod omnis probus liber*. In addition to the two which Ohle remarked, we read in the latter work that

¹ Still in favour of the reliability are Tideman, in *Bibliography*, p. 3, note 1. Wendland, *Arch. für die Gesch. der Philos.*—1888, p. 509, 1892, p. 226. *Jahrb. für Protest. Theol.*, 1888, p. 100. Krell Program. St. Anna Gymnasium zu Augsburg, 1896. Treplin in *Bibliography*, p. 28.

² Euseb. *Præp. Evang.*

the Essenes fled from towns and lived in the country whereas the former tells us that many Essenes dwelt in towns. Again, in the *Quod omnis probus liber* it is stated that there were four thousand Essenes, but the *Apology* speaks of many thousands. This difference seems to me to have more the character of a correction of a previous statement than to be a contradiction which renders both documents unreliable. It is also possible that the two statements supplement one another, and that the four thousand Essenes were those who lived in the country, but that their numbers were swelled by other Essenes who were town-dwellers.

Grätz,¹ Hilgenfeld,² and Ohle,³ do not consider the *Apology* to be genuine, but with the exception of these three, the other authorities do not doubt the authenticity. Plooij, who is one of the most recent authors dealing with the documents we have on the Essenes, considers both the Philonean passages to be genuine. He thinks it possible that previous information has been used and has consciously been incorporated in Philo's writings, producing in that way second-hand information, but without actual copying. Plooij thinks that the hard, critical phrases employed regarding women and their bad influence on men may be interpolated because they do not fit in at all with Philo's opinion about women as we find it expressed in other parts of his writings. Plooij is not certain that Philo had known the Essenes, for he is ambiguous on some points, but in my opinion, it seems scarcely necessary to assume that an acquaintanceship with the sect would have warranted Philo in being sure of all the points concerning it.

¹ In *Bibliography*.

² *Zeitschr. f. Wissensch. Theologie*, 1882, p. 276.

³ *Bibliography*, p. 1.

Josephus' information on the Essenes seems to be independent from that of Philo. We find two passages in his writings which tell us something of the sect (*Bell. Jud.*, ii, 8 and *Jewish Antiquities*, xviii, 1) and elsewhere some anecdotes concerning the Essenes are related. Almost all the authorities agree that Josephus had been in personal contact with the Essenes.¹ Ohle, however, tries to argue that even Josephus' information is not trustworthy, pointing out what he thinks to be contradictory in the facts stated by Josephus, and being of the opinion that the two long passages about the Essenes are not in agreement with the shorter ones. He also argues that there was no place among the Jews for such a sect as the Essenes seem to have been. Ohle makes difficulties over Josephus' Greek in the Essene passages as well as over the position he held with regard to the Jews. Kuenen² and Tideman³ are more or less of the same opinion, but Plooiij answers Ohle's objections.⁴

The contradictions between the longer and shorter passages on the Essenes may be explained by the difference of time at which they were written and the shorter passages are merely anecdotal and give very little information at all. We do not know enough about the Jewish sects of the post-Maccabean period to be able to say precisely how far a sect such as that of the Essenes could possibly exist in the circumstances. Plooiij meets Ohle's objection as to the unclassical Greek of Josephus, by explaining that Greek was always a foreign language to the author, nor does he uphold the

¹ *Vita Jos.*, § 2.

² *Theol. Tijdschr.*, 1887, p. 583.

³ *Theol. Tijdschr.*, 1892, p. 506.

⁴ In *Bibliography*, p. 14.

theory that in a treatise recommending a sect Josephus could not have made use of common religious expressions. Ohle's last argument that Josephus shows too much sympathy with the Essenes whom he must have considered as being not Jews but rather anti-Jewish, is merely an hypothesis; there is nothing to prove that Josephus so regarded them. On the contrary, is it not rather impossible to regard them as anti-Jewish when one notices that they paid their tribute to the temple, and that other Jews entrusted them with the education of their children?

At the same time, Josephus may have been rather partial in his description, since the aim of practically all his writing was directed to interesting the Greek public in his nation. As Lucius remarks, he makes Abraham and Moses into philosophers; doctors of the Scriptures are called Sophists, Pharisees, Stoics; and the Essenes receive from him the name of neo-Pythagoreans.¹

The religious convictions of Josephus were very similar to those of the Essenes. He believed in the pre-existence of the soul, in the prophets, in the possibility of offending the Sun, in immortality; so that many have thought Josephus to have been an Essene. This is not likely, for he himself tells us in his *Vita* that he was three years in Palestine with the three great sects. Even if he had spent but one year with each of the three, there would not have been sufficient time to enter into the Essene community, since two years of probation were required.

Even if the Essene passage in Philo be an interpolation, it must be a very early one, as Hippolytus read it in the third century; but it seems very unlikely that

¹ In *Bibliography*.

this information should not be from Josephus' own hand.

In addition to the Jewish sources, we also find some Pagan authors who mention the Essenes. Unhappily it is never much more than just a mere passing reference. Plinius speaks of them (*Nat. Hist.*, v, 17), as also Solinus (Ed. Mommsen 35, 9-12). The Essenes appear also in Synesius' Biography of Dio Chrysostomus. (Ed. Petavius, 1631, p. 39; Ed. Reiskius, I, 1784, p. 16.) Solinus follows Plinius in his description of the Essenes, but this is natural, as throughout his work we find the same tendency. Plinius himself is merely a compiler; the information he gives about the Essenes has more the character of being taken from other sources than from original knowledge.¹ Though in general not a friend to the Jews, his sayings about the Essenes are distinctly sympathetic. Plooiij points out that chronologically it is impossible that Plinius should have taken his information from Josephus. Lucius supposes that Dio and Plinius borrowed from the same source.² Plinius cannot be the source from which Dio drew, for Dio has given, according to Synesius, a more detailed description of the Essenes than Plinius. The two descriptions, however, seem to belong together. Plooiij argues still that these three passages about the Essenes, found in Pagan literature, probably date from the Jewish war (before 70 B.C.), which gives a special interest to them.

The third source of information is the Christian one. In this must be included Porphyrius' *De abstinentia*

¹ Zeller and Harnischmacher thought that Plinius himself might have known the Essenes.

² Lightfoot, *St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians and to Philemon*, 1876, thinks that Alexander Polyhistor might be the common source.

ab esu animalium (iv, 11) because of many points of similarity. This together with Hippolytus' *Refutatio omnium haeresium*, ix, 18-28, are the only important Christian sources. Eusebius in his *Præparatio Evangelica* includes Porphyrius' information (ix, 3), Philo's *Apology* (viii, 11) and the Essenian passage from *Quod omnis probus liber* (viii, 12). The Christian authors seem to follow Josephus (*Bell. Jud.*, ii) without giving any additional information. This is also the case with later authors: Hieronymus, *Ad Geminianum*, Nilus (*De monastica exercitatione* c. 3 and *De voluntaria paupertate* c. 39), Philastrius Brixienensis (*Haeresium Catalogus*, haer. 9). They all consider the Essenes to be monks. Other Christian authors quote the Essenes, proving by this knowledge of their existence but not adding anything to our knowledge of them.

The real difference, which Plooiij points out as existing between Hippolytus and the other sources, lies in his statement that the Essenes pray in the morning to God. Josephus makes us think of sun worship; of course nothing in this difference shows us that Hippolytus is right. Hippolytus from time to time comes to conclusions, of which we find indications in the Jewish authors, indications which need not necessarily lead to the conclusions which Hippolytus draws. Generally they are not of much importance, but from one of the passages of Josephus, Hippolytus infers that the Essenes took wine—a view adopted by some modern writers on the subject. Usually Hippolytus' variants point to a tendency to exaggerate the facts mentioned by other authors; it is Hippolytus who informs us that the Sabbath was so strictly observed that some members

¹ p. 117.

of the sect did not rise from their beds on that day; that they did not take money with them in order to avoid carrying images; that they did not enter a town because they would have to pass under a gate ornamented with images.¹ These two statements are not true, as Plooij remarks, in the first place because at the time to which Hippolytus refers there was not yet an image on Jewish coins, and the fact that a gate in Jerusalem was called after the Essenes renders the second objection improbable. Taking into consideration how inaccurate Hippolytus is, we cannot attribute much importance to the other variant passages dealing with the degrees of the Essenes, and the doctrine in which he pretends that they believed—the resurrection of the body. This again, is the echo of Josephus' surprise at the doctrine of the Essenes on this point which was just the contrary.

Epiphanius' description of the Essenes is vague and very inaccurate; he counts them among the four sects of the Samaritans. In his description of the other sects we find here and there certain similarities with that of the Essenes,² but not enough to convince us that they had anything to do with one another.

As regards the other Christian sources, it remains to be mentioned that Nilus connects the Rechabites with the Essenes; he says that they abstain from wine and live in tents. Philastrius Brixianus and Hieronymus agree, following Porphyrius, that they refrained from wine and meat.

¹ The origin of this is to be found in Philo *Quod Omn. prob. liber* 412, Plin. *Nat. Hist.*, V, 17.

² Clement. *Zeitschr. f. Wissenschaftl. Theologie*, p. 351, finds a striking resemblance between Ossaeans and Essenes.

Dr. Raimond van Marle.

(To be continued)



HOW WE REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A.

AMONG the many ideas that have lightened the burden of men, one of the most serviceable has been that of Reincarnation. It not only explains why one man is born in the lap of luxury and another in poverty, why one is a genius and another an idiot, but it also holds out the hope that, as men now reap as they have sown in the past, so in future lives the poor and the wretched of to-day shall have what they lack, if so they work for it, and that the idiot may life after life build up a mentality which in far-off days may flower as the genius.

When the idea of reincarnation is heard of for the first time, the student naturally supposes that it is a Hindū doctrine, for it is known to be a fundamental part of both Hindūism and Buddhism. But the strange fact is that reincarnation is found everywhere as a belief, and its origin cannot be traced to Indian sources. We hear of it in far-off Australia,¹ and there is a story on record of an Australian aborigine who went cheerfully to the gallows, and replied on being questioned as to his levity, "Tumble down black-fellow, jump up white-fellow, and have lots of sixpences to spend!" It was taught by the Druids of ancient Gaul, and Julius Cæsar tells us how young Gauls were taught reincarnation, and that as a consequence they had no fear of death. Greek philosophers knew of it; we have Pythagoras telling his pupils that in his past lives he had been a warrior at the siege of Troy, and later was the philosopher Hermotimus of Clazomenæ. It is not utterly unknown to Christian teaching, if we take the simple statement of Christ, when questioned whether John the Baptist was Elijah or Elias reborn, "If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come," and He follows up the statement with the significant words, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear". In later Jewish tradition the idea is known and the Talmud mentions several cases of reincarnation.

There are many to whom reincarnation appeals most forcibly, and Schopenhauer does but little exaggerate when he says, "I have also remarked that it is at once obvious to every one who hears of it for the first time". Some believe in the idea immediately; it comes to them like a flash of light in thick darkness and the

¹ See *The Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, by Baldwin Spencer & F. G. Gillen, 1904, p. 175, etc.

problem of life is clearly seen with reincarnation as the solution. Others there are who grow into belief, as each doubt is solved and each question answered.

Now there is one, and only one, objection that can logically be brought against reincarnation, if correctly understood as Theosophy teaches it, and it lies in the question: "If, as you say, I have lived on earth in other bodies, why don't I remember the past?"

Now if reincarnation is a fact in nature, there surely will be enough other facts that will point to its existence. No fact in nature is isolated and it is possible in diverse ways to discover that fact. Similarly it is with reincarnation; there are indeed enough facts of a psychological kind to prove to a thinker that reincarnation must be a fact after all and not a theory.

In answering the question why we do not remember our past lives, surely the first necessary point is to ask of ourselves what we mean by memory. If we have some clear ideas as to the mechanism of memory, perhaps we may be able to understand why we do not (or do) "remember" our past days and lives. Now, briefly speaking, what we usually mean by memory is a summing up. If I remember to-day the incidents of my cutting my finger yesterday, there will be two elements in my memory, first the series of events that went to produce the pain—the misadventure in handling the knife, the cut, the bleeding, the sensorial reaction in the brain, the gesture, and so on; and second the sense of pain. As days pass, the cause of the pain recedes into the periphery of consciousness, while the effect as pain still holds the centre. Presently we shall find that even the memory of the pain itself recedes into the background, leaving behind with us not a direct memory as

an event, but an indirect memory as a tendency—a tendency to be careful in the handling of all cutting implements. Continually this process is taking place; the cause is forgotten, though recoverable under hypnosis from the subconscious mind, while the effect, transmuted into tendency, remains.

It is here that we are specially aided by the brain. We are apt to think of the brain as a recorder of memory, without realising that one of its most useful functions is to wipe out memories. The brain plays the dual function of remembering and forgetting and, but for our ability to forget, life would be impossible. If each time we tried to move a limb, we were to remember all our infantile efforts at movement and the hesitation and doubt and perhaps actual pain involved, our consciousness would be so overwhelmed by memories that the necessary movement of the limb would certainly be delayed, or not made at all. Similarly it is with every function now performed automatically which was once consciously acquired; it is because we do forget the process of acquiring, that we can utilise the faculty.

This is what is continuously taking place in consciousness with each one of us. There is a process of exchange, similar to copper coins of one denomination being changed to silver coins of smaller bulk representing them, then into gold coins of smaller weight still, and later to notes representing a value, and last of all to a cheque-book whose intrinsic worth, except in those countries that have stamp duties, is nil. Yet we have but to write our signature on a cheque to put into operation the whole medium of exchange. It is a similar process that takes place with all memories of

sensations, feelings and thoughts. These are severally grouped into categories and transmuted into likes and dislikes, and into talents and faculties.

Now we know that as we manifest a like or dislike or exhibit any capacity, we are remembering our past, though we cannot remember in detail one by one the memories that contribute to the emotion or faculty. If I write these words in English on this page, I am remembering the first time I saw each word in a reading-book and looked up its meaning in a dictionary as I prepared my home lessons; but it is a kind of transmuted memory. Nevertheless I do remember, and but for those memories being somewhere in my consciousness (whether in touch with some brain cells or not is not now the point) I should not be able to think of the right word to express my thought nor shape it on this paper, so that the printer will recognise the letters to set them up in print. Furthermore we know as a fact that we forget these causative memories one by one; it would be foolish if as I write a particular word I were to try to call up the memory of the first time I saw it. The brain is a recording instrument of such a kind that, though it records, it does not obey the consciousness when it desires to unroll the record, except in certain abnormal cases. To want to remember is not necessarily followed by remembrance, and we have to take this fact as it is.

Here it is that Bergson has very luminously pointed out that "we think with only a small part of the past, but it is with our entire past, including the original bent of our soul, that we desire, will, and act". Clearly then it would be useless to try to remember our past lives by the mere exercise of the mind; though thought can recall something of the past, it is only a fraction of

the whole. But on the other hand, let us but *feel* or *act*, and then at once our feeling and action is the resultant of all the forces of the past that have converged on our individuality. If therefore we are to trace memories of our past lives in our present normal consciousness, we must note how we feel and act, expecting to recover little of such memories in a mere mental effort to remember.

Every feeling and act, then, can be slowly traced to its component parts of impressions from without and reactions from within. So much is this the case with each one of us, that we can construct for ourselves what has been another's past as we watch that other feel and act, provided he does both in an *average* fashion. But if he manifests a mode that is not the average mode of thought or feeling, then he becomes incomprehensible and needs explanation. Since then average feelings and actions can be readily explained as the result of average experiences, unusual feelings and actions must be explained as having an unusual causation. If the present writer were to deliver a lecture in English in India where so many can speak English, each of his listeners would take for granted that he had been to school and college, without perhaps inquiring further when and where. But were he instead of speaking in English to speak in Italian, at once then each would be curious to know how and when that faculty of speaking in Italian had been grown. Furthermore, if an Italian were present in the audience he would know that the speaker must have been in Italy or must have spent considerable time among Italians. Wherever there is any manifestation of feeling or action—as indeed of some expressions of thought too—which has something of the quality of

the *expert*, then we must construct for that faculty a slow growth through experiences that result from experiments along that particular line.

Now each one of us has qualities of an average kind, as also a few of an expert kind. The former we can account for by average experiences. Let us examine some of the latter, and see if we can account for them on any other hypothesis than that of reincarnation.

Now one of the principal things that characterise men is their likes and dislikes. Sometimes these might be called rational; that is, they are such likes and dislikes as an average typical individual of his particular species might be said normally to possess at his stage in evolution. We can account for these normal likes and dislikes, because they are such as we ourselves manifest under similar conditions. But suppose we take the case of an extraordinary liking, such as is termed "love at first sight". Two people meet in the seeming fortuitous adjustment of human events, sometimes, it may be, coming from the ends of the earth. They know nothing of each other, and yet ensues the curious phenomenon that they know a great deal of each other. Life would be a happy thing if we could go out with deep affection to all we meet; but we know we cannot, it is not in our nature. Why then should it be in our nature to "fall in love" with a particular individual? Why should we be ready to sacrifice all for this person whom, in this life at least, we have met but a few times? How is it that we seem to know the inner working of his heart and brain from the little he reveals at our conventional intercourse at the beginning? "Falling in love" is indeed a mysterious psychological phenomenon, but the process is far better described as being dragged into love, since the individual

is forced to obey and may not refrain. Now there are two logical explanations possible; one is the ribald one of the scoffer that it is some form of hysteria or insanity, due it may be to a microbe; the other is that in this profound going forth of one individual, as an expert in feeling, towards another, we have not a first meeting but the last of many many meetings that took place in past lives. Where or when is of little consequence to the lovers; indeed Rudyard Kipling has suggested in his 'Finest Story in the World' that it is only in order that we might not miss the delicious sensation of falling in love with our beloved, that the kindly gods have made us drink of the river of forgetfulness before we returned to life on earth. The principal thing to note in this emotional mood of being in love is that the friendship is not as one that begins, but as one that is continued; and in that psychological attitude of the two lovers we have the remembrance of past lives when they met and loved and sacrificed to each other.

Not dissimilar to this unusual liking that is falling in love is the unusual disliking that is not so very rare in human experience. Certain normal dislikes we can readily account for; but take the case of two individuals meeting for the *first* time, it may be knowing nothing even by hearsay of each other, and then we have sometimes the striking phenomenon of one of the two *drawing back* from the other, not outwardly by gesture, but inwardly by a feeling or an intuition. In all such cases of drawing back the curious thing is that there is no personal feeling; it is not a violent feeling of "I do not like you," but far more an impersonal state of mind where almost no feeling manifests, but may be paraphrased into "It is wise to have little to do with you".

Sometimes we follow this intuition, but usually we brush it aside as unjust, and then turn to understanding our acquaintance with the mind. Not infrequently it then follows that we begin to like him, perhaps even to love him. We forget our "first impression" or put it aside as mere irrational impulse. Now there are many such revulsions that are purely irrational impulses, but there is a residue of cases where after-events show that the dislike was not an impulse but an intuition. For it may happen, after years have passed of intercourse with our friend, that suddenly without any warning he as it were stabs us in the back and deals us a mortal blow; and then in our grief and humiliation we remember that first impression of ours and wish that we had followed it.

Whence came this first impression? Reincarnation offers a solution, which is that the injured had suffered in past lives at the hands of his injurer and it is the memory of that suffering that flashes to the mind as the intuition.

More striking still are those cases where there exists at the same time like and dislike, love and resentment. The writer well remembers a lady describing her attitude to a friend to whom she was profoundly attached in the following words, "I love him, but I despise him!" I wonder how many wives say this daily of their husbands, or husbands of their wives? Why should there be this incomprehensible jumble of contradictory feelings?

The clue is strikingly given by W. E. Henley in his well-known poem,

Or ever the knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave,
I was a king in Babylon,
And you were a Christian slave.

The poet goes on to tell us how the king "saw and took," and toyed with the maid and, as is a man's way, finally cast her aside. But she loved him well, but heart-broken at his treatment committed suicide. Now it is obvious that the girl dies full of both love and resentment, and since what we sow we reap, each in the rebirth reaps in emotional attitude the result of past causes. For this time the man loves, and desires to possess her; she loves him in return and yet does not permit him to have his heart's desire.

The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
For it tramples me again;
The old resentment lasts like death,
For you love, and yet you refrain;
I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
And I break my heart in vain.

Henley sees with his poetic vision that the present situation as between the two cannot be the end in eternity; there must be a true loving and understanding of each other at the long last; and so the poem ends with the man's pride in his past, and resignation in the present,

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
The deed beyond the grave,
When I was a king in Babylon
And you were a virgin slave.

There can only be one ending, that of the fairy tale, since it needs must be in a universe where there is One who loves that,

Journeys end in lovers' meeting
Every wise man's son doth know.

C. Jinarajadasa

(To be concluded)

PURIFICATION

A VISION

By A. F. KNUDSEN

IT was in the end of the gloaming and the Brother sat with his face between his hands and his heart was as heavy as a man's heart ever is. At the other end of the house a Sister played on the piano; played to let her heart run out; played heavy chords and sweet, dainty measures struggling with her own emotion.

She had shed tears like summer rain. The man's breast came and went in heavy sobs and then he began and wondered, and he pondered. Why was their little sister being dragged away into the dark where soon a life of misery, maybe of infamy might be hers; for she went down the street with a man whom no man trusted and whom all women feared, a man whose gain was a desecrated woman and whose scorn was a pure man.

There was nothing to do but hope that the purity of her soul would maintain the purity of her body, for she was a dreamer and a poet and as unused to the ways of the world as a timid fawn to the ways of a big city. He pondered what was the karma thereof. What limit would there be to the blandishments of the human hyena; what strength in the innocence of the girl based on absolute ignorance? Was it the blame of the mother who had never told her, never taught her,

and kept her away from boys and men till she was grown up, so that she knew nothing of the mere romance of the flesh, of propinquity and the snares of traffickers in woman.

And as his mind reached out and out and out, his Sister's music faded away. He did not know whether it stopped or what, but the walls of the house faded away and the roof faded away, and a strange, clear light was the world he was in. Time grew heavy slowly, slowly, slowly, and a minute seemed like an hour, and then it seemed as if it was an excruciating pain to wait and watch one second go by. And then time ceased and there was nothing but duration, and the Brother saw himself. He marvelled at himself. The fact that he had had to struggle, had struggled thirty-two years with impurity, and had been disgusted with himself, had stared him in the face. He could dream of purity, but he could not be the dream. The older sister could dream of purity. He could see that she had it not yet. But the younger one seemed to have dreamed of it and been it, and now they all stood in a little group there though their bodies were miles apart and the Brother's was busy and he did not know it, except his brain recorded it.

And the man stood there, and the face that some men thought strong, and some women had thought handsome to their own ruin, was there, and it was black, and it was warped and twisted, and the head was misshapen, and the eyes were misshapen, and the teeth made a horrible grimace. Symmetry was the last word that one would have dreamed of in connection with the face, and it was as darkness compared with the light in which it was. The Brother marvelled, because

he had thought of himself as such a weak and puny struggler to be something of a man. And there he shone and glimmered, and marvelled at himself and took courage and cheer, and he saw that he had attained unto much, but by the same token he saw how much more there was to be attained. He saw there was neither shame nor sorrow—just being; though in the darker background of the misshapen face there was shame, there was sorrow. "O ye Lords of Karma and ye who watch and give out justice to men, what is the justice that the maleficent power of this misshapen character should take away one so fair?" cried the Brother.

Standing there, just a little bit apart from the two who had sorrowed, shimmering in the light, glistening head and shoulders above the Sister, holding her head high above the Brother, a sacred symbol of God's splendour, stood the little sister. The Brother turned with a feeling of resentment; "Oh! that he could break the power of that misshapen face, make the sister see the horror of it and not the power of it, and on the physical plane turn with scorn from the man who thus moved her."

Then a mighty Presence stood there, and a hand of flame touched for an instant of duration the Brother's head. "Look to yourself. Hold yourself pure for her return," He said, "this other is now in my hands." And the Presence seemed to cover miles of ground. It seemed as if the earth was square under His feet, and that His head reached up into the flaming body of the Sun. Majesty! a majesty that belittles and withers all that had ever been dreamed of as majesty. One who looked upon His face thus near would have been

aroused by the majesty, but the awe of majesty was swept away and in its place came a wonderful, overpowering, uplifting, crushing, belittling and exalting, strange reverence, that exalted you because you were so near it and belittled you because you had it not. For the majesty of that mien became a strange thing, a thing that no human tongue has ever made a word for. The human tongue has said "justice," and dreamed it in great terms of magnificence and the human tongue has said "mercy," and did not know what it was talking about; but here it was incarnate, wonderful, inexplicable to be seen but not to be spoken. And He turned to the sister, the beauteous sister, she whose robe was the clearest and brightest, and He said: "Lift up your left hand." And when she lifted her hand up and stretched her arm out straight from the shoulder there was a movement in the wondrous garb that was her, and yet her garb, and great lurid, brick-red flashes flashed out and marred the white and He said: "Canst thou never assume the responsibility and therefore be just to yourself? Canst thou never bind and surrender your freedom for the sake of your honour, but break with those who put their faith in you? Are your pledges to be broken because of your pride, and then do you perpetrate the miserliness of demanding that the others that have pledged unto you be held unto the uttermost farthing? Purify yourself! Purify yourself! This man will humble you before the world and humble you before your Brother and your Sister, and shame you before the mirror of your own consciousness, and the blame is your own pride and your haughty disdain for the pledge of your own word and the pledge of your own thought and the pledge of your own deed. The

sacrilege is your own sacrilege by which you have desecrated your own self as a symbol of HIS SPLENDOR. He can go with you no further than enough to enlighten you. When you can acknowledge your own bond, his will slip from you."

Then He turned to the dark misshapen soul and for an instant there was a flash of light here and there, but his robes were of darkness, hideous, splotched drab and grey, like a rag that is drawn through the muck and dirt of a wet day. The eye of the Brother trained to symmetry as a sculptor, as a builder, could see not one line of symmetry in the whole of that wonderful make-up. And the Majesty of the Law, for it was no other than HE, the GREAT PILLAR OF THE NORTHERN PORTAL, put His hand on the spot where the top of the head would be were the body present, and He ran it down through Sushumnâ and He touched nâdi after nâdi, and He said: "You have boasted of power and you have power, and your power of speech is as the words of a saint and the flow of exquisite language is like a torrent of prose poetry, as you tell of the mighty things you are going to do, and the wonderful plans that you have and the exquisite beauty that you will accomplish. You have power to start every one of these plans, and now you are at the threshold of your last measure, and the hour-glass of your time runs short, for never once have you talked nobly to women, but you have acted the dastard. Never once have you spoken of reverence for motherhood, but you have desecrated virginity. Never once have you preached of purity, but it has been a trap for the unwary, to sink the one who trusted you into a life of abject shame. You have gone forth from one conquest of your power to another and each

time that you have said, 'Now, I will begin well,' you have failed because of the joy of evil that came with it. The symmetry of your power when you went out to do your work is now gone, obliterated, for since the day of your birth the spoken word has stood as a monument to the shame and the desecration that you accomplished. Each time you have torn a woman down you have hardened your heart, until cruelty is written in jagged letters across the whole of your soul. Then you have talked of aspiration, of your chances, of what you are going to do until the accumulated failure has become worse than failure. You cry out for help and uplift. But it has become self-evident that you never intended to try. Point back in your life and show one soul uplifted by your daily assertion of wonderful things to be done. Show one man whose contact with you has not made him less manly. Show one woman whose contact with you has not left her struggling under a load of slime and shame and disappointment and the obloquy of the world."

And the strange, misshapen frame shook and twisted, but no white light came from within it. No white light, as leaf by leaf of the day's record were unfolded and thrown aside and bent back, so that the one previous to it could be read and understood and laid out before the three silent watchers. And there was no horror, there was no shame, there was no anger, there was no room for anything but marvelling and studying. And so back for twenty years, 240 pages of the tablets, and then as an eight-year-old boy there was a glimmer of something that he had done, some little act for the benefit of another. The rest of the record was hideous. It seemed slimy. It seemed

to give off a noisome stench; at least there is no other way of presenting the thought.

"Yes," said the Mighty One, "not even a good deed towards yourself, not even an effort to uplift yourself, and what seems a stench on this side means that your body is rotten, rotten to the core with the disease of shame, with the disease of impurity, with the disease of desecrated men, because all manhood that desecrates womanhood is itself desecrated tenfold, for man is Power. And so there is just this one chance left to you. This tablet has a small corner left on it and thereon you can write more shame and more degradation and more lack of effort, as you please, and the absence of love and the absence of honour and the absence of truth from these pages of your life are used to shake out the pride and the haughtiness and the mercilessness in the white garment before you, and then the end. When that is done, no more. And then shalt thou sit at my feet for forty score of years and ponder, and thus shalt thou say to thyself: 'Through the mercy of the Great Ones my desecrated power was used, beyond my ken, for one good turn, for one purification in the world and therefore by mercy, and by mercy alone do I face my next incarnation without having slipped backward.' And then shalt thou ponder: 'Shall mercy again know me if I do not make one step forward! because twice does mercy act, and then, once, justice, unmitigated justice.' Justice is your Karma for the next incarnation. Prepare, Prepare, Beware."

And He turned to the Brother whose heart had cried out the appeal. He said: "This man shall purify her, and if the world understands, the world will go forward a thousand years, and if the world does not

understand it will stand still for a decade before it has another chance to go forward. But you can see and you can know. Go out and proclaim that all that man seest with shame and all that man seest with exultation, all that man does with remorse and all that man accomplishes with satisfaction, and all that woman does, and is execrated for, and all that is done unto woman, is purification, purification, purification, on the three planes of human endeavour, for there is only one sin and that is grief. Go, you two, and rejoice; for this little sister, dear to you in the world, is being purified in a wondrous way, for a wondrous task, and the end of her life will be as the gorgeous, purple sunset that she and you looked at when you stood on the heights together some time back, and marvelled that on the physical plane of life there could be such wonderful colour. For until her pride is gone her work cannot supplement your work, and until your grief is gone you cannot dispense the joyousness of the Lord. The heavy hearts of men are those that see not. You that have seen go forth with exceeding great joy."

And the Great Presence withdrew slowly until it stood a great way off, and the Brother could just know it. But the Sister did not know it. But a ray of exquisite light rose hue rested on the left shoulder of each, close under the necks at the collar bone, and He filled their white bodies with utter serenity. They looked up, and a mighty Angel spread His wings, an Angel of wondrous colour. And His wings spread out to the East and the West, and His head shut out the spot where the Great One had stood at the last moment, and strange to say, there was a moment in the infinite sea of duration. But another ocean, not of duration,

was where the Great Lord of Karma stood. The great left wing of the angel was as a scroll and on it was written in characters to be read by all men, no matter of what language. "O Sin, where is Thy Infamy?" And on the right wing was written: "O Pain, where is Thy Sting?"

And the Brother turned to the Sister that had been by his side and she was not, and he was not, and the white light was gone, and it was a darkness, and it seemed as if, perhaps, time had gone on and maybe not. It was perhaps the same night or perhaps another night, and the piano rolled on and on, and with a strange quiver of delight the Brother realised that the Sister, without her brain knowing that she had stood there before the Mighty Presence, was playing the triumphal finish of Parsifal, and he went in but he could not talk. But he told her just enough to sweep away her grief and her pain, and he stood there seeing the marvel of the truth of it all: that every action, reaction, interaction in this universe is held in the unsullied splendour and the purity of God.

But the Brother cannot speak of it. His voice trembles. But he has written this down for many a brother and many a sister in the brotherhood of Christ.

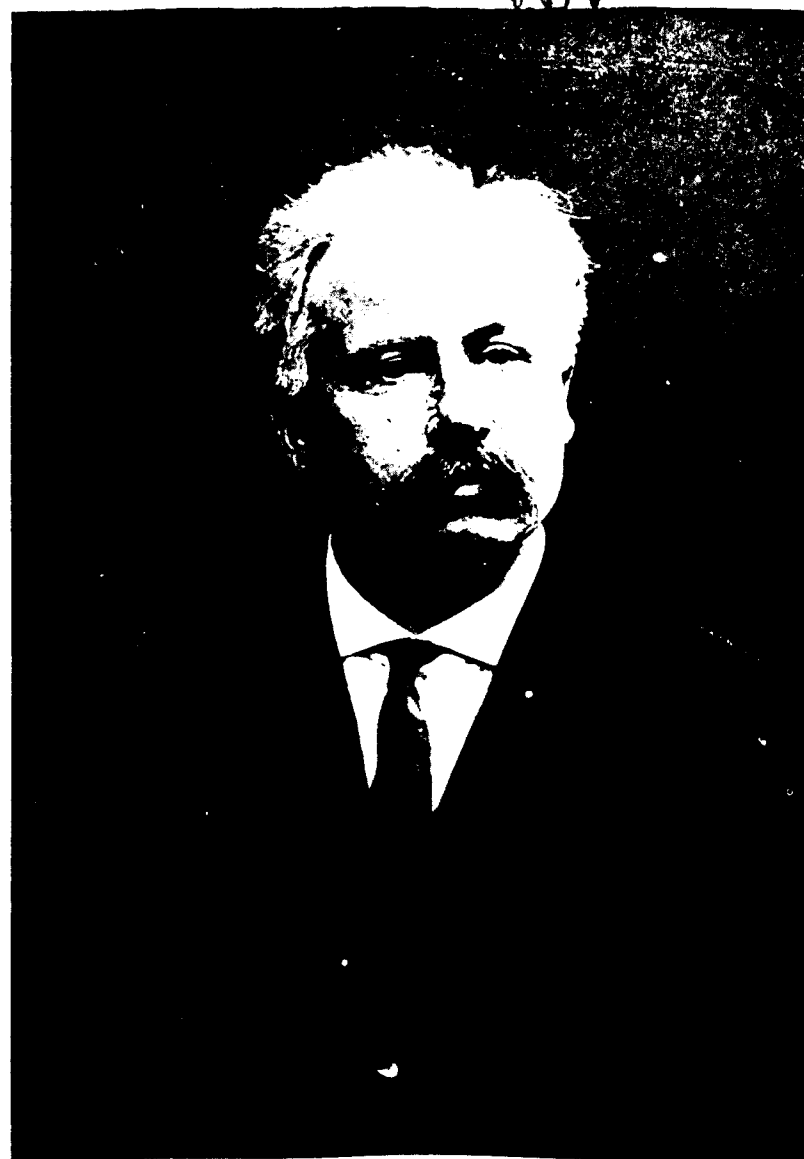
A. F. Knudsen

THE 'FLYING TRAIN'

By ANNIE BESANT

A PARTY of us went to see the remarkable experiments of M. Bachelet, shown by him in his laboratory on Saffron Hill, Holborn. M. Bachelet is a sturdily built man, with a very large domed forehead, and clear steady eyes. He talks English fluently, with a French accent, and explained his preparatory experiments with great clearness. He has been studying electro-magnetism for some twenty years, and has found that some metals, resist the "line of force flowing from a coil energised by an alternating or intermittent current, resulting in the formation of 'eddy currents' in the metal acted on—in a greater or less degree according to the metal used—causing the reverse of magnetic attraction, *viz.*, magnetic repulsion". Hence it is possible to hold any of these metals in the air without any support, and to practically "deprive a heavy body of weight"; that is, to counterbalance and overcome the attraction which causes objects to move towards the earth.

M. Bachelet showed a number of experiments which demonstrated his contention. He made a bowl placed on a copper disc—which rested on a repulsion coil, enclosed in a box resting on an upright support—rise in the air, disc and all. He asked one of us after another to place the back of the hand on the coil with



a disc on the palm; the moment the current was turned on, it passed through the hand innocuously, but the disc jumped off. He sent a current through a bowl of water in which gold fish were swimming, and lifted off a disc which covered the top of the bowls without causing any inconvenience to the fish. He made a ten-pound weight weigh nothing, and then made it weigh twenty pounds. He made discs jump upwards and strike bells, playing a scale up and down. He made a disc cling so firmly to the coil that a strong man could not move it, and then, by reversing the current, made it shoot off, untouched by hand.

Finally, he showed us his 'flying train'. It is a steel cigar-shaped object, pointed at each end; it rests in a grooved track on little projections, and solenoids are placed along the track, which act as "pulling magnets". The lines of repulsive force act on aluminium plates fitted along the bottom of the 'car' and lift it into the air, and it rushes along pulled by the magnets, which are magnetised and demagnetised alternately. It can travel at 300 miles an hour, and it is proposed to utilise it for the carriage of mails and merchandise. Passengers could also travel by it in suitable cars. There are light and guide rails above to keep the car running along the line, and as the projections on which it rests do not rise above the grooved sides of the track, these also help in the guiding.

It is natural that Theosophical students, on learning of M. Bachelet's experiments, should speculate on the powers used of old in controlling matter, as in lifting huge stones, raising the human body in the air, &c. We must remember, however, that M. Bachelet of the

working with currents generated in physical apparatus, conducted along wires, with the whole paraphernalia of electrical machines. It may be that he thus produces molecular conditions similar to those brought about by the action of the will, and thus obtains similar results in the apparent destruction of weight and the lifting of bodies. But this could only be decided by careful observation and examination. Every fresh application of the laws of nature is to be welcomed, but we must not jump to the conclusion that similar results are always brought about by identical causes. An electrical current may be set going by a machine or by the human will. It will bring about certain definite results. But the real interest lies in the *modus operandi* of the two methods: we know that a certain apparatus generates a current; but how does the will act on etheric matter?

Annie Besant

THEOSOPHISTS AND POLITICS

By JOHAN VAN MANEN

I

ONE of the lessons to be derived from the most interesting and important articles under the above heading, contributed by Mr. W. H. Kirby and Mr. C. Jinajadasa to two previous numbers, is that it is dangerous to speak for "Theosophists all the world over". Both contributors have done so in an absolutely contradictory way, and I shall, therefore, in what follows, limit myself severely to my own personal and private opinions without any attempt to strengthen my position by the invocation of any authority of sympathisers with my views, whether there be many, or only few, or none at all, of such within the ranks of our Society.

