



THE
ADYAR BULLETIN

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FROM THE EDITOR

ANOTHER year has opened on us, and with it a new volume of our ADYAR BULLETIN begins. The little paper, intended specially for the non-sectionalised parts of our Society, attracts some readers from outside, and has made for itself a little independent niche. It began its modest work in January, 1908, so that seven volumes now stand behind us, and we enter, with this number, on our eighth, the volume to be written during 1915. To the lands reeling under the heavy losses of War, I cannot send the formal wish, "A Happy New Year". But I can wish a noble New Year, a useful New Year, to all who read these lines.

* *

Those who have laid lives that are dear to them on the Altar of their country, are said to see in the passing of their beloved a matter for proud and deep satisfaction instead of anguished grief. And that is well. The sure faith in man's Eternity receives strong impetus when a

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fair young life, suddenly cut off, is recognised as not "lost," not quenched, but as burning with a purer lustre for the willing sacrifice of earthly joy. The homes made desolate are lighted with supernal presences, inspiring though unseen, and hearts feel lasting comradeship where senses cease to function.

**

One of our Folkestone members, Captain J. E. S. Woodman, 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, was mentioned by Sir John French in his despatch of October 8th, and has just received the D.S.O.; he has written to his Lodge to send him out *The Theosophist* and the *Vāhan*, so that he may have them to read in the trenches, when he has a moment's leisure. Another tells how he reads *At the Feet of the Master*, and says how much his comrades like it. A French member solaces himself and his friends with Theosophical writings, and tries to fight in the spirit of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*.

**

Many of our readers, English, French and Indian, know well the name of Pierre Bernard, a young man of very pure and fine character. I have received from his wife the news of his death at the front. His commander, now a prisoner of War, has written to a French official that "Lieutenant Pierre Bernard was killed by a ball through the head while rushing to the assault of the Vieux Rang on September 1st. The splendid courage of Lieutenant Bernard in this affair, wherein he has deserved so well of his country, will soften the profound sorrow of his grief-stricken widow." The deep sympathy of all Theosophists will go out to Madame Bernard, who bears her loss with a courage worthy of a Theosophist, and who realises that Death cannot break the tie between two who are knit together in a common work as well as by a common love. Madame Bernard heard last from her husband on August 24th. The news of his passing reached her only on November 17th. The silence as to the fate of a loved

one at the front is more agonising, it seems to me, than the news of death.

**

Our Theosophical Convention was a very happy one and the work done by the South Indian Lodges was remarkable both in quantity and quality. In the North, there is much less activity, and this lack of vital energy seems also to be apparent in other movements. The Congress is weak; the Hindū Conference is weak; nothing arouses enthusiasm. Yet in the North are many good men and true, despite the gaps made this year in its ranks. It behoves our Northern Indian members to bestir themselves, and it may be that by their energy, they may help in infusing life into all good activities in their neighbourhood. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa is going to visit our Lodges there, and his profound and gentle enthusiasm should do much to help them. Cawnpur is a bright spot in the darkness as is Benares, thanks to the fine work which is being done there by the late members of the C. H. C. staff, whose religious and educational work is admirable. There is good work going on in Sind, which sent no less than forty delegates to our Convention.

**

The acquisition by the Government of our land and buildings in Lahore finished the destruction of our organisation there, weakened by the antagonism shown by a few leading members to myself; it was a very harsh act on the part of the Local Government to deprive us of our home, and an act that would not have been attempted against Hindū, Musalmān or Christian bodies. The taking of even a fragment of a Musalmān Mosque in Cawnpur caused trouble that it needed a Viceroy to appease. But our whole place was peremptorily taken, and our protest was disregarded. A veterinary hospital is to be planted on the annexed property. So we lost our centre of work,

and the workers are scattered, to the loss of all good movements in that district.

The Order of the Star in the East had its own centre during the Convention, and its room—the old Theosophist Office in Colonel Olcott's time—proved to be specially attractive, and was constantly filled. The meeting, held on December 28th, showed that a very large number of members were present.

The Convention Lectures were among the best which have been delivered, and they are being prepared for the press. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa's admirers in the Society are many, and they will be glad to have this admirable volume. The lectures were listened to by enormous audiences, seated under our local Theosophical cathedral, the great banyan-tree in Blavatsky Gardens.

We went back to our old hour of 8 a.m., so as not to clash with the meetings of the National Congress, held in Madras at the same time as our Convention. Babu Motilal Ghosh Sahab, who was initiated into the T. S. by H. P. Blavatsky, came and stayed with us for a day, and the President of the Congress, Babu Bhupendranath Basu Sahab, joined us at our Society's Garden-party, and was photographed with us—a pleasant incident. Many Congress delegates came to see the Society's home and its famous Library, and it was interesting to hear that many had been struck by the sense of the pervading peace as they entered it. Truly, the great Peace is with us, and Indians are sensitive to a spiritual atmosphere.

And so we turn to another year's work, ready to face whatever 1915 may have to bring. Good or bad as the world may reckon its bringings, all are good to us, steadfast in our confidence in the guidance of that world by the strong and tender hands of Those who are the Guardians, and the Servants of Humanity.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

BRETHREN: Thirty-nine years of life as a Society lie behind us and we are celebrating to-day our Thirty-ninth Convention. May our true Leaders, the Guardians of humanity who created this Society to be Their messenger in the world of men, and founded it by means of Their faithful servants H. P. B. and H. S. Olcott, ever guard it by Their Power, ever guide it by Their Wisdom, ever inspire it by Their activity.

The year that has just closed has been to us a year of unexampled peace and harmony. It has seen the clearing away of the clouds and the outer combats through which the Society has been passing since my first election to the Presidency. Early in the year the long legal struggle came to a happy ending. When we last met in Benares, I was obliged to leave the Convention in order to meet the effort made to send me to prison, because I did not carry out an order of the High Court which it was physically impossible for me to obey. From that injustice, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council delivered me by a peremptory interference, which suspended the action sought to be taken here, and maintained the traditions of English justice, which forbid the infliction of irreparable injury before final judgment is given, and only permit such interference with the liberty of the subject as is necessary for obtaining that final judgment. When judgment was delivered, it established for India that which had been gradually established in England, that when minors came before a Court of Chancery, it was their welfare that must govern the decision, and that no Court may presume to give judgment concerning them which had not ascertained their wishes if they had reached the age of discretion, which for this purpose is taken at fourteen years for boys. The result of that decision was that the whole long struggle came to an end and we finished up where we were at the beginning, with the exception of the large amount of money wasted. I need not trouble you with more on that question, which was the ending of the struggle recorded in previous Presidential Addresses.

GROWTH OF THE SOCIETY

During the year the usual increase in growth in the number of charters issued has been made; from 1,483 in 1913 to 1,547 in 1914.

REVISED LIST OF CHARTERS ISSUED TO THE CLOSE OF 1914

1878	1	1890	234	1902	704
1879	2	1891	271	1903	750
1880	11	1892	298	1904	800
1881	19	1893	344	1905	860
1882	42	1894	382	1906	900
1883	88	1895	401	1907	958
1884	99	1896	425	1908	1,032
1895	117	1897	487	1909	1,125
1896	128	1898	526	1910	1,223
1887	156	1899	558	1911	1,329
1888	169	1900	595	1912	1,405
1889	199	1901	647	1913	1,483
				1914	1,547

The following list is not, as usual, up to date, owing to the fact that the registers are not all closed at the same time. Despite the European War, only one National Society failed to send in its report.

No.	Name of the Society	No. of Lodges	No. of Active Members	No. of New Members admitted during the year
1	T.S. in America ...	153	4,715	1,087
2	" England and Wales ...	86	2,450	401
3	" India ...	374	5,747	771
4	" Australasia ...	23	1,391	257
5	" Scandinavia ...	29	778	84
6	" New Zealand ...	21	961	182
7	" The Netherlands ...	19	1,214	123
8	" France ...	43	1,448	216
9	" Italy ...	22	339	40
10	" Germany ...	25	380	62
11	" Cuba ...	46	852	169
12	" Hungary ...	11	204	48
13	" Finland ...	22	523	52
14	" Russia ...	11	378	93
15	" Bohemia ...	7	152	—
16	" South Africa ...	10	263	56
17	" Scotland ...	15	465	84
18	" Switzerland ...	11	210	34
19	" Belgium ...	10	183	...
20	" Netherlands Indies ...	10	693	89
21	" Burma ...	8	200	50
22	" Austria ...	8	160	...
23	" Norway ...	13	252	37
	Non-Sectionalised ...	39	687	63
Grand Total ...		1,016	24,575	3,998

¹ No report has been received.

Looking at these detailed figures, I only wish to draw your attention to some small points which are worthy of special mention. We have had no report from Bohemia. The absence of that is for obvious reasons: the difficulty of letters coming hither from countries that are at war, and in the case of Bohemia, of an inimical country. Countries that are at war cannot send through letters, unless they are sent through a neutral country. I am glad to say that Germany, Austria, and Hungary succeeded in sending reports through, which I think is most creditable to them. Germany sent its report through Holland, Austria through Italy, and Hungary through Switzerland. After they came, they were further delayed by the opening of the reports by the Censors who had the pleasure of reading them before they reached our hands.

THE WAR

In spite of all that is going on, we ought to recognise, with pleasure and gratitude, that although Britain is at war with those countries, the bond of the Theosophical Society is strong enough to make them wish to tell us how they are going on, and that the tie of human brotherhood is not broken because one or other Nation may be at war. I look to the Theosophical Society in the future to bind up the wounds which are caused by this terrible fratricidal war. When the war is over, I hope the influence of the Society in the various countries may draw the Nations again more nearly together, and sure I am that no Theosophist will allow for one moment any feeling of hatred to enter into his heart against any Nation. It is, remember also, your duty to recognise the ideals which are separating the two, and to throw the whole of your thought and energy into those ideals for which we must ever stand—of justice to small States, of public faith, of public honour, and the recognition of international treaty obligations; and it is our duty to do that, because the whole future of the world depends upon the word of a Nation becoming a matter of honour to the Nation as well as to the individual. Treaties

and international obligations are only useful in time of war. When Nations are fighting, then only is it that these things and other matters of civilised warfare come up. If they are to be thrown aside in war then it is useless to make them, and we are falling back into barbarism. So that I would ask you to remember the teaching of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, to remember what Shri Kṛṣṇa said about war, to remember that while war may righteously be waged for an ideal, or in discharge of a duty, there must be no feelings of hatred, no feelings of revenge, no feelings of antagonism against the enemies as such, only against the principles that they may for the time embody: "So fighting, thou shalt not commit sin." And it is for all members of the Society to show that love may be kept pure and true even in the midst of slaughter and misery, so that we may perform at once our duty to our respective countries and also to humanity.

NUMBERS

As far as our numbers are concerned, we find that they have risen from 22,744 to 24,491, and these are numbers which really represent the number of active members, not all the members working for the Society, but only those who perform that very necessary duty of paying their ordinary subscription. Some people seem to think that a spiritual movement does not need money. That is true as far as the spiritual activities are concerned; but when it comes to paying of rent, and printing of journals, and sometimes to the paying of assistant secretaries, then I am afraid that no spiritual coin will be accepted by owners of property and printers. Large numbers of people are willing to give voluntary work, but it is also necessary to have a certain amount of money, and gradually our General Secretaries all over the world have been cutting out from the list of active members those who neglect to pay their obligations for several years. I am afraid that unless India is careful, she will have to take second place in our list, largely owing to this neglect. India has now 5,747 paying members, and the United States has 4,715 and that is not much for an energetic, pushing country like America; it may have more

members, in a year or two, than India, and this is largely due to the fact that Indian members do not fulfil their monetary obligations; that is a most regrettable condition. We exclude no one because of poverty, but always remit dues on that account, but we do ask that, if any one wishes to be excused the annual subscription, he shall notify the Secretary; otherwise large numbers of people, who can perfectly well afford to pay, leave off paying, or forget, or are careless. Surely all of us who say we are willing to give our lives to Theosophy can give so small a tax in money.

Our Lodges have increased by 56, and 3,998 new members have come in during the year. That is about the normal rate of advance, following on what we may call a normal year.

ACTION IN NATIONAL SOCIETIES BEFORE THE WAR

With regard to the condition of things in England, one important step has been taken. In England they have done that which we did here long ago, giving a definite legal status to the Society there in order that it may be able to hold property. A year ago we were in a rather a peculiar position. Certain people had volunteered to take upon themselves the responsibility of building a new Headquarters for the Society in England and Wales. These were three private persons, and if they chose to do so they might put the money they collected into their pockets, and leave the building unbuilt! It was not a question of the honesty of these people during the building, but of the body which was to receive the building after it was completed. The first idea was to incorporate the English division of the Society, as France and Holland are incorporated, so as to make them legal corporations, able to be holders and administrators of property. It was found to be exceedingly difficult in England; there is no law there similar to the convenient law over here, and as in France, Holland and Hungary, where the National Societies have been incorporated. After a great deal of trouble, it was found out that the only way to do the matter reasonably, without tying up the Society so that it would not be able to move at all, was to execute a legal instrument making

the Executive Committee of the Society, for the time being, a company which can hold property in trust. In this way it was possible to make a body representing the whole Society, that was also a corporation in the legal sense of the term, to hold property as far as the Society was concerned; otherwise we should have had to make a limited company, and to come under a mass of law which is, quite rightly, intended to prevent fraud in business, but is of no use to us, who do not carry on business. This leaves the organisation of the Society exactly as it was before, but the company created becomes an aspect of the Executive Committee. Consequently when the new Headquarters are finished, we shall be able to hand them over to this body, which is entirely under the control of the Theosophical Society in England and Wales. These rules were adopted at the Annual Convention.

Outside that very important change, there have been two or three serious steps taken, showing the great difference with regard to public opinion as to the Society. A large Educational Congress was held there. The Theosophical Society was invited to take part in that, and your President was chosen to open the Congress and to preside over the opening meeting. That is a thing which would have been impossible a few years ago. One of the daily papers of London remarked that the Theosophical Society had now become one of the recognised agencies for the amelioration of the conditions of the country. I think that we must congratulate our English brothers on the steady work done in past years, which places them now in a position not only to permeate and theosophise other societies, but also to stand for those expressions of brotherhood which come definitely within our Objects.

There has been also an extension touching the Art side, and a Brotherhood of Arts and Crafts has been formed with, as President, one whose name is familiar to most of you, Maud McCarthy; she was here and also at Benares, and it will be a pleasure to you to know that she is making English musicians respect and admire Indian music. She has been lecturing at many of the great towns, such as Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, and Manchester, where the Universities are, and generally under

University auspices. She wears Indian dress, and plays beautifully on the vina, and sings Indian songs. The result has been that Indian music is beginning to be admired by the English, and an English magazine said that between one tone and the next in the English scale she was able to introduce twenty-four microtones such as you would produce in India. It is well that this should come from a devoted Theosophist, and one that has spiritual inspiration.

Another point of considerable importance, and I would suggest that it may prove useful here, is that in England a number of travelling libraries have been established. These are sent out on payment of carriage, to any new Centre, and the people borrow in their own town. When they have gone through a book and finished it, they return it and get another. It is a kind of Theosophical Mudie's Agency on a small scale. The same might be done here, and so we might make possible the circulation of our books. If you use vernaculars, it would give many Indian ladies an opportunity to come into touch with Theosophical teachings, where they could not learn from outside.

The first of the Theosophical Schools in England has been founded, only the man at the head of it, Dr. Armstrong Smith, has gone off to the War, so that for the moment it is rather suspended in mid-air.

Australia has taken a considerable step forward, because of work that has been going on there through our Brother, C. W. Leadbeater, who has been on tour there lecturing to the public. A few years ago the Society bought a freehold and built a large Hall, which they thought would last them for many years. Now they have been obliged to sell it, in order to build a much larger hall on a much larger piece of land, and Mr. Leadbeater has promised to stay on for some months to fill the larger hall, as he helped them to outgrow the smaller. If he goes on in that way, the result may be that they will always be buying and selling. As they are a growing country, we have no objection to their following that particular line.

These are the main points that may be mentioned before the War, with regard to the countries in which special work

has been going on. Then I must mention the passing away of one worker whom you will all remember by name, and many by personal knowledge, my dear friend Mrs. Cooper-Oakley. She was suffering under consumption while she was here, two years ago. She would go back in the last bitter winter to Hungary, and that has killed the body, and left Hungary without its best worker.

DURING THE WAR

Now I come to that division of the year which has to deal with the time during the War, and in this respect the activities of our Societies in Europe are necessarily very much changed. The German account does not tell us anything of progress since the War, only of the progress made before. They have six new Lodges, which are going on very comfortably and happily. When we come to the story of the War, first we pay a tribute of homage and love to those members who have given up their lives on the battle-field for the sake of their respective fatherlands. So many of our members are in the field, that it is naturally a heavy death-roll. Not only private members are fighting in the front, but officials also. Charles Blech, the General Secretary for France, is there and they send us word from France: "Our Headquarters has been turned into a home for French and Belgian refugees. All the valid male members joined the army and the majority of the valiant ladies are busy with ambulance or relief work." We can only be proud of what they have done; and how beautiful is the spirit shown in the words of this statement written by Charles Blech before he actually went to the front. He volunteered at once, though he need not have done so, for he is over age. He is an Alsatian, and so is naturally anxious to see his country freed from the German yoke.

"Though there is much misery and desolation in the invaded countries and in the fighting line, yet there germinates out of all this misery a beautiful promise for the future. What a splendid revival, what a magnificent efflorescence will purified and reinvigorated Europe not yield in future times! The world will then indeed be ready to receive the Great Teacher and

accomplish His plan." In truth, the War is part of that tremendous preparation.

One friend whom you may remember, Pierre Bernard, who was here some time and won golden opinions from our members, was shot through the head the 1st September last: the news only reached his wife on the 17th November, a sad indication of the ghastly "waiting". I had a letter from her by a late mail, giving me the news of his death: he died heroically, leading his own men to the assault.

Mr. Graham Pole, the General Secretary for Scotland, belonged to the Territorial Army, and when they called upon the Territorials he volunteered, and is now in camp training his men. He is Captain Pole now, and will be Major Pole in the course of a few weeks, and he takes his regiment to the front early in the New Year. Major Peacocke, so well known to many here, who belonged to the Reserve, volunteered for active service, and has been placed on command of No. 19 Heavy Battery. Several others of our members are in the struggle on the actual battle-field. Two pieces of splendid work have been done in England. The first by Dr. Haden Guest, the General Secretary. When War began, France was entirely under-stocked as regarded hospitals; England was ready, France was not; and so Dr. Haden Guest offered his services to the War Office in France and to the Red Cross Division there. He organised an Ambulance Corps, chiefly of Theosophists. When I tell you that in France they had not even chloroform for men undergoing major operations, you will be able to realise something of the misery and horror which those brothers of ours faced. Then he came back and organised a second, a third and a fourth, and upon that the English War Office recognised his services. We have now six Ambulance Corps in France doing hospital work, and thus uniting French and English together in the bond of service under terrible suffering. Some people, a very few, have said that this is not Theosophical work, that the General Secretary ought to stay in his office, and write letters, and add up money, and do his regular work. I desire to say to you, as President, that I consider that Dr. Haden Guest has done

honour to the Society and shown a most splendid Theosophical spirit, in allowing voluntary workers to do the work of the office, which they could do, thus setting him free, and in going himself, and organising others to go, into that work of rescue and the relief of human suffering which is so dear to the heart of our Elder Brothers.

Miss Green, another of our members, is the Chairman of a large Committee in Southampton under Queen Mary's Fund, and when I tell you that people who now gladly work under her would not even speak to her a year ago, so prejudiced were they against Theosophy, you will understand something of the way in which Theosophy has been justified in this swift and useful carrying of it into practice, in the service it owes to suffering humanity; and I am sure that, in the name of the assembly of Theosophists here, I may thank them for the work they have done in lifting the Society so high in the hour of terrible danger.

A Report has come to us from our Brothers who ought to be in Belgium, if they had been allowed to stay there. In a letter from the General Secretary, M. Gaston Polak, he says: "I beg to let you know that some Belgian members, including M. Jean Delville and myself, left Brussels, and later, Belgium, before the German invasion." M. Jean Delville is a painter of very high ability, who was chosen by the Belgian nation to decorate the Belgian Law Courts in Brussels. What will be the fate of his paintings it is impossible to say. Fortunately he remains, and the painter is there if the works are destroyed.

"Since that time, I am without any news from my relatives, and from my brethren of the T.S. I cannot go back to Brussels, or, could I do so, I should not be able to leave again. All I know, by neutrals coming from Belgium, and from the newspapers, is that Brussels is on the brink of starvation, that the whole of Belgium has become a vast heap of ruins, a huge shambles, that if a few towns have not yet been ransacked and destroyed, they will be doomed to destruction when the enemy is obliged to return; Brussels, for instance, has been entirely mined.

"Nine people in ten are now entirely destitute; almost every mother will have to deplore the loss of a son, and many parents the loss of daughters, many children the loss of mothers and fathers, for most of the invading hordes behaved as beasts, killing and profaning anyone, anything, they found on their way.

"I believe that (except perhaps in the Jewish history) there never has been an example of such utter destruction wrought on an innocent nation, as now on the Belgians.

"We all try to hope that soon will come, with the Great Teacher, the advent of Peace and Joy. But how difficult it seems to found love on hatred, joy on tears, peace on anger!"

I read that, that you may feel a little the throb of suffering that is wringing the hearts of our Belgian brothers to-day. But Belgium will rise again so strong and so pure, that she will be greater than she has ever been in the past, and inviolable for all time to come.

LECTURERS AND WORKERS

All who were mentioned last year, except the one already noted, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, continue their devoted work, and the students mentioned as having left Adyar are active in their own lands. Mr. Schuurman has become General Secretary for Holland, in place of our earnest and devoted brother Mr. Cnoop-Kupmanns, promoted to high Government service but unfortunately in failing health, and Miss Blytt is re-elected in Norway. Dr. Sixtus von Kapff has been elected General Secretary for Germany, establishing the Headquarters in Berlin, while Mr. Lauwericks, the former Secretary, carries on the Theosophical Journal for Germany and Austria. Frau von Sonklar and Countess Olga Schack, well known and loved here, are on the German Executive. Herr John Cordes continues in Austria, and has returned to Vienna, after detention for some time as a "suspect". Dr. Haden Guest became General Secretary for England in consequence of Mrs. Sharpe's* continued ill-health. Mr. A. Verhage takes the General Secretaryship of Burma.

In India, Mr. K. Narayanaswami Iyer, living in Adyar, has issued some valuable books—a translation of Thirty of the Minor Upaniṣhats, *The Purāṇas in the Light of Modern Science*, and some smaller works. Mr. Wedgwood, now at Adyar, has published a very useful booklet on Psychism. Mr. T. Ramachandra Row is indefatigable and is the life of the movement in Southern India. Mr. Wadia works incessantly, but does less touring, necessarily, because of the increased labour imposed by our press activities.

Our Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, has been very active in England, and is a most welcome instructor in our ranks.

HEADQUARTERS

Again, all has gone well. Mr. Jackson has superintended the Electric Department, *vice* Major Peacocke, and Mr. Cates bears the weight of the business side. The other workers continue, save that Mr. and Mrs. Best returned to England, and Mr. and Mrs. Kirk have most efficiently filled their places. Mr. Beer returned to Bohemia to work, and has been sent to the front. Mr. B. B. Varma went to Benares, and Mr. Tilak went to other work. All the others remain, and are ever at work. Mr. Harvey's fine gift to the T. P. H. houses it splendidly, and does Mr. Gillespie the greatest credit; it is an ornament to Headquarters. Thanks to Mrs. Stead, Miss Graham, Mrs. Gillespie, Miss Banks, and others, we have a little school in Adyar for the wives and daughters of Indian residents; the ages of the pupils vary from 3 to 47 years! Our Bombay Pārsi brothers have put up a handsome house, built by our principal architect, Mr. Ranga Reddy, and it was opened on December 25th.

THE ADYAR LIBRARY

We have lost here, temporarily only, I hope, our Librarian Dr. Schrāder. We made a gallant effort to keep him, and kept him for some time; but in consequence of much spying in Madras Presidency, an order went out that every German was to be interned. So he is now at Ahmednagar, and is happier than I think most people would be under the circumstances, for

he is a bookworm. I have to give a guarantee that in the Samskr̥t and Pāli books taken to him from our library there are no secret messages, and he is then allowed to have them. He was looking fairly well when we saw him off, and I think is fairly comfortable now.

We owe Mr. Van Manen great thanks for so efficiently supplying Dr. Schrāder's place, and he has kindly given up his intended trip to Europe until Dr. Schrāder's return.

Mr. Cates continues his invaluable services, and Mme. Godefroy is a most capable assistant in the ever-increasing work. Our ever generous friend, Mr. Ostermann, has begun a building fund for a future Library with a donation of Rs. 40,000, and he has also given Rs. 20,000 for general Library work. The Library is outgrowing its housing, and we shall have to think some day of a new building for it.

SUBSIDIARY ACTIVITIES

The Order of the Star has flourished exceedingly in London, and its magazine has been a most creditable production.

The handing over of the Central Hindū College to the Hindū University Committee is an accomplished fact. The Theosophical Educational Trust has worked well, thanks to its indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Ernest Wood, and to the devoted services of our Theosophical workers from the C. H. C.

In Colombo, the College under Mr. Fritz Kunz is rising very rapidly in public estimation. The Colleges in Galle and Kandy are also doing very well, under Mr. Woodward and Mr. Billimoria respectively. Then there is the work of our very old and faithful friend, Mrs. Musæus-Higgins, amongst the Buddhist girls. The Pañchama Schools are going on in the same admirable way in which they always do under the care of Miss Kofel, and we have to thank the Municipality of Madras for the help which they gave to two of these schools, one the Dāmodar School, the other the Annie Besant, and the name of the former is so dear to the neighbours of the school that the Municipality has altered the name of the street into

"Dāmodar Street"; so now our good brother up in Tibet has had his name immortalised.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

To those who have bidden me work for another seven years as President, I give my pledge that I will do my best to serve the Society. More I cannot say.

OUR WORK

I only have to add one further word. As you know, about 1909, I think it was, it was my duty to say to you that from 1910 onwards the Society would grow in public influence, and much more rapidly than before. That progress is continuing, and is bringing to us new duties, new responsibilities, new lines of activity. I want to ask from each one of you a development of that perfect Tolerance which is one of the great qualifications for becoming a disciple of the Masters of Compassion. I want to ask each of you, as members of the Society, to guard the liberty of thought within the Society as its most precious possession, and to guard that neutrality of the Society of which I spoke in my public lecture. Remember we have members of every religion and every line of work; we have a number of public servants, who would be compromised if the Government here identified the Theosophical Society as a whole with any special line of political work and propaganda. It is our duty to protect them, and to guard the Society for the future. It is only a matter of a few years, during which this guarding will be necessary. Some years hence the Society will be so large, that no one will presume to connect it with any special line of local or public activity. We are coming towards that point where the public will recognise that we have amongst us people of all lines of thought and work, those against political activity, those in favour of political activity. If you can only hold steadily to the neutrality of the Society for a few years, until the numbers have become very much larger, then you will

find that no one line of activity will run the danger of compromising the neutrality of the Society as a whole. That is your duty. Make the public understand that nothing your President does, outside or inside her Theosophical work, binds the Theosophical Society; that even within it her translation of Theosophy is not endorsed by all, and that every member has an equal right with hers to translate Theosophy in his own way. Try to remember that you and I are not at the end of human evolution, but have ages of evolution yet in front of us; that our view of any great truth must be an imperfect view, we being imperfect beings. That which I myself am at present saying to you as a translation of Theosophical teaching, whether on the Divine Unity, whether on the nature of the human Spirit, whether an exposition of the Law of Karma, whether new light thrown on the doctrine of Reincarnation—the whole of these explanations are partial and imperfect, and they must not be stereotyped, must not be fettered on the limbs of future generations, who will be carrying on our work centuries hence. I am telling you what is true from the standpoint of to-day; I cannot tell you what will be true from the standpoint of centuries hence. Then humanity will have advanced further; the higher mind will have evolved further than to-day; buddhi will be more developed; insight and intuition will be stronger than they are now; and it is not desirable that we should so fossilise our own opinions, that we shall have to break them to pieces when we come back centuries hence. Many of us have had to suffer from breaking the fetters into which we were born; many of us have had to go through bitter agony, when we had to break away from the old ties which we had outgrown. Let us, by the memory of our own past suffering, guard our children and grandchildren from similar pain; let us take the humble position that we are imperfect, that we only catch glimpses of the Truth. If even the Masters Themselves are on the line of upward evolution, what of us who have not attained liberation? If they are evolving, how much more are we? If they are still discovering new Truth, how much more Truth there must be to be unfolded to the purblind eyes of man. Our duty is to seek

for Truth, and Truth is infinite, and infinite also is the search thereafter. Therefore I ask you to help me to guard the perfect liberty of thought, the perfect liberty of expression, in the T.S., knowing that it is as true now as it was true in the days of Milton: "Let Truth and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a fair encounter?" Great words were used by Charles Bradlaugh when speaking of the value of free discussion, of argument; he said that in these battles for Truth, "Truth has laurels for the victor and the vanquished—laurels for the victor, in that he hath maintained the Truth: laurels yet welcome to the vanquished, whose defeat has crowned him with a Truth that he knew not of before."

THE OCCULT HIERARCHY

By ANNIE BESANT

BRETHREN: In opening our Convention, I spoke especially of the work which the Theosophical Society is doing. The second half of that subject is that which our brother Jinarajadasa has just called the force that is behind the Society, the Society being simply the vessel into which the great spiritual force is poured; and from that vessel it goes to the irrigation of the world's fields of labour, so that those who are ever tilling all these fields for the feeding of humanity may see they are watered with the water of the Spirit while the sun shines upon them of the Eternal Light. Those of you who belong to the root religion of the fifth root-race, will know how, in days gone by, the spiritual universe was less veiled from the physical universe than it is to-day. It is inevitable that in the great course of evolution in which have to be developed side by side the various aspects of the life of humanity, inevitable is it, in that evolution, that one aspect after another should come out in the evolving, and so we have the great root-races, as we call them, in each of which is embodied one phase, or one aspect, of evolution. Then when we deal with a particular root-race, we have these aspects again developed in the sub-races that spring from the single root, and so, looking at the sub-races of our root-race, we see developing in them, one after another, the great faculties, the departments, of humanity evolving in orderly sequence. We find ourselves in the fifth of these periods naturally emphasising the peculiarities of the fifth stage in human development, in human evolution, the

realise that when a great war breaks out, it does not break out because of the warring wills of men, because of the ambition of rulers, because of the desires of statesmen, because of the urgings of professors and historians, but because some Mighty Prince in the great Occult-Hierarchy sees that the world cannot take its next step forward, until the powers of evil for the time are paralysed and swept away in order that the powers of good may have a clear field for their manifestation.

You look at the present war as made by the Kaiser, as inspired by professors. You speak of German ambition, of German desire for world-power. I tell you that in all that work it is not Kaiser, nor professors, nor historians that lie behind it, but Nārada the Mighty One; and when you realise that, you feel that where the Hierarchy is guiding, there is no room for fear nor despondency. Let us glance at Ancient Scriptures, though some in our materialistic days think little of those, and regard them as Max Muller thought of the Vedas, as the babblings of a child humanity. It is not the prattle of a baby that we read in the World Scriptures, but the clear action of an Elder Brother bringing His wisdom for the enlightenment of the world; and though it be true that sometimes in order to teach child humanity the language of the nursery may be used, that language is on the lips of an old and wise father, who is teaching his children the way in which to develop, and so you may often have true stories.

Then let me remind you of the agency of Devas, of their touch with, of their presence among, the growing people, and of the cries that may go up to Agni, to Varuṇa, to Indra and to Mitra, because they are the nearest embodiment of the forces that guide the world along its evolutionary paths. Oh! do not be deceived by the outer semblance; do not say that the Devas are dead. They are not dead, those living intelligences; they are ever vivid and active, and have ever been the ministers of the Supreme Will. "Not for the sake of the Devas are the Devas

dear, but for the sake of the Self the Devas are dear." And so also in the younger religion of Christianity, it is written that the Angels and Archangels are the ministers of the Most High: "Are they not all ministering Spirits?" The Angels of the Christians and the Musalmāns are the same as the Devas of the Hindūs; all of them servants of the One, all working in order that the great Plan may be executed; and above those ministers we have the Occult Hierarchy, guiding them in their more immediate work of shaping the thoughts of man, of guiding the physical as well as the other departments of the world's activity. You know how sometimes the Devas are said, in the old books, to be very jealous of those who perform tapas; because they know that the R̥shi is greater than the Deva, that the R̥shi commands and the Deva obeys; and so they send out all sorts of temptations, Apsaras and the rest, in order to mislead a R̥shi walking on the Path of Progress; for they, it is said, in the story, do not desire that a man shall rise so high; and even the future Indra must be born again as man before he can reach his seat as chief of the Devas. It is the Hierarchy that we are thinking of more than those ministers. They are the intermediate functionaries who carry out the work of administration under the orders of the King. Let us look then a little more closely at this.

How would you convince the outer world of the existence of such a Hierarchy, of this Will working out in history? I think your easiest plan in working it out is to point to the starting of each civilisation, and the curious point in that is that history never tells us of the starting. How then are we to say to the people to look at it? By the results. A civilisation appears on the stage of history as a man comes out in sight of his nation; but the man has had a childhood and a youth; the civilisation has had a birth and an evolution. Possibly, long ages of evolution went before its full grown-up appearance, when history began to notice that a new civilisation

was born. The system really is this. A civilisation appears—and I am taking it historically—grows still higher after its appearance, dominates the world at the time, spreads far its earthly dominion and then, having reached the highest point, it gradually begins to go downwards and downwards. We have the falling of Empires, the decay of civilisations, until they passed away. Thus the great civilisation of the fourth root-race has left its traces in history. Gradually these dwindled, until you find their remnants in the Peruvian system destroyed by Pizarro. You find their remnants in the Mexican civilisation destroyed by Cortes. You find further relics in the North American Indians, and in many other tribes that possess a magic of occult ceremonies, potent and mighty even to the present day. It is vanishing, but it has not vanished. Meanwhile another civilisation is born—the fifth. For ages upon ages, for tens of thousands of years, that young civilisation remains hidden from the gaze of history. How should history know it, while it is still in the nursery of the Hierarchy and the Devas? Gradually it grows, gradually it develops, until it springs upon the stage of history as a great Hindū civilisation in India. But before that for ages upon ages, there was a slow growth of evolution.

There is one hint which I would like to throw out here, which I think may be helpful to you. Often the date of Shri Rāmachandra is asked for, and we have not been able to give it. I make a suggestion—only a suggestion—so that you may think it out. You may naturally say: There is here in India an Ayodhyā, which is His birth-place. Surely then He must come out of historical times. But the Purāṇas go back and back, far beyond the dawn of history, and we have in the *Rāmāyaṇa* the story of Shri Rāma. How can you unite the essential truth of the story—of a widespread rule, of conquest and of power—with the city of Ayodhyā in comparatively modern times, and link the two together? I think the story of Java gives you the key to the riddle. Java was colonised by the

Hindūs; settlements of Hindūs implanted on that soil Hindū thought and Hindū stories. The Javanese have a *Mahābhārata* of their own, the same in detail as the Hindū *Mahābhārata*; the names are the same, and the places are the same. They have also their cities named after Indian cities, just as in America the United States have a London and a Salem, as you have them in England and in India. Future historians may be puzzled with this and may declare that the historical metropolis of the Empire is the London of the United States, which hardly anybody has heard of, save those who go there. I am inclined to think that that is the secret of our puzzlement over the date of Shri Rāmā, for I came across a mighty Ruler who bore that name while the Aryans were still in their Central Asian home, in Shvetādvīpa—the White Island; a Ruler over a huge country, now submerged, a Ruler to whom many Kings brought tribute, and who recognised the Manu Vaivasvata as his Lord. Was He the Rāmachandra of the *Rāmāyaṇa*, and did His descendants bring to India the story of His greatness, and name, for His sake, a new Ayodhyā, bringing the name of His metropolis?

Let me come back to the main point—the civilisation which is growing under the special care of the Hierarchy, while the earlier civilisation is reaching its highest point, The fifth sub-race has not yet reached its highest point. The sixth will be born, but while that is unseen and disregarded, the fifth will still be building up its mighty World-Empire, and that World-Empire of the fifth sub-race—made of one mighty Federation of Free Peoples, each one Self-Governing within its own borders, and supreme in its own household—will be reaching its highest point. While that is gathering into itself the honour and glory of the world and its Imperial power, the younger civilisation will be growing up in obscurity, the younger civilisation will be in the nursery, looked after by occult Guardians, and its special characteristics developing with a quiet and humble growth; this will go on for centuries, while all the

splendour of the world is gathered into that mighty Empire whose foundations are now being laid, and whose building will be indefinitely quickened by the War which is destroying the opposing forces of tyranny, and substituting for them the democratic ideal of a Federation of Free Nations, gathered together to ensure the peace of the world and not for its subjugation.

Now if you point to the outer world this succession of civilisations as shown in history; if you show that history tells us nothing of the origin of any great civilisation but only of it when it is old enough to show itself on the world stage, surely then you have an argument for the reality of the Government behind the veil, of that Occult Hierarchy which has the moulding and directive power in the evolution of the world.

Let us now take that as existing, and try to understand a little of the method of working. You may think of it, for all practical purposes, as under three great divisions. One department of the Occult Hierarchy is the Governing Department; the second great Department is the education of humanity, the Teaching; the one of Power and the other of Wisdom, of the growth of Religion, of all that requires the higher teaching. Then you have in the third Department, one in which many sub-departments exist, and in which all the other great forces and the multifarious activities of the world combine. You may call the first the Department of Rule, the second the Department of Teaching, and the third the Department of Administration; and under that last will come all questions of social and industrial and literary and artistic development, all those many activities of developing humanity that are not included under the two names of Religion and Rule.

Let us look at the Department of Rule, or Government. You may call it the Department of Power. Now all Trinities in the world of Religions are based fundamentally on this triple division; and so in these Trinities you may recognise the likeness. Take the Christian

Trinity—the Father represents Power, the Son represents Wisdom, and the Holy Spirit represents the Creative Activity. You see how the similarity runs, the exoteric religion copied from the organisation of the Hierarchy, and that copied from the Trinity, or Trimūrti.

First then of Power. You know how in your own Hindū Scriptures you have the four great Kumāras, and you see in Them the mighty but mysterious Powers which seem to stand behind human evolution. Very little is told you about Them. You are happy that you have even a hint in your Scriptures of these Mightiest and Greatest Ones, and there are hints thrown out as to Their origin. The planet Shukra has a peculiar position in the past literature of Hindūism. There is Their birth-place. The Sons of Fire, we call them, the Sons of the Flame, coming from a more highly evolved planet to help and guide humanity on our less developed Earth. Heads of the Hierarchy are They, whom H. P. Blavatsky—that woman of marvellous sweep of occult knowledge too great for her generation and therefore despised and rejected of men, that great occult teacher—described as the spreading Banyan Tree. For the banyan tree sends down its roots into the earth, and from them spreads on further; and the Hierarchy was planted here and founded fresh centre after centre, in order that the Power and the Wisdom and the Activity might cover the whole of our earth. That is a splendid simile; you may take this mighty tree under which we stand as a symbol of the Occult Hierarchy, the branches coming out, the subordinate branches, and from them the descending roots, each one reproducing the original tree, and shaping the same characteristics in the likeness of the leaves, although no two leaves be absolutely identical in appearance. It is a perfect simile.

Let us pause on the Department of Power, that has to do with the building up of races and sub-races, of families and of nations; so that you find, looking into it, that each nation ultimately has its head, its invisible

head, its spiritual Regent. You see on the stage of history Kings and statesmen, ambassadors, generals and admirals, and all the rest of those. What are they? They are men and women of the past, who by their lives have fitted themselves to play these particular parts in the great drama of the ages. They are cast for them, as the manager of a drama gives a cast to the different players; but the player does not invent his part; he repeats the part written for him, and the chosen agents of the Ruling Department of our world do not write their own parts. All these Kings and statesmen and the rest of them repeat the part which is written for them by the Hierarchy that sends them out, and which pulls them down, as they play their parts well or ill. I will take one illustration which will not raise much of human feeling here, in order that you may see how they work, and I take it from the country that gave me my body the country of Ireland. Ireland, by the power of the Hierarchy, has been kept very much apart from the rest of Europe. Colonised in the early days, chiefly by the fourth sub-race, and also by earlier families, she mingles in the blood of her children a large predominance of the fourth sub-race peculiarities, mingled to some extent later with the fifth; feelings are stronger than intellect, more potent than argument. She, the island of Saints, as she is called in European history, has been kept somewhat as a sanctuary, apart from the outer world. The great Devas sit on her green hills, and send out their mighty power to the sensitive among a sensitive people. From time to time a Deva is born among the children of men. She has been conquered by families of different sub-races. Her restless and struggling life, under conquering hands clinging to her own ways, sent her patriots to give up their lives on the scaffold. Then gradually came the abolition of the laws that pressed most hardly on her. Roman Catholic emancipation preceded a wider political life, and so we go on and on to the time of Parnell. He was the chosen

instrument of the Hierarchy to press forward Irish Self-Government; but mingling with his influence, to undermine it, there came a subtle and sinister power; that subtle and sinister power worked out in Ireland in the shooting of landlords, the mutilation of cattle, and in the cruel boycotting of individuals, as terrible as the weapon of excommunication in the hands of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in the Middle Ages. All these weapons have naught to do with the Power and Wisdom of the Hierarchy. They belong to the black side of the forces in the universe, and they have to be counteracted before the White Power can act. Now Parnell, with all his devotion, with his ability and his marvellous eloquence, and that personal magnetism, which is necessary for the leader of a people, was never weak in the face of his enemies. There he was brave as a lion. But he was sometimes weak in the face of his friends, the deadliest weakness in a leader; for in all great forward movements we must have one who leads and a number who follow, and the leader should be wiser than the followers; for in all forward movements you always have some who fling themselves into them, moved by passionate enthusiasm which is lacking in reasoning and self-control—enthusiasm, essential to all movements, enthusiasm of the young, vital for progress, but also dangerous because unbridled by reason, and carried away by passionate feelings; there lies the danger of every advanced movement.

Now the leader of such a movement must be strong enough to stand against his followers, when they are unwise. Parnell's duty was to stop those outrages in Ireland; it was his duty to stand like a rock, and to declare that the sacred cause of a Nation should not be polluted with the mutilation of cattle, the shooting of men, the boycotting of unhappy individuals. He had not the courage to do this. Perchance he was weakened by the unacknowledged thought that, evil as were these crimes, yet they might help the Nation to gain the freedom which

was denied it. So he was cast down by the Hierarchy that had raised him, not because he was not great, but because he was not strong enough to show his friends how to obey the laws, to move constitutionally and not on revolutionary lines.

I have not met a really great leader of men who had that unique quality of courage against his friends to the extent in which it was possessed by my dear friend Charles Bradlaugh. He would never allow popular feeling to go out of control, and because of that, he triumphed in the end. But Ireland went down under the yoke of force; the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended; meetings were suspended; a heavy load of punitive and restrictive legislation was bound upon the neck of the Nation; her best men went to gaol; her patriots found penal servitude; and then all the violence died down, as movements of violence have to die. They are not now stages of evolution under the protection of the Hierarchy, save in Nations like Italy, where no free speech was allowed, where no constitutional action was possible, where nothing but the sword could break the fetters which the sword imposed. And so Parnell was cast aside; other men came forward who took up the work and laboured on constitutional lines, using in Parliament every power which the constitution gave them in order to bring about the freedom of the country, and finally they won. Home Rule for Ireland is now certain under leaders not as great as Parnell, but leaders who are willing to submit to the part that had to be played, Parliamentary work instead of revolutionary. I take that illustration, because it will here arouse no passion. You do not care for Ireland in a way to colour your judgment.

The lesson is valuable, and I have chosen it in order to show to you the principles underlying the rule of the Occult Hierarchy. They choose men and use them, and, if they play false, They put them aside and take others, and so the progress of the world goes on. Thus the Occult Hierarchy guards and guides the affairs of men; and in this country, also,

that same Hierarchy works in the great movement for National life, in the great movement for National Self-realisation. It is behind the movement for Self-Government which is proclaimed year after year by the Congress, and which was proclaimed yesterday, in spite of the difficulties of the time; for ideals do not change with the changing times.

Ideals stand supreme over struggling movements and the Hierarchy makes way for their realisation, as soon as the time is ripe enough for outer work, as in this great National movement in India, this movement towards the recognition of India as a Self-Governing unit of the Empire. You have in this War, as one of the causes, the need to make India's value recognised over the whole stage of the world, so that the Empire may realise what India is. She is not changed by the War, but she is revealed by the War to the knowledge of the world, and that is one of the causes of the War. It has nothing to do with the Kaiser, and his professors and agents; they are only puppets. They play the part, while the Hierarchy writes the drama. The difficulties and misconceptions of ignorance and of colour prejudice have been swept away, and India stands now the darling of the Empire. Along these lines the Hierarchy works. Try to recognise the instruments and tools of the Hierarchy in this department of human life, in this Ruling Department that changes the fate of Nations and develops the powers of man. Great popular movements, like swift motor-cars, stir up a quantity of dust in a whirlwind; but the dust falls behind, and the popular movements, like the motor-car, go on, as they will go on in India until the Self-Government of the Nation is achieved.

Now turn to the second great Department, the Teaching; Power without Wisdom makes no sure progress, and so the second Department comes in—the Department of Wisdom. Vishnu, the great Householder of the World, is the type of that. The Son, the Christ in Christian parlance, occupies the same place. The Bodhisattva, in

Buddhist phrase, stands there as the Head of the Department. How does that work in collaboration with the first? By preparing the hearts of the people. Religion always goes in the front of civilisation, embodying the ideals which in the civilisation are gradually to be worked out. For example; Christianity was founded two thousand years ago with two great tasks to accomplish: to show forth the value of the individual, and to evolve the virtue of self-sacrifice. It has taken two thousand years to emphasise the value of the individual. You have, as result, the great individualistic and competitive system of the West, invaluable for the evolution of the individual. You have abuses; you have capitalists growing rich on the misery of the labourers; but the power of will, the keenness of intellect, by the seizure of opportunity, the promptness of judgment, the accuracy of plan, all these you find developed by competition. They are necessary for the further growth of humanity.

The next, the coming, civilisation will be co-operative; but you cannot have a co-operative civilisation without co-operators; and you cannot have co-operators without the development of the individual. You must have wise, powerful, energetic, and strong-willed men in order to have able and effective co-operators, fit to direct the business of the Nation, to make a co-operative Commonwealth. Hence you must have individualism first, and co-operation second. Now, in the midst of the present individualistic civilisation, you have the spirit of self-sacrifice growing up, and showing itself in America, where competition has gone to madness, and you have a wonderful generosity in philanthropic gifts; so that a man, who has gathered up wealth in ways which may be characterised as even unscrupulous, consecrates the whole of it for the education of the people, thus returning to those from whom he took it, in education, that which he had squeezed from them in labour. See how it all works out under the impulse of the Hierarchy. A new phase of religion for a new phase of civilisation—there lies

the mighty work of the second Department of the Hierarchy. To teach the world, to revive the influence of religion when it is weakening, to strengthen, to purify, to inspire the religions of the world—that is the work of the great Teaching Department. It must give Wisdom, before Power is entrusted to the people.

Now do you see why the Theosophical movement must go in front of the great Socialistic movement which is spreading over Europe, why the work of the Theosophical Society in India should precede the great outburst of Nationality? It was the revival of the old religions in the East, the revival of Hindūism, the revival of Zoroastrianism, the revival of Buddhism, which made possible the birth of Nationality, and the development of National Self-consciousness. It was here at the Convention at Adyar in 1884, that some of the delegates, who came to Adyar for the Theosophical Convention, went over to Madras and there formed a Committee, which organised in 1885 the National Congress which has existed so long. Norendra Nath Sen, Sir S. Subramania Aiyar, and others of our leaders, formed that Committee. In Madras, and not in Adyar; in Adyar the spiritual impulse; in Madras the physical manifestation. For the work of the Society being all-embracing, you may not identify the Society with any one Nationality, any one National Movement. The Society works in Russia under an Autocracy; it works in England under a Constitutional Monarchy; and in France and in America it works under a Republic. How shall we then limit it to one form of political work in one country, and identify it with that to the exclusion of the rest? It may not be. The Hierarchy's work is all-embracing, affects every country, uses all forms that are suitable, and the Theosophical Society is the Herald and Messenger of the Hierarchy to the world; therefore its work must be all-embracing like that of the Power which it embodies; and so you have as its first duty in every country the revival of the religion, or religions, of that country, the first and the necessary foundation for all growth.

After that in this country came the educational movement on National lines, because the younger generation had to be trained, and when that younger generation comes on to do the work of the world, it will be far more disciplined and self-controlled than the young who have not come under the influence of a movement like the Central Hindū College in Benares. The value of it is not simply in the introduction of religion; that was the spirit. It was the training which embodied the spirit, and evolved future citizens. It was deliberately planned to evoke self-reliance and initiative. For instance, the College Parliament, which might seem to some only an amusement, was a training ground for self-control, for study, for preparation for political action, and, if I could, I would start a Parliament in every College, to prepare young men in the self-control which makes for good citizenship and is necessary for Self-Government.

And now we have come to the time when we are to move forward more rapidly. On the Congress platform, the day before yesterday, I heard my own idea put forward that religion, education, morals and politics are all parts of the one great National Movement. The Hierarchy, I have said, chooses men to lead, and casts them aside if they prove too weak for their great task. Order, discipline, study, an enduring will, those are the qualities the Hierarchy demands from the great men who serve it, generally unconsciously, in Nations. You find these splendid qualities embodied in a man like Mr. Gokhale. There is a leader of whom any nation may be proud.

Try then to look at the outer world in the light of this occult teaching. Try to realise that the Manu is present amongst us as really as He was in the past; that He is living in the physical body in the far-off Himālayas, with His strength, intellect and spirit spreading like waves of power over the whole of the world, embodying the spirit and the type of the fifth root-race, and helping it to grow everywhere along the appointed lines of growth to its full stature. Realise also that in those Himālayas—see how blessed is the

Motherland, for she has the greatest of the immediate Rulers and Teachers in her own mountains—is the ancient Rshi Maitreya, now the Bodhisattva. Think then of the two Mighty Ones, one in the Ruling and the other in the Teaching Department, shaping, and working, and holding all these Powers that nothing can stand against, with a Wisdom that nothing can deceive, and then think of the Activity of the Great One who is wielding the forces in the other Departments of human life, behind the industrial growth, behind the social changes, and behind the varieties of National growth that you see around you. Go along the path of religion or knowledge, the path of duty and devotion, whatever you will, provided you tread some path, and do not stand like a stone by the way, immovable unless somebody lifts you up. The Hierarchy wants from you self-governed energy, inspired you may be, but carried you must not be, helped you will be, forced you shall never be. If you choose to lie idle, be it so, but then get out of the way. If you are men, go on. If you are living beings, bring your brains, hearts and bodies to this great work, and become instruments and tools of the Hierarchy, that is guiding the destinies of Nations, and is leading India forward in the great march of civilisation; you have so much instruction given you, such long experience behind you, such a mine of knowledge to inspire and to guide you.

And I know something of this great work. I know from the great Teachers themselves, I tell you in Their names, that India has a possibility before her now that she has not had for thousands of years in the past; that there is a part for her to play; that there is a contribution for her to make; and the opportunity will come to you so swiftly that it will be reached almost before you realise the fact. It is on the threshold. The door is opening. There may you see Mother India, standing ready to send you among the great federated Self-Governing Nations, which own the King-Emperor as Monarch. Such is the destiny of India. You, friends, can take part in it, if you will. The privilege is offered to

you also, brothers and sisters of Great Britain, who are in this ancient land. You have the opportunity by coming here, and you may do your share in the helping of this work—you may show that you have no race feeling; you may associate with your Indian brethren as brothers and sisters. That is the message to the English who live in India: throw aside the fancy of colour. Unless mutual respect arises, two different peoples cannot ever act together. Love removes the barrier of suspicion and pride. And I, who regard India as my Motherland—for the Motherland of the evolving Individual is greater than the Motherland of the physical body—I ask you to go along with me in Service, serving along your own lines, not taking me as one who would dominate or rule you, but working beside me in co-operation along your own lines. But, if you can, come with me as one who is working for this great land, and for the great Plan which I have been privileged to some extent to see.

And so as a fellow-worker, as servant of a great cause, as a believer in that mighty destiny, I try to work among you, as President of the Theosophical Society, for the revival of all religions, as worker in the educational field, for the making of education religious and moral as well as intellectual and physical. And not as President, but as individual, I labour also in the social field for the coming civilisation; in the political field for the political enfranchisement of India. I was glad yesterday, that, in the presence of one of our highest officials, I had the privilege of proclaiming that ideal of the freedom of India, of her right to govern herself.

And so let us walk together as far as we agree; but remain friendly always, whenever we disagree. Let us realise that in the individual thought lies the salvation of the world in the future, and let us show that, in the Theosophical Society, we can differ in opinion and remain one in heart and aim, working for that great Humanity of whom the Elder Brothers are the Guardians, the Occult Hierarchy the Guide.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

A RETROSPECT AND A PROSPECT

By B. P. WADIA

ANOTHER year is behind us—a year that began in trouble and turmoil, in talk of “sending the President of the T. S. to gaol,” and finally disrupting our great organisation, but that has ended in increased work which is useful and is continuing, and in which the President plays no insignificant part. In the unwholesome atmosphere of law courts she has fought valiantly her battles, and as usual has come out on the top, her end gained and her object fulfilled. Out of it she has gathered new friends, who are and will be sharers in the hopes and joys of her Indian work. Greater than her victory in the province of law has been her activity, that once more proved the strength of the way of truth and compassion over that of falsehood and hatred. The evil of it all is buried and already forgotten by her and the Society, and the good that emerged out of it works its magic and will surely endure. A spiritual teacher and an Occultist, as befits the President of the T. S., she has fought and won a hard fight on the battle-ground where black forces of lying, malice and enmity were ferociously active, according to the Ancient Methods, meeting wrong with right, anger with patience, intolerance with forgiveness, suspicion with trust, hatred with love. In conducting her case, by not acting like a lawyer, she met with disadvantages, and thereby she perhaps brought herself and the Society and her followers into much undesirable prominence, and more awkward predicaments; but a retrospective study convinces one that, consciously or

unconsciously, in a easy and natural way, or by a forceful method of self-recollectedness, she made it her aim to stick to the principles and rulings of that other World in which dwell the true Judges of Humanity. Naturally for a long time, therefore, things seemed to be going all wrong, and as a matter of fact they did from the worldly point of view. From that particular angle of vision, the case may yet seem to have come to an unsatisfactory conclusion. From the inner point of view, looking at the whole drama as a spectator in the spiritual world, one cannot but come to the conclusion that it but took its natural course and has come to a natural fruition—beneficial to the Society and the work which was so much touched by it. It has shown as it was expected to show some of our childishnesses, some of our weaknesses, some of our folly; but has hardened us against the opinion of the world, which has once again been proven false; it has shown that spiritual verities remain untouched in spite of deadliest attacks, that the serpents may hiss and hiss but the Himālayas endure, and that the Star ever shines though periods of storm as of calm. These inner lessons of that outer struggle should be learnt by all thoughtful Theosophists. It is not much use to cry over the bags of silver and gold spent; it is not profitable to grumble about the ridicule and the unpopularity that fell to our lot. Such are the privileges of the pioneer—to draw wisdom out of the price paid, and find that a fair name does not lose its lustre because others dub it ugly. If we claim to be a spiritual Society, let us assume not only the privileges of spirituality but also its responsibility. We of this world cannot quite comprehend the wealth spiritual that has flowed in into the Society, while certain friends have been anxiously watching at the retardation that was materially taking place. I, for one, do not hesitate in acknowledging that we have suffered in the physical world, but also I cannot remain blind to the “grace” that has flowed in upon us

and which works and will work for many years its wonderful magic. Let us wait and watch, and meanwhile see the things of the flesh with the eyes of the Spirit.

While the above touches the retrospective side of the closing year, during 1914 another salient feature I have noticed which has come greatly to the front, and which gives birth to new prospects in the life-activity of the Society. Perhaps it has not been formulated in so many plain words, as we endeavour to put it here; it is this: The Society at large is recognising more and more that its potential influence is greater than its members ever conceived, that it can vivify more lines of human activity which make for civilisation, than was thought possible. The speciality of the T. S. seems to be in its power to unveil Knowledge at all grades of Her shining forth. The T. S. realises that it has the power to lift veil after veil of that great *parda-nashin* Goddess; that it can show Her in the very simple aspect of the teacher of the alphabet or in the very mysterious one of the revealer of the Hidden Light. To put it otherwise, the T. S. has come to self-consciousness, and has recognised that its life need not be confined, but may be allowed to permeate many walks of life, and that to its own advantage also. It has realised, what hitherto was an intellectual recognition, that greater than the Theosophical Society is the Theosophical Movement. The Presidential Address, as also the many Reports from various Sections, show in an unmistakable way that the T. S. is a power and an influence which can be used for more purposes in a greater number of ways than we dreamt of; that the power of Theosophy consists in making things new—a power of priceless value when brought to yield results. Theosophy can help all good movements in a way which is no one else's way.

But this leads to a very curious position—what about Theosophy proper? Where comes the T. S. as T. S.? To answer these and such questions we must ask: What is Theosophy proper? What is the T. S. as T. S.? and further, does it in

any way diminish its value or working capacity by including all progressive life-activities in its programme of help. Are Theosophy and the T. S. better off or otherwise, because they hold in loving embrace all good works and all noble workers?

A concrete discussion on certain aspects of this problem has taken place during the year, which has brought to light a healthy trait in our Society's character—the ability to express freely our inner thoughts without fear or favour of any one. The President, long before she was President, has been inculcating this idea, and it must be gratifying to learn that her advice is not wholly wasted. Free speech and free thought, however badly used, are an asset, particularly in a Society like ours, and during the last few years, and especially in 1914, we have grown in that respect. That is a matter for rejoicing, because the advance is made against heavy odds. But this discussion has brought to front an ugly aspect—we are narrower in view, more limited in vision, than we thought we were. We are, it seems, in the meshes of racial, national, social and religious conventions and bigotries. We are Dutch as distinct from English, Indians as opposed to Europeans, friends of the Allies in contrast to haters of Germany, orthodox Hindūs against Social Reformers, Government servants afraid of politicians, etc., etc., etc., and *vice versa*. Should Indian Politics, or Politics as such, be touched by members and workers of the T. S. or not? This and such like questions are considered supreme, and such moonshine is expected to dispel the darkness that surrounds us. I had thought that at least a good sized portion of our members not only believed in Brotherhood, but had realised it. I was dreaming that to a Theosophist born and bred in England or Germany, nothing mattered save to proceed to work Theosophically, i.e., helping the forces of progress—in the heart of dark Africa. I had a vision of some godly American Theosophist sowing potatoes without murmuring on the Emerald Isle, because a new species had to be

brought into existence. I begin to see that the rising above all caste, colour, and creed distinctions is not so universal as I thought. The Hindū Theosophist is often more Hindū than Theosophist, and the White Theosophist is often readier to express his "Whiteness" than his Theosophy. In other words the discussion during the year has convinced me that most of us are children yet, who must play with our own fancy toys of conventionalism, and grouch if we do not like the toys of our playmates. When our animal nature is up, then we growl and bark like the village pariah dog.

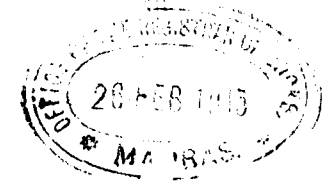
It seems to me that for a Theosophist the question of importance is not *what* Theosophy should, or should not, do, but *how* Theosophy should act. Theosophy has to touch everything, it has to and does affect politics through those members who are politicians or students of politics, as much as it affects religions in many lands. If Theosophy can and should influence Art in the West, it may as legitimately influence Social Reform in the East and *vice versa*. If Theosophy stands for Freedom and Emancipation of men and nations, then it is not after all so perplexing that some members use it in political fields.

So the principle comes forth that the duty of the true Theosophist is to raise human civilisation along his own line, according to his own knowledge and capacity, and it does not matter what he does in the way of helpful work, but how he does it. There is no branch of human activity that cannot be influenced for the better by Theosophy, and the greater the number of branches thus vivified the better for our Society. This principle, preached and practised by the President, is being accepted by the Society, which is as it should be; only one note of warning must be struck, viz.: Do not lose the life which animates you in the T. S. because you are engrossed in the work of the world at large. The inspiration that comes from Theosophy and its watchword, Brotherhood, is to render help and co-operate with all good forces that

make for spirituality, i.e., realisation of the One Life in all forms. If the President, though Irish born, finds herself in an Indian environment, to better which she must toil in her own way, who amongst us has the right to say "stop"? in the same way neither she nor anyone has the right to say stop to X, because he works for the civic welfare of Timbuctoo. Let us co-operate with the Divine Will in Evolution by unfolding our own Divinity—and that is the answer we all make to the "how" of our life-work. *What* we do now is more or less the result of past karma; how we do it is going to affect and colour our future. In learning to do better and better, more and more efficiently, the work that we can do, we give scope to our own inherent powers to shine forth. From the Occult or the Spiritual point of view, there is no school so good as the school of life, no college so beneficial as the college of self-training, no university so culture-bestowing as the university of inner experience which follows every outer action. As Theosophists we ought to be men and women, free not bound, breathing the air of true liberty not that which is limited by racial and national, religious and social, boundaries. An ordinary patriot loves his country, but a Theosophist should be above the limitations of such a one, and it should not matter to him for what particular nation or country he works. Wherever he is placed, there he finds his work, and he alone can rightly decide how he shall do it.