I used the words important and interesting and did so advisedly. It is certainly important that from the body of the members well-considered, carefully formulated opinions should be published concerning principles of action touching the operations of the T.S. All too little space is devoted in our literature to this aspect of the Theosophical task. Far too little interest is shown by our members in the working, methods, and manipulation of the Theosophical machine. It may be objected that discussions of this nature have their natural place at the meetings of the General Council of the

Society, or of those of the National Sections, but if this is so it must be admitted that actual experience proves that they do not find much place there, or that, if such do occur, inadequate summaries are inserted in the reports. Questions of fundamental principle regarding the T.S., its policy, its place and task in the world, its lines of action, its systematic growth and development, its immediate or remote future, all these cover an insignificant space in comparison with descriptive reports and spiritual exhortations. The reports are there to prove this amply. Here and there in the Sectional magazines a fitful discussion is started, once in a while, generally to die a quick and premature death, and that is all. Mr. Kirby's article, therefore, in boldly attacking a fascinating and compelling problem, now existent in our midst, must be certainly classed as important, in breaking the traditional "voice of the silence" sounding amongst us where matters pertaining to our welfare as a complex corporate entity are concerned, and in grappling with a problem so deep as to involve the activities of the very President of the Society.

But I also spoke of the articles in question as interesting, and that is because they are so human, introduce such a human element into our habitual Theosophical thought atmosphere. The question to which Mr. Kirby has drawn attention is one of a great series of problems which, if taken up in earnest, will link the Theosophical Society at last with the great historical chain of spiritual movements stretching throughout the past of the world. Mr. Kirby's discussion is not the first of its kind. Christianity has had to face it before him; Islām had to find an answer to it, so all other religions; and not religions alone, but sects, divisions, schools of all manners

and sorts. Theosophy has at one time or another to face the problem: *in or out* of the world; temporal or spiritual power; the inner or the outer man. As I said, all religions have had to face these questions and all have found their answers. These answers may have been wise or scarcely so, but the one thing which is impossible, is to shirk these questions eternally. Devotion to a leader, all-embracing enthusiasm, may stave off the putting of the question, but as certainly as sunrise follows sunset, at some time the problem will stare us in the face and demand its answer.

The wise thing to do under such circumstances is not to think that we Theosophists are, under some special decree of Providence, an absolute novelty, a parthenogenetic creation, but to look for guidance to the past and see how on previous occasions in the world's history that problem has arisen in similar forms and how it has been dealt with; what solutions have been previously found for it and, *above all*, what have been the practical consequences of the acting upon any such solutions arrived at. And here a mere humdrum study of ecclesiastical history—both Christian and Muhammadan, not to speak of others¹—would be most salutary and would furnish many a severely sobering hint. For the *taking up* of political work by either the Theosophical Society, or its responsible office-bearers, can scarcely be regarded as anything else than the thin end of the wedge, which is to enter the whole social fabric of the world—if our Society has a really great future before it, of which I am firmly convinced—to an extent scarcely to be foreseen.

¹ A study of the Sikh community, for instance, would prove very illuminative.

Now it is evident that if the subject we deal with is to any degree as vital and important as I think it is, it must needs be very subtle and delicate. Its discussion must touch strong convictions and may have necessarily to refer to personalities, bearers of official positions, who in the feelings and affections of many are regarded as altogether above discussion and criticism. It is therefore necessary that at the outset there should be a clear mutual understanding, to avoid avoidable friction and misunderstanding.

I do not believe that even the most excessive devotee can object in any way to the perfectly courteous and impersonal treatment of the problem by Mr. Kirby. His personal respect for Mrs. Besant is too clearly evident—and too well known to his personal friends—to allow any suspicion of petty motives, personal grudges, jealousies or other contemptible grounds for his action. Nevertheless there are many in our Society, I am even inclined to think the majority of its members, who resent as it were even the slightest criticism of Mrs. Besant, because their genuine veneration for our leader makes them put her in a position apart, where disagreement with her views spells only ignorance and where criticism becomes at least temerity, if not worse. Mr. Leadbeater—to whom, I want expressly to state, I look up with a respect and affection greater than for anyone else I know, and who has honoured me with the most prized friendship I possess—has himself in a much discussed phrase in *The Aiyar Album* practically expressed the same opinion. Well, all I can say is that on this point I thoroughly disagree both with Mr. Leadbeater and with those devotees who hold the view outlined above. Happily I have here a very valuable

supporter in Mrs. Besant herself who has over and over again, clearly and unmistakably, pronounced her—in my opinion—more rational view. Unluckily, as always, the followers are *plus royalistes que le roi* and that is chiefly where the misunderstanding comes in. Natural, beautiful, mere human nature—yes; but difficult and mischievous also. It is the old pathetic story of the shadow thrown by the light, the vice of the virtue.

My position then is that criticism—subject, of course, to all conditions of courtesy, exactitude, candour, sufficiency of importance, etc.—has a right of existence in our Society and a legitimate place in its activities. But I would go further. I would say that it is desirable and—if not degenerating into mere meddlingness—a duty. This criticism which I mean is simply an outcome in the T.S. of what in the outer world is called public spirit: the intense participation by the members in the welfare of the whole Society as a corporate body. I believe that this public spirit is as yet little developed in the T.S. I may be wrong, but I have the impression that the general drift of the spirit of the T.S. is orientated towards another direction. It may be that the ideal of 'service' which has been lately preached so much, so insistently, and so forcibly, has much to do with this. It may be that the whole tendency of Theosophical doctrine, with its occultists who *know* and the masses who do *not* know, must inevitably produce such a spirit. But on the whole I believe that the T.S. as a body has more a tendency to submit, follow, serve, obey than to act, create, lead, command, scrutinise, seek. Now this ideal of 'service' is—except in a very poetical sense—very unpalatable to me. It belongs to the half a dozen or so of words in Theosophical speech that

which I have learned to hate cordially, lustily and joyously. Amongst these are: vibrations, loyalty, service, spiritual, magnetism and devotion. I think that these are most horribly abused in our circles—not always, but very often. Against this particular conception of service I have to object that shūdrahood—even spiritual shūdrahood—seems at most a very inadequate ideal. If we have to strive for the higher let us, for God's sake, aim at becoming God's Brāhmaṇas, not God's Shūdras, let us try to co-operate (glorious word!) not serve; to be collaborators and not 'channels'. The Gods themselves will feast when one more Peer enters their abode, but who will cast even a glance at one servant more amongst the many? Our masters are the *Masters*, let us try to become Masters too, not servers. But, it will be objected, these are only differences in words; the essence of both ways, and their goal, are the same. Yes, but why not then use the nobler imagery, that strengthens, upholds, makes strong, independent, virile, instead of the other baser one, leading to passivity, submission and lack of initiative? In a certain way such words are mantrams, words of power, from which radiate suggestive influences. One has to be careful in their choice and use.

Now criticism, well exercised, will have an excellent effect in dispelling tendencies towards such lethargic passivity, in forcing members—except the ostriches among them—to form some opinion on questions which admit of various views. It will stir that public spirit, now so dormant, in our Society, which will give the opportunity to every individual to ask himself what he individually can contribute to solve problems arising, what light he can throw on such matters.

And gradually as the several problems already existing, and the thousands already incubating, come up, our membership will begin to be educated up to a proper, intelligent, mature comprehension of the nature and task of our Society, its desirable destiny, and especially its function in, and relation to, the existing civilisations and their cultures.

I think that not a single member of our Society, from the youngest tyro to our highest leader has, after the nearly forty years of its existence, any definite, systematic, concrete notion of this. We are still as it were in the clouds, the fertilising rain has not yet come down, the canalisation and pipe-system for irrigation are not yet ready. Neither strange nor unnatural. But we have sometime to make up our minds to take steps in the desired direction, and then discussion of policy and, with it, criticism will become necessary.

There is one more point concerning criticism that should be mentioned. Very often in our circles it is understood in such a lamentably personal way. Legitimate criticism is not personal, and certainly it should neither be so nor be taken as such in the T.S. Unhappily we cannot very well apply the parliamentary device to bring this out clearly, in never naming a person by his own name, but only by that of his seat.

Suppose I wanted to criticise Mrs. Besant in her function as P.T.S. concerning what I considered some gravely mistaken view or action on her part, and suppose further that the tolerant Editor of this paper opened its columns to me for the purpose, even then it should certainly be understood that not Mr. Johan van Manen was criticising Mrs. Annie Besant. If that

were to be the case the said Mr. Van Manen would crave permission from Mrs. Besant to have a conversation with her. If this were granted he would ask permission to have his say and he would try to say what was suitable and to the point. Mrs. Besant might reply or not, but in any case that would be a matter between Mr. Van Manen and Mrs. Besant and there the matter would finish and no one would be the wiser (except perhaps the critic!). Most likely Mr. Van Manen would be perfectly willing to eat any amount of humble pie before Mrs. Besant and make himself very small indeed. But that would be a thing between the two of them and the public would have nothing to do with it.

But now in our first supposed case. There things would be totally different. There it is not Mr. Van Manen who speaks to or writes about Mrs. Besant, but Member No. 116 (I believe) of the Dutch Sectional Register to the P.T.S. And that makes all the difference. For here the two are to a certain extent equals, units in the common body of the T.S. The one is a member from Amsterdam (if you like) and the other the President for the time being. Their identities count for nothing and only the arguments have force. They do a public work, do not have a private conversation. Assuming as I do—I know there are some who, Rules and Regulations notwithstanding, want to make out that the T.S. is an autocratic body—that the T.S. is a democratic institution (I am referring here to the Society only, not to Theosophy which is, of course, neither democratic nor autocratic), I am necessarily convinced that as a member of that body I am, within my powers and limitations, a custodian of its welfare; that, therefore,

it is my duty to point out what to me seem mistakes in action, or policy, or management. In that light, criticism becomes a duty and is not merely a healthy and good thing in itself—in restricted doses I admit—but one of the moral obligations resting on every member endowed with any Theosophic public spirit or feeling of responsibility.

As hinted at before, I regard it as a very bad sign, and I have grave apprehensions for the future on account of it, that such public spirit has not manifested much more in Theosophical literature and records during the fairly long period that the Society has existed. I regard Mr. Kirby's article as a very hopeful sign for the future and an excellent example of what such criticism should be: courteous, impersonal, to the point, important, frank, timely.

It may here, I hope, be sufficient to devote only a few words to prevent a possible—but I trust, not probable—misunderstanding. I sincerely hope that nothing of the above will be construed—it would be very unreasonable to do so—into a general war-cry and an advocacy to open the sluices of verbal or literary eloquence, setting forth all grievances, annoyances, disillusion, imperfections, etc., etc., which may be raked up within the Theosophical world. I have already said that criticism is only justifiable if its importance warrants its publication. And not only should criticisms and discussions be of enough intrinsic value, but as related to the Theosophical Movement they should surely also fulfil the strictest demands of an even more refined character. They may be strong and hard as steel, but impersonal. Hate, envy, anger, egotism and all the passions should not enter into them. They

must in the best sense of the word be clean ; if possible—but that is very much to ask—also somewhat wise. I would pull out my hair in despair if this article of mine were to be so absolutely misunderstood that it would become a kârmic cause for a shower of futile, poisonous or foolish controversy either now or even in any remote future. But as long as criticism shows good manners, is inspired by genuine friendliness, has the good of the Cause at heart, and does not descend to mere gossip, then let as much of it come as will : the more the better.

A last word on this aspect of our subject. Criticism as described above should never be related to conceptions of loyalty or disloyalty. There is a loyalty to causes and a loyalty to persons, a loyalty to principle and a loyalty to its bearers. These two kinds of loyalty may very easily come into conflict with each other and in such a case the honest critic who aims at doing the right thing finds himself—if he is at all serious and of deep convictions—face to face with a terrible dilemma. His ultimate action is only the outcome of a sore and sad conflict, and far from being judged and condemned as a fosterer of strife, as a renegade or a disloyal spirit, he should in most cases be sympathised with as a brave and courageous soul in difficulties, acting—wisely or unwisely—to the best of his knowledge under stress and pressure, with no prospect of any pleasant return for his action or any gratitude for his words. The lightly spoken word disloyalty spells but too often lack of sympathy and imagination, an imperfect grasp of the working of the other man's mind—and heart—and an absence of loving goodwill, eager to find the good motive underlying an action that perhaps clashes with our convictions. It should never be forgotten that there is

always a great temptation simply to deny the existence of a problem if we have not personally been brought face to face with it. That is why so many in the course of their lives experience the bitterness of being attacked for their attempts at enlightenment, later on in life, in exactly the same way as, earlier, with less mature knowledge, they themselves, in their own youth, attacked others. Here the younger generations constantly visit the sins of the fathers on the fathers themselves.

The argument, further, that greatness and wisdom should shield those who manifest these qualities from all criticism seems to me equally unsound, as unsound as the view that in such cases criticism is always egotism, impudence or conceit. As long as the perfect, unlimited, consummated, absolute man does not dwell amongst us, there must be in all human beings numberless aspects and elements in which they may be equal with, and even inferior—or to say the very least, not overwhelmingly superior—to hosts of other human beings. And this is a justification of criticism without end almost. The shoemaker criticises the shoe, but the other man other matters. We recognise this so fully in greater things that it has become perfectly superfluous to say that every one has a right to think about God what he wishes, and to proclaim his thoughts freely. It would be ridiculous to pretend that what is admissible with regard to the Highest should be *tabu* for the lower, whatever title that lower one might bear ; leader, hero, saint, occultist or initiate. And if the spirit embodied in this conviction does not lead to blasphemy—though what is blasphemy to one may be high wisdom to another, Jesus and Socrates were killed for it—or to reckless wounding of delicate feelings—which, however, every founder

of religion has done, and caused to be done a thousand-fold more than any of us is likely to do—then I believe that its manifestations will be conducive to growth of discrimination and understanding, of strength and independence, and to the higher welfare and finer self-consciousness of our Theosophical world.

Criticism, in itself, is a good thing, never *as such* base, disloyal, subversive; its manner and its motives may make it so, just as the surgical instrument of the healer may be used to kill.

II

And now some words on the more narrowly circumscribed subject of politics and the T.S. as dealt with in the two articles referred to. I am simply delighted that such a well-known member of our body as Mr. Kirby has found it feasible to give such clear and frank expression to his doubts and objections on the point, and I am equally delighted that they should have appeared in the very Presidential Organ. These are signs of health and vigour which augur well for the future, and which, on the other hand, are timely. For in the past we have had none too much of them. I speak of *discussions*, not of *attacks*; of *criticisms*, not of *denunciations*; of *friends' counsels*, not of *invective by the enemy*. I further totally agree with Mr. Kirby's position, in so far as his article has only a general tendency, and practically only leads up to a question. I equally totally disagree with Mr. Jinarajadasa's article, both with its reasoning and also with its conclusion.

In saying so I must make a reservation, without which my position would not be clearly put. With reference to the weekly paper *The Commonweal* which

forms the subject of a large part of the discussion of Mr. Kirby's article I have had the privilege of assisting, from very near, at its inception and career during the whole first volume just completed. Whether its special pro-Indian policy is wise or mistaken, whether it contains immature and hasty statements or not, whether it sometimes prints misleading generalisations, incitements to the strengthening (instead of the diminishing) of the colour-bar or not: whether all these things and many others are so or not so—I have no hesitation in saying that *The Commonweal* has begun a work which may develop into an undertaking of immense value for India, productive of the most salutary influences, and with an almost incalculable future before it. As a non-Indian, non-English, impartial spectator I may perhaps state that I believe that *The Commonweal* has all prospect before it of developing into a very great influence for good, taking all in all, for India—by no means a small section of the inhabited globe. I should on this point say: Politics or no politics, let us first help Mrs. Besant to see *The Commonweal* through and assist it to the high place to which its course is already set. But this goal once attained, Mrs. Besant once dead, the T.S. expanded and changed, Mrs. Besant's followers having become leaders in their turn, *The Commonweal* safe and 'self-existent'—then Mr. Kirby's question would again come up in a practical form, just as now it is more as a matter of principle that it can be discussed. For it should not be forgotten that our present President has, in the field of action, a fairly solid reputation for seeing a thing through when she has once begun it, and though we, mere members in the Society, can very politely bring to

her notice that in this, that, or another matter we have also views and opinions, which are not necessarily identical with hers, there the matter remains, unless some official action is taken in the Council of the Society. If this were to happen, it is not likely—in view of the recent re-election of Mrs. Besant as President with (according to the as yet unofficial but nevertheless authentic data) an overwhelming majority—that such action would lead to anything; and if it did then most probably Mrs. Besant would quietly walk away, *with The Commonwealth*, incidentally being followed by—let us put it low—three-quarters of the members of the T.S. So all that can be done is courteously to express our misgivings and leave the decision to Mrs. Besant. And that is good. Even the King may be petitioned, so why not the P.T.S.; but right of petition is not right of being granted what the petition asks for. Only, the cordial relations, the mutual trust and co-operation between F.T.S. and P.T.S. will be maintained and strengthened when the P.T.S. is ever willing to grant a hearing, always patient to listen, ever and ever accessible to the member who is moved to lay his difficulties and desires before her. Such a state of things—of course observing certain elementary rules of etiquette or protocol, as simple as possible—would gradually exercise a binding, harmonising, strengthening, adjusting influence in our Theosophical body, and perhaps, in many cases in the past, tensions and frictions might have been either avoided or minimised if public discussion of the points then at issue had not been so very inadequate and limited. For the publicity of such ‘petitions’ is an essential to their usefulness. Questions of policy do not solely regard the individual who propounds them, but the Society as

a whole. Only publicity guarantees criticism not to overstep its bounds, and, on the other side would prevent any haughty dismissal—which I do not apprehend from the side of our present President—without due and adequate consideration. This then is the reason that I am so glad that Mr. Kirby’s article was published, and especially so because it was printed in THE THEOSOPHIST.

Now, then, coming to Mr. Jinarajadasa’s article, I have to explain why I disagree so entirely with some of its reasonings and propositions. It is, of course, far from my intention to launch into anything like a refutation of his arguments one by one. In this article I wish only to deal with certain general principles which seem to me to be involved in the discussion to which it refers, to note down some of the thoughts arising within me after having read the two articles. I am no special friend of controversy, which is mostly barren in results. Controversialists forget very often to give their readers some credit for intellect. If one side states his case well, and the other side also, let the reader form his opinion as he will. So I want only to pick out some points which seem to me especially interesting or to require some widening out, some ampler consideration, before we may look upon them as settled.

Colonel Olcott’s and Madame Blavatsky’s circular quoted by Mr. Kirby, forbidding officers and members of our Society as such to meddle with politics was, though perhaps based on political conditions prevalent in India, directed to *all members* of the Society: “The Presidents of Branches, in all countries, will be good

¹ This is exactly the line of reasoning followed by Mrs. Besant herself in her energetic campaign for the removal of the Indian Press Act.

enough to read this protest to their members." And Colonel Olcott will punish every member or Branch which shall, "by offending in this respect, imperil the work now so prosperously going on in various parts of the world". That is explicit. What is, however, not so clear is how the 'as such' is to be detected. Would Colonel Olcott have excommunicated Mrs. Besant for an earlier publication of *The Commonweal*, or would he now—if still President—cancel her diploma? I doubt it. Not only would he take present circumstances into consideration, no doubt, but, above all—to put it frankly—would he have sufficient authority to force through such a measure? I doubt it again. So that after all Colonel Olcott's circular does not help us very much. There is nothing in our Rules or Regulations—I believe—which by some ingenious and perfectly legal twisting, can prevent any group of our members working for directly political ends. The *Sons of India* pledge appears to involve loyalty to the King. That seems a political element; a slight one I grant, yet the thin end of the wedge is there. As soon as we discuss what loyalty to the King means, how loyalty should best be expressed, there is a double door opening straight into the political arena. So the only thing that, after all, remains as a net result of the circular quoted, is the unequivocal assertion of the Presidential right to cancel diplomas. But if once our Society counts its members by millions, instead of, as at present, by ten thousands, that President would be very unpopular indeed who cancelled diplomas on this ground alone if vast numbers of members were determined to enter politics as Theosophists. So, once more, the Colonel's document after all expresses the opinion he held at the time he

wrote it but has little compelling power. Still, I regret that Mr. Jinarajadasa referred to it so *very* lightly. It is all right to say *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* but the very clearly expressed opinions on a vital point for the welfare of our Society of two such leaders as Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott should—it seems to me—not be brushed aside *quite* so airily as the writer of the second article does. I am not a Conservative, but neither am I an Anarchist. If H.P.B. and H.S.O.'s opinion on such a matter is to be reckoned already antiquated within a few years after their death, then what are we going to expect as to the treatment by future generations of Mrs. Besant's views on important matters? We may set the pace, future members will have to run the race. And it seems as fatal to be bound in cast iron dogmas of the past as to demolish all tradition and authority for the future.

But Colonel Olcott's circular constitutes an official, semi-legal document, and with legal documents all mental acrobatics are possible; so we are here not on a satisfactory ground. Let us see what *spiritual* argument is given for the attitude taken up. Here we find ourselves on a far more satisfactory footing. I quote from H.P.B.'s *The Key to Theosophy*, 3rd ed., p. 156:

To seek to achieve political reforms before we have effected a reform in human nature, is like putting new wine in old bottles. Make men feel and recognise in their innermost hearts what is their real, true duty to all men, and every old abuse of power, every iniquitous law in the national policy, based on human, social or political selfishness, will appear of itself. Foolish is the gardener who tries to weed his flower-bed of poisonous plants by cutting them off from the surface of the soil, instead of tearing them out by the roots. No lasting political reform can be ever achieved with the same selfish men at the head of affairs as of old

Moreover, political action must necessarily vary with the circumstances of the time and with the idiosyncrasies of

individuals. While, from the very nature of their position as Theosophists, the members of the T.S. are agreed on the principles of Theosophy, or they would not belong to the Society at all, it does not thereby follow that they agree on every other subject. As a society they can only act together in matters which are common to all—that is, in Theosophy itself; as individuals, each is left perfectly free to follow out his or her particular line of political thought and action, so long as this does not conflict with Theosophical principles or hurt the Theosophical Society.

Now here we stand firm. Now I would submit that this argument is “for every land and for every age,” just as true to-day as at the moment it was written. And here lies the crux of the whole problem. Was H.P.B. right when she wrote this, or is Mrs. Besant right in taking up her latest activities? Mrs. Besant’s earlier view of politics, as quoted by Mr. Kirby, support—beautifully, powerfully, commandingly—H.P.B.’s view. Or were they both right, or both wrong? I do not know. I think that none of us *really* know. Mrs. Besant’s change of opinion leaves us—happily—the possibility that she also does not *know*, but just does what she thinks best now, as she has always done what she thought best in the past. And there it is precisely that the great usefulness comes in of Mr. Kirby’s timely article. He has called attention to a *problem*. Many did not even know that it exists. The whole position is vague. What is ‘politics,’ what is the ‘as such,’ has the T.S. to change its Rules and policy with regard to politics or not? The 1890 Rules

¹Mrs. Besant, the P. T. S., has recently begun a strenuous campaign of political activity, but not ‘as such’. The character of her campaign might be conveniently summarised in the word ‘pro-Indian’. Though her energetic work is not an activity of the P. T. S., ‘as such,’ will any one doubt that thousands of the Indian members of the T. S. will follow her cue, of course again not ‘as such’ but as private individuals? The theoretical distinction seems in this case a practical fiction. Again, recently full reports were sent to the Indian papers about her recent great political speech in London. An enormous amount of attention has been drawn to it in the Indian press. Leaders and references without number were published with regard to it. Can anyone

of the Society declared expressly that “The Society does not interfere with . . . politics”. That is now changed, so that an inclusion of politics seems no longer barred. Or is the Society to hold aloof from this kind of activities whereas its members or leaders may be allowed energetically to enter them? Or, again, have we to see in Mrs. Besant a special case, specially gifted, perhaps obeying special commands from on high? And if so, once more, is she an exception *not* to be followed or, on the contrary, a model, a leader, an example, to be enthusiastically emulated? All these problems are before us, and they are quite impersonal problems. They are riddles to which I myself seek as much a satisfying answer as Mr. Kirby. If I have mentioned Mrs. Besant’s name it is only out of the sheer necessity of the case; I would have vastly preferred it had I been able to refer only to Mr. X. or Y. For to me this question of politics is only *illustrated* by Mrs. Besant, but has in reality nothing to do with her. It is a problem regarding the Society that interests me. Mrs. Besant will fulfil her appointed destiny as she determines herself, and stands therefore practically outside all our calculations and discussions. She is the strongest amongst us, and most of us are quite content with that and glad that such a strong one is amongst *us*. But others will come, not so strong, not so firm, and then the ordinary member will have not only his *say* but also his *influence*. To prepare ourselves to exercise such influence advisedly and wisely we have now

doubt that such facts, conspicuously linking Mrs. Besant’s title of P. T. S. and the subject of politics together, will have any other effect than conveying to the general newspaper reading public in India the idea that the Theosophical Society is connected with politics—and that politics of a very definite sort? The ‘as such’ pleading is scholastic in its nature and breaks down in actual practice.

already to prepare, by reflection and discussion, to learn to see the needs, and tendencies, and problems germinating in our Theosophical body in order to forecast sagely the direction into which we move and the tasks that will face us. For to me it is a sheer illusion that we should always have Olcotts, Blavatskys, Besants and Leadbeaters amongst us. The Buddha Himself made way for lesser ones, and each and every great spiritual movement had its giant at the top, not at the bottom. Therefore self-consciousness, however painful, must be cultivated in our Society, and not only that consciousness of contented bliss which is nowadays so prevalent. In the spirit of these considerations all the foregoing has been written.

If the reader keeps this well in mind he will certainly not misunderstand that which is now to follow and which contains, so to say, the most personal part of what I wished to express.

THE THEOSOPHIST describes itself on its contents page as "the largest *international* Theosophical Monthly," it is advertised as the *Presidential* Organ, and it is connected with a Society, aiming at the establishment of a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of humanity and making no distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. This latter programme sounds noble and though the word 'nation' is not expressly mentioned it may be thought that the larger or more general idea of brotherhood also includes the lesser attempt to prevent antagonism or friction between the nations. In THE THEOSOPHIST, since the accession of Mrs. Besant to the Presidency of the Society, a very remarkable column has been opened called 'On The Watch-Tower' bearing a monthly message of news and comments from

Mrs. Besant in her capacity as Editor of the journal, a very personal message, bringing readers all the world over ("international magazine") in direct contact with the President's doings and opinions.

Now, during the past years, Mrs. Besant has over and over again referred in that column to political events and situations, and over and over again I have been most painfully affected by some of these references. I love and respect Mrs. Besant, and I am devoted to the T.S., yet repeatedly I have felt uneasy, if not worse, at the way political allusions were made in the 'Watch-Tower'. And why? Simply because I happen to be a non-Englishman. I am a Dutchman and feel myself as Dutch as an Englishman feels himself English. I have lived for years amongst the English and have amongst them many of my best and warmest friends. I have roamed through or lived in various countries and am not in the very remotest degree a Chauvinist or a narrow-minded patriot. But I can shed my skin as little as a Russian, or a German, or a Frenchman or an Englishman can do. I share my national thought-form to some extent, as every human being shares his national thought-form to a greater or lesser extent. There are mental and emotional grooves from which no man escapes, and happily so. Did not even a Master confess as much in one of His letters? Therefore I have several times on reading a paragraph, condemning wholesale and trenchantly a whole nation for following some course of action, or menacing it with the vengeance of the Gods—and I could cite very strong examples from Mrs. Besant's writings—felt very uncomfortable. For in these references I found not peace but irritation, not occultism but national thought,

and each time I felt strongly that the remark did not proceed from Mrs. Besant, President of the *international* Theosophical Society, or Mrs. Besant the leader, or hero, or sage, but from a vigorous and outspoken person happening to live in an English-born body. In so far as such paragraphs as I allude to have appeared I have been forced to the decision to take them *not* as Theosophy, not as fraternal, not as wisdom, not as inspiration but as echoes from another and a *lower*, purely national world by mistake strayed into the pages of THE THEOSOPHIST. If THE THEOSOPHIST announced itself as a British Theosophical journal, that is, a journal for Britishers only, nothing could be objected by Theosophists of other nations if it commented freely on international politics from a strictly British standpoint though even that would be dangerous and might eventually lead to disharmony. But the journal is international, not national. So also the continuous references to "Empire," "Imperial Problems" and "Empire Building"—frankly these give me a good deal of offence, because they appear in the so-called international journal of the P.T.S. What would English readers of THE THEOSOPHIST say if a brilliant Russian or German or Turkish editor and occultist were to assume the task of conducting the paper and, in the international paper of the Society, were to keep harping and harping again on Russian, German or Turkish imperial problems, and that always with a more or less explicitly suggested occult sanction from the Higher Powers? And if I, who move amongst so many of the old and well-known members of our Society, who have the strongest reasons for personal love and gratitude towards Mrs. Besant, who in many cases am permitted to peep more or less

behind the scenes, who have all the predisposition to accept things with a favourable bias, if I myself feel so, notwithstanding my firm determination not to let my feelings in this matter influence my actions or my valuations, how many more must there not be in our Society who—unless they frankly take the 'Watch-Tower' to be wholly and divinely inspired—must have the same disagreeable sensations, only more intensely so. Mind, I do not complain, I merely record.

Perhaps we may say that, after all, THE THEOSOPHIST is written in English and so is destined for Britishers primarily. But that does not hold good, for there are the United States of America; and then the number of copies despatched to non-English countries is considerable. Also, the various parts of the British Empire—Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, the Straits—each come in from time to time for their share of rebuke, and, on a smaller scale, also the local feeling must in many cases be ruffled.

Perhaps it will not be so clear to all readers what I really mean but a simple and perhaps strong example will bring light. Being a Dutchman I choose a Dutch illustration.

The great Boer war aroused in Holland a tremendous wave of resentment against the English, now happily subsided to a large extent, but still having left a nasty aftertaste. In the general Dutchman's mind from this war emerge two great figures, one standing for good, the other for evil. The good figure is President Krüger, who in the general conception of the Dutch people stands as a glorious hero, and martyr, a man of wisdom and tenacity, a fine example of patriarchal virtue, a beloved leader, a great man, a magnificent

patriot. The bad figure is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain who stands in the same national imagination for a hellish monster of barbarous iniquity, a reptilian brute vomited from the nethermost pit, a loathsome, unclean thing. These two conceptions form as much part of the Dutch national thought-form as those of Shakespeare and Nana Sahib of 'hat of England.'

Imagine that a Dutch Editor of an international Theosophical Magazine should have had the bad taste and sorry tact to publish allusions in his paper on the basis of these conceptions. Perhaps he would have believed in them himself, but he could not have mentioned them, in whatever way, without irritating, offending, wounding English readers who in everything else save in politics would perhaps look up to him with veneration. And something similar has happened many a time, even in the moderate doses of political allusions which Mrs. Besant has doled out in her 'Watch-Tower'. It is true, our Society is firmly knit, our love for Mrs. Besant is great, and the politest answer is after all to keep silent. But if with all her splendid talents, with all her high and never-doubted motives, with all her wide travelling and acquaintanceship in many countries, *even* Mrs. Besant has not been able to remain free from giving offence, when touching politics; who then would there be in our Society who could do so without the same or worse results? The question is simply that no man can be so international as to know all the national susceptibilities of all the

¹ These lines were already in type when the news of M. Chamberlain's demise was announced. I take the occasion to expressly state that the example does not in any way involve a statement of my personal opinion in the matter. It is certainly superfluous to add that such popular estimates must always be wrong.

peoples and so to know how and when to avoid the word that hurts or the friction that estranges. Besides—though this is mere tactics—the spiritual leader who commits a blunder in talking politics may by such action have dug out the first spadeful from the ultimate grave of his real, spiritual, authority.

In this connection, and as friend to friend, I add here for a still better understanding on this point a concrete view about the English to those amongst my readers who are English.

At the risk of committing the very offence against which I try to warn others, I must confess that the Anglo-Saxon temperament possesses in the estimation of many non-Britishers one great fault and that is an utter lack of imagination. The Englishman's want of understanding the other man's, the other race's, mind is a perennial source of friction and hurt. And in the Englishman's discussion of other nations this fault is often painfully evident. The Englishman's patriotism seems to the outsider often an immense superstition endowed with enormous inspiring power, and the profound Brito-centric consciousness is at the same time the key to England's greatness and to the hatred she so often inspires. Far from me to enter into this interesting, but dangerous, subject any further; be it enough to sum up my thesis as follows. The conception of 'God's Englishman' is a religion if used nationally; if used in international dealings it may become an abomination and a calamity.

The Theosophical organisation is becoming more and more complex and its working more and more delicate. As soon as politics are instilled into it a most potent influence for disruption is present. With growth

in numbers there will be growth in views, and politics will spell growth in danger.

Another striking illustration of how insidious the dangers are that lurk in any attempt to deal, however slightly, with politics, is furnished by an element in the history of the now moribund Order of the "Sons of India" to which I have already referred. This order, of which even a declared enemy of politics can scarcely say anything but good, and membership in which cannot and should be regarded but as perfectly innocent, has a pledge and basis upon which contain declarations that its members believe "God, the Motherland [*i.e.*, India] and the British Empire [*i.e.*, the British Empire]" and shall "be a good citizen of my municipality," etc., "and the Empire". Notwithstanding these expressions I know that this pledge has been signed by Germans, Dutch, Italians and men of other nations. To me this is a mild form of high treason, on a par with the action of the Englishman who, without giving up his own nationality, would sign a pledge "to serve the German Empire and be a good citizen of it". Of course this is only a symbolical illustration, because the practical objections are the reverse of grave, but it shows how easy the introduction of politics in Theosophical work may act as the thin end of the wedge of which the consequences—if once a peculiar set of circumstances arise—cannot easily be foreseen.

In the same general line of reasoning I also deny the value of Mr. Jinarajadasa's argument that Mrs. Besant is "perhaps the only constructive statesman the British Empire possessed in the second decade of the twentieth century". If Mrs. Besant is merely a British statesman I reply: "Woman, what art thou to me?" What reason

would an English member of the T.S., striving after enlightenment, have to pay any attention to "the greatest constructive statesman" of Russia or of Spain? To the Englishman the English statesman has a special value as part of his own national thought-form, but he would remember him as a patriot, not as a Theosophist. Who cares for any constructive statesman, be he ever so great, of a century ago, or of another country? But there are others whose memory does not perish, whose inspiration is immortal. These are the heroes and leaders, the dispensers of truth, the inciters to striving upward. What is Pericles beside Plato? Dust.

No, I have better names for Mrs. Besant, and her names. For her to be famed as a British statesman would be on the same lines as if we remembered Spinoza for his spectacle-lenses. Shah Jehan has gone but the Taj remains—not his kingdom. Puran Bhagat was Prime Minister first, Samnyāsī afterwards, not the reverse. For a lightbringer to become a statesman is a fall and not a rise.

There is one other aspect of our question which though difficult to mention in an acceptable way must be spoken of. This is the additional danger of politics where they are taken up by such persons as study occultism, or still more by occultists. What well-nigh unattainable dispassion and self-restraint are not necessary for those—much or little in contact with higher authorities—not to charge their pronouncements with even the slightest weight of such authority. How difficult for the man who shares, or thinks he shares, God's private confidence not to instill into his sayings some indication that the opinions he emits are endorsed, willed, or desired from on High. How difficult again not to attribute to the

Higher Ones one's own thoughts and views. I myself have heard expositions of the Hierarchy—the holiest, noblest, highest, grandest conception of modern Theosophy—in such a way that one might think that the majority of its members were Anglo-Saxons, existing solely for the aggrandisement of the British Empire and for the blessing of God's Fave on the British Empire and for which now can feel Englishman. It is an old delusion, Theosophical, yet return to us in subtler form, for the subtler conceptions permit not only subtler use and subtler abuse, than the world's conceptions do. basis of international Society we should look up to belief in national Gods, not pray to a French God to defeat the Germans or to a German God to defeat the French. "The God of our fathers" is killed, let us not resuscitate him in a new form or new forms. Politics, applied to spiritual conceptions, might land us in the same dreary jungle of conflicting and warring divinities where the primitive man still moves and which he dreads to-day.

In the above I have chiefly attempted to set out the problem. A definite and final answer is beyond me. I have indicated various elements, emitted some opinions, raised some objections, but the fundamental problem is still before us. Most likely no verbal answer will be found so very soon. Most likely, again, history, that is the course of events, actual happening, will bring at the same time the answer to, and the elimination of, the question through the arising of a new problem out of changed circumstances.

And so we will go on, ever striving to understand, to see the problem, to solve it, only to face a new problem instead. But that is not to be regretted if we always

remain frank and honest and ever alert to chase the will-o'-the-wisp which anyhow will lead us onward. The only fatal attitude would be not to endeavour to understand or to be afraid to speak out, investigate and report our findings. In doing so for its various problems the T.S. has to grow. On the point under discussion I have now done my best, according to my capacities, and with this I leave the inquiry to other and better hands.

As I have so freely mentioned Mrs. Besant's name in the foregoing pages I should like to state that no response to my article would give me such complete satisfaction as the knowledge that the following, concluding paragraph had been rightly understood.

Let no reader, friendly or inimical, after perusing the above, commit the grave mistake of concluding that it indicates another "crisis" in the T.S., or any "grave dissensions" in the Theosophical body. This article is a criticism of friendship, a token of trust, an indication of love for our movement. It is the outcome of trust in Mrs. Besant, so complete, that I regard it as the sincerest tribute I can render her. For it is my firm conviction that, whoever may mistake my intentions, she will unfailingly see them in their true light, will understand my motives and the spirit which has prompted me, and above all will see behind all that I have said my unshaken faith that, though difficulties and problems remain, fundamentally all is well with us.

Johan van Manen

THE PURSE OF FORTUNATUS

A TURKISH STORY

By C. A. DAWSON SCOTT

Bismillah

FORTUNATUS had been sitting in the patch of shadow for uncounted minutes. The lane with its little twist to the right ran between high walls, soft cream-coloured walls behind which were—what? The gardens of rich Turks, the gardens as he fondly imagined, of mystery. Further up the lane were a few houses mostly windowless, but one or two with lattices that looked down on the dust of the quarter. Within, as he knew, were court-yards round and about which was plenty of life, and beyond which lay the rose-gardens, the shady walks and the fountains. Fortunatus licked his dry lips, wondering whether it would ever be his lot to be one, even the meanest, of such a household. Overhead the sky was white with the glare of midday and at the end of the unbroken but irregular walls the water leapt by like a flash of silver, of silver which though molten is cool. Being the hour of the midday siesta the man had the quiet shady lane to himself. Not even a pariah dog stirred in the warm stillness.

Lying there by the side of the road, a scarcely distinguishable heap of ragged humanity, Fortunatus closed his eyes. His fortunes were at a low ebb for in his

pocket was not so much as a piastre, and that after all his wanderings in search of what his name had seemed to promise!

He too must have been asleep, for when the bit of sunbaked mud fell from the wall on to his hand he sprang up with a start and the eyes that he opened were blue and fierce.

"Beggarmen!" said a voice from overhead and he saw that above the line of white wall, a head had risen, that of a veiled woman.

Fortunatus had been some time in Stamboul, but whether or no his appearance was against him, he had not hitherto met with any adventures and it was entirely by chance that in an idle hour he had turned into the rich quarter and wandered down this lane. His heart beat quickly, for a shrewd man seeking to line his empty pockets hopes much of the unexpected, of chance.

"Beggarmen!" repeated the voice and though it was low-pitched, it had a distinct quality of command. Fortunatus staring with all his might, could make out above the yashmak nothing but a pair of bright dark eyes. He fancied however that the voice had lost the ring of youth. "I want some rubbish thrown into the Bosphorus," and a small hand, henna-tipped and laden with rings indicated the rushing flood at the end of the lane.

"Now?" said the young man, to indicate his complete willingness.

"The bundle of rags must first be rolled together. To-morrow at this hour."

"She is choosing a time when no one will be about," thought he; nevertheless he agreed to return upon the following day.

"And you shall be suitably rewarded!" He heard a tiny scrambling sound and once more the white line of wall ran like a veil across the face of the noon-day sky.

Fortunatus, left to himself and his reflections, turned his back on the water and walked slowly up the lane, until he reached a house, above the heavy gates of which was a small, overhanging lattice. "That is where she lives," he thought, putting two and two together, "and their garden doesn't go down to the Bosphorus. If it did she would herself throw the rubbish into the water. I wonder if seeing me wander past this morning she thought I might be useful?" He glanced keenly about him, but the household was still asleep, even the porter with back to the wall and head upon his chest had forgotten the responsibilities of his post. There was not a soul with whom Fortunatus might profitably engage in gossip; not so much as a dog, sniffing about in search of garbage, that he might kick. Disappointed he went on his way until he reached the bazaar and there after persuading the sherbet-seller to compound him a drink cooled by the mountain snows, he found talk a-plenty. "The house with the lattice over the gates on the left-hand side of the lane? That is Wazdi Bey's. A rich man but old."

"No doubt there are many slaves," said Fortunatus wondering how he was to come at the information of which he stood in need.

The seller of sweetmeats bent forward above his tray.

"Rich men are well served; but Allah is just and often there is one thing denied. Wazdi Bey has daughters but no son."

"Nay, brother," mildly observed the merchant by whose booth they stood, "but one was born to him a week ago."

"There should have been rejoicings, yet I heard of none."

"It is the child of the second wife."

Each man there understood that such an event, joy-bringing to the parents, would fill the first lady of the harem with rancour and jealousy. She had been Wazdi Bey's wife for many years, his only wife, and now in his old age, because it was imperative that he should have a son, he had married a younger woman, a slave-girl from afar off. It was only natural that there should be trouble in the harem.

"But if the first wife," he used the Turkish word, "is old, she will be content."

Even the merchant was moved at that and proverbs fell thick and fast, proverbs that hit off only too biting an aging and a jealous woman. "She has everything but that," said the compounder of sweet drinks, "and yet all is naught. A hard lady and a mean."

"Economy," said Fortunatus who felt that his last remark had been lacking in wisdom and who was anxious to efface it, "economy is always good—in a woman."

But the others, who had sold or hoped to sell to Wazdi Bey's first wife, did not agree with him. "Who would be economical with the dust of the wayside or the water of the sea? Her husband's purse is inexhaustible."

The sweetmeat-seller shrugged a lean shoulder. "Inexhaustible—you talk as if this were a city of the Arabian Nights."

"Nay," said Fortunatus dreamily as his eyes dwelt on the rows of scarlet and yellow slippers that edged a

began to unfasten a thin chain she wore round her neck. "There—take that," and the links thrown with a certain viciousness fell across his palm. "There is blood on your hand!"

A drop or two had spurted on the ball of his thumb where he had tried the little knife. "But not on my conscience, lady," said he, as after a glance at the chain to make sure that it was of gold he slipped it into his pocket.

"Be not too sure," said the other and her voice rippled as if his words had contained a jest at which she could smile.

Fortunatus heard again the tiny scrambling sound as she disappeared, but before he had had time to more than wonder by what means she came and went, the rough end of a bundle rose above the wall. "Be careful now," admonished the lady in an anxious tone, but the man was deft and as the package fell he caught it in his two hands. For a mere bundle of rags it was heavy, but not heavy enough to suggest that it contained stone or metal, and his curiosity grew.

"Take it down to the water," commanded the lady, "and throw it in."

"It is well weighted."

Her voice under the muslin sounded strangely deliberate. "I would have it sink."

Fortunatus sauntered off with the bundle held between his two arms. What he carried appeared to be an old and grey shawl fringed at the edges. These fringes were tied together at intervals over the folded-in ends of the shawl. From above the lady watched the dusty figure shambling down the lane. As far as she could see he was carrying the bundle awkwardly yet

surely; for Fortunatus kept his elbows still and moved the hand, the hand that held the little knife, from the wrist only. He was exploring as he went. The sharp blade ran through knot after knot and where he held the package against his breast the shawl began to unroll. He pulled it a little and suddenly in the dark opening appeared a tiny curled-up rose-leaf hand. The man's heart nearly stood still. There was no mistaking its look of warmth and life. It was the hand of a little sleeping child! So this was what the woman had wanted thrown into the Bosphorus, what she had wanted to make sure would sink! Fortunatus blessed his curiosity, his wits, and the sharp curve in the way that lay ahead, the curve that for one moment and for one moment only would hide him from his employer's watchful gaze. As he came towards it, he gradually shifted and shifted the shawl, until the face and form of a deeply sleeping boy-baby were exposed to view. "Drugged his milk," surmised the man as with a lightning twist of his whole supple body, he had the child out and lying in the dust of the roadside behind the curving wall. It lay where he placed it, as comfortable there as in the shawl and too fast asleep to be aware of the sudden change in its circumstances.

"I hope she didn't give him too much of it," thought the man uneasily as he re-rolled the bundle and came out of the shadow, his long legs eating up the yards of road that still lay between him and the water. The lady, watching him, saw nothing amiss and her bitter heart knew only satisfaction as she saw him raise the old shawl above his head and fling it far into the racing tide. Her little clutching movement was unconscious, as if she grasped at something that had been taken

"What got you for your day's work?" asked Amina, the cousin's wife, and for answer he laid the living bundle in her arms. She was no longer a young woman and her sons were men, but she had not forgotten the feel of a baby. In a trice the old garment was unrolled. "O kouzoum," cried she surprised yet glad. "Look at the dimples and the creases and the fat rolls of him! I warrant me some girl wept to bring that into the world; and when she saw him could only bless her pains. Where got you such an one, O bachelor?"

Then Fortunatus, having sworn man and wife to secrecy, told all that had come to pass and while the woman brought out the swaddling clothes she had been saving for her first grandchild and comforted the now crying baby with milk, the man lit the long pipe and talked.

"He who meddles with the affairs of his neighbour puts his hand into a wasp's nest," said the cousin.

"I think—a bee-hole. He may be stung but the honey he pulls out will be golden."

"Ay, golden as was thy chain to-day."

But Fortunatus was not easily discouraged and presently when he had eaten and washed himself and put on the finest garment that he had, he took his way back to the house of the overhanging lattice.

Wazdi Bey was in the selamlik when the humble petition of the stranger was conveyed to him. He was not a man of whom it was easy to obtain audience, but the news for which he hoped might come through any channel. Though outwardly impassive he was at his wit's end, for the son of his old age, a baby of a few weeks, had suddenly disappeared. The servant who

¹ Lamb.

had the child in charge was with it at noonday in the thickest shade of the garden and, with her neck in jeopardy, swore that she had not left it, no, not for a moment. Yet it was gone; the little dent in its satin cushions all that remained!

"An eagle has carried it off," cried the woman whose youth had been spent on a mountain slope in Central Asia and who if the truth must be told had nodded at her post. But Wazdi Bey did not believe that eagles would carry off a child from a garden on the Bosphorus, especially so fine and well-nourished, so heavy a child. He had gone into the child's mother and in his kind grave way had tried to comfort her; but what comfort is there for a woman, whose first-born has been torn from her arms, while she is yet thrilling with the delight of him? The Bey thought it would perhaps please her if he had the slave punished and in his even voice he had talked of the bastinado and worse; but the girl had crouched in the darkest corner of the harem and sobbed on, refusing to listen. And when he went slowly away, conscious as never before of his age, his first wife had come to him with sinister suggestions.

His servants were scouring the town, the police were on the alert; but nothing had come of it and Wazdi Bey was seeking to resign himself to the will of Allah. Hope dies hard however, and when he heard a stranger was at the gates he gave orders that the man should be admitted.

Fortunatus stepped into the plainly furnished room, the hard divans of which were covered with a green leather; and he carried himself no longer as a beggar but as a man. Wazdi Bey's tired old eyes scanned the

figure in the clean garment and newly twisted turban with approval. Broad shoulders like those would have been his son's had he lived to manhood.

"That which was lost," said Fortunatus salaaming, "is found."

The Turk did not so much as stir, but the hand on his knee shook a little, like the hands of the very old. "What was lost?"

"Among the jewels was one pearl, a pearl of price. I found it in a bundle of rags."

"You found it?"

"I was bidden to throw the rags into the Bosphorus."

"Who bade?"

"Are we Franks that our women should go unveiled? I know not."

"And the pearl?"

"A woman warms it against her breast."

The Turk uncrossed his legs and rose. "Said I not, Allah is merciful? Show me the way."

As they went out, he paused to send a message to the weeping girl in the harem, a message not of certainty but hope. The first wife heard it and smiled behind her veil. Wazdi Bey was gone on a wild-goose chase and she knew it, for had she not seen the oblong bundle rise as it shot forward into the water and was not the child who stood between her daughters and a great inheritance, the child whose mere existence had lowered her prestige, lying out there beneath the tide? She went over to the lattice and looked out; and as she did so, her husband passed between the great gates and with him was the beggar that she had cheated and whom she had meant to further ill-treat. Her cruel satisfaction gave place to fear.

In due time the Bey came to the little house at the end of the alley; and as he entered Amina drew the muslin across her face, for though old she was a respectable woman. "Treasure of my heart," said she to that which lay across her knees, "alas, that you should not be the grandchild of whom I have been dreaming."

Wazdi Bey bent his face over the child of his old age and his voice was husky. "This is my son that was lost and now is found," said he and because he was grateful, beyond the power of words to express, he turned to Fortunatus. "The man who preserved the pearl must be its guardian."

"Such an one as I?" said Fortunatus and glanced down at his garment which though newly washed, had been mended. The pacha took a leathern purse from his belt and showed them that it was of a peculiar make. "The greater trust includes the less. When you need money go to my treasurer and he will fill your purse."

Which is why they say in the bazaars that the purse of Fortunatus is inexhaustible.

But Fortunatus, though the ball was at his feet, had an uncomfortable recollection of his first employer. Lifting the chain from the child's neck he offered it to Wazdi Bey. "This, O protector of the poor, was my reward for throwing the rags into the water, the water that is deep and tells no tales."

"A generous giver," said the Turk as he slipped the links one by one through his fingers.

"Who would have bought it back?"

"As wise as Shaitan."

"I would not," Fortunatus spake humbly, "I would not that her arm should reach as far as my head."

Under the flowing beard the lips were grim. "Allah is just and she will go in search of those rags, to come back—when they do."

Fortunatus thought of the swirling current and seemed to see another bundle, longer and even more carefully fastened, flung into the eager tide. It would be gone in an instant, sucked down and under. An eye for an eye and a life for a life; and in the women's apartments the second wife would reign as first and there would be peace, for Allah might be merciful not Wazdi Bey.

"May you be the father of many sons," he said quietly, "and may I stand between them and harm."

C. A. Dawson Scott

ENGLAND'S DUTY

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The letter headed "An Appeal to England," in your last number, in its ultimate, would seem to express pure selfishness and self seeking for the British Empire?

Firstly, in the great world evolution, of what particular importance is it what nation carries out the cosmic progress of this world? It was Rome yesterday, to-day England, to-morrow? the Infinite knows!

The suggestion that on account of the moral and social failings and difficulties which surround England at the present time, she should now weakly surrender Empire, *i.e.*, surrender God's and man's service in this world, would suggest a misconception of the reason why nations and individuals are put in this world.

The same rule applies to nations and to individuals: both are put in this world for the humble selfless service of God and man, *i.e.*, to do His work, without thought of reward, *i.e.*, without thought in respect to the question whether as a nation we shall remain, or not remain, in the proud position in which we at present find ourselves!

By no means, therefore, let us weakly disarm ourselves—and divest ourselves of Empire; but let us, in all humbleness and purity of thought, prepare ourselves in all aspects for carrying through to the best of our ability the service of God and man, which we now find allotted to us!

The writer of the article under consideration would not seem to have arrived at the knowledge that nations and individuals on this earth plane must, and indeed do, live two lives, one the material, *i.e.*, world work and service, and one the spiritual, *i.e.*, the raising of the soul to a higher spiritual

plane in the great cosmic process. World work and service is God's service, just as much as spiritual service! The individual and the nation should do their material, their world work and service to the best of their ability, and at the same time their spiritual life and thought and ideals are quite separate. And as they grasp this fact of two lives, and as they rise higher in ideal and spiritual attainment, so their second life, their material life and service, becomes improved and bettered!

We do not want then weakly, and indeed wrongly, to lay aside our duties of Empire, or world service, but rather to purify and idealise and strengthen our spiritual life as individuals and as a nation, and so fit ourselves to do purer and better world service. Thus striving humbly and selflessly in our spiritual, and in our material lives on this earth plane, we shall rise to better things; and if so be we rise in both planes to the needs of the Epoch, we shall remain humble masters and true servants in the world Empire we now hold; and if not, then our worthier successors will take our place.

SILVER COCKLE

REVIEWS

Esoteric Christianity or The Lesser Mysteries, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s.)

This new and cheap edition of a popular work has been issued in order to bring it within reach of the Indian public, where it is not so well known as in the West. Christianity in India very often does not show itself in its fairest and truest garb, and though the Indian admires and reveres much of the Western Scriptures, the exoteric presentment of Christianity does not often appeal to him. Mrs. Besant has shown, by careful study and research, that to Christianity as to other religions there is a hidden side, and that the pearls of truth are just as much the heritage of the West as of the East. Her esoteric presentment of Christianity will not find favour with the extremely orthodox, but it is the spirit of the religion rather than the letter on which she relies. She throws fresh light on the dogmas of the Church, and gives the inner meaning of the sacraments. In three wonderful chapters she differentiates between 'The Historical Christ,' 'The Mythic Christ,' and 'The Mystic Christ'. The closing pages of the chapter on the 'Historical Christ' contain some of the most exquisite writing that Mrs. Besant has ever penned. We sincerely trust that our Indian brothers will read this book widely, as it will undoubtedly tend to dissipate many misconceptions about Christianity, which they may, owing to surrounding circumstances, have been led to form.

T. L. C.

Principles of Tantra,¹ Part I. The Tantra Tattva of Shri-yukta Shiva Chandra Vidyārnava Bhattachārya Mahodaya. Edited, with an Introduction and Commentary, by Arthur Avalon. (Luzac & Co., London, 1914.)

¹ In the following review, to avoid confusion, A. Avalon's system of transliteration of Sanskrit words is throughout employed as closely as our typographical material permits, though the reviewer does not approve of it.

This is an English translation from the Bengali made with the help of a friend, Babu Jñānendralāl Majumdar, by Mr. Arthur Avalon, the pioneer in the field of Tantrik research, and dedicated by him to the author of the work who is one of the highest living authorities in Bengal on the subject concerned.

Arthur Avalon's standpoint with regard to the investigation of the Tantra Śāstra is clearly indicated in the following sentence of his preface:

What is, in fact, wanted in this matter, is an accurate statement of the facts; whereas up to now such cursory accounts of the Tantra as have appeared are as a rule mere general statements by way of condemnation of it.

There are still many people who believe that "the chief and practically the sole subjects of the Tantra" are "sensual rites and black magic". To them this book will be a revelation. For it will show them that there is still quite a different aspect of the Tantras which is no less prominent for having been altogether neglected so far. They will be astonished to find that it is possible to deal with the philosophy of the Tantras without even referring to those rites and that magic, and they will grow suspicious with regard to those general statements on the Tantras about which our translator very aptly remarks:

Allegations as regards "the Tantra"—that is, as regards the whole body of existent Scripture which passes under that name—must be received with caution. There is no European scholar who has read "the Tantra" in this sense even approximately.

Much of this first volume of *Principles of Tantra* is of a polemic character, the book being essentially a defence of Tantrism against three enemies, viz., (1) the members of the Brahmasamāj and other modernised Indians, (2) the followers of Śrī Śaṅkarāchārya's Advaita philosophy, and (3) the sectarian-minded of the Vaishnavite community. Of these, the first class is easily disarmed by our author, as on the whole it merely echoes European misconceptions; but his fight against the other two is of a more difficult nature and perhaps not altogether successful, though always interesting. Śaṅkara's Illusionism is rejected both as untrue and unpractical, while against the Vaishnavites it is asserted that "by Viśṇumāyā or Viśṇuśakti is not meant Māyā or Śakti subordinate to Viśṇu" but that "in reality the aspect of Viśṇu is but an aspect assumed by Her who is Māyā or Śakti".

The first three chapters deal with the Tantra as a whole, showing the necessity of its appearance, its relation to dualism and monism, the difference between, and similarity of, Veda and Tantra, etc. In this Kali Age in which we live, the Tantra Śāstra is the only direct path to both worldly happiness and Liberation. The Vedas, having become impracticable, we should have to live in hopeless darkness, were there not the Tantra Śāstra holding up its followers by means of its "two assuring arms of Āgama and Nigama" and thus enabling them to pluck without difficulty the precious fruit of the tree of Veda (p. 80). Āgama are said to be all Tantras in which the Devi appears as the disciple and Śhiva as the teacher, while Nigama are called those in which Śhiva is taught by the Devi, the term *āgama* being explained as the "coming to" (*gam + ā*) the Devi, viz., from Śhiva, and *nigama* as though it were *nirgama*, the "proceeding from" (*gam + nir*) the Devi, viz., to Śhiva.

The relation of the Tantra Śāstra to the metaphysic dualism and monism is the subject of the interesting section on "Vedānta and Śaṅkarāchārya" (pp. 82-93). The path advocated by Śaṅkarāchārya, says our author, is that of complete dispassion with regard to the world ("attainment of Siddhi in Vairāgya Sādhana"), which is such an extremely rare thing that "it is doubtful whether one man in a hundred thousand has ever been able to attain Siddhi along this path". How far from it were even those of Śaṅkarāchārya's disciples who obtained a world-wide reputation, one may guess from the fact

that they disapproved others' views and established their own. It passes our understanding how he who has knowledge of nothing beyond Brahman, can yet resolutely engage in militant discussion with Nyāya philosophers. . . . Non-dualistic Siddhi is a far cry for him who has still the principle of argument in him. Who will deny that a discussion with philosophers creates an amount of distracting dualistic propensities a thousand times greater than that created by contact with wife and children?

The Tantra Śāstra does not ask of anyone to do away with the dualistic world nor does it ignore the truth of monism: it takes into its arms, "as though they were its children, both dualism and monism" by teaching that "as, to ascend a precipice, one must advance slowly, stepping on the earth itself, (and not try to fly to it,) so also, in order to realise monistic truth, one must progress slowly through the dualistic world".

But not only does the Tantra Śāstra necessarily reject the extreme monism of a Śhangkarāchārya, it is opposed also in one important point to the sources of the latter, the Upanishads. Our author states with admirable courage this difference between the Veda and the Tantra (pp. 100 fl.). He says:

The Tāntric Sādhaka, does not—in this unlike the Vaidik Sādhaka—see a hell in the Sangsāra. The hateful and hideous picture which the Vaidik Sādhaka has drawn of the Sangsāra, full as it is of wife, sons, friends, attendants, and other relations, is enough to create a revulsion in the mind of even an ordinary man.

The Tāntric Sādhakas “have discovered the play of the waves of Brahma-Bliss in this very Sangsāra”; they “move and yet remain unsoiled in the mud of worldly actions”. It is particularly the attitude towards womanhood in which there is a vast difference between the Vedānta and the Tantra. Our author refers to it in the closing sentence of his second chapter in the words: “*The great subject of discussion between the Tantra and the Veda is the Mother.*” In the Vedānta woman is the most serious obstacle to Liberation; in the Tantra only through woman is Liberation possible. For woman is love, and love is self-abandonment which is the very condition of Liberation.

The Tantrasāstra, therefore, holds that the *purusha* (male) side is the cause of the bondage consisting of attachment to the *sangsāra*, and that the *shakti* (female) side is the cause of liberation or cessation of attachment to the *sangsāra* (p. 323).

And this is our author's explanation of that seemingly barbaric symbol of Shāktism, *viz.*, the image of the Devi subduing the Purusha under Her feet (*ibid.*). “In conformity, also, with these views we find that, according to the Tantra, alone of the great Śāstras, a woman may be a spiritual teacher (Guru), and initiation by her achieves increased benefit” (A. Avalon's Preface, p. xviii).

Our author believes himself entitled to contradict the Veda in favour of the Tantra evidently because the Veda itself, in his opinion, acknowledges the authority of the Tantra Śāstra. “We believe,” he says (p. 111), “that no one is ignorant of the fact that a fundamental part of Tāntrik Sādhana is Shat-chakrabheda. The first aphorism of the Shat-chakrabheda comes from Upanishad itself”; and he refers to the seventh Mantra of Praṇa Upanishad and to several of the Minor

Upanishads, and further, for “the processes dealt with in Tantra relative to killing, driving away, and so forth,” to the Atharvaveda.

The fourth chapter deals with Mantras in general and with the Gāyatri Mantra in particular. We learn, among other things, that “in every Mantra there are two Śaktis—the Vāchya Śakti and the Vāchaka Śakti,” the former being the Devatā who is the subject of the Mantra, and the latter the Devatā who is the Mantra itself. “Mantras are not mere collections of words, which are “something gross,” but are “full of consciousness”; they “awaken superhuman Śakti”; and particularly in the Gāyatri Mantra there is present “the great supersensual Mantraśakti which controls the Brahmanāda”. As to the Gāyatri Mantra, our author protests against the very common belief “that it is the Brahman without attribute who is the Devatā of the Gāyatri, so that with the Gāyatri Mantra only his attributeless aspect should be contemplated”. This, he says, is absurd, because one who is attributeless can never be made the subject, in contemplation or worship, of a mind with attributes.¹

In the fifth chapter there is an interesting section ‘On Formlessness and Form,’ being essentially another attack against the Advaita Vedānta. It seems that the latter is made responsible for the fact that “in the various little religions of the nineteenth century Brahman and Īshvara have come to mean one and the same thing”. The author might have stated that at the root of the evil is the bad habit of the “adored great man Śhangkarāchārya” (p. 82) to use the word Īshvara for both the neuter and the masculine Brahman. There is a pathetic truth in his complaint that we (*i.e.*, the Hindus brought up by Advaitic schoolmasters) are ashamed of believing that “He took forms according to His own desire,” “because on first entering school it dawned on us that ‘Īshvara is formless and consciousness itself’”. The vulgarisation of Śhankara's “Higher Science” which is by its nature an esoteric doctrine destined for a small minority, must be reckoned among the great calamities that have befallen India.

¹ It seems that A. Avalon has gone a little too far in rendering, in his translation of the Gāyatri Mantra, (p. 137, n. 1) *bhargo* by “spirit” and *savitur* by “of the Divine Creator of the terrestrial, atmospheric, and celestial regions.” “Bogging-bowl,” in the same chapter (p. 148, l. 21 and note 8), must be corrected to “water-pot.” (*cf.* “Brahmā's Kamaṇḍalu,” p. 232.)

For it has, in the language of the *Gītā*, induced many people to take to another's Dharma instead of to their own, the latter being the "Lower Science" (*apara-vidyā*) of the great Vedāntin, in which the personal *Īshvara* is the highest reality or, at any rate, not less real than the things with which we are concerned every day. To what a ridiculous haughtiness the modern adepts of *Śhri Shangkara's* school are apt to let themselves be carried away, the writer of these lines had once occasion to learn when one of them spoke to him of the personal *Īshvara* as a "pitiable creature"!

In this chapter our author, in his zeal to save religion, goes so far as to condemn wholesale the six recognised systems of philosophy. He refers to *Rāmaprasāda's* saying of the six blind men who wrote books, which they called *Darśhana* ('sight, philosophy'), and he quotes the following from his own *Gītāñjali*: "These six systems of philosophy are a fearful sight. They are mere disputations, like the rumblings of clouds."

The next chapter entitled 'Worship of *Devatās*' is a defence of *Deva* worship against those (*Advaitins* and others) who believe that the *karmakāṇḍa* is intended only for the uncultured masses and not for the educated. If anybody says this, so we learn, he merely proves by it that "*Bhagavān* has not yet granted him the power to comprehend the deep and solemn truth relating to the worship of images of the Deity". Only for him there is no longer any necessity for worship and the like who "has become Brahman," i.e., "who, even without *dhyāna* and the like, remains immersed in Brahman-bliss as naturally as he eats and sleeps".

There follow two chapters on the question 'What is *Shakti*?' These are mainly engaged in combating an idea for which ultimately the *Sāmkhya* philosophy appears to be responsible, namely the idea that *Shakti* is something unconscious. It is also denied (against certain *Vaishnavas*) that the Lord is the "owner of *Shakti*" and *Shakti* his "servitress," and further, that it is correct to speak of "the *Shakti* of *Ātmā*". The latter is, indeed, often mentioned in the *Śāstra*, "but in all such cases it is *Ātmā* alone which has really been spoken of". For, "that which is *Ātmā* is *Shakti*, and that which is *Shakti*

is *Ātmā*". The author's conception of *Shakti* may be gathered from the following passage:

Shaktitattva is divided into two parts—first, *māyāshakti*, that is, *Shakti* whose substance is *guṇas*; and second, *chitshakti*, which is above *guṇas*, and is massive bliss. By *māyāshakti* has this vast and variegated drama of *sangśāra* been composed. In this drama *chitshakti* appears as *Purusha* and *Prakṛiti* who, though free from all attachment in their real aspects, as *Jivas* perform this vast *Brahmāṇḍa* play. Giving birth to all things from *Brahmā*, *Vishṇu*, and *Maheśvara* to the minutest insect, and spreading the manifestations of Herself both as gross and intelligent substance (*jaḍa* and *chaitanya*), She pervades the world.

The ninth chapter is entitled '*Śhiva* and *Shakti*,' which is a misleading title, as there is much more in it about *Vishṇu* than about *Śhiva*. The correct title would have been: '*The Trimūrti* and *Shakti*'; for the whole contents of the chapter may be said to be contained in the following sentence found on page 359:

In the creation, preservation, and destruction of the dualistic material world, the *Purusha* aspects of *Shakti* are *Brahmā*, *Vishṇu*, and *Maheśvara*, and Her *Prakṛiti* aspects are *Brahmāṇi*, *Vaishṇavi*, and *Maheśvari*.

That is to say: there is one primordial *Shakti* (*ādyā shakti*, *mahāshakti*) which manifests itself in three pairs of secondary *Shaktis*. The Great *Shakti*, then, corresponds to the neuter Brahman of *Shangkara's* system, but there is this difference that She is "attributeless" only in the sense of "not attached to Her attributes" (p. 361).

To say, therefore, that she is attributeless is only to show one's ignorance. The manifestations of *Shakti* in the forms of *Devas*, *Dānavas*, and men, signify nothing but the spread of attributes belonging to Her who holds the three *guṇas*.

Her real nature, however, is more manifest in the female than in the male form, and this is the reason why females are called *Shakti*, and it also accounts for such passages as the one quoted on page 304 from *Kubjikā Tantra*, viz.:

Brahmāṇi creates, and not *Brahmā*. . . . *Brahmā* is undoubtedly a mere preta (dead person). *Vaishṇavi* preserves and not *Vishṇu*. *Rudrāṇi* destroys and not *Rudra*.

The question remains why we hear in the *Śāstra* so much more often of *Vishṇumāyā* and *Mahāvaiṣṇavi* than of *Brahmāṇi* and *Rudrāṇi*.

The reason for this is that from the commencement of creation to the time of *Pralaya*, *Jivas* in this *sangśāra* are subject to the preservative *Shakti*. The preservative *Shakti* rests in *Vishṇu*, and the presiding *Devī* over the act of preservation is *Vaiṣṇavi Shakti* or *Vishṇumāyā*.

Towards the end of the chapter there is a curious story narrating how the great Śhangkarāchārya became a worshipper of the Devi whom he had long refused to acknowledge. For the truth of the story our author refers to the fact that "we see the Yantra of Śhri (the Devi) established wherever there are Maṭhas, temples, and the like, founded amongst such Daṇḍis (Samnyāsis) as are followers of Śhangkarāchārya".

The tenth and last chapter is of rather mixed contents instead of dealing mainly, as the title seems to promise, with the 'Worship of the Five Devatās'. We learn very little, indeed, about the latter, probably because this subject is reserved for the second volume. The system of fivefold initiation is not universal among Tāntrik Sādhakas, initiation into the Mantra of one Devatā only being compulsory with them, and there is always one Devatā, the Ishtadevatā or favourite deity of the worshipper, to which the latter pays most attention. Initiation into any one Mantra entitles a Sādhaka to all Mantras; so that "the moment a Brāhmaṇa is initiated in the Gāyatri Mantra, he becomes fundamentally entitled to the five forms of worship". But it is absolutely essential that his worship should follow neither the Vaidik, nor the Paurāṇic (or mixed), but the Tāntric method prescribed for the Kali Yuga.

O Ambikā, when the Kali Age is ripe, should anyone who knows the command of the Śhāstra issued from My mouth, perform any rite according to another Śhāstra, such a one will be guilty of a great sin.

The Gāyatri mentions five Devatās, viz., Brahmā, Vishṇu, Śhiva, Śhakti, and Sūrya; "of these the worship of Brahmā, in the Tāntric form, has been abolished by Devarshi Nārada's curse, and in the place of Brahmā the worship of Gaṇeśha, who is an avatāra of Vishṇu, has been established".

The book closes with a short section on the 'Loss of Tantras and Treatises on this Scripture'. The author laments that "the store of medicines has been burnt before the appearance of the disease"; still he is able to enumerate some 300 names of works "of which we have information from original books and compilations on Tantra, and which formed a part of the mass of treatises which has now been almost destroyed". This list, though consisting of nothing but names, has some bibliographical value, as the compiler is undoubtedly a trustworthy person.

It remains to say a few words about Arthur Avalon's Introduction which occupies no less than 81 pages. This, like his Introduction to the translation of Mahānirvāṇatantra, is a very remarkable piece of work. It will be found to contain much general information welcome to all interested in oriental subjects. For instance, we find in it (on pp. xxxvii *et seq.*) a rather detailed summary of an article on the 'Antiquity of the Tantra' by Mahāmahopādhyāya Jādaveshvara Tarkaratna which appeared in a Bengali magazine. The author of this article comes to the conclusion that the Tantra Śhāstra is at least two thousand years old, but probably older, as there are, in his opinion, unmistakable references to it already in the Śhāntiparvan of the Mahābhārata. A. Avalon remarks, no doubt rightly, that the antiquity of the Tantra has been much under-estimated, though some of the Tantras (such as the Meru Tantra with a prophecy mentioning the *ingreja*—"English" and *landra*=London) are of course quite modern. Another interesting contribution of the Introduction is what we read on (pp. lxiv *et seq.*) on the geographical distribution of the Tantras. Tradition assumes three regions called Vishṇukrānta, Rathakrānta, and Aśhvakrānta (or Gajakrānta) respectively, and assigns to each of them 64 Tantras (enumerated on pp. lxxv *et seq.*). Bengal is included in Vishṇukrānta, Nepāl in Rathakrānta, and South India in Aśhvakrānta which, according to one source, extends as far as the island of Java. Still another instructive passage is on (pp. xxx *et seq.*) where we learn that there is a division of the Tantras into those of the "higher tradition" and those of the "lower tradition," to the former belonging Kāmikā, Dipta, and others, to the latter Kāpāla, Bhairava, and others.

It is a pity that a bulky volume like this should have been allowed to go into the world without alphabetical indexes, the table of contents is so meagre that a subject-index was, indeed, badly needed. At least an index of quotations, in which the work is so rich, and of proper names, might have been easily added. Another drawback, to which we have already called attention on a former occasion, is Arthur Avalon's peculiar system of transliteration leading to inconsistencies like the one on page 384 (notes 6 to 8) where we read in the same line: Om, Śhring, Aing.

The value of the book is undeniable, as nothing like it has been so far available to the western student, and we hope that we have succeeded in interesting our readers sufficiently in it to look forward with pleasure to the second volume of the work (dealing specially with initiation and worship) which is now in the press.

F. O. S.

Reflections on the Problems of India, by Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadia, B.A. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London and Toronto.)

The book is exceedingly well printed and bound, and has an excellent index. It covers some 160 pages but is very closely printed and so, though not bulky, contains a substantial amount of reading matter. So much for the material aspect of the work before us, of which nothing but good can be said.

The contents, however, cannot be so easily and briefly disposed of. In the first place, let us state that the book is good enough to warrant us in being frank and in saying many bad things of it; important enough for us to attack its defects strongly.

As the title indicates, and as the 'Epistle Dedicatory' points out with emphasis, the book only ventures to give *reflections* on the problems of India, not their solution. The author has kept himself strictly to this programme. The result is that the reader feels himself thoroughly shaken up, often thoroughly irritated, by these vigorous and critical reflections and does not clearly see what the net result is of it all. This is not, however, necessarily a fault in the book. A sleeper must first be awakened. Conversation may begin afterwards when he is thoroughly conscious again.

Four essays make up the subject-matter of the volume. They are on: 1. Elementary Education; 2. The Caste System; 3. Industrial Development and 4. The Political Future.

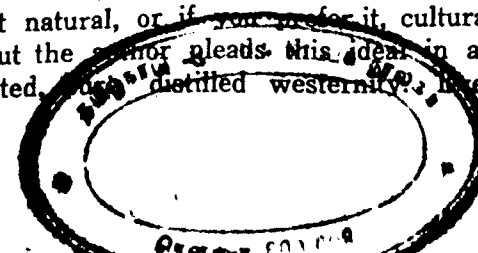
If we were to describe our general impression of the volume we would like to call it a mixture of wisdom and clap-trap, held together partly by common sense and candour, and partly by superficial thinking and hasty generalisations. In fact there is much in the book that is very good and much that is very bad. In its method of construction we object to the oriental literary method followed in presenting an

interminable string of quotations in support or elaboration of the author's own thoughts. To a certain extent the work may be described as a book of literary and philosophical quotations on the problems under consideration, lightly strung together by the author's own reasonings. Take these quotations away and the book is reduced by a third in bulk and by two-thirds in authority; but its readableness and simplicity would be perhaps doubled.

The general purport of the book may be gleaned from its concluding paragraphs: "... I have denounced Elementary Education, I have upheld the caste system, I have condemned the Factorisation of India, I have railed against the fatuous schemes of *swarāj*." But all this, as he says, not because he loves India less, but because he has more at heart her progress along lines of reality than along lines of empty seeming. He claims "to be a Son and a Servant of India". Her welfare, regeneration, the fulfilment of her life-purpose and the happiness of her manhood constitute these realities and not such external shams as mass-education, the equality doctrine, industrialism and self-government, none of which change human nature nor conduce in themselves to happiness, contentment and peace.

The general trend of the author's reasoning is based on the western aristocratic school of thinkers like Nietzsche, Carlyle, Ruskin *e tutti quanti* who are all lavishly quoted. But these quotations are often recklessly handled and violently transposed from the soil in which they have naturally sprung, into the alien field of Indian civilisation. Supermanism and anti-democracy are natural reactions in Europe; transplanted to India they change in value as the action which produced them in the West has not yet arisen there. They would in this country, be like antidotes administered to a person who had not yet been poisoned.

It is precisely on this point that the Author vitiates the whole of his argument. His fundamental standpoint is that India shall regenerate herself along lines of innate, natural, spontaneous action and growth. This is a legitimate point of view. The East is East; let her remain so. No westernisation of India, but natural, or if you prefer it, cultural self-development! But the author pleads this ideal in a book which is undiluted, distilled westernity. Even his



defence of caste is a western, not an eastern, defence. The author demands from India eastern conduct, guided and ruled by western arguments. The curious thing is that he has not found this out himself.

In spite of all this there is very much in the book which is quite worth reading and thinking over. It is in no sense a bad book, and it is at all events strong and vigorous and able. In places it irritates and thereby stimulates, in other places it criticises neatly and forcibly, in still other places it traces drawbacks and expresses doubts which furnish valuable signposts of warning. So there is much in the work with which we agree and much with which we disagree, but that the book itself is a valuable contribution to the literature about India is incontestable. All those interested in the questions of the hour in this great country should certainly study it.

J. v. M.

In the Outer Court, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

Our readers will welcome a new edition of Mrs. Besant's well-known work, which consists of the verbatim report of five lectures delivered in London during the summer of 1895. In some respects this is one of the most inspiring of Mrs. Besant's books, for herein she traces in language poetical and beautiful the qualifications necessary for the aspirant to pass from the 'Outer Court' within the portals of the very 'Temple' itself. Much has to be accomplished within the 'Outer Court,' but the difficulties outlined, though clearly put, are so well explained and so sympathetically treated, that the reader feels encouraged instead of disheartened, and longs to climb the Mountain—to use the author's own imagery—by the shorter path, instead of taking the easier but far longer way. 'Purification,' 'Thought Control,' 'The Building of Character,' 'Spiritual Alchemy,' 'On the Threshold,' are the subjects dealt with. We are told how more and more light comes to us as we are winning nearer the goal.

They who tread it know the peace that passeth understanding, the joy that earthly sorrow can never take away. The rest that is on the rock that no earthquake may shiver, the peace within the Temple where for ever there is bliss.

To those who have not already had the good fortune to read *In the Outer Court*, we can safely promise a book which must surely inspire and make its appeal.

T. L. C.

The Science of Human Behaviour, by Maurice Parmelee, Ph. D. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 8s. 6d.)

"This book," in the words of the author, "furnishes a basis for the study of the more complex human, mental, and social phenomena," and it is certainly a careful and painstaking attempt to trace volitional action back to its origin in the mobility and plasticity of organic matter. In effect, it is a detailed application of the Herbartian theories of apperception and interest to all phenomena which present themselves to the human senses. For instance the writer defines intelligent behaviour as, "behaviour varied in response to experience". Thus, the exact scientist and the abstract psychologist meet on common ground.