Thus during the year the Society has grown in its realisation of Brotherhood by going a little further afield in helpful service. It has found some obstruction, which is but natural, but the prospect is bright, and a still greater realisation is required that the Path of Theosophy is Service of Humanity; and the Light on it is shed by ourselves from within; and that inner light grows in us as we make ourselves one with others through mutual help and fraternal greetings; in other words our spiritual growth consists in our power of union with other souls whom we understand by loving service.

Such are the two lessons that we in the T. S. should take into the New Year as a result of a review of 1914, so that bathing in the dawn of 1915 we may find ourselves more ready to pass on in ever-increasing volume the Power of the great Leaders who inspire us in the Theosophical Society.



THE ADYAR BULLETIN

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FROM THE EDITOR

THE War continues to occupy the thoughts of all, and we of the T. S. have so many members at the front, that we cannot but think often of the turmoil around them, and send them our heart's love and tender wishes. In a Brotherhood like that of the T. S., limited in numbers and scattered over the whole world, the passing away of members makes a wider gap than is made in bodies like the Churches, which number their members by millions, and where the individual tie is but slight. And as the area of the War spreads, as it seems likely to do, more and more of our brethren will be flung against each other, to learn the invaluable lesson of "acting without attachment," of fulfilling to the uttermost the duty of the body, and of holding the mind and heart in peace despite the raging fires of hate that flame around.

Many and priceless are the lessons taught by these months of suspense and bloodshed, and we should read the passing events with keen eyes and quiet hearts. Not often in the world's history are such pages offered for the reading, when all values are changed, when the story

of the Nations is being written with a pen of iron dipped in blood, when thrones are tottering, when Peoples are a-building, when the world's map is being re-drawn.

As Theosophists, we must study the future, and try to see clearly to what we should direct our thoughts in the near future. We know that the United States of Europe are to arise, but we do not know the time, and the question pressing for solution is: "Will this War end War for generations to come, or will it sow the seeds of new War, to germinate in the near future?" This is the question of questions. And the worst point of danger lies in the neutrality of such countries as the United States of America, of Holland, and of Italy—above all of the former. For the only possibility of continued peace lies in the union of the Powers, who are ready to form an international Police, too strong to be defied by any recalcitrant State with any hope of success, the Police to be at the disposal of the Union. It is clear from what has passed, that Germany will not be bound by any treaty that she may sign, so that any making of treaties in which she would be concerned may be regarded as futile. And she would have the excuse in the future that any treaty to which she might subscribe at the end of the War would be a treaty imposed by *force majeure*, and would therefore not be morally binding on her—if one may venture to use so meaningless a word as moral to a State which acknowledges no binding law of life save its own necessities or welfare. It is well that we should realise that a Union of Powers, unwilling or unable to enforce peace—as the policeman enforces it when a bully disturbs a street, by arresting him and locking him up—is useless, and a little contemptible. Society, National and International, has not yet evolved beyond the point when a strong hand is sometimes wanted to enforce law and order.

Then we must also note that the position taken up by such neutrals as the United States will, unless it be modified before the ending of the War,

compel the world to continue groaning under huge general armaments, and to prepare to face an inevitable future War, as soon as the Nations have recovered from the present one. For it is useless to have solemn palavers and to draw up conventions—The Hague or other—which only remain in force so long as they are not needed; the United States has signed the Hague Conventions, but when her signature is torn up and dishonoured, she confines herself to newspaper protests—a feeble and undignified outcry. Great Britain stood by her signature and went to War in defence of it, when Germany tore up the scrap of paper on which it had been inscribed; she stood by her agreement with France, when France was attacked; her honour is clean. France was allowed no time to redeem her signature, but we know she would have done it, for she honoured it in 1870, and held Belgian territory inviolate when, if ever necessity could—as it cannot—demand a broken pledge, she might have broken it to avoid the capitulation of Sedan. Since, however, the Great Republic has done nothing to prevent the violation of the Hague Conventions, it is clear that it is useless to make any more for the future. They fetter the honourable, but are useless against the dishonourable; hence it will be wise to make no more, it being understood that neutrals will not enforce against the strong evil-doer any precept of International Law. In fact there is no International Law at present; there is only Force. Happily, it seems likely that the Force will prove triumphant which is defending Public Honour. But in order to preserve human Society from the fate of Belgium, the "strong man armed" will have to keep his borders safe from the destroyer.

How will Theosophists deal with this question? Have they aught to propose to meet this supreme difficulty? Can it be met by any one save the Prince of Peace Himself, who will give a new impulse to spirituality? But some solution, however temporary, will have to be found ere His appearing, for His hour is not yet come. Will our Fellows seriously take up and consider this question. Do they think

that, at the end of the War, there should be more Conventions, to be broken at will by the strong, the breach being condoned by those who ought to come "to the help of the" oppressed "against the mighty"? Do they think that Nations should copy the example of the Priest and the Levite when a Nation falls among thieves; and lies, sore wounded, by the wayside; ought they to pass by on the other side, and leave it weltering in its blood?

* * *

The Reverend R. J. Campbell, in a sermon in the City Temple, reported in *The Christian Commonwealth*, spoke strongly against the spirit dominant in Germany. He said:

The nation which is inoculated with that doctrine [of Von Bernhardt] is in direr peril from itself than from any foreign foe; it has sold its soul to the devil. "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." It is one thing to draw the sword to defend liberty and justice, and quite another to wield it because of the infatuated belief that to be great a nation must be a terror to her neighbours and strut and swagger over the face of the globe. What is chiefly the matter with Germany to-day is that this spirit of boastfulness, this assumption that the law of the jungle is preferable to the law of Christ, has got such a firm hold of her intellectuals and administrators, and through them has become imposed upon the people at large. If we cannot somehow get rid of that spirit, this war will not mean the end of war, but only the beginning of more terrific and bloody contests than any known to history heretofore.

Mr. Campbell then asked his congregation "to think about and pray over as objects to aim at when the settlement comes," three things: a League of Peace, the putting down of armaments, a Council of the Christian Churches to discuss and decide on the question of putting an end to War. This Council must be called by the Pope, as no one else could do it with any chance of success—a notable admission. It would be a noble effort, even if it failed.

* * *

Mr. C. W. Leadbeater is giving a fine series of public lectures in Sydney, New South Wales, and draws audiences in the new and bigger Hall taken by the Sydney Lodge of the T. S. He is staying with one of the best of our Australian workers, Mr. T. H. Martyn, who for many long years has been, with Mr. John, the mainstay of the Sydney branch, as well as the centre of much of the Australian and New Zealand work. It is satisfactory to think of Mr. Leadbeater as being a welcome guest in Mr. and Mrs. Martyn's pleasant home.

ON KARMA¹

By ANNIE BESANT

FRIENDS,

In wondering what I should say to you this evening—being specially a members' meeting—Mr. Graham Pole, who was lately in Paris when I went there, suggested to me that I might take up one of the subjects that I dealt with there at a members' meeting, the ever-fresh subject of Karma, put in a way which may, perhaps, enable some of you to understand better the underlying principle, and so to answer for yourselves the questions that arise when you are dealing with special applications of the law.

It has very often seemed to me that students are too much inclined to study details, each by itself, and so they become entangled in really an infinite series of details, each one of which has to be dealt with separately, and there is no end to it. If, instead of doing that, the serious students amongst you would try rather to grasp the principle, and then, having grasped it, apply it to any new detail that may arise, I think you would discover that you know very much more than you think you know, and that you could answer for yourselves the questions that you very often put to those whom you believe to be more learned students than yourselves. It is much easier to see the relations of complicated attachments when you look at them from the centre, than when you try to study them from the circumference. If you can stand in the centre and look over the whole field, you can then see, generally, the relations that exist between the different parts; but

¹ A lecture to the Glasgow Lodge, T. S.

if you stand at the circumference and see only a little bit of that, and then a mere tangle stretching from every side to the centre, you are very little likely, I think, to reach satisfactory conclusions, and you will remain more or less in a muddle, as to how the great principles that you recognise work, when they are manifested in the world. This seems especially the case with Karma. The particular question that was put to me in Paris as a subject for my talk was: "When did individual Karma begin?" and if people start with that kind of question, and ask other questions of a similar nature they may, I think, ask for the rest of their lives and never be very much wiser. If, on the other hand, they would try to see "Karma" as part of a universal law, special expressions of a law which everywhere is found, part of the whole mechanism of the universe, existing from the beginning of the universe so far as manifestation is concerned, and existing always as part of universal nature, then, studying it from that standpoint, they would be able, I think, to get a clear view of the principle involved, and then proceed at leisure, when any particular detail turns up, to apply the principle to the explanation of that special fact. Now, it seems to me that the first fundamental thing to understand about Karma is that it has no beginning and, therefore, that any attempt to find out a beginning for Karma is hopeless. You may find out beginnings in a particular universe, and endings in a particular universe. You may take up any fragment that you choose to separate off from the rest of existence and, as regards that fragment, you can find beginning and ending; but when you are dealing with Karma you are dealing with a great principle, a universal principle, which has neither beginning nor ending, which cannot be spoken of as though it were a thing, or an object, with certain lines which limit it. You have to think of it as a principle in the divine nature and to begin your study, I think, in trying to realise to some

extent how things exist in the divine mind: the conditions of such existence and the inevitable differences which accrue when they pass out of the divine mind into manifestation; the conditions according to which manifestation takes place; the space and the time necessary for a manifested universe, but non-existent in what the Greeks used to call the intelligible world, from which any special universe is derived or reflected.

Now, think for a moment along what people call metaphysical lines. Realise that existence always is, and that any particular mode of existence, any particular thing, always has existed and always will exist—not always in manifestation but always in potentiality—and that it is literally true, that which was laid down by one of the great Musalmān doctors in the ninth or tenth century, that everything that can ever come into existence, everything that has been in existence, or that has any possibility of existence, always is in the divine eternity. It is put in quite another way in a verse in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*: "The unreal has no existence; the real never ceaseth to be." And if you can think that out, you have the key to many a problem concerning Karma. In the divine mind exist as thought-forms every possibility of existence, always there, owing their being to God Himself and sharing His eternity. That which He thinks is the stuff out of which universes are made. One portion of these thoughts of His may come out for one universe, another portion for another universe, but in Him and in His eternity they are ever-existent and ever-present. And, by virtue that they are all the thought-forms of His mind, generated, if one may use the phrase, in eternity, by that mind—in that fact is implied the interrelation between every one of them, all of them being related to each and each to all, by virtue of that unity of life in which they ever exist. You cannot separate off one from the rest, nor from any other. You cannot take one as an isolated thing out of relation to all else. They all exist in

relation, in interdependence, in interrelation, in that divine intelligible world, and that is the source of all manifested existences. They only are, because they are in God. In His eternal thought they exist; from that they draw their life. And you want, if you can, to dwell on that thought until it has become part of your mental machinery, the realisation, as to beginnings and endings, that these belong to our limited minds, existing under the conditions of space and time. These limitations do not, cannot, exist in the universal consciousness where there is, literally, always the All.

You know people often get into a muddle—to take a rather side-issue for the moment—when they say: “Why should the universe exist?” because they imply that there was a time when the totality of universes was not, and that God brought it into existence, and then they necessarily muddle themselves up with the idea of the everlasting—which is not at all the same as the eternal—and they get into that position in which Shelley was when he wrote: “Out of an eternity of idleness, I, God, awoke”—a misconception. If you are thinking of God as the ever-existing—and no other thought of Him is possible—for that which was brought into existence would again need something behind it; it is only the Self-existent which is eternal—unless you think of God in that way the whole conception becomes impossible; if you think of Him as existing ever, doing nothing, thinking nothing, and suddenly beginning to think and to bring universes into being, you find yourselves tangled up with all sorts of impossibilities and inconceivabilities. If you think of Him as the Ever-Existent, in whom there is all, literally all—all that can be as well as all that has been—then you at least have an intelligible conception from which you can go out and understand, very dimly, something of what are often called the mysteries of the existence of universes. Every universe that can be is already. In manifestation it only becomes what we call objective; that is, to our minds it becomes a visible tangible thing. But our minds, again

are but the thought-forms in the divine mind. There is nothing but He, and that is the fundamental idea that you want to grasp. He may manifest; He may show parts of Himself to other parts of Himself. But He, the Self-existent, is the All, outside of whom there is nothing—there is no outside. So that you can no more say: “Why should there be a universe?” than: “Why should there not be a universe?” That which always is does not need explanation; that it is, is all that can be said of it. Reasons only become necessary when you have come into the realm of succession, of one thing following upon another, and then you at once begin to ask why and how. But for that which ever is, the totality of existence in the fullest sense of the term, for that there is no reason; it needs no reason; it always is. And that idea of Self-existence has to be grasped, otherwise you will be continually asking questions for which there is no answer; and it is only in realising that tremendous conception of Ever-Existence that then the partial existences become relatively intelligible. When a universe comes forth into manifestation then two conditions must ever be present—space, or distance between objects; time, succession of states of consciousness by which objects are recognized. That is all time is. It is only a succession of states of consciousness, or of conscious being, if you prefer the phrase. You will very soon realise that, if you look a little into the measures of time that you have in your waking consciousness and that you have in your dream consciousness. There is no objective time by which you can measure either of these. In your waking consciousness you have certain definite successions. In your dream consciousness you also have successions; but the time-measure is completely different, as we have been shown by very numerous experiments. Take these numerous cases of dream instigated by a touch from outside, a touch on the body. Probably you have read many of these in Du Prel's *Philosophy of Mysticism*. He gives a large number of them. Let me

recall just one to remind you of the nature of these experiments. A man had a touch, either by the finger or a knife on the back of the neck, and it woke him. He was asked whether he had dreamed and if so, what? The answer was that he had dreamed that he had fought a duel, and he had killed his opponent; that he was arrested and tried for murder. He went through the whole scene of his trial in court before the judge, counsels' speeches and all the rest of it. He was finally found guilty and was condemned to die. He was taken away to the condemned cell, and went through I forget how many days between the sentence and the execution. He was led out to the guillotine, the knife fell upon his neck—and he awoke.

Now there you have incidents certainly extending over what we should call two or three weeks in the fraction of a minute which intervened between the touch on the back of his neck and his being awakened by that touch, the whole of that compressed in the states of consciousness of the man in the dream state. There are a great many cases of that kind in which the person has always been awakened by the thing which generated the dream, so that in every case you only have the fraction of a minute in which all these states of consciousness succeed each other. It has been made one of the arguments, you know, for the activity of consciousness in other states of matter than the physical—matter clearly very much finer, able to vibrate very much more rapidly than physical matter, and so responding to these moods of consciousness, these changes, with what we should call enormously increased rapidity. An argument has been founded on that for the immortality of the soul, or, at least, for the persistence of the soul on the other side of death. Now the moment you realise that and assimilate the results of the many experiments which have taken place along these lines, you will begin to understand what is meant when the metaphysician says that time is only a

succession of states of consciousness. Time, for you, is the order in which you perceive the objects amidst which you are living, and it has been compared, I think quite well—the existence of a universe—to a picture gallery, or a gallery of statuary. All the statues are there, but they only come into your sight at night-time as you go about with a lantern. As the light of the lantern falls on the statue, that statue, to you, comes within your consciousness. When the light of the lantern goes from it, the statue vanishes out of your consciousness; but it is the light of the lantern that enables you to see it. The statue is changed in no way. And so with all objects. Always they are there, existing; we see them in succession, we, as it were, moving about in what for the moment we might call a stationary universe; the whole of the universe being there ever-present, but we moving through that, so that one thing comes into our consciousness after another—we call that a succession of events; it is really a succession of changes of consciousness.

I do not know whether you will think me perfectly mad if I just mention one thing to you, but it has a great bearing on a Christian doctrine which is very much discussed and always discussed on wrong lines—the forgiveness of sins. The particular danger of your thinking me a lunatic is the statement that the past can be altered, and that what you are now influences what you were in the past. I am aware that it sounds perfectly cracked, but it is not so, because there is neither past nor future. You are an ever-present fact, an ever-present consciousness, and what you are now as much conditions what you were in Atlantis, as what you were in Atlantis conditions what you are now. It is possible to catch a glimpse—only a glimpse of course—of the mind of the Logos, so as to see that past, present, and future are only our names for our successions of states of consciousness, and that none of them have any

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real existence; that it is always "ourselves" and always "now"; hence that the future affects the past backwards as much as the past affects the future forwards; and if you have the patience to try to think that out, without standing on your heads, you will find there is no real difficulty in it. You have to get a little outside your consciousness; and *there* comes in the difficulty; because you are always working under the forms of thought with which you are familiar, and you have to take yourself out of that, and, by a great effort of the imagination, imagine everything as present all together, interrelated; and then you will have hold of a very real idea, and then you will have a glimpse of what is meant by the forgiveness of sins. It is a getting rid of the cause, not a getting rid of the effect; the annihilation, so to speak, of that which produced the attitude of mind that you call sin. I do not in the least expect that you will really understand what I am saying at the moment, but, I think, if you think it over, you will catch a certain understanding of it. It is difficult to think it in the physical brain. But it is just possible to get a little out of the physical brain, and catch glimpses of things that through the brain you cannot see. The only thing is, if you try to do it, do not try to do it for long together, because the strain on the physical matter of the brain is too great. You should only try to do it for a very short time; then come back to your normal way of thinking; and if it causes the least dulness or pain in the brain, drop it, because it means that your brain is not yet ready to undergo that strain. Physically, it means that you are trying to force the life of the Spirit through another set of spirillæ in the physical atom, and that can only be done with great care and caution, otherwise you will injure your brain. That, as I said, is rather a side-issue.

(To be concluded.)

MR. LEADBEATER IN ADELAIDE

By C. E. R.

"MR. LEADBEATER... Oh! I remember, I heard him when he was in Adelaide before; yes, I'll come." An answer typical of many received by propagandist members.

At last the day of his arrival dawned; the country, drought-stricken for many weeks, had been refreshed by a light shower of rain, and the withered grass filled the air with an odour as of new-mown hay, while the insignificant, flowers of the grape-vines added their quaint wild sweetness. We arrived early at the railway station—unnecessarily early, perhaps! But then nine long years had passed since he left our shores, so we watched eagerly.

At last the train steamed into the station, and soon a familiar, hatless figure was seen on the platform—a little older, but very little, and wonderfully strong and well—such was our mental comment. A few words of greeting, then a voice proclaimed: "The first thing to do is to get out of this dreadful crowd." Luggage was identified and soon the station was lost to view.

* * * *

The members were assembled in their new commodious building; "Mr. Leadbeater," the Chairman announced, and they rose to their feet. The keen, kind eyes glanced at the audience. A speech of welcome was attempted—these addresses are one of the Chairman's strong points—but on that occasion such a thing was obviously considered to be superfluous, and was accompanied, at intervals, by quiet comments from our visitor; these remarks causing ripples of merriment among the listeners. Then followed the questions and answers, the former a motley company,

many of them being already explained in the printed books. Each received attention according to its merit. Sometimes a half whimsical mood seemed to show itself through the answers, and again a gentle touch of sarcasm would be applied to some superstition. All meetings for T. S. members took the form of questions and answers. Occasionally the subject led into regions far, far beyond our ken, then like a big, kind kindergartner, our visitor adapted himself to the moderate intelligence of his listeners, and explained the problems in his wonderfully clear and graphic way. If we do not in future use common sense, leave alone that which is unessential, and "stick to facts," it will be no fault of his.

The plans for the first public lecture were somewhat upset. A large crowd had gathered outside the hall, new arrivals queried why they could not get in; the reason seemed not to be clear, so as the evening was hot, they chatted to their friends with seeming content. But anxious officials darted here and there, something had happened inside the door, it had been unlocked, but not opened, and an iron bolt had somehow slipped. No care-taker seemed to be forthcoming, so at an arranged signal two or three muscular individuals let their weight fall against the door, and tried to force it open, but it would not yield; there was consternation. Our lecturer watched quietly from the other side of the road. Then a tall member let his voice ring out over the crowd, and said that the only thing to do was to adjourn to our own building. Happily it was only a few minutes' walk, but the next problem was how to get the people in; the Lodge room is normally supposed to hold only two hundred. All the available chairs were brought in and filled, there was a little floor-space left near the platform, that too was occupied; members, of course, kept in the background to give place to visitors; quite a number gathered in a room which opens off the Lodge room, and the passages afforded standing space for others. Then the six windows claimed

attention, some of the pot-plants were removed and young ladies occupied their positions; each window framed some eager faces. A motor-car arrived in the back street just at the right moment and some of us sat there comfortably, seeing and hearing with perfect ease. The lecturer caught sight of us, and smiling, came a step nearer to that side of the platform, calling quietly: "You there!" "Yes," we said, "it's lovely out here." "I wish I could be outside the window to deliver my lecture," he added. Between three and four hundred people listened attentively, many others were turned away, for which we were sorry. The subject was "Life after Death," and as the clear logical statements followed each other a change came over the intent faces. One whose eyes had, in the early part of the evening, been dimmed with tears, was heard speaking to friends in a firm, cheerful voice, ringing with the determination to overcome the grief which might cause suffering to the loved one. Happiness shone in the eyes of many, and contented smiles played about their lips, as they left the building; such is the power of conviction which radiates from one who *knows*. Well might he be called a "Giver of Happiness".

Other meetings there have been, some for the Order of the Star in the East, wherein the One for whom the Order works became more real and seemed nearer to those who would serve; and the way of the climbing grew clearer, as the steps were traced by one whose feet have trodden the path which leads to "the Feet of the Master".

For the young people there was at least one never-to-be-forgotten day, but the thought of that lies treasured in the deep recesses of our nature. Who shall say what old-time memories were half awakened, what old ties were strengthened! This we know: that there took shape among us "a great opportunity," and that it became so tangible that some felt they could grasp it.

This is its work upon the things ye see:
The unseen things are more.

And now the fortnight is over, we have waved our farewells, and Mr. Leadbeater has gone eastward, for Australia claims him still. Grateful thoughts follow him, and we realise more completely than before that it is not what he has said or done, but what he *is*, that has the greatest effect upon us.

And what of the tall, quiet man who was his companion? He has followed the path of the sunset and gone to help those who would otherwise have been left desolate. To him, too, we send thoughts of gratitude, for has not his ceaseless diligence and kindness made the whole work more effective?

"GATHER YE ROSES"

"Gather ye roses,"
Time is flying!
Gather roses, while ye may.
Soon must come the hour for dying—
Gather ye roses, while ye may.

Love one another,
Love is gladness!
Love one another, while ye may—
Without Love this world is sadness,
Love one another, while ye may!

Serve the INFINITE
Without self-seeking—
Humbly and selflessly serve alway.
Gain and reward for self not seeking,
Serve the INFINITE while ye may.

THEOSOPHY AND ART¹

By L. E. GIRARD

ART has for many years been considered by a now-vanishing kind of critic as a mere by-product of utility, and these students of æsthetics, the kind who collect pewter spoons in the Netherlands, silver teapots in Kashmir, and china dogs in England, have produced, I am told, numerous wise disquisitions pointing a moral in this business of use, which moral is to the following effect: That in so far as Art retains a bony structure of utility underneath its fair outer appearance it will continue to live, for without use things die; even the most beautiful object ceases to be produced if it have no use. And, the moral continues, if this structure can be apparent here and there, like the framework of a cadaverous horse, it is all the better for Art. This is the school of critics which rises in revolt against *l'art pour l'art*.

The weakness of the position they hold is contributed to largely by two facts: First, that they do not succeed in pointing out the utility of china dogs—taking these as symbolical of a class of objects—nor, for instance, the particular use in the colours of a sunrise; second, that there are certain parts of the human range of being, certain phases of individual consciousness, that belie this doctrine of use; and as they are ignorant of these faculties, they, the critics, move blindly and in the dark. It is probable, too, that a goodly proportion of them have never arisen sufficiently early to see a sunrise; and at sunset they are really too busy to look up, being engaged in expounding the rare utilitarian Art in, say, a half-dozen native fish-knives from Dahomey!

¹ The following notes are prompted by reading an article on the same subject in THE ADYAR BULLETIN of June 1914, wherein certain important phases of the relation of Theosophy to Art are scantily dealt with.

Now the advantage offered by Theosophy to Art is not so much in supplying information which lays clear the utter futility of china dogs as works of art, as, it seems to me, in supplying a better understanding of the *modus operandi* of the artistic faculty, in its creative and in its appreciative aspects. For the true source of Art is unguessed by artists; and the nature of the Beautiful is still a Lesser Mystery. What enables the poet to find within himself the word and the phrase he wants? Why and how does the painter find within himself the torso and the poise he needs? Why does the chisel of the sculptor strike true? Within the boundaries of counterpoint and harmony how does the composer intuitively know his way? Only Theosophy has the answer to these questions. The enlargement of the realm of Art with figure and phase, the guidance of creative Art into channels that will lead to the portrayal of yet undreamed truth, the discovery of the hidden history of the traditions of inspiration—these matters are as nothing in importance when ranged alongside the unquestioned supremacy of Theosophy in the explanation of the true nature of Art and Artists. The theoretic faculty has too long been banished from the house of Wisdom.

Two pages from the history of Art give examples of the sort of issues which may be met and solved through Theosophy.

The incarnation into Christian bodies of pagan artists gave an impulse to the art of painting within the Church which may be traced through the Florentine Schools of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Then it came to its power in the three Titans of Italian painting, and was, as it were, tossed from the wheel by the force which its own devotees had imported. But it had gained its needed vitality in the shelter of the Church, and now it could face life alone. So the impulse travelled across Europe, became patriated in England, and faced and weathered the storm of Puritanism; but this only when it

had been revealed that what we may call emotionalism is essential to the artist. It was found, in short, that the cultivation of moods had been and was the secret of inspiration; and this discovery was verified in all phases of Art; and the inspiration was found to range from most undesirable emotions to the ecstasy of a devotee.

Now the world has asked itself what may be the source of this particular tradition, which seemed to spring out of nothing; and it has asked itself next what may be the nature of this thing called inspiration. The answer to the first question is written in one word, *Reincarnation*. But the answer to the second is not so short. Against the slander that Art is a kind of madness and artists immoral there have been many defenders, and so the lie is dead. But the defenders knew only what Art was *not*, and no one has come to say, even as yet, what it is. And this is largely because until lately the mind and the artistic sense have been kept apart. Such a thing as mental Art is yet to be developed. It seems to be this that forms the slender thread which enables these Cubist and similar horrors to have any similitude to a living force in creative Art, and Art has so long been composed of only Will and Theoria, that one does not wonder that the first signs of Wisdom in Art should appear far from wise! The relation of the mind to the artistic sense is a matter of the utmost importance, and the adjustment which is constantly going on between them adds to the importance of re-stating their mutual action. This is the more necessary because we still find a few adherents to the obsolescent doctrine that the creative faculty in Art must be untrammelled; that the mind, and especially the critical intellect, is a menace to Art. Indeed, one need not go far afield, I should suppose, to find those who still hold that Art thrives upon freedom which borders upon licence; serious-minded people who believe that the irregularities of conduct of dozens of artists we might mention were, *per se*, an aid to their expression. And while it is obvious that freedom and art-

expression are closely related, it is surely unsafe to make out the first as the cause of the second.

The artistic sense—and by this I mean the creative as well as the receptive faculty—must be a correlative of the intuitions, the conscience and all those intensely interesting faculties which lie between the vehicle of Wisdom and that which veils the God within. When the theoretic faculty is allied with Wisdom it becomes more nearly the appreciative sense in Art; it is the rapt devotee, the ecstatic vestal hearkening unto a Voice never heard on land or sea. When the theoretic faculty is allied to the vehicle which gives us expression on the lower part of the Spiritual World then it becomes the creative sense in Art, a Godhead whence spring full-armed the creatures of another world. And when, as sometimes happens, there is full growth and expression of Theoria, together with great power and wisdom, then we have that wondrous manifestation of a greater-than-man, an artist who, like Shakspeare, weeps with sad humanity and smiles through his tears; who makes the puppets dance so well that he, himself, must smile, albeit ruefully, at their antics.

As I have mentioned elsewhere, Ruskin, himself an artist endowed highly with what we must in general admit to be good reasoning power, describes clearly the nature of the creative faculty in the second volume of *Modern Painters*. He is there so struck with wonder at the utter certainty with which a painter of true power will snatch out of the myriad forms at his disposal only those which are suited to the composition in hand that he goes on to say:

This faculty is indeed something that looks as if man were made after the image of God. It is inconceivable, admirable, altogether divine; and yet wonderful as it may seem, it is palpably evident that no less an operation is necessary for the production of any great work, for, by the definition of Unity of Membership, (the essential characteristic of greatness) not only certain couples or groups or parts, but all the parts of a noble work must be separately imperfect; each must imply, and ask for all the rest, and the glory of every one of

them must consist in its relation to the rest, neither while so much as one is wanting can any be right. Hence Fuseli: "Second thoughts are admissible in painting and poetry only as dressers of the first conception; no great idea was ever formed in fragments. He alone can conceive and compose who sees the whole at once before him."

It is first of all necessary to remark that the down-pouring of the pure idea from the spiritual realms depends upon the purity of its channel and the nature of the materials at hand for the perfection of its appearance in this world. It is conceivable, and I think it has happened, that a pure ideation of Love has often been distorted into a most ignoble passion; that a conception of magnificent power translated into this world by a man of inferior strength becomes bombast and rant; that Marlowe, to be specific, may have tapped a torrent known to Shakspeare, but that his power of conveying the stream was uncertain. It is at this point that the operation of the critical faculty is of importance. It prunes away the weak elements in a composition, or acts like a fire which burns the dried grass and leaves the granite untouched. Such action by the mind on a particular composition leaves that effort ruined, it may be; but the creator of it has seen wherein he has erred.

It is clear from observation that while the mind may sometimes blast and sear, it is only that from beneath the ashes of the burned-out grass there may spring a new and sounder growth. The particular interest of the relation of these phases, Will with Theoria and Wisdom with Theoria, in the artist is seen strikingly again in the evolution of English verse.

It is well known that our earliest verse forms in Anglo-Saxon are based upon rhythm and a slight tendency toward alliteration, as in *Beowulf*. It should be noted, at the same time, that great though rugged strength was apparent in this literature. As it evolved, our verse form gradually grew more polished. First came in variations of the metre to prevent monotony. Then the rigidity of the

two half-lines turned into grace by a movable cæsura, and, through Italian and Romance influence generally, the feet became regular. Rhyme, borrowed apparently from the ballad, came into fashion in works of conscious art, until at last we had the highly developed, flexible, ornate and polished poetry of Shelley and Keats—which, like chairs of Louis Quatorze, or as was his pastry, is beautiful, sweet and delicate, but far from substantial; like the chairs, threatening to collapse if one sits too heavily; like the pastry, too sweet, productive of dreams and not giving nourishment and strength.

There entered at this point two influences simultaneously: Tennyson and Browning, giving two opposite, albeit related, impulses. The crude strength of the one was no less necessary than the extraordinary polish of the other. There are lines in Browning which grate upon the ear, as, for example, the notorious one from "Rabbi Ben Ezra":

Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

This is only verse because it bears a great poet's name! But his function was not to write sweet rhymes; it was to concentrate in one channel the strength and the driving force that was then in English poetry; he played his part well.

Tennyson, on the other hand, has brought together all the possibilities hitherto shown worth while in the form side of poetry. The dimiter lines of "Merlin and the Gleam," the long line of the later poems and all the varied clothing his art wears—that was his care. And one thing more there was that he did: he pushed into obscurity the mechanics of the verse form, and rehabilitated once again, though much changed, the unconscious art of ancient days.

In alliteration we can see an example of this work of the artistic faculty where the higher but not the lower mind is at work. The most beautiful quatrain in "In Memoriam" is:

Calm was the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground.

No crude first-letter alliterations appear here; the art is shown in the hidden linking of sound with sound: the exquisite finish and symmetry are natural, but of a higher nature than ever before.

Now there are clear indications in modern verse that the flexible strength of Browning and the flexible beauty of Tennyson are being welded to a new stock that will radiate light and colour as has no verse for ages. And as in poetry, so in the other arts, Wisdom is fortifying Theoria. Here and there are found bits of poetry, of drama, of painting, of music showing that wonderful freedom and versatility so necessary to the production of living Art. And when, as happened before, the thousand little streams now trickling along the sands of time begin slowly to gather in toward the common bed where they should flow, there will appear another and far greater Wagner or Michelangelo, promised to us in MacDowell and Maxfield Parrish—there will come Titan workmen in the dawn of the new day, who will fashion and build until, with the rising of the Sun of God, there will be seen pouring down the valley of Eternity the torrent of Art flashing in the glory of the new day; here under soft mists of the morning; there running over moss-grown rocks of ages; rushing onward, onward through the world, awakening a myriad musical echoes in the scarred cliffs and pouring cascades of light over the sullen rocks of human ugliness; a resistless current of Art that has the force and direction of Will, the colour and form of Theoria, the order and restraint of Wisdom; and over all will brood from on high the warmth, the brightness and the purity that floods from the world of the One Great Artist, from out the Garden of the Sun.

MRS. BIRD'S COMPANION

By A. J. WILLSON

THE office of the Editor of a big daily is, as we are well aware, not a place to be lightly entered by any small folk, unless it be the little fleet-footed printer's imps, who insert themselves anywhere.

We were all the more surprised when Mrs. Bird fluttered in one Sunday afternoon, and her subsequent proceedings were carefully watched by our unofficial reporter.

In one corner of the office hangs a looking-glass dedicated to the adjustment of an official bonnet, or may be, in the official absence, to the occasional settlement of a *pagri*. When the saucy little lady sparrow hopped jauntily in with her young husband, by chance she caught sight of herself in this glass. Like many another pretty one before her, she at once fell in love with her own slender image and proceeded to court it vigorously. Supporting herself on the narrow frame she peaked and perked and, to her great joy, the bird in the glass responded to all her actions. She flirted and fluttered, and the other bird behind the glass did exactly the same, and evidently tried as hard to get through to her as she tried to get to it. Her husband watched the proceedings from the window-sill with a wise twist of his little brown head. He evidently thought her doings unwise, to say the least of it but he did not remonstrate, and when he flew off she soon

followed, satisfied that the bird in the glass flew away at the same time. But back she soon came, and the bird in the glass flew to meet her, and all her little advances were met with such an exact response that she evidently felt that here, at last, she had found a bird who appreciated her. So all her spare time was spent with her friend in the looking-glass and she grew so absorbed that she paid little attention to the human beings around, but clung to the frame and put her little head sideways to that of the dear reflection and pressed her bill to its bill, and opened her mouth and closed it, and twisted and twirled and fluttered; and as she saw the other doing just the same she enjoyed herself immensely. Her handsome little husband called in only occasionally after the first day, but they were evidently on excellent terms, though he did not go near to the absorbed pair, and seemed puzzled by his wife's enthusiasm. Her pleasure in the actions of her newly-found companion was so evident and so great that we all enjoyed it with her; and he, and we, could not call her the "gad-about," "flirt," and all the other opprobrious names that were sometimes on the tip of the tongue because of her supposed disregard of family duties.

After more than a fortnight of the strenuous friendship there came a change. Shrill bird voices in the corner attracted attention. Mrs. Bird was evidently scolding her little husband most vigorously. We found that her long continued attention to another bird had at last been more than his little heart could bear and he had flown to the glass with her. Hence the clamour. For lo and behold! a little warrior bird flew to engage him, and four little birds fluttered and tried to get at each other through the glass; until the louder cries of the little wife drew away her husband to receive what was evidently rather a severe lecture on his unseemly interference. They must have come to some understanding, for since then her visits to the glass have not absorbed all her time entirely. We imagine that

somewhere near by is growing a little nest and that little birdies will soon take all her time to feed.

* * * *

Through the brain of the observer of the emotional experiences of these tiny bits of flight and feathers, wander many thoughts about their doings. Between the man praying to his God and the little bird's devotion to its own image in the glass, could any one trace a possible similarity? May it in truth be that some of those who pray are not so very far away from Mrs. Bird's looking-glass as we could imagine? Happy are we if family cares wean us to a life of unselfish toil before we think we discover that our God is but ourselves, and that we have but sent out our own thought-forms to return to us to roost.

Yet we see the good effects of such a phase in the quickening of life in those who aspire and love. Alert and bright they face the world, with joy that at spare moments they can turn to their looking-glass. Let us not rudely shatter their belief, for non-belief and atheism are the penalty we pay for the too early discovery that behind the glass is our own image. Like chicks whose shell has been broken by a ruthless child, we shiver and die in a glorious world that we have not yet grown to the fulness of. Our inward life must be strong in the right grooves before we can get into touch with the Observer, who sits behind and watches and guides the seeming whims of men.

Just as the sparrow in the olden days flew in and out of the hall where the chieftain sat beside the hearth-fire, and gave the visiting preacher a simile to express to his listeners their ignorance of the past and future of the soul of man, so our little sparrow to-day causes us to ponder many things of our ignorance also.

As behind the bird and its looking-glass we sit and observe and help where needed, so behind the thought-form-making prayer is the soul—the immortal part of man

—who guides where he can, and waits patiently for the time when man shall tire of playing with his own reflections, and shall turn from the dross of them to the crown of understanding and light pictured by old Bunyan as ever over his head when he can look up.

Both bird and man, in their several degrees, are seen to be working out the laws of a larger consciousness, into which in time each, according to his mind, will expand, and reach at last the point where he can see realities face to face and no longer be deceived by his own image anywhere in earth or heaven.

* * * *

Happy little lady sparrow! The Editor soon removed to a new office, and the looking-glass disappeared from its corner before Mrs. Bird discovered her mistake. Her dearly loved companion has disappeared, it is true, but so has the Editor and the unofficial reporter and the rest. They may all return some day; she is too busy just now helping her husband to fill the hungry young ones to feel lonely. Sometimes at eve when they are very good, no doubt she twitters to them the story of her dear companion, until the little eyes close and the little heads tuck themselves under the tiny wings and all sleep.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

1685 to 1750

Poet of tones and architect of sound,
Maker of moving melodies fast bound
Each unto each by thought-compelling law:
Subject and answer woven without flaw
Through cadence magical and limpid airs,
Note wedded unto note and lifting cares
Weighing on heart and brain through episode
And exposition, till we feel the goad
Wrought by the counter-subject on its way
Upward and onward to celestial day.

High on the hills of thought our spirits rest
Wrapped in repose, by harmony possessed.

Science and art superbly thus combined,
Master of form and minister of mind!

HERBERT BAYNES

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CONVENTION

By T. L. CROMBIE

TWO influences have played largely on the recent Convention of the Theosophical Society, and have thus distinguished it in a marked manner from those of previous years. The War, which is at present convulsing Europe, must necessarily exercise an effect on a Society with ideals such as our own. In addition to the War, however, another factor presents itself. The Convention this time was held contemporaneously with the session of the Indian National Congress, which met in Madras last month. Thus it is that the influences both of the War and of the Congress have to be taken largely into account, in order to gain any real impression of the value of the Convention of 1914.

The War is responsible for the very limited number of Europeans who were present at Adyar. The Congress was responsible for the presence of an increased proportion of Indian members and visitors. The Convention might this time be called a peculiarly Indian one, were it not that the Convention lecturer, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, gave a series of lectures which were distinctly western, in thought, thus preserving the balance and maintaining the universal character of our Society.

* The meetings were held from December 26th to December 31st, and opened with a public lecture given by Mrs. Besant on "The Work of the Theosophical Society". Owing to the fact that the programme of our Convention was adjusted in order to allow members and visitors to attend the meetings of the Congress in Madras, the Theosophical lectures were held at 8 a. m. The Banyan-tree,

which has been the scene of so many Convention lectures, once again afforded its pleasant shade, and the President delivered her first lecture—despite the somewhat inconvenient hour—to a crowded audience. The scene was, as it always is, intensely picturesque. As the President sketched out the work of the Society, exhorting members to choose their line of action, and, having chosen, to work whole-heartedly along that line, not turning aside to make unnecessary criticism on their neighbour's affairs, one felt instinctively that she was, albeit unconsciously, showing forth by her words what she has ever shown forth by her actions—her own Ideal of Service.

Mr. Jinarajadasa's lectures were a new departure in some ways from what we are accustomed to hear at Convention time. He considered Theosophy in relation to Heredity, History and Art, and he concluded his course with a very fine appeal to what is best in man, that inner urge which inspires him to go on through difficulty and danger in search of that Reality which, as yet, he but dimly senses, but to which the earnest and devoted efforts of the present shall bring him in his good time.

As has been already noted, the lectures were peculiarly western in thought, and to the western members it was a herald of great hope that one of eastern birth was able to enter into the feelings and aspirations of his western brothers. So must the Indian members feel, when Mrs. Besant speaks to them. They feel she is one of them, and in the closing lecture of the Convention on "The Occult Hierarchy," her deep love and sympathy for India and the Indian peoples shone out through every sentence that she spoke.

The Presidential Address, with which, we believe, technically speaking, the Convention proper was opened, also differed in character from those of former years. It was there, perhaps, more than at any other time, save in the closing lecture, that the influence of the European War was felt. In the face of the tremendous issues at

stake, the President did not this Convention, as she is wont to do, dwell on the ordinary activities of the Society (which are going on very smoothly and peaceably), but took the opportunity of speaking to us of the situation in Europe, and expressing her appreciation of the activities and self-sacrifice displayed by many members of the Society in the alleviation of the terrible suffering caused by the War. Theosophical work does not always consist in delivering lectures on Reincarnation and Karma, and the impression the lecturer left with her hearers was that in the words uttered two thousand years ago by One whose Wisdom is supreme, we have a true Theosophical ideal: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

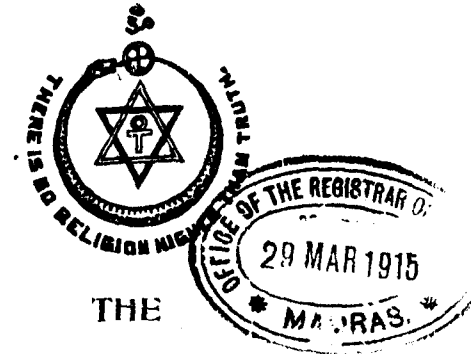
During the Convention there were held three E. S. meetings, and the inspiration drawn from these was very great—as also from a meeting of the Order of the Star in the East, at which both Mrs. Besant and Mr. Jinarajadasa spoke. The President found time to hold a question meeting, and she dealt with the questions put to her with a practicality and clarity peculiarly her own, often causing much kindly merriment by the brevity and wit of her answers. The Indian Section met in Convention one afternoon, to discuss its especial problems, and there was an Educational Conference which was well attended.

Thinking over the Convention of 1914, one was struck by the general feeling of harmony and peace that prevailed. Our President was not so much with us as on former occasions, her public work for India demanding her presence in Madras; but the members gave her up cheerfully, knowing that she was where she felt she could do the greatest good. Her inspiration was with us ever, and it was instinctively felt that we, who have had so much of her attention in years past, should have so profited by it that we can stand alone, thus giving to her our best support when her great work in the world calls her from our midst.

Adyar, itself, for Convention time, was very quiet. Many members took the opportunity to attend the Congress meetings, so that for many hours in the day, the well-known paths were silent and almost deserted, instead of being thronged with visitors exchanging greetings.

Our President, throughout the Convention, endeavoured to convey to us glimpses of the future that is in some measure unfolded before her eyes—"the dawning of a future that may be". In her lecture on "The Hierarchy," she told forth in no uncertain tones of India's immense opportunity, and of the necessity for all lovers of India to work with hearts and minds for the fulfilment of that opportunity. Not only to the East, but to the West also, were her words addressed, and surely some of her own devotion and energy found home in the hearts of her listeners. The same note was struck by Mr. Jinarajadasa when, at the close of his magnificent lecture on "History in the Light of Reincarnation," he made a strong and irresistible appeal that we should take our places no longer as "Elders of the Sunset," but rather as "the Children of the Dawn".

Such are a few of the impressions suggested to the writer by the Convention of 1914. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ.* Some may disagree with Mrs. Besant's line of work—it matters not, so be that they follow her advice, to work for the benefit of humanity. For the work is what is important, the work is greater than the person, and this last impression is one that surely all who listened to our President have carried away from Adyar, an impression which should stop once for all unkindly criticism on the actions—mistaken though they may appear to us to be—of another inspired with the Ideal of Service and governed by the motive of the Helping of the World.



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FROM THE EDITOR

IT has been very pleasant to read the accounts in the Sinhalese papers of the way in which the Buddhists keep green the memory of Colonel H. S. Olcott. The Olcott Memorial Hall attached to the Ananda College, Colombo—founded by him and taught by his colleague and fellow-Buddhist, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater—was opened on the anniversary of his departure from this world, February 17th. *The Ceylon Morning Leader* says that the meeting

was attended by a very large number of Buddhists, to all of whom the name of Colonel Olcott, the President and Founder of the Theosophical Society, is very dear, primarily for his indomitable energy in awakening the Buddhists from the state of religious lethargy into which they seemed to have fallen, and also for the untiring zeal with which he set to work to found institutions where Buddhist children could be educated under Buddhist influences. Prior to 1880, from which date Buddhist education on western lines practically began, Buddhist children were taught in Christian schools. There were then no Buddhist schools of any importance or magnitude. Things were in this condition when Colonel H. S. Olcott, in 1880, visited Ceylon. He soon set to work to induce the Buddhists to found schools of their own, where education on moderate lines could be imparted. The Buddhists soon awoke to a consciousness of the necessity of schools and colleges of their own, and in 37 years, thanks to Colonel

Olcott, they have made very creditable strides in the spread of education throughout the country.

The paper proceeds:

The day chosen for opening the Hall, erected as a lasting memorial of the love and gratitude the Buddhists of Ceylon bear towards the late Colonel, was an appropriate one, it being the eighth anniversary of his death. The grounds and the hall were prettily decorated in honour of the occasion, and the large gathering was conducted to the adjoining lawn where chairs and teapoys had been arranged. At the appointed time, Mudaliyar Tudor Rajapakse stepping to the door, drew aside a barricade of bright yellow silk ribbon, at the same time declaring the hall open. The people then thronged into the large and spacious Hall. At one end was erected a raised *dais* and on it were accommodated Mr. Tudor Rajapakse, High Priest Gnanasiri, Mr. C. Batuwantudave and Mr. Robert de Zoysa. Two large portraits of Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky were displayed on either end of the platform, and in the centre was a life-sized bust of the Colonel.

Proceedings began with the giving of *pansil* by the High Priest, Gnanasiri to the large gathering, after which Mr. Fritz Kunz read the report of the work in building the Olcott Memorial Hall. In doing so, he said that the brevity of the report was due to the fact that the Hall itself, being a report of the work written in steel and stone, was a better report of the work done than the statement he was about to read.

We make no apology for quoting here part of the report, knowing how many in Europe and America, as well as here and in Australasia, will be glad to read it:

It is the purpose of this present report to remind you of the causes and the activities, which led up to this occasion, this simple function, which, all will agree, is eminently fitting and desirable and in keeping with the spirit of the man towards whom our thoughts turn to-day in loving gratitude. Exactly one year ago to-day, there was another public meeting held on the College ground in honour of this great and fearless American, Colonel Henry Steele Olcott, the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society. On that occasion, it was felt by many, and voiced by a few, that, while no truly worthy memorial could ever be erected to the memory of one so fearless, so upright and so full of brotherly love for men, yet some testimonial, however inadequate it might be, should be the outcome of that meeting. It was felt that the idle expression of flattering words was entirely aside from the spirit of the man himself, whose life was a full and glad expression of selfless action in good

works for others. It was felt that we should but mock him, were we only to erect in his name an effigy of his familiar figure, to build a statue of that man, whose whole life was lived not for glory, but for use and duty. And therefore it was thought that no better work could be done than to erect here for this College, in his name and for his sake, a building dedicated to the use of the youth of Ceylon, to the education, according to the highest ideals of the religion which Colonel Olcott adopted for his own, of the boys of this fair Island. It is because of the resolve of those few men that we are able to-day to hold our meeting in this, the first third (part) of the Olcott Memorial Hall. Although even this portion of the structure is but the bare building, which you see, and though the present state of the troubled world forbids rapid progress towards final completion, yet we hope that this spacious, open, simple shelter may already typify the generous, open, simple character of that man who sheltered with his keen eye and ready mind, his cheerful and indomitable character, and by the ceaseless activity of his body, the renaissance of that great religion founded by 45 years of Gautama's ministry, and fortified by the great Ashoka. The generosity of a few men whose names will be seen in the financial report, which would appear in the Ananda College journal, and the hard work of a few others, enables us to be here in these new quarters to celebrate this Memorial Day, to think briefly, but lovingly of the Ashoka of Ceylon. Let us hope that during the year that follows there will be found still a few men, who will do what they can towards so entirely fitting and so just a cause as this is. And when the completed building, according to the design, which hangs in this room, has arisen on this spot, let us hope that there will be many, and not a few, who can say that they have played their part, however small, in placing here these stones in grateful memory of that man who stood like a rock for a cause he loved and faced the reviling and the scorn of the ignorant in days which were dark for Buddhism.

It was good that the present Principal, Mr. Fritz Kunz, who is so rapidly improving the College, is also an American. Few realise how great was the work wrought by H. S. Olcott for Buddhism. I remember my own surprise, when first I landed in Ceylon in 1893, and travelled round the island with Colonel Olcott, on seeing the magnitude of a work of which I had hardly heard; and how pleased he was at my surprise and congratulations, with a quite boyish pride—he had the simplicity of a boy with the strength of a man, our Colonel—as he pointed to the crowds of his boys.

Very glad was he that my own mental tendencies ran on Hindū lines, for he once said to me that his devotion to Buddhism had led people to identify Theosophy too much with Buddhism, and hence it was good that my sympathies should be naturally more with the sister religion. None the less he worked well for Hindūism also as I have worked for Buddhism in Ceylon and Burma, although, being very little of a practical Occultist, that side of life, more prominent in Hindūism than in Buddhism, attracted him less. The religion he loved most, after Buddhism, was Zoroastrianism, the strongly practical side gearing in well with his own bent.

* * *

It is one of the joys of being a Theosophist that the love for one's own religion—that which has most influenced one's past—does not in any way mar one's respect and admiration for other faiths. I have placed a flower at the feet of a statue of the Christ in Rome, as before the image of the Buddha in Mandalay. All religions are jewels of different colours forming one exquisite rosary, and the difference of colour in the gems but renders each more beautiful, as it reflects the line in its own special hue.

* * *

Mr. C. Jinarajadasa is touring in west and north India, and is giving valuable help to the Lodges, and is spreading Theosophy among the public. He began at Kolhapur Mntt, where there were large audiences, removing the prejudice arising out of ignorance; as usual, when Theosophy was explained, it was welcomed by religious Hindūs. At Poona, he spoke at the Deccan College Students' Union, as well as to packed houses of the public. Then came a couple of days in Bombay, followed by a visit to Rajpipla State capital, Nandod, where one of our Benares men is exercising a wide and beneficent influence on the youth of the place. There Mr. Jinarajadasa laid the foundation-stone of a Lodge, on a piece of land given by a local sympathiser. From there he visits Surat; then Baroda, Bhavnagar, Ahmedabad, Karachi and Hyderabad (Sind), turning thence into glorious Rajputana.

ON KARMA¹

By ANNIE BESANT

(Concluded from p. 56)

NOW let me come back to the central idea. I ask you to take for granted for the moment that all the objects in a given universe existing as thought-forms in the divine mind are inter-related. Imagine those put forth into manifestation under the laws of space and time, and you will see then that the inter-relations that exist in the mind become successions under the condition of time. All these lines that you may think of, which join together the thought-forms of the Logos in an immense web, as it were—which is a universe—as the things are drawn out, become successions; and the Karma that is eternal is the link in the divine thought between all the thought-forms that He puts forth as a universe; and Karma, in time, is the succession of these—the principle of causation, as we call it, when one follows another in a definite order, meaning only that they are interlinked in the divine mind, and therefore are interlinked down here; only we see them in a succession, where the Logos would see them simultaneously. If you work in that way you will see that Karma never begins; it only *manifests* when the conditions for its manifestation are present. Like any other law in nature it will always be seen working, where the conditions for its working are present. The conditions do not create the law, but the

¹ A lecture to the Glasgow Lodge, T. S.

law manifests only when the conditions are present. The principle of the law is ever existing. The manifestation of the law in time comes whenever the conditions are there which enable that principle to show itself out.

And so with Karma. It has no beginning, but you have local and temporary manifestations of that eternal principle wherever the objects, ever related to each other in the divine consciousness, become related to each other in their own consciousnesses, as being present side by side, before and after. Now apply that to the manifestation of the Monad. The Monad lives in the eternal, beyond the limitation of our fivefold universe, in the second of those divine worlds, the two divine worlds which make up the seven of our universe—only five are manifested; the other two are divine. The Monads are part of the Logos, inseparable from Him, part of His consciousness, so that the Will and the Awareness and the Creative Intelligence of these are part of God Himself and therefore on that plane unlimited. The Logos wills to manifest the universe. The Monads will to act in that universe. There is only one Will. We speak of God and the Monads. But the Monads are part of God. What He wills they will. He wills manifestation; they will it. And so they draw to themselves, as you know, the atoms of matter that we call the permanent atoms, and that is the beginning of manifestation in this special universe, when these atoms are appropriated by the Monad. And he and his atoms in all the worlds of the manifested universe are separated from all other Monads and all other appropriated atoms. This great mass of Spirits, as we call them—for the Monad really is a Spirit the moment he has taken to himself these atoms of matter—they are all separated from each other by virtue of the separation of the matter to which each fragment of divinity is linked, and the separation lies in those atoms. The moment those are appropriated—the beginning of manifestation—that moment each Monad has

his own set of atoms which he is going to keep with him through the whole of that universe, unless he chooses to return, as it were, to throw them aside of his own will and realise only his unity with God.

That is the next great thought you want to get hold of because you are identifying yourself with what you call the individual, that is the causal body with the ego-consciousness within it, which is only one manifestation of individuality. The true individual is the Monad himself with his atoms; nothing less—the Self. And you get into many tangles when you begin your individuality in the middle of manifestation. I know we have all done it, and we have all found the difficulty which comes out of it, the difficulty which has made western people so entirely misunderstand the Hindū and Buddhist ideas of Nirvāṇa. The individual, who begins, ceases; all that has a beginning has an end. To use the old argument, you cannot have a stick with one end. The moment you have a stick, you have two ends. The moment you have one end, you have another end. If you think of yourself as beginning with the ego-individual, you must come to an end as an ego-individual; and there is where our Orientalists get into such a muddle about Nirvāṇa. They see quite clearly that that which began in time must end in time, and so they thought that Nirvāṇa meant annihilation. They did not realise that from the Hindū and the Buddhist standpoint, existence, which always is, cannot end, and that they are part of that, and that the manifestation in time—this appropriation of matter and so on, necessary for the separation—is only the manifestation of a supreme Individuality which takes these atoms for a local and temporary expression of himself for gaining as much knowledge as he wants, for obtaining freedom under certain conditions in which he chooses to work; and that, as the Lord Buddha has said, if there had not been the uncreated and the eternal, the created and the temporary could not exist. We begin

by thinking of the created and the temporary, and then get into confusion as to our own fate when we leave these things to which we cling. If we began in the eastern way by thinking of the eternal as the source of the temporary, the uncreated as the source of the created, then we should realise that the temporary and the created might disappear, but we ourselves should remain. There is a splendid verse, in the Hebrew Apocrypha, of the *Book of Wisdom*: "God created man in the image of His own eternity"—a thoroughly eastern thought. And that image, that reproduction of the divine existence, can never cease to be. He may lose one sheath after another; he may fling aside one garment after another; but he himself is always there, and the ego in the causal body is only a temporary expression of that supreme eternal Self which is your real life. There lies your memory, which gives the sense of identity. You do not begin your sense of identity with the ego. You may imagine that from the statement of the Lord Buddha when He spoke of the time when He was a tiger, which was before He was individualised as man; and that came out very strongly, as far as we were concerned ourselves, in the researches which are embodied now in *Man*. We found to our astonishment—at first we felt rather stupefied by it—that we could find ourselves in the mineral kingdom; and to find yourself as a mineral, when you had always thought of the ego as beginning with the third wave and the individuality, such individualisation was rather a shock; and yet we, who were doing those investigations, found ourselves in different minerals, quite separated from each other, with a consciousness which was the same consciousness as that now living in these bodies—realised as the same by the sense of identity, the memory, which is quite different from looking at the thing from the outside. You know yourself to be the same consciousness as you were as a child, because you remember; and the ego of the child is known in your consciousness to be identical with your ego now—I do

not mean identical in extent; you may have drawn more into it than you had in it when you were a child consciously—but you know it is yourself. Nothing would persuade you that your self as a child was not yourself, not the same *you*, that is now existing; and it is that sense of individual identity which remains through all changes and which enables us to find ourselves in these ridiculous minerals which we were simply studying from the outside.

Well, when we came to reason about it, we saw how perfectly sensible it was. As Monads we had appropriated atoms. Those atoms were plunged into the mineral kingdom: and the Monad and his consciousness, and his putting of his consciousness into these atoms, made a perfectly intelligible procedure. We did not have to break off anywhere, or trouble about the formation of individuals and so on, but only the consciousness gradually appropriating more and more matter, through which it could express more of itself than it could in its earliest experiments. Certainly consciousness in the mineral was a very feeble thing in its self-expression, frustrated, held back, imprisoned, as it were, in this matter into which it was pushed, unable to express itself through it, for the time except by a dull groping—which was a very peculiar condition of consciousness to find yourself in, groping vaguely after something, you did not know what, and yet, as it were, trying to push upwards, to unfold outwards, and unable to do it. Tracing this consciousness onwards, always clinging, you see, to the permanent atoms, which is the only connecting link you can get, you can trace it through the vegetable kingdom into the animal kingdom, through the animal up into the human; and there comes a certain point in that in which an exceedingly interesting change takes place, which we call individualisation.

But now think for a moment what lives—streams of life I had better say—are present just before individualisation takes place. There is the stream of the life of

the third Logos in the atoms—a very undeveloped form of life as expressed in the life of the atoms—which is that of the third Logos—the Holy Spirit, as the Christian would say. There is one stream. Then you come to the stream of the life of the second Logos, which has come downwards through the matter of the universe built up by the third, giving to that matter qualities; that is, putting it into mechanical terms, powers of vibration—these powers of vibration being imposed by Him on the matter by His own changes of consciousness, each change of consciousness in the Logos being answered by a vibration in the matter around Him. Now the Hindūs use a very good phrase for that fact. They call it “the measure of that,” the extent, as it were, of a mode of divine consciousness. It is that which makes the essence of the atoms, all the way down through all the planes, and then, when the second Logos pours His life over all these formed atoms and aggregations of atoms, then He imposes upon them a number of qualities in which all the separate vibrations are, as it were, grouped together and made to answer either to will, or to awareness of an outer world, or to creative intelligence—activity, that is—and these qualities, imposed upon matter, are imposed first on the permanent atoms—the ātmic and the buddhic and the mānasic—and then, later on, imposed on the mental unit and the astral atom and the physical atom, which are really the lower expressions of the three higher. Now the second Logos does not work in those three higher atoms but leaves them for the time, and He goes on working in the mental unit and the three lower atoms, related by the link of life to the higher, but not otherwise played upon. The Monad himself cannot at this stage play upon those atoms, those lower atoms; he can only play upon the higher. The life of the second Logos invigorates these and gives them their characteristics, and finally in the upward arc begins to build them into bodies, and through the bodies the qualities of the

permanent atoms are expressed. When that has grown up to a certain point of development through the help of the group soul, which is part of the second Logos, from that group soul these lower atoms are plunged down into matter. When death comes they are pulled back again into the group soul, but these permanent atoms never change their attachment. They come out over and over again. There is a definite linking of all their experiences, the difference between that and the more separate individuality of the later life being that when these permanent atoms are drawn back into the group soul they distribute all their experiences, that is, all their powers of vibration, through the whole matter of the group soul so that all have a share in it. But your line of individuality is always there all the same. The set of atoms are never separated the one from the other, from the first moment the Monad appropriated them in the beginning of manifestation—and so, climbing upwards with the divisions of the group soul going on over and over again, with fewer strings of permanent atoms connected with each subdivision as the subdivisions proceed, until at last there is only a fragment of group soul with one set of atoms. Now in those there is every possibility of all future evolution. The life of the Logos is there, but instead of allowing these possibilities to unfold themselves from below, as they ultimately might have done, the Monad pours down his life, stimulated by the first Logos, from above, as we say—above and below are meaningless—the germinal line in the ascending life is stimulated by the mānasic qualities of the higher, the reproduced aspect of the Monad of creative activity, and that approach of the one to the other, that H. P. B. once called “Heaven and earth kissing each other,” causes that union between the fragment of the group soul and the matter of the higher mental plane which makes what we call the causal body, always formed, you know, in a flash. The descent of the one and the ascent of the other

reach a point where they affect each other and then the flash takes place. And if you have read the ways of individualisation, you may remember that it was always the upreaching from below that caused the little stir in the matter of the subtler plane; that, in that plane, whilst yet there was no form there, no causal body, there was a little stir in the matter near the permanent atom, caused by the condition of the permanent atom in the lower world, and that little response it was which made the flash of individualisation. And so you get what we call the three right ways, all based on love, love which showed itself in action on the physical plane, which stirred the ātmic matter and made the response from the ātmic plane; love, inspired by devotion to a superior, not showing itself in act but showing itself in pure emotion, brought the response from the buddhic plane, and individualisation from that; love on the lower mental plane, trying to understand the object of devotion, brought the response from the intelligence, the higher mānasic plane, and so you had these three methods, all of which we call right methods, you may remember. But then there were three other wrong ways which had their roots, two of them in selfishness, and one of them in hatred. You cannot have read that without asking why, in a world of justice, one set of individualisations should have taken place along the wrong lines, while others took place along the right lines; for it governs the whole life. The whole life connected with the causal body is conditioned by the method of individualisation, and if there was no karma behind it that would be a very terrible thing, just as terrible as the man in the slum and the man in the palace, if they only had the one life and were newly created in these two positions. People do not seem to have troubled to have gone behind that, and yet it is obvious you must go behind it. And there must have been a karma present there which brought about that difference of way.