The writer also keeps in view always, the important fact that, while function may determine structure; in action, function is always modified by the limitations of structure, as such, and there can be no clearer example of the truth of this, than the paradoxical position of man in society. He is much weaker, individually, and comparatively, than the animals that prey upon him, yet collectively he lords it over creation.

Altogether the book is a very valuable contribution to the science of sociology.

H. R. G.

The New Realism: Co-operative Studies in Philosophy, by Edwin B. Holt, Walter T. Marvin, W. P. Montague, Ralph B. Perry, W. B. Pitkin and E. G. Spaulding. (The Macmillan Co., New York, 1912.)

The "six realists," who are responsible for this book, give the opinions they hold in common in the first essay and then each in turn presents his more particular way of regarding the subject. An appendix gives their programme and first platform. We thus gain an unusually all-round view of the subject, and many individual points, which are of value in clearing our thought. The book is not one for the many; but

a certain type of mind will find pleasure in its arguments which its authors intend to serve as an up-to-date basis for future discussion. The scrupulous choice of words is naturally insisted upon as a moral necessity before thoughtful men can understand each other and Hobbe's quaint but important phrase is quoted: "The light of human minds is perspicuous words, but by exact definitions first snuffed and purged from all ambiguities." Yet the most definitely used words are merely halting places to mark the thought of a certain period, for as evolution advances each surge of fresh thought, or of scientific research, enriches the content of the sign or word and new words are daily born—exact or indefinite according to the happy or distorted unions that conceived them. Until words have become superfluous and mind answers direct to mind, scholarship, in the sense of a study of the existing terms of a subject, will ever be necessary.

"If realism concludes, as it does, that the knower himself may, in the great majority of cases, be disregarded and the object be explained in its own terms, it is only after due consideration of the matter" (page 41). The plain statement of our authors' new realism is useful as a counterpoise to the extreme idealist view, but we live in the hope that advance in thought will show the two views merely as two aspects of a reality which we are not yet able to grasp sufficiently to formulate.

A. J. W.

Modern English Speeches and Addresses, edited by J. G. Jennings, M.A. (OXON). (Longmans Green & Co., London.)

The compiler of the above, says in the preface that his chief aim is to present to 'foreign' readers specimens of English as it is spoken now. That aim is achieved, but apart from a characteristically pleasant chat by Lord Avebury on 'The Study of Nature,' and an address by Lord Morley on 'Aphorisms,' there is, otherwise, little worthy of preservation.

H. R. G.

VOL. XXXV

No. 12

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE re-election to the Presidency took place so smoothly, and apparently so inevitably, that I carelessly allowed last month's issue to go out without any paying of due thanks to those who have again called me to take the helm of the Theosophical Society. There was a very great rush of work which met me on my arrival at Adyar, and, in dealing with this, I forgot the personal matter. Let me, then, though late, say to all those who have shown their love and trust by placing me again in the seat of the President of the Theosophical Society, that I will try to do my best in that office, and to serve faithfully and well the cause we all love. I ask the members to believe that if I fail in aught, it is not from lack of effort but from lack of capacity, not from wilful error but from want of insight.

• • •

I have read with some care the varying views and criticisms as to the Theosophical Society, and any special lines of work adopted by me in social and political activities. It seems that all members agree that

religious and educational work may be carried on by a President, but some think that social and political work, if carried on by a T.S. President at all, should be carried on apart from his Theosophical magazines, and general Theosophical activities. It is, of course, true that great differences of opinion exist between the views of members of the varying nationalities which enter into the world-wide organisation of the Theosophical Society. Our membership embraces persons of all political and social parties, and of none—autocrats, oligarchs, aristocrats, democrats, labour men, socialists, suffragists, suffragettes, anti-suffragites—all sorts and conditions of men and women.

* *

There is nothing one can say on any of the points which divide, which will not give offence to those who dislike free expression of opinions from which they dissent. On the other hand, it is also true that sharp differences of opinion arise on religious questions, and yet these, surely, cannot be excluded from a Theosophical magazine; some persons objected to the late President-Founder taking the pañchasilā, and thus professing one particular religion, and others have objected to my affection for Hindūism. Probably there is no department of human thought in which the P.T.S. may exert himself, in which the fact that he holds some definite opinion may not cause annoyance to those who would prefer that he should hold their own particular views. But it is obvious from the late election that there is no wish in any appreciable part of the T.S. to curb the liberty of thought or action of its President. (I do not think the great majority necessarily agree with

my views; but they stand for liberty of thought.) To put it somewhat bluntly:

The T.S. stands by the principle of Free Thought and Free Expression, whether in official or in simple member, and it would rather have me as I am, with my strong and strongly expressed opinions, than somebody else, who would be more colourless and less effective.

* *

That being clear from the votes cast, we may consider the position, and see what there is in the objections raised, and if there be any way of meeting them, for the value of opinions is not decided by the counting of heads. A small minority may be right, and a big majority wrong. All reforms begin with a minority of one. I put aside the objection that the President-Founder said certain things about politics, for two reasons: first, no one contends for that which alone he barred, corporate action on the part of the T.S.; none the less, strong action on my part *does*, I think, affect the T.S. in the minds of the ordinary thoughtless person, and to some extent commits it, *in such minds*, to the line taken by myself, if I write on such matters in THE THEOSOPHIST, the *Bulletin*, or other distinctively Theosophical magazine. In the second place, Colonel Olcott's opinion on politics, or anything else, is no more binding on any member of the T.S. than is my own; he cannot fetter the Society, any more than I can; our objects alone are binding on us, and not the *dicta* of anybody, however much he, or she, may be held in general respect. If Colonel Olcott, as P.T.S., had any right to bar politics, I, as P.T.S., have an equal right to bar social reform, for which he

urgently pleaded, thereby annoying seriously many of our Hindū members. I do not think that either he or I have any right at all to interfere with individual activities. H. P. B. said, in so many words, that individuals were "perfectly free to follow out his or her particular line of political thought and action". Mr. Van Manen begs the question when he ignores this statement, and quotes her statement that reform of human nature is necessary to useful political reform. I have said this over and over again, and said it quite lately, but this does not mean, to me, that no political abuse may be corrected until human nature is perfect. Time and circumstances must be considered in applying this general principle. The first advance should be in the nature of some of the people; then they should work for outer improvement of conditions, and so on. For this reason, in India, I worked for the revival of Hindūism—and was much blamed for doing so—to obtain a spiritual basis for improvement; then I laboured for religious and moral education; now that those are practically safe, I go on to build on this the edifice of political and social reform. H.P.B. was an enthusiastic social reformer, and H.S.O. was enthusiastically in favour of the Congress, and obtained for me an invitation to lecture at it when it was held in Madras at the same time as our Theosophical Convention.

* * *

The different attitudes of Mr. Kirby and Mr. Van Manen on the one hand and of Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. C. Jinarajadasa on the other are due to profound differences of nature. Mr. Kirby and Mr. Van Manen represent, with admirable taste and spirit, the attitude,

the rightful attitude, of men of the world in an ordinary democratic Society, such as the T.S. is, from the standpoint of the world. No one, who, like myself, is an elected officer of the Society can quarrel with that attitude. Criticism, advice, difference of opinion, all these are thoroughly in place, and I am sure that Mr. Van Manen will bear witness that I have never dreamed of objecting to these; as a matter of fact, I have always encouraged them, since I have been an official of the Society. Quite apart from any question of personal criticism, I rejoice over every expression of difference of opinion from the opinions of myself and of others, as leading to more vigorous intellectual life and to an increase of our knowledge of truth.

* * *

The view taken by Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Jinarajadasa is the view of the Occultist, of the members of a band who, knowing each other, and, realising that Wisdom is the highest authority, gladly follow the directions of a Wisdom greater than their own. The Wisest rules and teaches. But in that band, no objection to following the Wisest can ever be raised, and the world knows them not. There, no blind credulity can arise, no danger of crude superstition; there, the ignorant cannot be confused by the action of the wise, for they know nothing about it. There, utter obedience and the reason for it are understood, and there is none to challenge or to question. There, no doubt can arise as to relative Wisdom, for the rank in the Hierarchy marks it. It is little wonder that members of such a band, seeing its perfect order and the perfect working out of a Plan, served by all, should wish to see down here a similar order, a similar discipline. But the

"pattern" showed to us "in the mount" is not fitted for reproduction in the mechanism of a heterogeneous Society, in which the knowledge of each other by members is very limited, in which official rank is not necessarily according to wisdom, in which many do not recognise in any member the existence of wisdom greater than their own. We are in a democratic age, the T.S. has a democratic constitution, and democracy has not yet devised a plan for placing the wisest in the seats of power. The conditions which exist in the band of Occultists do not exist here, and there is, moreover, an ever-present danger in the outer world of an exaggerated reverence for particular personalities turning into abdication of judgment, of blind credulity taking the place of rational faith. Therefore, I think that the attitude of Mr. Kirby and of Mr. Van Manen is the better for the T.S., and protects it against the worst danger which threatens it, the abnegation of individual judgment and the consequent growth of sectarianism. But inevitably both attitudes will always be found in the T.S., since each is characteristic of a particular type. I personally profoundly disagree with Mr. Van Manen's view of "service" and "loyalty"; to me service is the noblest function of life, and loyalty, loyalty to a friend, a cause, a principle, a superior, the finest fibre in human character.

* *

The one argument which has great weight with me, and which I have too much overlooked in my frank expression of personal opinions, is stated by Mr. Van Manen: he argues that THE THEOSOPHIST is *international*, and therefore should not contain any political allusion which may hurt the susceptibilities of

any non-English reader. In the case he gives of Mr. Kruger being regarded as a saint and Mr. Chamberlain as a fiend by the Dutch, I should personally never have dreamed of being hurt by finding either of them described in one of these characters by a Dutch Theosophical Editor; but I think that my entire willingness that anyone should think as he pleases, and speak as he pleases on all public matters, is an idiosyncrasy, and I should not assume it in others. Having THE THEOSOPHIST, and knowing that my friends liked me to chat to them on all the things that interested me, I have chatted freely. I see, however, the force of what Mr. Van Manen says, so I shall in future confine THE THEOSOPHIST and the *Bulletin* to the three defined Objects of the T.S., including, in these, articles on general political and social topics, which come under "Brotherhood," and are not essentially national—I mean subjects on which nationality will not influence the point of view taken. There is a World-Politic and a World-Sociology.

* *

There are many interested in the question of applying Theosophy and Occultism to the solution of the political problems which arise in particular nations, and such an application sharpens insight and quickens discrimination. Yet while national prejudices are so strong, it is probably wiser not to lay stress on these in an international magazine. The public will always think that an Occultist, in pointing out the place of a nation at a particular time in the World-Plan, is trying to aggrandise that nation for a national motive, if that nation happens to be his own. It is well to avoid that misconception as much as possible, although I do not

quite think that I have been guilty of "the bad taste and sorry tact" ascribed to me by Mr. Van Manen. An intelligent interest in the trend of events is desirable for the Theosophist, and ought to be a characteristic of members of the T.S., but while nationality transcends humanity, we must walk wisely and warily. Those who desire to know about my own political and social work in India can very well read *The Commonwealth* and *New India*, which are without the Theosophical label, though, I hope, they are permeated with the Theosophical spirit, and these will show the application of Theosophy and Occultism to the solution of great public problems. From next January, *The Commonwealth* will be printed at the *New India* office, and thus will be entirely separated from all Theosophical publications.

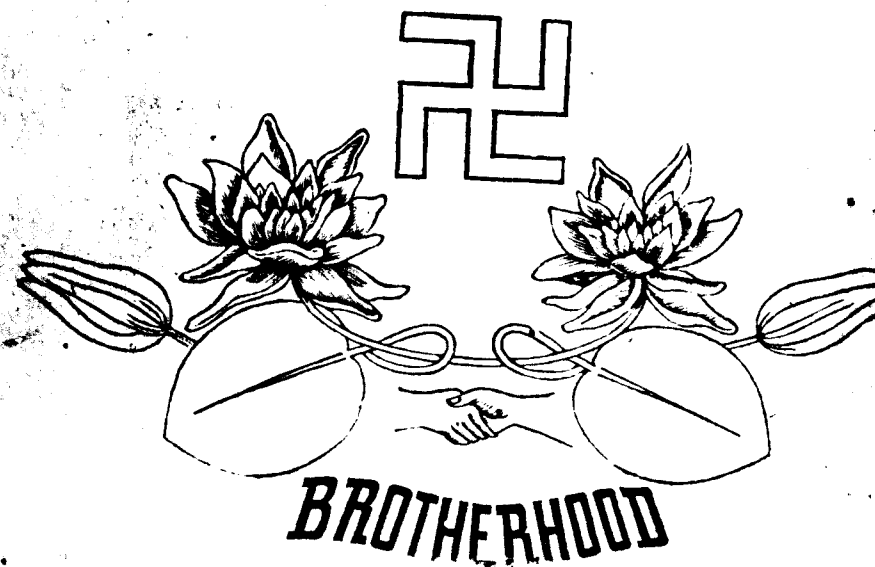
* * *

In the terrible war now raging in Europe, and in which India, as part of the British Empire, is involved, the duty of members of the T.S. is clear: to soften national animosities, to keep unbroken the ties of personal friendship though nations may be at war, to do all we can to calm the public mind and to check fanatical violence among the ignorant. This every member can do, with tact and discretion, among his own people. And we can look forward hopefully to the time when, even by exhaustion, the warring nationalities may again turn to peace, and may realise that national morality must rise to the level recognised as binding on all good men in their individual relations, and thus substitute Law for Force, the right of Justice for the might of Strength.



ROGER BACON, 1214—1294

PHOTO BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. GILLMAN & CO., LTD. OXFORD



THE SEPTINGENTENARY OF ROGER BACON

By G. L. BECKTON

I

BEFORE dealing with the seventh centenary celebrations held this year in memory of that remarkable genius Roger Bacon, it would perhaps first be well to give a short sketch of his life, in so far as it can be pieced together from authentic and traditional records.

Whether it be due to the fact that great teachers are usually in advance of their time and consequently unpopular, or that they and their immediate adherents are too much engrossed with the work to be done to have time for personalities, the truth remains that very little is generally known of their lives. This is especially the case when trying to trace the history of Roger Bacon, for we cannot say with certainty the date of either his birth or his death. It is believed that he was born in the year 1214, at Ilchester in

Somerset, or within a few miles of that place, somewhere in the county of Dorset. At the early age of 12 or 13, he is said to have been studying at Oxford, at which University he seems to have spent most of his life, though he was frequently and for long intervals at the University of Paris. The earlier part of his career was spent in teaching and writing elementary treatises for students. In both Universities he earned great reputation as a teacher, and his fame spread throughout Europe as the "Doctor Mirabilis". There is some evidence to show that he was at the University of Paris before 1236, and he was certainly there before 1245. The date of his entry into the Franciscan Order is entirely unknown, and there is no certain record that he ever took Holy Orders. On account of ill-health he had to retire from active university life from 1256 to 1266, though he continued to write during this period; some authorities say that during these years he was detained in Paris under strict surveillance by the ecclesiastical authorities, but there seems to be no particular evidence for the statement.

In 1266 the great opportunity of Roger Bacon's life came to him, as his reputation attracted the attention of the Pope, Clement IV, and the Holy Father wrote, demanding copies of all his writings to be sent to him "with all secrecy and haste". Bacon, overjoyed at the notice of the Head of the Church, replied that he had as yet written nothing worthy to be read by His Holiness, but promptly set to work to formulate all his opinions on knowledge, of what it consisted, and how it should be taught and acquired, embodying them in the *Opus Majus*, *Opus Minus*, and *Opus Tertium*. The

two former, with other MSS. were sent to the Pope early in 1268, but probably the latter reached Rome too late to be seen by him, as he died in the latter part of the year. The death of Clement IV put an end to all prospect of Bacon's ideas being put into practice, as from henceforth the only effective channel for such wholesale changes in those days—authority of the Church—was closed to him.

Bacon apparently continued to write and teach more or less unmolested till 1277, but his unfailing denunciation of ignorance however highly placed, and his unqualified personal criticisms, had earned him many enemies, who but waited their chance to suppress him. Many scandalous quarrels having arisen at the University of Paris between the factions of secular masters and mendicant Orders, Pope Gregory X, in January 1277, ordered the Bishop of Paris to hold an inquiry into the causes, and suppress the errors, which led to the disturbances. This Bishop, who was a reactionary, formed a commission, and made the most of the opportunity given him to attack all progressive and independent thought; he condemned certain books, and published a list of 219 errors, the teaching of which was prohibited, on the pain of excommunication of all those who attended lectures at which they were propounded. Later in the same year the heads of the Orders of Friars Preachers and Friars Minor, met in Paris to adopt measures to prevent the continual quarrels between the members of their Orders, and one of their judgments was to condemn and reprobate "the teachings of Friar Roger Bacon of England, master of sacred theology, as containing some suspected novelties, on account of which the same Roger was

condemned to prison". This imprisonment lasted from 1277 till 1292, when it is believed that Bacon was set free. His last dated work—the *Compendium Studii Theologiae*—was written in this year, 1292, but the general tradition is that he lived till 1294. However, John Rous, the Warwick antiquary, who lived in the fifteenth century, says: "The noble doctor Roger Bacon was buried at the Grey Friars in Oxford, A. D. 1292, on the Feast of St. Barnabas." (June 11th.)

The teachings of Roger Bacon are altogether outside the scope of this paper, but it is interesting to note that nearly all writers on his works are puzzled by the extraordinary likeness, and in some cases the identity, of his outlook with that expounded by his namesake Francis Bacon, nearly four centuries later.

The following quotation from the *Opus Majus* gives too apt a definition of philosophy to be left out: "The end of all true philosophy is to arrive at a knowledge of the Creator through knowledge of the created world."

II

Though this year of 1914 cannot definitely be stated to be the actual septingentenary of the birth of Roger Bacon, it is near enough after such a lapse of time, and admirers of his genius have been glad to take advantage of a settled date in order to get some public acknowledgment made of the debt which modern science owes to his dauntless demands for freedom of inquiry.

Last year an international committee formed itself under the chairmanship of Sir Archibald Geikie, and announced its programme to be: 1. To hold a commemoration at Oxford during the summer of 1914 and to erect a statue of Roger Bacon in the University

Museum there; 2. To publish a volume of *Commemoration Essays*¹ to be written by specialists in the various subjects; and 3. To arrange for the editing and printing of Roger Bacon's writings, so far as funds will allow. To carry out this third project a Roger Bacon Society on a permanent basis must be formed, and reference to the need for this will be made later. The two first objects have been accomplished.

On June 10th, 1914, a small but gay looking assembly collected in the University Museum at noon for the ceremony of unveiling the statue of Roger Bacon. The proceedings took twenty-five minutes. The gaiety of the scene was due to the fact that nearly all the men present were in robes, and a large percentage seemed to be in the scarlet and grey of Doctors of Science. There was also a sprinkling of Franciscan Friars in their chocolate habits, and a good deal of red and black supplied by the robes of the other learned men; the small number of ladies present were quite eclipsed and rendered inconspicuous (as is perhaps seemly from the traditions of Oxford) in their light-coloured summer clothes. There were delegates present from the Vatican, the Order of Friars Minor, the Capuchin Friars of St. Francis, the Collège de France, and the Universities of Paris, Cambridge and Columbia.

The proceedings began with a speech from Sir Archibald Geikie, who in the name of his committee asked Lord Curzon to accept the statue on behalf of the University of Oxford, as a tribute to one of the greatest men that had ever studied within the walls of that University. Master of all the learning of his time, this

¹ *Roger Bacon: Essays*. Edited and Collected by A. G. Little. Clarendon Press, Oxford.

eminent philosopher (Roger Bacon) devoted his strenuous and chequered life to combat the ignorance, prejudice, and intolerance amidst which his lot was cast, to widen the boundaries of knowledge in every branch of intellectual effort, and to make this increase of knowledge subservient to the advancement of mankind in virtue and religion.' He led the way towards the modern conception of science as an inductive study of nature, based on and tested by experiment, and was one of the forerunners in the development of that new or experimental philosophy which, some four centuries later, arose into quickened activity under the inspiration of his illustrious namesake Francis Bacon. Roger Bacon's enlightened outlook on man and nature and his bold anticipations of the discoveries and inventions of the future so roused the antagonism of the theologians of his time that he was for many years of his life placed under strict ecclesiastical supervision and debarred from publishing his opinions. To this day some of his writings still extant in manuscript have never been given to the world. In addition to the erection of the statue it was proposed to publish these works.

Sir A. Geikie then unveiled the statue, which is that of a Franciscan Friar, standing behind a pedestal, holding an astrolabe in his hands. This work of Mr. Hope Pinker has a strong, clever and kindly face, with a humorous mouth capable of expressing all sorts of subtleties, but gives no hint of the enthusiast, or the seer of visions. It is, however, a pleasing conception in its very modernity.

Lord Curzon, as Chancellor, accepted the custody of the statue on behalf of the University, saying that its erection was a tardy reparation of a long neglect, and

filled a notable gap in the commemoration of a long line of distinguished men whom Oxford had produced. He said that on entering the Museum before the ceremony he had inquired what statue it was which stood beside the veiled one, and, on being told it was that of Francis Bacon, had been startled by the appropriateness of the chance which had placed these two Bacons side by side, as though separated in time by nearly four centuries—he hastened to say he was not suggesting any family relationship between them—yet in their two persons they seemed to embody the whole of modern knowledge. He went on to declare that it was no ordinary anniversary which was being celebrated that day, as Roger Bacon was one of the greatest men of genius Oxford had ever produced. He alluded to the wonderful range of Bacon's intellectual achievement, which included all that we know by science, and moral and political philosophy, in the pursuit of which he was no amateur, but a profound student. The sciences of which he was to some extent a master included theology, medicine, philosophy, mathematics, geography, astrology, astronomy, botany, physics, optics, chemistry, alchemy—the speaker talked of that with some suspicion—moral and political philosophy, and experimental science of which he was the acknowledged founder and parent. He foreshadowed, if he did not actually foresee, some of the most remarkable appliances and inventions of modern days—the steamship, the railway, the telescope, the magnifying glass, gunpowder, mesmerism, the aeroplane, and the submarine. Roger Bacon, who in his own day was looked upon as a picturesque and dangerous impostor, was in reality one of the most universal geniuses this country or race had ever

produced, and Lord Curzon expressed himself as amazed that this wide area of knowledge should have been, as it were, thrown up against the dark background of the thirteenth century.

Addresses were then presented by Professor Ward on behalf of the University of Cambridge, and by the Rev. Father Fleming, the representative of the Order of Friars. A Latin Oration by the Public Orator, Mr. A. D. Godley, brought the proceedings to a close.

A luncheon was afterwards given by the Warden and Fellows of Merton College to the delegates and distinguished visitors, at which further speeches were made. In the afternoon the members of the Society attended the Romanes lecture in the Sheldonian Theatre given by Professor Sir J. J. Thomson on 'the Atomic Theory,' and were able to view an interesting collection of Roger Bacon MSS. and other relics at the Bodleian Library. A garden party at Wadham College ended a very interesting programme.

Another commemoration is to take place shortly at Ilchester, the reputed birthplace of Roger Bacon, when a bronze memorial tablet is to be erected in the beautiful parish church. This is to be headed by a medallion of the head of Roger Bacon in profile, with a monk's hood and tonsure, copied from one preserved in the Taunton Museum. The actual date of this portrait is unknown, but it is not later than the seventeenth century. Under the medallion is to follow this inscription:

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF
ROGER BACON

A Franciscan Monk and also a free enquirer of the true knowledge. His wonderful powers as mathematician, mechanic, optician, astronomer, chemist,

linguist, moralist, physicist and physician gained him the title of "Doctor Mirabilis". He first made known the composition of gunpowder, and his researches laid the foundations of modern science. He prophesied the making of machines to propel vessels through the water without sails or oars; of chariots to travel on land without horses or other draught animals; of flying machines to traverse the air.

He was imprisoned, starved and persecuted by the suspicious ignorance of his contemporaries, but a fuller knowledge now acclaims and honours him as one of the greatest of mankind.

Born at Ilchester 1214.

Died at Oxford in 1294.

This tablet is erected to commemorate the seventh centenary of Roger Bacon's birth by a few admirers of his genius.

A.D. 1914

III

The last subject to be dealt with is the need for the formation of a Roger Bacon Society on a permanent basis.

Of the 77 works of Roger Bacon, given in the bibliography appended to the volume of commemoration essays (mentioned on a previous page), 36 are said to be undoubtedly genuine; 25 to be doubtful; and 13 to be spurious. The remaining three have not yet been identified. At present all these works are out of reach of the ordinary scholar, as only 14 of the 36 authentic writings, and 10 of those said to be doubtful or spurious, have ever been printed, and copies are fairly difficult to obtain. The rest remain in MSS., scattered in libraries

all over Europe, and quite a number of these MSS. have not yet even been examined by competent authorities.

The Roger Bacon Commemoration Committee wishes to change itself into the Roger Bacon Society, but is at present sadly hampered by the want of funds and the lack of public interest. So far it has published a book of essays, a copy of which is sent to every subscriber of £1-1-0 and upwards, and the first volume of Roger Bacon's works—his treatise and commentary on the pseudo-Aristotelian *Secretum Secretorum*, edited by Mr. Robert Steele—is already in the press. The second volume will probably contain the medical treatises, an edition of which is being prepared by Dr. E. T. Withington and Mr. A. G. Little. The following volumes are to contain a complete edition of the *Opus Tertium*; the *Quaestiones* on Aristotle's Physics and Metaphysics; the *De Plantis*; the *Communia Mathematicae*; the *Computus Naturalium*; the *Opus Majus*; the *Opus Minus*; the *De Naturis Metallorum*; and the *Tractatus Trium Verborum*.

Anybody desiring to subscribe or wishing to obtain further information should write to Lt.-Col. H. W. L. Hime, 20 West Park Road, Kew, London, S. W.

G. L. Beckton

S. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

THERE are a few characters in history who seem to sum up in their own persons the whole drama of their age, who embody its essential idiom, who stand at the very centre of its manifold movement, and whose biography becomes therefore, in a literal sense, the story of their times. One of these is assuredly the celebrated Bernard of Clairvaux. The man who saw everything, knew everyone, and had a controlling hand in every important transaction of his age; who, in the course of his astonishing career, rose from a humble monk to be the confidant and adviser of Emperors and Kings, the spiritual preceptor of Sovereign Pontiffs, the "universal legate" upon whom seemed to fall, as a natural and inevitable burden, the care of all the churches; the one individual to whom all alike, in that time, turned instinctively for help and counsel, whenever, in the world's political or ecclesiastical, trouble or difficulty arose;—such was this remarkable personage. To his contemporaries he appeared as one who prevailed by mere presence; and his personal prestige was such that, where others knew that they must fail, or had already failed, his success was taken for granted. The consequence was that the world of his time allowed him no rest. For more than thirty years he passed from labour, and the conclusion of one task was but the signal

for the commencement of the next. Even when advanced in years, and frail and broken in body, he was still looked upon as the one man in Europe capable of coping with a heresy, of bringing a refractory potentate to reason, and of combating abuses and mismanagement in church affairs; and it was as an old man that he was called upon to take up the wellnigh superhuman task of preaching the Second Crusade. Not surprising is it, therefore, that, to the historian, he appears as a veritable Atlas, bearing upon his shoulders the whole burden of his age; nor that one of his biographers¹ has written of him that "the twelfth century would have had another aspect if he had never lived".

Seeing that the question is sometimes discussed, whether the life of the spirit and the life of outward, secular activities are truly compatible, it may be of interest just to glance at the career of a man who combined, in outstanding fashion, the highest saintliness with the utmost practical efficiency and worldly wisdom. The more so, since S. Bernard has suffered the fate, which has befallen so many famous personages, of being so familiar a name that the Man in the Street probably knows very little about him.

Let us, then, run rapidly through the events of this remarkable life.

Bernard was born in the year A.D. 1091 of a knightly family of Fontaine, near Dijon, in Burgundy. His father, Tesselin, was a noble knight, renowned no less for gentleness and piety than for valour; his mother, Alith, the true type of a saintly matron. Seven

¹ The late Mr. J. Cotter Morrison, from whose ample *Life of S. Bernard* the materials of this sketch are almost entirely derived. The passages quoted within inverted commas are from that work.

children in all she bore to her husband, six boys and one girl; and of these Bernard was the fourth son.

His earliest years were passed amid stirring times, for he was four years old when the great upheaval of the First Crusade shook Europe to its foundations. At about ten he was sent to school at Chatillon, where he showed himself quick and eager in learning and "marvellously given to thoughtfulness"; and from school he passed on later to the University of Paris. On reaching manhood, he hesitated for a while as to the choice of a career. Strongly drawn though he was by natural inclination towards the religious life, yet there was a space when he was half-tempted by the attractions of a new career—that of dialectician, or professional disputant—which was at that time beginning to hold out dazzling possibilities to the quick brain and the ready tongue. But the attraction was not for long. One day, as he prayed in a wayside church, of a sudden illumination came to him, and he knew himself to be destined wholly for God.

It was characteristic of Bernard that, having realised, with all the intensity of an inward conviction, his own vocation in life, he should have been filled with a burning zeal to induce as many others as possible to share it with him: and it speaks much for his magnetic personality, even at that early age, that when, some time later, the hour had come definitely to enter the cloister, it was a party of no less than thirty—including his father, his uncle, his five brothers, and many friends of high position—which, headed by the youthful Bernard, sought admission to the neighbouring monastery of Citeaux. This was in 1113, when Bernard was twenty-two.

Citeaux was the parent monastery which has given its name to the Cistercian Order. Founded fifteen years earlier, it had, under the strong and able rule of an English abbot, Stephen Harding, acquired a reputation for sanctity and for the severity of its discipline. But the insatiable zeal of Bernard soon left the normal austerities of the house behind. He gave up receiving visitors from the outside world, a privilege permitted at intervals to the other monks; he only ate to save himself from fainting; sleep he abhorred as a waste of time, a very death in life; and the solitary pleasure he allowed himself lay in the enjoyment of the beauties of Nature. So rapidly, indeed, did he mark himself off from his fellows by his devotion and earnestness that, a year later, on the conclusion of his novitiate, he was selected by the abbot to be the leader of one of those colonising ventures which the growth of the monastery of Citeaux had rendered necessary. And thus it was that one day, in the early summer of the year 1115, Bernard, with a party of twelve companions, passed out of the gates of Citeaux to seek a new home for the Order. After some wanderings a spot was chosen some ninety miles to the northward, in a deeply wooded valley, known as the *Vallee d' Absinthe*, situated in the diocese of Langres; and here the little party began to build, with their own hands, the first abbey of *Clara Vallis* or Clairvaux.

Many were the hardships endured by the adventurous band during that first autumn and winter. The monastery was a bare wooden structure, hastily erected; a kind of barn. The roof leaked; the windows were so tiny that they hardly admitted any light; the abbot's cell was a cupboard; the monks slept in wooden boxes,

like coffins, with rough logs for pillows. Nor was the fare more sumptuous than the lodging; for we read that for the first few months the brethren lived chiefly on roots and nuts. Their clothes and shoes, too, were soon worn out; no help came, or seemed likely to come, from the outer world; and there seemed nothing before them but to perish of starvation. It was small wonder that, in spite of the intrepid spirit and the repeated exhortations of Bernard, his followers began to lose heart. At length, however, a happy vision, vouchsafed to the leader, and a prediction of help miraculously fulfilled, inaugurated a better period. The outside world awoke to the existence of the little struggling community, and wealth sufficient for all its needs came to Clairvaux. Before long, the holiness of its life, the simplicity and devotion of its monks, and the growing fame of its abbot, began to make it a centre of pilgrimage; and many were the travellers who turned aside to the little valley by the Aube, to see the spot where the life of God was so truly led.

Except for a brief visit to Chalons, to be duly consecrated abbot by the bishop of that diocese, the ten years or so after the foundation of Clairvaux were spent by Bernard in the peace of monastic seclusion. They were happy years; for Bernard, in spite of the multitudinous activities amid which his life was destined to be spent, was ever a recluse at heart and, to the end of his days, loved nothing better than to escape from the world and to seek refuge with his flock in the little community of which he was both the founder and the lifelong head. They were also busy years; for they saw the commencement of that noble series of homilies and sermons which, partly on account of their excellence

and partly by reason of the peculiar method of exposition employed in them, have earned for Bernard the title of "the last of the Fathers"; and they witnessed also the beginnings of that vast correspondence which, continuing up to within a few days of his death, is one of the prodigies of Bernard's career. "He was," says his biographer, "the most indefatigable of letter-writers. He writes to persons of all classes, on all subjects—from kings and princesses down to poor virgins—on subjects ranging from the most exalted spiritual raptures on the welfare of the soul down to the stealing of pigs."

It was through this enormous correspondence, mainly, that he began, even during those early secluded years at Clairvaux, to be drawn into contact with the many-sided life of his time. More and more, as his reputation grew, it became the habit to consult him in matters of difficulty, and by scarcely perceptible degrees the foundations were laid of that position—which he was afterwards to fill as a kind of natural prerogative—of the father confessor, the censor, and the oracle of his age. Soon, where the prestige of the Church was at stake, where justice was denied to the weak, where the standard of ecclesiastical morals was in peril of being lowered, it came to be some weighty epistle, or treatise, from the pen of the abbot of Clairvaux which, appropriately, sounded the note of protest or warning. Thus in 1125 we find him writing to his friend, Theobald, Count of Champagne, to rebuke him for an act of injustice done to a vassal. In 1127, in association with a brother abbot, Hugh of Pontigny, he indites a terse and dignified letter of protest to no less a potentate than Pope Honorius himself, who has betrayed the honour of the Church by siding with Louis VI of France against his

bishops. And it is in the same year that we hear the great ascetic, champion and exemplar of all that is strictest in the monastic ideal, raising his voice in bold and authoritative disapproval of the luxury and magnificence of Cluny, then the first in point of wealth, and the second in prestige, of the religious houses of Christendom. The signal honour paid to Bernard in the following year, when, on the occasion of the inauguration of the great Order of the Knights Templars at the Council of Troyes in 1128, he was requested by the first Grand Master, Hugh de Paganis, to draw up the statutes of that Order, was only a recognition of the place which he had, by that time, come to fill in the estimation of his contemporaries. The life of the age was, in point of fact, silently grouping itself round the personality of the Abbot of Clairvaux for some time before the occasion arose for the emergence of that personality into the full blaze of publicity. When at length Bernard stepped forward, it was with an authority and an influence already, to a large extent, won.

The crisis, which marks the definite beginning of Bernard's public life, was that celebrated Schism which, for eight years (1130—1137) tore the spiritual world of Europe in twain between the claims of rival Popes.

When Pope Honorius II died in February 1130, a small committee, selected from the Sacred College, at once proceeded—according to an arrangement agreed upon before his death—to choose his successor, whom they duly elevated to the Papal Chair under the title of Innocent II. This, however, by no means suited an ambitious rival candidate, Peter Leonis by name, who, disappointed of his expectations and backed by money and influence, succeeded in getting Innocent's election

declared invalid and himself elected Pope, under the title of Anacletus II. More than this, he was able to drive Innocent from Rome; and the latter, escaping from Italy by way of Pisa, and thence to France, set out on a general tour to secure the allegiance of the northern countries of Europe.

Although Innocent was received with profound respect at the great French Abbey of Cluny, the French episcopacy had not yet finally decided which of the two Popes should be recognised, and Louis VI, anxious to avoid an intolerable situation (what a dual papacy meant in those days of turbulence and faction, can well be imagined!) wisely determined to convoke, without delay, a great Council at Etampes, to pronounce upon the matter. To this Council Bernard was summoned; and it is significant of the reverence in which the Abbot of Clairvaux had come to be held, that it was unanimously agreed to leave the whole matter to the decision of the one man who might, on so weighty a matter, be expected to speak as the mouthpiece of God.

Bernard spoke, and declared for Innocent. Thereupon the Pope, who had been anxiously awaiting the decision of the Council, proceeded to Saint-Benoit-sur-Loire, where he was received, with all the respect due to his sacred office, by the King and royal family of France. He next moved on to Chartres whither had come Henry I of England with a great company of nobles and prelates; and there it was Bernard's task once more to set forth the arguments for Innocent. For a space the monarch hesitated, while Innocent trembled. Suddenly the Abbot of Clairvaux turned upon the King. "What do you fear?" he demanded. "Is it that you may incur sin, if you acknowledge Innocent? Bethink you how to

answer for your other sins to God; that one I will take and account for." And Henry yielded.

The allegiance of France and England thus secured, there remained that of the Emperor to be won; and Innocent accordingly sought out Lotharius at Liège. Once more, as events turned out, the victory was to be due entirely to the courage and eloquence of the Saint of Clairvaux. For when Lotharius, whose ready acquiescence had been counted upon, astounded everybody by showing a disposition to bargain, Bernard stepped boldly forward and, confronting the representative of the Cæsars, bore him down by sheer moral force and energy of speech. Thoroughly humbled, Lotharius, we read, "on foot, went through the crowd towards the Pope on his white palfrey. With one hand he took the rein, in the other he held a wand—a symbol of protection to his acknowledged lord. When Innocent got down from his horse the Emperor was there to assist him, and thus, before all men, in that age of forms and ceremonies, proclaimed his submission."

Thus triumphantly successful in his mission, Innocent returned to Paris, whence, after a brief sojourn, he set out for Italy, in order to establish his claim in the land of the Popes. He did not, however, permit himself to depart, before he had found occasion to pay a visit to Clairvaux—where all that he saw impressed him enormously—and had lavished upon the Cistercian Order, as a whole, privileges so notable as to excite the jealousy and alarm of sister Orders.

With Innocent into Italy went Bernard, now the indispensable champion of the papal office and authority. But the Italian journey was not, for the moment, destined to be effective. Bernard, it is true, succeeded by his

eloquence, in winning over for Innocent the important city of Milan; but Rome itself was found to be rendered so perilous by the recent alliance, or rather bargain, between Anacletus and the neighbouring potentate, King Roger of Sicily, that Innocent found it prudent not to remain there, and withdrew to Pisa. Bernard, for his part—on the understanding that nothing more could for the present, be done—was permitted to return to Clairvaux.

It was with touching manifestations of joy that the brethren of the little monastery welcomed back their beloved abbot, now recognised and acclaimed over a large part of Europe as the foremost man of his day. And perhaps their joy was enhanced by the consciousness that, during his absence, they had maintained, with devoted loyalty, the ideals which he had established for the house. Sober, contemplative, and utterly untouched by the world, they had seemed to Innocent, when he visited them, the very pattern of what monks should be. Among his faithful comrades Bernard now enjoyed a well-earned spell of rest and retirement, building himself a little hut apart from the main building, in which he sat and mused and wrote all day; and it was during this period that he was approached by the brethren on the important question of the rebuilding of the abbey. The original wooden structure had been replaced, some years before, by a stone one: but since then the number of monks had increased so considerably that a larger building was required. A suitable site had already been chosen, during the absence of the abbot, some two miles further down the valley, near the banks of the river Aube; and now, as soon as Bernard had given a somewhat hesitating permission,

for he regretted the old simplicity, there began to rise on this site, a stately building, more worthy of the dignity of the Order and of the fame of its chief. This was in 1135, when Bernard was forty-four years of age.

Twice more, before the matter was finally settled, was Bernard destined to be called forth from his retreat, in connection with the Schism. Once was when he set forth, with only one companion, to tackle the fierce William, Count of Aquitaine, who had been persuaded to side with Anacletus. The second occasion was when there suddenly arrived from Italy the shocking news that the first monastery in all Christendom, the Monte Casino at Rome, had expelled its abbot and declared for Anacletus. As soon as he heard this, Bernard started for Italy, taking with him his brother Gerard; and, finding Innocent at Viterbo, proceeded with the Pontiff to Rome. Here it was found that Anacletus' party was gradually losing strength. The only real obstacle was Roger of Sicily; and Roger soon facilitated matters by himself suggesting a compromise, according to which it was agreed that each side should set forth its arguments in public debate, and that the final decision should rest upon these pleadings. Bernard was nominated as the spokesman for Innocent, while the cause of Anacletus was to be defended by the famous rhetorician, Peter of Pisa. It was half expected that Peter's well-known dialectical skill would give him the best of the encounter; but, as things turned out, no sooner had Bernard spoken a few simple sentences in reply to Peter's elaborate oration, than the whole assembly was won over, and even Peter himself was induced to acknowledge Innocent.

The death of Anacletus shortly afterwards and the voluntary abdication of his successor, Victor, after only a few day's reign, brought the great Schism to an end; and thus in the year 1137, weary with his labours, Bernard found himself free to return once more to the peace and solitude of Clairvaux.

Two incidents of note only—the nomination to the bishopric of Langres of a man whom Bernard had heard of as unworthy, and whose election he managed, after incredible exertions, to get cancelled, although already consented to by Cardinals, prelates, and the Pope himself; and the death of his dearly loved elder brother, Gerard, who had fallen ill on the journey to Italy and had died soon after his return to Clairvaux—mark the period which elapsed between the ending of the Schism and the year 1139. In the latter year, however, we come to one of the most notable passages in Bernard's career; and that is his encounter with the famous dialectician and theologian, Peter Abelard.

The encounter was notable, not for any great achievement on the part of Bernard—indeed, Bernard's part all through is hardly sympathetic—but simply because it brought together the two men who were indisputably the most eminent in the intellectual world of that age.

Trained in dialectic by the celebrated logician, William of Champeaux, and later in theology by the still more celebrated Anselm, (then Abbot of Le Bec in Normandy, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), Abelard had successively vanquished both of his teachers, and had, at the early age of twenty, established himself as a lecturer on theology at Melun, and afterwards at Paris. So masterly were his lectures that he soon

attracted disciples from all over Europe and became the preceptor of many of the leading men of his time. The French historian, Guizot, writing of his Paris school, says, "In this celebrated school were trained one pope (Celestine II), nineteen cardinals, more than fifty bishops and archbishops, French, English and German, and a much larger number of those men with whom popes, bishops, and cardinals, had often to contend, such as Arnold of Brescia, and many others: The number of the pupils who used at that time to assemble round Abelard has been estimated at upwards of 5000." Into the tragic and romantic story of Abelard's personal life (his ill-starred passion for Heloise, will be familiar to most readers) it is not possible to enter here, suffice it that, towards middle life, the great dialectician embodied the essence of his philosophy in a deeply learned treatise, entitled the *Introductio ad Theologiam*; and that it was to the boldly heterodox character of some of the opinions expressed in this work that Bernard's attention was drawn, one day in the year of which we are speaking, by an alarmed letter from his friend, William, Abbot of St. Thierry.

Bernard at once hastened to take action: for, to him, Abelard and his book were something more than an isolated case. They were symptomatic of a rapidly spreading pestilence. The first few decades of the twelfth century had been marked by the growth of a great deal of what must, in that age, have seemed perilously free thought. They had witnessed the rise of the Henricians, of the Petrobrusians, and of the School of Arnold of Brescia; while, even among the prelates of the Church herself, the critical and inquiring spirit of the times had become manifest in Gilbert de la Poirée,

Bishop of Poitiers. Thus the most eminent of these innovators, the great Abelard, with his stupendous plea that Reason had a right to be heard in matters of faith, was only the arch-heretic among many heretics, the most dangerous embodiment of a dangerous and subversive movement of thought.

Consequently it was with all the fierce energy of his nature that Bernard, apprised of the peril, threw himself into the defence of the faith. Loud were his appeals for determined action on the part of the authorities of the Church. The Pope, the Sacred College, the Bishops—all the machinery of Christendom—were called upon to co-operate in crushing this enemy of Christ, "this Arius, Pelagius, and Nestorius in one".

Abelard's reply to these resonant appeals was a demand to be heard in public debate; and this, with the assistance of the Archbishop of Sens, was what was eventually settled. For the Archbishop had recently been the victim of one of Bernard's epistolary chastisements, and was not unwilling to hand over his stern critic to the tender mercies of the greatest debater of the age. A Council was shortly to be held at Sens, and this was fixed as the occasion of the encounter. Bernard received a summons to attend the Council, and soon the whole world was agog with the excitement of the coming contest. Abelard himself was in the highest spirits. He had an old grudge against his opponent for certain criticisms which the purist of Clairvaux had passed on the forms of prayer in use at Heloise's convent of Argenteuil. Moreover there was the glory to be won, and the keen relish, dear to the heart of the debater, of a conflict with a foeman worthy of his steel.

Bernard, on the contrary, when the Archbishop's summons arrived at Clairvaux, was very differently affected. For some reason or another he seems to have been overwhelmed with a sudden sense of incapacity. To the dismay of his friends, he declined the invitation. It was only after the strongest persuasion that he could be prevailed upon to change his mind. At length, writes his biographer, "Bernard yielded, but in tears and heaviness. Not that he dreaded aught for himself; but how was that Church, that Faith, for which he was ready to die, to be defended before such an adversary? Ill, as he always was, worn and weary, as he at this moment was, he girded up his loins to the trial, to his duty. Probably never Crusader marched against overpowering infidels, never Knight entered on a single combat, with more trust in God and less in himself than Bernard when he left Clairvaux to be present at Sens."

In view of all this apprehension (which is, perhaps, a little difficult to understand) what actually happened at Sens comes rather as an anticlimax. For Bernard, to whom it fell to speak first, had barely commenced to read out the passages in Abelard's works with which he proposed to deal, than his opponent, to the stupefaction of all, sprang to his feet, refused to plead, announced his intention of appealing to Rome, and walked out!

The probable explanation of this startling exit was that Abelard had begun to suspect the impartiality of the tribunal, and that it was only when he found himself actually in the presence of the assembly that he sensed what must be the outcome of the debate. If this were so, then his prognostications were rapidly verified; for, after his departure, the Council continued to have the peccant passages read out to it and, one by one, as they

were read, condemned them with mechanical unanimity as heretical. These decisions were conveyed in a letter to the Pope, who probably about the same time received Abelard's appeal. The Pope was not only Pope, but he was the Innocent who owed his throne to Bernard's assistance. Needless to say, he accepted the views of the Council and ignored the appeal. A papal rescript was issued, by which the unfortunate Abelard was prohibited from ever teaching again and was ordered to be confined in a monastery for life.

The story does not end here, however, but has a sequel. Poor Abelard, crushed and broken in spirit, as he was journeying to Rome to plead his cause in person, happened to rest at Cluny; and there he fell under the spell of its abbot, Peter the Venerable, one of the sweetest and saintliest characters of that age. Peter's kindness and gentleness seem to have been just what the inner soul of Abelard was crying out for; for they broke the hard and brilliant "shell" which shut in the proud intellectualist, and of a sudden he became meek and humble like a little child. Not only did he willingly consent to expunge from his works, with his own hand, the passages which had given offence, but he was induced to go over to Clairvaux and seek a reconciliation with his late opponent. This was done, and the long antagonism was dissolved in love and amity.

Returning to Cluny, Abelard entered that monastery as a simple monk, and a year later (1141), at Chalons—in the sixty-third year of his age—the tragic and tempestuous career of the great warrior of the intellect came peacefully to a close.

Meanwhile Bernard was back at Clairvaux, leading once more the quiet monastic life that he loved—

praying, meditating, writing letters, and preaching every evening to his monks. But, as usual, this rest was not destined to be long enduring; for in 1142 the Abbot of Clairvaux was hastily called from his seclusion to act the part of general intermediary and peripatetic diplomatist in a great quarrel which had suddenly sprung up between the French King, Louis VII, and the Pope. Into the details of this quarrel there is hardly time to enter; but, as a specimen of the kind of problem which Bernard was sometimes called upon to solve, it may be mentioned that it arose, originally, out of the rejection by Innocent of Louis' nominee for the Archbishopric of Bourges, and that it had been further complicated by the intervention, in support of the Pope's own candidate, of Bernard's friend Theobald, Count of Champagne. Into this cauldron of dissension had been thrown another ingredient, in the shape of a love-affair between Louis' brother, Ralph of Vermandois, and the sister of Louis, Queen Eleanor—Ralph being already married to Theobald's niece, whom he now divorced in order to marry the other lady. Add to this the fact that this divorce and marriage were promptly declared null and void by the Pope, who proceeded to lay Louis' kingdom under an interdict, which interdict Louis on his part, decided to defy; that Louis then invaded the territories of Count Theobald and sacked and burned his chief city of Vitry, but that afterwards he repented of his conduct and began to grow weary of being under sentence of excommunication;—and we can see that it was a pretty affair, worthy of those boisterous times, and calculated to test the utmost resources of diplomacy. Into this imbroglio Bernard, through his relation with Innocent and Theobald, was

inevitably drawn, and all through the years 1142 and 1143 we find him hurrying from one to another of the chief personages of the quarrel in the endeavour to put things straight. In the end, but not without the more or less supernatural aid of a prophetic promise made to Queen Eleanor (she was barren, and Bernard promised her a son if she would relax her opposition to his diplomatic efforts)—the affair was satisfactorily settled; and once again we come to a quiet period which was to last until, two years later, in 1145, the curtain rings up on the last and most strenuous act of this strenuous life.

For it was in that year that, quite suddenly, the affairs of the East began to reclaim the attention of Europe.

E. A. Wodehouse

(To be concluded)

A PLEA FOR PANTHEISM

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

IT is generally affirmed that a love of Nature is one of the first of the human instincts to be awakened, and one of the last to fade away from the memory of man. It usually precedes the desire for human relationship and the coming into being of a reverence for the Master-Mind behind it all. But the human and religious elements are far from being totally eliminated. They exist, and are, indeed, part of man's love of Nature; but at that early stage they are fantastic, primitive, and fail to stand out separately from the awakening of love for colour and form, for the music and movement of seas and forests, and all the wonders of the world spread before him. It is only in the final development we find a great unification taking place, the realisation that man is at one with Nature.

Whether we go to the folk-lore of Japan, India, or Greece, we find precisely the same personification of Nature, the nomenclature alone being the only difference. In Old Japan the willow was often synonymous with that of a ghostly woman. In the *Rāmāyaṇa* there is mention of a forest suddenly turning into a company of beautiful Asparas. Then in Greece, the process in this instance being reversed, we have Pan giving chase to the terrified Syrinx, who, praying to Gæa for protection, is suddenly transformed into a clump of reeds. Still following the same theme we trace in Gothic architecture a stone imitation of the trunks and tapering foliage of trees. Here we are called upon to forget

Pan and his music; to forget also the wild dances he had with nymphs and dryads in the sunny glades of Arcadia. Only when we sing certain psalms steeped in a splendid love of Nature do we almost unconsciously go back to a time when the world was young, before the Cross stood out high in the East, lengthening its great arms till it shadowed the whole world, and we were taught to realise the beauty of sorrow rather than the beauty of primitive and innocent joy—taught to realise that a tree might make music on a summer's day as well as fulfil the sacred task of bearing the Crucified One.

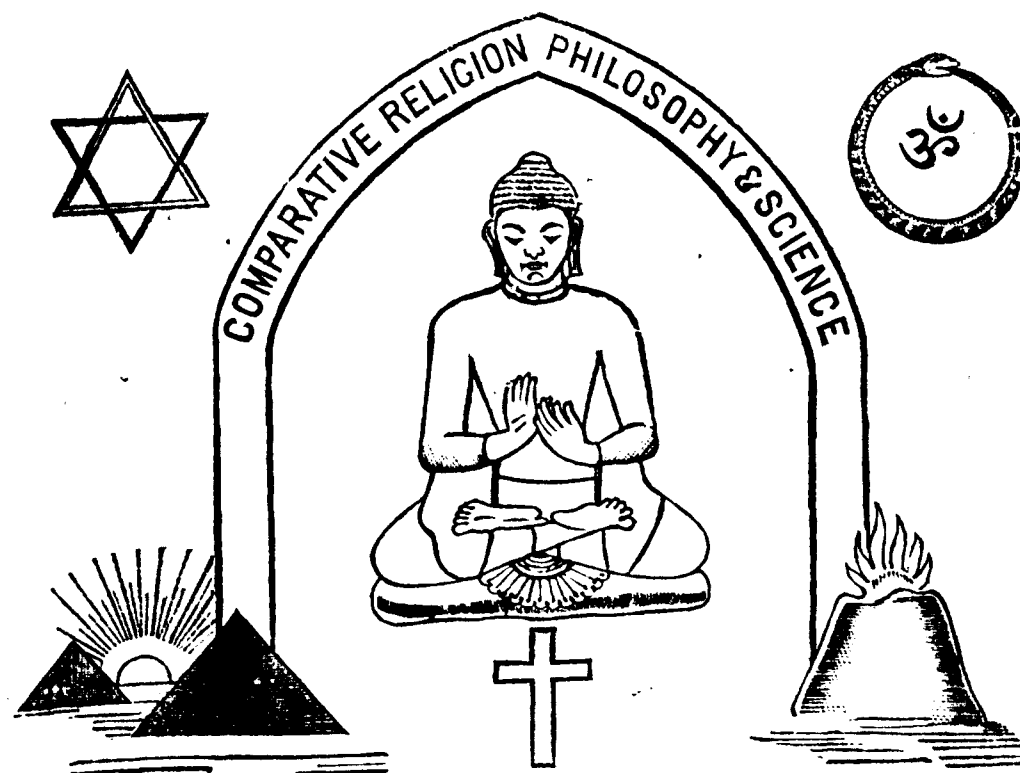
There are, in my opinion, only two types of the Nature lover. There is the man who loves Nature as Wordsworth loved it, more or less from an objective point of view, and certainly in no way linked up with a human touch. Then there is the man whose love of Nature is half mystical, half pagan—pagan in secretly holding the belief that Pan is not dead, and mystical in being aware that his love of Nature is in reality a case of subtle affinity, the knowledge that he is one with the laughing stream, with the nodding flowers, and with the inrush of the sea upon the shore. This is the man who can go into the deeps of Nature, and come forth refreshed and full of a great peace. There is a type that violates the sanctuaries of Nature. He is a heated little man who runs round with a butterfly-net, or plunges a fat hand into a nest and takes therefrom the eggs, potential songs for years to come. He may be well-versed in blowing exquisitely coloured shells, or in the vile pinning down of bright-winged insects; but he is quite incapable of looking upon Nature other than as a store-house from which he can make a specialised collection.

Some will ask if it is possible to get back to the old Greek Pantheism again, and if so, how? Others will gravely shake their heads and repeat with parrot alacrity the half-dozen names of our leading English Nature writers, and assert that these men, not even Richard Jefferies, ever taught such a theory. Not a few regard the whole affair as unspeakably wicked, a pitiful retrogression in direct opposition to the dull but respectable ideas of the man in the street. Some day, perhaps, when people get utterly sick of the very mention of the man in the street, we shall be able to refer to the man in the lane, the man who is wise enough to run down that lane as soon as he leaves his office, and to come in touch with Nature. Will he find Pan laughing and singing and dancing? Or will he find him quietly weeping under a tree bearing the sign: "Trespassers will be prosecuted. By order." In the days of the Greek gods there were no trespassers and very little order, so that Pan could dance without catching his hoof in barbed wire, or have the vexation of seeing a fair nymph suddenly caught in a rabbit trap!

Pan is no more dead than Barrie's Peter Pan. Neither of them quite grew up, and that is the secret of not quite dying. Barrie's creation remained a boy because children could only love him so, and the Greek god never grew up because he was half beast, half divine. The beast in him gave rise to our word 'panic,' the divine in the wistful playing upon a reed that was once Pan's love. Who can explain the mystery of this dual form? Only the man who has learnt, after long search, that Nature can be cruel as well as gentle, send a fierce, wild shriek through the tree-tops as well as make a bed of the brown earth for the weary wayfarer.

This year we have been favoured with a perfect spring. The old miracle of blossom and perfume has been ours again. The May trees have been touched with pink or white clouds. The chestnuts have fashioned their great candles, and on clear nights, the stars have lit them. In the morning the fan-shaped leaves have been a-quiver. Quick is the eye that can see those lamps blown out. Months ago Flora's fair hands have been gathering the gold together under the green fields. Beneath the hedgerows she has been silently at work. Now we see her gold—not for the mad markets of the world, not for mere trafficking, but for her buttercups and kingcups, her cowslips and modest celandines. The blue of the sky and the sea seem to have crept over the land and fashioned the forget-me-not and wild hyacinth growing in the woods. We have seen her magic over and over again. We cannot see it too often for all the unvarying constancy of her workings. We know not why the dog violet is scentless, or why the lilac should be rich in perfume. We are well content with the coming of blossom, with the red glow in the hedges when Nature leads her pageantry, so splendid at the last, into winter's sleep. Nature is still in tune with Arcady. She has never forgotten to smile into fruit and grain, never lost for one moment the wind songs and the haunting perfumes of long ago. It is we who forget, we who have grown old with hoary science, old with the ways of a restless world. Izaak Walton's maxim was: "Study to be quiet." If we would learn to be quiet for a long, long time we should hear the gods sing, and by and by, maybe, join hands with Pan and dance a joyous Arcadian measure.

F. Hadland Davis



THE ELEMENTS OF MIND

By W. D. S. BROWN

IN any attempt to correlate the various faculties and functions of the human consciousness, there is need for a word to express the entire field of activity. Psychology is content to use the word "mind" as the basis of sensation, instinct, emotion, and will, as well as the purely mental function of reason; and there is much to be said for this nomenclature from the metaphysical standpoint. In the first place, it recognises that all

phenomena of consciousness display a certain measure of intelligence or coherence, however limited. In the second place it is about the only word that can be used alike for energy and substance, positive and negative; and therefore it suggests the common origin of both. Finally it has the merit of simplicity and universality.

It may be objected that emotion, for instance, is something altogether apart from the mind, even when the word mind is used in this wider sense; but, if one is prepared to accept the axiom that behind every form of consciousness there is a unity, surely this tendency to hard and fast divisions can be carried too far. By all means use the word "heart" instead of mind, if it suggests as extensive a field of experience, and processes that can truly be called creative; if not, let us assume for the sake of synthesis that emotion may be regarded as a state of mind—a conception already familiar to everyone, and "will" as the making up of one's mind, to use another familiar phrase. It may be urged that the word consciousness is preferable, as being still more inclusive and fundamental. But is not even consciousness itself one of a pair of opposites, of which the other one is unconsciousness? For consciousness implies at least a duality, the sense of something other than oneself. On the other hand it seems equally erroneous to suppose that the state of unity is merely the opposite extreme of the same phenomenon, namely unconsciousness. Apparently it is at present inconceivable to the western mind that there can be such a state as that referred to by eastern writers as being neither consciousness nor unconsciousness; but at least there should be no difficulty in assuming the possibility of existence in which personal consciousness is in abeyance, for, as far as the

physical plane is concerned, we are all familiar with the withdrawal of personal consciousness that occurs in dreamless sleep. It is the recognition of the existence of latent elements in the total field of consciousness that has given such a stimulus to recent investigation of the mysterious regions covered by the term "sub-conscious mind". This very term implies that mind can function without recognition by the personal consciousness on the physical plane, but one can easily carry the conception to its logical conclusion and ask whether mind would cease to be mind if all the activities of consciousness were to cease. One might just as well ask whether a lake ceases to be a lake when its surface is motionless as glass. May not a state of perfect rest be the one condition, or rather freedom from all conditions, in which the mind attains to pure self-consciousness?

Incidentally we find in mental experience a reflection of the trinity; namely, (1) the mental unit at rest, a state which might be called "essence of mind" or the "master-mind"; (2) the element of consciousness, the basis of reflex action between the two mental poles of subject and object, the eternal link between the noumenal and the phenomenal; (3) the action and reaction between these two poles which results in the creation of forms, appearing as evolution when viewed from the phenomenal pole and self-realisation when viewed from the noumenal pole.

We can trace these three fundamental elements in the phenomenon of auto-suggestion. A child enjoys pretending to be some one or something else, for instance let us say a lion. He promptly goes about on all fours and roars, explaining to his audience: "I am a lion." Now the vividness of his impersonation depends on his

believing to a certain extent that he is actually a lion. But if this belief was carried too far, there would be a danger of its gaining too strong a hold, and producing more or less permanent leonine manifestations. Fortunately there is a preponderance of original mental suggestion in favour of his own personality that enables him to control the subsidiary suggestion in favour of the lion and withdraw from it at will. But probably the result will be that the child will have reached a closer understanding of the actual lion-consciousness than if he had merely looked at a picture of a lion. This power of conjuring up the illusion (or *māyā*) of lion, that we call suggestion, might be likened to the third aspect of the mind; the power of identification with the illusion, or the influence of suggestion, to the second; and the power of remaining outside the illusion, and unaffected by it, to the first.

In endeavouring to analyse the threefold process of form-building, -ensouling, and -mastering, that constitutes the third or creative aspect, we not only find reflections of the other two aspects as above, but a septenary of functions, on which Subba Row's famous article on 'The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac' (*Five Years of Theosophy*) throws much light. There he enumerates and describes six primary forces in Nature synthesised by the seventh, which is referred to as Shakti or Mahā-māyā, and is symbolised by the sixth sign of the Zodiac—Kanyā or Virgo. In commenting on her quotation from this article, to be found in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 312, H. P. B. writes: "The six names of the six Forces mentioned are those of the six Hierarchies of Dhyān Chohans, synthesised by their Primary, the seventh—who personify the Fifth Principle of Cosmic

Nature, or of the 'Mother' in its mystical sense.
.. Each of these Forces has a living Conscious Entity at its head, of which Entity it is an emanation." In Vol. III, p. 508, she writes: "The seven Shaktis respectively called Parāshakti, Jñānashakti, etc., are synonymous with the 'Sons of Fohat,' for they are their female aspects."

The descriptions of some of the "Forces" bear so closely on problems of modern psychology, and yet, like all other occult writings, leave so much untold, that the writer hopes to be excused for this necessarily inconclusive attempt to probe into their meaning.

These "Forces" are given as follows:

"(1) Pārashakti—Literally the great or supreme force or power. It means and includes the powers of light and heat."

We cannot gather much from this first category beyond a general conception of an outgoing undifferentiated energy, possibly the vague "desire to create" that manifests on lower levels as Kāma, and is associated in *S. D.* Vol. III, with Mars.

"(2) Jñānashakti—Literally the power of intellect, of real wisdom or knowledge." It has two aspects:

i. The following are some of its manifestations when placed under the influence or control of material conditions. (a) The power of the mind in interpreting our sensations. (b) Its power in recalling past ideas (memory) and raising future expectation. (c) Its power as exhibited in what are called by modern psychologists "the laws of association," which enables it to form persisting connections between various groups of sensations and possibilities of sensations, and thus generate the notion or idea of an external object. (d) Its power

in connecting our ideas together by the mysterious link of memory, and thus generating the notion of self or individuality.

ii. The following are some of its manifestations when liberated from the bonds of matter :

(a) Clairvoyance. (b) Psychometry.

Here we have what appears at first sight to be a complete summary of all the characteristics of purely mental activity, stretching from the power of interpreting sensations to the "notion" of self or individuality.

This shakti seems to be essentially one of concreteness and order. Saturn, or Kronos (time), which H.P.B. associates with the concrete mind, is naturally suggested by the above description. It is instructive to note that "clairvoyance" is given as a manifestation of the power of intellect "when liberated from the bonds of matter," a definition that many might do well to remember in dealing with psychic phenomena.

"(3) Ichchhāshakti—Literally the power of the will. Its most ordinary manifestation is the generation of certain nerve currents, which set in motion such muscles as are required for the accomplishment of the desired object."

This shakti seems to correspond with the source of physical vitality, the Sun. We are told elsewhere that the physical body is the reflection of Ātmā, the will in man; and the movement of a muscle certainly demands a minimum of mental activity. But it is none the less produced *through* the mind in its direct and extreme relation of spirit and matter.

"(4) Kriyāshakti—The mysterious power of thought which enables it to produce external, perceptible, phenomenal results by its own inherent energy. The

Ancients held that any idea will manifest itself externally if one's attention is deeply concentrated upon it. Similarly an intense volition will be followed by the desired result. A Yogī generally performs his wonders by means of Ichchhāshakti and Kriyāshakti."

Probably most readers of Theosophical literature have already come across references to this power in connection with the future possibility of creating physical bodies by the direct action of thought, but it is still more familiar to every one in the simple act of visualisation. Imagination is literally the power to create images in mental matter, and on the correspondence between such images and the realities they are intended to represent, depends the capacity and value of the imagination. This is apparently the most direct manifestation of the third or creative aspect, and presents the least difficulty in recognition. We read that the higher mind is under Venus, and here we see how the beauty of form expressed by the creative mind of the artist has become associated in popular mythology with the emotional reaction to the form in the consciousness of the beholder. Evidently the passive capacity of appreciation is necessary as a stimulus to the active function of creation. Not only must the artist have the power of visualisation strongly developed, but also the true engineer, who can see his mechanism working in his mind's eye and judge of its results before he puts pencil to paper.

"(5) Kuṇḍalinī Shakti.—The power or force which moves in a serpentine or curved path. It is the universal life-principle which everywhere manifests in Nature. This force includes the two great forces of attraction and repulsion. Electricity and magnetism are but manifestations of it. This is the power that

brings about that "continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," which is the essence of life according to Herbert Spencer, and that "continuous adjustment of external relations to internal relations," which is the basis of transmigration of souls, Punarjanman (Re-birth), in the doctrines of the ancient Hindū philosophers. A Yogi must thoroughly subjugate this power or force, before he can attain Moksha. This force is probably the most mysterious of all at our present stage of knowledge, as the only examples which we have any means of examining are the twin forces of electricity and magnetism. The fact of their relative directions being at right angles to one another bears out the statement as to the spiral form of its motion, for the passage of an electric current through a coil produces a magnetic flux parallel to the axis of the coil. The electro-magnetic theory of light suggests inquiry as to the correlation of (5) with (1) which is stated to include the power of light. It is interesting to note that the form of the oxygen atom as given in *Occult Chemistry* is also a coil or spiral. The symbol of the Caduceus naturally leads us to infer the influence of Mercury, which is given as being related to the principle of Buddhi. The phrase "continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations" is in agreement with the capacity for adaptability ascribed by astrologers to this influence, while the converse manifestation justifies the ancient title of "Messenger of the Gods". The expression "universal life-principle" is also used in reference to the second aspect of the Logos, of which Buddhi is the manifestation. In a footnote on page 23 of *The Voice of the Silence* it is said of Kundalini (also called the "World-Mother")—"It is Buddhi

considered as an active instead of a passive principle (which it is generally, when regarded only as the vehicle, casket of the supreme spirit Ātmā). It is an electro-spiritual force, a creative power which when aroused into action can as easily kill as it can create." Is not this force the producer of what is commonly known as polarity, the source of all attraction and repulsion, and basis of sensation, instinct, feeling, apperception, and intuition? The subjugation of this force may well confer on a Yogi the power to project his consciousness into any form at will, and obtain experience of its content. Thus may the tree of knowledge of good and evil become the tree of life. Truly a magic wand *par excellence* in its subtlety and elusiveness!

"(6) Mantrikāshakti—Literally the force or power of letters, speech or music. The whole of the ancient Mantra Shāstra has this force or power in all its manifestations for its subject matter. The influence of music is one of its ordinary manifestations. The power of the mirific ineffable name is the crown of this Shakti."

We are here plainly given the place of music or rhythm in the mind, as the potency of sound in numerical sequence. We know that sound-waves travel in concentric spheres. Has this property any connection with the "auric egg," which is given as the province of Jupiter? We are further told that "Modern Science has but partly investigated the first, second, and fifth of the forces or powers above named, but is altogether in the dark as regards the remaining powers".

(7) Finally we find the synthesis described as follows: "The six forces are in their unity represented by the Astral Light (Daivīprakṛti, the seventh, the Light of the Logos)."

It is difficult to arrive at any other conclusion than that suggested by the name Virgo, namely the capacity of fecundity inherent in primordial substance, whereby it provides the medium for the activities of the six primary forces. Such a passive or negative function appears to be symbolised by the moon, and is illustrated by the complementary nature of the violet rays of the spectrum.

Here then we have a complete analysis from the occult standpoint of our mental equipment; for it is evident that all of these seven shaktis contribute in regular order and varying proportion to every mental cycle, however simple, just as they include every variety of mental activity, however complex. Any attempt to speculate on their origin is obviously futile at our present stage of development, but we can accept them as the tools provided for our work; for, just as a workman cannot learn to use his tools to the best advantage without a certain acquaintance with their nature and purpose, so it seems idle for us to expect to produce the best results from the raw material of the mind without some idea of what is going on and what forces we are handling.

The complete cycle would appear to be somewhat as follows: (1) An impulse of out-going energy in (7) mind-stuff, awakening; (2) the memory of past intellection into definite concrete association; (3) concentration on the particular idea selected, by the action of the will; (4) the projection of the idea into objective form; (5) the ensouling of the thought-form, enabling it to be used as a vehicle of expression and experience; (6) the building in of the idea into the character by its assimilation with the prevailing tone or key-note of the auric envelope.

What then, it may be asked, is the practical value of such theorising? In the first place I believe that a conscious and correct direction of the mind on its own primal functions in the creation and redemption of Māyā produces an intensification of, and a control over, those functions. In the second place it reveals those in which we are individually proficient and deficient. In the third place it provides a scale for the computation of faculty in others. For apparently each individual has learnt to use one of these faculties in preference to the rest, so that it constitutes his own line of least resistance and direct method of appeal. It is of course necessary that he should eventually learn to use all and gain a true balance between them; but even then the prevailing method will colour the rest, and a teacher should be able to take on the colour of his pupil.

We can already recognise the first type of mind; impulsive, brimming over with energy, and restrained with difficulty. Mistakes do not seem to count for one of this type; his superabundance of energy carries him through all difficulties, and his errors are forgotten in the popular tribute paid to forcefulness. Apparently he culminates in the pioneer. The second type is equally recognisable; cautious, accurate, and reliable, but apt to seem hard and cold. From the practical man of the world he becomes the scientific thinker, the ascetic, and finally, perhaps, an agent in the distribution of the world's karma. The third type is less clearly marked, being more synthetic. Skill in action, success without apparent effort, and unflinching tenacity of purpose seem to be the outward signs of his inborn self-control. I should imagine that his power as a ruler or healer would be that of inspiring confidence in others.

The fourth type is unmistakable, and has already been referred to as the designer, whether artistic or mechanical. He is the precipitator of ideas on to the denser planes in all their spiritual clarity, and nature makes obeisance to him as one of her creators—which is more than our sordid civilisation does. The fifth type is most difficult to trace either by character or profession, as its génius seems to be in versatility and the power to sense and stimulate all other types. The son of Hermes may often appear weak and vacillating, but the source of his strength lies in true independence; at one time the court jester was the only man who dared to tell the truth in high places. He is the *enfant prodige* of nature, the showman ever present behind the scenes of life. The sixth type might be called the “solid man”. Harmonious and expansive, he is generally popular and successful by his innate tact and *savoir-faire*. He seems to fill the place of the chairman of our board, summing up with well-rounded eulogies, and sending us home in a good humour. The seventh type is perhaps the rarest of all, for the man who can serve God “for naught” is not made in a day. All the more indispensable is he when found, especially if free from the earlier emotional “anæmia” which seems to drive mystics of this type to glory in renunciation, and even suffering, for its own sake.

In conclusion the writer ventures to hope that the third object of the T.S. is neither under a ban nor a psychic monopoly, and that a sufficient number of fairly reasonable knockings on the door of the temple of knowledge may finally induce its guardians to open it a little wider.

W. D. S. Brown

AN OUTLINE OF ESSENISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

(Continued from p. 672)

II. HISTORY

AMONGST the debated questions on the sect of the Essenes we find one regarding the origin of their name. Some theories are offered to solve this problem. At the same time there are arguments about the origin, and the first leading principle of the community. The supposition that the name is derived from the Hebrew word for “physician” is not probable, as the principal occupation of the Essenes seems not to have been along that line. Scaliger and Frankel think it more probable that the name comes from the Syrian word for “pious” but Tideman sees linguistic difficulties for that. Hilgenfeld is one of the few who believe that the name of the Essenes was taken from the town Essa. Weinstein thinks there is a possibility that a connection exists between their name and the Hebrew expression for the fertile place which they looked for in order to settle.

Josephus makes use of both the name “Essenos” and “Essaios”. Tideman argues that Essenoi might mean the oracle-speaking priests, but notices himself that that would not explain the other name, and besides that it is highly improbable that Jewish priests would be called by a Greek expression. Every one admits that

Epiphanius' explanation that Joshua or Jesus should have something to do with "Essenes" looks impossible, as also the theories which make the name derived from the words: to work, salvation, reliance on God, strong, or strength. Jost and Réville suggest "to keep silence," as there were secrets to be concealed. Ewald's explanation "watcher," has linguistic difficulties. Graetz explains how the two ways in which the name is written by Josephus may be connected with "bathing" which formed an important part of the religion as we shall presently see.

As to the date of their foundation, again, no reliable information has come to us. Plinius pretends that they existed for thousands of centuries. In Philo's *Apology* it is told that Moses founded the sect, but nothing in his account which looks like an historical fact is given. Josephus does not seem to be better informed than Philo; he refers to the Essenes at the time of the Maccabean Jonathan (160-143 B. C). Then the Essenes appear in Josephus' at the time of Aristobulus' which means 109-103 B. C. Zeller¹ thinks it possible to identify the Essenes more or less with the description in the *Koheleth*² of the Ecclesiasts which dates from the third century B. C. where three of their qualities are already spoken of, the rejection of blood-shedding sacrifices, of the oath, and the importance of cleanness, wherein was also the question of the exaltation of the soul without the body.³ Philo believed that the origin of the Essenean sect was very old; Josephus' opinion on this subject is not known. Zeller and Leipsius are both of opinion that the form of

¹ *Antiq.*, xiii, 5,9.

² *Antiq.*, xiii, 11.2. *Bel. Jud.*: I,3.5.

³ *Philo. der Griechen.*, III, p. 537.

⁴ g.2.

⁵ *Koheleth*, 3.21.

Essenism which we know must be of a later period, the disagreements between the Essenes and the Temple not being great enough to produce at once the great division which seemed to have existed in the time from which the description dates. It seems also impossible to find when the gate at Jerusalem was built which was called the Essenes-Gate; it must have been after one of the destructions: 320 B.C., 143 B.C. or 63 B.C. Tideman thinks that the first date brings us to a time when free development would have been impossible, so it must have been after one of the later destructions, which offer no special interest to us, as we have another date concerning the Essenes as old as that. Besides I do not see how we can be sure that the Essenes-Gate had this name from its foundation.

Weinstein tries to show how the foundation of the Essene sect might date from the foundation of the second Temple, when the Levites formed a group of learned people, and as such composed the opposition against the Jewish state in which only the priests might be teachers. So directly after the downfall of the first Temple, the Essenes might have objected to priests as teachers. The question has been raised whether the origin of the Essenes is to be looked for in Palestine or in Egypt. Regarding the latter country, there the Jewish civilisation may have adopted the Greek philosophical elements and therefore it seems possible that the community should have been found originally in Egypt and come from there to Palestine. They could not have originated in Alexandria, as the philosophy of the Alexandrian Jews had not yet gone far enough by that time to form a sect.¹ In the beginning of the third

¹ Zeller. *Phil. der Griechen*, p. 375.

century there was a vivid Hellenic influence in Palestine coming forward from their philosophy and the Mysteries; Pythagorean asceticism may have been successful at that time. According to Zeller, it seems even possible that the Essenes should be the Hasidæans¹, who were a striking contrast to all those who were religiously indifferent: the government of the Pharisees which began after Alexander Jaimaus was perhaps the cause of their formation into a sect. The development of the neo-Pythagorean philosophy amongst the Ebionites might have come through the Essenes. Weinstein shows how the origin of the Essenes can be traced to the flight from Egypt. At that time there existed in the Jewish race a sect called the Kenites, supposed to be descended from Moses' father-in-law. Their enormous zeal may have communicated itself to the inhabitants of Judæa and found there its climax in the prophet Elias who fled from the Phœnician Queen to Palestine; and to this land fled in later years all religious and political refugees. Later on another religious zealot called Jonadab went to the same region and grouped around him all the fanatics of the Jewish religions.² When, after the foundation of the second Temple the priests were chiefly incapable men, it was this group of people which produced the scholars for the new learned race of Israel. Through them comes the Halacha (law), which had been orally transmitted and a fanaticism which reacted on the more prosaic Jews till the cruel religious persecution of Antiochus Epiphanius, the consequence of which was the hatred of the zealots towards the written law. The old prophetic

¹ Maccabæans, 713.