Now I can only throw out a suggestion; although I am fairly sure it is accurate, yet I do not know whether it is one that will recommend itself to you. It is that this is not the first time that we come into a universe; that those other ways, which we call the wrong, had been experienced by us in some previous universe altogether and had been lived through, and we learned what they had to teach; and that then, coming into another universe, we differed from those who were only beginning their separate life in this one, and with that experience behind us, we went along the good ways, having learned by experience the lessons of the others. I know that to some people that idea will be very unwelcome. I was talking over it with a member the other day and he said: "Do you mean that we may some day have to go back into a mineral in a universe?" I replied dryly: "Why not?"—to this member's horror. It is not the form we wear that matters. It is the amount of consciousness in ourselves. And you have to transfer your sense of individuality to the Spirit, and not keep it clinging to the bodies, as we mostly do. As a matter of fact, you have to realise that to the Spirit all these different forms are of exceedingly small importance, simply ways of gathering experience; and provided he is gathering experience that makes the content of the Spirit fuller and greater, it does not matter to him whether he is a mineral, vegetable, animal, or man. They are all stages; but the content of the Spirit would be very much greater taking up the mineral form for the helping of evolution after you had gone through your present experiences. You would not lose these, and you would not lose yourself; yourself, you can never lose. The more highly you are evolved, the less do you care about the special form which, for the time, you take, in order that you may enrich your consciousness with an expression which you see will be valuable to it.

I know I am taking you into rather deep waters this evening, but it is all the fault of your General

Secretary; but he heard me talk about this in French when I was in Paris, so he ought not to mind my talking about it in English here.

It is along these lines of close, careful thinking, in which you try to identify yourself with your real Self—the Spirit, the eternal mind—that gradually, although slowly, there grows upon you a sense that nothing of the outer matters, except as it can be used for the enrichment of the content of the Spirit, your real Self, the one true consciousness. What you gain by each experience is more power to subdue matter to your own purposes; and there was one very curious difference that we noticed at the time—though I did not then think of it along these lines—in the different consciousnesses in the mineral kingdom. Some of those who were connected with various forms, the ordinary earth, the formless kind of earth that you get, had the merest gleam of consciousness and did not, as it were, try to do anything. Those that went into metals and from the metal went on into the crystal—in those it was clear that the life in them had a gleam of comprehension of what it was doing, made an effort to do a thing, which was entirely absent from the other; and if I had had any sense at the time, I should have seen that that implied some difference. But I had not, and simply noted the fact without seeing the implication, that the difference between effort and non-effort meant a difference of experience behind it; otherwise one would never try to do a thing, however vaguely and gropingly, while the other remained entirely inert. And if you realise that every atom has to be evolved, that there is an infinite past behind us in relation to atoms, the slow evolution of the atom, probably through a whole universe, in order to make the atom fit to be taken up and appropriated by a consciousness, you will begin to realise then, vaguely I know, but still to some extent, that we cannot cut ourselves off at a particular point and say: "Here we began"; that we are always going on, and, in that going on, passing through

many, many different phases of consciousness. We are now in the human, but our real individuality does not depend on the human. We are going out of the human to the superhuman presently, but we shall not lose our individuality by it. The whole experience of our past is that as we reach a higher and higher state of body—I am using body in the widest sense, the difference between the animal, the vegetable and the man—there is an expansion of consciousness with which the sense of individuality deepens; that as we come up to the place where we learned to function, and other places than those in our evolution, every new plane that we consciously function upon is an enormous expansion of consciousness, and an increase in the Spirit, in the individuality; that that goes on through the astral and mental plane, the buddhic plane and the nirvāpic plane. There is no reason why it should stop. If the whole of our past has been an increasing individuality and an increasing extent of consciousness, the whole analogy goes to show that we, the individual, are something much more than all these forms, and that, reaching the nirvāpic consciousness and mastering that, we shall then pass to the Superman. The human will lie behind us with all its limitations. We are as much limited as man in comparison with the Superman, the Master, as the dog is limited in comparison with ourselves. It is not a loss of what we are, but an enormous addition. The dog's consciousness is much less than yours. When he sees you reading a book, judged from the dog's standpoint you must seem an exceedingly foolish creature, to sit there doing nothing, simply staring at a piece of paper and some black dots, when you might be running after a rabbit or trying to catch a hare. He must think you a perfect fool. You know that your consciousness is much wider than his, that you have not lost anything by being a human being now. So with the other. I do not know myself personally, of course, the conditions of the Superman in my own consciousness, but

I know by every expansion of consciousness that I have gone through that it adds to the sense of the strength in the individual, to the keenness of memory, to the feeling of identity, and I see no reason why I should lose that in taking another expansion. Looking at it in this way, you see at once, then, that individuality does not cease to be, and that it never begins; that that is your real Self, and that all that you are doing, fidgeting about with this matter that we have come into, is utilising the matter in order that we may be able to act freely in a universe composed of matter. It is not that it is of any importance to us, but we want that we shall not be fettered by it, blinded by it, hindered by it. We want to move as freely in the physical world as we moved in the world whence we came, and in order to do that we have to conquer this matter and turn it to our own purposes. The higher we can rise in the unfolding of consciousness the more are we masters of physical matter as well as other matter, and that is what we are here for: to be able in any world to freely express ourselves and manifest our divine powers. We are busy at that all the time. Matter blinds us, hinders us, cramps us, when we first come into it. Slowly and gradually we obtain mastery over it, and what we gain is this power of expressing ourselves in any world of matter like this. We do not go back as we came out. We go back with powers unfolded and masters of the mystery of the universe. And so, in any future changes we may imagine that we shall undergo, we ourselves shall always be there, our consciousness constantly getting richer, fuller, with more content. Our aim now is that—being blinded by physical matter and held by it and unable to remember as the Spirit ever remembers and ever knows—to become able to use that power of the Spirit, whatever may be the material form in which we are clothed. That is the purpose of evolution. It is for that that we come out into this world, in order that in this world we may subdue every force and every form, so that they

may perfectly express the mood of the eternal consciousness.

Now I am afraid that that is a very dry talk, but I cannot help it. It is the fault of the Secretary, because he asked me to talk about it, and I cannot talk about it with any use for you except on lines that do need some thinking and do mean thought for you; and if you do not like it, do not come to another lecture of this sort.

MUSICAL ART IN INDIA

By ALICE E. ADAIR

IF one were asked to gauge the character of an unknown man by replies to be given to two questions and two only, surely none more fruitful and comprehensive could be chosen than these: what does he worship? what work does he delight in? The answer to the first would give the key to the source of his inner strength—his ideals, his religion, the forces that mould character from within; the second would provide the surest indicator of his behaviour in relation to his environment and of the influences which would modify his nature from outside. These two factors of work and worship, religion and art, are those which mark the individuality of persons and of nations most strongly; and good fellowship exists between people where there is mutual understanding upon these points. The surest way of uniting the East and the West is to familiarise each with the religious and artistic ideals of the other; and to this end such men as Mr. E. B. Havell, Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, Mr. A. H. Fox-Strangways and Mr. Rabindranath Tagore are whole-heartedly directing their efforts, and with quite appreciable results.

In India, religion and art have always been very closely associated, especially musical art; indeed, it is impossible to think of one apart from the other. In all nations the same alliance is found; the greatest masterpieces have been the result of man's effort to create some form for his divine ideal, and every religion has inspired, even when it has not fostered, the noblest art.

India, is, and always has been, a profoundly religious country; it is also temperamentally artistic; and music is its special art, "the most complete expression of the soul or genius" of the people, "a mirror faithfully reflecting their inner life," says Dr. Coomaraswamy.

Its music is old, old as India itself, one might say. It has endured through the ages despite occasional vicissitudes, because it has been bound up at all times with religion and the drama, with the life of the Court and with the everyday life of the people. In no other country is its sway quite so democratic; but with the arrival of commercialism in the nineteenth century, a process of neglect and subsequent degeneration set in, and now there are very few really great musicians left. Why? Because the tambura has been replaced by the tempered harmonium; because æsthetics are not now a part of Indian education; because Indians seek English accomplishments to the detriment of their own; because the foolish attempt is made to adapt Indian music to European instruments, and because the natural "ear" is being spoilt by the inferior popular (?) music of the West.

Naturally enough when Europeans at first heard only very poor music, and the opportunity of hearing high-class music even now comes but seldom, they thought that this particular art had never developed in India, that it was really only in its infancy. Now, however, they know differently; yet still they are a long way from enjoying Indian music, for the most of them do not understand it. The same is true also of Indians with regard to European music; they rarely hear the best, and it is just as well that they should not understand or take delight in the worst.

A point of minor importance with regard to western appreciation is touched upon by Mr. Tagore in a criticism he has written of Ratan Devi's singing. She was trained in the European fashion, but sings Indian songs. He says that in India *gy* finesse in singing is regarded with

contempt, no trouble being taken to make either voice or manner attractive; and adds of the singers: "They are not ashamed if their gestures are violent, their top notes cracked and their bass notes unnatural. They take it to be their sole function to display their perfect mastery over all the intricacies of times and tunes, forms and formalities of the classic traditions." Any concession to fastidiousness, such as consideration of the effects produced upon the eyes and ears of the audience, will not be tolerated by any self-respecting artist. Those who require other than mental and emotional effects must call upon the dancing-party musician to cater for them. In the West it is quite otherwise; there "the flawless perfection of the exterior" is indispensable to the success of a musical entertainment. Not only must the production and execution be of a very high standard, but even the stage arrangements must be perfect in all details. Mr. Tagore acknowledges the benefits of that European training which had increased the charm of Ratan Devi's singing, and had given added feeling and truth of interpretation to the songs themselves. It would add much to the popularity of Indian singers with Westerners if they would bestow more attention upon voice production.

There are, however, more deeply rooted differences in the music of India and the West than this, though Dr. Coomaraswamy does not think the differences are fundamental. Indian music is melodic and western music harmonic; there lies the greatest difference. Again, the one is metric, the other is rhythmical. Western music is written; so far a thoroughly satisfactory notation for Indian music has not been discovered. But each system has its own beauty, and one may hope that the music of the future will be built up from the best of each.

Mrs. Agnes Haigh, in a thoughtful and interesting article appearing in *The Nineteenth Century* (November 1914), shows the remarkable affinity between Greek and Indian music. Until the rise of Christianity there

was practically no difference between Indian and European music; there was no break in its evolution; there was but one tradition. Modern European music is quite a new departure. Mr. Haigh calls it a "sport," due to an "accident of history". In Greece, as in India, melody, rhythm and the dance were three parts of one whole; but the early Church Fathers disapproved of the dance. They therefore tabooed the rhythmical measure which suggested the dance, and put in its place an accent-beat, and so introduced the *artificial bar-measure*. The unit of musical composition became the *bar* instead of the *phrase*. These narrow-minded men did all they could to suppress Greek music altogether, but from the fragment that remained grew the art of polyphony in the West. That which appeared an evil thing has proved to be a great good. From the splendid heights of her orchestration conquests, Europe is now turning her eyes back over the path she has trodden, and it may be that what was lost to her from Greece will be restored to her by India.

There is not the slightest doubt of the further expansion of western music; but what of the future of Indian? No understanding person questions its value, but there is much heart-burning with regard to its preservation. Some wish to hold rigidly to the old tradition, others disapprove of this conservative attitude. There are difficulties on both sides, but there is much sound sense in Mr. Fox-Strangway's remarks:

Music cannot stand still. Its whole essence consists in finding short cuts to old routes. In the process it does many things that are afterwards seen to be regrettable; they die off, that is all, and the art lives on. . . . Life is too short to spend *wholly living in the past*, and human needs are too imperative to be satisfied by proxy. It is inevitable that the multiple means of expression which Indian music has at its command will be reduced in number, that the fine edges of them will be worn down, and that the real needs will be expressed more simply. For, after all, a man sings because it is a splendid thing to do, and because he cannot help it; and when that is really the case he is not going to be fettered by obsolescent rules. [The italics are mine.]

How to preserve all the advantages of the oral transmission and combine with them a fixed and elaborate system of notation, that is the problem. For the old master-musicians are fast dying out, and unless some satisfactory system of written music is evolved, their wonderful music will be lost. Of these still-living great musicians Dr. Coomaraswamy writes: "Their music is the highest development of melody the world has seen—a science and an art comparable only with the whole achievement of western music on different lines. In the course of another generation this art may be finally lost; and once lost, it can never be recovered." Surely such a warning will not fall upon deaf ears; surely cultured Indians will find some way of preserving for the world this priceless inheritance, the life-story of India in music.

It differs from all other music because it is impregnated with the spirit of religion, the noblest of all living religions, and it is rooted in an ancient past and coloured by its mystery. "Our music," says Tagore, "is the music of cosmic emotion. It deals not primarily with the drama of the vicissitudes of human life. It does not give emphasis to the social enjoyment of men. In fact, in all our festivities, the business of our music seems to be to bring to the heart of the crowded gathering the sense of the solitude and vastness that surround us on all sides."

There are signs that India is awakening from her lethargy; there are signs that the musicians of the West are looking to the East for inspiration, with Russia in the van of the movement. Indian music cannot be allowed to perish, but it would surely be better for India that the new life-impulse should arise spontaneously from within than that it should be exotic.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

[Any reader of a sacrificing nature wishing to throw open his Scrap-book for me, may do so by copying out what he deems suitable for this column and forwarding it to "The Editor, THE ADYAR BULLETIN".]

THE Editor has most kindly asked me to look up my Scrap-Book this year from time to time, and, if I find anything interesting, to cut it out for the readers of THE ADYAR BULLETIN. The later pages of the Scrap-book, however, are covered over with items about the War, and cuttings on other subjects are few and far between. I find an interesting letter written by Sir Oliver Lodge to *The Times* on "The Proof of Survival". Sir Oliver is in the position, happy or unhappy, of being a great scientist holding unorthodox views. To him, the proof for survival after death is satisfactory, but not even such evidence as he could offer will be listened to by the ultra-orthodox.

People cannot receive proof so long as they shut their minds to the evidence. The beginning of the proof is telepathy—i.e., a connexion between mind and mind through unknown and apparently immaterial channels—but no paper even on telepathy has been accepted by any orthodox scientific society. The whole subject is taboo.

Whatever may be said in favour of this attitude as a safeguard against superstition and cranks—and I am far from denying that many workers are wise to attend to their own business and not lightly to enter upon strange fields of inquiry—the fact is undoubtedly so. Notwithstanding the grave judicial favour shown by some of the leaders in science to the examination of unrecognised human faculty, the average scientific man has made up his mind that things out of the common are impossible, and he will not listen with any seriousness to evidence for them.

This rigidity or inflexibility of the scientific mind, which, up to a point, was so invaluable in scientific research,

may afterwards become a stumbling-block. Sir Oliver is a scientist who has kept an open mind. He knows that what is jeered at by one generation may be accepted as a truth by the next. He considers that in the proceedings of the Psychical Research Society a record of facts "can be found which to most of those who have studied them amount to cumulative proof of the reality of facts not yet admitted by orthodox science, of which Telepathy is one". But the world of science is not ready, neither is it willing, to penetrate a "whole new region of knowledge inaccessible by exclusively material proofs". It was to a world still more unprepared that H. P. Blavatsky gave her message, and one cannot help thinking, that had it not been for her stupendous work, Sir Oliver would have a less kindly hearing given to his "theories".

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The following is taken from *The Missionary Review* of the Methodist Church in Australia. The writer is a clergyman and shows a wisdom in toleration which many of his brothers would do well to follow.

I am rarely moved to open denunciation and flat contradiction. Living in a land where points of view are so diverse, such a course would often be quite wrong, when it is seemingly right; and, at any rate, it leads almost invariably to misunderstanding. It is always well to remember when one would denounce idol worship, for instance, that the Spirit of God may reside in the idol. Mrs. Annie Besant says she thinks He does and she is a very wise woman, though I am amazed at some of the things she says about idols in India. Millions of ignorant Indians believe He does, and we have no proof that He does not. A positive statement of our Gospel and its invitation is undoubtedly a better course—love never faileth.

Much of what Mrs. Besant says must necessarily "amaze" him, but "she is a very wise woman," and he is a very wise man to admit that she may be right.

* * * *

The country of Holland always seems to be connected with the idea of peace, and, therefore, it seems but fitting that a circular, signed by five eminent Dutchmen, should have been issued for the purpose of forming

Federation. These five gentlemen constitute the Committee. They write:

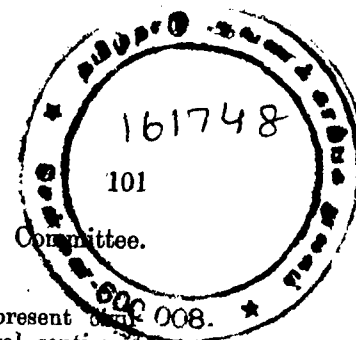
We are convinced that War between the present civilised nations is no longer in harmony with the moral sentiment of all people, nor with the international development of social and economical life. In sight of the present situation of ruin it ought to be the general opinion that a firmer economical and political tie is of utmost importance for all nations without exception, and that particularly for Europe the narrower bond of a federation, based on equality and interior independence of all partaking states, is of urgent necessity; which public opinion ought to demand with all might.

And for this end a series of pamphlets is issued, the first of which is written by Dr. Nico Van Suchtelen, to prove that the Federation of Europe is the only possible solution of the situation, and urging on all to work towards that end. It will be remembered that Mr. Leadbeater some time ago, seeing a "vision of the world and all the wonders that will be," told of a Federated Europe.

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In January this year have appeared a series of literary articles in *New India* from the pen of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa. These form some of the latest additions to my Scrap-book, as indeed they should find a place in the Scrap-book of all Theosophists. One is on Bernard Shaw, and one on Rabindranath Tagore and his message. Both these personages have had much—perhaps too much—written about them, although of course Mr. Jinarajadasa has a talent for investing a hackneyed subject with new life. An article on Kabir, a Muhammadan Mystic born in A.D. 1400, brings before us prominently the writings of one who is less well known than he deserves. His poems have been translated by Rabindranath Tagore assisted by Evelyn Underhill. Kabir thus voices the rebellion every Mystic feels against the deadening formalism of sacerdotalism, speaking in the language understood of Mystics at all times and in all places:

O Brother! when I was forgetful, my true Guru showed me the Way.



Then I left off all rites and ceremonies, I bathed no more in holy water.....

I do not ring the temple bell.

I do not set the idol on its throne.

I do not worship the image with flowers.

The man who is kind and who practises righteousness he attains the Immortal Being, the true God is ever with him.

One more quotation illustrating "the power of this great selfless Bhakta":

You have slept for unnumbered ages; this morning will you not awake?

The poetess Sarojini Naidu claims a place in the literary gallery. Her poems are full of charm and grace, although they miss the "deep note of mysticism" which one would have expected to find. But all lovers of poetry must delight in the song of Radha, the milkmaid.

I carried my curds to the Mathura fair

How softly the heifers were lowing.

I wanted to cry: "Who will buy, who will buy

These curds that are white as the clouds in the sky.

When the breezes of Shrawan are blowing?"

But my heart was full of your beauty, Beloved,

They laughed as I cried, without knowing,

Govinda! Govinda!

Govinda! Govinda!

How softly the river was flowing!

One last word on Nursery Rhymes. Mr. Jinarajadasa, after noting some of the parodies on them evoked by the present War, asks:

Why did we love them as children and why do they remain in our minds, nonsensical though they seem at times? Is it not because they are really sense clothed in non-sense, realities veiled in unrealities, and are symbols of experiences to be anticipated and explanations of experiences undergone?

Perhaps that is the real reason, which we have sensed unconsciously, without understanding.

FELIX

SPIRITUALITY

By M. VENKATARAM

"MRS. BESANT has needlessly plunged into the political arena and thereby degraded spirituality in the eyes of the aspirants," observed a member of the T. S., and it was surprising to see that that individual was Hindū by faith! Mrs. Besant has repeatedly proclaimed that spirituality lies in the spiritualising of worldly activities and not in living the life of isolation from the world. This has been the one song of her life since she began to work in India and it is, perhaps, to emphasise that aspect of spiritual life that she is in a western body. She has not been inconsistent either in her teachings or in her life with regard to this point. The only difference that one may, perhaps, find in her, is that she has begun to shed her spiritual influence on social and political activities, which happen to be in need of her help at present. The observation of our good brother discloses the general trend of thought among the metaphysically-disposed Hindūs in this respect, and one can see that that view is still holding its place in the Hindū mind in spite of the more liberal and advanced views being placed before it through Theosophical teachings. I am inclined to think that Brahmadīyā has reappeared in the form of Theosophy to bring the Hindū down from the dreamy metaphysical state to that of the practical and common-sense view of life. If the Hindū mind cannot realise this, Theosophy has evidently failed to influence it. But fortunately, the number of Hindūs whose minds are travelling on the same old beaten track of self-righteous isolation, mistakenly thinking of it as spirituality, is, I hope, small in the Theosophical Society at least.

I am not hoping for a consensus of opinion in the matter but I feel that the fundamental truth is ignored. What could be more impious than the criticism directed against an unselfish activity which is, after all, *what Brahmavidyā advocates in strong terms* and of which, at present, there is need in the swiftly-changing world?

The world is not blindly groping on by itself but is directed by Intelligent Agencies having a definite knowledge of the Plan that the Supreme has sketched out. The spiritually-minded cannot, certainly, afford to ignore the world and its plan! Aspirants of knowledge cannot afford to ignore the possibilities of their search which lies in coming into closer and deeper understanding of the heart of things! Can they ignore the world which is the field of their evolution and look for liberation elsewhere? It is in this world of turmoil that we have to seek the painless state and unless we participate in its manifold activities we cannot reach perfection.

Brahmavidyā is a most practical Science, and its influence in the world of men should be conducive to the enriching of practical life. After all the world is a stage and "all the men and women merely players"; and in acting well our parts lies our salvation. If we refuse to act, we set ourselves against the divine decree and make no progress. I cannot understand the sense of separation which attributes to one part of the great Drama a superiority as against another. All parts of the Drama are equally essential and all are of divine setting. We happen to take a particular part because we have deserved it by our own choice. Sometimes our previous choice may afford opportunities to play different parts within the span of the same life, and we could not think of refusing to play them without handicapping our own progress. While this is so, there is no reason for men to complain of anybody taking any part. Each is responsible to himself and to his Master. No one has a right to point out the part of another. Each will have to determine it for himself.

While parts are many and individuals also equally numerous, we should understand that we would be doing service by not criticising those that do not *play our part*. The truth is that in our conception of the drama, certain parts are suppressed as unholy and we frown upon people playing those parts. But if I and my friend, the critic, cannot participate in all forms of activity does it mean that those who can, should not take them up?

Mrs. Besant is a true Karma-Yoginī and she stands unrivalled in that conception of life both as shown forth in herself and by her work in the world. Even her worst enemies admit that she is a marvellous personality. She does things which she considers necessary for the evolution of the world, and perhaps of herself also, although there are no signs of her interest in herself. She has a right to play her part in as many fields of activity as she can, and we have no right to find fault with her on that account. If we do it, we must be classed as impertinent people.

But apart from this, another phase of her life gives us the inspiration we need. She acts as she says or believes, and that is exactly the test of a spiritual person. We believe in karma, reincarnation, the seven worlds, the existence of Jīvanmuktas or Adhikāra Purushas and the orderly guidance of the world and so on, but act as if we do not believe them. This is exactly the difference between a worldly man and a spiritual man.

It is high time that we should still plead inability to understand the life of spiritual persons. They are the beacon-lights of thought and action. They live for the world and make it smoother to live in by spiritualising all avocations of life; for they know that God expects His children to play their parts well, and to Him all activities are equally spiritual. Let us be proud that we are in touch with a noble soul that inspires us and makes our lives richer and more charming, so that we too may play our parts well in the light of her life and teachings.

PATRIOTISM AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

By HELEN HORNE

A CERTAIN number of modern thinkers regard patriotism, as an ignoble sentiment, serving only to foster a kind of larger egoism; the exaltation of one's own country and people above other countries and peoples, so blocking the way to the realisation of the ideal of the brotherhood of the whole race.

This is a mistake; for love of country, is a very definite step in the evolution of the universal ideal, playing a very definite part in the realisation of that ideal.

"The whole is greater than its part," it is true; but the whole consists of its parts; if there are no parts, there can be no whole; if any part is defective, the whole suffers.

The organisation of units, into larger units, is the work of Vishnu, or the Second Logos; the power by which He does His work appears at first as attraction and repulsion;—chemical affinity, and so forth. By this process, the chemical elements are evolved; atoms build the organic group, the molecule; molecules are organised into cells; organised cells build the tissues of which the bodily organs of plants, animals and men are built.

In "the human form divine" with all its tissues and organs, synthesised and organised, is the perfect instrument and expression of the Self of man; we have nature's masterpiece.

But if, for a moment, we can imagine the atoms, molecules and cells endowed with reason, and inspired by "higher ideals," refusing to serve the organs, preferring to be citizens of the whole body, the body could not exist. It is by the innate power in every atom, molecule

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and cell, of minding its own special business, if I may so speak, performing its own function as a part of a special organ, that the greater organism of the whole body is possible.

This analogy serves to illustrate a principle. Vishnu, the great organiser, having achieved man, treats him as a kind of larger atom, and organises human atoms into still greater forms: the organising power appearing no longer as attraction or repulsion, or chemical affinity; but as goodwill, common interest and well-being, love.

The first unit of organised human beings is the family. Families, again, are organised into communities; communities into nations; nations into empires; and so on. But the lesser organisation is necessary to the existence of the greater. The ordinary man's first duty and allegiance is to his family; that of his family is to him. Having taken upon himself family duties, he is bound to discharge them. The ties of love and duty bind him to that family group; and he may not think of wider service till those duties are performed. But the discharge of that obligation in no wise prevents his being a good citizen and serving his community; rather will love of family make him a better citizen, for in service to his community he makes better conditions for his family.

On the same principle, if he is ever called to arms, or service on the council of his Nation, he will serve that Nation not one whit less for being a good citizen. Again, if his country plays the grander part of assisting in Empire-building, will he not better serve the Empire, who renders good service to his own country? A man must have power to hear the call of country, before he can understand the call of Empire, or Humanity. Many respond readily to the call of country; but few can respond with the same ardour of devotion to the cry of all Humanity: That belongs to a higher stage of evolution than is reached by the average man. It is better to be an ardent patriot, than a lukewarm servant of the race.

This principle was beautifully demonstrated at the outbreak of the great European War. Prior to that, the British Empire was, apparently, in the initial stages of disintegration. England was harassed by internal troubles of which the Irish Question alone was a serious menace to her constitution; the Suffragette Movement, and labour and social difficulties were added dangers. Ireland, divided against herself, stood on the brink of Civil War. The Self-Governing dominions and colonies were riddled through by party strife and labour troubles.

India, loyal at heart, had grown restive under her grievances, and was troubled by an unrest that threatened to become chronic. But, though the symptoms of decay were pronounced enough to mislead Germany, at the very first hint of national danger, each one of these countries, forgot its grievances and shelved its quarrels: the smaller issues at once gave way to the urgent need of national integrity, in the face of grave danger. It was the response, in each case to the cry of the national *Self*; the Nation's group soul, seeking to guard its vehicle, as a man protects his body, when danger threatens. Then came the trumpet call of Empire, and, as with one will, all these erstwhile divided Nations, strong now in their own union, hastened to place themselves at the service of the whole Empire. Nor will it stop here.

When the War is over, the same great organising power that built the Empire will build another Empire, great enough to include all States and Empires on earth; a "universal brotherhood" of Nations, and of Men. Then will what has been called "planetary patriotism" come into being. But love of country must come first. And the Nations that build that coming World-Empire, that Federation of great States, that will include smaller ones within its great fabric, will remain as units—as distinct parts or organs in the Imperial body. And love of country, with active allegiance to it, will still be the best service the average man can render to the whole race.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

By ELISABETH SEVERS

"YOU idolise your children, Monica, in a way no Christian mother should. I should be afraid, if I were you, that God would punish me for such sinful absorption," Mrs. Brown said, sadly, to her niece.

The two women were sitting on a small lawn enjoying the cool evening of a (for once) hot summer's day, and the elder had been remarking how Mrs. Stephens' eyes constantly dwelt on two children of three or four years, who were playing at a little distance. She felt rather aggrieved at her companion's inattention to her own conversation; hence her onslaught.

"The crude doctrine so many religionists seem to hold that love given to man is, as it were, love taken from God, that God—think of the blasphemy of it—is jealous of our love for man, would be abhorrent to me, if it were not so preposterous," Monica Stephens retorted with some vehemence.

"Monica! how can you say such dreadful things? I have always said you were a Pagan at heart. Does not the Church teach us it is our duty to love God, the Creator, more than we love the created?"

"The Church, which is composed of fallible men, may teach such a doctrine; common sense and humanity tell us the opposite. The feeling most people have for God—if they believe in His existence—is reverence, I imagine. God is so far off, so high above us, so different from ourselves that to love Him as we love the men, women and children who are of the same nature as ourselves, who suffer as we suffer, joy as we joy, is impossible to me at

least. In the existence of God I believe, but I think too highly of the character of God to believe also that He can be jealous, or partial, or revengeful. The real God represents to me a Being, a Power, high above such pettiness of character. The Christian religion has never shaken itself free of the anthropomorphism, or of the crude and narrow religious conceptions, of the Jewish tradition. If God is anything, He is love and sympathy, and from His love we derive our ability to love, and He understands that love given to any is in reality love given to Himself. We are so far from being God-like ourselves that we can only love God as we see Him reflected, mirrored, imaged forth in His children. Ah! they are dear and warm, the souls of men," she murmured dreamily, "and I believe that eastern proverb which says: 'God cannot be everywhere, so He made mothers.' For the mother is—at least, at first—as God to the child she herself has brought into the world and sustains with her own being."

"Monica," Mrs. Brown repeated, "I often feel very anxious about the future of your children. You have such odd ideas, not a bit orthodox, I am sure. I am not clever enough to argue with you. I was brought up to believe in the *Bible* and the *Prayer Book*, and I am thankful to say I have never had any religious difficulties. But you cannot teach your children what you do not believe yourself; and I believe nothing is more important than for children to have a definite religious training."

"I quite agree with you," Monica replied. "And I shall teach—I do teach—Jack and Betty what I believe are the fundamentals of religion; as it is, they say their prayers with me every night. They have only me, poor mites, to take care of them, and I believe, and like to think that my children are loved by, and are in the care of, the One great Power, 'God and His Ministers'."

Mrs. Brown paused for a moment. "Monica," she said, "you are happier since you had the children?"

"Yes," Monica answered. "The coming of the children converted me, if you wish to know, from an Agnostic into a believer of sorts—not orthodox, perhaps, but still a believer. I had had a hard life, as you know, and when I lost Gerald—and I had him for so short a time—I was desperate. If it had not been that I expected to be a mother, I should have killed myself, I am sure, in my agony and loneliness, for I should have had nothing to live for. And even then, when I remembered how we, Gerald and I, had longed for a child and then he was taken from me before he could see his children, I rebelled. I felt inclined to curse God and die, 'to throw back to Him this mocking curse of breath,' but the thought of the coming child held me back, kept me here. I waited its advent, not with joy, but with dread, the child to whom I should have to be at once father and mother; the child whom I should have to train to live in a world I myself hated and did not understand. I was sorry, since Gerald had left me, that I was to be a mother. I set myself to endure as I could the months I had to wait. And then when the babies were born, poor little mites, so frail and tiny that no one expected them to live, a great revulsion of feeling set in within me. I was afraid that my sorrow, my dumb resentment and misery had reacted on them, and it seemed to me the most important thing in the world that they should live and flourish. And I devoted myself to that one end."

"I know every one says you are a most devoted mother," Mrs. Brown interrupted.

"Mercifully, my usual good health soon came back to me, and I set my teeth and determined that the children should live and flourish; though Jack required so much care and once or twice I nearly lost him, I pulled him through. Dr. Grey always said that I would not let him die; and look at him to-day. He is as fine a boy for his years as you can see."

"Jack!" she called, and the child, hearing his name, turned and ran up to her.

"Jackie, darling, it is time for you to go in to nurse. Say goodnight to Auntie, and come with me. Betty, dear, you may wait a few minutes. Please excuse me for a minute, Auntie, and I will take him in and come back to you." And Jack, a pretty little boy with fair hair and brown eyes, lifted his face willingly to kiss Mrs. Brown, and obediently trotted off with his mother in the direction of the house, his little hand clasped with hers.

Mrs. Brown, as she watched the two, saw the mother suddenly lift the child in her arms and kiss him and carry him in. In a few moments she reappeared.

"In twenty minutes, Betty, you must follow Jack," she said. "The under-nurse is out to-night," she explained, "so Betty must wait until Jack has been put to bed. Betty, you may sit on my lap, if you like," and the child, so like her brother that, except for the different clothes, it would hardly be possible to distinguish between them, was soon half asleep in her mother's arms. Monica rocked her gently as she talked.

"I was not particularly fond of children before I had my own, as you may remember, Auntie. I sometimes wonder if Gerald were with me how the children would have fared. Now they are all I have to live for, they keep my heart warm and alive, and I care for nothing so long as they are well and happy. And they have taught me so much," Monica said, and pressed the child in her arms more closely to her. "My religious convictions, which distress you so much, have become quite definite since I had Jack and Betty. I agree with Pompilia:

I never realised God's birth before,
How he grew likest God in being born.
This time I felt like Mary, had my babe
Lying a little on my breast like hers."

"My dear, who is Pompilia?" Mrs. Brown queried, looking puzzled.

"The heroine in *The Ring and the Book*—Oh! I remember, you don't care for Browning."

"I always tell you I am not clever, Monica. And I have always understood that only clever people could understand Browning, and that sometimes he himself did not understand his own poetry and could not explain it when asked. So I never attempted it. But you were always fond of poetry and reading."

"Yes, dear Aunt, and there is no reason why you should read Browning. It is illogical, of course, one cannot follow out the connection, and logic and religion always seem to me to operate on different planes; but Jack and Betty's existence have convinced me of God's. My love for them proved to me God's love for us. But as I—not being a saint—do not know God as I know Jack and Betty, I love God through my children. I don't suppose I can make you understand how I arrive at my religious conclusions, but I have arrived, and they satisfy me. You say I worship my children and you are quite right. I worship them as the medium of God's love and life to me, as well as for themselves. I cannot love them too much. In loving them, I love God also."

"I do not understand," Mrs. Brown replied. "It sounds to me rather blasphemous, but I hope you give them some definite religious training."

"I do and I shall," Monica answered. "I shall teach them that God is and that God loves them, that they are His children and that they must reverence and love God, and act so as to keep His laws and love men, and try to help all that want help. I shall tell them of the beautiful life of Jesus, the Son of God. I shall try to train them that they may resemble Him who 'went about doing good'. I shall insist on the paramount importance of living so that they injure none. I shall hold up to them the ideal of loving and living, so that the world may be better for their lives. I used to wonder if one were justified in bringing additional lives into a world so

full of sorrow, pain and misery, so overcrowded already. But if one can help the world, it is worth while to live and to make live. Jack and Betty will, I hope, be workers and not drones. But Betty must be a drone now; I must take her and probably help to tub her before she falls quite asleep. Wake up, darling," she said, "or shall mother carry you in to Nurse? Auntie, perhaps it would reassure your mind if you came with us and heard Jack say his prayers with me. They always say the 'Our Father'; they are beginning to learn 'Gentle Jesus,' are you not, Betty?"

"Yes," and 'Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,' cried Betty.

"They are quite orthodox at present, you see, Auntie. I like the children to repeat before they go to sleep words sanctified by centuries of repetition and of reverence. I have no doubt myself, not in the least, that the Angels—their guardian Angels—watch over the children at night. I tell the children about them and Jack declares, indeed, that he saw his Angel once. He said it was all bright and shining, and when he looked at it, it smiled at him and so he was not frightened."

"My dear, do you think you should encourage the child in such fancies?" Mrs. Brown asked.

"Jack is a curious child," his mother said thoughtfully, "he is very precocious and clever for his age, and very sensitive and highly strung. I like him to tell me all his thoughts and ideas and fancies. I don't see why a little child, pure and loving, should not see much that we cannot see because of our unbelief. Neither Jack nor Betty are afraid of the dark, because they believe their Angels are with them then, and I encourage them to believe in the presence of the Invisible and its care for them. How, otherwise, can I expect them later to believe in God?" she asked.

"My dear," Mrs. Brown expostulated—but they had reached the nursery and Jack was sitting in his nurse's

lap in his little white night-gown, having his hair vigorously brushed. He wriggled off on to the floor as he saw his mother come in, and she gave Betty to the woman to undress, and sat down. Jack climbed into his mother's lap, shut his eyes, put his hands together, and began to repeat his evening prayers slowly, with occasional stoppages, requiring prompting. He finished up with, "Please God, bless Mother, and Auntie, and Betty. Amen."

"Why have you left out Nurse?" his mother asked.

"Nurse was cross to-day; she hurt me when she was brushing my hair," Jack remonstrated. "I don't want God to bless her."

"You were probably a fidgety little boy and that was why you were hurt," his mother said gently. "You give Nurse a good deal of trouble, I am afraid, Jack."

Jack was sleepy and disinclined to argue the point. "I will ask God to bless Nurse, if you like, Mother," he said graciously. "Please God, bless Nurse, on Mother's account, not mine. Amen," he ended in a great hurry. Monica's eyes twinkled, but she refrained from laughing. "Good night, my little boy," she said, and carried him off to his cot and tucked him in. "I will come in later and hear Miss Betty's prayers, Nurse."

"I must be going, Monica, but don't let me take you away from the children," Mrs. Brown put in.

"I will just see you off and come back," Monica answered. "Are not the children sweet," she said, "and was not Jack quaint? He is already logically minded. He reminds me so much of myself as a child. Children are always more affectionate and more amusing at bedtime than at any other time. I wonder why."

"Good night, my dear, and don't set your heart too much on your children. It is really a tempting of Providence, Monica."

Monica could not refrain from a further attempt at enlarging Mrs. Brown's mental and spiritual horizon, though it was an attempt she recognised as useless.

"I have more faith in Providence than you have, Auntie, that is certain," she answered. "I believe that more harm is done by loving too little than by loving too much. In fact, you cannot love anybody too much; and God, I am sure, does not grudge us our happiness. He likes us to be happy. God is Love, and love when freed from selfishness is bliss; man is meant to be happy, and so is nearer to God when he is happy than when he is miserable. Why do you, Aunt Mary, I wonder, hug to your breast the old Puritan conception that religion means gloom and restraint and dullness and ugliness? I did think the twentieth century had exploded that dreary doctrine."

"'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,' the Bible itself says, my dear, and you can't get away from that, and I believe in the Bible. But good-bye. I must not keep you here talking to me, when I know you are longing to get back to the children." And Mrs. Brown departed in good earnest.

Monica watched her aunt's disappearing and somewhat substantial form for a moment with rather twinkling eyes, and then she shrugged her shoulders and murmuring, "Ah! the happy days when we were miserable," ran lightly upstairs.



THE

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FROM THE EDITOR

THE Editor is away engaged as ever in useful work at Gorakhpur and Benares. She was elected President of the United Provinces Political Conference and went thither to preside over the deliberations and, as we write these lines, had brought to a close a very successful gathering. Rather a humorous incident occurred at a Committee meeting, which was reported in *New India*:

Gorakhpur, April 3.—Yesterday evening, when the Subjects Committee meeting of the Provincial Political Conference was being held, the local Deputy Superintendent of Police quietly crept in without any information, when the attention of Mrs. Besant, the President, was drawn to this fact.

She remarked that the Subjects Committee meeting was confidential, and as such no Policeman could be allowed to be present there. The Police Officer was further asked to leave the place of meeting.

After having gone for a short time, he returned again, called out Babu Ajodhia Das, President of the Reception Committee, and told him that the Superintendent of Police insisted on his being present at the Subjects Committee discussions.

When Mrs. Besant was informed of it, she adjourned the meeting, and said that the Police Officers could come in only at the public meetings of the Conference, but not at the Subjects Committee meetings. Such a step was unprecedented. She also announced that to-day's meeting would be held in a private house.

We do not know what has been the upshot of this police performance but the work of the Conference has gone on for a later telegram brings news of subsequent meetings and the closing of the Conference. Oh! here comes the news:

Gorakhpur, April 5.—After some exchange of letters between Mrs. Besant and the District Magistrate in the matter of Police interference with the proceedings of the Subjects Committee meetings as wired to you on Saturday, the latter wrote to Mrs. Besant that the Police Officers attended the meeting of the Subjects Committee not knowing that it was private, and promised no recurrence of it in the future, and expressed regret at the inconvenience caused by their action.

This is as it should be.

Mr. Leadbeater's fine work continues in Australia and the latest reports bring news of the fresh inspiration our members are deriving, and the growing enthusiasm which they keep on catching, from our veteran worker. Mr. Jinarajadasa is working in the north of India, and at the Capital, Delhi, is being held a Theosophical Federation over which he is presiding.

In the absence of these three principal workers, Adyar should have been void of interest and in a state of suspended animation. Far from that our Headquarters is hustling with life and work and we are having a most successful South Indian Convention and E. S. Conference. About 60 members have come from outside and by their devotion and earnestness have been able to gain the blessings from on high. The Conference has convinced us, as perhaps hardly anything could have done, of the reality

behind the E. S. and the T. S., for the happy throng felt the truth of the Scriptural statement: "When two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Besides the extra work of the Conference the usual labours of love continue, though some of our residents have left or are leaving because of the summer. Thus Mr. Wedgwood and Mrs. Kerr have gone Australiawards; Mrs. Nettell has left for England; Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie after a short tour are going to France; Mrs. Stead, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Godefroy, Mrs. and Miss Larmuth, are running up to Ootacamund taking advantage of our two Theosophical bungalows; Miss Banks and Miss Taylor have climbed up Kotagiri and some more may wind their courses in that direction. Mr. and Mrs. Kirk are returning to England and their work will be taken up by Mrs. Keen who arrives here soon from Java. Thus we will be very few left, but the President will be with us, Mr. Jinarajadasa will also come home and—to rise above personalities into principles—we have our work to do and our inner lives to lead. Though men may come and men may go, those run on for ever.

We have had a few visitors also: Mr. Sutcliffe, son of Mr. G. E. Sutcliffe well known for his scientific work; Mr. Pearce, assistant to our old and faithful worker at Galle, Principal Woodward; Mr. C. B. Dawson, at present second in command at the Agricultural College at Coimbatore; Miss Janau from Bangalore; and Mr. and Mrs. Christoffel who by their genial dispositions and devotion to Theosophy have endeared themselves to all and who hope to return to Adyar and make it their home, and we have no doubt that Adyar will welcome them with open arms. The E. S. Conference visitors are too numerous to mention, but all our best South Indian workers and members were present.

The following are the words with which Mrs. Besant closed the last Convention lecture of the series delivered by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa at Adyar in December 1914:

Through many forms that which is true is seen. "When half-Gods go, the Gods arrive." That is so; but you must leave the life of the lower, before the life of the higher stands out triumphant. And there lies the fearlessness, there lies the heroism. Leave your life; give up the chains of sense; reject the temptations of the world. When all that is transient lies behind you, your eyes shall open to the joy of the Eternal. There is no other way. That is the riddle of existence, which each one of you must solve for himself; none other can give you the Reality; none other can see it for you; on the feet of none other can you walk to it; in the arms of none other can you be carried to it. On your own feet, pierced by thorns and cut with the sharp flints of hard service, by the martyrdom of the body, of the emotions, and of the mind—by that only may the Reality be found. And you must find it first in the depths of your own being; and then, having caught one glimpse of the Eternal, the things of time for you are worthless, and real discrimination has been accomplished. And thus it is, and only thus, that the Life Eternal may be reached; thus, and only thus, the reaching of that Life is absolutely certain if you are willing to accept the law of the higher life, as well as the law of things material. There is a law of the higher realisation as well as a law of the lower sense-regions of the life of matter. That law is sure, surer, if possible, than the lower law. As sure as you, if you learn the laws of Nature, by obedience to those laws become Nature's master, so sure is it that, if you obey the law of the Spirit, that which seems a bondage shall be found to be freedom. And then, out of the pains of circumstance, out of the fetters of the martyr, out of the restraining walls of the prison of matter, out of these you shall rise into the freedom on the Spirit.

KARMA ONCE MORE¹

By ANNIE BESANT

FRIENDS:

The other day at Glasgow I was asked to speak on the well-worn subject of Karma, and to talk on that from the metaphysical standpoint, the question of the origination of Karma, which I solved by saying that it did not originate, that it was eternal. As, however, people are concerned with Karma in their daily lives, as it comes constantly into the daily lives of people, and is very much misunderstood in its application and in its theory, I think I might perhaps somewhat continue the subject to you, knowing that many of you were present also in Glasgow, and try, if possible, to put it before you in a way which will free many of you from what apparently seems to be a hindrance to action, Karma being taken rather as a limitation or restraint on action instead of being, as it really is, an intelligible foundation for activity. In no sense can it be said to give us orders as to what we shall do, but it enables us, to a very great extent, to understand what we can do, and how we ought to do it.

Nothing perhaps gives rise to more misconception than the idea that Karma is a kind of command from higher regions which ought to limit our activity. You so often hear people using phrases which show that they entirely misunderstand the real meaning of Karma, phrases about interfering with Karma, phrases which seem to imply that we are under some sort of subjection to Karma, and ought to obey it, and so on, as though it were a kind of divine law from

¹ A Lecture delivered at Edinburgh.

a lawgiver. All these phrases show a fundamental, misconception of what Karma is. You might just as well talk about interfering with the law of gravitation as interfering with the law of Karma. You can, in one sense of the word, interfere with both, and just so far as you are able to interfere, you have a perfect right to interfere.

There is no kind of sacredness about Karma, which ought to make you go down on your knees to it and imagine that you are bound to follow what you choose to think is Karma—generally somebody else's. The whole ordinary conception of it is apt to be not the idea of a law of nature, but some sort of command coming from a superior authority as God, and not coming out of your own past and so created by yourself; a lack of the realisation of the fact that Karma is not a thing which is completed, but a thing which is being continually made, changed and modified by exactly the same causes, which are active now, as were active in its creation in the past. Your position with regard to Karma ought to be exactly the same, in the ordinary sense of freedom, as you feel in relation to the usual laws of nature. You do not feel, if you understand the laws of nature aright, that they are things that you have to obey or things that it is wrong to disobey. If you understand anything about them, you know that you cannot help obeying them, and that you cannot disobey them in any possible way; but the idea of command, as coming into the conception of natural law is entirely mistaken. I do not know whether the confusion arises from the same word being used for human legislation and the manifestation of the divine hand which we find in what we call the laws of nature. Fundamentally the two conceptions have nothing in common with each other. Laws which are made by any form of lawgiver, whether it be a man, like a monarch, an autocratic monarch, or whether an assembly of people like a Parliament, those laws are arbitrary things made

by human will for a time, with artificial penalties attached to them, which can be broken if you choose to break them, which can be obeyed if you choose to obey them, and so on. They are altogether, as I said, artificial, and any penalty that you attach to them is equally artificial.

There is no connection at all between human law and the penalty attached to the breach of it. It is simply a connection which is made by the will of the lawgiver, or of the Council making the laws; and in different parts of the world, of course, the same offence against a human law is punished by entirely different penalties. The penalties attached to the breach of a law in one country vary with the civilisation of the country, showing that there is nothing inherent in the connection between such laws and the penalties which follow on their breach. Not very, very many years ago the crime of sheep-stealing was punished by hanging. No one would dream of proposing that, for stealing a sheep to-day; but the very fact that you can change the penalty shows the lack of any inherent connection between the offence and the punishment inflicted on it by the law. But when you come to the region of laws of nature you are not dealing with commands at all. It seems to me that a very large number of our students of Theosophy show a sort of confusion of mind, implied in the idea that you ought to obey the law of Karma. There is no "ought" in the matter. So far as you can get rid of anything which grows out of what we call the law of Karma, you are perfectly welcome to get rid of it. It is only a question of your own power and your own ability. There is no moral obligation in connection with this law of Karma. It is just exactly in the position of any other law of nature, and it is universal law, a law of certain definite, inviolable, natural sequences between certain events and certain other events; nothing more than that—a law which attaches naturally to a certain line of action a certain set of results. And put into the form of

"whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," you have a perfectly true representation of the natural law.

Suppose that in any way, when you are dealing with the law, you find the action of the law is unpleasant to you—put Karma aside for the moment—you do not say: "This is a law of nature," and remain helpless under it. You at once try to circumvent it, which is the only rational thing to do with a law of nature which causes you any inconvenience; and you do not feel that in circumventing the law, by practically getting rid of its play upon yourself, you are doing anything irreverent, or improper, or wrong in any sense of the term. You are face to face with certain things which you find exceedingly inconvenient. You at once set to work to understand how these things can be put away, there and then. You set yourselves to get rid of them as promptly as you possibly can. That ought to be your attitude towards what we call Karma; that it is the result of certain forces which we have set a-going in the past, the results of which, when we experience them in the present, we find exceedingly disagreeable.

Take the ordinary laws of nature as you find them round the scientific man. It is perfectly true that before the scientist knows a particular law of nature he may suffer the greatest inconvenience from its operation. Take Roger Bacon. When he put certain chemical elements together, as the effect, by a law of nature, of the combination of these elements, an explosion was caused. He did not consider that that explosion was a punishment for what he had done, but simply the inevitable consequence, and he took care to keep these particular substances apart in the future. He did not think that he was breaking the law of chemical combination when he prevented the combination, and so prevented an injury to himself. He did not regard the blowing off of one of his fingers, which happened to him once, and the destruction of one of his eyes, as anything more than the result of his own ignorance and a thing

he should most certainly prevent in the future by an understanding of the working of the law. He took care to counteract that working, so as not to allow it to injure him, as it had injured him in the days of his ignorance.

So also with this law that we speak of as Karma; if we find that in the past we have been thinking and wishing about things which have brought about undesirable results in our present life, our business is to try to understand what was done which brought about these results, and then at once to apply our knowledge to prevent the generation of similar results in the future as far as we possibly can, by knowledge of the way in which these results are happening, and how to neutralise them where they are unpleasant, and to bring other forces to bear upon them which shall prevent their causing action to our great inconvenience now. You are absolutely free, as regards your work with the forces of nature, to oppose, to quicken, or to balance, or to neutralise, in any way that you can. You may do it for yourself, or you may do it with regard to anybody else. You would not dream for a moment if you saw a child playing with fire in a way that was likely soon to set the child on fire—you would not dream of saying: "There's a law of nature that fire burns, and I must not interfere with it as regards this child." You realise at once that you would be talking nonsense, if you spoke in that way; for though you cannot interfere with the working of the law that fire burns, you can prevent the child setting its clothes on fire by removing it from the fire. You can at once step in and prevent the action of that law, by keeping the lucifer match and the pinafore at a safe distance from each other. That is the kind of way in which you ought to look at Karma. Your attitude to it should be exactly the same as it is towards any other law of nature. If the law helps you, if it is working along the line and is having the results that you desire, you will do

nothing to hinder its working. But if it is working along a line which brings about results that you do not desire, set all your mind to work to find out some way in which you can balance or prevent the working of that law from bringing about undesirable results. Anything that you are able to do you have a right to do, as far as Karma is concerned; and as regards any other law of nature, if you are able to bring another force against it, bring it; and if you realise how Karma came to be in any particular case, you will be able then to calculate the kind of force that you ought to set a-going in order to neutralise or lessen, if you cannot entirely neutralise, the results to which you object. For it is with Karma as with the law of gravitation, the law of chemical combination, and any law which is continually working around you.

Those of you who were in Glasgow will remember that I said then that the working of any particular cause began with the conditions in which that cause continually showed itself. That is the beginning of that particular line of action. It is not the beginning of the law itself. That belongs to all manifestations, and so with any particular piece of your Karma; you have a perfect right to try to trace that back to the generating cause and then, having so traced it, to set to work either to strengthen or to weaken it, according to the results which you see that cause, left uninterfered with, will inevitably bring about. But notice that "uninterfered with". I am taking it for granted that in the case of Karma, as in the case of any other law of nature, you can interfere with it in the practical sense of the term interference. I know perfectly well, of course, as every one who has studied Science knows, that you cannot annihilate any force; but you can counterbalance it. You cannot get rid of the working of a law, but you can make its work nugatory by bringing another law into activity, which will work against it. Do not, of course, misunderstand me, and think I am speaking of this as though I had

forgotten the fact that every law of nature is an invariable sequence, and that it cannot be broken or violated. But you always have an opportunity to trace causes, and to bring out the counterbalancing energy. To take the commonest illustration—the tendency of gravity, moving bodies tending towards the earth. That is a tendency which you can oppose and overcome, but only by bringing to bear against the force which gives the body the tendency to move downwards an equivalent force which balances, and then a superior force which brings about movement in the other direction. You do not get rid of the law of gravity and the tendency to move downwards, but you oppose the tendency by countervailing energies. In that way you prevent the body falling to the ground. You are not breaking the law of gravity, but you are counterbalancing it by the muscular force of your own arm, or may be, when you are not strong enough to prevent that tendency to move towards the earth, it will overcome you. You know that is not because the law is a command to a piece of matter to move downwards, but merely because you have not available force to counterbalance, and so to render nugatory, that law for the time being in that particular place. On that, as you know, all Science is founded.

Karma is the only law of nature, so far as I know, which educated people treat in a non-scientific fashion. They speak as if interference were in some sense irreverent, as if you were insulting God in some curious way if you counterbalance the action of an uncomfortable piece of Karma. It is that I want to get rid of from the whole of your minds. It hinders; it fetters you. This kind of view of the omnipotence of Karma is working untold evil in India where a misconception of it has arisen. It constantly puts the Indian at a disadvantage when he is dealing with the white man who knows nothing about Karma. He does not use exertion to fight where he chooses to assume that Karma is against him; he simply sits down and allows the law to play over him. The Englishman, of

course, pays no attention to it, not knowing its existence, and goes blundering along and conquers. This is really one of the dangers of imperfect knowledge. Where knowledge is imperfect, this curious paralysing effect is found, just as if a person at the bottom of the stairs said: "I cannot walk upstairs because the law of gravitation is against me." The way to prove that you can walk upstairs, is just to set about it. The way to assure yourself that Karma is not a command that you shall not do a thing, which nature tells you you may do, is to rise up and do the thing and, by that, find out whether Karma is able to stop you or not. Think of it, then, simply as a sequence, as you would look at any other law of nature.

There are many cases in which we see this law working around us, and we want to know how we can deal with conditions that we find. One very important thing to realise as regards the working of this law is to understand what causes are at work, and what in the past has happened which makes what we call a karma effect. Now you all know well how Karma is generated: thought, desire, activity. You read that in all our textbooks; you also read how that is worked out; that thought by the assimilating, transmuting action which goes on in the heaven-world, changes into character; that desire—which is attraction between yourself and an object, that object acting upon you, your reaction to it being either desire or repulsion, according to the nature of the object—you know that that makes a link between you and the object, if it be attraction, and that shows itself in the opportunity to get hold of that object of desire. Opportunity comes in your way, desire being the link which draws yourself and the object together, like the attraction of the magnet. You know also that your various activities bring about the circumstances amid which you find yourself, and if, for a moment, you could imagine that you always thought aright, desired aright, and acted aright, then you would

be creating the best possible Karma, and such experience as you had would be working into good Karmic desires, would be drawing towards you all desirable objects; your activity, being all good, would bring most favourable circumstances as your environment. But that of course, is not the practical Karma with which any one of us is confronted. Look at any one day of our lives; we find we have not thought and desired and acted along one line, but in very many ways. So with the Karma of a particular day of the average man—I won't take one who is doing his very utmost to improve—but the average man who thinks, desires and acts without knowledge. The result in such a case will be Karma of both kinds, good and bad, and the outcome will be almost balanced; he will have thought well, he will have thought ill; desired well and desired ill; acted well and acted ill; so that he has generated a good deal of good Karma and a good deal of bad. All of it that is effective is a balance between the two. Most of it has counteracted itself in the very generation of it. The good and the evil thoughts have almost balanced each other; the good and the evil desires have almost balanced; the good and the evil passions have almost balanced. There is very little left over for good or evil, as the case may be, and that is the only effective part, the only part which really remains over to leave a definite result, which is to be met with and dealt with in the future. Now take the man all through his life who has been thinking along these two lines, desiring and acting along them. In the results brought out day by day of a subsequent life or, in some cases even the same life, he will have a Karma to deal with which is almost balanced, so that at any given moment the result he has made is exceedingly feeble and can be balanced by thought, desire or action of the opposite sort at the moment, and very easily overcome, if he puts out a special effort along any of these three lines.

(To be concluded)

EASTER TIME AT ADYAR

By T. L. CROMBIE

ONCE again Easter time has brought to Adyar many Theosophists from different parts of India, but more especially from the South, for the occasion of meeting was the South Indian T. S. Convention. At the same time and in the same place was held the E. S. Conference, and so for four days (April 3rd to 6th inclusive) Adyar has been very busy.

These four days have been very remarkable; the Convention has been a most successful one, the Conference has been full of inspiration. To find the reason for these two facts one must go back in thought a little way. On the programme of the Convention and Conference which was sent to members, Mrs. Besant wrote a significant note regarding the E. S. Conference:

Members coming to the Easter Conference at Adyar will be for once in the position of all Members outside India generally—they will not be helped by the physical presence of one or more of the leaders of the E. S. They must show their power of drawing the Master's blessing on their gathering by their own earnestness and devotion, and that blessing will surely be upon them.

So it was written, but what did it mean? No Mrs. Besant, no Mr. Leadbeater, no Mr. Jinarajadasa—and this *at Adyar*! Well, those who came to the Convention knew exactly what to expect. Possibly the numbers that did come were smaller than last year, but Easter time is very busy in India. All sorts of Conferences are held, and Mr. Jinarajadasa, working in Delhi, must have attracted many of our northern members. But what was lacking in quantity was made up for in quality. There was no one, I think, who did not come

to Adyar this time with the intention of giving, rather than of getting, and the result has been an atmosphere of peculiar harmony. So accustomed are we to hearing Mrs. Besant in public and private lectures, so wont are we to listen to the discourses of Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Jinarajadasa, that at our gatherings in Adyar we have taken their presence as a matter of course. We have listened to their words, we have tried to catch something of the beauty and power of their lives, but our attitude has been one rather of how much we may take away from Adyar to give to our lodges in the different parts of the world.

This year every visitor felt put on his honour to do what he could individually to make the gatherings successful, and the result has been that the meetings have been harmonious, and that there has been a general feeling of goodwill throughout the compound.

While Mrs. Besant has been working for India at Gorakhpur, while Mr. Leadbeater has been spreading Theosophical truths in Australia, while Mr. Jinarajadasa has been presiding over a Conference at Delhi, Adyar has been holding a Conference and a Convention all by itself.

Of course, if Theosophy means anything to us, we know that only on the physical plane did our leaders desert us, and before leaving Adyar Mrs. Besant entrusted the various meetings into very capable hands. She also sent a telegram of greeting to the gathering.

The first meeting held—on the afternoon of April 3rd—was a Star meeting at which both Dr. Rocke and Mr. Wadia spoke. The E. S. meetings were taken by Mr. Wadia, and Mr. T. Ramachandrarao, the latter giving one afternoon a half-hour's talk mainly about what Theosophists *ought to be*, and what Theosophists *are*. Mr. Ramachandrarao, with his devoted wife, selflessly labours in South India for the sake of Theosophy, and his words are always listened to with the love and respect which his life commands.

The South Indian Convention proper met on Sunday morning (April 4th), Mr. Wadia presiding. Each Branch Inspector gave a report of his work, and the reports were, in the main cheerful, and certainly testify to the untiring labour of the workers. But the harvest is plenteous in South India, and the labourers, alas! too few. On three afternoons, Mr. V. V. S. Avadhani gave lectures on "Theosophy of the Vedānta Sūtras". These were delivered in Telugu. Mr. P. R. Sundararajam Iyer also delivered in Tamil a series of three lectures on "Theosophy of Bhāgavata Purāṇa". Both sets of lectures were highly appreciated.

Question and Answer meetings occupied from 7.15 to 8.15 p.m. on three of the evenings; some of the questions being extremely interesting, some rather amusing.

On the last day some forty members of different nationalities, castes and creeds met together and dined. It was a most enjoyable function and proves conclusively that "brotherhood" among Theosophists is not a mere word.

This account of the Easter Convention is somewhat disjointed, but it is in the nature of an impression rather than a record of events, and therefore may be ended with a forecast.

When our President returns, will she not be pleased to know that the children at Adyar she has so long tended have been, when necessity arose, able to stand alone and allow her to go elsewhere, in a world which so much needs her help?

JUDGE NOT

By JAMES SMITH

YOU who daily wound your fellows by your coldness, your greed and your hardness of heart, why should you whine to the Gods because the battle-field has taken some who are dear to you? You who destroy the lives of thousands of men and women in your factories and workshops, that you may live in comfort, how shall you revile the cannon which kills more quickly, paying just mead of honour for the life that is due? The bugle does but call away to the eternal quest—the service of an ideal; as its notes die away, they leave behind them grief softened by gladness, and tear-dimmed eyes lit by a great pride. But ruined lives and starved aspirations lie ever at your door.

A young man obeyed the call of the bugle; and later an old man told of mighty deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice, and of the strange, wonderful depths of human nature which are revealed in times of great stress. But another man dragged out a weary existence, and at last was slowly starved to death in a time of peace and national prosperity; and his last words to his children revealed naught but a great superstition of selfishness and distrust of mankind.

It may be you are not called upon to play the part of the Kṣhatṛiya—or even to tend the wounded bodies of your fellows on the battle-field. That your conscience alone must decide. But be sure that there is work for all, that Karma hath sharp eyes, and that the operation of its law is unfailing.

Has your vision been widened by the cries of alarm, the pain of physical bodies, and the shock of contending forces? Have your faculties been stimulated, and all that is best in your emotional nature? Then remember, ere it be too late, that until the last man shall look back to his life within this solar system as but a vague memory—one twinkling, distant star in the vast constellation of his immortal life—every awakening experienced by man will be accompanied by new responsibility. Have you spoken piously of the responsibility of a leader? See to it, then, that no servant in your home, no employee in your office or your workshop shall suffer through your example. Have you accused any of cowardice? Grave is your peril, then, that in the future your own courage may not be equal to some common task in your daily life. Was it you who accused some nation of ungenerosity, or of trampling on the rights of others? Then do not forget to be both just and generous to the meanest member of your own household.

THE THREE OUTPOURINGS AS DESCRIBED IN RECENT SCIENTIFIC UTTERANCES

STUDENTS of Theosophy will be interested in reading the following outline of the latest scientific views regarding the nature of matter and of the energy behind it which sustains the world and is the motive power of evolution. The passage is quoted from an address given by Professor W. B. Bottomley, M.A., Ph.D., F.L.S., F.C.S., Professor of Botany at King's College, London, which is included in a work recently published under the title of *Science and Religion*.¹ This small book contains some remarkable speeches given in London to working-men audiences at Browning Hall. Sir Oliver Lodge spoke on "Help from the Unseen".

IS MATTER ETERNAL?

But some of you may have an idea that matter has existed from all time such as we know it, that matter itself is eternal. That is the old materialistic school—Haeckel's school if you like—which, let me tell you, is hopelessly out of date and antiquated. That old idea that matter is eternal, and that so there can be no question as to its origin, has gone. And in its place we find ether, and ether gives rise to electrons, and electrons to atoms, and that is the modern theory. Modern Science says energy in the ether forms electrons, movements of the electrons give rise to the atoms, and the atom fashions the various substances of the universe. Science teaches that this mechanical universe of the materialist is but the phenomenon behind which there is a noumenon, "an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed," as Spencer himself puts it.

¹ W. A. Hammond, London. Price 1s.

BIOTIC ENERGY

But, let me say, modern Science does not stop at physical and chemical manifestations of this Infinite behind all. It suggests that in the fulness of time, as matter evolved, it became capable of responding to a higher revelation of the Infinite, in what Professor Moore has called "biotic energy".

THREE STAGES

We are told that the universe, as apprehended by our senses, consists of three fundamental orders, stages if you like, or phases: (1) the physical order, the world of matter; (2) the vital order, the world of organisms; and (3) the psychical order where mind is supreme. Evolution, as taught by modern Science, shows that each is an ascent on the previous one. The vital makes use of the physical and transcends it. The psychical uses both physical and vital and transcends both.

THE PHYSICAL STAGE

Physical Science postulates energy of motion as the basis of matter. Matter itself is simply this energy of motion, if you can conceive that. It is stated that ether has no material form; it is so different from matter that it is not actually susceptible to the force of gravity. Now gravity, as we know, is a common attribute or quality of all material substance. All matter is susceptible to the force of gravity. And yet matter itself is formed from something which is non-atomic, which as yet cannot conceive or perceive or respond to the force of gravity. I want you to follow me here because it is the crux of the whole modern theory of the evolution of the universe.

THE VITAL STAGE

Matter is simply a manifestation of certain energy forms. Energy, a power, a force—we cannot conceive it; we can only think of it as a non-material something which works and manifests itself through matter. Now ether gives rise to electrons, electrons give rise to atoms, atoms give rise to molecules. And then modern Science tells us there are such things as multi-molecules, *colloids* as they are called. The science of the colloids is quite a new one. It has only been worked at really seriously within the last dozen years. But it has been so fertile in results, that actually now it is suggested by some of the leading biologists that the molecules, when they have aggregated into these colloids or multi-molecules, have reached such a condition that through them another form of

the Infinite Energy behind all is able to manifest itself, and we get what has been called biotic energy, which is making non-material, non-living things live. The vital realm is something different from the material. It is a higher manifestation and a higher form of that Energy behind all: a more complete revelation, if you like, of the Power behind all.

THE PSYCHICAL STAGE

And then—what then? Life, working through the simplest forms of animals, protozoa, simple uni-cellular organisations, then life from the invertebrates to the backboneed animals, through the fishes, the amphibians, reptiles, mammals, to man himself. And then, when evolution was sufficiently advanced, there was another manifestation of energy behind. This is not imaginary: it is simply modern Science as taught by the psychologists. They teach us there is probably a psychic energy which manifests itself through these material and biotic forms, which reveals itself in things we call mental, or the realm of the mind. Biotic energy is behind the manifestations of vital phenomena. Both kinds of energy—that is, the energy of ether in motion and biotic energy—are themselves derived from the Eternal Energy behind all, the Infinite. But the biotic energy is higher and more perfect than the ordinary physical or chemical forms. So also in the realm of mind, may there not be manifested, in the psychical order, this other energy-form still more perfect which results in intelligent behaviour and human reason? De we not see in all this a wonderful Influx?

May I just give an outline of what Science says? Science recognises that there were probably millions of years in the evolution of the earth, when only physical phenomena were evident. But during that period there was continuous progression—ether to electron, electron to atom, atom to molecule, molecule to colloid. Then, after the influx of biotic energy, there were long years during which were evolving the various forms of organism, simple to complex, and these to more complex still. Then in psychical we have Man, endowed with mind, which some consider another special energy-form-manifestation. If so, may not this be striving towards higher perfection? May there not be evolution in the psychic realm?—a striving towards more perfect human thought, more perfect human activities?

A STAGE BEYOND

Ah! that is the point. Beyond this may there not be another Influx, another revelation, a higher one still, of the Infinite, a still higher conception of what the Infinite is? May there not be the spiritual, where ultimate Reality is revealed to us as the Good, the Beautiful, the True, and finite man realises the Infinite?

B. M. W.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

[Any reader of a sacrificing nature wishing to throw open his Scrap-book for me, may do so by copying out what he deems suitable for this column and forwarding it to "The Editor, THE ADYAR BULLETIN".]

A VERY interesting article—especially to Theosophists—is to be found in *The Times'* Literary Supplement of February 11th. The title is "On National Moods," and the writer holds that there is such a thing as a National Consciousness, and that war and an enemy are two factors which most effectively bring this consciousness into prominence:

We are all now members of a Nation conscious of itself; and that Nation has become for us, and for our enemy a person. To us it communicates its own moods so that we all, as individuals, share them; in Germany it arouses counter-moods which the Germans too, as individuals, share.

This consciousness is not to be solved, the writer says, by the explanation that in time of war "the instinct of self-preservation becomes collective".

It does not tell us how the emotional contagion works upon us, or why this instinct of self-preservation, which we do not value much in ourselves as individuals, has for us so much emotional value when it becomes collective. Here is a force which always seems glorious to those that are carried away by it.

This force operates also in the Germans, and "they are convinced of its glory in themselves, but not of its glory in us," and wherever it operates, it infects the individual. There is the case of Professor Harnack who said: "The chain of evidence is complete and the treacherous plot of Great Britain revealed."

1915.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

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We know what scrupulous criticism he would apply to his own feelings and his own relations with another individual; but he has none at all for his feelings about Germany, these feelings he has caught from the Nation of which he is himself a part.

So, further, the writer concludes that when a national mood sweeps over a country, and a Nation becomes a person, it "must be judged as a person, even by those who compose it, and judged by those standards of right and wrong which we apply to ourselves when we are at our best".

The article is full of interest throughout, conveying clearly the idea that the individual shares in the National Consciousness and in the National Karma, thus spreading Theosophical ideas—probably without intention. One last piece of good advice from the writer:

We attain to self-knowledge, and to self-control, by a detached scientific interest in ourselves; and we need to take this interest in our national moods no less than in our personal, valuing the national mood because of its mere intensity no more than we value the personal mood for the same reason.

* *

"Rasa—the Key-word of Indian Culture" is the title of an article which appeared lately in *New India*. "Rasa" is a Samskr̥t word, and means primarily "essence," although many meanings are given in Samskr̥t dictionaries, e.g., juice, taste, elixir, beauty, etc.

All life is Rasa. Our ancient writers reduce all forms of experience, emotional, intellectual or spiritual into nine Rasas—Love, Mirth, Compassion, Heroism, Wrath, Fear, Repugnance, Wonder and Peace. But they say that all these are one, *au fond* one and the same Rasa manifests itself variously under various conditions in the human mind.

Rasa is "the form of Shakti, the feminine aspect of the Supreme Being".

It is eternal, this play, Līlā, of Shiva, the Being, and Shakti, His energy. And the wise ones say that she is ever a virgin, ever pure, and ever of a marvellous and immortal beauty, this Shakti of God.

And man, in the innermost depths of whose being is the God "watching the beauty of His Shakti's perennial

dance, is naught but enchanted Being and His ever-enchanting Energy”.

Shiva-Shakti is thy name—even as it is the name of all things. Now, the nature of this Shakti is Rasa. It is juicy, tasteful and beauteous, infinitely and for ever.

This is the basic theory of Indian Culture, the fundamental justification of India's arts and her literature, her aspirations and achievements, her life and her actions. And, to-day, her Renaissance means her return to this fundamental doctrine of life.

Rasa, then, is the magic word that has awakened the Mother from her slumber of centuries, that has brought light into her eyes and gladness into her heart.

“What has been shall yet be.” Her music will yet be recognised as the most marvellous in the world; her literature, her painting and her sculpture will yet be a revelation of beauty and immortality to the wondering nations; her life and acts will yet be ennobling examples for a grateful humanity—for India is coming back to a recognition of Rasa as the secret of all life.

Seeing the oneness of Rasa, we can by its magic transform ourselves into what we will, using it for ennobling ends, and not diverting it into unworthy channels.

* *

In the February number of *The Modern Review* the problem of the future of the educated Hindū was treated, and the weaknesses in the system of the bringing up of the Indian youth are fearlessly exposed by the late Rai Bahādur Lala Baijnath.

He is generally the offspring of parents who married almost in childhood, particularly the mother who was perhaps not out of her teens. He must think himself fortunate to have survived the diseases of infantile life. . . . As a child he is generally left in the hands of inexperienced illiterate servants or ignorant and superstitious women for early training. The father and mother, being themselves often boys and girls, know nothing about the training of children, whilst the grandmother is an old, uneducated, and superstitious lady and the grandfather busy with his business affairs. . . . He is now five or six, and is put to school to be educated by unsympathetic teachers under a system which crushes all spirits, retards growth, and lays in early life the foundations of disease, premature decay and untimely death.

Then he is tied with a wife, probably in his school-days. Then, perhaps, he is not able to have a College career, yet will not apprentice himself to a trade, because of loss of dignity—and even if he goes through College, there is much competition and very few openings. A passion for education exists, but there is very little money to educate. There is the widespread ignorance of hygiene and sanitation, telling on the physique of a nation, already suffering under the curse of early marriage. Truly in India, the Social Reformer has a work before him, but the land is beginning to awake, and, though for the purposes of emphasising his points, the learned writer in *The Modern Review* has drawn his picture in darkest colours, yet as the Editor of the journal has put in a foot-note:

Though the author wrote this article from his experiences mainly of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, *many of his observations are true of the whole of India* [italics mine].

* *

Worries, according to *The Philadelphia Public Ledger* divide themselves into two main divisions:

Let us not speak in riddles—in plain English, the two big worries are for money and for health; the two great fears are those of losing the one or the other. Man, unlike a dog, is never happy when he runs behind. When he spends more than he makes, either of money or of nerve-force, he promptly begins to worry. His sleep is troubled. He cannot play. His care pursues him to town in his motoring commutation through the Park, in his round of the links, in his saunter with a poking cane over the dead leaves of a golden autumnal Sabbath afternoon.

The life of the average man is indeed full of worries. This is one of the reasons why Theosophical teachings are so beneficial to those who will receive them. The Theosophist does not, as a rule, overcome entirely the tendency to worry, but he goes fairly far on the road. The teachings of Christian Science have been most useful to countless numbers, by making them cease to worry on the score of health.

FELIX

THE CURSE OF EVE

By MARGARET E. COUSINS, MUS. BAC.

IN delving into spiritual mysteries and in studying all illuminated Scriptures, one meets with instances of blessings and cursings, which at first seem like the arbitrary acts of a Divine Autocrat, with moods and prejudices similar to those of human beings.

But the student's axiomatic belief that impartial justice underlies all processes of existence, compels a more profound search into the stories; and the discovery is made that what are termed blessings and cursings are in reality the pleasant or unpleasant results of the upholding or ignoring of the laws of Nature. They are literary terms, used to denote scientific processes: they are the effects of causes. The story of Adam and Eve is told in such a manner, and in order to study the curse that God pronounced on Eve one must seek first the spiritual key, before the mystery on all its planes will explain itself.

Allegory has ever been the favourite mode through which eastern teachers have imparted truth. Paul, in alluding to the story of Abraham and Hagar, gives the clue to the whole interpretation of the *Book of Genesis* when he says: "Which things are an allegory." Of Jesus Christ it is said that "except by parables spake He not unto them"; and the writings of Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and others of the early Christian Fathers, living nearest to the time of Jesus, corroborated this belief in the allegorical and symbolic sense in which the Scriptures should be

understood. Those who realise that thought is the life-force which produces exterior form, or, as Edmund Spenser put it, that "soul is form, and doth the body make," will best understand that the myth-stories of Jew, Greek, Celt, Scandinavian, are all the externalised and personalised means of expressing spiritual truths.

The essential value of spiritual teaching lies in its applicability to the individual. Story, parable, history, give forth their lesson only as they can be worked into the warp and woof of present-day conditions. The story of the Fall will only be helpful to us in proportion as we can translate it into terms of ourselves, and its incidents into impersonal processes which are the result of ideas common to humanity at all times.

Thus recognising the allegorical character of the Edenic story, we must seek its spiritual import first, then following the principle of correspondence, find what on all planes Eve represents, why she was cursed, how the curse is at present operating, how and when it will be removed. Recognising also the subjective nature of spiritual truth, we realise that just as Christ taught that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us, so also our own natures include both Adam and Eve, the Serpent, the Fall, the Curse and, thank God, the Redemption.

The Bible story relates the happy conditions of ideal companionship with one another and with God, in which Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden until they both ate of the Tree of Knowledge, thus disobeying the one divine prohibition laid upon them. Then is pronounced on them the doom of which we are all at the present day partakers:

Unto the woman he [God] said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee. And unto Adam he said, Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto

the ground, for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return.

Meditating on the story of the creation one realises that there could be no manifestation, no consciousness, save through the existence primarily of a Unit, the Absolute, from which is emanated a Duality. "In His own image created he them," says the myth, and amplifies and defines what He Himself, the Divine Hermaphrodite, was, when it continues, "male and female created he them".

"Darkness alone," say the Stanzas of Dzyan, "was Father-Mother"; and again: "Alone the One Form of Existence stretched in dreamless sleep—and Life pulsated unconscious in Universal Space." Space is Spirit in its most attenuated form; it is the base of matter or form. At this birth of the cosmos, the One is Spirit in which manifest Life and Matter, or Force and Substance, Positive and Negative, Masculine and Feminine, Father and Mother, coequal, coexistent and coeternal in essence on all planes. Cosmically then, Adam portrays Life, and Eve Form; and in their original state of beauty this life expressed itself in matter that was so akin to itself, that the form was not subject to death or corruption; it was even as the body of the risen Christ, it was in the degree of transmutation. But when that Spirit-Matter, Eve, sought its sustenance from knowledge rather than Spirit, when Form sought power from a lower rather than a higher, when it was tempted by parts of itself—colour, smell, taste—then occurred the "Fall" through which Form became subject to birth and death instead of being self-existent, with power over itself, the true helpmeet of Life.

In our universe Life and Form are governed respectively by the sun and the moon. All the processes connected with the birth and maintenance of forms are related to cyclic periods of the moon. In its power over forms the moon, our "great insane Mother" is the great binder and crystalliser; whereas the sun is a liberator. The moment Form broke the law of her divine nourishment

she lost her power of maintaining the volatile state. Instead of being fluidic the curse of generation effected its fixation and limitation. Thus we find ourselves *born* into a fixed form, subject to the moon, and without power over death. Life, the partner of Form, is also subject to the curse in that it becomes fixed to the Wheel of Necessity and Rebirth, and is chained to the earth.

Thus is Spirit crucified in Matter, and the whole creation travaileth in pain. While cosmically Spirit and Matter represent Adam and Eve as interior processes whereby the universe came into manifestation, and all this form-life of the consequent curse in operation; so in the life of the soul, the unity is wisdom, and the duality comprising it is intuition and intellect. Intuition is the feminine aspect of the soul, and in these latter days it is ruled by the intellect. But intellect is of the mind and brain, a product of knowledge acquired in the one life, while intuition is of the soul, the product of experience in many lives. While intuition is held in thrall, and intellect is wrongly enthroned in its place, the curse of materialism will operate, the mind will usurp the kingdom of the soul, science will oust religion, knowledge will tyrannise over morality, as vivisectioners scoff at the ethics of humaneness, as flesh-eaters decry the pain of the shambles. Reason, logic, Judaic ideas of justice are the masculine mental gods at present worshipped, and intuition may not speak save through this poor instrument of intellect. Thus, also, it is that the mystics, seers, poets and artist creators all know the pain of creation. Their intuition, their feminine quality, is in bondage to the intellect, their masculine quality; and their conceptions are always brought forth in sorrow, for they realise what grey shadows they are of the divine visions which have been before their souls. Only when the intuition shall have attained equality with the intellect, using it consciously, not being subject to it, will the curse be removed. Eve is on all planes the great power for good or evil. If she, as quality or process, remain faithful to the Spirit, the law of

her being, she is the inspirer and upholder of Adam; if she incline to the tempter of her plane, she is indeed the Eve who is dinned into us as the curse of man, the cause of all disaster. And the province of Adam seems ever to be that of rising or falling along with his Eve. The quality of aspiration or initiative is entirely of the feminine, not the masculine order.

There are Schools of Occultism such as Freemasonry, which think woman such a universal upsetter that they can only safeguard themselves by excluding her physically; but this is only the externalisation of a system of practice which is denying the necessity of the feminine on the inner planes also, and the result is that true Life is not present in these societies. They are striving for knowledge, for power through knowledge; they are secretive not expansive. It is not of the nature of the Spirit which is ever-becoming, nor of the Christs who gave as freely as They had received. It is surely the irony of fate that man should deny knowledge to her who gave him his first bite of the tree of knowledge. If the Occultist seeks knowledge from the motive of love and service, he will not exclude race, creed, colour or sex from his knowledge or from his legitimate means of obtaining it.

When the soul, instead of aspiring to God, instead of polarising to its divine centre, comes outwards to things of sense, when it becomes enthralled in personality, in objects of matter, in time and space, that really do not matter, then we have the wilderness of this world of humanity, instead of the garden of perfection. Descending from the upper heights of the soul, we find that the terms of the duality comprising the personality are objects and subject, and, taking these in the plane of the desire nature, Eve is the will and Adam becomes desire. This is a reversal of the terms of the cosmic plane, but in this mid-world the lens of time and space does so reverse the manifestation of inner law. Thus the emotions at present and in the heaven world rule our will, and the

subjective, the inner, which* ought to be ruler, has its desire to the objective and outer, which is only Māyā. The will is used to produce other objects of affection, rather than turning itself inward to the source of all being.

Thus we have the mental anguish when Will strives to assert itself above the domination of objects of desire, and at no time are we more conscious of this than in our practices of concentration. Also, the generation of attachment to things, ideas, or people is the cause of pain and suffering as these forms pass away. "We are wounded in the house of our friends," as said even the Christ, part of whose emotional plane Gethsemane was the desertion of His disciples. The objective should be attachment to the Divine Lover of our race, whereas it becomes deflected to human loves, and that for their own sakes and not, as an Irish poet expresses it:

I shall not, on your Beauty rest
But Beauty's ray in you.

We thus find the Will for the Highest crucified in the affectional and emotional nature, and while objects retain their masculine dominion over the feminine Will for Liberation, the curse of emotional anguish will endure.

On no plane is the doom of Eve so painfully evident as on the physical. The unity of this plane is the human being, originally hermaphroditic, containing both male and female in itself. As the result of the temptation and fall of the Adam and Eve qualities in their inner nature, the external expression had to alter, and now the bisexed ego has to manifest itself in different incarnations in differently-formed and differently-functioning bodies which are complementary to one another, and which in the physical life represent the duality masculine and feminine. In this sphere Adam has for long centuries taken the mastery into his own hands. Legally no woman can claim to be a "person"; women are held as the possessions and chattels of men. Politically men have arrogated to themselves

the power to enact laws for women, and to force obedience to themselves, without being in any degree responsible to women. Complete control by the masculine sex over the feminine inevitably results in man becoming at worst a tyrant and, at best, considering himself a superior being. Truly "it is not good for man to be alone".

In the sex life, which is the basis of the race, man's desire nature is all supreme. This is stating the case generally: there are noble exceptions in all ages and on all planes. A husband is entitled by the law of conjugal rights to force his attentions on his wife just as he wishes, irrespective of her approval or disapproval. Instead of being man's helpmeet she is his white slave, often more so within the marriage bond than outside it, and with equally evil effects as far as individual character-building is concerned. The man becomes a sex law unto himself, the only creature not knowing his times and seasons. The woman suffers shame to her finer feelings, and a gradual hardening of nature through bitterness of spirit. She endures untold agony of mind at being forced against both her will and her better judgment into continuous child-bearing, and in her body she experiences all the weight of that awful biblical curse of motherhood.

If physical pain had to be inflicted on the physical woman as a just punishment, and as a result of disobedience to a higher law, the amount she has borne through all these weary centuries should be approaching its expiation. Every woman, whether she becomes a mother or not, endures, roughly calculated, seven hundred times more suffering than a man in her lifetime, through the curse of even potential generation in her form. The conspiracy of silence, enwrapping all the truth of sex matters, has prevented us from realising the burden of pain which woman bears. Women of imagination and sympathetic sensitiveness have oftentimes cried out in agony: "My God, why hast Thou forsaken us?" as they thought of this crucifixion of their sisters.

Into this darkest hour of awakened self and sex-consciousness have come two strange redeeming facts, products of the evolutionary Time-Spirit, namely, the invention of machinery which has brought women into the economic world to take a place of their own in life independent of their sex functions, and therefore freeing them from the condition of a parasite class; and the gain of education which is giving to them knowledge of the laws of life on a scientific, and not merely conventional and traditional, basis.

Education and economic independence of women, two great facts coming into the world-life almost as quietly as a thief in the night, are yet facts of momentous importance. They are the messengers by which the Cosmic Angel of the Annunciation is proclaiming the conception of the New Era. They are the heralds on the physical plane of the reversal of the Curse of Eve. Every one recognises that there is a new spirit abroad universally amongst women. It is the inflow into our daily life of the manifestation of the indrawal period on all planes. Evidences culled from the further study of the present-day conditions and manifestations of the masculine and feminine qualities in all their aspects will corroborate the belief that we are now living in the era which has actually begun the cosmic redemptive process with which the removal of all Eve's subjection and sorrow will be concurrently achieved.

To Eve was the glorious promise made that she should yet bruise the serpent's head. The virgin birth of Jesus Christ is usually looked on as the consummation of that prophecy; but while it may have been so in One who was the firstfruits of them that slept (all the unawakened Eves of the outgoing period of our manifestation), He is also a cosmic process which has to be enacted over the whole remaining evolution of our manvantara.

Madame Blavatsky taught us that in the series of Rounds and Chains dealing with our solar evolution, the lowest point of the density of matter has already been passed through. Therefore matter—Eve—is again aspiring

to her Divine Centre, and is being purified and refined. Thus we are now discovering radium and radio-active substances, X-rays, N-rays, etc., all of which disprove older scientific ideas of the density of matter, and soon we shall be able to disintegrate solids in a way hitherto thought impossible. Instances of the transport of bodies through matter, and cases of levitation grow daily more common. Scientists acknowledge that a change has begun to take place in the earth's poles and in the seasons, cosmic signifiers of the change in the forces of manifestation from centrifugal to centripetal, from expiration of the cosmic breath to inspiration, from form to formless.

Dimly are the first steps groping to that end, but there is no doubt that the lowest point in the Wheel of Life has been passed, and the whole force of evolution is now helping to reinstate Eve on every plane to her original and necessary status as comrade and helpmeet of Adam, not as until now his slave and temptress.

Thus we have one of the latest writers on Occultism declaring that, while in the past the process of manifestation has been under the rule of Mars—with all its power of solidifying, even with the hardness and weight of iron—now we have come under the influence of Mercury, that Messenger of the Sun who is the very secret and power of liberation and transmutation known so well to alchemists. By its influence matter will be redeemed from the domination of lunar forces, and the separative tendencies will be overcome. The last enemy to be conquered will be death, but the Christ in each of us will eventually attain even His power of physical resurrection.

In the realm of the soul it is remarkable how the intuition is again coming into her own. Interpretation of existing intellectually-stated dogmas, myths and scriptures is the key-note of the present time. The period of crass materialism, of barren and arid rationalism, was passed through last century. Authority, as such, is being questioned, the spirit and not the letter is being sought.

It will never be the function of the intuition to destroy, but to fulfil; she will become the helpmeet of the intellect. All things dealing with the unseen, such as psychic experiences, she will bring forward to be regulated, classified and co-ordinated by the power of the trained scientific intellect; thus all things will be done decently and in order after due discussion between this husband and wife in the soul. Intellect, the masculine pole of the soul, is ever formal in character. Thus the art of the past had to hold the mirror up to nature; the soul of the artist had to express itself in such terms of form as caused its creations to be in the nature of photographic reproductions. The work of the Post-Impressionists, the Futurists, the Cubists in painting, the Whitmans in poetry, the Debussys and Scriabines in music—all point to a new path of the soul in its expression of the divine vision. Their works may be exaggerated, but they are efforts to convey the intuition without the trammels of sense-forms of a realistic kind; a new spirit of a new era, the search for the formless rather than the formal, and in doing so these artists are again proving themselves the seers of the race; they are the firstfruits of that to which each individual will attain. And as in Art the intuition is being reinstated as free woman, so, in Occultism, that province of the soul which deals with knowledge, woman is also regaining her place. It is no idle sign of the times that an order of Co-Masonry has been established, that H. P. Blavatsky and Annie Besant have demonstrated their conscious occult powers.

In this province of evolving human experience women will again become the honoured Sibyls, the Vestal Virgins, the Diotimas of our future wise ones, the true helpmeets of those who aim at moulding and controlling the creative laws of nature. An organism so fitted, as woman's has been, for the sub-conscious building of the human form will be of untold value in making use of that power, then becoming self-conscious knowledge, for the mental materialisation of

forms. According to *Man: Whence, How and Whither?* Mr. Leadbeater sees in the future a great council making experiments in mind-born children, and he says: "They do not seem very successful so far." Surely, no wonder, seeing the said council was composed entirely of men! Equal opportunities are now daily being given to woman for developing her occult knowledge so that she may learn the laws of her own sub-conscious power of creation, and thus be able to apply them in working out the details of the new methods of procreation which will arise in the Sixth Root Race.

In the mind-world, the rājasic region, where the soul functions in the emotions, where attachment to objects has so long held sway, a change is very evident. There has been the wonderfully rapid spread of Christian Science which denies objects of sense and, relying on its philosophy of the subjective, raises the Will, the feminine quality of this plane, to its proper place as handmaid of Love and Unity. The doctrine of the Immanence of God is being re-sown over the whole world. The eyes of the soul are being turned from outer sources of light to interior illumination.

Through Theosophy and the incursion of eastern ideas the practice of concentration and mind-control is being more and more widely established. This is directly reviving the power of spiritual Will which must be so great an indrawing influence in the new era. With it will come a loosening of the karmic ties which bind us to the generations of the desire nature. Thus even now soul is becoming emancipated from sense.

The changed relationships of the masculine and feminine qualities taking place in the cosmic, mental and emotional degrees of life are also plainly being reproduced in the common life of men and women. To-day's feminist movement has its root in the instinct of self-preservation which is forcing women to save themselves and the race from the disastrous results of man's

late unnatural domination of their sex. The demand for political enfranchisement is couched in terms enunciating the principle of the equality of the sexes—"as it is or may be, granted to men". The necessity for it, as the strong weapon of trade unionism, springs from the lower rate of payment given to woman's work, even when equal to that of men, which is disorganising the economic system and which, if allowed to continue, would produce a little sex war.

The passion of self-sacrifice which women are putting into their struggle for political recognition arises largely from their realisation of the impoverishment of the stock of human knowledge and achievement, due to the exclusion of women from equal opportunities of education and administration, but chiefly from their determination to stamp out the double standard of morality resulting from the past subjection of women. This immoral laxity in sexual matters is the proved cause of the greater part of the suffering and degeneracy to which the human race is heir, and on women falls the chief burden of pain.

The salvation of the race cannot come without a reversal of the present ideas of generation, and it will come through the ideals and lives of men and women who are rebels against the old ideas. The majority of wives are not voluntary, joyous mothers. It is no wonder the race continues base when the bulk of its units are the unwelcome progeny of slave-mothers and the uncontrolled desire-natures of the fathers. In these days when the science of eugenics is being studied, and Commissions are sitting to solve the problems of venereal diseases, it should be the honour of Theosophists who understand something of the unfolding scheme of our world-life, to lead the van of all reforms belonging to the redemption of Eve on all planes from her condition of subjection, and her curse of painful generation.

As it has taken an æon of time for the outward activity of the Logos to reach its furthest point, so it will need

an æon of time to bring us to the other pole of indrawal and Unity. One of the essential conditions for further progress on our journey is the dethronement of the present idolatry of the function of motherhood. It is not to be concluded that motherhood is wrong at the present stage of the world's history. It is, in fact, most necessary, so that forms may be ready for the gaining of experience by still imperfect souls. But motherhood is not in itself a virtue. Nay, rather, it was given as a punishment, and is still used by man as a means of holding woman in subjection. Imposed compulsorily as it is by man, motherhood has been elevated by him into the ideal for women, as an excuse for his own pleasure. But looked at in that way, it is only the curse of Eve in operation.

It is part of the evidence of the new era that this older state of things is already being changed through the greater intimacy men, as such, are having with the lives in detail of their children, and the greater share they are taking in rearing them. Also, the harder conditions of actual living are making the sexed man conscious of his responsibilities and his need for self-control. This will react on woman, and combined with other reasons (such as increasing economic independence), give the choice of maternity eventually to her. Then will come a crisis in the history of woman. The reaction from the present secretly hated sex and maternity slavery may tend to an exaggeration of selfish freedom. But the parallel growing power of the feminine qualities on the inner planes will show her that unless she fulfils the responsibility nature has imposed on her of building forms, souls will have no further means of development. Realising this, she will get to her task in a spirit of voluntary dutiful sacrifice; she will indeed become conscious co-creator with the Divine Will, and evolution will proceed at a much increased rate, improvement in the quality of the race being accompanied by its gradual decrease in quantity.

Motherhood is to Woman what the Cross is to the male Jesus, the symbol of death and resurrection. Yet both are only transitional symbols of vicarious atonement and in both the physical is idolised to the effacement of the inner subjective truth; neither is in reality a unisexed symbol, each is interchangeable. Both are necessities of imperfection, both have to be transcended, and raised from the material and physical level to that of the mental and spiritual.

The Christ Himself set His seal on the devotee Mary, rather than on the home-keeping Martha, when He said: "She hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." But this only applies when maternity is performed as a convention, or is unwillingly enforced. Voluntary parentage undertaken as a sacrifice to the idea of brotherhood and the perfection of souls, and laid on the altar of the Planet-God of Life can be a spiritual act. In this sense only is motherhood holy and worthy of reverence.

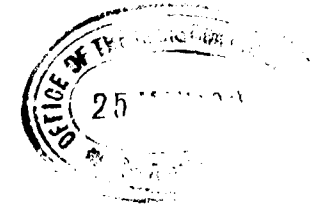
As virgin substance was the basis of all Life, as the Virgin Mary was needed to incarnate the Christ, so if the Curse of Eve is to be overcome, *the new world-ideal must be the attainment of the state of the Blessed Virgin.* The perfect purity and chastity signified by this ideal can be won by man and woman alike. It was the condition of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden; it was the very nature of Jesus Christ who is considered the first-fruits of the perfecting humanity; it is the essential for the new Golden Age.

Only as we individually develop both masculine and feminine qualities equally in ourselves, will we be able to treat them equally and purely in the external world. Because the Christ was the Perfect Man-Woman, He was able to show perfect equality to men and women in His daily life. The Jews marvelled that He should speak to the Samaritan woman, yet to her He gave some of his deepest and most subjective teaching. He gave words of comfort

to the adulterous woman, reserving His condemnation for her men betrayers. His virtue cured the issue of blood, which symbolises that exaggeration of the sex-function of woman which is such a stumbling-block to Occultists and religious systems. He did not despise gifts brought by the Magdalen, even when He sat with men only, who would have driven her out, not merely because she was Magdalen but because she was a woman. And it was woman He made participant in His first secrets of transmutation, as His resurrected Self bade her tell the tidings to the men.

It is for us to follow the divine example by giving equal freedom, honour and opportunity to the Adam and Eve both within and without us, recognising by the spiritual vision that comes of their true partnership that the difference of sex-form is as immaterial to the incarnated evolving Christ-soul as is the difference of facial feature.

After Leo, the eminently masculine sign of the Zodiac, there rises Virgo, the Virgin. After her Assumption there comes Libra, the Balance. With balance will come true comradeship and "once again as in the beginning shall the soul be rehabilitated, the affection regenerated, the intuition be purified, and the Divine substance be redeemed from Matter. Then will the Golden Age be reached whether individually or collectively, when the Divine Spirit working within has completed the generation of the human being, making it spiritually in the 'image of God, male and female'."



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FROM THE EDITOR

FROM time to time during past years, I have drawn the attention of Theosophists in South Africa to the duty they owed to the ill-used Indians there. Some took heed and others did not, for in some the prejudice against colour overbore their sense of Brotherhood. On some matters, questions on the applications of Theosophy to social conditions may arise, but it is difficult to understand now any possible view of Brotherhood could be so narrowed and eviscerated as to leave no room, no strength, for resistance against the wrongs inflicted there on our Indian Brothers. However, some of our members there did admirable service, and took part in the hard work of inspiring the Indians, and also helped in the Settlement.

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There was a great open-air meeting to welcome Mr. Gandhi under the auspices of the South African League, which stood so gallantly by him throughout the struggle. Our old and faithful member, Sir S. Subramania Aiyar, took the chair, as he has taken it at the last three great meetings in Madras; the vigour of the veteran leader is remarkable, and he speaks with admirable force and

incisiveness. He struck a clear note against our Bureaucracy, from whom he hopes for nothing. Mr. Gandhi's brief speech was very fine; he praised his dead, and deprecated praise offered to his wife and himself. His voice was clarion clear, and the spiritual force behind his words made them sink into every heart. The various brief speeches he has made have been singularly good and beautiful, ringing with absolute sincerity, and shining with love. He comes to Adyar on the 28th, a welcome guest, for there are people whose presence is a benediction, and he is one of them. If any of our readers can reach John Cordes in Austria, he may tell him that Mr. Gandhi inquired affectionately after him.

This is written in a train, on the way to a town where is a School saved by the exertions, primarily, of Mr. Ernest Wood, who held it through an offer of maintenance by the T. E. T., while the Hindūs, led by the Hon. Mr. Justice Seshagiri Iyer, gathered funds for its support. I go to unveil the portrait of the good Judge and that of the Mahant—a Hindū Abbot is the nearest description—who founded the School and maintained it, till his right to spend the funds of his corporation in this most religious way was threatened in a lawsuit. An Act has since been passed by the Legislative Council, putting all things right, and there is a glorification. Mr. Justice Sadasivier—a good Theosophist—and his wife are here in the railway carriage, as I "write these presents" for readers far away, on all of whom be peace.

Since writing the above, the visit mentioned in the future has gone into the past; it was a very pleasant one, the School being a fine building and the boys, as usual, delightful. The morning after the unveiling of the portraits, we had a meeting to form a Young Men's Indian Association, and a strong Committee was elected, with the Chairman of the Municipality—a Musalmān gentleman—as President. Since then, I have been to Conjiveram, to preside over an Anniversary Meeting of a Students' Club, at which the Hon. Mr. B. N. Sarma delivered the

Anniversary Address, and there also a Young Men's Indian Association was formed, with the Chairman of the Municipality once more as President of the Committee. This time he was a Hindū. One of the values of these Associations—affiliated to the Mother Institution in Madras—is that creed is no barrier, and they are one of the influences which make for union. The division between the two great communities of Hindūs and Muhammadans is one of the great obstacles in the way of our political emancipation, and all that draws them together is a blessing to India.

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The visit of Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi to Adyar, spoken of above, was a very enjoyable one. They visited one of our Pañchama schools—the one in Urur, the village adjoining the Headquarters' grounds—and Mr. Gandhi inspected our Vasanṭa Press with extreme interest; he has had printing experiences of his own in his settlement in South Africa, so went over the composing, printing and binding departments with a trained eye. We are fortunate in our position, for Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri, who has created the whole place, had a plot of open tree-planted ground for the buildings, and they are not only airy and pleasant in themselves, but are amid attractive surroundings; flowering plants adorn the garden, and roses blossom richly. It would be well if all such places could be garden-surrounded, but in towns that cannot be at present. Our *New India* Office, though spacious and airy, has no ground surrounding it.

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We had our party under the great Banyan-tree, whose wide-spreading branches and columns form our lecture-hall and our reception-rooms. Over two hundred guests were present, and we were all very happy, for Adyar has an ever-friendly feeling, no differences of race and creed forming any barrier or constraint. A photograph was taken, and, if it is a good one, we shall reproduce it in *The Theosophist* for June.

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Many of our foreign residents have gone away to the hills, to escape the summer heat of Madras, but we

had a goodly gathering last evening—I am writing on May 9th—for our Lotus Day celebration. The recess in which are the statues of our two Founders was particularly well decorated, with very delicate white strings of flowers curtaining each side, and festooning the top, while the marble platform in front was covered with lotus-blooms, pink and white. Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri read some shlokas of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* in Samskr̥t; Mr. B. P. Wadia read from the *Light of Asia*; Dr. Rocke from the Bible (*Wisdom of Solomon*)—Hindū, Pārsi, Christian, uniting in the one joy in man's eternity. Then I gave an address, recalling among those who had passed over during the year Pierre Bernard, Ursula M. Bright, David Unger and Arvid Knös. Many others of our good workers have gone on—soon to return, we hope. And I spoke also of the band of young ones, boys and girls, growing up in different countries, to be in the full splendour of young manhood and womanhood to welcome the coming Lord.

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The news from Mr. Leadbeater is very good. He is having very fine public meetings, and is of untold help to the Theosophists in Australia. It is for him a time of useful work and due recognition, a change from the abominable way in which he was treated here. But many here also love and honour him, as he well knows; only it is not worth while to have to spend so much strength in the mere shutting out of waves of hatred.

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It is very pleasant to read a letter from Basra, Persian Gulf, telling of five Fellows of the T. S. who have foregathered there and have formed a Centre with some sympathisers, and who hope to find some more members scattered about there. I propose to attach the Centre to the Indian Section, as Basra may be regarded as an extension of India, and the members at present are Indians. It is good that Theosophy should be planted there, a unifying and elevating influence, and also that it should spring up unexpectedly, as it does, in various parts of the world, carried thither by some faithful member.

KARMA ONCE MORE¹

By ANNIE BESANT

(Concluded from p. 129)

YOU have a number of characteristics which you bring with you into the world. Your tendency will be, at any given moment, to follow that part of your character which is called into activity by a temptation, by an attraction, by a pressure brought upon you from others, or from ordinary circumstances. Just that much of your character will be stimulated to show itself as is responsive to the particular condition in which you find yourself at the moment. If you have thought very strongly along a particular line, then the tendency of your character to act along that line, when suitable conditions appear, will be very marked. But for the most part, in the average man, there is no great power of reaction; there is only the tendency which, if not opposed, will carry him along a particular line. If he has sufficient knowledge to realise that he is creating fresh karma with every thought, he will at once stir himself up to think in the opposite way to any harmful tendency that he finds in himself. If the tendency is one which will carry him into difficulty or danger, he will neutralise that tendency by the active present effort of the intelligence. And, unconsciously, even the average man does that when the reaction against him is unpleasant, and very often he succeeds in overcoming it.

¹ A Lecture delivered at Edinburgh.

The student who is only beginning to learn Theosophy is rather apt to say: "It is my karma," and not make any effort to counteract a prejudicial force, so that he is really worse off, for the time, from the small amount of knowledge he has gained. The man who understands karma, looks at himself, feels the tendency pressing upon him to think along a particular line, to desire along it, or to act along it, and says quite deliberately: "This is my karma; it makes me think, desire and act in that way. I have made it by my thought and desire and activity in the past. I see now that if I go along that line, it will bring about undesirable results, so I shall not yield to this karma which I have created; I decline to give way to the tendency; I oppose my will to it now. My desire now is to do what I can to overcome it." So he deliberately sets himself against the karma which he realises is of an undesirable nature, never allows himself to be paralysed by saying: "Oh, this is my karma, I cannot help it." There is nothing which lies behind that you cannot struggle against, if you have time enough to think about what you are going to do before you act. The only way in which karma is really overpoweringly strong, is really irresistible, is when you, in your past, have just thought up to the point when the next thought will be an act. Those cases are comparatively rare. I admit that they exist. You may have thought so deliberately and continuously along one line in the past, that, if you had time and opportunity for one more thought-effort, that thought-effort would coalesce with, express itself in, action, and death may have struck you down just at that point in your past thought and activity. If that be the case, then the very moment that an opportunity for action offers itself to you in this life, the tendency will assert itself as an action, and in that case it will assert itself before you think, and you will have done the thing before you realise that you are doing it. These cases are, however, rare.

Here comes a point where your knowledge will help you; for if you find that your utmost effort is not strong enough to overbalance the tendency you have created, you will continue to oppose the tendency to act until you have exhausted every power of thought and will that you possess. Then, like an exhausted swimmer, you will go down, and the past will then have the better of the present; past karma has been too strong for you. That is all it means—the overbalancing of the present forces by the accumulated weight of the past.

You may say: "Why resist as long as you can, if failure is inevitable?" Because you thus weaken the force of that tendency for the future; your effort against it helps to exhaust it. There is many a case where there is a very, very strong tendency brought over from the past; take, for instance, drunkenness; if you can stir up a person to resist and persuade him to resist up to the very last point before he yields, if he fails, he will feel despairing because of the failure, and may cry out that it was no good for him to struggle. If you explain to him that it was good to struggle, and that he has taken away from the force which is working to drive him into drunkenness all the amount of energy that he has put into his resistance, then even though he has failed at the end, you will have encouraged that man to future effort, you will have made him realise how the self-created forces of his past are working in his present, but that there is no final failure for the man who determines to struggle on to the last, and to pick himself up again when he has fallen down. He recommences the struggle—an enormous struggle it may be—but the effort which he has put out in resisting the tendency is all to the good. Thus you can see a way in which a knowledge of karma is useful: you can always use it for encouragement, wherever a man is willing to struggle and fight, for law is law, and never fails us.

Suppose you come across a case of illness; suppose you say, as sometimes it is said in India: "Well; a person's death is fixed by his karma; it does not really matter what we do; he will either die or live, according to his karma." That is so in many cases, where the forces are working up for death. And you may occasionally find curious cases of that. I recall one I came across in Benares, where the eldest son of his parents was attacked by plague, and every care was lavished on the boy; doctors, nurses, were brought and everything that could be done was done to save the boy's life; but he died. His younger brother caught the plague also, and the parents worn out, disheartened, broken, did not trouble to nurse the boy at all. They said: "We have done everything we could for our other son, and he died." That boy was actually left out on the veranda in the rain, left to himself entirely, and he recovered. That struck the parents extremely, and they were confirmed in the view that human effort was useless, that karma was overpowering, for the one who was cared for died, and the one who was not cared for recovered. Well, in both cases, they were face to face with an overwhelming karmic tendency, and they naturally drew the conclusion that it was no good to nurse, it was no good to try to help anyone; recovery or death was wholly the result of the past. Yet they were drawing quite a false deduction from these facts, strongly as the facts appeared to support that view. In many cases the death-hour is led up to by so many tendencies that it cannot be changed; but in many other cases of illness the person has a very large present contribution to make to the result which is coming out of it. What is the karma of a person, when he is threatened with death? Often, I cannot say always, often it is that the conditions around him either favour the coming of death at that particular time, or favour recovery at that particular time; but in order to bring about the one or the other, further conditions have

to be introduced in the present, to decide the final result, for karma is always in the making.

That is the point to which I want to bring you. Karma is not a thing which is complete, except in comparatively rare cases, death being one of the most frequent of these; karma is a thing which is in course of making, in which the past has an influence, but in which the present has also an influence; and you can contribute forces either to help or to hinder a given result in the conditions brought about by the causes generated in the past. Suppose then that a person is ill. It rests with you whether you will allow these unfavourable conditions to work unchecked, unstruggled against, and so bring about death at that particular hour; or whether you will do your very utmost to bring about healthy conditions, opposed to those which are working towards death; and by thus modifying and changing the directions of the karma by the introduction of new forces, you may be able to carry the man over the critical moment of the culmination of the destructive forces, and enable him to pass on into the more favourable conditions that follow, that opportunity of dying having been neutralised by the better conditions which you have introduced. There is nothing therefore which can be done in the way of help that ought not to be done. You ought to exert every possible influence that you have to counteract the bad influences which have been generated by the previous karma. You and his relation with you are part of his karma; the sick person's relation with you is a part of his karma. If you do not exert all the forces that you can to help him, then you are failing in your particular duty, and so are generating for yourself similar neglect when the hour of your need shall come.

If you look carefully at a horoscope, any wise astrologer will tell you the points at which the conditions are a danger to life. Unless he is foolish, he will only tell you that the conditions which surround you at a

given time are hostile to continued life. If you know that beforehand, instead of becoming alarmed, as many do, and discouraged and frightened, you will simply, if you wish to go on in this world, summon whatever influences are within your reach in order to counteract these bad conditions; you will endeavour to overcome and get rid of them, to neutralise them. All good astrologers have always said that that is what you ought to do, and they are rather fond of quoting the phrase: "The fool obeys his stars, the wise man commands them." The wise man reacts on the influences around him. He is not a dead lump, to be tossed hither and thither by these influences around him. He is a living organism, that can react with those that are favourable against those that are unfavourable. I know many cases where people, who have horoscope predictions made to them, become simply helpless creatures under the influences they are told are going to play upon them. I have known a lady who would not go out of her room on a particular day, because it was said that on that day she was going to break her leg. A far better thing to do would have been to have walked about just as usual, taking a certain amount of extra care because there were unfavourable influences acting against her. Precaution is the reasonable thing to take as a result of knowledge. If knowledge paralyses you, you are not ready for it. If you realise that it is not the horoscope which makes a person's destiny, but that it simply shows the influences into which he is born, and that it is a man's past, his karma, which brings him into the world at the particular moment, in which all the influences that are there already present, work towards the carrying out of the causes he has set agoing in the past, then the knowledge contained in the horoscope would no longer be paralysing. As things are, one wishes very often that a person had never seen his horoscope, since it works on him as a mischievous influence, inducing fear, and so increasing the bad influences into which he is going,

and working with them to injure him. Fear, as you know, is one of the most paralysing things you can possibly bring to bear upon a human being.

There is another real danger in all questions of foreknowledge, and it is one of the reasons why it is so much better for most of you that you should not know your past incarnations. If you did know them you would be able to look a little forward, and unless you are strong, and are fairly indifferent to what happens to you in the present life, you are far better, far stronger, more likely to be successful, if your past is veiled to you. As soon as you are strong enough to take it reasonably, there is a certain amount of advantage in knowing your past, because you can see the forces you have generated and the best way of dealing with them, especially where it is desirable to counteract them. In most situations in life past karmas are more or less balanced, and the present activity is often the final determining cause either of success or failure. If you realise that, you will feel free to face the difficulties and do your utmost to overcome them.

What is going to be your attitude where there is inevitable disaster? Let us suppose you can do nothing. A terrible misfortune comes upon you, and you say: "Yes, it is my karma." How should karma help us in these cases? By enabling us to assume, I think, that attitude towards the inevitable which realises that it is cowardly to cry over that which you have yourself created when it bears its fruit in the present. That, of course, is a lesson in strength. Moreover, you understand that karma is only claiming the payment of a debt which you yourself have incurred, and that it is just that you should pay it; besides, as the payment is, at some time, inevitable, it is really better to pay it and to have done with it, than to have it hanging over you. Once paid, it is done with. If you can call up from the Spirit, who is yourself, the strength of the man who says: "I am willing to pay honestly the debt which I have contracted," then you will find that a very

large part of the suffering will disappear in that recognition; and in the most painful of all things, where you are treated unjustly, as you say, looking alone at this little section of your life, you will be able to feel the strength of knowing that no such thing as injustice is possible, that whatever you have made comes back to you, and that none can injure you except yourself. Other people may claim the payment, but they are only like the tax-gatherer. It is only a very silly person who is angry with the tax-gatherer when he comes for payment of the tax which you know ought to be paid, and which you know you must pay. To fall out with the man who is simply an agent for the gathering is folly, is undignified, childish, mere petulance.

Exactly in the same spirit you should meet karmic justice, when it is exacting from you payment of the debts which you have incurred in the past. You realise that the man you thought your enemy is only the man who is claiming from you that which you owe, and you will find that all resentment against him disappears, and leaves you peaceful and serene. It puts an end to any feeling of resentment against any one who injures you, because you know that one of two things is always true: either it is a debt out of your past which you ought to pay, and are bound in honour to pay contentedly; or you know that you have deliberately drawn upon yourself an opposing force, in order to prevent its striking something that you regard as valuable, because you are willing to stand between that force and that which you desire to defend, and to allow it to spend itself against you. That, remember, is quite a possible thing. We may, any one of us, deliberately put ourselves in the way of a force, and allow it to exhaust itself on our own persons. You can do that as much with what is called karma, as you can do it by putting yourself between a child and a blow that is going to fall upon it, using your greater strength to prevent that blow from injuring the helpless

child. It does not seem to you to be unjust, if, by interposing yourself between a blow and its object, you save a child or an animal from a cruel blow. You feel yourself free to do it, if you can. Then why should you suppose that in the case of bad karma striking a person, you may not interpose between that person and the karma if you can? Even if the person deserve to suffer, you have still the right to interpose if you can, and if you think it good and wise to do it. The reason for the interposition would be your recognition of the fact that the very power and opportunity to save another imposes on you the duty of saving him, if the saving be good for him. That is what you are bound to realise. Now it may be in some cases that the saving is only temporary, that the blow is not entirely to be turned aside, but that you may delay its action until the person is strong enough to bear it.

It is quite true that, if you look back into the past, you will probably find that the person had a claim on you, that he had done you some service which you now are repaying. Or, it may be that his karma is exhausted, and that you are the person who has the splendid privilege of interposing of your own free will between him and that blow, or it may be—and from some standpoints it seems to me that that is the most beautiful of all reasons because the deepest of all—that inasmuch as we are all one with those around us, inasmuch as separation between us is separation between the lower natures and not the higher, and because in the spiritual world we are one, you may choose to pour down what you call “your” strength into the other’s form instead of into your own; in the spiritual plane, all these forms belong equally to all of us. There is there no question whether it is “your” strength or “mine”. It is all the divine strength, of which we down here are merely the channels, and there is no separation in that world. Separation is only here. That is what is meant by being “a Saviour”. A person

who is a Saviour has reached the stage of unity, and to him, you and I are simply forms of himself, by identity of nature. Having risen above the sphere of separation, all forms to him are equal, and he may select the one which is most in need of help, and identify himself with that for the moment.

That is a side of Karma more difficult to grasp, unless you realise that unity is the most fundamental fact of life. If you are still in that region which sees only separation, which thinks of the "Atonement," so-called, of Christ as being a kind of contract between the Father and the Son by which the Son gave so much of His own suffering in order to protect other people from the wrath of God, if you are in that very unspiritual region, realising only the separation, the doctrine becomes essentially and fundamentally untrue. But if you are in the higher spiritual region, if you have realised that you are one Spirit and therefore one with all the forms of men, then you can pour down the divine energy into any given form, and so help to quicken and uplift it, bringing more of the divine love into these forms than they would otherwise have been able to reach at their stage of development. And that is what is truly meant by the doctrine of Atonement, that "the Christ" is a state in which a divine man is one with all men, and, therefore, there is no question of "his" strength and "my" strength, there is only one strength which we are sharing, because of the fundamental unity. That carries you of course, into a mystical region in which some people find it a little difficult to make their footing, and yet it is the profound truth. It is the truth which underlies some of the Christian doctrines which are least acceptable to the rational critical man of to-day. He misses the spiritual unity which is the real strength of that much misunderstood doctrine of Atonement, and that is why, of course, S. Paul speaks of the Christ being "born in you," because it is only by that identity of nature that this becoming a Saviour of the World can possibly be achieved.

There is much in these old doctrines that is really fundamentally true, if you can see them from the spiritual standpoint, while they are entirely crude and impossible when you look at them from below in the crude form that they have in the minds of so many people who live in the world of separateness entirely, and do not touch the world of the Spirit.

Karma then becomes a force, like any other natural force, which the stronger may ward off from the weaker, which can be suspended, quickened, retarded, like other energies. There is no peculiar sanctity about it that we should yield to it. These subtle regions are naturally more obscure, more difficult to understand and to realise, because they are regions into which we are striving to rise and in which we have yet to establish ourselves as our natural home. But along that line you need not think, if you find it does not recommend itself to your own intellect and conscience, and that it does not present a view which is helpful to you. In such case it is better that you should content yourself with the way of looking at karma that I put to you before, the way of neutralising a tendency, of counterbalancing two forces.

Above all things, when you are thinking of the working of karma, remember that you ought never to try to be a karmic agent of suffering to your fellow-men. I once knew a Theosophist, a very estimable person in many ways, who, when he was exceedingly unpleasant to people, or scolded them very vigorously, would say: "I am acting as a karmic agent." Do not be karmic agents of that sort. You had better leave that to those who perhaps know more about the workings of karma than you do, because it is sure to make you unpleasant in character, and to have a very bad reaction on your own nature. Be a karmic agent for good as much as you like, but do not try to take into your own hands the working of karma where it is bringing about unpleasant results to your neighbours. Realise that whenever you have an opportunity of doing

a good and helpful thing, it is your duty to act and to do without hesitation, without question. Never let that absurd idea of "interfering with karma" come into your minds at all. It is prevalent among many, as I know, and there is nothing perhaps does Theosophy more harm in the world than the idea that the Theosophist will hold back from helping any one because he says: "Every one receives the result of his own karma. Why should I interfere with it?" Every one who gives cause for that misconception is doing very serious harm to the Divine Wisdom of which he ought to be an upholder amongst those with whom he comes into contact.

Look then into this subject from the different stand-points I have suggested to you. Assert your own freedom of action wherever you find that you can assert it. Your ability is the only limitation imposed upon you, and you may do within the law as much as you are able to do usefully and well. The more the scientist studies, the more sure he is of his freedom. You know the old phrase I have so often quoted: "Nature is conquered by obedience," and that is the result of knowledge. As you realise the laws of nature, you can turn them to your own purpose, and no law of nature is more docile than this law of karma, because the very essence of karma, so far as humanity is concerned, is that it consists of the three ever-playing forces, thought and desire and activity, and therefore, is always in the making.

Make then your karma well in the present, where you can create it, and do not trouble too much about the karma coming out of the past which is beyond your reach, save as knowledge enables you to modify it. Recognise it enough to be brave and strong, to be contented with whatever life may bring you. In all your activities, in all your relations with your fellow-men, do all you can to help and uplift, giving to the full extent of your power, to the full extent of your thought, of your will, of your activity. And you may be absolutely sure that in doing that, you are carrying out and

working in harmony with the Great Law and Will of God working in all around you, bringing inevitable results because only thus can men learn wisdom and have certainty in their actions. Be sure that you are free, as free as your will enables you to be; for we are only free when we have identified our will with the Divine Will, and as that Will is for ever working for human good so our will is for ever working in the same direction. In that identity of the Divine Will and the human will, and in our realisation of that identity, in that alone is the perfect freedom, which it is the destiny of all men to achieve.

A THEOSOPHICAL SCHOOL

THIS school is the first of its kind to be started in England. It was opened in January last, and sets itself high educational ideals; which it will endeavour to fulfil. The Principal is Dr. Armstrong Smith, and workers with him are Miss Hope Rea and Mrs. Sidney Ransom. The school is co-educational, in order to make it more like home, and at the same time more like the world outside. "The aim of the school is to turn out men and women capable of playing a useful part in the world." Hence every effort is made to instil into the pupil *character*. Beauty is to surround the children as far as is possible, and before them is to be laid the Ideal of Service, no prizes being given in this school. The reward of merit is opportunity for further service. The children will be treated individually, as far as possible, and be taught to discipline themselves rather than have outside discipline. Religious toleration is a *sine qua non*, and unless specially desired, the food will be vegetarian.

All who are in sympathy with such ideals as are stated above would greatly help if they would spare some contribution towards this school, which is yet in its infancy and lacks funds. Any such kindly disposed person will be sure of a grateful acknowledgment for any help he may send to the Principal, The Garden City Theosophical School, Letchworth, Herts, England.

HEIMWEH

By G. W.

Oh, I am weary for the land of dreams
Where I was born!
On exiled shores I stand with shaded eyes
A-gaze across a never-rippling sea
 An endless sea,
 A far mysterious sea,
My heart a bird that dips in sunset skies
And bears a song of sunrise back to me.
Beside my feet where wave meets burning sand,
Upon cool waters rides a shallop frail,
 Sea bubble frail
 Far more than fairy frail.
For ever waiting breeze or pilot's hand,
Shaped like a lovely shell with silken sail
A-droop for lack of wind—(O Wind that never comes!)
Its sides all silver pearl, transparent, fine,
A shape of crystal moon-drift on the wave,
 The lifting wave
 The jade embosomed wave!
And oh! This barque am I, its waiting mine—
The breath of God—the blessed winds which save.
Some day, perhaps, the sleeping waves will leap
As stealthily across the silent deep
A breeze will start and flap the patient sails,
 The lifelong waiting sails,
 The weary hanging sails;
And they will thrill and fill like living things,
And lift my eager barque on pulsing wings,
While I, the happy sailor, will be borne
To lands of sunset that are lands of morn.
And as upon the very bow I stand,
Deep from my heart this mighty song will roll:
"All hail, O Land of Dreams, my native land!
"I come, O long-lost country of my soul!"