² 2 Kings, x, 15-17.

spirit found its way again amongst the Jews and religious freedom came to greater development. Together with this the ordinary social life began to flourish, the study of Mosaic law took the place of fanaticism. Other troubles arose from a tendency to observe this law very strictly; some people were banished, and some went to the south where the uncorrupted transmitted Halacha was followed. Shammai represented this section, which wanted the strict observance of the law; Hillel, on the contrary, pleaded for the Halacha. All the zealots of the Jewish religion centred round Shammai. Their idea was that the more strictly the laws were observed the more they pleased God. Hillel's party was much less fanatic and it was he who won the struggle. The patriarchs who came after him all followed the same tendency and the religious enthusiasm of the other party was only felt in the South of Palestine. They lived near the south shore of the Dead Sea, which was rich in salubrious sources; from the Hebrew name for such a region the name of the Essenes might be deduced.

Besides some hypotheses on the origin of the sect, not much of its history can be told. We find them taking part in the great revolt against Rome¹ with the inevitable result of ruin to the sect. In the year 70 we come to a new era in the history of the Jews but—as Lucius says—the Essenes had then ceased to exist, and their convictions changed into the more speculative Theosophy known in the later history of the Jews.

Raumer pretends²—referring to the authority of Vitriæus, that during the Crusades Essenes were still

¹ Josephus, *Bel. Jud.*, II, 8, 7; II, 20, 4; III, 2, 1.

² *Geschichte der Hohenstaufen*, I, c. 473.

found in Palestine, whose characteristic was the belief in the immortality of the soul.

III. RELIGION

The little that we know about the religion of the Essenes gives us but very incomplete information on their metaphysical conceptions. By a certain passage in Philo's *Quod omnis probus liber*, we see that he considers the value of the Essenean doctrine to be bound up in its practical side but not in its speculations. Piety seem to have been considered as the chief quality, and everything which was not developing that virtue was of little value; but it is very likely that at the root of the spiritual life lay a strong religious conviction, although little of it is stated in the documents which deal with the sect. Also in Philo we see that the Essenes spoke about the existence of God, and the creation of the world. From Josephus we receive some more information on this subject which is partly in contradiction to Philo. Josephus says that the Essenes believed in fate, everything depended on the will of God, and that by this theory they explained prophesying as being the knowledge of God's plans. Philo says that their doctrine was that only the good came from God, but that evil had another origin. God had to take account of the existence of evil. Here we come then to a dualistic theory which claims the existence of a power other than God. These two principles are visible when we come to the description of the origin of man, where it is stated that the soul comes from heaven, but is by irresistible forces brought to earth and into the body, which is as a prison for the soul. After death—which is a liberation of the soul—it goes

back to its higher regions. The same duality is represented by the male and female principles good and bad, right and left, light and dark. By some authorities it is said that there is no dualism in the Essenean religion¹ but in any case soul and body are two separate items, and the soul existed before descending into the body. After death the soul goes to the other side of the ocean—which reminds us of the Greek theory² that the souls of the righteous will live in a place where is neither rain nor snow, nor heat. The souls of the evil will go to a cold place full of punishments without end. These ideas are again irreconcilable with a theory that the souls are made of the finest ether which descends from above, and seems to be an entirely spiritual manifestation, consequently incapable of suffering any of the material sufferings, such as cold, wet or heat.

Another point which has been much discussed by the students of the Essenean religion, is whether the members of this sect addressed their prayers to the Sun, or only regulated the times of their religious duties by sunrise and sunset. We find it stated by Josephus that the Essenes did not speak about profane subjects before sunrise (the Hasidæans prepared themselves also by silence for their prayers). The fact that the Essenes said their prayer at sunrise may also have some connection with the statement which is found twice in the *Talmud*, that it is agreeable to God to say prayers at this moment.³ Philo also says that they prayed for a favourable day at sunrise, but he does not say that they addressed their prayers to the Sun.

¹ Zeller, III, 329-30, is much in favour of this theory.

² The same idea also in *Enoch*, 22; 1.

³ *Lucius*, p. 61. See also *Psalm* xix, and lxxii, 5.

Josephus however seems to have thought that the Essenes worshipped the Sun.¹ One of the reasons for this might have been the way in which they spoke of the Sun in their morning prayers² and also the fact that they turned towards the East when saying them. In the morning at sunrise a hymn of praise was to be addressed to God: "Praised be Thou, who hast made the light and created the darkness."³ This praise might also be said a little after sunrise, but this was perhaps an indulgence.

Another fact which might encourage the opinion that the Essenes venerated the Sun, is that they hid carefully their excrement from the Sun-rays. They had to dig a hole for it in the ground one foot deep with a spade which was given to each member of the sect on their entry in it. Besides that, this regulation may have been made for hygienic reasons, for we find again the same rule in *Deuteronomy* and there again in the next verse it is explained that this observance is done out of respect for God. During the action the Essenes were also obliged to surround themselves with their mantle.⁴ Prayers were important in the religion of the Essenes; they were said before and after meals, as we shall see when speaking of these later. Another feature which played a great part in their daily practice was purity, which showed itself in taking baths and in wearing white cloths. They ascribed to water not only a purifying effect but also attributes of power. After five hours' work the members of the sect took a

¹ On his authority also Hilgenfeld and Zeller.

² Josephus, *Bel. Jud.*, II, viii, 5.

³ The same idea expressed in *Isaiah*, xlv, 7.

⁴ *Deuteronomy*, XXIII: 12-13.

bath in common¹ and on many other occasions baths were taken, *e.g.*, when a member of the sect touched a novice.

One rule concerning the life of the Essenes, which we find mentioned without any explanation, is the prohibition of spitting straight before one or to one's right hand side.²

Meals were taken by the Essenes in common, and seem to have had a liturgical importance. Those partaking dressed in white—probably linen³—garments. Priests had to assist at the meals by saying the grace and prayers which began and finished them. During the meal itself a complete silence was observed. No one might take it unless he had bathed,⁴ and no stranger had entrance to the dining-room. It has struck several students that the Essenean meals had the character of offerings, especially as the sect did not take part in other sacrifices and were opposed to animal sacrifice. After they had assembled quietly in the hall in which the meals were taken, they sat down, the baker handed the bread round, and the cook put the food before them, which consisted of not more than one dish. Before the priest had pronounced the prayer no one was allowed to touch the food. At grace-saying, God was praised as the giver of food. The food itself should be extremely pure; special officials had to prepare it together with the priest and, as Josephus relates,

¹ This made some of the savants think that the Essenes were the same as the Hemero-baptists. Graez p. 468. Frankel *Monatschrift*, II, p. 67. Herzfeld, III, p. 397.

² Herzfeld, III, p. 389, finds analysis thereof in the *Talmud*.

³ White linen garments were worn by the Essenes at their common baths and at other sacred functions. The aprons worn at bath, were given to the members when joining the sect.

⁴ In *Levit.* VII, 12, there is also the question of purity of him who will eat from the sacrifice-offerings.

even the members of the sect who were for some reason put out of the community kept so much to this rule that they would eat raw plants, and sometimes died from want, rather than eat food prepared by people other than the appointed Essenean officials. In all probability the Essenes took neither meat nor wine, and in this they followed the example of the Therapeutæ, the neo-Pythagoreans and Ebionites. In favour of this hypothesis is the fact that they rejected animal sacrifices and the statement of Porphyrius in his *De abstinentia ab esu animalium*, who quotes the Essenes amongst those who did not take animal food; but, as we said already, Porphyrius' information on the Essenes merits perhaps not much confidence. In opposition to this idea it is urged that the Essenes kept cattle; we find that they were richly provided with food, and that they were so abstemious that they never took more of food and drink than they just wanted (which statement would only have some importance if they took wine). It seems to me that those objections are not of much importance: cattle might have been kept for milk and for agricultural work, as was originally the case in India. As to the richness of their food, I do not see why this should imply the facts of eating meat or drinking wine¹; besides it is in contradiction to the text which tells us that each meal consisted in bread and one dish; as to the third argument it is clearly seen in the text itself that the object of the whole passage is only to praise the moderateness of the Essenes and not at all to let it be known that they are never drunk. Lucius, who advances these three arguments, admits himself that nothing is proved by them.

¹ IV, 11.

² This argument is a typical one for a non-vegetarian and non-teetotaler.

Philo,¹ Josephus,² and Plinius³ seem to agree that the Essenes were not married, or at least should not be. Of course it happened that members joined the sect who were already married, but from what Josephus says it is obvious that the married Essenes formed only a little branch of the community. He speaks of them only in a few words at the end of his description of the Essenes.⁴ Those married Essenes may have had children also and it is possible that members joined the sect who had children before they entered, but it seems that the number of children was not sufficient because we find that the Essenes adopted children and took care of their education. Zeller, Rituhl and Hilgenfeld are of opinion that the texts prove that marriage was more frequent and that about half the sect was married, but also they agree that the married and the non-married Essenes formed two separate groups. For the married, however, existed also rules to prevent them giving way to sensuality. Marriage was only allowed in order to enable the propagation of the race. Laws were made about the way in which this principle was to be observed. Amongst these married Essenes—who seem to have been regarded as the less devoted members—women took part in the daily life.⁵ The relation of the less strict part of the sect to the more strict one, is not known to us, but if Philo gives the real opinion of the strict Essenes on woman, when he refers to the

¹ Eusebius, *Praep. Ev.* viii, 11, 8.

² *Bel. Jud.*, ii. viii, 2 *Antiq.* xviii. 1, 5 and 6.

³ 314, 1.

⁴ Josephus *Bel. Jud.*, II, 8, 11, opens his short description of this part of the sect about as follows: "Then there existed still another order of Essenes which agree with this one in their manner of life, their habits and laws, but differ in their conception of marriage. They think that marriage is the most important part of life," etc., etc. This shows clearly that Josephus found the two Branches of Essenism very divided.

⁵ At the common bath women wore long white garments.

question of marriage there must have been a great difference between the two parties. The influence of the society of women on man is here described as most degrading, and women themselves as loathsome beings¹; amongst other evils a man becomes by marriage a slave instead of remaining free. After Philo's description one might think that contempt for woman was one of the chief characteristics of the real Essenes. Hilgenfeld² thinks that the final aim of the members of the sect was to become prophets and that their asceticism was a preparation for that, but is also of opinion that there is no trace of Messianic expectation amongst the Essenes, or that would have been the object of apocalyptic prophecies; instead of that we see instances of their prophesying which we know have to do with quite different matters—but then we have only very few examples. Several instances are known to us where Jewish prophets refrained from taking animal food or wine, or having sexual intercourse *e.g.*, Daniel,³ Enoch,⁴ Ezra,⁵ but, as Zeller noticed, Daniel and Ezra refer to particular cases, and Enoch had also visions after his marriage; so he finds that it is not proved that asceticism was considered to be a preparation for prophecy, or still less that the author of the book of Enoch was an Essene as has been suggested by some students.

¹ As we said already this passage is not at all according to Philo's opinion on woman which we know from other parts of his writings.

² *Jud. Apocal.* p. 245.

³ *Daniel*, I, 7; X, 2, is against meat and wine.

⁴ *Enoch*, LXXXIII, 2 and LXXXV, 3, against sexual intercourse. VII, 4, 5, II, 11, against meat.

⁵ *Ezra*, IX, 24, 26. XII, 51, against meat. *Vita Mosis*, III, 42. No sexual intercourse because Moses was already a prophet. Philo, III, *Mos.* 10; 9. *De Justitia* II, 48, declares that the priest must be at the same time prophet and must not use wine or strong drinks.

The religious teaching was given on the Sabbath in the Temple and the principal sources were old and venerable writings which seem to have been the sacred books of the people of Israel. These writings were explained as having a symbolical meaning.¹ This shows us that the Essenes found a hidden meaning in the books of Moses and that they had a special way of explaining this meaning, but nothing about their explanations on these matters is known to us.

It has been said—for instance by Lucius—that the Essenes had no special form of worship—but as we find it stated in the *Talmud* that they had certain sort of sacrifices which were called expiatory sacrifices, it is all the same likely that these were Essenean ceremonies.²

One fact that we know still about the Essenes—of which the religious reason is not further explained—is the prohibition of swearing. In the oath they saw an accusation against the person himself, because they considered that he who had to refer to the name of God in order to be believed was already untrustworthy. However, a terrible oath was asked of them when definitely entering the sect, as we shall see later on. We do not know much about the religious principles which inspired the Essenes towards the ascetic³, pious and virtuous life which they led and on which all authorities agree. In their ethical ideals we are again reminded of their Jewish origin; these are clearly expressed in the first part of the oath we just referred to and which

¹ Zeller, p. 329, has shown that symbolical means here allegorical. Rituhl Hilgenfeld, and Mangold—who were first of another opinion—agreed later on with Zeller that it was the way in which this passage was to be understood.

² Weinstein, p. 59-60.

³ The prohibition of the use of oil and of bathing in warm water may also be a consequence of their ascetic principles. As a result of this simple life we find that many Essenes reached to over 100 years of age.

is given by Josephus¹ and Philo²; it is almost a repetition of Psalm XV; in both we find praise of virtue, love, lawfulness, withholding from lies, encouraging kindness towards humanity, and contempt of money.

"The ethical and moral teaching goes out from the standpoint that virtue is hard to attain. The Essenes were full of zeal for virtue and love for mankind, and made such strong efforts for morality that only a religious conviction can account for it. Their ethical rule of life was threefold: love towards God, zeal for virtue and love for humanity."

This last quality seemed to have been manifested by an unlimited charity.

IV. MYSTICAL TEACHING AND PROPHECY

Weinstein is very much in favour of the hypothesis of looking for a connection between the secret teachings of the Essenes in the number-mysticism of the Jews, and I think that his arguments merit serious consideration. One of the principal points in his arguments is to identify the Essenes with some of the persons who figure in the *Talmud*, where he discovers a group which are mentioned when there arose the question of the blessing of peace. To those alone miracles happened, to them appeared also the prophet Elijah, and they it

¹ Josephus *Bel. Jud.*, II, 8; 7. In the oath it was promised to observe piety towards God, justice towards man, to refrain from harm to man, either on one's own responsibility or on command. To hate the evil and to help the righteous. To be faithful towards all men especially towards those who have authority, because no one receives power without the help of God. In the event that he who gives this pledge ever receives power, he will never abuse it by overshadowing his subordinates, even in clothes. He must love truth and intend to punish the liar, refrain from stealing, from dishonest gain, from hiding anything from his co-religionists, from betraying the doctrine to robbery. They were engaged to keep the books which belong to the sect, and to keep secret the names of the angels.

² Philo *Quod. omn. prob. lib.*, xii., says in short the same as Josephus.

³ Tideman, p. 20.

was who introduced the symbolical numbers in the *Talmud* and *Midrashim*. Weinstein discovers Essenic characteristics in Rabbi Eliezer ben Hyrkanus, who distributed his goods, who was reserved in marriage, prophesied his own death as well as that of Akiba, and was in favour of white garments as a sign of innocence. Very characteristic for an Essene is the fact that he only taught the traditional Halacha¹ which he held to be recognised in heaven as the right one. Weinstein pretends to know that he introduced the doctrines about the numbers 300 and 70—product of the mystical numbers 7 and 10 in Essenism. To him is also attributed the Cosmogony and the doctrine of the angelic hierarchy, at the head of which stands the angel Metatron, and it is even supposed that the Philonian Logos-conception was known to him and introduced by him into the *Talmud*. About Rabbi Joshua ben Levi so many marvellous stories are told that they form quite a collection. One of them—related by Weinstein—is quite worth mentioning. Elijah appeared usually to the Rabbi, but once remained away because the Rabbi had delivered over a Jew to the Romans, who otherwise would have destroyed the whole town. By long fasts Rabbi Joshua induced Elijah to reappear, and told him he had acted according to Midrash. But Elijah asked him: Is this Mishnah the Mishnah of the Essenes? It is to be noticed here that Elijah is supposed to have appeared to the Essenes, that fasting had an influence on his appearing, that the Essenes had a Mishnah of their own and that the destruction of a town is not taken into consideration, as long as no action is done against the Mishnah of the Essenes. The Essenes seem to have directed themselves to the

¹ About this we will speak when dealing with Judaism and Essenism.

prophet Elijah to ask him the answers of their questions. another mystic Essene was—according to Weinstein—Rabbi Pinchas ben Jair of whom the *Talmud* relates many marvels and prophecies. He was a very learned man of the south of Palestine. No Halacha has been transmitted to us through him, but many fantastic symbolical numbers were introduced by him. Through him we know of a gradation of the Essene sect. Of the highest degree there of the revelation, which only the perfect Essene receives, Pinchas said: "To haste to follow the commandments of God leads to purification, purification leads to purity, purity leads to isolation, isolation leads to sanctity, sanctity to fear of sin, fear of sin to Essenism, Essenism to prophecy, and prophecy leads to resurrection which will take place through the prophet Eliah."

The numbers eight and fourteen were the basis from which Rabbi Joshua took the material for his wonderful number-mysticism, which led to the *Kabalah* and whence the book *Sepher Yesira* (Ten Spheres) took its origin. This again was the source of all the later mystical speculation on numbers in which figures the number 12 as the moving force in humanity, the number 3, and the glorified number 7, just as in Pinchas' writings, a fact that might make us believe that number mysticism was one of the Essenean characteristics. The patriarch Jacob, and Moses were venerated in their quality of Essenes. The Rechabites and inhabitants of Jobir made a special study of number-mysticism; they were called *Sopher*=(counters) and later they were the Doctors of the Scriptures. By the system by which each letter had a numerical value, the whole Scriptures had at the end been divided in numbers

and ciphers. In North Palestine this system seems not to have been as much studied as in the South where the priests learned these numbers by heart and formed in this way a sort of mnemonical system of remembering the sacred books. It seems that these students of numbers counted the letters of the 24 books of the Holy Scriptures and that they had a way of dividing the whole text into numbers which Weinstein considers to have been specially done not to forget or to lose the smallest part of them. Nevertheless I think that the mystical meaning of numbers may have been still more important and was most probably the chief part of the secret teaching which was given to the real members only.

In connection with this is certainly the secret name of God numbering 42 letters which was told to the members of the sect at the moment of their entry after three years of probation. This name they were bound, under a most terrible oath—the only one they ever uttered—to keep secret from non-Essenes at the same time engaging themselves to 'transmit the Halacha without any alteration.' No Halacha ever expressed this name. And Weinstein¹ finds that it belonged to the occult Jewish Theosophy. Already the Pharisees were reserved in their utterances concerning the name of God, and in the *Talmud* we find that Rabbi Pinchas bar Chama refused to hear this secret name of God which some one offered to tell him. Almost as secret as the name of God were the names of Angels. The reason for this was not only the sanctity of the Angels but also the fact that a magical power goes out by reason of

¹ Weinstein identifies Zenuim and Keshurim with Essenism as he finds that a secret name of God, consisting of 42 letters existed also for them. Though this fact is interesting, the conclusion seems to me to be hastily drawn.

² XIV, 6.

the pronunciation of their names. Magic was not uncommon in these days amongst the Jewish sects, and there existed books with magical formulæ. Josephus¹ speaks of such formulæ, which had been given by King Solomon for curing diseases and chasing demons.

Josephus gives us even a phrase which points also towards the study of some occult sciences. He says² that they searched for medicinal roots, and studied the qualities of stones. Does this mean that the Essenes were physicians³ or were they students of the forces of Nature? Weinstein has found a connection between these two subjects of study and *Leviticus*. There mention is made of medical plants⁴ which cure from plague, and a science of stones⁵ by which one might see from the stones of a house whether the house was infected with plague. Weinstein advances an explanation of this coincidence by supposing that the Essenes studied especially this passage of the sacred books, which deals with the symptoms by which one might see whether sores were pure or impure. The description we find in *Leviticus* of the healing ceremonies which were prescribed make us think of magical rites, also the way, by which it was possible to see by the stones of a house whether it was infected or not, requires more than ordinary knowledge of nature. Only priests after the law of Moses were capable of judging whether a sore was pure or impure, and Weinstein finds in the *Talmud* that it is stated that the Essenes knew more about sores than the priests did, and that they showed great zeal in studying

¹ Josephus, *Antiq.*, VIII, 25.

² Josephus, *Bel. Jud.*, II, 8, 6.

³ Hilgenfeld, Zeller and Gfoerer see in this a proof that the Essenes studied magic.

⁴ *Leviticus*, XIV, 4.

⁵ *Leviticus*, XIV, 39, etc.

these matters. We see then how the Essenes enter here into questions the knowledge of which was only reserved to priests, and even then only to the most learned ones amongst them. Thus the question arises; did the Essenes not consider themselves priests? They could do so without committing any heresy as it is ordered by Moses himself that all the Children of Israel should be encouraged to be a priestly kingdom.¹ It is true that in many matters they differed, and held opinions contrary to the rules laid down for the priests—for instance by rejecting oil-unctions, sacrifices, etc.; also if they observed the laws of Moses very strictly they could not desire that any one but a descendant of Abraham should become a priest. It is more likely therefore that in certain matters they considered themselves to be equal to priests, in that they were possessors of the same hidden doctrines which were not given to the ordinary Israelites. The Essenes were very strict about blasphemy. In this they included not only irreverent sayings against God but also those uttered against the lawgiver Moses; both offences were punished by death.² They abhorred idol worship, and Hippolytus—whose information is not entirely trustworthy—said that they pushed this feeling so far that they would not possess coins because of the image stamped on them, and did not enter towns because they would have to pass under statues, which were placed on the gates.

The Sabbath was observed with great strictness by the Essenes and no action was done by them on that day. After the meeting in the Synagogue no work whatever was done by them, no food was to be prepared,

¹ *Exodus*, XIX, 6.

² Hippolytus says that he who spoke against the law was punished in the same way. Even threatening with death would not induce the members of the sect to call any one but God their Lord.

no fire lit and no objects moved from their place. This strict observation of the Sabbath was already a duty of the novices.

It is likely that prophecy was taught in the sect. As I have said already it has been supposed that it was the only object, and final goal of the ethical and ascetic training through which the Essenes had to go. Hilgenfeld, as we said already, was very much in favour of this hypothesis and declared that Essenism was a form of the Apocalyptic School¹ and he saw, especially in the ascetic way of living, the preparation for the prophet. Therefore also the Essenes lived outside the towns. Enoch, particularly in the beginning of his book, is very ascetic and also Ezra speaks of the corrupting influence of the world and both books are supposed to be connected with the Essene doctrines. Hilgenfeld remarks rightly that the Essenes turned their attention from the present to the past and future; he also finds that they renovated the old prophetic schools and considered Elijah as fore-runner of the Messianic times; their deep knowledge of the Scriptures can only have connection with prophecies concerning the future. As Josephus says: the prophetic gift is a power of many. Those who try to know the future exercise themselves in the sacred Scriptures and the books of the prophets. They fail rarely in their prophecies.² Different from the Pharisees (who say that some events are consequences of fate, and some in our power, influenceable by fate but not produced by it); different from the Sadducees (who say that fate does not exist, that everything is in our hands and that we produce good and bad) are the Essenes whose opinion is

¹ Hilgenfeld. *Judische Apocalypthik*, p. 257.

² Josephus, *Bel. Jud.*, II, 8, 12.

that fate governs everything and nothing can happen to us save that which must happen. Fate is the will of God, and Hilgenfeld supposes that the chief aim of the ascetic way of living was to come into nearer contact with the divinity; but the ethical element must have much to do with it and Josephus surely echoes the tendencies of the Essenes themselves when he says that many Essenes were worthy to have knowledge of the divine wisdom on account of their great virtue.³ We have still to mention how popular were the Essenean prophets and how much consideration was given to them. First of all we see by the examples known to us that they were consulted in very grave matters, and that King Antigonus asked their advice. Also Herod had an experience of their knowledge: An Essenean had predicted to him that he would be King of the Jews long before he came to his high position. The same had also informed him that his reign would endure longer than 30 years. Herod had great respect for the Essenes and, most probably in order not to bring them into conflict with their principles, did not ask from them the pledge of fidelity which he demanded from all his subjects.

I do not know whether the explanation of dreams was also a science generally studied by the Essenes; we find one instance mentioned in which Archelaus had his dreams explained by a member of this sect, called Simon.⁴

¹ Josephus, *Antig.*, XIII, 5, 9.

² *Idem*, XV, 10, 5. Examples of prophecies given by Joseph. in *Bel. Jud.* I, 3, 5; II, 7, 3, 8; 12, *Ant.* XIII, 11, 2; XV, 10, 4-5; XVII, 13, 3; XVIII, 1, 5, 13, 3. Lucius, p. 14, remarks that prophetic gifts were rather common in a time when there was a general longing for the greatest prophet. Hyrcanus and Josephus attribute prophetic faculties to themselves. I Maccab., IV, 41. Joseph. *Ant.*, XIII, 10, 7. *Bel. Jud.*, II, 8, 9. VI, 5, 2.

³ Josephus, *Bel. Jud.*, II, 7, 13. *Ant.* XVII, 13, 3. This happened in the year 6 of our era.

Raimond van Marle

(To be continued)

ELUSION

Whose is that Voice whose far sweet sound
Within the Soul moves strangely near,
Calling and calling; yet is drowned
In silence when I turn an ear?

Whose is that Face whose instant sight
Pales the moist evening's crimson sky
With something clearer than the light;
And yet eludes the swiftest eye?

Whose is that Hand whose white cool fire
Shakes the rapt body overmuch
With pangs of infinite desire;
Yet slips beyond the keenest touch?

Spirit of utter Loveliness!
Thine is the Voice, the Face, the Hand;
Thine is the all-compelling stress,
And Thine the swift shape-changing wand.

I know not which would nearer bring
Thyself: to still these senses quite,
Or out of this world's darkening
To build for Thee a House of Light.

But this I know: let my heart's strife
Yield Thy great joy, or empty breath;
Thou art glad death in midst of life,
And Life that smiles in face of death!

James H. Cousins



SOME RECENT RESEARCHES ON THE BORDERLAND OF SCIENCE AND OCCULTISM

By G. E. SUTCLIFFE

THOSE few amongst us who have been carefully watching the progress of scientific thought, and its gradual approximation to the occult teachings, are already aware how very narrow the borderland between has now become. It may be of interest therefore to the general reader to give a brief sketch of the present position, especially as some recent researches of the writer seem to be able to stretch across the remaining borderland, as far as some of the physical sciences are concerned, and link together the two worlds of thought.

The connecting link can best be shown by means of a drawing, which the occult student may look upon as an attempt to sketch one of the operations of Fohat, whilst the man of science may take it as an illustration of the production of light-waves, by means of an atomic mechanism.

First conceive a tubular channel bored through the ether of space in a straight line by an operation of Fohat. Along this channel let there pass a fluid of small density, with a velocity equal to that of light. Surrounding the fluid of small density, between it and the general ether of space, let there be another fluid of greater density, flowing in the opposite direction with a velocity equal to the greatest velocity that gravity can give to a body, the so-called velocity from infinity, which in the case of the earth is about six miles a second. This denser stream will then form the fluid casing of a tube through which the finer fluid is passing.

It may help the reader to form the concept if he first pictures in his mind a straight metal tube, say of iron, with water flowing along it. This water-flow will correspond to the flow of finer fluid with the velocity of light. Then let him replace in imagination the solid iron casing of the tube by liquid mercury, which, while retaining the form of the solid metal casing, is able to flow in the opposite direction to the water which it surrounds and encloses.

It would require a special distribution of forces to enable the fluid mercury to retain the tubular form, but it is just such a distribution of forces that is given by Fohat, and which is required to explain the operations of a light-ray. In the first place let us try to conceive the most natural and simple way in which the two

streams could move in opposite directions along the axis of the tube. Such a concept is given by the well-known mechanism of a male and female screw. When a nut is made to revolve around the thread of a bolt, the nut and bolt move in opposite directions to each other, and one inside, the other outside, just as we have supposed our two fluids to move; the main difference being that in the case of the nut and bolt we have a screw motion in solids whilst in the other case we must have a screw motion in fluids. This screw motion, or rotation around the axis of the tube has the further advantage that it gives to our fluid tube the same stability as one which is solid, for the centrifugal force due to the axial rotation will drive the denser fluid to the casing of the tube and keep it there, while the finer fluid will be forcibly held within the core of the tube.

This screw motion of the two fluids serves to explain an important feature of light-waves, the vibrations of which, as is well known, are at right angles to the line of propagation, for this screw motion is equivalent to a circular vibration at right angles to the axis of the tube, which axis marks the direction in which the light travels. With this tube of Fohat as a preliminary concept, let us further picture the atoms of matter strung upon these tubes like beads upon a string. The student of the *Gītā* will be here reminded of the words of Shrī Kṛṣṇa, (*Gītā*, VII, 7) "All this is strung on Me as pearls on a thread." For Fohat is the first life-wave, the work of the third Logos, and strings together all the atoms of the universe (*Occult Chemistry*, p. 6), and an illustration of such linkings of the atoms will be found on page 8, of the same work. It is in the interactions of the atoms of matter, and the light-rays, or strings of Fohat, on which

the atoms are threaded, that there will be found some of the most important connections between the physical sciences and occult teaching, and these interactions are illustrated in our coloured drawing. (Plate I.)

This drawing is intended to illustrate a light-ray passing through the body of a gaseous molecule, such molecules being strung upon the light-rays, or filaments of Fohat, like beads upon a string. A part of the body of the molecule is shown at C C, but this represents only a small portion of the molecule, since its diameter is about one hundred thousand times the diameter of a light-ray. The part in red represents the stream of fluid of small density which moves in the direction indicated by the red arrows with a velocity equal to that of light. The part in blue represents the opposite stream of denser fluid, moving as indicated by the blue arrows with the maximum gravitational velocity. The small circles in red and blue at A A, B B, with the curved arrows of similar colour are sections of vortex rings, similar in form to the well-known smoke ring. These vortex rings surround the streams of fluid like bracelets, and the motions of the two fluids ensure the continuous rotation of the vortices as indicated by the curved arrows. The red stream passing upwards through the inside of the red ring causes the inside to move upwards with it as shown by the curved arrows, whilst the blue stream moving downwards, passes on the outside of the red ring, so that the two streams moving in opposite directions co-operate with each other in ensuring continuous rotation in the same direction as shown by the arrows. In the case of the blue vortex ring shown at B B, the blue downward stream passes through the inside, whilst the red upward stream passes around the outside. Hence

the blue ring revolves in the opposite direction to the red ring. In addition to the two rotations of the vortex rings indicated by the curved arrows, they also rotate in a plane perpendicular to the plane of the paper, around an axis within the plane of the paper. This second rotation corresponds to the two screw rotations of the red and blue streams, and is caused by them. The blue ring rotating in the same direction as the screw motion of the blue stream, and the red ring in the direction of the red stream.

Having thus given a provisional sketch of our atomic mechanism, it behoves us to determine the conditions that will make it stable. It is evident in the first place that the upward stream will impart an upward momentum to the rings, whilst the downward stream will impart to them a downward momentum. Now unless these two momenta are equal and opposite the rings will not remain in position, but will be driven away either in one direction or the other. As in this article too much mathematical reasoning would be objectionable, we may state without proof, what to the mathematician will be obvious, that to impart to the rings equal and opposite momenta, it is necessary that the density of the blue stream multiplied by the square of its velocity, should be equal to the density of the red stream multiplied by the square of its velocity. So far the velocity of each stream is known, the red stream having the velocity of light, and the blue stream the maximum velocity of gravity, but the densities are at present unknown. If, however, one of the densities can be determined, the other can be also ascertained.

Now the density of the blue stream can be found, since it is this stream that produces the force of gravity

the value of which is known, and the method of finding it may be briefly indicated. Since the velocity with which the blue stream enters the earth's surface is known, and the extent of the earth's surface is also known, the volume which enters the earth in unit time can be calculated. Then from the earth's mass the volume of the blue stream absorbed by unit mass of matter can be found. Now this volume absorbed by unit mass in unit time imparts to it a known amount of energy, and the energy imparted must be equal to the energy of the quantity of the blue stream absorbed by unit mass. Hence we have ascertained three things about the quantity of the blue stream absorbed by unit mass of matter in unit time. First its velocity, second its volume, and third its energy, and from these three things can be obtained both its mass and its density. The density thus ascertained in terms of water taken as unity is 0.001725, and is nearly the same as the density of the atmosphere at normal pressure. By means of the relationship required for the condition of equilibrium, that the densities of the two streams multiplied by the square of their velocities must be equal, the density of the red stream can now be found. This second density is exceedingly small, being 2.4 divided by a million millions, or $2.4/10^{12}$.

The above two densities must not be confused with the density of the general etheric medium, for the density of this is much higher as will be seen later. These two streams are the same as the streams of force referred to in *Occult Chemistry*, (pp. 5-6), the red stream being that which is there described as pouring into the physical world from "outside," from fourth-dimensional space, or the astral plane, whilst the blue stream is that

which pours in from the physical world and out into the astral. The two streams taken together constitute the first life-wave, which forms the atoms, the work of Fohat, or the third Logos (*ib.* p. 6).

It would not be suitable here to give the course of reasoning by means of which the density of the general etheric medium has been ascertained. But by a process involving many years of research, this density has been found to be equal to three times the density of water. We have thus three densities with which to work, the density of the general medium, 3; the density of the blue stream, 0.001725; and the density of the red stream, 0.000,000,000,0024. In the regions near to the earth's surface, these three fluids occupy equal volumes of space, hence the mean density of the medium taking all three together is $1/3 (3 + 0.001725 + 0.000,000,000,0024) = 1.000575$. The mean density of the medium therefore differs only very slightly from the density of water.

Taking these four densities in descending order we find they have the following suggestive characteristics. The density of the general medium, 3, is identical with the density of basalt, of which a great part of the earth's crust is composed, it may therefore be called EARTH density; the mean density taking all three together is the same as that of water, it may therefore be called WATER density; the density of the blue stream is practically the same as that of air, it may therefore be called AIR density; the red stream is that which causes heat and flame when the tubes containing it are disrupted by friction or chemical combustion, hence it may be called FIRE density.

These four media are, I think, what the ancients meant by the four elements out of which all matter

was composed. They are the earth, water, air, and fire of the alchemist and the science of astrology.

Now whilst the forces of physics, and the elements of chemistry, may serve very well for the ordinary sciences, for the occult sciences such as alchemy and astrology, we shall find that it is absolutely essential for us to return to the four elements of the ancients, to which they gave the names of earth, water, air, and fire. And we shall also find that these elements are not only the key to the occult sciences, but to much that is at present incomprehensible in the sciences of the day.

It will be desirable in the first instance to use these elements for the explanation of known scientific phenomena, because scientific facts are given in the textbooks with quantitative exactness, and can thus serve to test the correctness of the theory.

Each of these four elements has associated with it a particular velocity. With the fire element, the red fluid, is associated the velocity of light; with the air-element, the blue fluid, is associated the velocity of gravity; with the water-element is associated the mean molecular velocity of the atmosphere, at the mean temperature of the earth; with the earth-element is associated the velocity of sound. I give below a tabular list of these four elements with their densities and associated velocities for future reference. The velocities are given in centimetres per second, and the densities in terms of water as unity, as these are the units most used in the sciences.

Element	Density	Velocity	
Fire-element	$2.4/10^{-3}$	3×10^{10}	Light
Air-element	0.001725	1.12×10^6	Gravity
Water-element	1.00	4.64×10^5	Molecule
Earth-element	3.00	2.68×10^5	Sound

The above list of densities and velocities are not mere disconnected facts, but are all interlinked with a property of the tubes, through which the red and blue fluids flow; in other words they are linked with a property of Fohat, the occult agent *par excellence*. This relationship is shown as follows: Multiply the number representing the density, by the square of the number representing the velocity, and it will be found that this product is the same for each element. The resulting number in each case is 2.16×10^9 .

Now it is a well-known scientific fact that when the density of a medium is multiplied by the square of the velocity with which vibrations are propagated in the medium, the resulting product is the pressure of the medium. Hence since 2.16×10^9 is the product of the density of the red fluid by the square of the velocity of light; it represents the pressure of the fluids within the tubes along which light is propagated. In other words it is the pressure of Fohat, or the first life-wave. Fohat therefore is the link which connects together the four elements of the ancients, and the forces of modern science, sound, light, heat, gravity, and molecular motion. We shall also shortly show that it links these also with the forces of electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity. Fohat, or the first life-wave, is therefore the missing link, which science has not yet found, but to which attention has lately been drawn by occult writers, and especially by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*. The above pressure within the Fohatic tubes is the reciprocal of what is called by electricians, the specific inductive capacity, which is a factor in all electrostatic measurements, whilst the density of the red fluid is equally a factor in all electro-magnetic

measurements. This density of the red fluid is also the measure of what is called the magnetic permeability of a body. The density above given is the density of the red fluid in air, and is a measure of the magnetic permeability of air. In iron the density is sometimes two or three thousand times greater than this, so that this metal can exhibit powerful magnetism.

The blue vortex ring at B B, (Plate I) is the positive charge of the atom, whilst the red ring at A A, is the neutralising negative charge. As under certain conditions the blue stream can be made to carry the positive charge downwards towards the red ring, and the red stream made to carry the red ring upwards towards the blue ring the attraction between the two is great. This happens when the two charges are not contained in the same molecule; when in the same molecule, as shown in the drawing, the equal and opposite momenta which cause their rotations cancel this attractive force. In the case of gravity, the attractive force is caused solely by the downward movement of the blue stream, whilst the upward red stream acts as a repulsive resistance, which makes the force of gravity small. But when two molecules come under the attraction of chemical affinity, then both the blue and red streams co-operate in pushing the two molecules together. Hence the force of chemical affinity is much more powerful than the force of gravity, just as in the case of electrical attraction. The mechanism which causes chemical affinity is the same as that which causes electrical attraction, as men of science have long suspected, and I have found that the force of chemical affinity is numerically equal to the force of gravity at the earth's surface multiplied by

the velocity of light. The mathematical proof of this has been lying in my notebooks for many years.

It will thus be seen that the whole of the physical sciences both exoteric and occult, can be defined under one head as the science of the operations of Fohat, and the modes of motion of the four despised elements of the ancients, earth, air, fire, and water.

When the great physicist, Lord Kelvin, was engaged in devising a suitable form for the atom, he selected as the most suitable a vortex ring such as that shown at AA, B B, of Plate I, but there were two difficulties in his way which he was not able to get over. He required in the first place a frictionless ether, in order to make his vortex rings permanent, and in the second place his vortex rings would not gravitate. In the case of the vortex rings shown in the above drawing however, these two difficulties do not occur, for the rings are kept in rotation by the friction of the two moving streams against their surfaces, and the rings will also gravitate since they are the medium by means of which the force of gravity is conveyed to the molecules. The difficulty of Lord Kelvin arose from his hypothesis of a stationary ether, and this same stationary ether is the principal stumbling block of those modern physicists who still hold to it. Another difference between Lord Kelvin's theory and the present, is that Lord Kelvin made the vortex ring identical with the atom, whereas in this case it is not the atom but the electric charge upon the atom.