BALANCE

By M. R. ST. JOHN

POISE, balance, equilibrium are terms alternately used to denote the attitude which the student of Occultism should hold towards externals (the not-self), and this attitude he ceaselessly strives to attain because he realises that without it he can be of little use, for then he would be as a rudderless vessel, the sport of winds and currents in spite of the motive power which it possesses.

Put in another way it means that by strenuous work, step by step, stage by stage, the aspirant for knowledge gradually acquires such control over his vehicles of consciousness on the three lower planes, that eventually it becomes possible for him to inhibit them from being affected or swayed by any kind of happenings or pressure from without.

At first sight this would seem to mean that all feeling and emotion must of necessity be eradicated and killed out, producing a cold, unsympathetic, and colourless personality, and, although this is one of those dangerous subtleties called half-truths, it must be understood that what refers to the personality by no means applies to the individual.

On the contrary, the ego, in the course of its upward evolution, must and does feel infinitely more acutely than before but, while doing so, it does not permit this feeling to take charge, so to speak, or to express itself in such a way as to constitute a loss of equilibrium in the bodies it is using.

It also does not mean that love, sympathy, impatience, irritation, and even anger are never to be outwardly

expressed, for it is essential for human progress that emotions should be indicated at times, but it does mean that the ego, of its own free will, induces and applies them, having them on tap, as it were, with a firm hand on the control.

In short, emotions and feelings should only be expressed at the will, and with the consent, of the ego, and not be allowed to arise spontaneously in its bodies. To have attained such a stage obviously denotes a high level of adeptship, for even the loftiest beings have preferences, are in fact on distinct rays, and, if it were not for these differences of kind, all evolutionary progress would cease.

Although the magnitude of this task might well seem appalling, it must be borne in mind that even a moderate control yields very great results, and it is significant that in the stages on the eightfold path, irritability is the last but one of the fetters to be got rid of; and what is irritability but the remnant of the emotion of anger?

Our course thus lies between the various pairs of opposites which are, in reality, the two poles of the same thing, although this is at first difficult to understand; and this course or evolutionary progress from which the perfect balance is slowly and laboriously acquired is along a path beset with manifold dangers, for just in proportion as the strength of the aspirant increases, so do the tests he is called upon to face become more severe, and that is why it is said that the path of Occultism is strewn with wrecks.

Now there are two temperaments which, although varying in different individuals, are generally sufficiently marked to enable them to be distinguished from each other; they might be divided as follows:

Impatient	} The Hare	Patient	} The Tortoise
Ambitious		Tenacious	
Incautious		Cautious	
Energetic		Persevering	
Brilliant		Reliable	
Optimistic		Definite	

While it is unnecessary to dilate on the special dangers to which these different types are exposed, it is noticeable that, as one approaches the extremes in each, the want of balance becomes more marked.

A great deal could be written on this subject, but it would be quite beyond the scope of the present article, which is merely intended to indicate certain lines of thought in connection with this all-important qualification. But there is one danger in connection with the question of equilibrium which has to be especially guarded against.

It amounts to this, that you should not attempt to suppress a fault or a vice unless you have some other qualification to put in its place; in other words, do not try to kill out, but endeavour to transmute.

Now this is obvious for the following reason.

The law of the conservation of energy holds good on all planes, and, just as the student acquires a greater balance, a better control of the emotions, and a more even and stable mind, so does he conserve and not waste his energy and spiritual force for which nevertheless an outlet has to be provided. It is no good to say: "It shall not go down," unless an alternative route is found for it to "go up"; thus mere suppression of emotion and feeling, undesirable or the reverse, is bound to produce upheavals or eruptions unless means are provided for its expression in some direction. Further, while the suppression of feeling of all kinds may tend to cause atrophy of the vehicle, so the annihilation of emotion would be astral *felo de se*.

But at a certain stage in human evolution, a stage to which we should all attain in the future, and which some have already reached, we find ourselves at the parting of the ways, and this is explained in *Light on the Path* as follows:

The man can choose between virtue and vice, but not until he is a man; a babe or wild animal cannot so choose. Thus with the disciple: he must first become a disciple before he can even see the paths to choose between.

For it is at this stage, when equilibrium and balance have been attained, we are faced with the greatest of all the pairs, namely that of Good and Evil, the right and the left, the Paths of Unity and of Separateness, of darkness and of light; and it is then that a definite choice has to be made, for here there is no middle course for the Occultist, as the perfect balance and control acquired by the assiduous practice of preserving an unswerving attitude along the Path between the pairs of opposites is really part of the training and preparation for the time when he will have to make this definite choice between what is termed Good and what is termed Evil.

VIA CRUCIS

My heart is sad with pain and longing for earth's children
Who are groping blindly among life's shadows
For—they know not what.
They who have missed their birthright of love and sunshine
and joy.

Oh, the tears that flood their hearts
While brave smiles are on their dear faces!
Stumbling dumbly along; trying yet again to make the most
of disappointment
And e'en despair.

Oh, dear Christ, if life's sun cannot for them shine,
Flood Thou their tired hearts with Light divine
That they may glimpse the Path Thy pierced feet have trod;
And know life's heaviest crosses lead to God.

HELEN HOWARD

THE SPY

By JASPER SMITH

I HAVE heard it said that this is no time for seers of visions and dreamers of dreams; that the eye of faith falters before the flash of steel, and that the soaring vision gives way to the flying lead. I am told that ideals are but playthings for the weak, and that real strength is to be found only among those who are united and held together into regiments and companies by stern rules and physical compulsion. And indeed who shall say that in the long hours of the march by night, the unwearying tread of advancing feet is not heard within Shambala? Across many battle-fields leads the path to the Great White Lodge; and by the side of the sorrowing woman, the forsaken child and the stricken warrior must the new-born Son of Man lay down his life.

For many months, for many years, for many centuries will last the battle to which our hurrying companies of young men are moving so swiftly to-day. But among all those companies there is one whose members cannot be distinguished by their uniforms, their rank or their nationality. Their emblem is a tiny silver star.

The members of this company have no decorations by which you may tell their rank. If there be any distinguishing marks among them they are carried, not upon their breasts, but locked away deep within their hearts. An iron cross they bear, truly; but the eye sees it not. Only the weary comrade, the wounded foe may sometimes perceive a sign, simple and enduring, borne by one who bends over him

in aid; and upon it, writ plain for all the world to see "For Valour."

I will tell you a story of a soldier of this company. It was near to Christmas; and a fair young man, almost a boy, dragged himself painfully along through the wet grass. The rain had been falling steadily for days. The surrounding country was bleak and bare; only some ghostly poplars swayed in the wind as clouds of rain drove through them, so thick as momentarily to obscure their outlines. The only touch of warmth in the scene came from some rotting corn lying in the sodden fields. The man was faint with hunger and blue with the terrible cold.

He wore no uniform, for he was a spy. His comrades were occupying a part of the enemy's country, and there was certain vital information which he alone could obtain through his intimate knowledge of the district. For the home of his sister's *fiancé* was thereabouts, and he had often stayed there. The two were to be married as soon as the war was over.

Thus it was that he had offered himself; for weeks he had roved about, mingling with the people, and slowly but surely gathering the information that he required; now at last he was nearly back in his own lines once more. This reflection at least brought a little warmth to his half-frozen body, a little comfort to his weary brain. He began to picture to himself his reception on his return with the coveted information. What would his chief say to him? He could imagine the pride of his sister, who loved him so dearly, when she heard of his success. Then perhaps. . . .

It was nearly nightfall when he awoke to find his hands bound behind him, and a few yards from him a young cavalryman of the enemy, attending to his horse.

To fall asleep and be taken prisoner by a stray scout on his way back to the enemy's lines—this, then, was to be the end of all his hopes! He made an involuntary

movement of disgust—the scout turned quickly—and then he saw that it was his old friend—his sister's *fiancé*.

For some time neither of the men spoke. No questions were necessary; the proofs of the spy's mission were already inside the other's tunic. But the spy's brain was busy. Here, perhaps, was a chance of escape; what should he do? He had thought it a fine thing to die for one's country; but to be shot in the cold dawn! It was but a week or two to Christmas. . . . what a great festival it always was at home! And he was to be shot! No!—he would not die. He would beg the other to let him go—he would surely do so for his sister's sake. Perhaps it was neither honourable nor fair to the other, but—well, anything was better than to be shot. Having made his decision, he cleared his throat to speak—but the other interrupted him.

"I promised your sister that if I saw you I would give you this letter."

He held out a letter, and released one of his captive's hands, that he might read it.

It was a letter full of love and hope and encouragement. It revealed a splendid pride, and painted fair visions of the future. At the end were these words:

" then thou wilt see how happy we shall be; for thou must come to see us often. Oh, my little brother! thou knowest the little silver star thou wearest always—for which they laugh at thee? Well, I will see that they laugh no more, for now that star will surely stand thee in good stead! I have learned that my boy wears the little star also, and he tells me that so do many of his comrades . . . "

He finished reading the letter, and looked up. The young cavalryman had turned away and was gazing far out into the gathering night. He raised the letter softly to his lips and reverently kissed it.

"Yes, the little star will stand me in good stead," he said.

He signed to the other that he was ready. With his aid he mounted his horse, and, with his hands bound, rode in front of him to the enemy's lines.

On the morrow a single volley greeted the rising sun. The little silver star was still bright.

INCENSE AT GLASTONBURY

GLASTONBURY, renowned for its Abbey and its famous thorn tree, which is supposed to have been planted by S. Joseph of Arimathea, has recently been the subject of many occult or supernormal phenomena which have been recorded by *The Daily Call*. Some four miles away from the town, at a fifteenth century manor-house, the smell of incense was most perceptible, and even an impression of a processional movement was suggested. To no cause could these events be ascribed. Nearly all the happenings have been connected with the smell of incense; "a concentrated mass of invisible incense pervading the excavations in the Abbey ruins". "For a time a strong belt of it lay across the High Street which is fairly near the Abbey Walls." Casual strangers seem to have detected the scent, and one clergyman visiting the Abbey was suddenly assailed by a volume of perfume emanating as from a censer. So powerful was the scent he involuntarily stepped back half suffocated. One extraordinary fact is narrated by one of the "eye-witnesses": "People now began to observe that the aroma was peculiar—eastern rather than western in type and my friend B. who had by now experienced it frequently made exhaustive experiments with all the known resinous bases, spices, and other materials from which the various types of ecclesiastical incense are prepared, with the view of ascertaining the composition of the Abbey emanation."

A tall robed figure has been seen standing where the scent of the incense was most powerful, but practically all the phenomena have to do with the sense of smell rather than that of sight. All physical plane explanation such as a combination of the scents of flowers, etc., seem to have been tested and found wanting, so we are justified in assuming that the wondrous perfume is wafted from another plane.

THE TRIAD OF NOBILITY

By ALICE E. ADAIR

DEVOTION, Steadfastness, Gentleness—three simple words, so simple indeed that a mere child may readily understand their meaning, yet so comprehensive that many, many lives of continued effort will not reach the limit of their import. So wisely chosen are they that one can scarcely imagine any other trinity of qualities which would so perfectly express the ideal of a noble life; for to be perfectly devoted, steadfast, and gentle under all conditions and in every circumstance would mean perfect mastery of oneself and the command of every situation that might arise. Hidden in the heart of these common words are the essentially elemental and fundamental qualities of the pure lover, the true hero, and the great saint.

By devotion men express themselves really in relation to the unattainable, whatever form it may assume; whatever name they may choose to give it, whether God, or an Ideal, or a Cause, or indeed any higher expression of themselves that is beautiful, lovable and attractive.

In steadfastness man expresses his conviction of the divinity that is within him; from it arises all that makes his work honourable and enduring; and by it are forged the links of all noble friendships and of immortal love.

With gentleness comes the precious gift of understanding. He who would know the innermost hearts of his fellows must beyond all things else be a gentle-man. Gentleness is that which gives all that is gracious and charming to life.

It matters not what the man's work or rank may be, by the practice of these virtues he must do that work and fulfil the special obligations of that caste more effectively, more completely. Scientist, artist, scholar, professor, ruler, politician, journalist, or journeyman are morally bound by this triple tie, this tie to the ideal beyond themselves, to the ideal within themselves, and to the ideal around themselves.

How lovely a thing would life be if every one were gentle in his degree; the contemplation of this ideal would bring melody into the voice, rhythm into the physical movements and charm to the manners of the most uncouth. When present in the hero it becomes an added dignity, in the lover an added power, whilst in the scale of saintly virtues it is the highest note.

Steadfastness is the noblest form of heroism. To be staunch in friendship or true to an ideal; to face every obstacle, every new trial with unwavering will; to meet failure with serenity—these are Godlike qualities. "Be steadfast in the toil I set thee," says the voice of the Higher, when obedience to that command taxes the power of endurance to the uttermost limit. Only the very rarest souls can stand the awful strain that means spiritual victory; the lesser souls, many of whom have claims to real greatness, slacken their grip and seek relief outside themselves. It is a splendid thing to lose oneself in the service of others, but some are set to a task which appears less glorious, but which perchance calls out a loftier form of courage. In the dull, dull, sticking to an uncongenial task, in the steady silent battle with the subtle temptations of the personality, there is no sense of loftier vistas, no kindly human companionship to lift the heavy burden. The strain is continuous and it must be borne alone. Only the man and his Master know of its existence and its pain. "Give me of thy courage to be steadfast when thy light is hidden," cries the soul to the Higher Self, when the senses would draw him to the

attractions he has wellnigh outgrown; when the lovely voice of friendship singing in his ear fills his mind with a *mâyā* of the desolation of loneliness, and would blot out the radiant vision of the Spirit.

Where is the man who has no need of steadfastness? What seeds of misery and vice have not been shown by vacillation? By keeping a firm foothold in his appointed place each man faithfully serves every other, and when he is able to face injustice and ingratitude with serenity, to meet every attack upon himself with ungrudging love, then he becomes in deed and in truth the Super-man, and joins the rank of Heroes.

Lastly, in devotion we find the consummation of the simplest and greatest thing on earth—Love. The word devotion has been so hackneyed and its signification so vulgarised that many people are confused as to its meaning, and others are repelled from the idea because of the form it so often takes. Though ideas may run riot with regard to devotion, every one understands at least what love means. It is that which turns weakness into strength, roughness into gentleness and rebellion into peace. Love has its seed in every heart; each man loves something more than himself, is prepared to sacrifice himself for that something; and wherever there is the seed of sacrifice there is the seed of devotion. Many are estranged from the idea of devotion while embodying the principle in themselves in a very marked degree, and this is quite natural for principles operate on all planes. One may be mentally antagonised by the form an idea takes on the physical plane and still be dominated by the principle which lies behind it.

Every lofty sentiment has its companion sentimentality which is its vulgarisation or materialisation; and whilst we are under the *mâyā* of separateness this must cause jarring, disharmony. Truth however always conquers and where the devotional attitude is a genuine expression of the real Self of the man, he generally meets with respect,

however much his methods may be criticised. Wherever it partakes in the smallest degree of a pose it becomes a sentimentality and should be honestly recognised as such. It is then no more and no less real devotion than flirtation is real love, but it sometimes leads to it, which critics are apt to forget. It pleases some people to play at being in love; it gives others pleasure to play at being good. In either case the players may be wasting valuable force, or they may be learning in their play, as children do, the first rules in the game of life. So while we may admit that the *soulful* air and pious attitude are not necessarily a part of devotion and are thoroughly distasteful to us; and while we may claim that pose is always to some extent a violation of truth; yet we may imagine an all-comprehensive understanding in which the imperfect expression of the devotee and the ridicule of his critic are reconciled. Even make-believe is not such a fruitless thing as it appears superficially, for scandalous as the idea may be to some of us, to pretend to be some particular thing is often the first step towards becoming it, and, finally, the sentimental person has his weapon in his own hands; by transmuting his sentimentality into the loftier sentiment, he defeats all criticism and kills all ridicule.

There can be no loftier conception than that of a deathless, changeless, selfless, all-pervading love—devotion pure and complete; there can be nothing more ridiculous than to suppose that the monastic or puritanical, the Salvation Army or the High Church expression of that conception is final or is in any sense the best. Pure devotion is outside all castes, all creeds, all sects, all distinctions of persons, but the ghosts of past prejudices still haunt us ever ready to materialise at our will. Perhaps safety for both devotee and critic lies in laying most stress upon the ideal of gentleness, the last virtue of the triad of nobility.

THE SOUTH CANARA THEOSOPHICAL CONFERENCE

By MANJERI SUNDARAM

I HAD gone to Calicut on business, and it so happened that I paid a visit to Mr. Manjeri Rama Iyer, who recently embarked on a social reform experiment which supplied the idle and the orthodox of the town with a perennial subject for discussion. In the course of conversation, he told me that he had been requested to preside at a Theosophical Conference to be held at Mangalore, and kindly gave me an invitation to accompany him if I liked. I had nothing particular to do. I had heard much of South Canara, which has given nearly half a dozen members to the heaven-born Civil Service and which, though isolated, till recently, from the rest of the Madras and Bombay Presidencies by the absence of railway communication, had so early set out on the path of social reform. I accepted the invitation gladly therefore, and next day, the president elect and half a dozen of his friends, including myself, were at the station, ready for the mail train. In a few minutes we had seated ourselves in it and were flying northward at a very rapid rate indeed. I kept a sharp look-out to see whether South Canara would be very different from Malabar. I found little or no difference. The same beautiful hills and valleys, the same clusters of graceful palms, greeted our eyes; and the beautiful sea, as if unwilling to part company with this fair country, hugged closer and closer so that we never once lost sight of it. Soon it was evening and the glorious sun was about to set. It was a

magnificent sight truly to see the golden disc of the sun descending lower and lower until, at last, he dipped himself into the waters of the western ocean—"Hiranya Garbha" floating on the wilderness of the waters.

We looked entranced on this splendid spectacle, on the distant hills that formed the background of the beautiful landscape, on the deep blue waters of the streams that slowly found their way to the sea, until the shadows of night gathered fast and blotted out the scene from before our eyes. At about 7 o'clock we reached Mangalore. The members of the local Lodge were kindly waiting on the platform to receive us. We placed ourselves in their hands and thanks to their considerate kindness, had no further trouble. Our luggage was sent on in advance and we too were soon on our way to Mr. M. C. Krishna Bhutt's bungalow situated on the top of a hill called Sannyasi Gudda. A refreshing cold water bath and a hearty supper followed, and then we slept soundly, the spirit of the departed Sannyasis keeping guard over us. Early in the morning at 5 o'clock we got up, bathed, had a cup of coffee, and were ready to attend the Conference.

After an interval of nearly seven years, the local Lodge had become active once again. Thanks to the zeal of the members, a Conference was organised. The managing Committee of the Canara High School had kindly placed the school buildings at the disposal of the members of the Lodge and it was in the beautiful Sarada Hall that the Conference held its sittings. On Sunday, April 18th, the Conference began. Messrs. Ragunatha Aiyah of Ullal, the veteran social reformer of Canara, very old and feeble, but full of spirit and energy still; S. Venkita Subba Rao, the local District Munsif; P. N. Bhandarkar, the District Court Sheristadar; G. Krishna Rao, High Court Vakil; K. Ranga Rao, the leading Brahmo of Mangalore and Secretary to the Depressed Classes Mission; Mukunda Rao, the District Registrar; Dewan Bahadur N. Subba Rao, so well known to the people of Malabar; U. C. Krishna Bhutt, the leader

of the orthodox section were some of the gentlemen present. One remarkable feature of the Conference was the presence in the hall of many ladies belonging to the highest caste, convincing proof of the great progress social reform had made in South Canara. A welcome address by Mr. U. C. Krishna Bhutt, the President of the local Lodge, was the first item in the programme, in the course of which he emphasised the essential Oneness of the ideals of ancient Hindûism and Theosophy. He then proposed Mr. Manjeri Rama Iyer to the Chair; the proposal was seconded by Mr. Venkita Subba Rao. In his opening speech the President gave a short sketch of the history of the Theosophical Society and of the great work, done by such noble souls as Madame Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott, Mrs. Besant, and Mr. Leadbeater, "perhaps the most misunderstood man of his age". The teachings of Theosophy were not in any way antagonistic to the doctrines of any other religion; it was a common platform on which all creeds could meet and work together for the welfare of humanity. The brotherhood of man was the cardinal principle it taught.

What India wanted was a leader who would melt down our ancient prejudices, or warring creeds and castes, who by the magic of his personality would compel us to lay aside our jealousies and differences and unite us together that we might work for the uplift of our fellow men. The coming World-Teacher would be that leader. In a stirring peroration the President exhorted the audience to prepare themselves to receive the great Teacher when He comes.

In the afternoon there was a social gathering, and then followed an illuminating lecture on the Order of the Star in the East by Mr. V. Karunakaran Nair.

The President then gave an eloquent and inspiring address on Theosophy as applied to practical life. He spoke of the great work Theosophy had done for India and for the world. It had combated and defeated the forces of materialism. Huxley and Tyndall and Haeckel

had attempted to undermine the stronghold of religion as, even as Jabali had tried to convert Rama of yore, with his cynical materialism, but in vain. Theosophy had taught an incredulous world the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and the principle of reincarnation. Many, many Christian clergymen had come to recognise the truth of this. By emphasising the spiritual side of life, Theosophy has saved India from the debasing worship of wealth and power, from the horrors of an over-developed industrialism, and from the grip of a soulless materialism. Europe was suffering from these terrible evils.

In days of old, when Rome was at the height of her power and glory, there came forth the son of a carpenter in Palestine to preach a higher and nobler religion, which spread far wider than the boundaries of the Empire. Could not we hope that in the same way a Great Teacher would come forth in India, who would lead forth a glorious band of workers to Europe and America, conquer the lust for gold and the lust for power that are slaying the nations of to-day, and prepare them to accept a purer and a higher civilisation, even as their ancestors twenty-five centuries ago had followed the footsteps of the Buddha and held high the torch of truth in China and Japan, Burma and Siam and beyond?

It was almost dark when the address came to a close. Early next morning the members of the Theosophical Society assembled once again in the Sarada Hall to discuss the affairs of their Brotherhood. At 4 p. m. the delegates assembled once again in the same hall. Mr. Narahari Sastri cleared up in musical Canarese a few doubts under which some members of the audience laboured. Then followed an address by Mr. Ramachandra Rao on the "Message of Theosophy". It was an inspiring sight truly, that of this grand old man of more than three score years and ten, almost in sight of another world, ascending the platform to expound to the people of this world the message that Theosophy was commissioned to preach. In

a voice powerful and clear, he spoke of the intense necessity of social service, pointed out how we people of India were rather lacking in this same spirit, and gave an eloquent description of the *pancha yagnas*. Devotion to forms was excellent; but faithfulness to the spirit was infinitely better. Finally he made a pathetic appeal to the younger members of the audience to come forward and save the Motherland. On them rested the future hopes of India. In their hands was her destiny. If they worked earnestly he had not the slightest doubt that India's ancient glories would be restored.

The concluding address of the President was the last item in the programme. In a speech full of deep feeling, he again thanked the members for having given him an opportunity to be of some service to them by choosing him as their President. The Conference was about to close and they to part. To say good-bye was ever sad, but he hoped that they would meet again and continue their noble task. It was not an accident that they had all assembled together under the shelter of a branch of the giant Banyan-Tree, the Theosophical Society. It was an over-ruling Providence that had brought them all together. What if the Society had been attacked again and yet again? What if the tender sapling that had been planted in America in 1875 had been shaken so violently that some even feared that it would be rooted out? These shakings had but caused the old withered leaves, that were of no use, to fall away. In their place had shot forth the buds of a glorious hope and the tree now stood more firmly than ever. It was destined to grow and grow and grow, until its mighty branches extended over the whole world. In a peroration as powerful as it was persuasive he exhorted the members to work cheerfully. It was not the quantity of work that they turned out that was important. It was the spirit in which they worked that was all-important. The one grand truth that Theosophy ever emphasised was the Brotherhood of

Man. Every one, however humble, should do his best to bring together the warring and jarring creeds and castes and classes of the world, to bridge over the wide, almost impassable, chasms that separated nations and parties from one another; and Almighty God would bless the work they did, however little it might be, even as Rama of yore laid His hands in divine compassion on the squirrel that helped Him to build the mighty bridge of Sethu!

The shades of night drew on apace as we listened to the last words of the address. The Conference was over. Those who had assembled were about to separate, each to return to his own particular corner in the universe, there to do the work that God had allotted to him. Mr. Bhandarkar, in a few well-chosen words, thanked the President and the audience who had together contributed so largely to the success of the Conference. Next morning, after a very early breakfast at 5 a.m., we started for the railway station. Our kind friends* who had made our short stay in Mangalore so happy were with us to bid us good-bye. Thanking them very heartily for their untiring efforts on our behalf, we got into the train, our hearts full of loving memories of their generous hospitality, their unassuming kindness, their delightful simplicity. May God send them all blessings.



THE

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FROM THE EDITOR

THE swallows and other summer birds, that come over in flights each year from warmer climes, must leave the bird population in other lands diminished in number. So, here in Madras, our summer birds take flight and seek the coolness of the hills, and all the town activities languish, until the High Court re-opens in July, and with it return our strongest-winged. The Government do not return until October, and the more gaily winged birds who constitute the English social side do not re-appear till then. But the Colleges and schools re-open, and Madras takes on again its normal activities, though not many of its gaieties.

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This annual exodus to the Hills, takes place in all the Provinces, and most of the leading Indians also* seek the beauty and the coolness of the hill-stations, and escape the heat of the plains. Madras does not rival Benares in its summer heat; our highest temperature this year has been a little over 109, while in the United Provinces it runs up to 116 and even higher. Here at Adyar we are about 10 degrees below the Madras temperature, and Adyar has felt quite pleasant and cool on returning to it every

evening from the hotter city. The river on one side and the Bay of Bengal on the other make for our greater coolness, and we escape also, of course, from the radiation of the town buildings. It has not been at all unbearable, for myself at least who am somewhat indifferent to heat.

**

But our summer birds have also flown from Adyar to Ootacamund, Coonoor, and Kotagiri, the first the Government station, the two last pretty hill resorts which are rapidly rising into favour during the last few years. H. P. Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott were very fond of Ootacamund, and her description of its beauty and restfulness in her articles on "Mysterious Tribes" in Vol. XXX of *The Theosophist*, will be known to most of our readers. She took a great interest in the remarkable tribe of Todas who live in the Nilgiris—the Blue Mountains—and preserve the knowledge of some of the lesser of the old secrets of magic. The Colonel bought a cottage there, which he bequeathed to the Society, and thither the two colleagues went summer after summer, and the little place is full of their memories. There most of the *Old Diary Leaves* were written. It is a small place, and is now being used by a few of our residents, Mr. Jinarajadasa among them.

**

Two years ago the Society bought a larger house with some hundred acres of land, most of which is let out for cultivation. This is used by several members who cannot face the summer heat down here, and Mrs. Stead kindly presides over it. Neither of these T. S. quarters have I, as yet, seen, but I am going up for a week this month, to make acquaintance with "Ooty".

**

The War has caused us the most troublesome delays in the setting in order of our *New India* business. Last summer, finding the machinery bought with the *Standard* quite inadequate, I ordered some better printing-presses from London; they lay ready for months, awaiting a steamer to bring them, while over here subscribers stormed at us, quite naturally, for being often late in delivery of the paper. Then we had to find new offices, as the old were too small, and the War again delayed the supply of building materials for the housing of the presses. Very slowly and gradually—thanks to two of our well-known Adyar workers, Rao Sahab G. Soobhiah Chetty and Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri,

whose fine printing work at the Vasantā Press is familiar to our readers—the difficulties have been overcome one by one, and one of the two presses is set up, and begins its work on June 7th. The second will soon follow it, as everything is now ready, and there we can print at the rate of 7,000 per hour. That will seem a very poor thing to English friends, but I can assure you, readers mine, that it is a very fine thing for Madras.

**

I wish it were possible to reach the English public with a paper which gives the Indian view on all political questions, for the dense ignorance of the greater part of the British public and the inspired ignorance of the remainder are a very serious menace to Indian peace. The huge majority of the Britons would be up in arms for Indian liberty, if it understood how things really are in "our great Dependency". I am myself the only English writer on the staff of *New India*; the rest is written by educated Indians, and gives the views of "advanced" Indian politicians of the Congress Nationalist type. If we could get the paper filed in the large Public Libraries and Working Men's Clubs in Great Britain, an immense service would be done to India. It is only a penny paper, but the postage costs more than the paper, and while the yearly subscription in India is only £1.4 the yearly subscription abroad comes to £2.8! The telegraphic news is, of course, three weeks old when the paper reaches England, but that is a comparatively small part of the paper; again, the extracts from English papers, eagerly read here, are useless to the English reader. The remainder would be instructive, both for opinions and facts. Can my English friends give me any help in this?

**

I paid an interesting visit to Kolhapur, the premier Mahrātha State, to preside for three days over the Mahrātha Theosophical Federation. The State is ruled over by a descendant of the famous Shivāji, the Warrior Chief of the Mahrāthas, a name to conjure within Maharāshtra. We had a fine gathering of delegates from the District, and huge meetings. The Mahrāthas are a splendidly virile race, of strong and brilliant intelligence and unswerving will. Mr. Gopal Krishna Gokhale was of their finest type, shrewd and cautious as a statesman, with a heart of fire glowing beneath a somewhat stern and chill reserve—a friend to love, a political leader to follow. Mr. Tilak belongs also to this strong race, and has a large

and devoted following; he touches the popular imagination, especially that of the young. Theosophy spreads steadily but not rapidly in Maharashtra; the Federation was founded in Bombay in 1911, and the opening meeting was attended by Messrs. C. W. Leadbeater, G. S. Arundale, J. Krishnamurti, J. Nityanandam and myself—a good start! The Mahrāthas are a strange mixture of strong devotional piety and fiery politics—Shivāji was a typical example. The eagerness with which my lectures were listened to was a sign that Theosophy has there its work to do. It must widen out and render tolerant the somewhat bitter and harsh Hindū orthodoxy of the district, for this serves division, not unity, in the National Cause, and the wide reasonableness and sanity of Theosophy will soften the harder religious bigotry, which has taken the place of the old devotion, without sapping the virility of the intellect and character of Maharashtra. What I saw during my visit augured well for the future.

* *

The work of the Theosophical Society in Great Britain naturally runs most to War activities—nursing, looking after refugees, and so on. But a good many meetings are being held also, for people are very eagerly anxious to hear of the other side of death, and naturally turn to us amid the holocaust going on. Then again, the idea of Reincarnation is appealing very strongly to people, who see bright young lives cut off in the very flower of their youth, and ask despairingly why they should have been born into the world to leave it ere they learned what it has to teach. And looking at the way in which the scythe of death is reaping such rich harvest, they cry aloud: "Why all this misery? Where is God?" But when they see in the battle-field lives going on the more swiftly because of the heroism and the sacrifice, when they realise that these high virtues are not lost in a heaven where they are useless, but will come back again to serve the world that needs them, then the terrible tangle is straightened out, and through eyes dimmed with weeping they see the gleam of hope. The Leeds Lodge has issued a very interesting three months' syllabus, with public lectures twice a week.

ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT ON WHITE LOTUS DAY, AT ADYAR, 1915

*
FRIENDS,

As, going round the world, one is sometimes in one place and sometimes in another on White Lotus Day, fewer and fewer people are found who knew personally H. P. B. while she was with us. In looking over the people who are gathered here in her old home, there are comparatively few who claim any close contact with her. I was wondering how many of you can say they had talked with her during her last mortal life. (Hands shown—five people.) Very few remain who had that personal touch with H. P. B.; more, of course, came into touch with the Colonel, and knew him in the body he last wore. Both of them as they lived amongst us in their last bodies are falling a little into the background of the Society, and are becoming sacred memories rather than persons with whom we have had personal touch and experience. For those who knew H. P. B. in the body, the memory of her life and ways remains always very dear; partly because she was so very exceptional in her ways, and so unlike any one else we have ever met. I have never met a second H. P. B. One person, who knew and admired her, said playfully that she must have come from another planet on a meteorite. No better warrior could have been found to break through the prejudices of the day, in order that Theosophy might find a way without being crushed. A great fighter, she came into the world when hard fighting was necessary; for in the western world there was still a great deal of religious persecution going on. I think one reason why

she had a great affection for me was because I had been fighting against religious oppression with Mr. Bradlaugh in England.

Both she and her great colleague were admirably fitted by their differences in character for the joint work they had to do. Naturally, we turn to her, since the name of White Lotus Day was chosen specially by her, and then we turn to her colleague, Colonel Olcott, who did for the outer organisation of the Society what she did for the Wisdom teaching. As all of you know, the Colonel is back again in the world, and will doubtless take his own place again later on. With H. P. B., it is different, for although he took a body immediately after passing over, he has kept in the background, and does not seem nearly so inclined to come out now as he did some seven or eight years ago. That, I think, is partly due to the trouble we have had to go through during these few past years; he became very disgusted and angry with things here, and with the persecuting spirit of Madras, and when I referred to his coming out, he said: "Why should I come down? What is the use of coming into a world like that?" He is always working, of course, but does not seem inclined to face the difficulties of the outer world by working here publicly. It may be that he will wait until the Teacher comes; I do not know.

During the past year the Society has had some rather heavy losses; several valuable workers have lately passed over. I suppose we must expect that to happen, for many will go, and come back again later to carry on the work of the Great Teacher; they have made themselves so useful here that they are adjudged worthy to come back quickly. I may mention Pierre Bernard, who was killed last September; a number of our people have been and are at the front. In February, passed away one whose name you will know very well, Ursula M. Bright, the wife of Jacob Bright, with whom for so long I made my home in London. She had a wearisome,

toilsome, passing away through years, and all of us are glad that she is now free. You should send her a special thought of love and goodwill, because it was to her gift of £3,000 that we owe, with other things, our Headquarters in Benares. She bought the land, and I later passed it over entirely to the Section, and it is now the property of the Section, and so one will always remember her in connection with that. Also the house, Shānti Kuñja, we owe to her; the whole of the establishment there was chiefly due to her generosity. In America, we have sustained a heavy loss by the passing over of David Unger, a very earnest Christian Theosophist, whose work was valuable in America, because he put Theosophy in a Christian form; he carried on a useful magazine, called *Esoteric Christianity*, and was one of the officers of the E. S. over there, a lecturer, and a very earnest man. In Europe there is another serious loss, in Scandinavia, and this last loss was very sudden. I speak of Arvid Knös, the General Secretary of the Scandinavian Section, who passed away on March 5th. For a long time he was General Secretary; then he gave the office up, when he was appointed to a high position under the Government, and we decided he could serve the Society better by accepting it. The Scandinavian Section has always been an object of attack by our opponents, and each struggle has taken a certain number of people away; some went out with Mr. Judge, and then followed Mrs. Tingley. Then when Dr. Steiner made trouble, Mr. Knös took up again the work of the General Secretaryship. Wise and cautious, he was particularly fitted to hold a difficult Section together. Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland were at first one Scandinavian Section; then Finland became a Section, and then Norway divided off. Sweden has always had disruptive tendencies: first over Mr. Judge, as I said, then over Mrs. Tingley, and then over Dr. Steiner. Though a difficult country in some ways, it has a number of most earnest and devoted members. I had

by this last mail a beautiful letter giving an account of the passing over of Mr. Knös: he leaves behind several children; one son, who was strongly attached to his father, went upstairs just before the passing, and shut himself up, very grieved, and his father appeared to him, evidently just after he left the body. The feeling in the house is not of having lost him, but the sense of his living presence is there just as when he was in the body, quite a joyous feeling, though of course there is still the loss of the physical body. The service which they held before they cremated the body had more the character of a festival than the usual sad ceremony of a funeral. And then, the memorial card printed for Mrs. Bright by her daughter, bore the words: "Born into the World of Shadows in 1835; born into the World of Light in 1915," which is, of course, the truer way of expressing death. There is very little change in these workers when they pass over. Mrs. Bright has hardly changed at all after passing over; she was working hard before and she is working hard now. There is very little change visible in her.

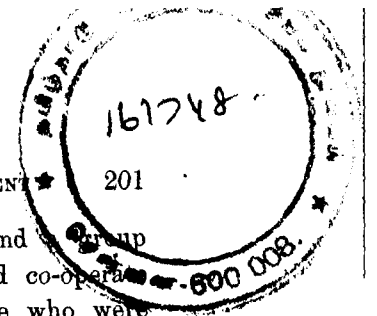
Looking at those who have passed onwards, we see that the Society has lost some of its most earnest workers. On the other hand, there are others who are coming on. There is just now in the Society a sign of true progress, for more and more of the best of the younger people are coming into the Society and taking part in its work. Moreover, in many parts of the world there are quite a number of remarkable boys and girls beginning to grow up, exceptional and full of promise, who will be just in the prime of young manhood and womanhood at the time when we expect the coming of the Great Teacher.

Looking over the world, one notices this band of young people, already quite perceptible by the special qualities they are showing forth, of the highest promise for the work of the future. One begins to speculate how many of these will be ready to gather round the Teacher when He comes, be ready to welcome Him and serve

Him, so that, wherever He goes, He will find a group of young men and women to do His work and co-operate with Him in every way. Fortunate are those who were born some nine, ten or eleven years ago, who will be in the prime of their youthful strength when He comes. Here in India we have some four or five who are growing up, not counting my own two boys, and so, also, in Great Britain, America, Australia, New Zealand and Java, we see these young folk who begin to stand out, almost always born into Theosophical families, so that father and mother will be helpful for the line of education best for these lads and lasses to follow. With regard to my two boys, very little is being said just now, so as to give them a quiet time of preparation after the cruel time through which they have passed. . . .

I have led you to look a little to the future as well as to the past, because the whole of the work of the past is but the preparation for the future. More and more as the months go on, between now and when the great changes take place, the time is becoming shorter and shorter, and it is important that each one of you should try to understand some of the great Plan that is being worked out around us. While Mr. Wadia was reading of "that Great Law," bringing each thing in its time, it struck me how thoroughly apposite that was to the present time. The whole world is visibly engaged in unconsciously carrying out the Plan that is laid down for the evolution of our times, for the rapid getting rid of the evil and the getting ready for the great good that is coming to the world.

In the (1914) November *Theosophist* I wrote an article which has caused much searchings of heart, in which I pointed out what lies behind this great struggle that is going on. It is just one of those great struggles between the Brothers of the Light and the Shadow, that always takes place before a new Age, or a new race, or a new sub-race, as now, with the coming of a Great Teacher.



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Look back in history and you will see that before the coming of an Avatāra a tremendous struggle always occurs, and though the coming Teacher is not an Avatāra, He is the great Being who comes at the beginning of a new sub-race. An Avatāra is He who comes at the end of one Age and the beginning of the next, while the Teacher comes at the beginning of a sub-race; but the larger and smaller cycles correspond in character. I allude specially to that article and remind you of it, partly because it has caused trouble in the minds of many people and a great deal of attack on myself, which is a very desirable thing; it is quite right that there should be criticism; it shows a healthy tone in the T. S. There is nothing better than that people should be outspoken. I want you to notice the way in which things are going, and you will see that what was said in the article was not at all overdrawn. If you take what the Germans are doing now, sinking passenger-steamers full of women and children—on one of the Cunard liners outside Queenstown harbour, the *Lusitania*, there were over 2,000 people—and remember that is going on every day, this sinking of trading and unarmed boats without warning; if you can imagine the condition of mind of the people who can torpedo boats of that description and deliberately drown people at that rate—non-combatants, holiday-makers, and many of them women—and leave the passengers to perish, you must realise that people who can behave in that way are inanifestly, for the time, influenced by the Brothers of the Shadow. We cannot credit human beings with it; but having given way to plotting and hatred, they are influenced and do not resist, because they are blind to the wickedness they do. Another piece of news of German work in South Africa has reached us to-day, that they are poisoning all the wells in a certain neighbourhood, making them fatal to man and beast. You can realise that we are not dealing with ordinary people, but with the influence of a diabolical

spirit, unknown to civilised nations. One can in a way and to some extent prevent the atrocities from causing hatred by understanding their source; moreover, these deliberate actions of destruction, the slaying of people who have done no harm and have nothing to do with the War, works up on the other side a spirit of hatred against Germany almost as terrible as their own, which will sweep away the worst criminals in the end. And that is necessary, that the world may learn the results of hatred at its worst. It is to be hoped that no similar reprisals will take place that would be anything like their own, inflicted on those who have not committed these crimes. I think we may all do something in trying to think of the restoration of good relations after the War and for the cessation of hatred, so that when Peace comes there may not be a continuous underhand War, keeping the nations apart one from the other. In the West, at present, some of the leading papers say that no social relations of any sort ought to exist with Germany after the War; but I do not think that is the right spirit, not the spirit we ought to encourage.

Before next White Lotus Day comes round, I hope all this will be over and our faces set to rebuilding, instead of looking on at destruction. Even if it be not so, we know that the hand of Power, Wisdom and Love is on the helm of the world. One great advantage we have: we know that this is the preparation for a happier and more blessed time. We are able to look forward to the coming of the Great Teacher, whose way is being prepared even by all this horror and bloodshed, this cruelty and misery. If you keep your eyes fixed upon that Star which is His, and if you realise that beyond the clouds that Star is ever shining, and remember what that Star symbolises: that it is not only the symbol of the Great Teacher and so of his Order of the Star—that is secondary—but it is the sign and symbol of that Greatest of the Four Kumāras, of Him who is the King of our

earth. If you lift up your eyes and see that Star, you will realise that no matter how terrible the bloodshed and the misery, no matter how thick the clouds may gather over the earth, beyond it all the Star is shining, symbolising that Consciousness in which the whole world is ever enwrapped; nothing can come to the world, not even all this bloodshed and misery, that is not known to Him and permitted by Him. His the strong Hands that are guiding the world steadily along its appointed way, and in a very real sense He is like the helmsman of a ship, the man who holds the wheel of the rudder in his hands and keeps the vessel straight through the wildest storm. He, the Greatest of the Kumāras, is the Helmsman at the wheel of the world. The storm may rage as it will, the billows may threaten to overwhelm; we know that, when the time comes, He can silence the storm and smoothe the waves. His world can never be overwhelmed and nothing that is not for the ultimate good of the world can happen, as long as He exists to guide its destinies. He is with us "always, even to the end of the world".

A MEMBER OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY¹

By C. W. LEADBEATER

AMONG those who join the ranks of the Theosophical Society are people who are actuated by various motives. Some, perhaps, are moved solely by curiosity; but the majority have been impressed by the beauty and influence of the Theosophical teaching, and are really anxious to understand and to promulgate them. Yet even among those we have distinct classes. For example there is the busy man, who says that Theosophy is a thoroughly good thing, and so supports it, but has not yet realised that it is the most important thing in life, and consequently considers that he has no time to study it or to change on its account the method of life to which he is accustomed. A variant of this type is the lady who belongs to large numbers of societies—who is equally interested in "Women's Suffrage," in politics, in Browning, Emerson, and Shakespeare, and in all the newest branches of transcendentalism—a veritable Mrs. Jellyby. I am far from insinuating that all these may not be quite good and estimable things in their way, but I do say that when Theosophy is taken up as one among a large number of such interests, and when its place is third or fourth or perhaps seventeenth among them, the person who thus divides her energies does not make by any means so good a member of the Theosophical Society, nor does she get nearly so much out of Theosophy as one who approaches it more intelligently and with greater concentration. It is always well that

¹ Notes of an Address delivered several years ago.

a person should have even a passing interest in the truth; yet the person who only brushes its surface in this way is little likely to make much real advancement, or to be able to give efficient help to others.

We find a second class of people who are keenly interested in Theosophy, who read all the books, and can discuss the teaching very ably from the intellectual or ethical standpoint, but yet make no effort to put it into practice in their daily lives. They may profess to hold its tenets very strongly, just as other people profess to hold certain religious beliefs; yet in both cases their daily lives are just what they would be without these alleged beliefs. That only can be spoken of as a real belief which is sufficiently vivid to compel action in accordance with it; we believe that fire burns us, and so we take the greatest care to avoid fire; we believe that deep water will drown us and so we take pains to avoid it unless we know how to swim. But thousands profess to believe in the fires of hell, and yet make no effort whatever to avoid lines of conduct which, according to their alleged beliefs, will inevitably lead them into unpleasant close acquaintance with those fires. In the same way there are those who profess to accept Theosophical doctrines, with their perfectly definite teaching as to the scientific necessity for purity of life, for absence from worry or sorrow, and yet come very far from putting these perfectly definite teachings into practice.

Sometimes these arise from the imperfect comprehension of the teaching, but sometimes also from the lack of will in their application. In Wilkie Collins's "*Moonstone*" Gabriel Betteredge remarks that he is a very good average Christian, if you do not push his Christianity too far; and so it has often seemed to me that we have many members who are very good average Theosophists, if you do not wish to push their Theosophy too far, far enough, for example, to interfere with any of their cherished vices, or with habits to which they have become

accustomed before they took up this study. This practical inconsistency is perhaps one of the characteristics of the age in which we live, for we very often see it in connection with lines of belief other than Theosophy. There are plenty of people who are on the side of Christianity, or of morality, or of Theosophy, as the case may be; but the moment that the teaching of that Christianity, or morality, or Theosophy, threatens to interfere in the least with their physical comfort or their usual habits, the doctrines are quite ignored, or a determined argument is maintained that those doctrines cannot possibly apply in this particular case. It is, of course simply a question of thoroughness of the extent to which people are prepared to go. If the man has learnt to control his desire nature by his reason, he will modify his life in accordance with his belief; but if the gratification of desire is still the ultimate law of his being, his supposed beliefs will avail him nothing when they come into collision with it, even though they may govern his life in all other matters.

We see precisely the same thing often in regard to the undoubted teaching of science on the physical plane. Many a man is quite aware, for example, of the ordinary facts of chemistry, but although he knows them to be true he does not for a moment propose to allow them to interfere with the gratification of his desire or with his ordinary unhygienic habits. He knows perfectly well, theoretically, that carbon dioxide is a poison, but it would never occur to him to avoid a theatre or a billiard saloon because he knows it to be full of that gas. He knows perfectly well that oxygen is a necessity of life, and that he must have plenty of it if he would keep in health; yet he would never dream of leaving his bedroom window open two inches at the top, because that would be contrary to his custom; it might force him to put a little extra clothing on his bed, or perhaps it would slightly lower the temperature of his room and so interfere with his personal comfort.

A great deal of religious belief seems to be exactly of that nature. The people profess their various faiths very strongly; they are ready to argue about them quite angrily—in some cases they are even ready to die for them; but they are not in the least ready to live according to them. S. Augustine is said to have remarked long ago: "Many there be who will die for Christ, but few there be who will live for him"; and we find a class even of Theosophical students to whom a similar sentence would apply. Such an attitude is far less common among us than among the followers of the orthodox system, because Theosophy appeals entirely to the reason of its students, and therefore those who thoroughly comprehend it find themselves almost irresistibly compelled by sheer force of reason to practise its use. Now of course it is always better that people should hold the truth up to a certain point, than that they should not hold it at all; yet we can see that in such a case Theosophy will assuredly fail to do for these students all that it might do, nor will it enable them to help others to the same extent as it would if it were a living reality to them.

Yet another class is thoroughly in earnest about Theosophy. Its members see the reasonableness of it and throw themselves into its study to the fullest extent, and endeavour to put into practice what they learn. Yet all the time there is a strong personal motive animating all their works; they have before them the idea of the attainment of power and the possession, and their great question is always: "What shall I gain by doing this or that?" Now it is a good thing for the man at a certain stage to desire his own spiritual advancement; it is at any rate much better than to live carelessly without understanding that advancement is possible. To try to live the good life in accordance with the divine laws even though it be merely from the selfish wish to rise and to escape trouble and suffering, is at least better than not

living the life at all; but at the same time that is not the highest and the best that is possible for us. It is a stage of growth through which the man passes; but another and more satisfactory stage is easily within his reach. He has grasped much of the truth, but not yet all of it; for if he had thoroughly comprehended it, all thought of self would be forgotten.

A fourth class, and that the best of all, consists of those who really understand the scheme, who see the beauty and the glory of it, and for that reason throw themselves into its work. They also endeavour to perfect themselves, they endeavour to secure whatever advancement may be possible for them, and yet in doing this they are not thinking at all of their own gain, but only of making themselves more efficient instruments for the great work, more perfect channels for Divine Strength and Love. For them this at once becomes the first thing in life—not that they would therefore in the least neglect their duties, but that they would do them more perfectly than ever in accordance with its rules. Theirs is not in the least the ordinary religious type of belief, but emphatically the common sense kind; they mean business in the work, whatever it may cost them; and their inquiry is never, "What can I gain for myself?" but, "What can I do to help on the work?" Such people join the Theosophical Society with never a thought of gaining anything from it for themselves, though undoubtedly they do gain incalculably. They have realised that this organisation is occupied in the grandest work which the world can offer—that of disseminating the scientific knowledge of the great facts of nature among mankind; therefore they throw themselves into this work with all the strength and earnestness that they possess, thinking always of the work and never of themselves. These are the best members; these are they who gain most from Theosophy, and these are they who are most use to the mighty cause.

The thoughtless and selfish person sometimes asks: "Why should I join the Theosophical Society, when all its teachings are published in books accessible to all? Can I not gain as much information, and even model my life in accordance with it, while still remaining outside the organisation through which I receive it?" From the absolutely selfish point of view this is at least partially true, though not entirely, for the discussion of these subjects with his fellow members will certainly throw new light upon them and enable the man to obtain a more comprehensive grasp of them. But the moment that anyone realises what this magnificent scheme is—the moment that there dawns upon him the conception of the difference which the apprehension of these facts must make in his life as in that of others—his great desire is to share this wider outlook with others, to give this splendid opportunity to them also. Here is an organisation with branches all over the world and with the added experience of nearly thirty¹ years behind it in the propagation of these truths; naturally his first step is to associate himself with those who are already devoting their lives to this work, and to try to help them by every means in his power. He can produce far greater results in that way than he can possibly obtain by isolated efforts; and it is this realisation that makes him join the Theosophical Society and determine to be an active member.

¹ Forty years now, in 1915.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES

We sailed in a vessel with golden sails
Toward the land of the Fortunate Isles;
On the turquoise sea, through filagree foam,
Toward the horizon vast, streamed our white-ribbon trails,
Like roads out of Rome;
And the blue-and-white cameo skies wove endless smiles.

A pearl wisp of mist on the sea's bright rim
Marked the lay of the fortunate Isles;
And the laughing ripples silvery gleamed
As we swung our boat 'round, while the tiller sheet trim
Like a bowstring taut seemed;
We lay stretched on the sun-plated decks through tranquil miles.

The still-glowing coals of a day nigh dead—
Orange-hued, golden-red, silver-blue—
Through the fringing palms and through the torch-trees
Cast a flame at first brazen then coppery red—
Until, born of the seas,
Rose the round harvest moon—silver shield the young night flew.

Forgotten, dear heart? That was when life was new;
When the sea, and the surf, and the slack
Of the sails sighed as the wind swept by.
Shall we flee there, dear heart? Shall we live there anew,
Where the summer winds sigh
Past our Fortunate Isles—flee and never come back?

F. K.

NOTES OF THE CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AUSTRALIA

By C. E. R.

THE thoughts of Australian members turned this year to Melbourne, for not only was that to be the centre for the Convention, but Mr. Leadbeater was to be present at the gathering. Delegates journeyed by boat and train, so that in spite of the great distances which separate the Lodges, each of the States was represented. Since travelling is somewhat wearisome, most of the members arranged to reach their destination a day or two before the time appointed for business, and some spent the hours of leisure in the beautiful public Gardens, amid masses of glorious flowers, on lawn-covered slopes, shaded by beautiful trees, watching idly the stately birds glide about on the surface of the lake, and the papyrus, like that which once fringed the banks of the Nile, sway gently in the breeze. A restful spot, yet so near to the city that the buildings could be seen between the trees, beautified by the smoke which veils and soils them.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral also proved a place of refuge, the lofty Gothic arches, the beautiful marbles and mosaics, the exquisite colours of some of the stained glass; filmy clouds of incense rising from quaint vessels, and glorious golden sunlight streaming through the windows—all these combined to soothe, and the hush of Easter was upon the place.

Then came the reception of delegates, and many were the happy greetings, the meetings of friends separated

usually by hundreds or thousands of miles, who seldom see each other except at such gatherings. A light touch on the shoulder caused one to turn, to find our kind General Secretary smiling and indicating that Mr. Leadbeater was close by; hearty indeed was his welcome, and how pleasant to be talking with him again. The atmosphere brightened at once and he went about shaking hands and greeting the members. Then we were bidden to seat ourselves ready for the lantern lecture; a row of small boys sat in front, bright, happy young people, eager to see the pictures of Adyar. A photograph of the President was the first to appear and as she smiled upon us from the screen, there was an outburst of enthusiastic applause. A photograph of Mr. Leadbeater was greeted in similar fashion. Mr. Studd then showed a plan indicating the route he would follow in his lecture, so on the wings of thought we set out to learn something of the beauty and extent of the Adyar Estate; the slides were not only interesting, but many of them most artistic, some depicting scenes which were new to most of us. The lecturer certainly succeeded in making that Mecca of Theosophists real to his listeners, in helping them to realise that in a certain sense it belongs to them all, that it is their privilege to help and support it in every way that they can. Mr. Leadbeater added occasional comments as the pictures appeared, and towards the end a slide showing the house in which Alcyone was born, caused much interest.

A collection was taken to help, we believe, to build the embankment along the Adyar river. Then the singing of the National Anthem brought that happy gathering to a close.

On the morning of Good Friday, at 10 a.m., the delegates were assembled, and the retiring chairman, Mr. Studd, asked Mr. Leadbeater to open the Convention. Mr. Leadbeater said that he had never done such a thing before, though as he had been present at many Conventions in many parts of the world, it would perhaps be

well to tell of the way in which things are done in other countries. Then he referred to the business, saying that our deliberations were of importance because they decided, to a certain extent, the work of the Section for the year; but far more important than the business, was the social aspect of such a gathering, members should be heartily glad to meet each other, should really feel and live brotherhood, try to understand what it means. There was less opportunity for that in Australia where the members were almost all of the same race, but they could stop criticism and devote all energies to the needs of the time, use their opportunities and *do* the great work.

Words cannot convey the impression which the little address made upon his listeners. He left the Convention then to do its own business, but his influence remained, he had so tuned the gathering to the key-note of brotherhood, that no after-business, or differences of view-point could upset the harmony which prevailed.

For a moment thoughts were directed to those members who have gone to the front to help "the old Motherland" in the great War.

Then came the address of the retiring President. Mr. Studd again referred to Adyar and the splendid work which is being done by the President and by the Theosophical Society in India; he had met a Scotsman who highly praised the Society, and was always glad when any one in his employ joined it, because it made them better men.

Mrs. Besant sent a message of loving greeting to the Australian Convention and expressed the earnest wish that every member might long unite with her in the Masters' service.

Mr. McConkey was elected to the chair. Then the General Secretary read his Report, saying that Mr. Leadbeater's visit was the chief event of the year—a statement which was repeated in one Lodge report after another, as they told of renewed interest and increased membership.

Perth still hopes for a visit, Mr. Leadbeater has not yet been so far westward, but that Lodge has the pleasant distinction of being the first centre to know Mr. Mazel as a lecturer.

Though the population of Australia is not yet, we believe, as large as that of the city of London, the membership of the T. S. is now 1,400 and most of the large Lodges have acquired, or are thinking of acquiring, properties of their own. The Section looks forward to a time of steady growth and ever-widening usefulness.

It was decided that a message of loyalty and devotion should be cabled to Mrs. Besant; also, that the deep gratitude of the Section be conveyed to Mr. Leadbeater. One member, speaking in that connection, said that it had been his privilege to have Mr. Leadbeater staying in his home for several months, and though Mr. Leadbeater did not need it from him or from anyone else, he thought that it was right that he should say to the Convention that while Mrs. Besant had been called the "greatest living woman in the world," so he believed that Mr. Leadbeater was the "greatest living man in the world".

The Convention adjourned and the delegates were invited to partake of a dainty luncheon prepared by some of the members.

The first item of business was the election of a General Secretary; the delegates smiled because they had enacted that part of the programme so often. Mr. John, of course, stayed outside and his re-election was duly proposed and seconded and some of his admirable qualities enumerated; then everybody voted for him, and after being admitted, he made a little speech thanking the members on his own behalf, and also for having reappointed Mrs. John as his assistant. Australians have a very real and deep affection for the leaders of the outer and of the inner section of their Theosophical activities.

A telegram from Mr. J. I. Wedgwood was read: "Greetings to Convention from a marooned islander." He journeyed

from Adyar intending to be present at Convention, but a rumour that smallpox had broken out on the mail boat meant that the passengers must be detained in quarantine, a tiresome experience which doubtless made the days seem slow in passing. Nevertheless a week later he was welcomed to Melbourne, in time to see some of the delegates and to attend a few meetings.

Various other matters, such as have to be considered at every Convention, were dealt with, and as the daylight faded there was a feeling of satisfaction that the work had been completed to the satisfaction of all.

On the Sunday morning there was a service for Star members and Mr. Leadbeater gave a beautiful address, explaining the *real* meaning of those words in the Prayer Book, which would be read on that day in the Churches all over the Christian world. The passage: "Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over him," refers to the time when compulsory reincarnation is over, when the individual need not again take birth in this world, if he does so it will be with the object of helping humanity, a sacrifice which he makes, out of love for the younger members of the great human family.

In the evening Mr. Leadbeater delivered a public lecture on "The Condition of the Soul after Death". Between 700 and 800 people listened attentively, and it was interesting to hear some of their comments as they left the hall: "splendid," "magnificent," some said, and it certainly was, so comprehensive, such grand phrasing, yet so wonderfully simple and appealing, as though he was talking quietly to the various units of the audience, and explaining just what each wanted to know, in the way that would most appeal and be most easily understood. A professional quartet played beautiful selections before and after the lecture. The proceeds that evening were given to the Belgian Relief Fund.

The next meeting was to be on Tuesday evening, so members were able to get away for a time from the

crowds of people and ceaseless noise of the city. The majority spent Easter Monday in the country, and came back refreshed and better able to appreciate the remaining meetings. On Tuesday some were taken by kind friends for a long motor drive along the coast; the day was beautiful and the sea glorious, happy gulls played about the little boats, and children raced across the sand, forgetful of all save the joy of free movement, the fresh buoyant air and the caress of gentle, playful waves. Ah! the restful, soothing, restlessness of the sea. We sat on the thickly wooded cliffs beneath the trees, looked in amongst the rustling grass, the home of dainty birds, and surely, too, the dwelling-place of fairy people, and talked in subdued voices of the deeper things of life, and wished that Convention meetings could be held amid such surroundings. Then storm clouds gathered and sent thunderous peals echoing along the coast, but only enough rain fell to add to the sweetness of the air; a rainbow dipped one end into the woodlands and stretched the other far out to sea. For miles and miles the steep coast-line was partly visible through the mists, and the pink glow of sunset touched the surface of the water. The return journey led through country parts, undulating land crowned here and there by comfortable homes, nestling amidst the trees. Then again to the coast where lights now marked the land-line which the dusk had veiled, bright twinkling points, called by one resident: "The jewelled necklace of the Bay." On and on we sped, past brightly illumined places of amusement into the heart of the city, where the T. S. members had gathered to hear what Mr. Leadbeater had to tell them about "Psychism, Its Use and Abuse". The popular, and then the more accurate, meaning of the word was given.

The speaker emphasised the enormous importance of motive; if members are ceaselessly watchful, striving always to overcome selfishness by unselfishness, to act rightly and to keep their thoughts pure, and noble, and gentle,

then their influence on others will be good and helpful, and they need not fear the unfoldment of greater powers, for having thus acquired the habit of right use, these can but add to their power to help. Having been faithful over little they shall be given charge over much.

An E. S. meeting was held on Thursday evening, and Friday, April 9th, brought the pleasant duty of welcoming Mr. Wedgwood; he had luncheon with some of the members and delegates at one of the Lodges, and in the afternoon visited the safe deposits and the Art Gallery, sparing a few minutes to climb the beautiful marble stairway and look in at the new, snow-white and lofty reading library, of which Melbourne is justly proud. On the evening of the next day he gave to a small assemblage a beautiful and helpful address.

Then Sunday was a busy day. In the morning there was the pleasant, dignified little service which has become familiar in connection with Mr. Leadbeater's meetings of the Order of the Star in the East; and in the afternoon the Servants of the Star held a meeting. Here is a little account.

Master John McConkey, the head of the movement in Australia, took the chair, and after the first song, read a few passages from *What We Shall Teach*, by C. Jinarajadasa. He then asked one of the members from Sydney to speak, and a sturdy, bare-legged boy of eleven years stepped on to the platform, and gave a beautiful little address to his "Brothers of the Star". Of all the qualities which have to be developed, love, he said, is the most important. He read a little from *What We Shall Teach*, and recommended members to study the book. Though he must have been speaking for nearly a quarter of an hour, he only referred two or three times to his notes; he knew what message he wished to give and clothed his thoughts in fitting words, while the clear young voice rang out so that all could hear, and the bright earnestness of the face gave to the words a deep shade of meaning. Another speaker from Sydney was younger still, and did

not use notes at all, though he had not then reached his tenth birthday. He referred to *In His Name* and suggested that the Brothers of the Star should read it, if they had not already done so. Then he explained that the best way for members to fit themselves to become workers, so as to prepare for the coming of the Lord, and to be able to help Him when He comes, is for each to become a pupil of one of the Masters. Then they will know how to be really useful. Another member read from *At the Feet of the Master*, and yet another spoke on the difference between love and affection, saying that love was "double affection like," it was so much more than affection and went right inside to the individual, it did not matter whether the outside was beautiful or not.

Then the young Chairman said: "I now call upon our friend, Mr. Leadbeater, to give us an account of the work which our Order is doing in India and Java." With a bright smile he rose and in a happy, "big-brotherly" way, gave the required information, or at least he told of the activities in Burma and Java, for they were the centres he knew most about. The singing of another song brought to a conclusion that most interesting and somewhat unique meeting.

That evening there was a public lecture on: "Shall We Live on Earth Again?" The audience was larger than on the previous Sunday, there being about one hundred more people present, so some thought. A final address to members on "The Power of Thought" was delivered on the following Tuesday, but several of the delegates had left the city before that day arrived.

And now, as we look back over those happy, busy days, what are the points which stand out most prominently! That there is a great deal of work to be accomplished in the world, within a short time, and that it is the privilege of those who have been permitted to know something of that plan of work, to co-operate

intelligently, their responsibility being proportionate to their knowledge. The fact that the Australian Section is a part of a great world-wide organisation was realised more fully than ever before, and the delegates felt that since it had been their privilege to be present at the gathering, it was their duty to try to infuse into whatever lines of work they undertake in their respective centres, something of the atmosphere of the Convention. Mr. Leadbeater's presence, of course, made an enormous difference, and all owe him a very deep debt of gratitude—how deep that debt is, will be realised more fully as the years pass; he seems to have become the centre of our Section, and we are happy to think that he may be long with us. Each Sunday evening he gives a public lecture in Sydney, verbatim reports of which are sent to the other centres and read there, so in that way his influence spreads out over the island continent. With addresses delivered to other meetings the same method is adopted, so that the land which cradles part of the sixth sub-race, has the rays of the Ancient Wisdom shining out upon it.

THE CHRIST

By X. Y. Z.

SOME three or four months ago a statement appeared in the daily papers to the effect that twelve preachers of Denver would on the following Sunday speak on "The Near Coming of the Christ". Twelve of them, representing the leading sects of Protestantism: Congregational, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, Universalist, etc. Before then a number of preachers throughout the country had stated the same thing, and since that time it seems as though the very air has become surcharged with the idea, the believers including Protestants, Catholics, Muhammadans and all other faiths. Abbas Effendi, or Abdul Baha, spoke in that strain, as did also the Rev. Mr. Russell of the Brooklyn Tabernacle (I believe I am right as to the church). Mr. Russell spoke at the Auditorium in Minneapolis. He made the statement that the great Teacher will come to teach, while the others seem to think that when He comes the world will come to an end, that He will come to judge, and that He will come in the clouds, as you know most Christians believe. Of course the "world" will come to an end, but with the "world" is meant the home of the fifth race. Still that destruction will probably not come at once but at some later period in the world's history. It is now being prepared for, without doubt. A Philadelphia scientist, Dr. Peebles, declares that in a short time comparatively Europe will explode, and he gives reasons for it. For him it is not only speculation but facts, and he says not only Europe but parts of Asia

and Africa as well. But no matter what the details, they all believe that He is coming, and that is the main question before us just now. They also all claim that He will come very soon, some even having put the time limit as near as five years. The belief seems to be quite general.

When there is so much smoke it seems as though there must be some fire, some reason for all this talk. Sometimes the reason for an almost universal belief may be found in the strong thought currents set up by some one or more persons without any real foundation for them in fact, but it can hardly be so in this case as there is really very good reason for them, namely that those thoughts, coming to all these preachers at the same time, must have had their origin on higher planes (in higher worlds), that they must have been instilled by higher beings, though not necessarily so, as I now understand it. The objection may be raised that if such was the case the information conveyed would be all alike. It no doubt was alike, but the groove in which a man's thoughts have been running will naturally colour any thought that may come to him. These preachers having all identified the coming of the Christ with the end of the world had difficulty in turning their thoughts in any other direction, so all they could grasp of the message given them was the fact that He is coming and that He is coming soon.

The Theosophical Society, or rather some of its leaders, have for some time past given expression to this idea of the coming of the Christ, which to them seems to be a matter of knowledge, not only of belief, their facilities for obtaining occult knowledge being no doubt superior to those of the great majority of mankind, owing to their intimate relations with Beings evolved to a much higher state than those of ordinary humanity. There is a Hierarchy of Teachers forming what is called the Great White Lodge and it has been shown recently how the members of the Theosophical Society are all related to the members of this

Hierarchy, some more closely, others more distantly. But the fact remains that they come in touch with each other life after life. So we should have special knowledge, and I believe we have. Theosophists not only assert that He is coming, but they give reasons for it. Furthermore, they say that one of the reasons for the starting of the Theosophical Society was to prepare mankind for the coming of the Great Teacher. You know that the last time He came the way was prepared for Him, and so it is to be this time; and the Theosophical Society, it has been stated, is to play the part of John the Baptist. Lately, another Society, the Order of the Star in the East, has also been started for the same purpose, this Society being to some extent composed of people who are not in full harmony with the generally accepted Theosophical teachings. It does not include, of course, those in the Theosophical Society who do not believe in the Coming. You know the Theosophical Society is a body entirely without creed or dogmas, every member being free to believe exactly as he or she pleases. Thus a great army, as it were, is being formed for the purpose of preparing the way, of welcoming Him when He comes and helping Him in His work. Last time the work of preparing the way seems to have been left entirely or mainly to one man, while His helpers were few indeed.

Yes, we are to prepare the way for Him, make His path smooth. And in trying to do so it may well be that we may have to encounter many a hardship and not only ridicule, for that is sure to come, but also troubles of various kinds. See how it went with our friend of old, John the Baptist. True, there were reasons for it, his actions in a former life having earned him the fate he suffered. But are our accounts on the book of life clear? Is there nothing against us? If there is, the debt must be paid. To some this may seem a gloomy picture, but to me it is a glorious one, for when our debts are paid they are no longer owing, and we are free to go ahead, free to perfect our human evolution, free to help. Free—will we be equal to

the task? Let us make up our minds to be equal to it, for it is really only on the will that it depends. If we exert will-power enough nothing can retard us.

Who is this Christ who is coming? And where is He now? And how are we to know Him when He comes? And what is expected of us? These and many other questions force themselves upon one and they need answering.

First, who is this Christ? He is a man as we are, but a man become divine. Son of God and Son of Man. Ages ago He was a man just like you and I are now, but He made up His mind to hasten His evolution so that He might be able to help His brothers, ourselves—His brothers, for the whole human family is all one brotherhood; we are all sons of the same Father. Did He not when last He was here say to those about Him: "Know ye not that ye are Gods?" And, pray, how can we be Gods unless children of the One God? And if children of the same God as He, we must be His brothers. And did He not repeatedly speak of His Father? "In My Father's House," "The Father who sent Me," "My Father and your Father". The idea of His divinity, and therefore also ours, is in perfect accord with the teachings of all the different religions.

And thus we might go on indefinitely, everything going to show that He is indeed God even as our Father in Heaven is God. Not as separate, but one with the Father, having acquired His consciousness, or, as it might possibly better be put, having re-acquired His own consciousness which was His before His descent into matter, the consciousness of the One God. There was no separation between Him and His Father before the creation of the world; they were truly one; hence it may be truly said that the world was created by Him. We, too, shall one day be able to say the same as regards ourselves. It is simply a perfection of consciousness, lost when we descended into matter and gradually re-acquired as we emerge. This perfecting of the consciousness is quickened through service. He

purposely quickened His own evolution in order that He might the better serve. This hastening of His evolution with the consequent results, not only the difficulties attending it, but the results for the future, His continuous suffering with us instead of going into His glory, so richly earned, this was His sacrifice, not the ignoble death on the cross, preached by the ministers of to-day. *That* many a son of man is capable of doing—die for a friend—but that greater sacrifice of the Christ means not only the rapid paying of Kârmic debts, but it means taking upon Himself the sins of the world. For your sins and mine He is suffering. For He has the consciousness not only of the Father but of all beings, for we are all one. He joys with them, He suffers with them. Whatever wrong you or I do; whatever evil thoughts you or I think, bring suffering to Him. He has promised to stay by us till the last one of us shall have returned home to the Father, and He will not desert us, but will patiently remain and show us the way. Truly He is divine; truly He is man. We call Him Christ. That is not His name. It is His Office. He is called by different names in the different religions: Bodhisattva by the Buddhists, Jagadguru by the Hindûs, both meaning World-Teacher. The Hindûs also call Him the Lord Maitreya, while we in the West call Him the Christ, the Anointed. Each religion has its own name for Him. The name matters not; He is the same One, no matter what men call Him. He is recognised by all the great Masters, the Heads of the different religions, the Great Ones who constitute the Great White Lodge, as Their Master. He is the greatest of Them all: They all bow to Him, pay Him homage. He is the Teacher not only of all the peoples of the earth, but of angels as well. "Teacher of angels and of men" He is called; Lord of Compassion and Wisdom, His name. The great Heads of the different religions, the invisible Heads, all take Their orders from Him. Do not confound Him with Jesus. They are two different individuals. Jesus it was whose

body He wore when here last. Jesus is now the great Lord of the Christian religion; the purest of men He was, else His body could not have been used. He voluntarily made the sacrifice in order that the Christ might manifest. At the time of the Baptism the Christ took possession of His body, and after that it was the Christ who taught. He is the Lord of all religions. To show how these other Great Ones acknowledge Him as Their Head, I will mention that it has come to my knowledge that even Muhammad, the Lord of the Muhammadan religion, is working to prepare the way for Him. Yea, even Muhammad—Muhammad, whom the western world is looking on askance, but whom the Great Ones look upon and honour as a Brother. I am debarred from giving either the details or the source of my information, but I think I may say this much, and also that the source of the information is to my mind entirely authentic.

These great Teachers are all active; are all identified with the earth. They are probably all wearing physical bodies, though of such a nature, so refined, that they are unable to appear in them amongst men. So when They come forth They take for the time being the body of some beloved disciple, which, while pure, is still strong enough to withstand the vibrations of the outside world. The Christ is probably no exception in this regard. Indeed, our literature seems to indicate that He is living on the southern slopes of the Himalayas. The statement seems to be a definite one, and that reminds me of an article in *The Theosophist* some years ago, a dream by Elisabeth Severs, which she called "The House of Strange Work". While a dream, it is of the kind that have a certain sort of reality about them, and it struck me when reading it that it must certainly be the home of a Master. And I have lately come to think: "Why not the earthly home of the Christ?"

As was the case two thousand years ago, He will probably this time also take a body already prepared for

Him. Indeed, it has been so hinted, and there seem to be good reasons for it, the principal one being, no doubt, that it would be a decided waste of time for Him to train a new body from childhood. Energy is never wasted by Occultists. As to the present case, I remember seeing a poem in *The Theosophic Messenger* some three years ago, by Mrs. Felix of Chicago, in which it was strongly hinted that the body to be used by the Christ had been born. I saw Mrs. Felix in Chicago some time afterwards and speaking of the poem I told her of my impression. Her lips were evidently sealed as she did not give any further information, but the absence of a denial was very suggestive to me. Again, some time ago, there appeared in *The Theosophist* a series of articles describing the past thirty lives or so of several people, chief amongst whom was one to whom in these articles the name Alcyone was given. In reading these lives I noticed, amongst other things, a prophecy to the effect that Alcyone would in some future life be permitted to give up his body to the Christ. Alcyone is on earth now and the rumour has gained credence that his body will be used by the Christ. However, there is no definite statement to this effect, but from all appearances it seems very reasonable. Something happened at Benares on December 12, 1911, which certainly is very suggestive. Alcyone, as Head of the Order of the Star in the East, was giving out certificates of membership, when all of a sudden one of those passing by him to receive his certificate fell on his face before him and the rest all followed suit. Occultists present were aware of a mighty Presence and even those who were but little sensitive to higher influences could plainly feel something unusual. It must have been something like what took place at the Baptism two thousand years ago, only this time the Great One did not remain permanently in the body of His chosen disciple.

Why does He come now? He comes, it is said, in order to give a new religion to the new race of people now being born in America. That a new race is

being born is a matter not only of speculation on the part of religious cranks, if Theosophists may be rightfully so called, but men of science point to it as a fact. It is quite evident that it was for this very purpose that so many people from all over the world have been gathered together in America. The mixing of the races is necessary in order that the needed qualities, found in each race, may be incorporated into the new one.

At the birth of a new race He always comes forth. The religion He will teach, may, strictly speaking, not be different from the others, but He will emphasise certain phases according to the special needs of the new race. All religions are in their essence the same, only the forms differ, and in each you will find some one idea made more prominent than in the others. Two thousand years ago He came for the benefit of the Teutonic race then growing up in the woods of Germany. This time He will come for the benefit of the sixth sub-race of the fifth root race. That race will differ in some respects from our own and will need different teachings. At the same time stimulus will undoubtedly also be given to the Christian religion, and to the others as well. He will not forget any of His people, and they are all His.

In passing let me say that from the new race now born, seed will be taken for the sixth root race which will have its home where the waters of the Pacific Ocean now roll. The floor of the Pacific Ocean is now rising and numerous islands have appeared off the coasts of both North and South America. These are facts which cannot be disputed and which scientists have called attention to. You can read about them in *The Geographical Magazine*. The changes in the Pacific and Atlantic, as well, are attended by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, etc. As occurrences like these have been predicted in connection with His coming, they form another reason for the belief that He may soon be here.

Still another reason, it seems to me, is the crying need for some one to come and help mankind to get on

the right track again. That there is something wrong is evidenced by the fact that so many of our most advanced men and women are leaving the churches and becoming agnostics. I will again quote a verse from the *Gītā*: "For the protection of the good, for the destruction of evil-doers, for the sake of firmly establishing Dharma, I am born from age to age."

How will we know Him when He comes? There have been and undoubtedly will be many imposters, and it will be well to use discrimination. In *The Theosophist* of July 1912, Mrs. Besant writes that during one week she received letters from two persons, both claiming to be the Christ and both claiming recognition. But if we use common sense, it should be easy to recognise the fraudulent claimants as such. Take, for instance, the man Schweinfurth who some years ago claimed to be the Christ. His victims were many although it was easy to see that he was after their money; Dowie, who claimed to be Elias, likewise. In addition to greed for money, Dowie was very abusive in his sermons. Can you imagine a great Teacher, let alone the Christ, with such characteristics? The Christ will be totally different. Read about Him in the New Testament. He will be the same now as then. He may not go around without a place to lay His head as He did that time, but His general characteristics will be the same. To the casual observer He will look like any other man. He will wear no badge or sign indicating who He is. So the ordinary man may not know Him, and even if told, may not believe. He can, indeed, only be known by His own, by members of His own flock, His own family, as it were, by those who vibrate in harmony with Him, those who have in them that which answers to His vibrations. You know like attracts like and unless we become like Him in some respects, at least, we may not know Him. He is Truth, so we must be truthful; He is Wisdom, so there must be something of Wisdom in us; He is Love, so we must be loving and compassionate; He is Purity, so we must

be pure—as pure as we can. We cannot expect to be perfect but we must be as perfect as we can, we must try for perfection. But we must have *something* of these qualities, for unless we have, there will not be anything in us to respond to His vibrations, and as a consequence we cannot know Him. What must we do to become like Him? We must train ourselves deliberately, scientifically. If, for instance, we lack in purity, we must, when impure thoughts come to us, deliberately turn our minds to something pure. The mind cannot hold two thoughts at the same time, so if we think purity the impure thoughts will be starved out, as it were, and if we persist in it, the time will come when impure thoughts will no longer attack us, because there will be nothing in us to respond to them. This is the occultly scientific way of dealing with the vice of impurity. "Fighting it," trying to drive out diseases, will only enhance the evil, make it worse. All the virtues may be acquired in the same way. If we are lacking in compassion, we should imagine ourselves in the place of some unfortunate person and try to realise how we would feel were we in that position. If we lack in Truth, I think a good way will be to carefully consider what we are going to say before giving utterance to the words. Our thoughts must be truthful as well as our speech, our actions likewise. A very good way is always to have the Master in your thoughts, and when it becomes necessary to speak or act to think how He would speak or act, and then do likewise. Thus we shall become more and more like Him.

And then—have the courage of your convictions. Let us not become a Peter and disown Him because the world looks askance at Him. Let us help Him by our devotion, our steadfastness. Peter knew Him but he could not bear the stress of ridicule. Judas knew Him, but he was avaricious. Let us weed out all vices from our hearts, for until we have done that there is danger that we may become a Judas or a Peter. And

has not He done enough for us to have earned our gratitude? Should we make His life harder? Should we deliberately increase His load? Is it not sufficiently heavy now? Every little wrong we do causes Him suffering, every little good we do causes Him gladness. Let us try to overbalance the suffering with gladness. That is the way to show our gratitude, our appreciation of what He has done for us.

One thing more we should do, and that is to acquaint others with the fact of His coming so that they may also prepare. Let us not keep the glad tidings to ourselves. The world may accept it or not. That is not our business, but our business is to give them a chance to know about it. If we expect to follow in His footsteps, we must try to do something for our fellows. Here is a chance. If we neglect it we are no followers of Him who has given His whole life for us. And by helping others we also help Him. "Whatever ye do for one of these little ones, that do ye also for Me."

Now, in conclusion, I want to say a few words to those of you who may possibly feel very sceptical about the idea of His coming: Do not accept it unless it appeals to you, unless it seems to you that it is right. Under no circumstances become a hypocrite. A hypocrite is not living Truth, and one not living Truth cannot know Him. Do not pretend to believe or force yourselves into believing that which in your innermost heart you cannot believe. It is not necessary. It is worse than unnecessary. But I pray that you will show ordinary decency and tolerance by not ridiculing. Let those who can, believe. Give them the same privilege that you claim for yourselves.

Suppose it should turn out that it is all a mistake about His coming! Suppose our leaders have been deceived! Or misinformed! What harm will have been done? We have simply been trying to improve ourselves and others in the expectation that He may soon be here.

There is certainly no harm in this. But there can be no mistake. We know our leaders and we know that they are incapable of any deceit, and we also feel sure that they are not to be deceived. What good would it do to them to try to deceive us? It can bring them no money, no honour, but rather, as soon as found out, the scorn of all men. The earth would not be large enough for them to hide themselves. Can we think that they who have ever shown the utmost unselfishness, the greatest wisdom, the most common sense, would deliberately walk into such a trap as that? No, the Christ is surely coming and that very soon.



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FROM THE EDITOR

MR. A. P. SINNETT'S booklet on *The Spiritual Powers and the War* shows that the President and the Vice-President of the Theosophical Society think alike on the "Powers behind the War". Those who have come through the study of Theosophy and through their personal contact with the Hierarchy which guides the destinies of Nations to understand the great facts which underlie the outward seemings, cannot but see in the tremendous conflict which is tearing the world in pieces the struggle between the forces which work for evolution and those which work against it. The "Lords of the Dark Face"—as the retarding forces are called in those wondrous Stanzas of the *Book of Dzyān*, familiar to all of us—are verily busy to-day upon this earth of ours, and although the crisis is not so tremendous as that which ended in the whelming of Atlantis beneath the waves, yet, on a smaller scale, the characteristics of that struggle are being reproduced in our own day.

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The deadly ruthlessness, the indifference to human suffering, the carelessness of all save the end aimed at, the pleasure in cruelty—all are reproduced before our eyes. For we are at the beginning of one of the smaller

cycles of evolution, the shaping of a new sub-race, and all such shapings are accompanied with War, and terrible carnage, and the sweeping away of myriads into the open jaws of death. But to those of us who have studied, and look with open eyes on the corpse-strewn battle-fields, to us those open jaws, so grim on this side, are from the other seen as a triumphant archway into new life. They are not dead, the heroic souls that have gone forth from these mangled bodies, willing sacrifices to Country and to Duty. They are thrilling with a life more radiant than they had ever felt, and on their wondering eyes unfolds a field of service more beautiful than they had ever dreamed.

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Some who have read the accounts of the shaping of the Fifth Root Race by the Lord Vaivasvata Manu, may remember how more than once He swept away the bodies of His chosen by onslaughts of wild barbarians who slew men, women and children, in order that He might bestow on them bodies nearer to the type He was aiming at, fit for swifter advance. And when we see the best and noblest of the British stock, those who first sprang forward at Britain's call, "counting not their lives dear to them," but joyously flinging them away on the field of honour, may we not say: "The Lord had need of them," need of them to be the first-fruits of a New Era, into which they shall return, "bringing their sheaves with them"? That the very best should go is exactly what is required, and they have been slaughtered by the New Barbarians, as ruthlessly as in the elder days.

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Mr. Sinnett truly says that the conduct of the German people is unintelligible, the terrible hatred and the rejoicing in ruthless extermination are beyond comprehension, unless we realise that they are but agents of the terrible powers which find in the sparks of hate the fuel which their breath can kindle into an all-devouring flame. Another sign of the influence of these abnormal beings is the loss of discrimination between right and wrong. The other day a German governess to whom her employers had been for many years attached, was sent away after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and wrote that she was glad to go, because she had been assigned the duty of firing their house when the raid occurred. It never seemed to strike her that she should refuse to commit the treacherous crime. Conscience had vanished.

These things are not normal; they are the result of a ghastly obsession.

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Looking thus at the nature of the struggle, seeing in it a supreme conflict between good and evil, I—but here I may say "we," and speak for my colleague as well as for myself—we, as President and Vice-President of the Theosophical Society, cannot remain neutral in such a battle. The Theosophical Society is the body chosen by the Hierarchy to proclaim to the world the message of the Divine Wisdom, and that it should stand neutral in such a War for Right and Honour, stand neutral when the future of the world is put in peril, stand neutral when the Lords of Light are on one side and the Lords of the Dark Face over against Them, battling for the possession of the earth, that shall never be. We, its two chief Officers, declare before the world that the Society which has placed us at its head stands loyally for Good against the embattled hosts of Evil, and that it had better perish with Honour than seek a shameful peace by the denial of its Lord.

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One of our members writes:

"Here is an unsolicited testimony to the great truth of Reincarnation. A lady who is the wife of an English Rector writes to me as follows: 'I must tell you that my eldest little girl who is 13 is a little Theosophist, though I never said a word to her. She began talking to me one day, saying she knew we had lived before, and she knew also a great many of the Theosophical teachings. Wasn't it curious, and very convincing? I am so pleased. She is full of it. I should not have spoken to her, as her father did not wish it, but now of course I do encourage her to talk, and it is most interesting. I trust and believe she will do something for the Teacher one day; she feels it in her to do it.' Parents should be ready to welcome all signs of bringing through knowledge, whether of events or of great truths, for there are many unusual children who are coming into the world at this time, some of whom look forward with a sure intuition to "Him that shall come," and who will gather round and serve Him as soon as He shall appear. It is very beautiful to see, in many Nations, these unconscious harbingers of the coming Dawn, scattered here and there over wide continents, but all of similar type, the children of the New Era.

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Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the well-known American poetess, is always ready to stand out in defence of Theosophy, and lately uttered a dignified rebuke to a revivalist known as "Billy Sunday," who does a considerable amount of good by converting drunkards and hooligans, but who went outside his sphere in attacking the Chicago Parliament of Religions, and philosophies he is too ignorant to understand. He made some clumsy attempts to be witty at the expense of Theosophy, but only, as Mrs. Wheeler Wilcox said, showed "his appalling ignorance". She remarks:

The writer of this article is a Theosophist and she resents any false representation of a philosophy which, if understood, must make every intelligent mind adore God as the Creator, love Christ as the Perfect Brother (who had reached his last incarnation, and therefore had become "one with God"), and feel limitless sympathy and kinship for all created things; a philosophy which utterly obliterates the thought of self and renders the mind incapable of any purpose or desire which conflicts with universal good.

That is what Theosophy and reincarnation mean to those who have the brain to comprehend them. . . . Theosophists and New Thought disciples understand that people like Mr. Dowie and Mr. Sunday have their place in the scheme of the universe, just as "Blind Tom" had his place in music. But as "Blind Tom" did not presume to deny Handel and Mozart their place also, it would be tasteful and wise were Mr. Sunday to refrain from his ignorant and misleading references to greater minds and their greater philosophies.

"Blind Tom" was "a blind negro of arrested mentality," who knew nothing of music, but could play a musical composition when he had heard it once. It was a remarkable gift.

But had Blind Tom made the assertion that Mozart, Handel, Beethoven and all the other mighty composers and all the performers of immortal music who gave their lives to its study, were "humbugs," and that his method of making music was the only method, then he would have been very ridiculous indeed. And that is just what Mr. Sunday has done.

THE VALUE OF THEOSOPHY¹

A LECTURE

By ANNIE BESANT

IN these days of intellectual unrest, of continual inquiry, any theory that comes before the world must be prepared to justify itself. It must show its value, it must prove its utility, for unless it has something to show, something to offer of real use to the world, it cannot expect to make its voice heard among the many voices that are appealing for public attention. And so this evening I am going to try to show you something of the value of Theosophy as a theory of life, offering in the great departments of human thought that which we believe to be of real use to man. And when I speak of the great departments of human thought I have in mind those well-known divisions, each one of which belongs to a part of human nature: Religion, belonging to the spiritual part of man's being; Philosophy, which must present an intelligible theory to the reason as to the nature of the life around us, as to the basis of morality; and Science—Science which includes for us in the western world all the range of knowledge which can be obtained by observation, comparison, intellect, Science which in our modern days has added so much to the comfort and the happiness of life. And I shall try to show you that in each of these three departments, Religious, Philosophical, and Scientific, Theosophy has something to say

¹ Beyond the first few sentences, this lecture is, as will be seen, quite different from the one printed under the same title.

worthy of your attention, something to say that can be proved to be of value in the world of thought and life.

First as to Religion. By Religion I mean man's search after God and God's answer to the search, the effort of the human Spirit, the limited Spirit, to reach after the Divine or Universal Spirit, the effort to find and realise the whole of its duties as a part, that constant groping that you find in every age to understand man's relation to the whole, man's duty to the whole, man's gradual unfolding into the whole. We shall find in the many religions of the world many and many an effort along that line of searching, and we shall find, I submit to you, the answer to the searching coming through men whom we look upon as the Founders of great Religions, men who stand out in the history of mankind as far above ordinary evolution, standing out in history as landmarks, and becoming more valued, more revered, more looked up to as the human race itself evolves into higher and higher power of thought.

Looking back over the past, we find continually that man is striving to find some satisfaction outside the pleasures of the senses, outside the delights of the intellect. We find that humankind is ever aspiring, never satisfied with anything the world can give, and that human content is the rarest of all possessions of the human race, the rarest of all acquisitions. And this groping, yearning Spirit in man ever seems to be impelled onwards in its search by the feeling that there is something in nature that answers to that yearning, that ineradicable thirst of man for God which shows itself in every age, shows itself in every nation, shows itself in every part of the world. That universal craving must have something in nature that answers to it, that is able to satisfy it; ever, looking at nature as we find it in its lower manifestations, we find that wherever there is the craving there exists in nature its satisfaction. I do not mean that every one who feels the craving itself comes across the satisfaction; but I do mean that wherever you find a craving,

say of hunger, there you find also in nature the supply of the want in food; wherever you find in man's higher nature the aspirations after beauty, nature answers to that craving by the exquisite loveliness of all natural manifestation; that where you find a longing to understand, there you also find knowledge to be acquired which satisfies the intellect and the intellectual craving of man. And shall it be that when we come to man's highest nature, that there alone a craving exists which nature cannot answer, and to that craving of the human heart alone there is no answer which comes forth from an infinite capacity of life. And so looking at the fact everywhere that religion appears; that if you try to ignore it you only find the stunted and distorted forms that you call superstition; that if it cannot be made rational, noble, then it grows in a fashion injurious to man instead of helpful, looking to that, what has Theosophy to say of value as regards the relation between the human Spirit and the Divine? Can it add to us in our modern thought any fresh impulse, any new inspiration? Has it anything to say to the modern world, the most intellectually craving and at the same time the most challenging in matters of belief.

Now in religion, Theosophy goes to the very groundwork of human nature, and declares that man can find within himself the only satisfactory and ultimate proof of the Divine existence; seeing one life in every form, seeing life spread everywhere throughout the Universe, we are now realising that our own life, our own existence is the one ultimate certainty to which we can rise. Theosophy teaches us, as all the great eastern religions have taught us—and all religion remember has come from the East—it teaches us not to look outside but to look within, not to search externally but rather to sink into the depths of our own being, to take that which has been said in religion after religion, take it if you will in the words of your own faith, that the Kingdom of God is

within you, that not in external nature, not in outward form, not by searching of the intellect, is the one existence to be found. It is to be found in your own existence, in its deepest, simplest, invariable testimony, found within, where the Spirit of God is truly dwelling, found in man's own nature which is fundamentally, essentially divine. It is written in the Hindu Scripture that there is in the heart of man a hidden place, and in that place there is something to be sought after, verily something to be sought after. And if we ask what is the hidden place, what is the something to be sought after, the answer comes then in many forms: God is within you, the life of your life, the thought of your thought, the power of your senses, the essence of your being. There is no life save His, there is no thought save His, there is no power save His. All else is derived from Him, and you are God in the very essence of your life. And if from the oldest religion, the Hindū, you turn to the younger faith of Christendom, is not there the same testimony to be found of this indwelling of God within the Spirit of man? Is it not written by one of your greatest teachers: "Know you not that your body is the Temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you"? I know that in modern days men have almost shrunk back from claiming so mighty an inheritance, from realising the Divinity within them; and yet is it not written that "In Him we move and have our being," that we are truly the offspring of God, that Christ is the first-born among many brethren? But you may say to me that if all the religions of the world have proclaimed this, what is the use of another proclamation in our days under a different name? Because religions in the efflux of time, all of them wherever you look, fall below the height of their beginning and gradually tend to lose their inspiration and their power for men. Resting too much on authority, too much on written books, looking too much to second-hand declarations of the fundamental

truths of Religion, men come to live by faith where they ought to live by knowledge, they take what they are told to believe and forget that belief is only valuable when it shows its power upon life, and they forget that the highest essence of every faith, is not the command to believe but the inspiration to know, and that it is the knowledge of God alone which is worthy to be called eternal life.

You hear much of preaching nowadays as to what we ought to believe, but comparatively seldom do you hear that knowledge of God is possible to each one of you. But that thought is reviving, and reviving very largely during the last forty years through which the reproclamation of the ancient truth has been made under the name of Theosophy. For you find in Christendom on every side now, the revival of what is called Mysticism, which is in essence the same as Theosophy, a direct knowledge of God; you find a Dean, the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, voicing the remarkable but most true statement that Mysticism is the most scientific form of religion, and why? Because it rests on the same evidence on which science rests, the testimony of consciousness, of individual knowledge attained by experiment; and the special value of Theosophy in this respect is that it opens again to the ordinary man and woman that narrow ancient way by which a knowledge of God can gradually be found, and men, by learning the powers of their own Spirit, can reach the hidden things of God. For there is a divine discipline, there is a scientific method, by which gradually the expansion of human consciousness may be brought about, so that as it expands more and more, it is able verily to come into contact with the Divinity Himself.

Now all religions, once more, have proclaimed the existence of that path. The Hindū, the Buddhist, they speak of the narrow path, they speak of the Teachers who can guide the feet of men along the path which They Themselves have trodden. Christendom, in its early days,

also recognised the existence of that path, and if you will turn to the writings of the early Fathers of your Church, you will find that there existed certain institutions called the Mysteries of Jesus; and if you seek to find out what those Mysteries were, what the teaching given in them, you find that it is asserted by such men as Origen, by such men as S. Clement of Alexandria, that the teachings given in the Mysteries to the early Christians were the teachings given in secret by the Christ Himself to His disciples. You remember how sometimes He is reported to have said to those who followed Him that to them it was given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdom of God, but to others in parables. You remember how it was said that when enquiries were addressed to Him, He only answered those enquiries when He was in the house with His disciples, and that particular phrase was dwelt upon by Origen as showing that within the house, when the Master and His disciples were together and away from the crowd, that there He explained to them the Mysteries that He could not unfold to the mass of the people outside. You remember how S. Paul talked about speaking wisdom with those who were perfect, a well-known term, for the perfect were those who had been initiated into the Mysteries, and who so had perfected the human nature. That word "perfected," as some of you may remember, has still remained in modern days as a sign of what ought to represent a special knowledge, which too often only represents a special ceremony; for in your Masonry, which is the testimony in modern days to the existence of the Mysteries of the ancient days, striving to teach by symbol what then was taught by word within the temple of the Mysteries, you may remember how that word is used in connection with the higher degrees, and how the perfecting of the Mason is still recognised as a term conveying a special significance. It is only drawn from the old Mysteries, where truly the knowledge which enabled man to become perfect

was given to the Initiates; and has it not struck you as strange that of all the teachings given by the Christ to His apostles you have no trace left now in your Christian Churches? You have what was public to the people. You have the sermons that He preached to the multitudes. You have the many exquisite and inspiring sentences that dropped from the Divine lips of the God-man of your Faith. But what of the teachings given to the Apostles? What of the teachings given in secret to the disciples? Read your early Fathers and you will find that these were the treasures of the early Church, not given out to the mass of the Christian people, but only given to those—as you will read in the words of S. Clement—to those who, being pure and for a long time having been conscious of no transgression, were allowed to enter and learn in the Mysteries of Jesus.

Now that apparently lost knowledge is not really lost. No knowledge precious for the evolution of man is ever allowed to be utterly lost by the guardians of our race. And you will find traces in the Scriptures of all religions pointing to the fact of Teachers who could guide the steps of man along the path. You may read if you will in the old Hindū Scripture: "Awake, arise, seek the great Teachers and attend, for they say the path is narrow, it is verily narrow as the edge of a razor." Do not those ancient words recall to you words familiar in your own Gospel? "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it." Oh! I know that in your modern teaching you apply the word life to Heaven, and apply the word destruction to Hell; but do you imagine that He who came for the saving of humanity declared that only a few would ever reach the life, in the sense of happiness, and that the great majority of humankind were doomed to destruction? Oh! you may believe it on Sunday in your churches, but you dare not believe it in God's world outside, where His rain

falleth alike on the evil and on the good, and His sun shineth on the just and on the unjust. The strait gate and the narrow path, these are technical terms belonging to the Mysteries of the life that was reached by treading the path, by passing through the gate, that was the knowledge of God which is eternal life. And the Christ in that declaration was but repeating the declaration of every great Teacher who has opened the path for human feet to tread, that shortens human evolution, that leads to human perfection, that makes possible to the enduring and the thoughtful that way by which man comes to the knowledge of God. I said, the Hindū and the Buddhist. They give us many particulars about the path, and the Roman Catholic Church has never lost that old tradition. Much was lost—as well as much was gained—by what is called the Reformation. You gained the priceless declaration of man's right to freedom of thought and freedom of expression, although both have often been denied since by those who vindicated their own liberty against Rome. But you also lost much of the inner tradition that came down from the earliest days, and the worst loss of all was the loss of the knowledge of that narrow path, the path that may still be trodden.

The Roman Catholic Church has kept that knowledge, and you may read in some of their books the perfectly scientific statement of the way in which man may unfold his consciousness, expand it more and more, until at last he reaches that full expansion which marks the liberated Spirit. Three great divisions the Roman Catholic makes of the path: Purification—the path of Purification he calls it—then the second stage, the path of Illumination, and the third, Union with God. Some of the writers of the Roman Catholic Church go so far as to call that last stage the deification of man, showing what is meant by union, realising that which the Christ Himself declared of the Unity of man with God. The Hindū and the Buddhist divide the path into more divisions, but you can see at

once as you compare them, there is only a little more detail introduced into the same outline. The path of Purification of the Catholic is the probationary path of the Hindū and the Buddhist, in which evil must be left behind and certain definite virtues must be acquired, which shall prepare man for the first of the great expansions of consciousness called the first of the great Initiations. Then, after that, the path proper, or the path of Holiness as they call it, covers the same ground as the path of Illumination of the Roman Catholic. It is the growing expansion of the Spirit, which illuminates the intellect of man, which shows more and more the spiritual truth, and leads man deeper and deeper into the Mysteries. The divine and human note carries him onwards step by step by a process of meditation, of self-control, of self-discipline, until he has prepared both body and mind to receive the ever-growing illumination which streams from the divine Spirit within him. And the last stage, that the Catholic calls Union, is spoken of as Liberation by the Hindū and the Buddhist, liberation of the human Spirit from the restrictions placed upon it in mortal life, the conquest of the Spirit over death, the rising of the Spirit as victor over matter, the triumph of the Spirit in mortal body that it leads onwards to immortal life, the Union with Deity, the taking of the manhood into God. So that you find in these three great religions—I might mention others too save for lack of time—that you have declared a definite path, a definite discipline, by which step by step man can realise his unity with God.

Now that has gone very much out of modern thought even in Hindūism and Buddhism. They know the path exists, they say, but they know not how to tread it, and the value of Theosophy is that it has brought back the living knowledge which had gradually slipped away from all but a very few. And here in Christendom it also teaches how that path may be trodden, shows the ancient discipline by which man may go along that path and

reach its goal, for God has not forsaken man, and the Teachers of that great Illumination may be reached by man and woman to-day as well as they could ever be reached in the older world. Have you forgotten the promise of your Christ, "Lo, I am with you always even to the end of the world," and yet you think of Him as one afar off, you don't realise that He may be known with that clearness and accuracy of knowledge, nay, with more than the knowledge with which you know your earthly friend, as sure, as face to face, as the knowledge of man by man, the knowledge of friend by friend. For that is an old teaching. These great Ones do not come to us, but we may rise to Them by deliberate, long-continued purification; by that discipline of body and emotions and mind, to which I alluded, you may so open the eyes of the Spirit, you may so train the body to obedience, that like the men of old, you all may know the reality, and like the disciples of long past centuries, you may have teachings from the Lord Himself. That is the training and the thought that Theosophy has brought back directly into the modern world, showing the open road to the Masters, that anyone who will, and is willing also to pay the price, may tread in our modern days as much as in the older world. For man is not changed from what he was in the essence of his nature. God has not changed. In Him is no variableness, no shadow of turning. Why should your ancestors have shown possibilities which do not lie latent and hidden within yourselves? Your birthright is Divine as much as theirs. Your evolution towards the higher heights is as possible as was theirs. It is only the lack of energy and courage that holds us back from the highest heights to which men have ever climbed, and the value of Theosophy therefore is the knowledge that it brings back to the earth, the possibilities that it sees for the raising of man towards Divinity.

Along that line then Religion may be helped by Theosophical teaching, not bringing what is new but rousing the

minds of modern men to the treasures which they possess, but which they have forgotten. Just as you might in some ancient family that has fallen much in social repute, as you might point the present members of that family to their ancient glories, as perchance you might find in some forgotten attic or cellar the family jewels that have long been lost to memory, as you might take them out of their caskets covered with the dust of centuries, and point to the modern heirs the treasures there, without giving something from somebody else but only showing them what they have of their own, so is the message of Theosophy to the modern religious world. You have treasures that you have forgotten, possibilities that lie in front of you you know not of; as a man that walks over the field and knows not the gold that lies below it that can enrich him, so do you walk over the teaching of your religion and do not realise the hidden treasures that are there, over the training and the unfolding of the spiritual powers within you. We tell you but of your own. We do but remind you of your past. And if you care to do it you may claim that past in the present, and show that all that man could do in the past, before Christ left our earth, can be done to-day by living men and women, whose Divine nature is as real in the modern world as it ever was in the world of the past.

(To be concluded)

A PRAYER

Not for that peace which the world cannot give,
I come to Thee, O God, to speak my prayer.
I do not ask the boon that I may live
Forgetful of the world, its heavy care.
Nay, rather this: that Thou wilt take my heart,
And sweep Thy fingers o'er its yearning strings,
And wake to quivering rapture every part,
Until for very pain it sobs and weeps and sings!
Play on, Divine Musician, thro' infinities
Of sorrow, love, despair, too deep for tears!
Play on Thy wondrous haunting harmonies
Thro' Thine eternity of suffering years!
Give me, O God, my heritage of pain,
Strength to endure be mine, and love to bear;
That weary men who listen in the night
May lift their hearts to Thee, and find their way,
For hearing, gentler, and their darkness light;
And peace within their souls—yea, this I pray!

BERNICE T. BANNING

THE WORLD'S NEED

By D. M. Codd

I. THE NEED OF GOD

STRANGE as it may sound one may truly say that there is one thing to-day of which the world stands in greater need than of any other thing, and that is God; the heart of Society is heavy and despondent because of the estrangement which seemingly exists between man and his Maker. In the depths of our nature we seem to lack something which once we had; we are groping and yearning, as it were, for an ideal and a confidence which we seem to have lost; we would like to believe in something—what do we believe? We hardly know in what. So-called modern creeds are abundant and each one of us selects whatever in any of them appeals to him; some are content with the old presentments of Truth, others are pleased with the new ones, but alas! how many there are who refuse to put into these ports, not recognising in them the Holy City they seek. For nobody *knows*; none can give us the certainty of belief in aught beyond the visible concrete world from which one day we are bound to vanish. Who will teach us with authority, or show us the road to discovery, of things invisible and things divine? Even a Divine Teacher who lived two thousand years ago has become surrounded more or less by the mists of uncertainty. This is, in fact, the core and the crux of man's unrest. He is looking for a teacher and a shepherd;

he wants to know on authority if there is a God and what is His nature; he wants to be assured beyond the possibility of doubt of his own immortality and to know the conditions of existence which await him when the body of flesh shall fail him, cutting him off irrevocably from this world.

Modern orthodoxy on the one hand had narrowed down man's conception of Divinity to the crude idea of a Personal God, "made in man's image" one might say, but this much materialistic science has done for him—it has lifted the human intelligence once and for all out of religious bondage into intellectual freedom; it has taught man to think clearly, reasonably, independently, and the old ideal of Divinity has vanished for him for ever. What has science given him in the place?—Atheism. And yet he is not at rest, for the Spirit of man is elsewhere bound, and surely it is bound for God. Thus it is that religion having failed him and science having also failed he has, so to speak, "fallen between two stools". The consequent jar and lack of harmony in the social organism has caused disease to set in, a disease which has slowly worked its way through the world-system till it has reached its crisis in the present European War. Yes, one may truly say that the world is very ill just now, and it has been ill for a long time, ill of unbelief, but let us be glad that the crisis has come, that the impurities will be thrown out and the cause of the disease ejected.

Let us look for a moment at our modern *kurukshetra*, where all the nations of the civilised world are ranged against each other. We find Germany at the apex of modern thought and culture, the type of intellectual individualism, crying with its competitive spirit, "Germany against the world." Here we find the seat of the malady—Germany, the home of materialistic philosophy, and her Emperor appealing to the Personal God of whom he proclaims himself the instrument and the representative. Hence flowed that dark flood of philosophy which drowned

man's hope and almost took away his impetus to live, which left him nothing to dream of and sure of nothing but the ground beneath his feet.

When, however, disease enters a man's body all the strength and resources of the body are called out to fight it; the white corpuscles in the blood surround the disease germ and try to overpower it. Thus we find that having lost belief in God and with it the spirit of worship, other forces of man's nature have been called into play and he has developed another power—the sense of brotherhood. God having hid Himself, man clings to man, and the sense of comradeship, of duty to the human race as a whole, has in the last half of a century risen to the surface, springing spontaneously and irresistibly from the core of his being and replacing the former religious godliness. Never in any previous war has this quality been so markedly exemplified as in the present one. In the West there is only one feeling: "What can I do to help? What share can I have in this terrible drama?" The rich share with the poor, houses are thrown open to refugees and to the convalescent wounded; some independent women are actually going to work, taking the place of a husband or father who has been called out to fight, and giving their salary to the wife and children. Some big firms and factories are continuing to pay workers for whom they have not sufficient work. Even in far off India the desire to share has been nobly and heroically demonstrated.

Does not all this bear witness to man's inherent divinity clamouring to make itself felt, and the words ring back over two thousand years: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar," and "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Are we not on the verge of finding God again, not a Personal God outside us, not even the God of Pantheism, but within, seated in the holy chamber of the

heart. We are marching swiftly towards Mysticism and Mysticism will save us. Find God we must, believe in Him we must, because we are inherently divine and we need a Father and a home. Surely there on the battle-field, away from the petty trivialities of society, away from the monotonous environment of the office, many a soldier will look into his own heart and come a little nearer to God. Perhaps with a wounded comrade near, perhaps in the evening missing one who went out with him in the morning, he will feel the deeper pulse of life and think: "There is more reality in all this horror than ever we found in making money or seeking pleasure in London Town. Surely we missed something in those days."

Now the Mystic seeks God in two ways, either in his own heart or in evolution. It does not matter whether we find him in our own heart or in our brother's heart, and the so-called "progressive movement" in the West is, after all, one of pure Mysticism. The man contemplating Divinity in his own heart loves God; the man who is working for human progress loves his brother; and both say that God is Love. For the one He is "That Pure and Lofty One, Holy in the Mount," and for the other He is "The Self seated in the heart of all beings."

What, then, will be the future conception of Divinity? He must be two things: He must be Infinite beyond all human attributes and He must be Immanent in every form of life. We are in need of the old eastern conception of Godhead, and this is where the East may help the West; this is the gift which India, who has guarded the sacred treasures of Wisdom throughout the ages, has to offer to modern civilisation. Out of the East must the Light come to the western world, from India who guards the books of the Ancient Wisdom; out of the East in the heart, also, where the Sun is ever rising, the Light ever dawning.

IN PRAISE OF MRS. GRUNDY

By A. J. WILLSON

NOT that she requires any praise from me! But she is so misunderstood by so many people and her extremely broad outlook is so often taken by small people to be a narrow view, merely because they themselves are too short-sighted to take in the sweep of her wide cosmopolitan horizons, that it is only right that some one should explain to the young ones what men and women of the larger world already know.

We can frankly admit that the unfledged nestlings, just beginning to lift their wings, are often retarded in their growth by customs that are fussy and absurd, ultra-conventional and even unwholesome, raising doubts and fears in the minds of quite good and healthy-minded young things. But that is not the fault of Mrs. Grundy. Her charges belong to so many lands and races that she cannot show her beautiful, wise face to all at once. Even her experience cannot please—and so let her help—those who are not yet able to see her as she is: a great world-mother guiding her forward 'children in their play. So she has to approach the young ones in the guise of a relation or friend; and it is not her fault if they can only produce a worldly mother and father, intent on selling their offspring to the highest bidder, or a narrow, undeveloped uncle or aunt, who shuns all real life

as wicked, or, failing even those, is obliged to fall back on the "public opinion" gossiped by the village or the town; an opinion often miles behind that of the best thinkers of the day. Only her equals can see the beautiful facts that Mrs. Grundy represents and all who are her friends have happy sons and daughters, free and true.

How thoroughly she understands the awkward silences of the young fellow who, waking up into our civilisation after a life in the very different surroundings of some thousand years ago, is inarticulate just because his emotions cannot easily express themselves through a body of our day! How much such a one owes to Mrs. Grundy he never dreams, until he no longer needs her care! She carefully keeps him from situations that would produce a disastrous explosion when a big heart-flame begins to refine his vehicles and make them serviceable; round-about rules of etiquette make him fume, but are arranged to guide him to protect, instead of to exploit, the young creatures that attract him so naturally.

And the maiden? How often does Mrs. Grundy, by a little firm laying down of mother's laws, in spite of pouts and maybe tears, save the eager, innocent child from a false position into which, all unconsciously, she would have thrust her lovely head, only to awaken too late to withdraw it without losing a little of that bloom that can never be replaced when experience has rubbed it off?

Dear old Mrs. Grundy knows that the majority of young creatures are so fresh from their sojourn in heaven that they are surrounded by a cloud of lofty emotions, through which they view all things, until premature experience, or—and here is the crux—older people, pierce the protective shield of purity by thoughts heavy with deeds of earthly conception. For when plunged into a sordid atmosphere, or one of licence, even of their own parents, their shield is gradually worn thin or broken

completely down; and who then can wonder at manifestations of precocity that cause the real culprits to raise their hands in horror and to pray most fervently for the sinners? In some countries they used, only a few years ago, to cripple a girl's feet to keep her straight; and nations, that would revolt from such crudities, are still so maiming development by denying education to many of their girls and perpetrating child-motherhood, so that they cannot blossom and be the active factor for good that woman was born to be. Mrs. Grundy knows quite well, we again repeat it, that the children can be trusted, but she has to act like a careful sheep-dog guarding the lambs from any wolves in sheep's clothing. To warn the young ones (to be effective this means to explain the evils in the darkness around) is to put an end to the beautiful trust of youth that was Una's guard of old, and so upon herself she takes the thankless task of making certain rules of chaperonage.

The young girl generally takes such rules as a matter of course and is thankful in after-life for the knowledge of the world that made her parents place a guard between her and that unknown land which, once entered, leaves its life mark. Directly a girl really rebels against such care—very few do so of themselves—life and its laws should be plainly declared, and her honour placed in her own keeping, as a sacred trust. She then ranks amongst women and is no longer a maiden in mind. Mrs. Grundy expects all true Mothers to see to this and herself ever smiles, though indulgently, at the old-young maid who, with a quarter of a century of life behind her, still requires the care given to rose-buds and cannot yet take her place in the grown-up world.

And the boys? How often Mrs. Grundy finds their outlook limited by the over-indulgence or over-severity of parents, so that the chivalry and high hopes natural to a realisation of budding strength are foiled and misdirected and the simple old teaching, to look upon all girls as

sisters to be protected and all women as mothers to be helped, is lost sight of in some stealthy hunter's game. The majority of men remember something of her teaching and rejoice to meet good women anywhere. Protecting and helping gives an outlet to their superfluous energy, which otherwise would land youth in silly predicaments; the battle of life cannot swamp them when they feel the spiritual force of their womanhood behind.

We must not forget that Mrs. Grundy is a very, very old lady, older than you or I, or even our great, great grandmother, and that she has watched the progress of many a Jivāṭma—now learning the lessons that a man's body alone can teach, anon gathering the experiences peculiar to the possession of a feminine form; and she knows quite well that fundamentally men and women are the same, and only require rules and regulations for their bodies so long as they identify themselves with them. The moment they, as masters, can control those bodies, they have learned to guide and need no longer be guided. And so when a girl-form seems cramping to the owner, who in the last earth-life was free to wander wood and wild all night and to go where it willed in its garb of a man, Mrs. Grundy has great compassion. She knows that the desire in itself is good and could be gratified without harm, were we in an ideal world, but that to obey the impulse, as things are, would be to court questionable adventures. So she tries to awaken the instinct born of many troubles in past lives in feminine forms, and whispers that only the call of duty—never that of pleasure—franks a good woman abroad alone through the realms of night.

And fully realising how the forms of man and woman are merely different costumes, worn for different life work and life lessons by a single wearer, Mrs. Grundy knows no more terrible mistake than any suspicion of opposition of interest between boys and girls and men and women. So often through the ages has she watched the entity, who in a woman's body ruined the career of a

man by using her negative need to sway him from the positive path of duty ("flirting" is the word used to condone it), born once more into a new feminine body, in its turn to be "ruined" for useful work by the positive element out of control in some man's form. "Who breaks, pays," if not in one life, in another.

When once our jivas have reached the stage where they can recognise each other through the veils of flesh, evolution will be immensely quickened, for the call of spirit to spirit will not be confused with the call of flesh to flesh, and platonic friendships, now so very rarely possible and so often leading to unforeseen entanglements, will be both possible and wise. There will be no foolish talk then about the equality of men and women, for they will be recognised as the right and left feet that make the advance of one fine body possible. Each foot in turn is in advance, and both exist but to follow the path. Human bodies do not hop with both feet together as do some of the animals.

Dear old Mrs. Grundy! Men and women and boys and girls she knows to be but as gnats dancing in the sunbeam. Round and round they sway and circle, contacting—parting—rhythmically moving ever and ever for the unseen end; and life becomes a dance and a song, and the positive masculine and the negative feminine elements are recognised at their true worth, as factors in that great Dance before that Throne which represents the One Life behind the opposite manifestations, and which calls up the best dancers to be free of the realms of form. And so she ever tries to teach her children to dance daintily and to avoid the rough and tumble which represents the first efforts of the common people to join the dignified movement of their elders.

A LETTER ON THE WAR

A POINT OF VIEW

IT'S an age since I wrote to you last, but I scarcely dared to write without sending any contributions! But seeing that contributions are "off" for the present, I suppose a letter is better than nothing. I knew it would be no good sending anything of mine to *The Commonwealth*, as I should find myself obliged to refer to the War in terms which no British, or even Theosophical, censor would be likely to pass. I have never been able to understand why otherwise sensible and kindly people gloried in killing one another as soon as some politician told them their country was in danger; and, from the little I saw of this present War in September, when working in and around Paris, my original opinion was amply confirmed—that the whole trade of scientific murder is a tyranny imposed upon the peoples of Europe by the military-mongers—of all nations. Of course if a "cause" or a "high ideal" can be dragged into it, the more complacently will the people allow themselves to be driven against one another by the political wire-pullers.

I have heard all about "national honour" and "saving Belgium" (which really means saving ourselves by avenging Belgium), and I don't for a moment dispute the fact that we have acted up to, and probably a bit above, the accepted national standard of "honour"; but what wants rubbing in particularly at this time is that the accepted standard is a hopelessly dishonourable one. The "principle" of the "balance of power," that has masqueraded under the name of peace, is the

palpable absurdity of two forces trying to be stronger than each other—a mistake in mechanics, to say the least of it—but, when enforced by conscription and modern armaments, an infamous imposition on the freedom of the people, who (I repeat with Tolstoy) *can* have no cause for quarrel one with another. Every one sees this in his (or her) saner moments (if they have any), but few have the courage to speak out the truth; still less at a time like this, when even in the T. S. the First Object is put away on the shelf so as to be safely out of sight until it is "wise" to speak of it again. Instead of which we are told to "fight without hatred"—a more damnable form of murder than the old style of heat and passion, because more cold-blooded and soul-destroying.

Perhaps you will say: "*You* have nothing to cry out about, *you* haven't suffered anything"; true, it is just because I have *no* trouble of my own to cry out about that I am able to cry out about the agony of others, because my tongue is not tied by fear or a sense of honour. I should like some of the parsons (and others) who talk glibly about the "spiritual significance" of war, the "breaking up of forms" and the "liberation of the spirit," to have seen some of the spirits that I saw being "liberated," and hear what some of these poor victims of a world-superstition (Germans, as well as French and British) said on their death-beds (straw in some cases).

It's time such people decamped with their dastardly instruments of torture and paid slave-drivers to South America, where they would be welcomed by the "spiritual" and "regenerate" civilisations of that country in the name of Christ. Europe (including England) has had enough of them; the only anomaly is that they are being allowed to abolish one another. We are calling on recruits to prove that "might (*i.e.*, brute force) is not right"; how?—by "might". Kitchener publicly confessed at the first that he wanted a large army "so that at the *end* of the War Great Britain may *carry weight* in the counsels of Europe".

"Fast and pray," said the sages of Ind;
 We know not what penance and prayer may give
 For visions are fading and words are wind,
 The faith we bring you is Labour and Live.

* * * * *

We all know John Wesley well enough as a physician of souls; we are not so accustomed to hear of him as a physician of bodies also. We are told in *The Literary Digest* for April 10th, that he was the author of a book called *Primitive Physick* (as well as five other medical works), a book of simple and practical rules for health sold at a low price for poor people. Also, we hear "that the great preacher founded the first free public dispensary in London in 1746," where he gave medical advice and distributed drugs gratis.

Two learned scientific men, Mr. Eric M. North and Dr. Dock, reviewing Wesley's book, are struck with its "strange combination of good sense and superstition," his recipes being styled as "often mere bits of superstition". They are, above all, struck with the "harmlessness" of Wesley's methods, and the following opinions penned by Dr. Dock are almost of the nature of a confession:

And still we can see how many useless mixtures, how many unnecessary drugs, lumber the books and shelves. How many new preparations, no more promising than Wesley's simples, are daily used by the hopeful but credulous profession! And while Wesley's remedies were for the most part harmless nauseants, cathartics, aromatics, or demulcents, the newer remedies are likely to be habit-forming, blood-destroying, or anaphylaxis-producing, or in other ways distinctly harmful...

The same learned doctor continues:

Still more interesting is Wesley's relation to superstitious or occult methods. Wesley was a child of his age in many ways. He was able to see the rational features in the practice of the best men of his time, . . . but at the same time he was saturated with superstitions that go back to the earliest legends of medicine or that can be found among the most primitive races.

These "superstitious or occult" people sometimes seem to leave deep foot-prints in the sands of time, and John Wesley was a child who, like many other children, was

able to teach many things to the age that gave him birth. He was also the possessor of an electrical machine with which he "electrified" the sick as early as 1756. Mr. North recounts:

As knowledge of the curative effects of static electricity grew, Mr. Wesley resolved to make this new power available for the aid of the poor, and in November, 1756, procured an apparatus and directed its use upon those ill with various disorders. The demand for electrification was so large that an hour every day was fixed for those who desired to try the virtues of the mysterious fluid. Two or three years later the patients were so numerous that Mr. Wesley purchased three more sets of apparatus and part of the patients were "electrified in Southwark, part at the Foundery, others near Saint Paul's, and the rest near the Seven Dials".

Many were the cures thus wrought by this lover of the poor, and Mr. North further relates of him:

When Mr. Wesley was bluntly asked, "Why did you meddle with electricity?" he replied with equal directness, "For the same reason that I published the *Primitive Physick*—to do as much good as I can."

And that was much.

* * * * *

We have lately been hearing much of Indian poetesses and their skill. I found recently in *The Indian Magazine* some exquisite verses quoted from the work of a Persian poetess, who was the eldest daughter of the Mughal Emperor Aurunzebe—*Diwan of Zeb-un-Nissa*. It has been rendered into English verse by a western poetess, Mrs. Westbrook, with the aid of Mr. Magan Lal. I reproduce them, feeling that their tender beauty will not fail to give delight!

I humbly sit apart;
 The Kaaba courts the true believers tread,
 I dwell outside, nor mix my praise with theirs;
 Yet every fibre of my sacred thread
 More precious is to God than all their prayers—
 He sees the heart.

O Makhfi sorrowing,
 Look from the valley of despair and pain;
 The breath of love like morning zephyr blows;
 Pearls from thine eyelids fall like gentle rain
 Upon the garden, summoning the rose,
 Calling the spring,

* * *

O Love, I am thy thrall.
 As on the tulip's burning petal glows
 A spot yet more intense, of deeper dye,
 So in my heart a flower of passion blows;
 See the dark stain of its intensity,
 Deeper than all.

* * * *

No friendships have, perhaps, such charm as literary ones, especially those of poets. Have we not heard many times of Sidneys and Spensers, of Robert Brownings and Elizabeth Barretts, and many another such. One less known and more modern is that of the Japanese poet, Noguchi, and Joaquin Miller, with whom the former spent four years of his life, and to whom he paid the following tribute:

To live in poetry is ten times nobler than merely to write it; to understand it well is certainly far more divine than to speak it on the tongue. If there ever was a poet who fully lived or practised poetry, it was that Joaquin Miller, even though he may not have been a great poet of words; and he sufficiently proved the fact of his living in poetry at "The Heights" as God's Gardener, as he pleased to call himself. It was his hope to build a City Beautiful; he failed, doubtless, if that City meant the communion or fellowship of men.

Rather did Noguchi fail in his understanding of his friend's conception, thinking "communion or fellowship" meant constant discussion and exchange of ideas with men. Some there are whose work is constantly to contemplate the perfected Ideal, while others are busied in carrying out the details of the plan.

FELIX

HER PROMISE

AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT WAR

By Z. L.

I

BEHIND a sleepy little Russian village on the outskirts of the great city of Petrograd, the sun was just setting and the brilliant rays were tinting the clouds with soft shades of pink and blue, while the hill-tops looked majestic and stern, clothed with rich purple and gold. One little sunbeam escaped from its companions and found its way into a cottage where it witnessed a very pathetic sight. A young man, stalwart and brave, clad in khaki, was bidding his parents a sad farewell. "Good-bye, my boy," said his mother in faltering accents as he placed his arms tenderly around her and clasped her in a loving embrace. His father, with a tear running down his cheek, took both his boy's hands in his own and uttered in deep, heart-stirring tones: "God bless you, my lad, I am sure you will not forget that you are going to fight for God, Crown and Country."

One last farewell glance at his mother and the youth strode manfully out into the darkness, with his knapsack strapped to his back. He was bound for the neighbouring village, where several recruits, or *moujiks* as they are called in the land of the Slavs, were assembled ready to depart for the front on the morrow. But our hero, Theodor Treskoff, had still another visit to pay before finally

departing on his journey. He stepped softly up to a lonely cottage on the wayside and knocked hesitatingly at the door, which opened slowly, and his heart beat faster at the fair sight within. Near the fire-place, in a large, cushioned chair, sat an old lady, whose hair had turned silvery with age. She was gently slumbering, while at her feet, on a little foot-stool, was a young woman bending over a grey muffler, to which she was adding a few, finishing stitches. Hearing a step on the threshold, the girl looked up and rose quickly, while her sad eyes shone with the love light that entered them as soon as her glance fell on her handsome soldier-lad.