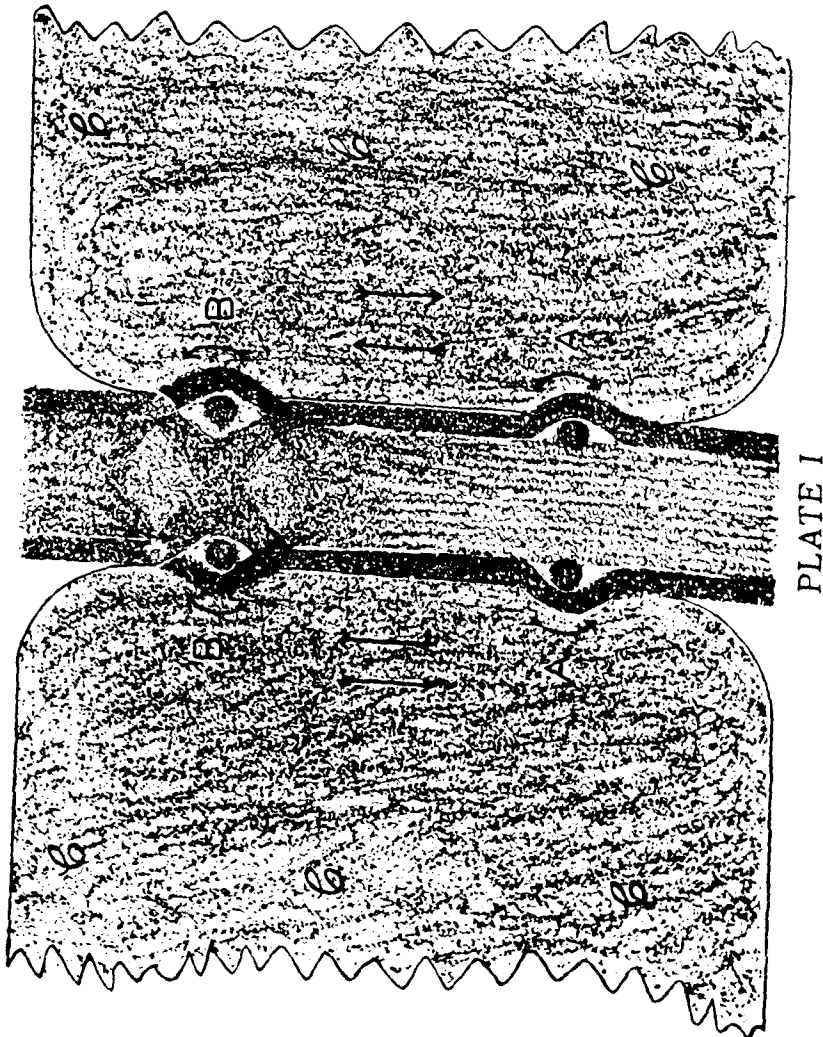
The molecular velocity will be dealt with in detail later as it is intimately connected with the formation of light-waves, but a few important facts in connection with it may be referred to here. Since it is linked with the Fohatic pressure by means of the water-element whose

density is unity, its value is the square root of that pressure, and another feature in connection with it is that it is the same as the velocity of the rotation of the earth at the equator. The earth's rotation also, therefore, is the work of Fohat. It is further connected with the velocity of steam jets as used in the steam turbine, which is at present the most powerful of prime movers, thus bringing its action into the practical affairs of daily life. If two steam pipes are connected with two boilers at different pressures, one say at 100 lb. pressure and the other at 200 lb., and if a hole is perforated through each pipe, so that a jet of steam issues from each; then if the casual reader were asked which of these two steam pipes would give a jet of steam of the highest velocity, he would probably reply that the steam pipe at 200 lb. pressure would give a jet of double the velocity of that from the pipe at 100 lb. pressure. But this would not be the case, for the velocity of both jets would be the same. The jet from the higher pressure would be denser, but its velocity would not be greater. There is a maximum velocity at which a steam jet will issue from a steam pipe into the atmosphere, and this velocity is the same as the molecular velocity of the air at the earth's mean temperature, and the earth's equatorial rotation, and each are equal to the square root of the Fohatic pressure. We see therefore that this Fohatic pressure is at the foundation of the velocities of nature. It is the basis of our time measure, the rotation of the earth, and of many other standard physical velocities. The velocity of sound, given in the table of the four elements, is somewhat smaller than the velocity observed. It agrees closely with the velocity derived from Newton's formula which does not allow for what is called

the adiabatic compression. This adiabatic compression by developing heat increases the tension of the atmosphere and thus increases the velocity. I did not give the actual velocity in the table because this would obscure the connection between the pressure in the Fohatic tubes, and the earth-element. The velocity of sound as observed is derived mainly from the action of the Fohatic pressure on the earth-element, with a little addition from the molecular velocity through the water-element. The connection of sound with the Fohatic pressure is of special interest to the occult student, because by this means it is linked with the velocity of light, and the forces acting within the atom. In former days there seems to have been a science of Mantra Vidya, by means of which we were enabled to form a connection with the forces working within the atom, and this connection was made by means of sound. A modern investigator, J. W. Keeley, appears to have got upon the track of this ancient science, and was able to get into partial touch for a time with these forces. This was however before modern science had become aware of the enormous forces locked up within the atom, and his investigations were therefore declared a fraud. But H. P. Blavatsky, who wrote about them in *The Secret Doctrine*, knew perfectly well that they were based on a true fact in nature, and hence declared their genuineness. It is possible that in the near future some other investigator will be more successful in exploring this fruitful branch of science, and the above shown connection between sound and the forces of Fohat may be some guide to him.

It has been shown that all the densities and velocities of the four elements are related in the same way to

The answer is that the difference of pressure is sustained by the revolution of the body of the molecule around the tube as an axis. This develops a centrifugal force which diminishes the pressure inside the tube. In Plate I, the body of the molecule is partly shown at C C. This part of the molecule is revolving with great velocity around the tube as an axis, just as a pulley revolves around a central shaft, and in doing so the centrifugal force counteracts the general pressure within the medium, and causes a reduced pressure within the tube of the force. The body of the molecule C C, should not be regarded as merely a grouping together of atoms as shown in *Occult Chemistry*, but rather as the etheric vortex in which these atomic groups are embedded. In the same way we may look upon a solar system, not only as a sun with planets revolving around it, but as an enormous etheric vortex with the sun and planets acting as centres of force within it, and carried around in their orbits by the motion of the vortex. This was the view of a solar system taken by Descartes, and there is much to be said in favour of it. Modern science is gradually returning to the theory of vortices, just as it is again advocating the corpuscular theory of light. The centrifugal force which maintains the difference of pressure between the tube and the general medium, must of course be equal to this difference. Hence its magnitude is known. Now centrifugal force depends upon three factors, from which it can be calculated; these factors are the density of the fluid in rotation, the velocity of rotation, and the radius of the circle in which the fluid rotates, which is the radius of the tube containing the fluids.



The density of the revolving fluid is known, and the velocity of rotation is known, but we do not yet know the radius of the tube; but since we know the value of the centrifugal force we have a simple equation with only one unknown quantity, the radius of the tube, hence this radius can be calculated. Its value in centimetres is $2.4/10$ ". A molecule has a radius about ten thousand times greater than this, so that these tubes of force are very minute in relation to the size of a molecule. The relationship of the molecules to the tubes passing through them is something like that of large beads on a string of the finest silk, or even of a spider's web. Lord Kelvin has pointed out that when we can measure a thing and are able to express it in terms of number, we then begin to know something about it. Hence now that we know the size of our tubes, our knowledge of them is greatly increased. For instance, having the size of the tube, the velocity of the fluid flowing through it, and the density of the fluid, we can find the mass of the red fluid passing upwards through the red vortex ring at A A, (Plate I). Moreover when we calculate this we stumble upon a very interesting and also a very important fact, for it turns out that the mass of the red fluid passing through the vortex in unit time, is *Equal to the Mass of the Hydrogen Atom*. This is really a very startling fact, and every Occultist, and every Physicist should ponder over it, for it may be the key to that most mysterious property of matter known as INERTIA. When the Physicist measures the mass of an atom, what he really measures is the resistance it offers to change of velocity; in other words he measures its inertia.

What is this inertia? We do not know. Science is trying hard at present to find out, but has not yet succeeded. It is thought that it is somehow due to the ether. In the opinion of Sir Oliver Lodge, all inertia is electrical. (*Electrons*, p. 15.) According to *The Secret Doctrine*, (Vol. I, p. 557) inertia is the greatest of the occult forces. Is it possible then that in this red fluid flowing along a light-ray we have stumbled upon the real cause of inertia? If so, it is extremely important. It indicates that inertia is something like the action of water in a hose pipe. When the water is not flowing the nozzle of the hose pipe can be moved about with ease, but with water flowing with high velocity, any motion of the nozzle is resisted, and requires an effort to bring it about. This is not due to the weight of the nozzle but to the flow of water through it, and in the same way the inertia of an atom of hydrogen may not be due to the amount of substance which composes it, but to the amount of the red fluid that is pouring through it. This fundamental property of matter, therefore, would be thus traced back to the flow of fluid in the Fohatic tubes, the action of the first life-wave which builds the atoms, the primary action of the Third Logos, at the beginning of a universe. It would naturally follow from this that inertia would necessarily be the most occult and fundamental of all forces, both on the physical and on higher planes.

The question now arises: Can we get any experimental proof that the mass of an atom, or the amount of its inertia, is really due to this flow along the tubes? It is evident that if the orifice in the red vortex ring, through which the red fluid flows, could be reduced in size, the flow would be diminished, and the inertia

would become less in proportion. If there were any means of driving the vortex ring outside the molecule, the size of the orifice would be at once reduced, because it would then be under higher pressure. In the position shown in the drawing, it is surrounded with a pressure of only 14 tons to the square inch, because the rotation of the molecule protects it from the higher pressure of the medium. But once outside the molecule it would need to support a pressure of billions of tons to the square inch. "This would cause the vortex to collapse until its centrifugal force was equal to the higher pressure. It is possible to calculate what would be the size of the orifice under these new conditions. Its radius would be $5\frac{7}{10}$ " , or about 42 times less than before, whilst the capacity of the orifice would be reduced 1740 times. This would cause a corresponding reduction in the mass, so that we should have a body that would have a mass only $\frac{1}{1740}$ th of the mass of hydrogen, which is the lightest chemical element known. But this small mass is identical with that of the mass of an electron as shown by scientific experiments. Moreover the size of this collapsed vortex ring agrees very closely with the size of an electron, for if we estimate the diameter of the collapsed ring at three times the radius of the reduced orifice, we have for the diameter of the collapsed ring $1\frac{7}{10}$ " , and the ordinarily accepted value of the diameter of the electron is $\frac{2}{16}$ " (*Philosophical Magazine*, March 1914, p. 494.) Thus the above surmise that the amount of red fluid flowing through the orifice of the vortex ring was the measure of the mass or inertia of an atom, receives important confirmation, and the scientific consequences of this fact, if finally demonstrated, will be astonishing.

for it will revolutionise some of our fundamental physical concepts.

When the electron was first discovered, the favourite theory current for a time was that an atom of hydrogen was composed of 1,700 electrons, the combined masses of which made up the mass of the atom, with a proportionally greater number for the heavier elements. This theory was elaborated by J. J. Thomson in the *Philosophical Magazine* for December 1903, and March 1904, and again in his two published works, *Electricity and Matter*, and *The Corpuscular Theory of Matter*. For a time it was found to be a theory of great promise, and it was with a feeling almost akin to anguish and despair when it had to be given up owing to a further discovery of J. J. Thomson. (*Electrons*, O. Lodge, p. 151.) The new facts that upset the above theory were first given by Thomson in the *Philosophical Magazine*, for June 1906, where he showed that hydrogen instead of containing 1,700 electrons in each atom contained only one electron, and that oxygen instead of containing $16 \times 1,700$ electrons per atom could not have more than about 16 electrons. In other words the number of electrons in any chemical element was a number of about the same magnitude as its atomic weight in terms of hydrogen as unity.

The above paradox, which paralysed for a time the minds of men of science, receives an easy explanation in the light of the effect produced on the mass, or inertia measure, of a vortex ring, when expanded within a molecule and contracted outside it. For inside the molecule it has a mass equal to that of hydrogen, and outside the molecule the mass, or inertia measure, is that of an electron; but this is not due to any change

in the substance of the ring, but only to the change in the quantity of red fluid flowing through its central orifice. In this way therefore one of nature's most puzzling riddles receives a solution.

This brings us to another property of the electron which is of equal importance—the electric charge it carries. This is known to be the same as the charge on an atom of hydrogen, and when an electron is driven out of an atom of hydrogen, it loses the whole of its negative charge. It is clear from this that the charge on an electron does not change, whether in the expanded state within the molecule, or in the collapsed state without it. The charge therefore must be something that does not change. This at once suggests that the charge is identical with the substance of which the vortex ring is composed, since this is the same both inside and outside the molecule.

The substance of the vortex rings has a density which is the same as that of the blue stream of fluid flowing through or around it, and its dimensions are known, hence its mass can be found. It has also a surface velocity around its annular axis which is equal to the velocity of the blue stream. When we multiply the mass of the ring by this surface velocity we obtain a number which is nearly the same as that representing the electro-magnetic charge on an atom of hydrogen and on an electron. This number is 10,500 times greater than the mass of the hydrogen atom, whilst the charge on an atom of hydrogen as measured in the laboratory is 9,700 times greater than its mass.

The small difference of about 10 per cent between the two figures can be accounted for in various ways which would be too technical to refer to here; suffice

it to say that the electric charge on an atom and an electron is intimately connected with the mass of the vortex ring and the velocity of the blue stream, when measured in electro-magnetic units. When measured in electrostatic units it is the product of the mass of the ring, the velocity of the blue stream, and the velocity of the red stream. Hence the charge does not change whether it is within the molecule as a vortex ring, or outside it as an electron.

In addition to the rotation around its annular axis, the vortex ring has a rotation around the axis of the tube. The velocity of this rotation is the same as the velocity of the molecule around the axis of the tube. This velocity is the Newtonian velocity of sound, or the velocity which sound would have if there were no adiabatic compression. When the mass of the ring is multiplied by its radius and the geometrical mean of this velocity and the velocity of the blue stream, the product is a constant whose value is $6.5/10^{27}$. This constant is of great importance in connection with the production of light-waves. It is known as Planck's constant, and is regarded as a natural unit of a moment of momentum. (*Philosophical Magazine*, October 1913, p. 792, also p. 300.) Nearly all the most recent investigations into the method by which molecules of matter give rise to light-waves, are based upon this remarkable constant. "The essential point in Planck's theory of radiation is that the energy radiation from an atomic system does not take place in the continuous way assumed in the ordinary electro-dynamics, but that it, on the contrary, takes place in distinctly separated emissions." (*Philosophical Magazine* July 1913, p. 4.) The amount of energy radiated out from an atom is Planck's

constant multiplied by the number of vibrations per second, or this amount multiplied by an integer. Hence the atom delivers its energy to the light-ray in measured parcels, which are technically termed 'quanta'. Scientific men do not know how to account for this, though with the above drawing the explanation is easy. This explanation however will be deferred at present. It is merely mentioned here to show the great scientific value of the mechanism illustrated in our coloured drawing.

So far this article has been largely concerned with forming links with investigations of modern science. It remains in conclusion to link it further with the results of occult investigations. When the red and blue vortex rings are driven out from the molecule they collapse into a different form as explained above, owing to the higher pressure of the medium. The core of the ring becomes very minute whilst the ring itself retains nearly the same dimensions. What then will be the forms of the rings under these new conditions? The answer is that *The Forms will be Those of the Positive and Negative Atoms of Occult Chemistry*. If we look at Plate II, in the above work, we shall see the exact forms which the blue and red rings assume in their collapsed state, the curved lines on the male and female atoms, there shown, representing the two opposite rotations of the red and blue rings. These lines of motion being a combination of a rotation around the annular axis, and a rotation around the core of the rings.

SUMMARY

The principal results of this article can be thus summarised:

(1) A tube of Fohat consists of two fluids of different densities moving in opposite directions with different velocities.

(2) The denser fluid forms the shell of the tube and moves with the maximum velocity of gravity. The fluid of least density occupies the core of the tube, and moves with the velocity of light.

(3) The mode in which these two fluids interlink with each other is that of a male and female screw, the rotation of which causes light-waves to be at right angles to the line of propagation.

(4) There are two fundamental pressures in the ether of space, the pressure of the general medium, and the pressure within the tubes of Fohat. The pressure in the general medium is 2.7×10^{21} , and in the tubes 2.16×10^9 . Near the earth's surface the general pressure is reduced to one-third the usual amount, viz., 6×10 .

(5) A molecule is an etheric vortex revolving around the axis of the tube, in which are floating the atoms of *Occult Chemistry*. The centrifugal force of this rotation maintains the difference of pressure between the general medium and the tube. The velocity of this rotation is the Newtonian velocity of sound.

(6) Around the tubes immersed within the two opposite streams of fluid are vortex rings, which have two rotations, one around their annular axis and another around the axis of the tube. The velocity around the annular axis is the gravitational velocity, and that around the tube, the velocity of sound; these rotations being maintained by the flow of the two fluids.

(7) There are four fundamental densities of the medium of space associated with four fundamental

velocities. . The density of the general medium being three, the density of basalt, or earth density, associated with the velocity of sound (Newtonian). The density one, being a mixture of all the fluids in equal volumes, the water-density, associated with molecular velocity, and the equatorial velocity of the earth's rotation. The density of the blue fluid, the air-density, associated with the maximum velocity of gravity. The density of the red fluid; the fire-density, associated with the velocity of light. These four substances are, I think, identical with the four elements of the ancients.

(8) The product of any of the above densities by the square of the associated velocity is equal to the pressure inside the tubes, so that this pressure is the link between them. This pressure is further linked with the science of electricity, since it is the reciprocal of the specific inductive capacity of space, whilst the density of the red fluid is the measure of magnetic permeability.

(9) The blue stream is the cause of gravity whilst the red stream opposes gravity, and the force of gravity is proportionate to the mass and velocity of the blue stream absorbed by the body. Matter transforms the fluid of the blue stream into that of the red stream, so that the blue stream moves towards the attracting body and the red stream away from it.

(10) When the blue and red streams act in co-operation instead of opposition, then the force of gravity is replaced by the force of chemical affinity, or electrical attraction.

(11) Of the electrical charges on the molecule the positive charge is due to the blue ring, and the negative charge is due to the red ring. The measure of the

charge in electro-magnetic units is the mass of the substance of the ring multiplied by the velocity of the blue stream, whilst in electrostatic measure it is the mass of the ring multiplied by the velocities of both the red and blue streams. The values of these charges do not change, whether the rings are inside or outside the molecules.

(12) The inertia of the rings is not identical with the masses of the rings, but is measured by the quantity of red fluid passing through or around them. When the rings are inside the molecules the inertia is numerically equal to the mass.

(13) When inside the molecule, the inertia of the rings is equal to the mass of an atom of hydrogen. When outside the molecule, the inertia of the red ring is reduced to 1/1742th of its value inside the molecule, and is equal to that of the negative electron. The inertia of the blue ring, or positive charge, does not change, whether inside or outside the molecule, because the red fluid passes it on the outside, and not through its internal orifice as in the case of the red ring; hence its inertia is not affected when driven outside the molecule, but retains a value equal to the mass of hydrogen.

(14) The moment of momentum of the rings is $6.5/10^{27}$, in C.G.S. units and is identical with Planck's constant.

(15) When the blue and red rings are driven out of the molecules, they collapse under the higher pressure of the general etheric medium. They are then identical with the positive and negative electrons of modern science, and the male and female atoms of *Occult Chemistry*.

(16) The red and blue streams are, I think, a manifestation of Fohat on the physical plane, and their action is that of the first life-wave of the Theosophist.

(17) For the further study of the above the reader is referred to *The Secret Doctrine* and *Occult Chemistry*, and for the most recent results of scientific investigation in connection with it, to the three articles of Dr. Bohr on the "Constitution of Atoms and Molecules," (*Philosophical Magazine*, Vol. XXVI, pp. 1, 476, 857.) The theory of the atom as developed by Sir Ernest Rutherford is the same in some respects as that of these articles, and Rutherford's theory is now replacing in scientific favour that of Sir J. J. Thomson. It will be found described in Dr. Bohr's articles, and in Rutherford's. (*Philosophical Magazine*, Vols. XXI, p. 669; XXVII, p. 488).

Sir J. J. Thomson read a paper on the structure of the atom at the British Association, September 11th, 1913, which advocates tubes of force as described in these articles, and this paper is printed in the *Philosophical Magazine* for October 1913, and in the same number of the magazine is "A Theory of Gravity" by S. B. McLaren which coincides in principle with the theory of these articles.

The positive nucleus of Rutherford's theory is identical with the blue vortex ring of Plate I.

Thus the door, hitherto closed between the investigations of modern science and those of Occultists, has at last begun to open, and will doubtless rapidly open wider in the next few years. When antagonism between the two schools of thought is replaced by co-operation and mutual respect, how rapid will be the progress which is destined to bring the present civilisation to its zenith.

G. E. Sutcliffe

THE MYSTIC PATH¹

By D. N. DUNLOP

WE find that in all the great religious systems or spiritual movements in the world, there has been one general method of presenting the ideas which are associated with Mysticism. They generally begin by using a symbol of some kind to suggest boundlessness in every direction. The Christian uses the word 'God'. In the eastern religions we have the same idea though the terms vary, other words being associated with the conception of God. Therefore in thinking out what the path is, and what the goal is towards which man is travelling, it is necessary to begin by postulating God. Some of us, in our ignorance, try to define God; but we soon find that is impossible. The only blasphemy to the true Mystic is a grotesque definition of that which cannot be defined. Men may speak disrespectfully of personal Gods, because they know the frailties to which they themselves are subject. There is always, to the Mystic, that fundamental principle which is behind what he is able to sense or see or express. In the eastern systems we have this idea expressed in terms of boundless duration, limitless space, essence of being. Out of this boundless duration, we have manifested time, and out of the limitless space, objective space.

¹ Notes of a lecture.

Out of undifferentiated essence of being come manifested forms and shapes. We come out of the undefined condition into something more defined, which we speak of as Logos; out of the God idea we come to the Christ idea.

We have time manifesting in cycles, year following year, and the year divided into seasons, and so on through centuries and through kalpas innumerable. In all mystical systems the periodical manifestations of the first, second, and third Logos may be found in some form.

When we come to ourselves, we find that we have somehow or other gathered up within us all conditions of the past in a synthesis. We have in our physical make-up the synthesis of the whole material universe; in our psychic make-up the synthesis of the world soul, and in our spiritual make-up the synthesis of all the abstract perfections we associate with the Logos and the God idea. Although divine in essence, we speak of returning to divinity. We talk of following a path, while that very path is within each of us. Only that which comes down from heaven, only that which is of the nature of perfection *per se*, can go back to heaven or return to perfection, and all our symbolism, interpreted with true mystical understanding, carries out that idea. The imperfect elements are put in the crucible, and the fire applied to them, so that in the burning of imperfect elements the perfect substance can finally be made manifest.

In this broad Earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed Perfection.

It is because there is within us this seed of Perfection that it is possible to walk along that pathway which

leads back again to God. The paradox is reconciled. "From God to God our journey lies." Out of a garden of innocence too blessed for our rebel spirits, we have proceeded by circuitous and devious ways; and the civilisations of to-day represent the result. Few of us can feel satisfied with it except as presenting numberless opportunities for effort.

What is this mystic path? There is a very good symbol given in the Caduceus, the Staff of Mercury. A rod, with wings at the top going out on both sides, and two serpents winding round the rod on each side; the one serpent is generally shown white and the other black. The two are intertwined along this path which leads to the winged God. We find many suggestive meanings here, and an indication of the possibility of reaching perfection much more quickly by going straight up the centre of the staff than is possible by going round the winding path represented by the serpents. If you follow the course of the black serpent, you can trace it down through the first, second, third and fourth periods of evolution. The fourth is the turning point. It now seems possible, when you reach this point, having differentiated sufficiently to be a "centre of consciousness," to follow the example of the Saviours of the world, and go up the straight line to God instead of taking the winding path. In order to do this, you have to sacrifice all selfish interests and very few are ready to do this. When we see the Christs, prototypes of the future man, we see what is possible to be accomplished by individual effort. They are the first fruits, the first-born of many brethren. These great ones are always upon the earth, for the earth contains all. It is necessary to have upon the planet

representations of the highest perfection, in order that in the darkest hour, the lamp may be kept alight upon the human altar.

The general idea then seems to be that as we have so many selfish interests, we will take the long tour, we will do it gently and easily and enjoy ourselves as we journey, and for the majority of mankind this appears to be the most sensible thing to do. For story after story in the literature of the ages shows the failure which follows the attempt to take the "short cut" without adequate preparation. After a little while the traveller looks back and says: "How much more developed I am than those others taking the long path"; or he thinks: "I am an Initiate"; and down he comes. He has now to begin the work over again. You are far more likely to be successfully tempted if you take the straight path; but you may still think it worth trying knowing that he who endures to the end, the same shall be saved, and the burden made lighter for all humanity.

We all have to embark on the great ocean of life. Sects and religions are arks or boats in which we travel. The ocean is covered with little boats, all going to the same port—the port of the divine. We invariably get on some kind of an ark in which we think there is a chance of salvation. But very few sail straight. All the boats make long detours. The first cabin passengers quarrel with the second class passengers; sometimes some of the boats get on the rocks and break up altogether and the crew and passengers have to look out for safe accommodation on other boats.

In one of the Upanishats it is stated that he who worships the created image will be carried safely through the gates of death, asleep; but he who worships the

uncreate will enjoy immortality. The word *enjoy* is important here. It is an active condition of consciousness. Though in essence you are immortal, you may not *enjoy* immortality while you cling to images in which the soul sleeps. The sincere soul, however, under any image, in the end does find peace. Those who seem to be occupying themselves with foolish things are provided for; there is a safe and sound seed at the heart of all. We build images and shall have to destroy them some day; but they serve their purpose, and help us along the initial stages of our pilgrimage.

We pass through the gates of death, and cannot take anything with us but the results in character; only that which stands the final test which the Angel of Death puts upon us all. Death says: "Loosen your hold, this is not everything, these attachments which appear so real to you are only temporary." We carry all the personal baggage we can right up to the last gate and have then to drop it all; but it is all taken care of by the elemental powers of nature, and so we need not mind dropping it and passing onwards in peace. We save out of all these things what is worth saving. We should be too utterly weary to go forward if the Angel of Death did not come and say: "Up, up, up into the great house of God, where the Spirit, free from all these cares, is perfect, and sweet and holy in the presence of God, about whose pavilion is the mystery of darkness." Not for ever do we thus go, however. No, because we have ties, interests that we have left behind which attract us. So, after resting for a while, we return again through the gates of birth into waking life; again we take up the burden and toil, possibly returning to work

which others have been carrying forward in the interval to carry it still nearer to perfection, not perhaps this time with entire forgetfulness. The aim of the Mystic is to come back without forgetfulness, that he may retain the memory of essentials and not waste years of life looking for those who are likewise engaged with him in the joyous toil. We meet the comrades and lovers of former days and recognise them and renew the tasks of that divine enterprise in which we are partners with all the principles of life.

We have no doubt registered vows to serve humanity; and the children of the soul are not limited to the usual methods of communication. A common interest brings you near to all your comrades and the discipline of comradeship is renewed. We are told that there is a way of avoiding the necessity of coming back; but I prefer to come back, though the struggle may be great and the way a stony one. There have been moments of sadness, but it has been wonderfully sweet in the heart to meet men and women and children and rejoice in and with them, and to see the look of immortality shining out of their eyes, perhaps when they least knew it. We are going, dear ones, to plough the fields of humanity until the flowers of human glory grow from the seeds which now lie deep in the ground.

The path lies through the three worlds. You ask: "What steps am I to take to travel this path safely through these three continents of my being?" Well, many instructions have been given, many wise things have been said for our guidance. There has been so much written and so much instruction given that we take little notice of it. We are more interested in a recent

novel or one of the latest books on psychology, anything new, rather than the old things. But you will say: "Cannot you give us a hint?" Yes, I think I can. It is not a new one, it is quite old. If you believe that you are a Spirit and a soul and a body—a Monad, then you have to act up to that belief, not to forget it. And in order that you may not forget it, it has been suggested that you should meditate upon this truth as often as you can. This does not mean that you have to go into a small room and cross your legs in a particular way. That may help you, and sometimes it is a considerable help. But when you walk the street, travel in trains and omnibuses, or at any time when you find the opportunity, let the undercurrent of your thought always be flowing towards these spiritual realities. Then there will arise a knowledge of the truth which before only came to you in fitful gleams, or when you said your prayers or were engaged in devotional exercises. This knowledge will begin to grow up tenderly at first, and eventually colour your whole consciousness. Meditation upon this truth will begin to awaken in you that memory of paradise which is hidden away in your heart. The veils of the material world will grow thin, you will see the real atoms instead of the chemical atoms, ensouled and infilled with the image of Love, for every atom carries the image of Love. Choose the highest thought you know for the car of your meditation upon which you will go to the other worlds. You have around you guardians who are watching and taking care of you. You need not fear. Every part of nature makes quick response to the man or woman who is spiritually awake and unafraid. The whole circulation of the blood is different. the uric acid has little effect.

Nature knows her master and makes courteous recognition.

"Should I be a vegetarian, and bathe twice a day?" Certainly try all these things, anything, everything; but remember: "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." It is a matter of consciousness. Because we think materially and sensually and turn our eyes to images of material life, our spiritual consciousness gets clogged up. The gateways do not show the lights of God; they are all out. It is far more important what you think than what you eat. Start where you think. Open the gateways of thought to the world of divine adventure. Select fundamental principles in all your wanderings and you will be on safe ground.

D. N. Dunlop

SANTA CLARA

By GEORGINA WALTON

"GIVE him a sou and he will bless you in the name of all the Saints in the calendar."

"But Clara dear, this must be at least the fifteenth old and wretched one that we have encountered since leaving the hotel. The minute I hand him a coin, at least twenty more like him will arise on all sides and besiege us."

"I can't help it if they do. You know that the proprietor told us that the conditions around Assisi are terrible. The poor peasants are so overtaxed that most of them are starving. Now, Ralph, I insist! There! That's a good boy! I told you he would bless you."

"And I told you we would be besieged. Ye Gods! See them come! Every woman with a bambino and every man with a crutch. We'll give them the slip. Here—this way—up this side street."

"Wait a minute! You big, long-legged thing; I'm all out of breath and the cobbles hurt my feet."

He paused while she stumbled up to him, cheeks flushed, eyes smiling and a perfect halo of golden wind-tossed curls around her pretty face.

Then, beneath those brown and crumbling walls, something very sweet occurred. The yellow wall flowers nodded their inquisitive little heads as much as

to say: "Surely love is alive in the world to-day and lovers the same as they were a thousand years ago."

"You old beggar!" softly exclaimed the girl as she drew away from him. "Just look at what you have done to my hat." It was a choking little laugh that she gave and the tears came to her eyes from very excess of happiness.

"But I'm not a beggar," he insisted, "I never asked you for a thing, I just took—what is mine. Furthermore we have added another memory to the thousand-year old memories that haunt Assisi. Who knows how long the ghost of that kiss may cling around these stones."

They started up the hill again but this time his arm was around her almost lifting her from the ground.

"I know a better way than that!" he suddenly exclaimed, and the next minute a dark-skinned, bare-footed peasant woman who sat spinning before her door, sent a laughing glance up the street and remarked to a man lounging against the wall:

"Mother of God! If there isn't that big Signor *forestiere* carrying the pretty Signora. Is she too weak, then, to walk?"

"But thou art very stupid, I fear, Nina," responded the man. "Canst thou not see that the Signor loves so much the Signora that he would rather carry her up a steep hill than ride up himself. He waits on her and does for her in a way that would shame an honest Italian."

"If that be the case, thou hast no need to feel shame, Pietro; it would be a pretty day when thou wouldst carry more than thy lazy hulk, let alone anything for thy wife."

"The road is rough and the Signora's feet are small like those of a bambino, not large and strong like thine, Nina, that were made to carry thee."

"I see well what thou seest: that the Signora is as beautiful as the Madonna; but say what thou wilt, I understand not the ways of these Americanos."

* * * * *

Alessandro Benvenuto, otherwise known as "Brother Francisco" stood before a window of the monastery of S. Damien, gazing thoughtfully down into the Umbrian Valley that stretched below him. Warm it was and golden as yellow wine, under the afternoon sun, which, though belonging to the world, surely showered Italy with a special glory.

Everywhere were trees and vines clambering up the hill at his feet in green confusion. As they diminished in the distance they ranged themselves into symmetrical squares and patterns, cut here and there by a winding white ribbon of road. The tall unbending cypresses followed the lines of these roads for the most part, and seemed to proclaim eternally: "This is Italy, Italy, Italy!"

Far, far over, a low range of violet-tinted hills formed the horizon. Midway between them and Assisi rose the white dome of Santa Maria degli Angeli, small in the distance and almost lost in the tender silvery haze that hung low over the plain like the spirit of its dreams and the soul of its mystery. Beyond, far beyond, was Rome.

In Alessandro's eyes the outer sight was lost in the inner vision. His thoughts had carried him far afield, beyond Rome, beyond the stir of his boyhood years—to the outer land of dreams, the land of his religious yearnings.

His strong, finely wrought hand lay idly on the window ledge; his firmly moulded face which showed the possibility rather than the result of spiritual contest, for the moment revealed his secret feelings; his mind was as a calm, untroubled lake on which there was no ripple of disturbing thought.

Sincerely he felt that one moment of the sweet peace of the present was worth all the turmoil and glamour of his past. Yet, as he stood there, in an aura of afternoon sunlight, straight and strong, quivering with the promise of life, the wine of existence rising hot in his veins as the juice in the grapes, this scorner of the world was the very incarnation of magnificent hopeful youth, shrouded in the brown Franciscan robe that typified renunciation.

He turned from his dreams with a sigh as the monastery bell tinkled imperatively. Flinging back the heavy brown hood from his head and with the beads clicking at his side, he went down to admit the visitors. "More loud voiced tourists, driblets from the outer world," he thought, and then rebuked himself, for had not S. Francis mingled gladly and lovingly with his fellows?

What actually met him at the outer gate was two young people, a man and a girl, still breathless from walking, very smiling and happy, with a look in their eyes, which while it gave welcome to the entire world, implied a precious little secret, strictly their own, which an outsider might guess but not share.

"Is this the monastery of S. Damien, that used to be Santa Clara's convent?" asked the girl in her soft voice and pretty broken Italian.

"Si Signora."

"Then may we come in, or is it too late for visitors?"

Alessandro caught himself wondering if he would have had the heart to refuse her if it had been too late, but he merely threw the door a little wider open and stood aside to admit them.

As the girl crossed the court the sunlight lost itself in her hair and she seemed to carry sunlight and breezes along with her into the dark little chapel. In fact both she and the man at her side exhaled freshness and cleanliness of mind and body.

It took Alessandro a few minutes to become readjusted. He was accustomed to giving his information to a crowd of weary or blasé people who followed him listlessly, exclaimed at the proper point like animated punctuation marks, and looked where he told them to look, with due and proper facial expressions of wonder and interest which he knew were only face-deep. When they left, they perfunctorily dropped some money into his hand "for the church" and went off, striking S. Damien from their list of sight-seeing duties.

With these two it was different. The man had a mind as well as a brain, and a fearless independent view point. He never asked stupid questions or made dull comments and he was possessed of laughter so merry that it would have brought a smile to the face of a martyred saint.

The girl was unconsciously natural. There was a sparkle to her face, a depth to her eyes. She smiled at odd little unexpected things, and often, what might have made her laugh in the incidents Alessandro related concerning S. Francis or Santa Clara, would bring a sudden gravity to her face as though she had caught a glimpse of another and sadder side.

She investigated with the eagerness of a child, and with the desire that love has to share fully all things with the beloved, she turned ever to her companion to catch the answering look in his eyes, a look that never failed her.

For the present, sight-seeing and all such things were to Ralph and Clara, in spite of their genuine interest, merely an attractive excuse for mutual sympathy of understanding. There were frequent touches of the hand and heart, which Alessandro felt even when he was studiously studying the ground at his feet. They had the penetrating quality of lightning and entered his inner consciousness, making him feel a lonely spectator to some very sweet human comradeship.

Life was calling him with the voice of love and nature. His response was pain. The breath of spring had entered the monastery and his heart at the same time, and he dared not own, even to himself, that it was soft and pleasant.

Stoutly he resisted the return wave of enthusiasm which rose within him. Outwardly, no ascetic could have been more apparently indifferent, no paid guide more perfunctory in his explanations, than was he. But a suggestion was all his two followers needed; out of a single stone their imaginations could construct a fairy palace.

He pattered on ahead of them in his sandals and waited for them at the head of the stairs. How long it took them to mount! How suddenly silent they were on the steps below him.

When they finally appeared the girl's cheeks were extra rosy. She had paused to rest a minute, she

explained. The monk made no reply, but led them on to a tiny loggia where a little window garden, brimming over with leaves, stretched between two brown stone walls, fast falling into decay, which rose high on each side with no roof but the eternal blue.

"Santa Clara's garden," said Alessandro simply.

"What do you mean?" questioned the girl. "Of course they are not actually the flowers she planted?"

"Si, Signora! With her own hands. They have never been allowed to die."

He spoke quietly but something akin to gratitude leaped from him towards the girl as he saw his own tender reverence reflected on her sensitive face. She passed very near him, so near that he felt the spirit of her presence and caught a faint perfume like that borne on some truant breeze.

She laid the tip of her finger on a blue gentian, peeping shyly forth, and beckoned to Ralph with a backward reaching hand: "Isn't it wonderful, dear! This flower is the great-great-great-great-great-grandchild of the one Santa Clara watered and cared for and loved. You see, she was only a woman, after all, and like every other woman had to cherish something. With her it was flowers."

"And what is it with you, oh, wise one?"

"A great, big, overgrown boy who needs twice as much attention as twenty gardens."

For a moment she forgot the flowers but the gentian again drew her attention. She tapped it with her finger as she spoke.

"I truly think that Santa Clara's flowers have lived so long because of all the repressed love that she poured into them. Don't you think so, dear?"