"I am on my way to Odlieff, Anastasia, and I have come to say 'Good-bye,'" said the soldier.

"But, Theodor, it will not be for long, because I have registered my name as a Red Cross Nurse, and I shall follow you soon to the seat of war."

He seemed shocked at first, and caught hold of her hands in a tight grip, while she winced under the pain of his grasp.

"Oh, no, I forbid you to become a nurse, Anastasia—I would rather see you in your coffin than in the clutches of those horrid, wicked Germans. They haven't a grain of pity for their own women and children, much less for the enemy's. I have only two minutes to spare and I want you to promise me solemnly that you will not go to Galicia as a Red Cross Nurse. Remember these may be my last words."

He felt the girl struggle a little in his arms and his heart ached with sorrow for her, for did he not know that it was the one ambition of her life, ever since Russia declared war, to nurse her brave wounded countrymen back to life and health, and the dearest longing of her soul to minister to her sweetheart on the battle-field if she ever got the chance. At last she struggled no more, and he looked down anxiously into her face to see if there were any signs of the decision she had made. After one long moment of

waiting, she glanced up at him tearfully, while he read in her eyes, loving submission and tender trustfulness and her lips whispered: "For your sake, dear, I promise not to go to the front as a Red Cross Nurse." And then they sealed their compact.

Anastasia Aliokhin's grandmother was just awaking after her "forty winks," and on learning that Theodor was waiting to bid her farewell, she gave him her blessing and hoped he would come back safe after making a glorious stand against the enemy. Anastasia wrapped the muffler around her boy's neck and walked to the door with him to say her last good-bye.

Six long, weary months had passed and only one brief message had Anastasia from her hero, to say that he was well and still in the firing line. In the meanwhile her grandmother, who had been ailing for months, had a sudden stroke of paralysis which deprived her of her power of speech. Theodor's parents, hearing of the affliction, insisted on her removal with Anastasia to their own house. But in spite of their tender care and kindness, the patient sank gradually, till one day when they thought her asleep it was found that she had quietly passed away.

The next week proved a bitter one for the lonely granddaughter, and she experienced the troubles that come not as single spies but in battalions. Theodor's Commanding Officer had sent a note to his parents to say that their boy, who had fought gallantly and saved a comrade's life, was now reported missing. Anastasia had borne up bravely for many days but she could contain her sorrow no longer. She thought of herself, a strong, active girl, leading a comparatively idle life at home, while her boy was wandering about in an alien land or lying in some God-forsaken spot without a soul to tend him. And then she remembered her cruel promise which forbade her to go out to nurse him. But she was quick and resourceful and she called all her woman's wit to her aid and suddenly

thought out a plan by which she could go to the front and still keep her promise to her lover.

The next day life seemed to take on a new aspect for our heroine, and Theodor's parents were pleased to see her once more moving about the house cheerfully and singing snatches of songs which she had learned in her childhood's days. A week after saw a great change in the domestic circle and a great blank as well. The old couple rose one bright morning only to find that Anastasia was now-here to be seen. They searched high and low till they found on her table a little note bearing the brief, tragic message: "I have gone to search for your boy and mine. Please forgive me."

II

It was twilight in the Russian camp and there was a sound of a great rushing of soldiers to and fro. Everybody was busy making hurried preparations, for the sergeant had just entered the trenches and announced in clear tones: "The Commanding Officer will inspect the regiment to-night before the battle commences."

In two hours' time a great stillness had settled on the camp and no one could believe that in those lines lay hundreds of brave hearts, all ready armed, yet still as death, only waiting anxiously for the signal to rush into battle and commence a glorious fight. The boom of guns was heard at midnight across the valley where lay the enemy's trenches, and the Russians replied with a steady fire answering shot with shot. This slow firing continued for some little while, until the Austro-German army getting impatient increased their rate of action. The big howitzers began to play fiercely making great havoc in the Russian lines, while the Slavs with correct aim picked off a number of Germans and Austrians in the opposite trenches. After a smart fight in which both sides lost heavily, the enemy's fire seemed to grow feebler and feebler till all action

ceased. A few minutes later, the Captain took the roll-call in the Allies' Camp and his voice began to tremble and get hoarse as he noted the number of blanks in his list. As usual he went round the trenches to see that everyone was being properly cared for and tended, till he came to one trench, where he heard the corporal speaking to a private in very angry tones.

"What is the matter here?" he asked.

"This man has been wounded, Sir, he refuses to go to hospital," was the reply.

"What is his name?" said the Officer.

"The Baby," came the answer quick as lightning.

"What?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir, that is only his nickname and he is called nothing else, but his real name is Karl Alexandrovitch."

"Well, my man, why don't you go to the hospital?" asked the Captain.

"I can't bear the awful sights and sounds, Sir, and besides I've only got a scratch on my shoulder."

The Captain seemed affected by the appealing look in the man's expressive dark eyes and thought him ridiculously young to be a soldier. The wounded man turned slowly on his side away from the glance of the officer and heaved a soft, heartrending sigh which melted the heart of his superior:

"Well let the doctor come here and dress his wound," he said to the sergeant, "as it is so slight."

Everyone in the regiment seemed to have a soft corner in his heart for the "Baby," although he was very reserved and kept to himself when he was not on duty. But he had one special friend, called Nicholas Kijerjesoff, a great, big, burly soldier, who always protected his little friend from the others when their jokes became too practical to be borne. Kijerjesoff confided all his secrets to Alexandrovitch and both comrades always cheered each other up when they were feeling "low" or homesick. One day the

elder man burst in upon the other in great excitement and exclaimed.

"Two of our men who belonged to the fifth regiment and have been missing, have just been found almost dead. They were taken to hospital this morning."

"I wonder who they are," said Karl. "I hope they will survive."

The "Baby" was very moody all day and when the evening came, he went to the sergeant, to ask for leave to go to the hospital.

"But," said the Sergeant, "when I told you to go to the hospital before, you said you could not stand the cruel sights. However you may go now, and be back in an hour."

Karl and his friend soon started and found themselves within one of the wards where lay the two missing men. Suddenly without note or warning, Nicholas saw his mate grow pale as death, and he swooned right away on the floor of the hospital. The big man soon restored him to consciousness and when he came to, asked him whatever was the matter.

Karl replied: "I think my heart is affected," and he placed his hand on his side to still its beating. "But promise me, you will not tell a single soul what happened."

Not many days afterwards the news was brought to the camp that the two missing soldiers had recovered and would join the regiment very soon. One of them became very popular with the men, and although he had lost his left arm in a previous engagement was very skilful in the use of his right, especially in bomb-throwing. He could actually use his rifle with the help of his shoulder and picked off many of the enemy's men with his clever aim. He soon became a great acquisition to the regiment and was known as its hero. One day Nicholas asked Karl: "How is it, Baby, you have not yet chummed up with the 'hero'?" but the latter was too

quick for him and replied: "I don't want to make you jealous, Nick."

The Austrians and Germans started making great preparations for a decisive battle and the Russian camp was soon astir. Everyone was eager for a plunge and a hot engagement with the enemy. Night came and the enemy's guns first opened fire. The Russians answered every shot with answering zeal and vigour. The fighting grew more and more severe and each side rivalled the other with fierce stubbornness. In their excitement the Germans abandoned their trenches and desperately rushed forward to the assault but were repulsed by the entanglements. Silently, out of the darkness, one brave Russian was seen to leave the trench, holding something in his right arm. He was no other than our hero, Theodor Treskoff, and he was bearing destructive bombs to throw on the enemy. His companions shouted to him to come back but he gave no ear to their cries, and advanced nearer and nearer and he commenced his work of elimination. His figure stood out in bold relief against the dark sky and he became a sure mark for the enemy, twenty of whom had already fallen as his bombs burst upon them. Getting ready to throw the next bomb, he felt a restraining hand gently but firmly laid on his shoulder. He turned round in anger and seeing it was none other than the "Baby," he exclaimed: "How dare you stop me, go back at once, you will be killed." But Karl replied: "I shall return only with you."

Theodor's face grew black with rage for he knew he must cease his work unless he wished his companion to be killed, and the regiment would surely lay Karl's death at his door. In his fury he put forth his arm to strike his comrade down, when whizzing past his head came a bullet from the enemy's trenches and down fell Karl at his feet. He dragged him away cautiously into the wood and stooped down to see where he was wounded. Karl Alexandrovitch was as white as a sheet and he had fainted right away

with the loss of blood. As Theodor was binding up his wound, the dark blue eyes opened slowly and he whispered softly to his companion.

"Are you still angry with me?"

"Yes, of course," was the reply, "you had no business to prevent me from killing the enemy."

A painful look crept into the wounded man's eyes and he fainted away again. Theodor tried to loosen his collar, and his fingers came in contact with a locket hung round the man's neck, but in his clumsy haste, the delicate clasp gave way and two photographs lay exposed to his view. He gasped with astonishment as he recognised one to be his own portrait and the other—could he really believe his eyes or was he dreaming—was that of his beloved Anastasia. Immediately it dawned on him that the "Baby" of the regiment was no other than his sweetheart and his heart smote him with compunction. She opened her eyes once more and he caught her to him and murmured.

"Forgive me, dear, for being so cruel, how could I know it was you."

And then Anastasia explained how she was admitted into the regiment. She had gone to one of the concentration centres with an old schoolmate of hers, who had assumed the name of Karl Alexandrovitch (a reservist who had died). Alexandrovitch had submitted himself for medical examination which he successfully passed and then disappeared most conveniently, while his place was taken by Anastasia, carefully disguised even to the extent of staining her fair complexion and bruising her delicate hands and face.

When Theodor and "Karl" were strong enough to crawl back to the trenches they were greeted with the news that Theodor was to be awarded the Third Class of the Order of St. George for his gallantry that night, and right proud was "Karl" of her hero, as she whispered her congratulations into his ear.



THE

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FROM THE EDITOR

THE War is more and more absorbing all the activities of the Nation, and our members are willingly sacrificing themselves to their country's call. Everywhere the question of religion and race is forgotten in the one purpose of rendering efficient help. Mr. G. S. Arundale is working hard in one of the lately opened London hospitals for the wounded, where Major Haden Guest has been appointed by the War-Office as the head; he seems to be rendering himself markedly useful. Our old member—he has been a member since he was a young boy—Mr. Herbert Whyte, after doing useful service in France at one of the hastily organised hospitals for the French wounded, went into training as a private, and is now receiving a commission in one of the regiments of the regular army. The T. S. has so many of its members now offering their lives for their country. It is well. To the Theosophist, after all, the sacrifice of life is less than to the ordinary man; for the Theosophist knows that he goes but to return. Mr. Balfour Clark, whom many here know, has also joined the army.

Theosophical teachings find welcome now in many places that were before closed against them, for their simple, reasonable, and common-sense view of death lifts the weight off many a burdened heart, and brings light into a gloom that would otherwise be intolerable. And very many also the great truth of reincarnation comforts—those who would otherwise find the tragedy of thousands of young lives cut short too heart-breaking to face with calmness. The world cannot spare these heroic joyous youths who throw their fair lives away so readily at the call of honour and duty; the country which thus loses them would be beggared of her noblest, were they to tread a path to some other sphere and leave their loved Motherland bankrupt.

* * *

Nay, they go but to return, and just now, as we pointed out last month, to return very swiftly for the great work of building. It is good to be able to look with open eyes at the wonderful events now passing, and to know that they are shaped and moulded and directed to work out the foreseen end. In an old story we read how the stones for a great Temple were hewn in a distant land, and there were shaped ready for the building, that they might be set in silent fashion in their ordained order, fitting each to each as the architect had planned. And so is it also with the mighty Temples of Races built by the Master-Builders, and the stones are hewn from many quarries, and shaped in many lands, and they shall be brought in fit time to their appointed places, and shall rise into the well-planned stately Temple, a world's wonder.

* * *

Loud are the blows of the mallet, and keen is the edge of the chisel, as the rough stone is chipped into its appointed shape, and cut four-square and polished, the perfect cube. The old Mysteries taught well the truth in guise of symbol, and modern Masonry, to eyes that see, is full of significant allusion and pictured story. And verily for that was Masonry given when the true Mysteries were withdrawn, as the world rolled down

the materialistic slope, and began to persecute the higher instead of reverencing it. For only by hiding the Truth behind symbol and allegory could it be preserved across a materialistic age, preserved under the symbol and the allegory, so that when spirituality again began to influence the minds of men, and the world began to roll upwards again, the symbols might become translucent, and let the light shine through. And therefore on some Masonic Temples is seen the legend, "Look for the Light," for in very truth the Light abides within the holy precincts.

* * *

Some of our readers may possibly be interested in the story of the Indian National Congress which I am telling in our weekly political journal, *The Commonweal*, beginning with the issue of July 30th. It would be very useful if some of our English readers would place *The Commonweal* in town libraries and in clubs, for it presents Indian views, and gives an idea of the feeling prevailing here among educated Indians. The yearly subscription is 10s. 6d. post free for foreign countries. It would be well if the Lodges each took a copy. *New India*, being a daily, the postage costs more than the paper; the yearly subscription is only £1, but the postage is £1-8 in addition. *New India*, of course, gives a fuller idea of Indian life and thought, but few care enough for Indians to wish to know how the people feel whose fate in the near future is of such moment to the Empire. Much is said of gratitude to the Indians who are giving their lives to the Empire, but the true gratitude of helping them to win their liberty is at present non-existent. The Colonies are promised a share of Imperial power, but no one speaks for India. Yet it is India which makes a British Empire possible; for the 5 million Australians, and the 1 million New Zealanders, and the 7 million Canadians go but a little way to the making of an Imperial power.

* * *

Major Guest writes very accurately in *The Vāhan* "Outlook" on England and France, and limns with insight the difference between the two countries. Many of the ideas

held in England as to France are based on a superficial view of what France was during the last Imperial rule, and for years afterwards. France is now what Liberty has made her, and in the building of that strong, pure, self-controlled France, Theosophy has had a very large share. France was permeated, in her cities, with materialism, but her youths—who are now men—with the innate idealism of youth, were attracted by Theosophy, and it changed their whole outlook upon life. Young France became mystical instead of materialistic, and the result is before us.

Mr. Dallaway, who has lately passed over, will be much missed in Sheffield; the Lodge was chartered in 1896, and he was one of the charter members, and has worked steadfastly in it ever since. These quiet steady members, little known outside their own neighbourhoods, give a strong backbone to the Society in every land.

I ought to mention here, though I can only mention, that the General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in Germany has written protesting very strongly against the attitude taken up by Mr. Sinnett and myself, with reference to the Right and Wrong in the present struggle. It is natural that Germans should feel as they do, but that cannot alter the duty of the Occultist to speak out in a world-struggle. The publication of Dr. Kapff's circular is impossible here under the military ordinances just now. The much gentler criticism of Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, published some months ago, was confiscated by the Censor as "an objectionable pamphlet," and during the War such exercise of censorship is clearly within the rights of Government. We may rest content with the fact that the whole civilised world now affirms that which I wrote, at the wish of my Master, in October last. Germany has proved by outer action that which I wrote from knowledge of the inner facts.



THE VALUE OF THEOSOPHY

A LECTURE

By ANNIE BESANT

(Concluded from p. 247)

AND turning from that, suggesting to you that you might look into this question of the path and the Teachers, of the possibilities of the human Spirit which is yourself, let us, turning from that religious side to the philosophical side, see how far the teaching of Theosophy is intellectually valuable for you. Now Theosophy has been reproclaimed in the world since 1875, nearly forty years ago. During the last few years Philosophy has changed its modern position and is again beginning to turn, in the hands of some of its most modern exponents, in the direction of the unfolding life in man and the possibilities of his further evolution. In the teachings of Professor Bergson, whom you have had so lately among you, you will find the proclamation of what is also Theosophical teaching proclaimed, ere he put forward his wonderful philosophical work; for you will find in that how he teaches that the life in man, showing itself in the animal as instinct, showing itself in the savage as instinct, is gradually outstripped by the growing intelligence, but that the intelligence turns outwards and works on the outside world, while the instincts work within, unfolding the life-powers from within; that intellect works on matter by material means; that life

works on the unfolding of life by its own vigour within the body; and you know how he leads you on from that to show how, beyond the intelligence, there is the possibility of a higher product of life showing itself in man; how he points out that the life creates the organs by which it expresses itself, and shows that life, labouring within while intelligence has been working outwards, is beginning to unfold a higher form analogous to instinct, which he names intuition. He points out that intuition can unfold secrets of life and secrets of consciousness which the intellect is utterly unable to compass; that the work of the intellect, understanding external nature, understanding the material objects to which its attention is turned, cannot really sound the depths of life and consciousness, unfolded ever from within by the energy of the life itself. And so he points us onwards to a higher expansion of consciousness, with consciousness showing the power of sight, intuition, showing a higher world than the world of the senses and the intellect, a new unfolding, a further evolution, man rising into loftier regions of consciousness and knowing and living with a certainty which the intellect can never give. But all that view of life expanding, all that view of consciousness unfolding, is only putting into philosophical language and modern form that same teaching of religious philosophy which gives us the path I have spoken of as the method of the expanding. The philosopher regards the possible and the fact, religion teaches the method and the way. But it is true that that inner expanding of the life is only quickened when religion has shown the way, and the consciousness of the power is in the life itself. The method of the quicker evolution is what knowledge has ever brought us, the quickening of the slower ways of Nature by using the powers inherent within man. For what is called the Yoga Philosophy in India is only the application of knowledge to the individual consciousness. The laws of consciousness applied to the individual show the quickening of that unfolding. Now you are familiar

with that application of natural law in the physical world. You use it, botanists use it, all naturalists use it, in order to evolve physical forms more rapidly according to the type that they desire to create. You know how in scientific breeding, your gardener evolves from lower forms a higher, how he knows the type he wants to produce, and how by applying his own intelligence to Nature he quickens the work of natural law and produces in a measurable time that which Nature would take millennia to evolve. Has it never struck you that there are laws of consciousness as well as laws of physical growth and physical unfolding? Has it never struck you that there is an evolution of consciousness as real as the evolution of form? Has it never struck you that those laws can be ascertained and applied to the unfolding of your own consciousness as a gardener has ascertained the laws of the building of the vegetable form, and builds towards the form he wants, until he at last has produced it? And the unfolding of the consciousness is the working of the Yoga philosophy along perfectly natural lines, the working by the laws of Nature, not by miracle, but by law. And along those lines philosophy will learn to tread, recognising now the aim towards which mankind is evolving, and it will next begin to study the methods whereby that conscious evolution can be quickened. And so along the line which Bergson is beginning to follow, we can see how from the western world there will be unfolded those great mysteries of consciousness and of its quickened evolution which have long been familiar in the East under the name of Yoga. The practical West, throwing itself into knowledge as soon as it sees knowledge to be possible, will rapidly turn along that way of evolution which in some rare cases has been followed in the East, and then you will recognise that we are still very imperfect, that we are to unfold new powers—powers of consciousness—that we shall learn to know our

past as well as to forecast our future, and that the Spirit sharing God's eternal nature, made, as one of the old Hebrews says, made by God "in the image of His own Eternity," that Spirit is constantly creating when the body of a babe is born into the world, that he is unborn, undying, perpetual, ancient, and eternal, that he unfolds his powers in mortal life after mortal life, that you, every one of you, are not here for the first time but have been here increasing the content of your consciousness many times before, that it is not your senses or emotions or thoughts which are eternal, but the Spirit within you who creates the thoughts, who creates the emotions, who creates the senses. There lies your eternal memory, there lies your eternal identity, and when you rise into the knowledge of the Spirit, you shall recover also the memory of your past; for that Spirit, taking body after body, casting off the worn-out bodies as a man casts off a worn-out garment, to quote the Hindū phrase, that Spirit is yourself, coming into the world to gather experience, going out of the world to build experience into faculty, carrying out that assimilation of the world's experience in the heavenly world, and bringing it back as inborn faculty in the new-born babe; that that Spirit is yourself, unfolding, growing, developing, carrying you further and further on in your power and your knowledge. Why is it, think you, that you are in so different a position from many of your brother men and women to-day? Why are your faculties more unfolded than the faculties of the savage? Why is your intelligence so much higher than the intelligence of the half civilised man? Why is your moral nature so different? Why is your consciousness so developed? Are you favourites of God, that He dowers you so much more highly than His children born in savage lands? Or is the difference between you and the savage the difference of age in unfolding, the difference of experience that lies behind you? Is every faculty that you possess the spoils of a past victory, in which by

struggles and long-continued effort you have unfolded some of the powers of the divine Spirit within you? Is it your past that explains your present, and shall your future realise these most splendid possibilities that shine out in the Saint and in the Genius—the flowers of humanity—the Spirit unfolded into fullest life?

There lies a line of thought brought back by Theosophy to the modern western world which will well repay your careful study. Do not forget how Hume declared that the theory of reincarnation is the only one which the philosopher can look at as regards immortality; that life after death depends philosophically on your life before birth; that that which is born will die; only the eternal can remain beyond the touch either of birth or death. And if men have lost belief in immortality so largely, if they ask: "Have I a soul?" instead of realising: "I am an eternal Spirit and I have a body," if they have lost the true view of the relation of body to Spirit, it is because they have lost that ancient doctrine of reincarnation, or spiritual unfolding, which every religion in the past has held as indubitable, and which has only dropped out during the last thousand years in one western portion of the whole civilised world. Along other philosophical lines as well as those I have just suggested, you will find Theosophy of value as explaining philosophical problems.

Let me turn for a moment to what it brings to science—the third great department I spoke of. It brings to science new lines of investigation, new methods of finding out knowledge, for there are unfolding in many people to-day powers of sight beyond the physical. Sir Oliver Lodge said not very long ago that the facts of clairvoyance can no longer be denied. And that is so. The fact that men can see with a power of observation greater than that which is working through your physical eyes to-day is beyond the possibility of question, to all who have looked carefully into the matter. I know there are many ignorant people who deny it, but then ignorant

people deny so many things that educated people understand. And education after all is a very general word, and you may be educated along some lines and not along others; and you have no right to dogmatise on laws of investigation and practice that you have never troubled to examine, that you have never tried to experiment on and to practise for yourselves. Now to all of us who have examined, clairvoyance is a fact; a great many doctors are beginning to recognise that to-day, and to throw a man or a woman into a trance in order that in the trance condition they may exercise the clairvoyance which lies hidden in all of you, only your noisy, outer sounds drown all the more delicate sounds for the inner senses that you all possess. And you will find sometimes that when a doctor wants to diagnose an internal disease, he throws the person into a hypnotic or mesmeric trance, and this mesmerised or hypnotised person in the trance can see within the body. A new word has been invented for that, because the medical profession—after all doctors are just like others, and they don't like to say that they have been wrong or mistaken, have denied the natural facts; and as they have denied the mesmeric trance, they don't like to speak of this power as clairvoyance. They call it internal autoscopy, which is the same old friend clairvoyance in a new dress. Look to these words and take which sounds the better; call it internal autoscopy or the other; clairvoyance has been termed fraud and charlatanry, and it must be re-baptised before it can be admitted into respectable society and taken advantage of by respectable men. It is not often you find men so honest as to say straight out "clairvoyance," and so admit it to those who have gone before in their investigations under obloquy and under censure of the bitterest and cruellest kind. And that power is unfolding now in many people, especially in America, where a new race is developing that sight; you will find there are a large number of people there who are partially clairvoyant. When there is music, they see colours, they see the aura,

or the invisible atmosphere, round the human being. I have lectured to a Californian audience and found there was no necessity to argue over it there; they only wanted to know how it worked. They recognised the fact, but they did not understand it; and it is due, I think, partly to climatic conditions, partly to the mixture of races, bringing about a nervous system more unstable than that which you find developed in a single race—unstable because it is growing and developing—to the largely climatic electrical tension in the atmosphere, making the nerves more tense, making them vibrate more readily to keener and subtler vibrations from outside, with the result that the development of the inner sense of sight is not bounded by the obstacles that bind the vision of our physical eyes. Now that has been pointed to by as many as possible; curious, scientific terms have been indulged in as to vibrations that we shall be able to answer to in days to come. Sir William Crookes said, as long ago as 1891, in dealing with our organs of vision, that it seemed very likely to him that some of the vibrations were not yet discovered by science. He tabulated them and showed where there were gaps in scientific knowledge, gaps between the vibrations that are sound and the vibrations that are light, gaps between electrical vibrations and those subtler forms of electricity which can pass through the human body without being felt, without causing injury; and he showed there were large gaps in his table, suggesting, might not some of these be felt, "vibrations that might explain telepathy, transference of thought". Now along all these lines of science, Theosophy has studied, and has much to teach and impart. And scientific men are beginning to recognise it, are beginning to realise that there are possibilities within, as of finer senses than yet hitherto have been verified by the exercise of our powers of observation. And so Theosophy is opening to science, as I have said, new methods of observation and thereby new avenues of knowledge. Some of the

scientific men are beginning to grasp them, but they are only a few among many at present who reject them. But science will be forced to accept them; for the failure of her apparatus to condense and weigh the subtler forms of matter will oblige her to accept methods which will enable her to observe in regions now beyond the limit of her observations.

Friends, I do not pretend for one moment that in a lecture of an hour I have been able to put before you more than assertions. But it is for you to examine into their truth, and decide for yourselves by your own study. It is not for me to try to force upon you theories and views. It is only for me to try to arouse your interest, and so to stimulate you to study for yourselves. Every one who is talking of a science that he knows talks dogmatically; but if he is wise he points to the lines of experiment by which his hearers may verify for themselves, if they care to study the assertions that he makes as the result of his own experiment and his own studies. In speaking to you this evening I have not gone one step beyond that which I have myself ascertained by study and by experiment. I can put it to you as fact which I know to be true, but it is for you to study for yourselves, to prove the truth or the untruth of what I have said. That is the only value of a lecturer, to put out certain truths that he has discovered, or thinks he has discovered, to throw them out into the open arena of discussion and debate. You will find in the books that we have written the proofs of what I have been saying to you, that you may verify if you will. You find the path that I have spoken about to you traced there step by step, methods of meditation and discipline explained, the ways to learn the control of bodies and emotions and mind carefully laid down for experiment by yourselves. I point you to where you may find the detail which will enable you to verify or reject the assertions, and that is all that any one can do

who by direct and first-hand experiment has been treading some of the ways to truth that any one of you may tread. If I have waked up in the minds of a few of you the desire to know more of this subject, so vast, so full of detail; if I have stimulated any one of you ready for stimulation, who has answered to the thought, recognising it as partly thought by yourselves, feeling in yourselves the responsiveness to the spirit of the spoken word, each recognising as something felt that which for the first time you may have heard rendered articulate to your outer ears, then I know you will be stimulated to study, then I know you will endeavour to search for yourselves, and so to reach the only knowledge worth having—the knowledge obtained by personal study, personal experiment, personal research. That is your duty; mine, having found out some truths, only to point to you where you may find them for yourselves; for one thing you know of your own knowledge is worth a thousand things said by another which can only be hearsay to you. And since in you is the living Spirit, in every one of you; since in you is the capacity of knowledge which your own effort can arouse, I know some of you will feel that the words spoken are not only not empty words to amuse you for an hour in one evening in your life, but that they contain stimulation and power and reality to which the Spirit in you shall answer, and then you shall know of your own selves that what I have said to you to-night is true.

BUDDHIST TALES

Translated from the Pāli

By F. L. WOODWARD

Here are a few short tales, translated from the Commentary on the Dhammapada, or Path of Virtue, illustrating the Buddha's way of finding out and "saving" His disciples in that last birth in which He gathered in a full harvest of ripened lives. The form of these tales is the same as that of the numerous Jātaka's or birth-stories of the Buddha; the first words of a stanza are quoted, the connexion is given, the tale told, the stanza's repeated in full, a few explanatory notes on words added, and the moral drawn; but in these latter tales the "miraculous" element of the Jātaka's is less prominent. One gets the impression that these little incidents, so dramatically described by the compiler of the Commentary, and so lovingly reported, and perhaps embroidered here and there with the needle of fancy, actually took place during the forty years or more when the Master went to and fro among the people, healing mentally and bodily, strenuously "scanning the lists" of birth into the different worlds, to see who was ripe for the Wisdom, to whom He owed some debt of former births, and who sorely needed a word of comfort or reproof for his progress on the Path. Such tales are useful, for many learn valuable lessons in this way, and surely it will be many a thousand years ere their purpose is fulfilled.

I

THE TALE OF A CERTAIN DEVOTEE¹

"HUNGER is the sorest sickness."

This sermon the Master, while dwelling at Ālavi, spake of a certain devotee. One day the Master was sitting in the scented chamber at the Jetavana, and, looking o'er the world at early dawn, He beheld a certain miserable man of Ālavi; and

¹ D. C., Vol. 3, Pāli Text Soc., p. 261.

being aware that he was sealed for salvation, girt with a following of five hundred monks, He went forth to Ālavi. The folk of Ālavi bade the Master to a meal. Now when the miserable man heard that the Master was come he thought to himself, "I'll go hear the Law from the Master's lips".

That very day a bullock of his went astray, and the miserable man said to himself, "Shall I go search for my bullock or shall I hear the Law? No! First I'll go search for my bullock and afterwards I'll hear the Law"; and at early dawn he went forth from the house. Well, the folk of Ālavi made the gathering of monks sit down, with the Buddha at their head, and waited on Him with food and took His bowl while He should return thanks.

Then said the Master to Himself, "Here am I come a journey of some thirty yojana's, and that man has entered the forest in quest of his bullock; therefore will I preach the Law when he returns." Now that very day the man found his bullock and restored it to the herd, saying, "If naught else, at least, I'll salute the Master." So, faint with hunger though he was, without a thought of going home, he quickly came to the Master, worshipped Him and stood aside. Then said the Master, as he stood there, asking the one who gave the feast, "Is there any of that food left that was given to the Order?"

"Lord, all is left."

"Then serve this man."

So there and then, where the Master spake, He made the man sit down and had him served with the full course of broth and food both hard and soft. The man, when he had eaten, rinsed his mouth.

Now they say that, except on this occasion, in all the three Piṭaka's there is no other record of the Tathāgata's having asked for food. When the man's weariness was abated his mind became one-pointed; and then the Master told him the story of the past and displayed the Truths. At the end of the discourse the man was established in the fruits of the first initiation.¹

¹ Each stage of the four initiations has two degrees (a) *Maggo*—the entering on that stage; (b) *phalaṃ*—the fruit of that grade (or realisation).

Then the Master returned thanks and rising from His seat went forth and the multitude followed Him.

Now the monks who went along with the Master were murmuring, "Lo! the deed of yon fellow! Never happened such a thing before, to-day! He saw a single man, and asked for broth and so on and made them give it him!"

The Master turned Him about and stood still and said, "What say you, monks?" And, when they told Him, He said, "Yes, monks! I came a long hard journey of some thirty yojana's, all for the sake of that same devotee; and he was exceeding hungry, having set forth at early dawn in quest of a bullock, and ranged the forest through with this one thought in his mind, 'When the Law is a-preaching, for very hunger I shall not be able to grasp its meaning'; yet he did what he did. In sooth, O monks, there is no sickness like that of hunger." And then He sang these verses:

"Hunger is the sorest sickness,
Existence¹ is the sorest woe.
But to him that grasps this surely
Nibbāna is the Bliss Supreme."

And when He had said these words many of them reached the fruits of the first Initiation and so forth.

II

THE STORY OF THE THREE WHO TOOK THE ROBES²

"To wrongful thoughts."

This sermon the Master spake, while dwelling at the Jetavana, about three who took the robes. At Sāvattī, they say, in a certain family there was an only son, his parents' darling and delight. One day at home, when the monks were bidden to a meal, he heard the preaching and longed to take the robes, and asked his parents' consent. But they refused.

¹ *Sankhārā* (the second *nidāna* of the wheel of birth and death) means "constituents". Here (the Commentary says) it means "personality" *pañcuk-khandhāri*, the five *skandha*'s, or *rūpa*, body, *vedanā*, sensation, *saññā*, perception, *sankhārā*, mental action *viññāṇa*, concept.

² D. C., Vol. 8, *op. cit.*, p. 278.

Then the lad thought, "When my parents are not looking, I'll slip out and get ordained." Well, when his father went out, he gave him to his mother's care, saying, "Keep an eye on the lad." And so also when the mother went out she left him in the father's charge.

One day when the father had gone out, the mother said, "I'll guard the lad." So she leant against the door-post, with her feet against the other post, and sitting on the ground span her thread. The boy thought, "I'll trick her and be off!" So deceiving her by a trick he got out and ran quick to the monks' cell and said to a monk, "Sir, give me the robes!" and got the ordination at his hands.

Then back came his father and said, "Where's the lad?"

"Why! good man, he was here at my feet a moment ago." Then said the father, "Where can the lad be gone?" and looked everywhere, but could not see him, and said, "He must have gone to the monks' cell." So off he went, and finding the lad ordained he wept and wailed, saying, "Child, why hast thou wronged me thus?" and, "Now that my boy is ordained, what have I to do with a home?" So he himself asked the monk and got the ordination too.

Then the mother said to herself, "Father and the lad are tarrying long. Can it be that they are gone to the monks' cell and have got ordained?" So she waited and waited, and at last went to the monks' cell and there she found them both ordained, and she said, "Now that these two are ordained, what is the use of a home to me?" So she herself went to the nuns' dwelling and became ordained. Well, those three, now robed, could not live apart, but sat in the monks' dwelling or the nuns' cell and spent their days in idle talk.

At this the monks and nuns were vexed. So one day the monks told the Master of the thing; and the Master sent for them and said, "Is it true, as they say, that ye do thus?" "Tis true," they said. "Then why do ye thus? This is not the discipline of those that take the robes." "Lord, we cannot live apart." "From the time that the robes are taken, such ways are not seemly. Not to see the things ye love, to see the things

ye love not, that is real pain. Therefore for embodied things it is not seemly to cherish likes and dislikes." So saying He sang these verses :

"He who devotes himself to wrongful thoughts,
Neglecting what is right, deserts the Real,
And envies those who train themselves aright.

"Cling never to things lovable, nor cling
To things unloved ; for not to see the loved
Is painful ; painful to see the things unloved.

"Cling not to love ; for sorrowful indeed
Is loss of those we love. They have no bonds
To bind to life who neither love nor hate."

At the end of the preaching many attained the fruits of the First Initiation and so forth. Then those three, saying, "We cannot live apart," wandered about and so went home again.

III

THE TALE OF THE BRĀHMAṆA

"Grief is born of longing."

This sermon the Master spake, while dwelling at the Jetavana, about a certain Brāhmaṇa. They say that a certain man of wrong views went one day to the river-bank and began to clear his field. Now the Master saw that he was sealed for salvation¹ and went towards him. The man, though he saw the Master and was doing his work in a wrong way, said nothing. Then the Master, being the first to speak, said, "Brāhmaṇa, what art thou doing ?"

"I am clearing my field, friend Gotama."

When he had said thus much the Master went away.

Some time after, when the man had gone to plough his field, the Master drew near again and said, "Brāhmaṇa, what art thou doing ?" And when the man replied, "Friend Gotama, I sow, I weed and guard my field," He went away again.

¹ Tassa upanissāyasampattim—lit. the promise of his attaining perfection.

Then one day the Brāhmaṇa said, "Friend Gotama, thou didst come to see me from the day I cleared my field. If my rice-crop prosper, I shall give thee a share thereof ; henceforth thou art my friend." Some time after his crop came to bearing and he said to himself, "To-morrow I shall present my rice-crop that has come to bearing," and busied himself with the duties of the intended gift. But in the night a heavy rain-storm washed all the crops away, and left the field as empty as it was before. But the Master knew on the very first day that crop would come to naught. So at early dawn the Brāhmaṇa said to himself, "I'll go look at my field," and went off ; but when he found the ground all bare and empty he was grievously afflicted with sorrow and said to himself, "The ascetic Gotama came to me from the very day I cleared my field, and I said to him, 'If this crop turn out well, I'll give thee a share thereof ; without giving thee a share thereof I will not eat of it myself ; henceforth thou art my friend,' and yet in spite of that my pious wish is not fulfilled." So he refused all food and threw himself upon the bed.

Then the Master came to the door of his house. He heard the Master coming and said to the servants, "Fetch in my friend and make him sit down." The servants did so. The Master sat down and asked, "Where is the Brāhmaṇa ?" and, on being told that he was lying down in his bedroom, He said, "Send for him"; and when he came and sat down aside, He asked, "Why, how now, Brāhmaṇa ! What is this ?"

"Friend Gotama, from the very day I cleared my field, thou didst come ; and though I said, 'If my crops come to bearing I'll give thee a share thereof' ; yet my pious wish is not fulfilled ; thereat grief arose in me ; I cannot eat my food."

Then said the Master, "But, Brāhmaṇa, dost thou know why grief arose in thee ?"

"I know not, friend Gotama ; but thou knowest."

"Yes, Brāhmaṇa, grief and fear that arise are born of longing," and so saying He sang these lines :

"Grief is born of longing;¹
 Of longing fear is born;
 He whose heart is freed from longing
 Hath no grief, much less hath fear."

And at the end of the discourse the Brāhmaṇa was established in the fruits of the First Initiation.

NOTICE

Four English leaflets on Theosophy, Brotherhood, Karma, and Reincarnation are now ready at the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, S. They are intended for careful distribution among the English-educated so as to rouse their interest in Theosophical teachings.

T. S. Branches in Southern India, including the States of Hyderabad, Mysore, Travancore and Pudukota, may apply for copies to the Manager. They will be sent free of all charges.

Secretaries of Federations and Conferences are also requested to apply for the required number of copies for distribution in good time, before the dates of meetings:

T. RAMCHANDRA RAO,
Provincial Secretary, S. India.

¹ The Comm. says; longing (*tanha*) is that desire that arises from the six sense-organs, i.e., of touch, sight, smell, taste, hearing, and mind.

THE OLD ENEMY

Death, you old bogie of the race,
 Long have men feared your silent thrust;
 Before your dark and awful face
 They have been humbled to the dust.

But now, O Death, you are no more
 The dreaded and unconquered foe!
 Though you stand closer than before,
 Your terror men no longer know.

Host upon host their ranks arise
 And run towards you, glad and strong;
 Beneath the wide and brooding skies
 They seek you gaily with a song.

Your tyranny is at an end!
 Men do not wait to hear you call,
 But greet you as a welcome friend
 Ere you had thought of them at all.

No more from regions dim, apart,
 You throw chill shadows o'er the world,
 For lo, within each soldier's heart
 The flag that scorns you is unfurled!

EVA MARTIN

"A STUDY IN KARMA" BY MRS. BESANT

AN ANALYSIS

By THE HON. MR. V. K. RAMANUJACHARIAR

1. *Usefulness of the Study*

The knowledge that the law of Karma is a law of nature "removes human thought and desire from the region of arbitrary happenings to the realm of law". It "thus places man's future under his own control in proportion to the amount of his knowledge".

2. *Natural Law and Man-made Law*

A natural law is a sequence of conditions: such a condition being present, such another condition will invariably follow. To assert causation, there must be besides invariable succession; a *relation* between the two things, which brings about the appearance of the second, when the first appears. A *natural law* is unchanging: it cannot be altered or repealed. It is universal, and is not enforced by any penalty. A *man-made law*, on the other hand, is changeable. He who made it can alter or repeal it. It is local, and is enforced by a penalty which is variable and artificial, and which may be escaped.

3. *Inviolability of Law not Binding*

(i) It makes science possible and rationalises human effort. In a lawless universe effort would be futile, reason would be useless.

(ii) A law of nature may be counteracted—causes being present, events must follow. But by taking away, or adding, causes, events must be modified. The sequence of conditions,

which forms a law, never varies, when left to itself. But if a new condition is introduced, the succeeding condition will be altered. Being in a world of law, full of natural forces, one can utilise them to bring about the state of things one desires.

4. *Law of Karma*

(i) Its universality—All are evolving within this universal law. So long as any one is embodied in matter, so long is he within this law. He may escape from, or transcend, one or other of its aspects; but while remaining in manifestation, he cannot go outside this law.

(ii) Freedom and necessity—Karma sets up conditions, which one can manipulate, as he understands them. Hence, he is free as to making conditions, and is bound as to the result, when they have been made. In other words, we are partly compelled and partly free. We must work amid and with the conditions, which we have created—the thought-nature, the desire-nature and the physical nature; but we are free within them to work upon them.

5. *Data of Karma*

(i) Three worlds—Man lives normally in *three worlds*, the physical, emotional and mental, and is put into contact with each by a body formed of its type of matter; he creates results in each according to its laws and powers. During his daily life in waking consciousness, he creates results in these three worlds by action, desire and thought. While his physical body is asleep, he creates karma in two worlds—the emotional and mental—the amount of karma then created by him depending on his stage of evolution.

(ii) Tendency of thought to repeat itself—Every change in consciousness is answered by a vibration in matter, and a similar change, however often repeated, brings about a similar vibration. When matter has vibrated in a particular way once, it is easier for it to vibrate in that same way again, than to vibrate in a new way. The more often a thought is repeated, the more ready the vibratory response. Presently after much repetition, a tendency will be set up in the matter

of the mental body automatically to ~~depend~~ ^{depend} the vibration on its own account. ~~When it does this—since the vibration in matter and thought in consciousness are inseparably linked—the~~ thought appears in the mind without any previous activity on the part of consciousness. When thought is deliberate and persevering and is aimed at a specific object, it is called *meditation*, and hence it is a potent kârmic cause. Thought being creative, it will awaken desire and stir it to vigorous activity.

(iii) Desire and will—Pleasure-giving and pain-giving objects around a living creature draw out its energies, and these are called *desires*, whether of attraction or repulsion. When these energies are drawn in, united and pointed towards a single aim, this single energy ready to go forth is called *will*. When the energy of the Self is controlled and guided by right reason, it is *will*; when it rushes out unbridled, drawn hither and thither by attractive objects, it is *desire*. Likes and dislikes are involuntary, and are not under the control of the will or reason.

6. Karma—Its Working

Man affects his surroundings in three ways: by thought, by will and desire, and by action.

(i) When a man thinks deliberately of a thing every day, he will soon find that it arises spontaneously in the mind. If he persists in his thought-creation, a strong habit of thought is formed, which can be changed only by an equally prolonged process of thinking in the opposite direction. Even against the opposition of the will, the thought returns to the mind. By thought, then, one can build any habit he chooses to build.

(ii) By the reaction of one's desires on oneself, one gains opportunities and objects and power.

(iii) Thoughts and desires, as soon as they flow outwards, by producing vibrations in the mental and astral matter, or by creating specific thought-forms and desire-forms, become activities. The moment they speed outwards, they affect other things and other people.

(iv) The reaction of our activities on ourselves is our *environment*, the conditions and circumstances that surround

us. The nearest of these is our physical body. Karma consists of two parts—one is the thought-nature and the desire-nature which are the germinal tendencies created in the age-long past. The other part is environment, including the physical body. A man cannot now help that which he has brought with him, nor can he help the environment into which he has been thrown.

7. Karma—How It may be Changed

Though the result of past karma cannot be helped, both the tendencies and environment can be modified and one's success in this depends on the extent of one's knowledge. The following instructions will be found useful:

(i) Deliberately examine your "stock-in-trade," i.e., your inborn faculties and qualities. Select the qualities which it is desirable to strengthen, and the weaknesses, which form your most pressing dangers. Taking them one by one, use your thought power, remembering always that one should never think of the weakness, but of its corresponding power. Think that which you desire to be, and gradually, inevitably you become it; e.g., if you wish the happiness of all, deliberately begin to think love to others, making the circle wider and wider. The love-attitude will become your normal attitude towards all you meet.

(ii) Concrete thought finds its natural realisation in action; hence, if you do not act out a thought, then by reaction, it is weakened. Strenuous action along the line of thinking must follow the thought; otherwise progress will be slow.

(iii) In the case of injurious desires, determine not to yield to them. If they are refractory, call up the image of the glutton, the drunkard, the worn-out profligate and the like, and so create a repulsion for the causes, which made them what they are. Deliberately choose and encourage those which lead to refining and elevating pleasures, and reject those which result in coarseness of body and of mind. There will be failures in your resistance; but persevere.

(iv) When a vice has been conquered, it may appear in dreams. Let the dreamer resist, and if he determines to do so, the desire will cease.

(v) It is better not to fight desire, but rather to evade it. If it arises, turn the mind to something else, which is at once pure and attractive. So shall it be starved out, having no nourishment of either act or thought.

(vi) Since by desire opportunities are created and the objects of desire are brought within your reach, your desires now map out your opportunities and your possessions hereafter. By harbouring none but pure desires, and wishing for nought that cannot be used in service, you ensure a future of opportunities for helping your fellows, and of possessions, which shall be consecrated to their use.

(vii) In regard to environment, such undesirable part as can be changed by strenuous effort should be changed by promptly setting to work. That which cannot be thus changed must be accepted. Set yourselves to learn whatever it has to teach. Fulfil every obligation cheerfully and patiently, honourably paying your debts. Acquire patience through the annoyances inflicted on you, fortitude through the daily irritations, and forgiveness through the wrongs.

(viii) The karma of the past is of purely mixed character. It is not a single current, but a stream made up of currents running in various directions, some opposing, some helping. The effective force to be faced may be one which can be overcome. The present effort, added to the helping currents, may be, often is, just enough to overcome the opposition. The following rules should be borne in mind:

(a) Seize bravely and tenaciously an opportunity presenting itself; do not hesitate from diffidence.

(b) Always aim at a little more than you think you can do.

(c) At the worst the effort diminishes the karmic force of the future.

8. *Collective Karma* is the complex into which are woven the results of the collective thoughts, desires and activities of groups, large or small. One coming into such a group must share in its general karma. The individual is comparatively helpless, for nothing he can do can free him from this, and he must trim his sails to it as best he may. His own special karma has

brought him into it, and must be worked out within it, the larger karma often offering conditions which enable the smaller to act.

(i) Family karma—Where it is bad, the individual born into it suffers, and the collective karma hinders his welfare. Where it is good, he profits and his welfare is promoted. In both cases the individual will usually have built up in himself characteristics which demand for their full exercise the environment provided by the family.

(ii) National karma—One should carefully study the national conditions into which he is born, to see whether he is born therein chiefly to develop qualities in which he is deficient, or chiefly to help his nation by qualities well developed in himself. If his nation be a conquered nation, he should calmly study the causes which have led to the national subjugation, and should set to work to remedy them, endeavouring to influence public opinion along lines which will eradicate these causes.

(iii) Karma generated by oppression should be changed into the karma made by uplifting and respecting. Public feeling can be changed, and every man who speaks graciously and kindly to an inferior is helping to change it. National karma may be changed like individual karma; but as the causes are of longer continuance so must be the effects. The new causes introduced can only slowly modify the results outstanding from the past.

(iv) We should be forces making for national welfare and prosperity. To hold up a noble national ideal is to set going the most powerful karma force. For, into such an ideal the thoughts of many are ever flowing, and it becomes stronger by the daily influx. Public opinion continually changes under the flow of its influences, and reproduces that which is constantly held up for its admiration. The thought force accumulates, until it becomes irresistible, and lifts the whole nation upwards to a higher level.

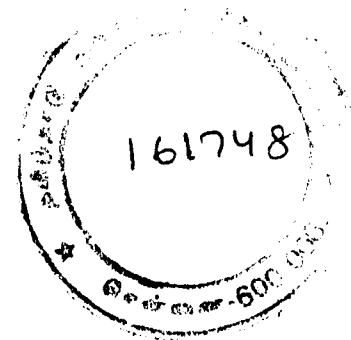
9. *Karma as Justice*

(i) Karma is the restoration of the equilibrium disturbed. Hence from the physical agony inflicted

results physical agony endured. Notable instances—the fall of Spain as the result of the Inquisition, the driving of the Jews and the Moors out of the country, and the atrocious cruelties accompanying the conquests of Mexico and Peru; India's subjugation due to the Indians' subduing its then peoples and reducing them to servitude; England's problem in her slums brought about by the conquest and driving out of the savage tribes; and the French Revolution following the collective selfishness and indifference of the well-to-do towards the poor and miserable. Motive in this region does not mitigate. A good motive intellectually misdirected has its full result, as in a person born deformed with a patient and gentle character.

(ii) Karma brings one into touch with people whom he has known in the past, to some of whom he owes debts, and some of whom owe debts to him. Those to whom he is linked by many ties in a common past, come from all parts of the world to surround him in the present. In truth in this world of law, where action and reaction are equal, all help which is given comes back to the giver. Hence, even for a selfish reason, it is well to give and give freely. It leads to an interchange of worthy human feelings, by which both the giver and receiver grow and expand. The love evoked will make future giving spontaneous and unselfish.

(iii) All personal links, whether of love or hate, grow out of the past, and in each life we strengthen the ties that bind us to our friends, and ensure our return together in the lives that lie in front.



FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

[Any reader of a sacrificing nature wishing to throw open his Scrap-book for me, may do so by copying out what he deems suitable for this column and forwarding it to "The Editor, THE ADYAR BULLETIN".]

I FIND within my Scrap-book, carefully folded up in order to be kept within the limit of its pages, a poster announcing the existence of a Reading-room open to the public of Lahore. This reading-room is named after Mrs. Besant, and the hours when it is free for public use are from 6.30 a.m. to 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. on week-days. On Sunday it is open in the morning only. The times when Theosophical lectures take place are given and every one is cordially invited. This reading-room should prove popular. Among other papers which are to be found there are copies of *New India*, *The Commonwealth*, *The Tribune*, *The Theosophist*, and—last but not least—THE ADYAR BULLETIN. The scheme should be successful, and is a distinctly attractive form of propaganda.

* * * * *

Poets are indeed the prophets of their generation. They often enunciate truths far greater than their brain consciousness can comprehend. From *Light* we take the following poem written by a lady, which appeared in an American magazine.

You hate me and I hate you,
And we are so polite, we two!

But whenever I see you I burst apart
And scatter the sky with my blazing heart.
It spits and sparkles in stars and balls,
Buds into roses and flares and falls.

Scarlet buttons, and pale green discs,
Silver spirals and asterisks,
Shoot and tremble in a mist
Peppered with mauve and amethyst.

religious stability to their orthodox ecclesiasticism and ascetic practices.

* * * *

The following poem, entitled "The Ouzel Song," appeared in *The Saturday Review*. It is written by Mr. H. Fielding-Hall who is known to all my readers from his magnificent book, *The Soul of a People*. The poem is so fascinating that I cannot forbear quoting it at length.

I hear a music in the air
 As I pass down the little valley,
 I hope to see the Naiad there,
 And so beside the reeds I dally.
 It is the water brawling, brawling.
 It is the ouzel calling, calling.
 Bird and stream
 One singer seem,
 Two notes as one are falling, falling.

Right merry is the woodland's voice,
 Sweet is the piping of the Dryad,
 The breezes in the reeds rejoice,
 But sweetest is the laughing Naiad.
 Hark to the wavelets singing, singing.
 Hark to the ouzel ringing, ringing.
 Silver chimes
 And merry rhymes
 Together they are bringing, bringing.

Oh, ripple, whisper in her ear,
 "I love but you." Lo, from the river
 An answer do I seem to hear,
 "I love you ever, ever, ever."
 Is it the streamlet sighing, sighing?
 Is it the ouzel crying, crying?
 Can the breeze
 Amid the trees
 Repeat, "For you I'm dying, dying"?

She laughs in every lapping wave,
 She flings the foam flakes far above her,
 She sleeps within a secret cave,
 And dreams, I hope, of me, her lover.
 Oh, watch the fountain welling, welling.
 Oh, hear the ouzel telling, telling
 To the wood
 That love is good;
 His is a music all-excelling.

THE WORLD'S NEED

By D. M. CODD

II. THE NEED OF IMMORTALITY

"O WORLD as God has made it, all is beauty . . . !" If you have time to come away from your office prison-house, away from the pressure of duties, and the hurry of your so-called "life," perhaps your heart too can sing unwritten poetry, responding to the universal song; perhaps it will swell with wonder and adoration at many subtleties of sound and movement, the perfection of law in unnumbered species, the grace of Nature's lines and contours, the quiet continuousness of the life of creatures, its guardedness, its freedom, and its purposefulness. These things striking deep unwonted chords in your nature, may cause you to thrill with something subtler and deeper still, an undercurrent of which they are only the spray thrown up on the water's surface; it is felt as a rhythm and a fulness which is very Life itself.

You call that "life" in your city home and city haunts. Say rather it is the school of life for those who have not yet learned realisation; but all of that is here, and ever deeper and deeper wells of experience, and all the philosophy your books contain is here, too, and one day you will yearn to come away from that "life" in order sometimes to sit down quietly here to think truly and to sense the fulness. Whether now you believe or not what your religion and your books tell you of God, you will believe in Him then, for you will become aware of His Immanence, and none is ever sceptical who has lived a while near the heart of Nature and sensed that fulness of being.

To feel oneself for a moment as part of this rhythm of life, to feel the breath of Ever-Being as the breath of life in one's own being, is to bring home convincingly the truth of our immortality. We not only know it, we thirst for it, we demand it; for the pure joy of existence is not perishable with the perishing body, but belongs to the imperishable Spirit whose claim to immortality is vindicated by its response to this pulse of divine life and its power to conceive it. To sense Ever-Being is to desire it, and only the unattainable is beyond our desire. When a man is at peace within himself and attuned to this rhythm of life, he spontaneously believes in God and his own immortality, because a divine teacher dwells immortal in his heart, and he needs only quiet times to hear that teacher speak. In the West men are sceptical because they have no time for Mysticism. They have thought so hard, worked so hard, and lived in such a hurry, that their souls are somewhat like dried plants, lacking the art and beauty, and mystic inspiration needful for their watering.

Belief in God and belief in our immortality thus go hand in hand, for if there is a God He is the Father of souls and the home of the human Spirit. It follows that if all are one in Him, and all return to Him, union with God must be identical and simultaneous with union with all others in His universe. Thus we return to the truth of our solidarity. Man left without God turns to his brother man; finding God in his own heart, he finds his brother there too. This solidarity is as much a need of man's nature as the need of God, and both are expressed in him as that strange and mighty force which is known as love. Man binds himself to his fellows, to creatures and things, by this strange force, and nothing causes him greater misery than isolation. Only those can bear complete isolation whose hearts are filled with worship and adoration. The God that does not inspire us to worship is of little use to us, and this is where the God of the positivist and the pantheist more or less failed—He was too cold and too far away.

Thus it is that immortality does not suffice us, but we need also that it should include the preservation of identity and mutual recognition. What of our friends—shall we meet them beyond the grave, and will they recognise us as they do now? Will they still know and love us? These are the all-important queries that go unanswered. Heaven and hell will satisfy us no longer; we need certainty of knowledge or teaching on authority. On these things the ancient teachings of the East can throw light, and the time has passed for jealously guarding her treasures; civilisation is in a dire need, suffering from a parching thirst, which the living waters of spiritual wisdom alone will quench. Of little avail is it to reconstruct Society, to establish peace and confederate the nations, unless the spiritual reservoir of the race be replenished. For humanity's pulse beats sluggishly; we are weary of an empty universe, our souls are paralysed, for art, poetry and mysticism have been disregarded, and so there is little of joy, or peace, or worship, in our unlovely modern world.

Some of our soldiers have gone out to meet their death hoping that somehow their many sins will be forgiven and God's anger with them sufficiently appeased to allow them to escape hell and obtain eternally the benefits of heaven. Others are probably without expectations of anything beyond that boundary, only bravely and heroically happy to go out as a flame goes out because their country has asked them to do so. Whether or no they will meet their comrades on the other side they know not. Would it not mean much to them were the Divine Teacher to appear and teach them, as once He taught Arjuna:

He who regardeth this as a slayer, and he who thinketh he is slain, both of them are ignorant. He slayeth not, nor is he slain.

He is not born, nor doth he die; nor having been, ceaseth he any more to be; unborn, perpetual, eternal and ancient, he is not slain when the body is slaughtered.

Moreover, eastern teachings lead us not only beyond the grave to *Svarga*, but here again to the world we loved, even to the countries we loved, and bring our friends back with us,

again and again. Every time we grow nearer to our heart's Ideal, every time we help to make the world more and more on the pattern of a Truth which we have been shown in unseen worlds, until at last that momentary realisation which once convinced us of our immortality, dawns fully on the awakened Soul. Then the great truth of everlasting life, of our individual power to endure without our bodies, breaks on us like the splendour of a glorious morn, and we decide that we will not go forth again, but remain as pillars in the Temple of our God.

This is the only view of immortality that can reasonably be acceptable to the man of the future, for the one isolated life on earth, varied in length and experience, almost, one might say, without *raison d'être*, does not justify so tremendous and so glorious a consummation. No one would say it was a fitting culmination of every ordinary man's life on earth, still less of that of the blackguard or the idiot, but of many lives of gradual evolution—yes. We believe in evolution. Where then are we tending in our evolving manhood if not to a perfect manhood, if not to the Superman? We allow death for the body, but not for the Spirit. What then can reasonably be the result of our evolution as Spirits dwelling in bodies if one day we shall not as Spirits conquer death and rise triumphant over matter?

The principles of eastern philosophy need to be carried abroad by Easterns into western lands. The Western has brought to India the laws of organisation and government, and the democratic ideal of individual liberty. The Eastern should also travel into western lands, bearing with him a lofty conception of life, a rich mine of occult and spiritual knowledge, bearing also with him that reverence and deep devotion which is inspired by his belief in the Divine Teachers. He can teach the Western to turn his back for ever, if he will, on religions and to seek Religion itself by way of the Mystic Path, by the inward contemplation of "That Pure and Lofty One, whose Name is Holy, who inhabiteth Eternity".



THE

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FROM THE EDITOR

WE published in the July *Theosophist* a note of a Theosophical educational centre in Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A., with some pictures showing the building and some of the rooms. The Secretary of State for Kentucky admitted its incorporation as the Theosophical Educational Society, with George H. Wilson as President, and N. A. Courtwright as Secretary, on February 24th, 1915, and a copy of the legal papers has just reached me. The third article gives the objects of the organisation as follows:

The purpose of the corporation hereby proposed to be organised and the activities to be carried on by this corporation shall be the cultivation and diffusion of knowledge by maintaining a free reference library, a circulating library, the holding of popular lectures, the collecting of materials for the illustration of the various branches of useful knowledge, the employing of teachers and the maintaining of a school for the diffusion of information and knowledge generally, the purchasing, owning, renting, leasing or otherwise dealing in such real estate and improvements thereon as may be necessary and consistent with the business of said corporation, and the conducting generally of an Educational Society for the enlightenment of mankind, and the doing of all things necessary or incidental thereto.

Mrs. Courtwright is known to many in India for her fine work in Colonel Olcott's Pañchama Schools, Madras, and in her own country, since she left India, she has worked with striking success in a Detention Home, which she has made a veritable Home to the children and young people sent to it. On the ground floor of the T. E. S. building are reception and living rooms, a lecture hall seating 200 persons, and the T. S. Lodge Office. The second floor has a Members' Library, rooms for classes and study, and a small lecture room. The third floor gives hospitality to the E. S., the Co-Masonic Lodge, and the Order of the Star in the East. We wish all success to this promising work.

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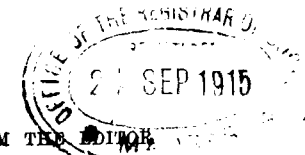
Our Brother David Unger carried on a little magazine, *Esoteric Christianity*, which was much liked in America. Messrs. Ray and Max Wardall, of Seattle, Washington, U. S. A., two fine T. S. workers and young men of large capacity, have been carrying it on since he passed away, and hope to make it very useful to that branch of T. S. work. From Merida, Yucatan, in distressful Mexico, comes a Spanish monthly Theosophical Review, named *Mayab*, a nicely printed and got-up periodical, which we heartily welcome. It began with January, 1915, but the June number is the first which has reached us.

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From America, we hear of the re-election of the ever faithful and devoted A. P. Warrington, and Mrs. Russak has also been elected to office, but the cable did not make clear to what. All there seems to be going well, the Convention having been successfully held.

* * *

Bradford Lodge, in England, one of the oldest Lodges there, is working very actively. They moved two years ago from the smaller rooms they used to occupy to some large central premises connected with an old Masonic Hall, now used by the Order of Oddfellows; there is a lecture room holding about 175, and during the first year 3,600 people attended



their Sunday meetings, and in the second close upon 5,000. The number of Lodge members has nearly doubled. The Lodge meetings are devoted to the study of Theosophical books, half the time being spent in reading, and half in discussion—a plan much liked by the members. The President, Mr. F. D. Harrison, one of the oldest T. S. workers in England, is much beloved, and he seems to have inspired many with a devotion and enthusiasm similar to his own.

* * *

We may look for a great expansion of Theosophical work during and after the War, for though our members are necessarily much employed in "War work," they carry it all on in the Theosophical spirit, and have won much respect by their energy and self-sacrifice. The public are attracted to our teachings, because they explain the dark problems of life and death, and throw light on the region on the other side of death into which so many of the loved ones have been suddenly precipitated. The "next world" to which they have gone has come nearer to so many, and they stretch out groping hands in search of the beloved whose departure has for them emptied this world of joy.