"Possibly! will it have that effect on me?"

"What? Mine? Wait and see; I refuse to prophesy." She turned to Alessandro:

"Mio Frate," the words as she uttered them were musical with their inner meaning, "did Santa Clara always live here? Tell me about her."

"Always, Signora, after she founded her Order."

"Was she—was she—pretty?" It was a guilty little voice.

"Shame on you, you sinner, to ask a monk such a question," murmured Ralph. Alessandro looked up, smiling in spite of himself:

"It is so recorded, Signora—beautiful and gentle. Her hair was very long and golden (like the Signora's) but S. Francis cut it off with his own hands as she knelt at his feet, and she laid it on the altar along with the jewels from her neck and arms. That was after she had fled in secret from her father's house and made her way at dead of night with one or two attendants, to the blessed Porziuncula where S. Francis and his monks were assembled—but the Signora knows the story of course."

"Not as you tell it," she replied. "You see I am particularly interested in Santa Clara because my name is Clara, though I fear that that is the only way in which I resemble her."

"She was Clara the Saint, you are Clara the Sinner," laughed the big man at her side.

"No doubt from association!" she fired back.

"It is a good name," commented Alessandro, "and signifies light. They used to say of Santa Clara: 'her name is bright, her life is brighter, and her character most bright of all.'" He paused—annoyed at his enthusiasm which was betraying itself.

The girl looked up curiously, for the first time realising in heart as well as in mind, that this somberly robed guide of theirs was a man of natural feelings, a very human creature, and not merely an automatic part of a great religious machine.

He stood silent, gazing before him; his finely proportioned head, heavy with a mass of hair that defied the tonsure, bent slightly forward; his strong throat rising firmly from the brown hood thrown loosely back; the clear, well cut features, delicately outlined against the blue Italian sky.

Ralph measured him mentally.

"How long have you been here?" he questioned.

"Two years, Signor."

"And you expect to be here always—all the rest of your life?"

"Si, Signor, unless I'm removed to another monastery."

"Good Heavens, what a prospect!"

The words were to Clara and in English, but the tone of the voice though low, bore their meaning to Alessandro. Why did they wake such lonely echoes in his soul and dull the beating of his heart? Why had this man and this girl with the bond of human sympathy between them, stepped into his life and in one instant changed his religious aspirations into empty, lifeless dreams, his future that once seemed so fair, into one long, dreary waste. He raised his eyes in dumb misery, and at the same time the girl with quick feminine perception and awakened interest, again looked towards him while a wondering pity crept into her eyes.

Their glances met for one fleeting irrevocable instant; then Alessandro turned aside, busying himself

with the flowers, and she looked quickly and thoughtfully away. She hoped he had not seen the pity. He had seen it and found it hard to bear, for in that desolate moment, her intuitive woman's sympathy was more like fire to him than balm.

Ralph, all unconscious of the psychological flash, stepped through the narrow stone doorway.

"Is Clara the sinner coming?" he called, and she responded rather quietly. He straightened her hat for her, which the wind had disarranged, and she smoothed her hair with that fluttering almost psychic touch that woman's hands possess when they are feeling for lost hair-pins or are putting stray locks in place.

"Would the Signora like a few of Santa Clara's flowers to take away with her?" It was Alessandro's voice. He had approached them noiselessly and was holding out a bunch of red and yellow blossoms which Clara took with a simple word of thanks.

She stood with her head tipped prettily to one side while Ralph pinned them under her chin, just where they would reflect their colour on the soft curve of her cheek.

As he helped her down the stairs, she slipped her hand more closely into his and sighed: "I'm glad I'm Clara the Sinner!" she said.

They lingered here and tarried there till, when they finally hurried through the dim chapel out into the court, the sunlight had given place to the shadow of the dusk. It was time to say good-bye and leave S. Damien to its monks and its memories.

The last glimpse they had of their guide was as he stood, a solitary figure in the gloom, his brown robe melting into the soft tones of the old, old wall.

"That's a strange fellow!" Ralph commented, as the monastery gate closed behind them. "Handsome as the deuce, built like an athlete, apparently intelligent and yet utterly content to mumble prayers all day and live that useless buried life. When I think what he has missed—!" The completed thought burned in his eyes and was expressed in his gesture.

"Utterly content?" mused the girl. "Do you think so? I thought I saw something in his look which meant otherwise."

Alessandro listened wistfully to the receding voices, borne to him clearly in the hush of the twilight; then he turned with an effort and almost fearfully re-entered the monastery, suddenly grown so dark and silent—like his heart.

Solitude is the key-note of the cloister and blessed is the brother to whom it never wears the face of loneliness—that essence of all human griefs.

It was night. Vespers were over; the evening meal finished; the simple duties done. Evening bell had called to evening bell and had trembled into silence. Over to the right twinkled the lights of the small hotel Subasio—little beacon lights of cheer while beyond, the great Church of S. Francis rose, arch upon arch, in noble harmony of line.

But all Alessandro could see from his stand at the entrance to the loggia, was one tall cypress pointing upward to the evening star.

He had been strangely impatient for this hour of quiet when he could struggle in the loneliness, alone. His eyes were closed and he stood quite motionless, but there was no repose on the face, and no peace. The mouth was set as in pain, the whole figure of the man, tense.

Within him, warm humanity, too long suppressed, rose in its might, demanding recognition. Deny it as he would, cling as he would to what had once been the light of his spirit, this primitive human feeling still tingled through every nerve and fibre of his being.

If to rebel against the lonely ecstasy of prayer, if to feel in the heart only one great need—a need for the simple, homely joys of life, the gentle word, the caressing touch and the nearness of a kindred soul, is mortal sin, then indeed was Alessandro sinning.

One by one the lights were extinguished in the monastery. Once or twice a brother monk looked out on him and then withdrew not wishing to disturb one in meditation. A great stillness brooded over the country side—the stillness of a thousand years. Now indeed might the ghosts of the past speak and be heard.

“Santa Clara!” moaned the man, and again, “Santa Clara!” In his extreme peril he felt that she could save, that she alone could heal the wound and bring him rest, leading him back into the old-time path of holy peace and bliss. With spiritual hands outstretched, he yearned towards her through the gloom. With all the concentrated force of his powerful will, he drew her to him, bridging the centuries till time was no more and the past was now.

From the heart of the night, a breeze, cold as though from the moon, blew across his face, bringing with it the scent of dead flowers—like a breath from an inner world.

The consciousness of a presence, actual and near, suddenly thrilled through him.

He shivered slightly and unclosed his eyes. At first he could discern nothing but the purple black sky,

studded with stars, and the lone cypress, dimly visible against the sombre background. But that feeling that he was not alone, that some body or something was near him, increased vividly. His flesh quivered in anticipation of the touch of an unseen hand, so close it seemed, and he shrank with a sudden fear of the supernatural.

His eyes were fast conquering the darkness. The window garden took shape, at first, as a formless mass, but as Alessandro watched it, it gradually grew more distinct and he became aware of a faint light that appeared above it, emanating from the blackness, and cold as the wind that had touched his cheek. As he gazed at it breathlessly, it expanded into a phosphorescent cloud which moved in a luminous spiral like the nebula of a star. Glowing mistily, it formed and reformed as if with a will of its own, till it finally settled and solidified into the shape of a woman.

She floated above the ground near the garden, exquisite, unearthly. From the heavy folds of a brown robe her frail hands gleamed white among the leaves and blossoms. The light around her grew warmer and more brilliant, concentrating in her hair which seemed to emit sparks of gold above a face he felt was delicate as a flower.

She had come, the blessed lady, in her exalted purity, responding to the call of his tortured heart. The woman in her would comfort, the saint in her would redeem and bless.

Absolutely without sound she moved towards him. The earth seemed to slip from under his feet; waves of ice and fire engulfed his brain, sweeping over him like a mighty unconsciousness; the odour of dead flowers became a sea in which he floated.

Her face, veiled in a filmy haze, wavered before his dazzled eyes, then the veil parted, and—he saw!

He took a quick step backward, throwing up his arm as if to ward off some dreadful evil.

“Saints in Heaven protect me!” he cried in a terrible voice that cut the night with its agony and sent his good brothers tumbling from their beds or from their prayers and brought them to him where he had fallen face downward on the loggia floor.

When he came to himself again, he told them that he had been overcome by a vision of Santa Clara.

In their eyes he was sanctified, for rarely had this experience been granted to one of their Order. It marked him for high things.

Poor Alessandro! in his own eyes all but lost! What he could never tell them, what he locked as a burning secret within his heart through weary days and age-long nights, was that in that dreadful hour there had floated to him out of the star-mist that veiled the vision, not the pale ascetic face of Clara the Saint, but the hair and eyes and smile of that other Clara—Clara the Sinner.

Georgina Walton

OUR CORPORATE SELF

By FRITZ KUNZ

THERE is no more interesting subject to Us than Ourselves! We are like a sick man who enjoys poor health and we glory in discussing our symptoms. It is probably a vulgar thing to do, but it seems to be a source of great satisfaction. This is a very natural activity, for it is merely the innate desire that all men have to speculate about the Unknown. Naturally, being Ourselves, we are a mystery to ourselves. We do not seem to know what we are, and when we discover a part hitherto unknown we gaze upon it in wonder, like a baby upon its own toes, and speculate whether that has anything to do with us. We, speaking corporately, find an organ whose function we do not understand, and we promptly want to have it removed; and then we boast about it, like a man who has recently been separated from his appendix!

As an example of our complete, childlike innocence as to ourselves we might observe the question of the difference between spirituality and psychism.

About the relation in which spirituality and psychism are to each other there is the profoundest and most colossal ignorance. Stronger language would be more suitable even though less polite, but at the risk of being improper (which is the worst sort of immorality)

this introduction to my subject must go on to say that the utter ignorance of spiritual things in which we live is only approached by the criminal way in which psychism and psychic things are confused with spirituality and spiritual things. We have the supreme travesty of the right attitude toward these matters brought home to us in the persons of those feeble folk who think that the spiritual is something negative and weak. But this sad sight is quite overtowered by the danger from those other people who, seeing the snares in psychism, sink back into materiality and materialism, and turn like tigers upon the spiritual. Such people, blind spiritually, because they are bewildered by the delusions of psychism, would ruin the source of the world's light. Because a silly world gabbles of things of which it knows only by hearsay—of goodness, virtue, obedience and loyalty—is there any reason to oppose these? Much brass has been sold for gold, but the unwary buyer who scouts the idea that real gold exists makes only himself ridiculous.

It is not necessary to know very much at first hand about the spiritual worlds in order to recognise manifestations from them. There is a purely intellectual way in which one may approach the subject at first, though unfortunate is he who knows and does not act. The pitiful thing is rather that one who has no spiritual vision, seeing nothing spiritual, may delude himself into the belief that it does not exist. The world, in general, is in the same attitude towards psychic things. It sees the phenomena of the psychic worlds (etheric, emotional, and lower, or critical mental) and lays it all to physical forms of life-and-matter; it prides itself upon

the superior knowledge it exhibits, and lays at our door, if we know of psychic things and testify thereunto, a charge of utter imbecility or charlatanism. This is bad, for it sets back the progress of humanity through possible lines of intellectual advancement. But far more evil is the work of one who knows about the psychic worlds, sees the phenomena of the spiritual worlds (upper or constructive mental, intuitional and lower spiritual) and thinks them but psychic manifestations, or, more hideous error still, lays them down to purely physical causes. Because of this spiritual blindness in men, those who know greater things seem also to know that they must not speak. And so they work on steadily and quietly, and we of the world, storming about them in impotent madness, shout into their physical ears, tear away their garments and strike them, as we say, dead—but they little care, and never explain, for in their ears rings

... the triumphant choral They sing,
As, with streamers unfurled, the myriad Men of the King
Wheel in the pulsing light.

They care naught for the cry of the frenzied human animal. What matters it that their garments are torn to shreds, when they are clothed with the sun? Why should they weep that we strike from them in our rage the form of the beast, when they can at any moment slip away into the torrent of light that streams about them? It is we who lose, not they.

It is curious and strange to watch the unutterable sureness with which man in certain definite cycles turns with apparent loathing from the spiritual chalice, like a sick man from the cup that will cure him. Like one who has drunk the poison which he intended for

another, he thinks in his ill-formed mind that this, which the Healer hands to him, is the poison he himself has prepared. His cosmos is all ego, as it were. He is the victim of his own petty self.

There is a very good and harmless example of this in the way we receive the dictum of all religious Teachers, against gossip and criticism. With what loathing the highly developed critical mind turns to rend this idea. Of course the critical mind thinks this dictum against gossip a delusion and a snare, *for it means the death of the independence of the critical lower mind*, and it were foolish to suppose that the critical mind wishes to invite a greater ruler into the kingdom of man's consciousness. The man with wild and unfledged undesirable emotions like hate or suspicion or jealousy finds that he cannot develop his intuitions easily because such development means that his hate and his jealousy must vanish, and even his affection and his devotion must await the orders of a greater than they; and so in their death struggle they fill him with bewilderment, and, through the clouds of psychic dust they raise, the man who would go forward sees the Star shine but dimly in the super-spiritual worlds above him.

The same phenomenon which goes on within each man and in the world (albeit less often in the world, for it knows so little of things spiritual)—this same reaction constantly comes upon the Theosophical Society, and its certainty and violence are greater for a number of reasons. The first of these is that the Society gets stronger draughts from the hands of the Healers. The second is that the Society, as a body, contains many elements as weak as any in the world, and weaker here by contrast

because of the fact that they are associated with the stronger. The third and last to be here mentioned is that it is good for this re-action to appear, and that it is a necessary, an inevitable and a cyclic thing. The only unpleasant aspect of it is that the patient sometimes loses his head!

I am not sure that we may not some day find out just when this periodical weariness comes over the Society, and so learn to take it philosophically. And I am sure that there are two ways of completely eradicating the difficulties. The first is by keeping so busy in good works that we shall not recognise these seeming troubles when they come; the second is by bringing about a certain more clear understanding as to the nature of the relationship between psychism and spirituality, or, what amounts to the same thing, a state where people will not bother themselves about things that do not concern them, or that they do not understand.

The Theosophical Society has four realms in which it functions, and it would be far better for our career as a Society if we were to grasp this.

1. It is our business to do things for the betterment of the world. I do not think that this means, let us say, slum work, but it does mean *action*. We should vitalise, not with theories, but by doing the work better than the world at large does it, the great channels of human organisation, and especially government and teaching. The day is past when Lodges meet only to let the members assure one another that we have a grand theory of life and then let them disperse quietly homewards. In brief, we must live the best conceivable life in the physical world.

2. It is our business to proclaim to a comparatively ignorant world the great facts of the psychic realm. We must point out the dangers of rage and of criticism when these are uncontrolled and irresponsible. We must ourselves experiment in these worlds, so that we may keep ahead of the public we are teaching, by trying to decline to lose our temper and to criticise destructively when we do not know how to build where we tear down. In brief, we must live the best conceivable life in the psychic worlds, and teach the world about that realm.

3. It is our business to teach such few people in the world and in the Society, who can understand, what spirituality means and is. This cannot be done through theorising alone, for the reason that few of us have much will power or intuition, although some few are possessed of a little philosophy and constructive reason. We must point out the danger of confusing the higher or spiritual things with the lower, or psychic things. For the most part, as far as the world at large is concerned, we shall, for a time, be able only to indicate this difference to a few.

4. It is our business to provide opportunity for a very small number of people, numerically most unimportant but actually exceedingly important, to learn that there is a super-spiritual realm, where hangs what Madame Blavatsky calls, in *The Voice of the Silence*, "the Star whose ray we are". At present there are a few members of the T.S. scattered here and there who recognise the existence of this Monad as an actuality and different from a speculation. As long as the Society contains a few of these its function continues to be important. There is a purely

intellectual way of understanding this, and, so far as I know, it has never been put forward, though some day it must be, for it is the key to our existence. It is curious that after these nearly forty years of life we have not yet discovered why we have lived. Perhaps we have sometimes half guessed, but the secret has been carefully guarded by our Parents; for who would have the courage, as a child when he looks into the golden world, to live on if he knew that before him lies years of tribulation?

These four functions of the Society hold our attention in couples at various times. In the first days it was the physical and super-spiritual matters that absorbed us. Then we had a few years of intense interest in psychic and spiritual things. We seem once again ready to face the original issue, and the activity of *members* of the T. S. seems to me to promise another time when we shall find more and more of those who will catch the radiance of that Star.

This contribution has been an attempt to make more clear the nature of the spiritual. It may not be recognised as such. No printed authorities have here been quoted, but that is a very small matter, for no really great fact is put into books. For the danger which every Occultist seems to recognise is not from the people who think that psychism is spirituality, but from those who think that spiritual things are psychic! That, I take it, is why the really important things are not in books.

Fritz Kunz

CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

With reference to Mr. W. H. Kirby's article on "Reasoning 'Rolf'"—any one who has studied F. W. H. Myer's investigations of mediumistic phenomena cannot fail to be convinced that the dog is a medium, and not an animal evolving human intelligence. He is either controlled unconsciously or subconsciously by the lady herself, or by some entity from another plane. The similarity to mediumship is most marked—the dog's extreme nervousness when answering questions and the subsequent fatigue shown by sighs and yawns and shortness of breath, the necessity for long periods of rest—all are exactly the same effects experienced by mediums after a seance. The use of phonetic spelling which, Mr. Kirby thinks, shows "that a thought phase has taken place," on the contrary points most decidedly to mediumistic phenomena—phonetic spelling being used *often* by automatic and planchette writing mediums. Incidentally I may remark that they start the dog off like a medium and ask if he will work—there evidently being a chance that he would not, as in planchette writing.

I venture to suggest that a dog developing intelligence should be more original than Rolf whose remarks are identical in style with those of ordinary mediums; and why should this remarkable dog with an entirely *new* intellect hit on the precise style of letter writing in vogue in Europe—his new intellect would surely be original at *least*. The art of letter writing is not a law of nature, nor is it universal to begin "Dear So-and-so," and end "Yours, etc."

The rapidity of his answers in mental Arithmetic is yet another mediumistic feat. Finally from my knowledge of animals in general and dogs in particular I am convinced that they do not possess the finer shades of intelligence and feeling in a human way. As a student of Theosophy I am under the impression that a dog who had evolved as Rolf is supposed to have done would take a new form. Forms are the expression of the soul, and when the soul outgrows a certain form it enters a higher; otherwise everything would be in a state of chaos.

GLADYS

REVIEWS

Chitra, by Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd. London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Chitra, a charming one-act play by Rabindranath Tagore, was written about a quarter of a century ago. After many vicissitudes in publishers' land it was eventually issued by the Indian Society and met with considerable success.

The action of the play centres around the efforts of Chitra to win the love of the austere Arjuna who is engaged with one of his many penances, in the land of Manipur, which is ruled by Chitravahana the father of Chitra.

The story of Chitra's efforts and success, and the price exacted by the gods is told in charming language.

The King has willed that Chitra shall be reared and trained in warlike arts as a boy but all glamour of manly privileges fall off at her first sight of Arjuna. Her woman's heart is torn with love of him. She lays aside man's trappings, dons bracelets, anklets, waistchain, and "a gown of purple red silk," and finding Arjuna, tells him of her love for him. Manlike, he places his vow above the love of woman and answers "I have taken the vow of celibacy." This reply pricks her "ears like red-hot needles," and she calls on the god of Love to help her saying:

Oh how, god Love, thou hast laid low in the dust the vain pride of my manly strength; all my man's training lies crushed under thy feet. Now teach me thy lessons; give me the power of the weak and the weapon of the unarmed hand. . . . I am not a woman who nourishes despair in lonely silence, fading it with nightly tears. . . . The flower of my desire shall never drop into the dust before it has ripened into fruit. . . . Give me but one brief day of perfect beauty, and I will answer for the days that follow.

The play has been performed in India without scenery, and the stage directions were provided by the author. It is a great pity that these have been omitted from the book at the author's request, considering the assistance they would have been to those desirous of producing this most pleasing of India's love lyrics.

The book is published in a very attractive form.

H. R. G.

Letters from a Living Dead Man, written down by Elsa Barker. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a quite interesting book, and may probably bring a good deal of help and illumination to many who are anxious to know something about the after-death life.

It is a series of fifty-four letters, written down by Elsa Barker automatically, the alleged communicant being a well-known lawyer, who was also a student of philosophy, and a writer of books, and who signs himself "X".

The first letter was written almost immediately after he passed out of the body, and it, and those that follow, give a faithful account of his first impressions, and of his subsequent life on the astral plane. Letters 11 and 12 are of special interest to Theosophists as in the former, "X" speaks of a large organisation of souls who call themselves The League and who are banded together to help others in need especially those who have just come out from physical life. In the latter, he writes of the various sub-planes and strata in which he finds himself and describes how one night in exploring he got into a "world of patterns" where he saw the forms of things not yet come down to the physical plane or materialised.

Letter 43 'The Cloud of Witnesses' explains how human beings, losing control of themselves in any way, may become obsessed by evil spirits who enjoy the excitement of violent emotion through the man.

All these things are of course known to the Theosophist, but to the ordinary reader the book will probably present many new ideas and give food for thought. Perhaps the chief good that it may do is to give to the ordinary man a fairly reasonable working hypothesis whereon to base his considerations of what may be the nature of the life led by the soul after it has left this earth, and chiefly it may be calculated to do away with the fear of death that lurks at the back of the mind of most people. The letters are so natural, and a sincerity, a frankness and simplicity runs through them that is convincing.

It is possible that opinions may be divided as to the authenticity of the letters. The author herself was undoubtedly convinced that her hand was being used by the spirit

"X" and that the letters are genuine communication from the invisible world. She says:

The effect of these letters on me personally has been to remove entirely any fear of death which I may ever have had, to strengthen my belief in immortality, to make the life beyond the grave as real and vital as the life here in the sunshine. If they can give even to one other person the sense of exultant immortality which they have given to me, I shall feel repaid for my labour.

M. D. G.

West Indian Fairy Tales, by Gertrude Shaw. (Francis Griffiths, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

These fairy tales are very disappointing, at least to the present reviewer. They impress one as extraordinarily unconvincing. Not one of them lingers in the memory as a delightful something to be passed on to small friends on the first suitable occasion. Yet presumably they were written for children. Certainly the book is not one for serious students of folk-lore. One feels however that in the nursery they would leave a dissatisfied feeling as of second-hand news brought by some one who had never been really and truly in fairyland.

A. de L.

The Kabala of Numbers, by Sepharial. Part II. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Sepharial is a well-known name for the student of the occult arts and a new book by him on numerology will be gladly received by his admirers. His sole intention in writing this book is to stimulate the public interest in the symbolism of numbers. In the veiled language of symbology he suggests a necessary connection between our apprehension of things as facts of experience and the cosmic laws which underlie those facts. He gives us some very good axioms:

Adaptability to environment is the secret of progress, success, happiness and longevity. Sympathy, the power of feeling and thinking with others, is the sign of the most perfect sanity. As cause is to effect, so sympathy moves us to adaptability. To be wisely sympathetic is most desirable. In harmony, symmetry, and fitness, we attain the standards of goodness, beauty, and truth, the trilogy of Plato's most desirable things. The perfect man is symmetrical. By the study of our Greater Environment, of the laws that govern the universe in which we live, and of ourselves in relation thereto, we may attain that symmetry of being which is competent for all occasion—sympathetic, flexible, versatile, adaptable, fit. Only the truly wise can regulate their actions and desires so as to be wholly in accord with Nature and the will of Heaven as expressed in natural laws.

And so he comes to the conclusion that the study of the quantitative relations of things and persons, as expressed in sound, number, form, and colour, will greatly aid in the process of adaptation, by which alone security is assured to us. He tells us in 'The Numerical Idea' that Kabalism seeks to define the Universe as Symbol in terms of fixed values which have direct relation to the nature and constitution of man. The Kabala regards man as a fixed centre of consciousness, to which all phenomena are related by a law of correspondence; himself embodied universe in a universe that is himself, with numbers as the only key to the understanding of the mysteries.

In 'Geometry of Nature' he indicates that the geometry of Nature finds expression in the individual solely because he is compounded of the cosmic elements and himself a reflex of all that he beholds. Chapter III, 'Number as expressing Thought' is specially interesting. He says:

If we regard thinking man individually as a centre of consciousness in the Divine Mind we shall logically proceed to argue his physical existence as corresponding with a cosmic brain-cell and of his consequent subjugation to a Law of Mind imposed upon him by reason of his relativity. A man cannot think as he will. If he thinks at all, he thinks as he must. He is bridled and directed by the laws of his being.

And so he goes on through the whole gamut of numbers; Numbers in relation to Feeling; Numbers and Individuals, etc., to conclude with 'Science and Superstition,' in which chapter he defends with sound arguments the right of existence of astrology. He says that there is a subtle connection between numerology and the various branches of Kabalism and astrology which renders the development of the one almost impossible without the introduction of the other. Certainly without a knowledge of astrology one cannot go very far in Kabalism. Symbolism of any sort whether it be religious, Masonic, Rosicrucian or pure Art, cannot go far without coming into direct relation with astrology. In the opinion of Newton, astrology was a science committed to primeval man by direct revelation, since by no other means could he account for its great antiquity and the universality of its principles. No doubt the astrology of Newton was of that rational kind to which modern science is steadily approaching, but what he knew of it was grounded in the traditions, incorporated in the *Tetrabiblos* of Ptolemy and confirmed from experience by Kepler.

Suum Cuique (to every man what he likes) may be the motto of this book. Kabalism encompasses all human science thought and feeling; the greatest scientist and the simplest child will find there the thing he wants if he only knows the way to find it. We recommend this book to all lovers of occult lore.

M. C. V. G.

Spiritual Consciousness, by the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D. (Elliot Stock, London.)

The Ven. Archdeacon Wilberforce is known throughout the world as a preacher and writer. Well would it be for the Church of England if she had a few more such true spiritual teachers. With his broad-minded outlook on life and fearless outspokenness he has done much to widen the narrow doors of dogmatism and let in the sunlight of the Life of the Spirit. There is in this volume help, inspiration, uplift for all, whether the writer calls his religion by a particular name or not. His sermon 'Tri-unity of Function,' all Christians could study with advantage.

Whatever, therefore, the word Trinity may imply to some minds, it need not mean to us that there are three Gods, neither are we sinning against orthodoxy if we reject the idea of three Persons, in the conventional, colloquial signification of the word "Person". The Latin word *persona* means "a mask," not a "Person" What is the Eternal Principle underlying the dogma of the Trinity? It is that the Infinite originating mind is one and indivisible; that in His perfect unity there is elementally included a Trinity—a Threeness, not of separate individualities, but of essentially separate functionings of the same individuality. The conception is as old as Human Thought It underlies Zoroastrianism, it is enshrined in Hinduism, it is discoverable in the oldest Eastern Scriptures, where it is said of Brahm that "of him thou canst predicate nothing but his threeness." Sat, Chit, Ananda; God in essence, God in manifestation, God in outflowing life; and these three are one.

That Archdeacon Wilberforce does not accept reincarnation as Theosophists know it, is a fact he makes quite clear; he seems to dislike the very idea of it. Yet he shares in the grand optimistic belief in the essential divinity of man and his growth to perfection. It seems to us the essentials are the same, not brought down perhaps into such concrete or materialised form.

Man is complex, he has within him three functioning centres, one of which is wholly and irrevocably omnipotent. Man is spirit, soul, and body. Spirit is the seat of his God-consciousness. Soul is the seat of his Self-consciousness. Body is the seat of his sense-consciousness

A man may so wreck his life here as to be practically derelict, he may have to go to school after school, but wherever he goes spirit goes with him, for the fulfilment of each man's destiny is implicit in our Lord's words, which are not a command, but a prophecy. "Ye shall be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect."

The following sentence seems to us pure Theosophy "As all things that are, are vibrations, modes of motion, of His Spirit, we can know Him by observing the qualities of His Self-manifestations."

Space does not permit of more quotations but to all those who are seeking to tread the Path this book is full of inspiration and help.

G. J.

Knowledge is the Door, by C. F. S. (A. C. Fifield, London. Price 1s. net.)

This book is a condensed adaptation by C. S. F. as an introduction to the science of self-conscious existence as presented in the book of Dr. James Porter Mills. It may be regarded as a system for eliminating the ills of life through self-education and knowledge, regarding the higher realms of consciousness. All faculties and functions of the human consciousness are expressed by the word "mind," and the curative process depends on learning how to turn the mind to the constructive realm of the Principle within (being). Ignorance is regarded as the first enemy of mankind, and the cause of all troubles, due to the habit of living in the concrete world of the senses only. The ideal and aim of existence should be to become conscious of living in, and knowing the world of Knowledge and Spirit as well, as life becomes really worth living when we can touch Infinite Life in practice.

Familiar ideas are expressed in the following:

Our parents are not our original Life. They are agents of the Original Intelligence of the universe, to bring us to the first stage of self-consciousness. If we would know the ultimate potentiality of man, we must look to his origin—to his deep origin—and see what he brings with him from that source as his inheritance.

The book is well worth some study, and is one of the many along this line of thought that makes for enlightenment and better living.

G. G.

Of Spiritism: i.e., Hypnotic Telepathy and Phantasms—Their Danger, by The Hon. J. W. Harris. (Francis Griffiths, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

But the character of the hypnotist scoundrels is such that all the sins mentioned with sorcery in the last chapter of *Revelation* seems concentrated in them; they have worked so much evil and their speech is congruous thereto. It is impossible to believe the heresy which states that spirits of the dead speak through mediums; and I shall go on to show how this lying business is conducted.

And this Mr. J. W. Harris proceeds to do for 127 pages, of rambling, incoherent, unconnected experiences. Apparently the poor man had been made to suffer through some unscrupulous user of hypnotic power and "by a fortunate though painful fate" he "survived and kept his reason and some courage".

Several pages of the book are filled up with private family history. His married life was evidently not happy—his brother having told his wife that he was insane, she left him and refused to return. At the end of the book one cannot but feel a decided sympathy with her, for "methinks" the gentleman "doth protest too much" as to his perfect and absolute sanity.

There are many things to be said both for and against hypnotism—but this book cannot be regarded as a serious contribution to the literature on the subject. There is a lack of balance, clearness, reasoning and connection throughout that leaves us at the end rather in doubt as to why it was written except to give vent to the author's pent-up indignation.

M. D. G.

Stepping Stones to Spiritual Health (Price 2s.); *Spiritual Therapeutics or Divine Science* (Price 6s.); *Students Questions on Spiritual Science* (Price 3s. 6d.) by W. J. Colville. (The Power Book Co., London.)

We have before us three books all by the above author. The earliest of these *Stepping Stones* was evidently written some time ago, and is, judging by the method of handling, an early and not very happy attempt at writing!

The second, *Spiritual Therapeutics*, is a fat and imposing volume which the preface says is written "as an aid to study, both in the class-room, the home circle and the private study,"

As it has run into twenty editions it has presumably met the requirements of a section of the public in presenting this teaching in a popular form. We would venture to suggest that the author should remember that Truth, like a cut diamond, has many facets and that there may be sides to Truth not in the present vision of the author.

The third volume *Students Questions* is written in the form of Question and Answer. There are 90 questions in all answered by Mr. Colville.* All these books are on the subject of spiritual or mental healing; there is undoubtedly much that is helpful in them, but there is also an ignorant point of view that has, we think, done more (and rightly so) to discredit all mental or Spiritual Healers or Christian Scientists than anything else. In the last named book the question is asked "Do you disapprove of the study of Anatomy and Physiology?" Part of the answer runs:

The study of anatomy is legitimate because the natural body is merely a reflection of the spiritual body; in disease it is not a reflection, but a deflection. This deflection *need not be studied* (italics mine); if you get it *incorrect* mind you become contaminated by the deflection. . . . The more you study the science of the body in health the better; but never will we sanction pathology, the science of disease, never advise the study of anything antithetical to divine power that sees through your disease, tells you why you are ill, and pours in the oil and wine of spiritual strength and understanding of truth. We should not teach the science of disease, or treat it.

Is this bad proof-reading or printer's error, or does the author really mean what the above quotation seems in our understanding of English to infer?

But certainly he leaves no doubt that he considers any knowledge of conditions and their physical cause quite superfluous to the would-be "healer," for the following query and answer is quite clear:

Q.—Is it necessary in treating to call a disease by name?

A.—No; you can treat without knowing what ails your patient. . . . You can deny that there is any disorder at all, unless your patient has given it a name; then rebuke it by name. (!) . . . but in all cases where no name is given to the disease, treat without questioning. . . .

Then quaintly ends the answer with, "The power of truth can destroy every error."

Well may we ask what is Truth!

It is a pity that so many followers of this school take first this stand—no wonder the Doctors who have patiently studied so long and carefully, view them with distrust, for to this idea is due the all too frequent failure, where the patient withers and dies, while the "healer" sublimely unconscious of the

condition is treating the patient's mind. We do not deny mental or spiritual healing, far from it; we believe more and more that it will be the method of the future, not practised in ignorance but wedded to knowledge—the knowledge of the Doctor added to the knowledge of the Divine nature of man and the power of his creative thought. This, truly applied, can heal the sick body and mind and awaken the individual to his true nature—that of a Divine Spirit on the road to perfection.

G. J.

Mystic Immanence, by The Ven Basil Wilberforce, D.D.
(Elliot Stock, London. Price 1s. 6d.)

For all its platitudes and crudeness of expression one has to admit that New-Thought literature is doing a great deal for the community at large. It encourages a cheerful outlook on life and a healthy self-dependence; it fosters in the reader a sense of his own inherent power as an individual while at the same time emphasising his responsibility towards others. These same tendencies are found in the present volume, but here they are embodied in a far more attractive form. The book will be read and pondered by many whom the New-Thought writers repel. The burden of its story is twofold: "Stamped with the image of the King," each man has in himself the potentiality of divinity, of omnipotent Love and Wisdom; "he who knows the 'Mystery of Christ' will always see the 'Stars' and not the 'mud' in others". "Do not always keep harping upon the worst side of yourself," says the author. "We are bound to become what we see ourselves ideally to be." And further on: "To manifest love and help to make others happy is the highest credential for the future life beyond, 'Heaven is not Heaven to one alone'." Finally: "I ask that you will be spiritually self-supporting, and independent of external aid."

A. de L.

Saved from Siberia, by Katie Malecka. (Everett & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

The imprisonment and trial of Miss Katie Malecka in Russian Poland, which created such widespread interest in 1912, has been graphically and attractively recorded by her in this book. Her frank and humorous description of the Russian Police System gives additional and startling insight into the injustice, cruelty and horrors of the tactics practised there, which may be mildly described as, at the least, peculiar.

The generous part England played in agitating the case, and her timely intercession in securing Miss Malecka's release from prison, and prevention from exile to Siberia, marks the contrast between the just and unjust methods of extending protection to a country's subjects, and Miss Malecka's gratitude for that noble act, is strongly indicated, and woven into the theme of her story.

Her love and sympathy for Poland record an interesting description of the life there, and the final chapter is an outline of the history of that country. Now that the present conditions of disturbance are liable to settle the question of freedom for Poland, one would do well to read this little book, and gain a ready insight into the character and history of that remarkable and romantic little country.

G. G.

Psycho Therapy: Its Doctrine and Practice, by Elizabeth Severn. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book is distinctly a contribution worth reading on this subject. It is refreshing because as one reads one feels, here is one who knows—and knowing acts. So much is written on this subject by

well-meaning people of idealistic tendencies who have a desire for, or feel within themselves some aptitude for, the practice of mental healing, and who, therefore, act upon these admirable impulses, with very little in the way of preparation or equipment for so arduous a calling. They are usually fired by their enthusiasms without much respect to facts, and are apt to neglect both scientific method and explanations.

There is no arbitrary laying down of law—this little treatise is presented to us as a “working hypothesis”. In the first chapter under the heading ‘The Science and Art of Healing’ is sketched the author's definition of healing “the making

whole not only of body but of mind”; pointing out the one-sidedness of medical science which “is pre-eminently a study of disease and not of health”. Not that the medical profession is belittled; Dr. Severn makes abundantly clear the value of a medical training previous to taking up the calling of the Psycho-therapist.

Students of Theosophy will be interested in her allusions as to the effects of emotions and thought on the physical body, making us suspect she is a student of our literature on this subject.

One other point brought out very clearly in these early chapters is the necessity not only to heal the body but to educate the mind.

The treatment deals, or should deal with causes, and includes, to be in any way permanent, a re-education of the will and often of the whole mode of thought. . . . What a pity that our young people, among all the things they are taught, cannot be taught the one thing needful, i.e., how to think.

Under the heading ‘Specific Mental Causes’ is traced the power of mind over body, not the usual dry platitudes we are all familiar with, but original ideas—with an amusing account of the author's own experiment in gaining the mastery of her own digestive system—using as her weapon her *bete noire*—pancakes!

But in case the earnest student should think this too frivolous for such as they, let me quote from the chapter called Rationale of Treatment:

If however, one wishes uniform results, there must be not only an exact and scientific use of a single truth, but all the various elements, as exemplified in different methods, must be synthesised and organised into a comprehensive whole.

In this chapter the author alludes to the “law of mental correspondences” and gives a number of concussions she has come to as a result of a long series of diagnoses, which should be of invaluable help to the amateur healer whose name is legion. We would recommend all healers who wish for permanent cures to read the chapter on the Educational Aspect of Healing. The last chapter, Spiritual Significance of Healing, brings the reader up to the ideal aspect of this subject which the author suggests might be called a “rational religion,” tracing its inspiration from the great thinker and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, up to that great American poet, Walt

Whitman. Then follow a long list of cases treated by Dr. Severn during five years of practice, giving ample proof that her method is eminently a practical one and of benefit to humanity.

G. J.

Indian Music, by Mr. Lakshmidas Aditram Vygar (Privately printed.)

In this booklet, reprinted from *The Oriental Review*, the author who is the Music Master at the P. R. T. College, Ahmedabad, makes a strong claim for the cultivation of music in India. All that he says on the refining influence of music is undoubtedly quite true, and were there a few more enlivened by the same spirit India would ring from end to end with the melodies of her children. There is however too much tendency to seek the assistance of Government. Let there first come into existence numerous bodies of singers who will form choral societies and practice for pure love of the art of music and there will be no need to rely on the State.

The West does so, and India would do well to follow her lead in this.

H. R. G.

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NOTES
The Barefoot League, by J. L. Macbeth Bain. (T. P. S. Price 6d.), is an exhortation "to follow Nature as your guide in all the ways of her life as far as that is possible to your present circumstances".