* * *

We may look also for a considerable extension of the Co-Masonic movement, which has been working so patiently and steadily for so many years. It is likely to play a considerable part in the building up of the Federal Empire which will follow the War, and it is likely to become especially powerful in Australasia, where the full co-operation of women with men is welcomed in public and private life. British Masonry, by its exclusion of women, religion and politics, has condemned itself to travel a somewhat barren road, save for its splendid charities. Continental Masonry has always been political, and has done knightly service to Freedom, but is mostly—thanks to the persecution of the Roman Catholic Church—anti-religious. Co-Masonry in Great Britain and its Dependencies is deeply religious, includes political and social discussion, and pays no regard to the distinctions of sex.

The English Grand Lodge which, for several years, preserved to it a benevolent neutrality, was forced to declare against it by an appeal from India, the Anglo-Indian Masons here having proved themselves to be as narrow and intolerant in Masonry as they are in everything else. However, so many English and Scotch Masons of high rank had attended our Lodges before they were anathematised that we are well known to British Masonry.

* * *

Our wandering sheep are gradually coming home again to Adyar after their sojourn in the hills or journeys to the north, and soon we shall again be in the full swing of the cool weather work. Additions are coming to us from England and South Africa. Our helpful co-worker, Mr. Wedgwood, after a visit to Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in Australia, goes on to England, and we shall much miss his help, especially in Masonry and in the Temple of the Rosy Cross. Mrs. Charles Kerr has returned from her tour in the South Sea Islands and Australia, whence she brings a delightful account of Mr. Leadbeater, which will appear in the October *Theosophist*. From Adyar, where we all are working with full faith in the future, in the consciousness of the Masters' blessing and ever gracious presence, rings out the cry: ALL'S WELL.

THE NEED FOR IDEALS

A LECTURE TO YOUNG PEOPLE

By ANNIE BESANT

FRIENDS,

The subject for talk this evening is really a very practical one, although the word "Ideals" is the chief word in the title. If you look round on the world, as you see it now, there is one very widespread and definite characteristic of men as they grow older and more experienced. When they begin life as young men, they are full of enthusiasm, full of readiness to sacrifice themselves, full of eagerness to serve the country; but if you notice them year after year you will see that the enthusiasm is rather apt to cool down, that the readiness to sacrifice becomes less, that the practical service to the country seems to exercise over them less attraction, until by the time they have reached about middle life—about 45 or 50 years of age—you find that the enthusiasm has disappeared. They are apt to become somewhat cynical, somewhat pessimistic, even despairing. The warmth has gone. They become chilly and indifferent. It is not surprising that in the course of public life these changes should gradually come over the minds of those who begin by being workers for the country. In no career is it more marked perhaps than in that of a worker in public life, and in no career is it more disappointing, with difficulties, with the failure of friends, and with the bitter opposition of enemies. That is the universal experience. I am not speaking of Indian public life only, but of public life in all countries such as we have at the present day. When success seems unattainable, the more unselfish their aims the more apt are they to become weary and

disheartened. They find people often ridiculing things which they themselves most admire, and so a sense of discouragement creeps over them. To find a middle-aged man full of optimism is the rarest of all things.

While I say that this is characteristic of public life everywhere, it is true that you find it perhaps more in India than in other lands. That is chiefly because public life in India is at the present time such terribly up-hill work, and because as more and more people strive for the country they find opposition accumulating against them. There are so few that withstand opposition and so many who fall back, and at last public life seems to take on the characteristics of a forlorn hope. A public worker does not expect to win; he expects only to fail; and when a man has taken up that position—and I admit that there are many admirable Indians who do—unless he has an ideal to which he can hold, he gradually becomes a cynic rather than an optimist. One notices it so very much that I feel here especially the need for ideals, for although they are necessary everywhere for a really noble life, they are essential to permanent activity for the country here, where realisation of objects is difficult to attain.

I want then to put before you that real devotion to an ideal is a necessity for the public life of an Indian at the present time. Unless he can feel that devotion, he will gradually weary of his work, and so you will find that as years go on he works expecting to fail, instead of hoping to succeed. Everyone to work effectively must endeavour so to work as to bring about the object which he is aiming to achieve. While it is true that the great lesson of the *Gītā* is that man should learn to work without desire for fruit, that becomes possible and useful only when man has reached a higher motive—the determination to work with the divine will for the progress of the world. Absence of desire for fruit tends to indifference until a man is truly intent upon the welfare of the world. When he has reached the point when the welfare of the world for him is the one thing that is desirable, when he realises that the divine will is the bringing

about of that welfare, then he will lose nothing of his activity when his desire for fruit has passed away. Comparatively few, however, in ordinary public life can really maintain activity, strength and vigour, unless they have an ideal before them which they are endeavouring to achieve. Only those can persevere against continual disappointment whose ideal is clear and whose devotion to that ideal is complete. Let me take for a moment as an example a man whose name is dear to all of you—Gopala Krishna Gokhale. There you have a man who placed before himself a quite definite ideal, namely, the lifting up of his country to a place among the foremost Nations of the world. If you read his speeches, as all patriots should, you will note almost with surprise now and again the strength and vigour of his hope and of his determination. He did not expect to be successful himself. You remember his famous phrase that some of us must “serve India by our failures,” and he found that to be the almost unbroken experience of his own life. But, despite the fact that he knew he would continually fail, the ideal maintained him where the actual was hopelessly disappointing, and so you find him year after year with unchecked and undiminished vigour, as strong, as vigorous and as inspiring in his latest speech as he was in his earlier days. There you have an example of a man who never became a cynic, who never lost hope, who never became pessimistic, but always held before him a magnificent ideal. He found the value of an ideal in the moments of darkness which otherwise might have led to despair. I want, if I can, to put before you how ideals may be made, how we can aim at their realisation, and how there are two forms that an ideal may take. We may rightly take an ideal for each—the ideal character that we desire to embody; and the ideal of the Motherland that we desire to behold.

First of all, in order that things may be quite clear, let us answer the obvious question: What is an ideal? If you would begin with a conception of what we need, cut off the *l* in the word *ideal*. You have an idea, and that is the beginning of what an ideal means. It is an *idea*, a thought; but it is more than an idea. It is not one of the ideas that come and go, not

one of the passing thoughts that come into the mind, but a thought that is there continually, that is always there, fixed and dominant. The next point in understanding what is an ideal is that it is a *fixed* idea, and it is a fixed idea *which guides and dominates conduct*. That is the full definition and meaning of an ideal: first the nature—thought; then its characteristic—fixity; then its work—the dominating of conduct, the building of character.

Some of you—the older amongst you—will have read the axioms of Patañjali; looking at the different kinds of men's minds, he classified them under four heads. He wanted to find what sort of mind was necessary for Yoga. Some, he said, had no steadiness, there was no firmness in them; they ran off after different thoughts as a butterfly goes from one blossom to another. Butterfly minds, he said, are not fit for Yoga. This is the mind of a child, under the domination of the senses, attracted by each object of sense and constantly changing as new objects appear. Then he took the next class—the mind of a youth, and that he speaks of by rather a curious word which we shall have to translate as "bewildered" or "confused". In the time of youth, passion is strong. First one passion and then another changes the whole atmosphere of the mind; and so if you study the mind of a youth, you find its colour changes with the passing moods of passion and emotion rather than thought. Young men will turn away from a subject of thought to run after some powerful attraction through the senses, and such a mind is easily bewildered and confused by passion; that mind, says Patañjali, is not fit for Yoga. He comes to the mind possessed by a thought; the man is absorbed by one idea—love of power, desire for fame, desire for money, desire for pleasure or luxury. Whatever it may be, it dominates the man and all his conduct is guided by that dominant thought. It possesses him, it takes him and drives him in its own direction, and he is helpless in its grip. Such a dominant idea which possesses a man has two possible results: it may make him a madman, if the idea be false; and a madman cannot be made to listen to reason as he is possessed by a false

idea. I do not suppose that many of you have been among lunatics, but if you spend some time amongst them, you will notice that one great characteristic of them is that they are possessed by one dominant idea, and that idea false. But where a man is wholly possessed by a true idea, then he becomes a martyr or a hero. Reasoning has no influence upon him; worldly advantage has no attraction for him. He is willing to die for his ideal. A martyr is willing to give away his life for an idea, and no reasoning can induce him to prefer life to that idea. Patañjali says that when such a man exists, he is near to Yoga; he reaches a position where the mind is completely controlled by one single idea, and that means progress and strength.

Then you come to the last stage where a man is no longer dominated by an idea but chooses an idea; he willingly possesses—he is not possessed; he chooses, he is not seized. The man has all the strength of the idea under his control, and that man is fit for Yoga. It is that kind of definite clear thought which is wanted for the building of an ideal, but very few people have their minds trained to that extent. There are methods which we can use to build up our ideal, and the first thing to do, especially for a young man or young woman, is to make up his or her mind what he or she wants to be, not to drift along like a rudderless vessel on the current of a stream but to sit and say to himself: "When I have finished this part of my training as pupil in School and College I intend to be this or that," whatever it may be. A young man who chooses what he intends to be in life, deliberately chooses it with a strong and unswerving will, that man accomplishes that on which he has fixed his mind. Each one of you who are younger should be forming your ideal, and the first thing is to determine what you mean to be. Some of you have already an ideal: that you should be a great servant of your Country, that you should help to win her liberty, that you should like to devote yourself and all your powers to lift your Country; that was the ideal that Mr. Gokhale had, and few nobler ideals can attract the mind of the young. The next step will be to think

out: "Along what line of life shall I try to approach and ultimately realise my ideal? what profession shall I take up? what kind of work shall I do?" Let us suppose you have to win your livelihood. You will then choose a profession which will hinder you least in becoming that which you are determined to become. You will choose that which seems to offer you the best opportunity of serving your country. Roughly that will very often mean the way of earning a livelihood in the least time that it requires to earn it, and, so to give the rest of your time to public life. Not very long ago I had to put before a young man a choice as to what line he would take up when his college education was over, and I wrote to him, defining different lines. He was very clever, and would be able to choose his own way when his education was complete. I put before him the possibility of the Civil Service or the Law, showing how each was likely to work out in life. I pointed out to him that on the whole the best profession for a man who wanted to give his life to his country was the profession of law, for in that—if he did not want to live extravagantly—a simple living was easy to gain, and then he had a large amount of leisure that he might give to the service of his Country. I do not mean a very successful lawyer, for to become that he would have to give all his time to the profession; but a man who is content with a simple life can earn a living honourably in that profession, but at the same time give most of his time to the helping of his Motherland. My correspondent chose that particular line, for the reason that he could serve India better in that. Another advantage of law is that in a country where you are trying to gain reforms by constitutional means, a knowledge of law is necessary. There are numerous problems in the course of public life where an exact knowledge of your legal rights and powers is of inestimable advantage.

Supposing then you have chosen your object in life and your profession, the next step will be to study. If you wish to be a statesman, you must study the lives of a number of leading statesmen, studying them from a psychological standpoint, and you will find what are the qualities which they had in common.

Certain qualities are wanted in order that an ideal may be built up in the mind as an image. You will find these out by study, and if you want to be a successful statesman, you will select leading men and study their lives, and you will then find out what they had in common. There may be some qualities in which one statesman may differ from another; you disregard those differences. But there are some points that will be common: they will all be men of trained ability; they will all be men of knowledge of the world; they will all have a great amount of tact and understanding of human nature; and they will all have a felicity of speech and a firm grasp of complicated questions. Those are qualities of a statesman, and those would appear more or less in every great statesman. They may differ in everything else, in views, religion, temperament, etc. A young man who has chosen to serve his Country in political life would thus, analysing characters, choose the different qualities which make a great statesman and then build up those qualities in himself. He would put these all together, leaving out the separate things in which they differ; he would leave out everything which is not essential, and select the essentials of a statesman; that would be the ideal statesman to whose character he would try to conform himself.

If a young man wanted to be a soldier, he would similarly find out the qualities of a successful soldier, and produce those qualities in himself, shaping his character as that of an ideal soldier. He would do similarly with regard to anything which he desired to be. He must study to make the ideal; he must build up the ideal bit by bit, by study, by imagination, by the creative powers of the mind; and when he has done that, then the attraction of the ideal must dominate him. He must feel devotion to this ideal that he has created, and it becomes for him the dominant thought of his mind, shaping his conduct and determining his character.

(To be concluded)

DIE RITTERSCHAR¹

By MUIRSON BLAKE

WE learn that egos are bound together throughout the ages by their likes and dislikes and it appears that in the Theosophical Society there exists a large number of people who have in many lives served the Lord in field, court and temple; to serve Him, filled with His light, their aim has ever been to carry out His plan for mankind, their joy only to surrender themselves as His instruments.

They may perhaps be likened to a band of knights, wedded together to serve one cause, battling in everyday life for the good and the true, and ever trying to draw through themselves, by purity of life and aim, the pure white light to counteract the surrounding darkness. All of them serve one Lady, and as each of the band in turn have vowed themselves to the maintenance of Her beauty and honour, she has touched them on the forehead with her lips and never after that can they be the same as before, never after that can the knight fight for things for himself without shame and eventual painful disillusion; for he knows now within himself that Her beauty and honour are far more real than anything else that he can struggle for.

This band dwells peacefully in its rocky fortress, Monsalvat, and formerly they were sent out from here on errands, in bands, as they were required, one band after another to any spot to accomplish some piece of work, and knowing each other and knowing those who had come before and those that followed, they remembered, even in the noise and rush of the lower world,

¹ This article was written before the outbreak of War.

just why they were there, Her service, and the peace of Monsalvat where constant devotion and worship to Her was possible.

Now a time came when the work for Her was not to be concentrated in one spot, and the knights having been trained a long time in concerted action were now sent out singly all over the world. This was very painful to many of them, for the knights had always before had the ever-helpful presence of their brothers beside them and, however hard the fight was, one look from them and the very feeling that the fight was for Her always cheered them on. But now in the change from the peace of Monsalvat to the noise of the world many of the knights could not bring down the memory of Her; so beautiful, tender and spiritual was it that it could not at first survive in the rough contacts and the coarse life down here. So the knights, some of them, had to live many weary years in forgetfulness of their Lady, and existence to them seemed a grey, dull, and lifeless thing without that bright joy which before had always filled their life. How joyless it seemed to have to do things when they were not being done for Her! Some of the knights in very despair were almost ready to end their life; like Faust they said:

Und so ist mir das Dasein eine Last.
Der Tod erwünscht, das Leben mir verhasst.

And so existence is to me a weight
Death fondly I desire, and life I hate.

They were not forgotten, however, by any means, for the Theosophical Society was sent down into the world with its message to the knights. That message was to awaken their slumbering memories and show them how She was to be served this time. As the knights had been sent into the world at different times, their bodies were of varying ages, and so they could not come into the Society all at once, but as circumstances permitted; for they were scattered all over the world, and as their love for Her service in the past demanded, so were they, sometimes early, sometimes late, awakened. What a wonderful day that is for the knight, how things that looked like dead

cold ashes begin under that touch to quicken, and sweet smelling flowers spring up where before it had seemed that nothing could ever live again. The chemist knows how a drop of strong acid will instantly convert one salt into another and, although both are salts of the same metal, they manifest entirely different properties, melting point, solubility, crystalline structure; and in all the other tests and under the same conditions the two salts may behave in exactly opposite ways; so when that often seemingly unimportant event which brings him into touch with the Theosophical Society has taken place, the man is often so entirely changed in his way of regarding life that in similar circumstances he will very likely act in quite a different manner to what he would have done before. Thus at times when our Society is attacked and false things are said about our great generals, we can remain unshaken; many, many times before have we together faced the icy winds for Her, and in the burning heat kept struggling on, sword in hand, knowing that there was behind us the force of the invincible, and that our tried and troubled personalities were merely its instrument, and that, however bitter the struggle, it would pass and the great wonderful work go on.

O brother knight! is not this a wonderful thought to dwell upon? Creative artists we, for is not all creation a bringing down from the higher realms of being and a forcing of the heavy physical matter into some form fit to receive it; the first workers we, however humble and low, of the new order of things—the time when a purer freer happier life will open before humanity. No longer, then, will the purely physical life have absolute rule as it does now, but humanity in its spiral-like development will reach the point at which before, on its lower round, the pure innocent child-state was attained. The influence of the other worlds will be felt and considered in daily life, and in its simplicity there will be room for pretty fancy and imagination, for the love of all animals; and perhaps again the fairies and nature spirits will be able to come and be part of our life. What will be most important, however, will be that Religion

will again be enthroned in her right position as the very highest thing we possess, the direct channel between humanity and its Creator; and with this conscious link with the Highest, a constant source of inspiration, what a wonderful life becomes possible, when, added to this, we have all the results of science on the one side, and the perfected technique of art on the other, to help us to mould our life, customs and all our creations rightly and beautifully. With these thoughts of the future the little trials of the present surely fade into insignificance. These times of change are always disquieting. In the *Götterdämmerung* Siegfried is killed, Gunter meets a violent death, the outraged Brunnhilde, taking the ring from the dead hand of her Siegfried, casts it back into the Rhine to the Rhine maidens from whom it was originally stolen; she lights Siegfried's pyre and then rushes into it herself to die beside him, while Hagen, Siegfried's murderer, ever drawn on by the ring, plunges into the Rhine after it. All now are dead, and in the distance one sees Walhalla in flames. All the old institutions and powers are now dead and past, and only humanity is left, ready after this to pass on to a newer fuller life; the ancient ideals have been destroyed to make way for the forming of higher and nobler ones.

Such times are great ones in which to live, though uncomfortable perhaps; great thoughts begin to be felt and underneath all the decay around can be seen new and beautiful forms taking shape. It is the duty of the knights this time to herald the coming of this new era. Scattered all over the world amidst institutions and customs of all sorts which are becoming effete, they must see in this breaking up but the liberation of the life from old outgrown forms so that it may be free to ensoul others more plastic, more beautiful, a further product of evolution. So amidst the inevitable discomfort, unrest and often positive pain due to the transitory nature of the times, members of our band may be bright centres of cheerfulness, radiant with the knowledge of a brighter, happier, truer life just beginning to open before humanity, and already feeling within themselves the new ideals which

will inspire the coming race. They know, too, that these ideals will soon be embodied in a Great Teacher. Surely these times answer to the description of "There shall be wars and rumours of wars," and ah! who but the Lord of Love Himself can raise the dark cloud that blinds humanity to-day, who but He can raise men from the mire in which they are living and restore the equilibrium between Spirit and matter? Perhaps some may think these strong words but, trying to separate yourself from these times mentally and judging them in the same way that you do the times of the Renaissance or the Greek or Egyptian periods, what can be more material, more false, than the general life to-day? So absolutely and utterly physical it is that no one is considered as doing anything who is not producing purely physical results; the existence, influence or need of any other world but the physical is utterly ignored. This baneful influence extends into all departments of life. You may say that in the *life* of the people religion is dead, and the few places where an awakening is seen to be taking place are only where the new influences are already at work. Art is languishing for want of inspiring ideals and is degraded so often to satisfying merely the lower senses; no longer is it seen as one of the paths to the Highest. Science, proudly separate, says we will have a philosophy of life built up from the data of experimental science and from that source alone; all things transcendental, mystical and the fruits of other vagaries of the mind are utterly unworthy of the notice of any serious thinker. One thinks of Mephistopheles' advice to the inquiring student.

He who would know and treat of aught alive
Seeks first the living spirit thence to drive,
Then are the lifeless fragments in his hand,

and from these "fragments" a philosophy of life is to be deduced to help forms that are full of throbbing life, to help struggling men and women guide their lives according to rules which will bring them happiness. How false the standards are to-day may be judged by the millions which each nation throws away yearly upon its army and navy, each nation competing as to which can give the most without going bankrupt, while

within, the country schools are waiting to be built, people are starving, and all are having to work harder than ever to carry the ever increasing burden. Humanity having thrown happiness away in another life, is finding it impossible to win it in this one alone, and, as already said, a great reaction from the kind of life led generally to-day is soon to come.

Our ordinary legislators, unaided, cannot guide us through times like these; only through the Master's wisdom can all these new forms be properly perfected, and so it is for His Coming that the knights must be looking and preparing themselves; and cannot already those first sweet soft gentle notes be heard of the Descent, like the opening notes of the *Lohengrin* overture; way, way up in the heavens appearing come those first whispers of the dawn and one's heart sings in glad response; gradually will they become stronger, as they slowly in majesty descend, more powerful instruments will give out the holy strains and their volume will increase more and more as the Presence grows nearer. The Descent complete, the great message will be blazoned forth on the brass for all to hear, and may you and I be there to hear.

TOWARDS DISCIPLESHIP¹

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B.

I DO not propose to say very much to you to-night, but I should like to suggest to you a point which I want to emphasise in connection with the work of our Lodge. That is, that the Lodge is a definite entity, and we are all bound up together both for service and for individual progress. That is the note I want to strike, that we belong to each other, and because of that our service is one and our progress is one too. It means that what each one of us is doing reacts upon all the rest of us; we must all share the Karma of it. That is what joining the Lodge means, joining the big "God within us," of which we are all Selves. Under these circumstances we react on each other and grow together. We must try to gain all the advantages we can from our mutual membership of that Life, and to make definite progress towards our goal.

There are two things to do to attain that goal—service of the Theosophical Society and service of the Star, and these are one and the same thing, though it is sometimes desirable for the sake of the outside world to distinguish between the two. We know that the work is really one, and while we may have to adopt many forms, we realise that in so doing we are only following the precedent of God Himself, who adopts many forms in manifestation.

There are two ways of attaining our goal: first, through *work*. Whatever work we may do is always Star work or T. S. work. Some people think that unless they are doing definite

T. S. work they are not serving, but from the Master's standpoint all work which makes you a little bigger than you were *is* Star and T. S. work; anything you are doing which is helping others is T. S. work; and I do not like people to say: "I am so sorry I cannot do more for the T. S. because I am working all day at this thing or that thing." That work is T. S. work. Our work is to be busy and active according to the measure of our powers. It does not matter what we are doing, if we do it in the name of the Master. In the Master's eyes all work is the same, provided it is leading you to the big Self. We can all of us get to the realities through the help of this Lodge, provided in our daily life we try to do everything in the light of the biggest we know. Work is the main point, and it does not matter what kind of work it is.

The second way is the individual preparation of each one of us, the attainment to a nearer and closer relationship with one of the great Teachers, and this point strikes a very important note as regards the work of our Lodge. There are some of us who are already in direct relation to one of the great Teachers, but I want that to be the case with all. I want the Union Lodge to have the effect of drawing each one of its members nearer to the Master he serves. I feel it incumbent upon me to do what I can in my small way to bring any member of the Lodge to the relationship in which I stand to the Master, so that this relationship may be spread among all the members of the Lodge. It is possible for you to achieve much in this present life. This relationship is the goal towards which all of you should strive. Mrs. Besant has warmly approved of the Lodge and she wishes it well; so that means there is some place for the Lodge to fill.

Discipleship depends entirely upon the work you do, but on the other hand, you must realise that you have to grow individually. It ought to be possible for each one of you, being as you are, members of the Theosophical Society and of the Star, both parts of a very definite scheme of the Masters, to come definitely in this life to one of the great Teachers.

¹ An Address at the First Meeting of the Union Lodge, 24th July, 1915.

There are several ways in which this may be done. One is to accept leadership. There are two great leaders in the Society, Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater. Be willing to trust and to follow them. The way in which I reached the feet of the Master was that I trusted my leaders and held myself at their disposal. The spirit of reverent acceptance, the willingness to subordinate your own views to the will of the leader, that is part of the way by which you reach discipleship. The great Teachers need servants. They need people who have consciences of their own, but they also need people who can respond to a higher vibration than that which is, for the time being, in their own consciousness. If you do not understand your leader, your duty is at least not to reject, but to leave the things that are outside the limit of your own particular consciousness, and try to enter into the spirit of the leader. I study my leader to see of what stuff she is made, and thus if she is far away I am still able to express a little of her spirit. You have got to try and reflect what she would do if she were here. The position we occupy with regard to our leaders is somewhat similar to the position of people at Court who endeavour to get to know those who are placed near the highest Authorities and who receive suggestions from these privileged persons as to what the Authorities think on certain matters. Try to believe that there is a possibility of discipleship. There is a chance of discipleship for each one of you, especially for those who are young, who have malleable bodies. Choose a leader who represents that which to you is biggest in you, and stick to him; do not take your leader for a year or two only; for as long as is convenient to you. You have to make a deliberate effort and say to yourselves: "I am going to be a servant of the Masters. That means more to me than anything else. I do not know where the Masters are; but I know their representatives and I will be Their servant through Their representatives." We mean business, and we do not care how we are going to get there, as long as we do get there. We must be strong to endure and to follow, and this we can do because we are members of this Lodge. A kârmic link has brought us here.

We may not agree with everything, but let the form go. I do not mind what you say, provided you realise you have got to get there—to discipleship—and that the sooner you get there the better. The disciple's life is not an easy one; it has its deep joy at the bottom, but apart there are all kinds of weaknesses which must be overcome, and burdens to bear, which make you feel you would *almost* like to give it up—*almost, never quite*.

That life is before you, and I do most earnestly appeal to you to use the capacity you have in order to reach it. All work is worth notice if it is done in the Master's name; it does not matter what it is. The Master is in no hurry for you to make a public display of yourself in the outside world; but a devoted following of the leader whom you believe to be yours, and a strong desire to do what you can to lift up your fellows, that is the way in which discipleship is reached. You cannot make any great progress unless your friends and the members of your family are lifted up along with you; those who are in your surroundings must grow with you or you will not grow. They may not reach to discipleship, but they will grow; they will at least have grown and become bigger than they were. So you must clearly realise that your own individual effort for yourself will not bring forth results unless those around you are helped. I may not make progress unless I help you to make progress; we must grow together; what I do involves you, what you do involves me; we must pull together.

So those are the two ways. Firstly, service to those who need our help, and secondly, a definite striving to become true followers, in this world of rather independent spirit, manifesting the true independence which recognises and reverences greatness, and through seeing greatness outside, recognises greatness within.

I want that you should be able to feel that when you are here you come into the Master's Presence and take away with you into the outside world something that you had not before. This is a Lodge in which we should be able to try and emphasise the realities at the heart of our two movements. You

know that just now the reality for you is the reality of discipleship. Every time that a great Teacher has come into the world, many disciples gather around Him; people who were not disciples before His Coming became such. This will be the case for us equally, in the near future. From whom will He take His disciples if not from those who, when He was not there, strove to gain for Him a welcome. There is your opportunity.

TO THAT

All my praise is directed to Thee,
 Universal and Beautiful,
 For through Thee alone I am free
 To be Master, yet dutiful;
 Thou hast banished the man-fashioned God,
 All-pervading Divinity,
 Broken dogmas that scourged like a rod
 Reddening Earth in sanguinity,
 And in time wilt lead Man from the sod
 To his place in Infinity.

G. W.

THE WORLD'S NEED

By D. M. Codd

III. THE NEED FOR GUIDANCE

ONE thing seems to be more or less generally accepted by advanced thinkers of the day and that is that we are now on the eve of a new civilisation, on the threshold of another era in the world's evolution. Society has been suffering all the usual symptoms of a transitional period—the unrest, the vagueness and uncertainty, the fluctuation of opposing ideals, the multiplication of parties, and the craving for something new.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and even now in the West we hear the thunderous crash of Society's downfall, the crumbling to earth of old methods, old beliefs and old ideals. Let us, then, try to define what were the ideals and conditions of the old order, and what are likely to be those of the new epoch.

We have heard till we are tired of materialism, of scientific progress, and the triumph of democracy; but the key-note of the past age is assuredly summed up in the one word—Individualism. In religion it has been the Man against the Church, against orthodox authority, against conventions and customs; in Society it has been the liberty of the individual opposed to authority, the value of the individual opposed to prerogative, equality of individuals and the competition of man with man. Our duty, then, is not to look at the crumbling edifice and speculate as to why it fell, but rather to consider why it stood so long among the other edifices of

civilisation, and what is the heritage which it has left to the human family. We are apt to look at the great poverty in our towns, at the growth of vice and crime, at the spiritual darkness and artistic deadness of our times and, pointing at these, to say: "Behold! the days are evil, and God punishes us in His wrath; this wicked system is a failure." We do not realise that the system only fails now because it has fulfilled its mission, and that no great civilisation has played its part in the world's history except for the purpose of leading humanity another step forward, of teaching men something which hitherto they had not learned.

What, then, is our heritage from this last great structure? In the realm of thought man has become free and fearless; he has thrown off for ever the possibility of a blind belief, and the yoke of authoritative teaching. Among people of an ordinary type it is common to hear such phrases as these: "It doesn't matter about creeds—it is not so much what one believes as living a good life"; and: "It does not matter whether you go to church and say prayers, if you are a good man and kind to others"; also: "There may not be a God but we must be good." Thus, whatever men believe in the future, they *will* be free to believe it, and so the ground is cleared for teaching on a higher level.

From the social point of view, we have gained respect for the individual. Instead of being marked by birth and condemned by environment and conventional decree to a certain procedure in life, a man may be accepted more or less anywhere at his individual value, and a recognition has arisen that fundamentally one man is as good as another. Penal reform and educational reform have both been inspired mainly by this growing recognition; also, one may say, the Woman's Movement; and it forms the basis for all movements for brotherhood. Unconventionalism and anti-orthodoxy have marked the passing age and the legacy of Individualism is the power, never to be lost again, of giving to every thing or individual a right and reasonable value, whether it be a religious doctrine or "the man in the street". This new power has not yet found full expression,

but has at least been inculcated in the average human consciousness.

The existence of great poverty is undeniable, but even that loses some of its awfulness when we consider that just as the shadow of a tragedy hanging over a man will sometimes awaken him to the deeper reality of life, so much has the shadow of this great tragedy done for Society as a whole. Many there are to-day who cannot give themselves up whole-heartedly to luxury and enjoyment for the thought of our poverty-stricken millions; it even causes disgust to some that money should be laid out on beautiful buildings or on the purchase of rare treasures, while so many starving families could be fed and clothed with the same amount of money. Even devotional and artistic luxury becomes unbearable under that shadow, and men prefer to work rather than worship. This unconscious remembrance of the suffering poor is partially responsible for the deadness, the lack of joy and inspiration, in modern life, but it has also fostered a deep sense of responsibility and of brotherhood.

What, then, of the new order? Let us see if we can detect the indications of the future. Taking them collectively we find that their hall-mark is Unity. In the place of Individualism, we find a new sense developing, which one might call the sense of "corporateness"; it is a tendency to unify and synthesise, and has sometimes been called unity, sometimes brotherhood, sometimes co-operation, and so on. Perhaps its broadest and most striking development is the spirit of internationalism, the tendency to internationalise everything. This has been made possible by swiftness of transport and communication. Books can be published in all languages and in every land, news is obtainable all over the world almost immediately, nations are interdependent on each other industrially and commercially, and people are constantly travelling from one country to another. Thus, it is the East and the West are drawing nearer, and all momentous questions are becoming world-wide. In Esperanto we see an attempt to form an international mode of speech; international arbitration is becoming an accepted theory, and already there is talk of a Federation of Nations.

Meanwhile in the commercial world tradesmen are awakening to the fact that co-operation may, after all, form a better basis for trade than the competitive system. The note of brotherhood has been sounded by the socialists, by penal reformers, by the great army of heroic workers among the poor, and, at yet a deeper octave, by the humanitarians. There is also an attempt to bring together into a universal creed all the different religions, and not that alone, but also to unite Religion and Science.

Side by side with this unifying tendency comes another—a return to mysticism and belief in the Unseen. Hence we have Christian Science and spiritual healing; we have the New Thought movement teaching the power of human thought and will; we have the investigations of spiritualists, and a growing belief in things psychic and occult. Indeed, it is becoming quite a common occurrence to meet people who possess some psychic faculty. We may also note the tendency to mysticism in art and in the drama.

Only one thing is needed. These parties and their activities constitute clearly one movement, and not many movements, and the need is to synthesise them in a complete whole. Surely in the days that are to come after this devastating War, great men will appear on the earth to take the reins of power and give Society direction; maybe great writers and poets will be inspired to voice the hope of a growing morn. But more than this even is needed. It will not suffice merely to administer and construct, it will not suffice for a bard or two to sing, for humanity is too heavy-hearted, too plunged in uncertainty, too dead to hope, for even a few great men to lead forward. We need an impetus, a new inspiration. The world cries out for a Great One, such as came in earlier ages, to voice the unuttered message of earth's New Day, One who, by the Wonder of His Presence and the Power of His Personality, will colour the future with His Life, who will light a flame in every heart and fire the world with a new desire to live and worship. If ever a world could draw such a One out of the skies by its need, this is that world.

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

By ONE OF THEM

“A GREAT many Theosophists are full of talk nowadays about Black Magicians,” remarked the Patrician laying down one of our Sectional Magazines on the table and taking his accustomed seat.

The friends were meeting in close proximity round a wood fire; for the evenings had grown chilly and the flames leaping merrily exercised an attractive force which brought all feet nightly to the fender.

“And they know nothing about them,” added the Rājput. “People seem to think that you meet Black Magicians round every corner and that it is easy to become one, whereas it is just as hard, in a way and up to a certain point, as it is to become a white one.”

“Up to what point?” queried the convenient Brownie.

“Well, they can't get up higher than the causal plane. There is nothing buddhic about them; that side is still entirely undeveloped. But as far as they go they have enormous power and knowledge, and control forces no weakling can handle. And to acquire this control they have to live lives quite as pure physically as do the people who want to tread the right-hand path. They are thoroughly ascetic in their habits. I don't believe an ordinary person could tell the difference between a white and a black brother from merely associating with him as an acquaintance. There is rather an interesting study of a black fellow in Fergus Hume's *A Son of Perdition*.”

The Blue Bird was as usual ready for an adventure. “I should like to see one,” she said, and then she became pensive

and gazed into her coffee cup as if there she already beheld the desired meeting.

"If you did you would have to be careful that you didn't stand in the way of any of his schemes." It was the Songster who spoke. "I've heard that people a great deal more powerful than ordinary mortals are very circumspect in their dealings with Brothers of the Shadow and have great respect for their capabilities."

"Of course," assented the Rājput, "they are powerful fellows. But one consolation is that they don't concern themselves with persons like ourselves. They have more important interests. They would brush us off like ants if we annoyed them, but we are not of sufficient account to trouble them and they simply don't know we exist. I wish people would get rid of their ridiculous notions about these things and not exaggerate their own importance. They should realise that Black Magicians are big men concerned with big schemes."

"Yes, it's perfectly absurd," agreed the Rāṇi. "These Theosophists!" she continued with scornful aloofness, "every time that anything goes wrong they think there is a Black Magician in the case. From a headache to a blunder on the part of the Lodge president, everything unpleasant is put down to the account of the wretched Black Magician."

The Patrician who had been unusually silent during the conversation now looked up.

"I have been told on good authority," he remarked, "that one of them at least is a very pleasant person to meet as an ordinary acquaintance, nice to talk to and all that."

"Oh I dare say,"—the Brownie seemed quite indignant. "Like Charles I he has all the domestic virtues. But I think it would be a skeery business to go to tea with him. It is very easy to offend people."

The Rājput waved his hand impatiently. "Only small people," he said, "not great ones: and they are great in a way. Anyhow, don't you be alarmed; nothing *you* could do would make any particular difference to them."

The Brownie ventured no reply as became her insignificance. The Rāṇi spoke.

"What terrible karma they must make for themselves. They will feel it if they ever turn to the right-hand path."

"But do they ever?" demanded the Blue Bird.

There was a pause. None of us are on familiar terms with the Brothers of the Shadow, and no one felt capable of answering the question.

"They do sometimes, I believe," said the Patrician at last. "I can't see what their terrible karma is though. Their attitude appears to be this: They have suffered somehow at the hands of the Deity and they'll have no more of it; they decide to take matters into their own hands and pay the Logos back by frustrating His plans. Well, they succeed pretty fairly for the time being. Now suppose one of them changes his point of view and decides to help instead of opposing the scheme of things, surely if he was strong enough to hold his own *against* the stream, he will not be overpowered when he turns to swim *with* it. Why should it mean struggle and terrible karma?"

"It does not," put in the Songster with great assurance. "They say that a man who has gained the knowledge and will-power of such a person, when once he turns his face towards white magic, develops at a great rate in that direction. Don't you remember the story of a man who was an unspeakably wicked old reprobate and then suddenly got converted, and by sheer strength of will became an Arhat in the same life that he had begun as a deep-dyed villain?"

"We remember it," said the Rājput. "But in the first place, my dear Songster, the man was a pirate or something quite comparatively harmless though no doubt disagreeable to his neighbours, and that is a very different thing from a Black Magician, the iniquity of whose sins ordinary mortals can't fathom; and secondly, suppose a Black Magician should be turned in one life from villany to Arhatship, that would not show that in the interval he did not work out terrible karma. It might simply mean that he bore it exceedingly well and made

good use of his knowledge and power in bringing it to an end so quickly."

"What a strange feeling it must give a man to be continually trying to outwit his old self," put in the Blue Bird meditatively.

The Rājput, who had not been listening, continued without apparently having heard the interruption.

"My idea is this. When a man who has been following the left-hand path decides to throw in his forces on the side of evolution, his karma makes it inevitable that he should aid the plans of the Logos by playing the part of the devil. He has taught himself that trade, and now it is the means by which he is to serve the purposes of the Divine Will. He has made his bed and has to lie on it—even though he wishes to do all to the glory of God. The difference between him and the Brothers of the Shadow is that his motive has changed; but his actions are still much what they were. He is a centre of attraction for the evil of the world; and the isolation he has brought upon himself, the hatred he has aroused against himself among his fellows, the misery his deeds have always created—all these continue. By virtue of his new motive, however, they are all utilisable for spiritual ends. Though of course he knows that now he is one of the forces that make for evolution, still he suffers."

"Poor thing," sighed the Songster with feeling.

The Rājput was made of sterner stuff.

"Nonsense," he said. "It does not matter what particular part we play in the great drama. Such a person is necessary too. You remember how Rāvaṇa was given the choice between seven incarnations as a centre of good and three as the loadstar of the wicked and took the latter as the quickest road back to heaven. Well, the karma of the Black Magician's past is that he has fitted himself to perform this function in the economy of things and he must work it out after he has experienced a change of heart."

A meditative silence followed this pronouncement of the Rājput's, while we mused upon the devil and all his works.

"Not an unattractive fate in the least," observed the Patrician at last. "I wonder whether I ever dabbled in black magic in former lives. I think that line would rather suit me."

This is the kind of remark the Rāṇi hates. She regards the abnormal with undisguised disapproval, and when anyone shows a tendency in that direction, she is always stirred to action in the interests of common sense.

"Distance lends enchantment to that view," she said with decision. "There is more coffee if any one would like it."

A sigh of satisfaction went round the company as cups were brought to the table, and the Rāṇi looked pleased.

CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE ADYAR BULLETIN"

It is most difficult to grasp the constitution of a mind capable of producing such a letter as that signed F.T.S., in your July number. A salient feature is the intense animus with which it throbs, while claiming to be Christian. And following this clue, one would suspect a German origin, a part of the Pan-German propaganda which utilises press, and commerce, and rumour, and literature, and any other weapon to further the aim of Material World Domination, the lust of Power and Plunder, eager in the employment of any device holding the hope of setting Englishmen, or Christians, by the ears, the end for which the German materialist has surrendered himself to the Dark Powers, an apt and willing instrument. But further examination of the curious missive dispels this suspicion and leaves us to the contemplation of an apparently incurable crank—whose tortuous twists of thought are very puzzling. For instance, "I cannot understand why sensible and kindly people glory in killing one another." Now why should the writer dub the assassins of Belgium, "sensible and kindly"? And how can he accuse his countrymen, driven to righteous defence, of "glorying in killing"? "Some politicians told them the country was in danger." They could not see for themselves the all too awful fact, nor can the purblind writer see that "the tyranny of scientific murder" is imposed not "by all nations," but by *one alone*. With relish, the German gibe that we "had not saved Belgium," is dished up once again. It is perhaps the most fiendish example of mental distortion ever produced by conscienceless malevolence. This Peace crank, of course, will burke the governing facts, (1) that it was our unreadiness alone which prevented our saving Belgium, and (2) that we were unready owing, very largely, to the doctrines and activities of such people as

himself, to whom the agony and misery of Belgium is attributable in no small degree. The self-satisfied reference to his countrymen's "saner moments, if they have any," recalls the conviction of the lunatic in regard to the mental state of others.

To expose, seriatim, the numerous falsities and fallacies of this fanatical document would encroach too much upon your space. I will, therefore, simply point to the bitterness of the reference to Lord Kitchener (who has probably preserved your ungrateful correspondent from the galleys or the gallows), that he "said no word about saving England from destruction," as if he must "say words" about every suppositious subject, or be held regardless of it, and as if his actions had not spoken louder than words. And then I will put the crucial question: "What is it this extraordinary being, himself, would have done in the national emergency and crisis?"

Are we to assume that he would have made no defence? Are we to suppose that, taking Our Lord's direction for the *personal* conduct of his *immediate* disciples, in their capacity as teachers, your correspondent misapplies that direction to the absolutely incompatible case of the protection of a peace-loving people against the onslaught of an aggressive and murderous race? that he imagines such supine surrender of our women and children to unnamable horrors, of our manhood to subjection and slavery, of the weak to brutality, of the pure to defilement, to be *Christian*?

Nowhere can I find Christ teaching any such contemptible cowardice, nor can any one else, and it is time an error, too readily adopted by the superficial, were refuted. Who can imagine the acquiescence of our Lord in the horrors of Louvain?—What sort of Christian is this?

Applied to civil life, the fundamental falsehood of the doctrine becomes immediately apparent.

No one should stop a drunken man from assaulting his wife and children; nor those of any other person. No force should be used to counter crime. The Police, and other restrictive forces, should be abolished. And any person electing to exercise cruelty, or criminal coercion of any kind, must have a free hand. If such unrestrained barbarism be accorded to nations, it cannot be denied to individuals. And, I ask, is such a travesty to masquerade as Christianity?

To your correspondent I would venture to suggest the cultivation of *Discrimination*. Discrimination as to Force. Right Force, and Wrong Force. He might perhaps learn, that whereas the Might and Force of aggression is deserving of all his loathing and denunciation—the Force and Might of Defence against Brutality, Bestiality and Blackguardism must of necessity operate under the aegis of the God of Purity, Strength, and Justice, and with the unquestionable sanction and approval of the Founder of Christianity.

WM. ROSS

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THE

ADYAR BULLETIN



VOL. VIII ADYAR, 15TH OCTOBER, 1915 No. 10

FROM THE EDITOR

THE Editor is away. She has gone north to deliver lectures in Calcutta, from which place via Bankipore she proceeds to Muzzefarpur to preside over our Theosophical Federation and the Behar Students' Conference; then on to Nagpur and via Bombay back to Madras, by the time this number is out, to conduct a special Masonic Meeting of the Rising Sun of India Lodge.

* *

Reports, telegraphic and others, speak of excellent work, enthusiastic meetings, fine opposition from Anglo-Indian newspapers which dislike our President taking active and prominent part in the emancipation of India. But, opposition or appreciation, the message is being delivered, and from within without the Power that worketh righteousness is manifesting itself.

* *

The work of the hour rotates round Home Rule for India. Mrs. Besant in co-operation with many Indian friends is working hard to gain for India her legitimate place in the Empire. A Home Rule League is in the process of formation and no other

than Dadabhai Naoroji, the Grand Old Man of India, leader of leaders, beloved and revered of all, has accepted the Presidency of the League. Our old friend and fellow worker, Sir S. Subramania Iyer, will act as President of the Indian division of the League, the British counterpart will be in the careful and experienced hands of India's great friend Sir William Wedderburn. Theosophists across the seas, those of you who have any attachment, past or present, to this ancient land of spirituality, this cradle of religions, the physical home of some of the Great Masters of the Wisdom, the country loved and served by H. P. B. and Col. Olcott, throw your co-operation into the hard task which our President is doing on its behalf. Write for this poverty-stricken land, speak for this hapless country, do aught you can for the emancipation of her children, gaining for them the light of freedom and liberty. India and Indians are not understood in distant lands and your aid will go a great way. It is a strenuous and perchance a thankless task, but over it rest the blessings of the Regent of India, the blessed Master of the Master Morya.

* * *

The chief event of the month was the 1st of October—our President's birthday. Greetings and congratulations began pouring in from the preceding evening. The Adyar Telegraph Office was busy delivering fine messages on the familiar pink paper, emblematical of the love the messages brought, equally suitably clothed in the buddhic yellow envelope. Hundreds of them came in from North and South and West of this vast peninsula, and from beyond the seas—from Europe, from America, from Canada. More superb was the sight, as with the rising sun, rays of love, gratitude and reverence effected a wondrous illumination; and they poured in, more and still more, all through the happy day.

* * *

The first function was the gathering in our central hall of 32 poor students of the Sons of India Night School, who sang a specially composed song and who were each presented with a

dhوتي, the President herself distributing them. Then came the Vasanṭa Press staff with their present of a repeater watch to tell the time during the nights without needing a light. Then at *New India* Office a handsome clock was presented to the Editor, after which she personally distributed sweets and savouries and fruits to the large staff of compositors and printers and distributors. She delivered various speeches telling these lowly children of India, at Adyar as well as in Madras, that their humble work of learning or teaching, composing or proof-reading, printing or folding was as important for the Motherland as her task of writing and speaking was. A note of unity was struck, and the words of love and sympathy worked the magic of wafting every one to the plane where Brotherhood is not only recognised but is known, felt, realised.

* * *

In the afternoon Adyar was the scene of a gay gathering of all residents and a few friends from Madras. Europeans and Indians, men and women, fraternised, and our central hall well decorated and lighted, presented a somewhat rare picture in India, viz., a happy meeting, on a basis of perfect equality, between Indians and Europeans. A very pleasant two hours were spent, and the President recited in her usual inimitable way.

* * *

The 1st of October was the birthday also of our chief international magazine *The Theosophist*. War has affected it, as everything else, but we will see to it that it continues to come out regularly month by month. Lately Mr. Leadbeater has been a regular contributor and our President's articles and notes are of especial interest at the present time.

* * *

Adyar is the same as ever, beautiful and quiet in spite of the fact that people come and go. Miss D. M. Codd has left us to take up work in Kumbhakonam at our girls' school. Her place at the T. P. H. has to be filled, but we are expecting Mr. and Mrs. James Cousins, the latter taking Miss Codd's place, Mr. Cousins going to help at *New India* Office. Our old friend Mr. W. D. S. Brown is also coming out to aid in the

increasing literary work at the T. P. H. and we have already in our midst Mrs. de Jonge from Java who has come for a six months' stay. Mr. Jinarajadasa, Mrs. Gagarin and Miss Graham are going off to Burma for five weeks.

* * *

Scores of enquiries have been received as to the publication of Mr. Jinarajadasa's Convention lectures and we are glad to intimate that they will be ready next month. The book, in many ways, represents this gifted brother's best work and all Theosophical students are advised carefully to study the volume.

* * *

The Sons of India Lodge at Adyar is doing very good and useful work. Enthusiasm and earnestness have joined hands with capability and perseverance, and Indians of all castes and creeds, assisted by some European friends, are doing acts of social service, small in appearance but mighty in potentiality. Mr. F. Harvey is the energetic Warden and is to be congratulated on the work already done by his Lodge.

ATTRACTION AND REPULSION

By M. R. ST. JOHN

OPPOSITE poles attract, like poles repel, yet like attracts like.

Here we have what at first sight appears to be a paradox, but it is not really so, if we remember what is the true meaning of a "pole," for it is not a thing in itself but merely a term used to denote one or other of the two aspects of everything that exists, and, apart from mere things, all virtues and qualities we possess have each a positive and a negative aspect or pole. Although we know quite well what is meant by this, verbal definition is not easy, because we are dealing with an abstraction, but we are able to realise the existence of this duality by its manifestation, it is known to exist by results, in the same way as we know that there is a something that we term Electricity. Now as an Irishman would say, to show that our paradox is not a paradox, let us take the two forces of good and evil, and it will at once be seen that, while goodness attracts goodness and evil attracts evil, it is positive goodness that attracts negative goodness, and positive evil its negative side, and the working of this natural law is so obvious that no proof is required.

So far so good, but to prove conclusively that positive goodness repels positive goodness, and positive evil its *fidus* Achates is another matter, since it is by no means immediately apparent to the ordinary mind, and is therefore a nut that requires for its cracking the molars of a strong-jawed metaphysician.

The assumption that there is such a law is based on certain results which, it may be said, always happen whenever an

attempt is made to oppose it and when, in ordinary everyday life, it is seen that so called "big" people do not work in pairs, in triplets, or in quadruplets, but alone; the common saying "the place was not large enough to hold both," possesses a deeper significance to the student of Occultism than it does to the ordinary person.

We do not worship two Supreme Beings, and as above so below, we do not have two Kings, two Generals or two Captains, and any attempt to misapply the statement "in a multitude of councillors there is wisdom" in an endeavour to combine centres of force, is doomed to failure. This applies to both good and evil for there is a hierarchy of each.

The question that arises in the mind of the student is this, that, while there certainly does seem to be such a rule, the why and wherefore of it is not immediately apparent; but when, after reflection, it is remembered that positive individuals give out, and negative ones absorb, it will at once be seen that if the former are grouped together, the occult law in respect to the economy of force would be infringed.

Reciprocity, or give and take, is necessary for evolution, and if all the "givers" were put into one place and all the "takers" into another, everything would come to a standstill; the "giver" for his evolution requires some one to give to, and because at the present stage there seem to be more "takers" or negative people, the necessity for an economical distribution of the positive element of good is evident. If this law is violated, the result is friction which is a form of waste, and although a combination of the positives of different things can be utilised, any attempt to combine the positives of similar things would fail.

As evolution proceeds, it will be seen that this law will at one time or another become unnecessary, but as all laws, both God-made and man-made, are intended to meet certain conditions, when those conditions cease to exist, the laws framed for them will automatically become obsolete. We should therefore never be nonplussed when we find, as we do, those who are centres of force standing out by themselves, and refusing to share the same platform, although they may agree to further some particular

object from different platforms. It is not separateness but the underlying conviction of the law relating to energy.

With respect to purely negative people, it will be found that, without the stimulus of the positive element, they do after a time, bore and repel one another, for having nothing to give and being only receptive, they suffer from a dissatisfaction which may be likened to the effect that an empty bottle produces in a thirsty man. If this law were better understood, the amenities of life would be different from what they are and physical existence would be less of a nightmare than it is at present; for, in the long run, harmony must gradually but surely take the place of discord, but the length of time that this evolutionary process will take can only be measured by the growth not only of man's knowledge but of the whole-hearted application of that knowledge in the furtherance of the universal plan.

The foregoing must only be taken as a very crude and imperfect attempt to verify the existence of a law in nature, which is at present imperfectly realised, and if the writer's deductions have been based on premises which are, to say the least, questionable, it is to be hoped that he will be taken severely to task by somebody of wider experience who would be qualified to deal with this abstruse but important subject.

HOW ARE WE TO WORK ?

By M. VENKATARAM

AMIDST the clash of views and opinions and, worse still, amidst people who are strongly inclined to oppose us at every step of our work, we cannot but feel impatient at times and cry out "How are we to work?"

A personal impression with regard to this problem is that each man should think and decide for himself as to how best he can work within the limitations set about him. He ought to study the conditions round him and mark out a line of work that may be useful in bettering the state of the people working under such conditions. All that a person outside can do, is to suggest some principles which may usefully govern the activities that one may take up, but even then those principles must at best be general rather than particular. I am not, therefore, quite sure that the few thoughts that I place before you will be exactly the answer that you seek for our query.

First of all, you have to remember that the Theosophical Society has been designed to be an international body and that its solidarity lies in this unique quality. A lodge of the Society should preserve this characteristic feature at all costs. Though international questions do not crop up in provincial lodges, it by no means follows that that feature should be ignored. You are all aware that communal and sometimes sectarian interests loom large in the life of a lodge and unless you guide it, keeping your eyes firmly fixed on that widest ideal, it is very likely that you will handicap the very purpose which your lodges are intended to fulfil. I do not mean to say

that all communities and all sects seek to be benefited by your existence as a lodge, but I would not certainly have you believe that because this or that community does not take advantage of your existence, you are to narrow down your ideal. The aim of your work should be directed towards humanity, not merely towards a particular portion of it, and your lodge falls short of this ideal the moment you try to narrow it down for this or that community alone. If within the range of your lodge humanity is not represented, it does not matter much so long as this ideal is ever before you.

With an ideal so broad as this the next thing that you should bear in mind is to work for all communities living in your neighbourhood. I have heard people say that the Theosophical Society has not done anything for this or that community. Although it is unfair to lay this blame upon the Society when members of such communities do not avail themselves of its existence, yet I am inclined to think that in many cases we do not make it a point to attract such communities as fail to be interested in us. A tactful man armed with sufficient love and far-sightedness can draw to himself people of all communities, and what is true of an individual is true of a body of individuals as well.

The third point to notice is that members and lodges fall short of usefulness in setting limitations to their work. I mean that members think that with daily or weekly meetings directed to the study or exposition of Theosophical subjects, their work ceases. This is, no doubt, one view but I am personally inclined to think that our work should be decided by the needs of the place and not by any stereotyped programme confined to a particular branch of usefulness. If, for instance, you have in your place a community addicted to drinking or given up to any other kind of undermining vice I would immediately point out to you that your work is to help that community to get over that vice. The needs of the world are said to be really immense, and whatever activity conduces to the amelioration of the condition of the people, that you should be on the alert to know and work for.

Suppose you recognised this as a guiding principle of your activity, what would be its effect? You would feel yourselves bound to make your activity as far-reaching as possible and when a lodge determines to work on this principle, it becomes a centre for many-sided activities, all of which are directed towards the service of the people among whom it has come into being. It has always been my hobby to impress on members this aspect of lodge work, and I am inclined to suppose that even religious and social reform may become easy when once people recognise that we are real and earnest workers.

With religious and social reform, with which some of us are connected, I may tell you that the Theosophical Society as such cannot be concerned, but we as individuals are free to work for it in our own way. The tradition seems to favour the view that whenever humanity is to be raised a stage higher in evolution, some amount of social and religious reform is necessary. I need not tell you that the work of reform is a tremendous strain upon individuals pledged to it. They become the target of attack to the orthodox as well as the heterodox. The former are violently censorious because the reformer is intolerably transcending their time-honoured limitations. The latter scoffs at them because he speaks of things that they have conceived to be impracticable in the world of mundane existence. Between these two, his work is really difficult and how shall it be accomplished? Sometimes it is also true that even from among those who pose as being on the side of reform, opposition comes on the ground of some technical difference due, perhaps, to the difference in the angle of vision, an opposition more difficult to combat than the declared opposition of the orthodox and the heterodox.

In all such cases it were well to look up to an ideal person who has been steering a way through the difficulties quietly and judiciously, and try to follow him as closely as possible. For an ideal person has within him a light of head as well as heart and thus radiates a lustre that may well be used by us in marching forward on our mission. We have, fortunately, got such an ideal person in our President and if we succeed in drawing out

the necessary lessons from her life, we can safely follow them and fulfil the duty which we have so cheerfully taken up.

Our President's intellectual power is far beyond our imagination and, together with that, she has an equal if not a greater proportion of power on the emotional side. She uses both these powers for human Service and it is here that her value as a worker lies. She acts true to her conviction and in so acting she refuses to waver, firmly believing that her duty is to work in the name of her Master and to the best of her abilities. She knows that the energy that she puts forth in the work is sure to be utilised even if the work is ill-conceived, and that human beings cannot do better than work in the name of the Master. In this we have our first lesson.

In working for the good of humanity, her methods may not always be palatable. She has to speak out main principles and condemn, although in a sympathetic tone, accretions which may have grown in the lapse of time. Though apparently bitter medicine is often admittedly a wholesome dose, people are not always sensible enough to understand this view and are apt to look askance when she administers such a dose, even attributing to her unworthy motives. In all such cases, she takes personal abuse coolly and continues to forward her work with the best available means. That is another valuable lesson that workers for humanity ought to learn.

Again, she is never seen to be worrying about the results of her work. Resigning the fruits of her labours, she works true to the spirit of the teachings given by Shri Kṛṣṇa to Arjuna. When she fails in the results she is not sorry, and when her work succeeds she is not elated. Further, she will cheerfully work side by side with those of even divergent views if karma places her in that position. This is about the most valuable lesson that we should learn. For we often feel ourselves unable to work with those who do not agree with us. How often is this complained of even among the members of our lodges who have the common aim of serving humanity? We must learn to work with others differing from us either

temperamentally or otherwise. If we cannot cultivate this spirit in our little lodges we cannot hope to become harmonious units in bigger Societies.

Lastly, our President is not only not revengeful but is always ready to excuse those who harm her. A servant of humanity seeks for opportunities to excuse others, and we who are trying to live up to that ideal must always remember that ignorance induces men to commit all kinds of sins and that it would be a great privilege for those who know the truth to forgive and forget mistakes committed by ignorant people. If we can cultivate this kind of tolerance as workers, our way will be smoother and more inspiring.

These are some of the thoughts that strike me, and if they are in any way useful they may be taken for what they are worth. But, believe me, the path we have chosen is harder than we imagine and it requires a valiant heart to tread it, as the world is full of difficulties and troubles. We grow by them and the strength they give should be utilised for human service. There lies the value of it, and I pray that Those who guide our movements may bless us with strength to carry on our mission in life, both for our own sakes and for the sake of the world around us.

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

By ONE OF THEM

THE Songster is still unregenerate. He looked questioningly at each one of the assembled friends in turn, and, finding no disapproval reflected in their answering smiles, he lighted a cigarette.

"Now do I strike you as a person living in the clouds?" he asked.

With one accord we assured him that he did not.

"Has anyone accused you of it?" inquired the Patrician.

The Songster nodded. "Yes," he said, "an old lady of my acquaintance, a Theosophist, needless to say, speaks of me as if I were, and seems to think, poor darling, that I am, a sort of angel, simply because I live at Adyar."

"Dear me, what strange ideas people do get," observed the Rāpi, looking up from some charitable knitting she was doing. "How little they know us."

"It doesn't seem to me that my life is passed among the clouds," continued the Songster. "I feel very healthily of the earth. My job here is a very ordinary everyday affair, and I'm at it from morning till night like a common working man. Grind, grind, grind. It is excellent training."

"Excellent," echoed the Rājput with decision, and there was a pause.

The Songster was not pleased. He felt something of a hero in accepting his dharma of ceaseless labour without a murmur, almost with enthusiasm; but it is no fun being a hero except to the accompaniment of a little praise. He had expected some one to qualify his remark and scatter flowers along his

future path. As no one came forward to render him this pleasing attention, he was obliged to do it himself.

"I think it is well to have a break, though, now and then, and a fair amount of recreation," he remarked. "Don't you? 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'"

"A little, now and then," assented the Rājput, "to prevent overstraining the body; not otherwise. For the rest there is nothing like a good dose of a few years of hard drudgery, for those who can stand it. Good, hard, monotonous drudgery," he repeated with a relish. "In my capacity of slave-driver I feel I'm conferring a real benefit on my underlings when I make them go at it hard."

The Brownie sighed.

"I feel sure the Rājput is right," she said, "but I can't really justify the faith that is in me. I'm quite certain it does some part of my 'higher anatomy' good to go plodding on as I do day after day, but I confess I do feel cramped and numbed at times. I'm not nearly such a nice all-round person as I used to be. But it is worth it all the same."

The Blue Bird agreed and said so with a happy laugh. But the Patrician looked concerned.

"Now seriously, Brownie," he said, "what do you mean by that? I feel very strongly on this point. You don't mean to tell me that you are content to let your mind get rusty while you spend all your time on office drudgery? Wouldn't it be better to get a clerk and pay him fifteen rupees a month to do all this business for you? He would do the routine work much better than you do it—excuse my frankness—and you would be free to cultivate your higher faculties. To my mind it is a shocking waste of material that goes on here at Adyar. People come out with the interests of the average cultivated person, with aspirations, intending to study and train themselves to become good workers for the Society; they have a certain amount of capacity for, say, writing or speaking. But instead of studying and developing their powers, they settle down to writing bills and addressing envelopes. They become 'workers'—a much over-praised and over-appreciated class of people. And that is the beginning of

the end. They gradually get absorbed in their humdrum duties and simmer down until there is nothing left of them. Just little machines they become at last, and quite inefficient ones at that. It is really too bad."

"Mary becomes Martha," put in the Songster in his saddest cadence; and the Rāṇi emerged from her knitting in support of the Patrician.

"It is a great mistake," she said, "for people to stay here too long without a break. I've seen the sort of degeneration you speak of taking place again and again. If you feel that you are losing your interests, Brownie, and are getting dull, you should go to Europe next summer. Then you will get into touch with all that is going on in the world, new books and discoveries, music, theatres and all the other good things that we miss here."

But the Brownie thought not.

"What you say sounds very sensible and true," she admitted, "and in a way I agree with you, but in spite of it all, it is worth it."

"That is a fine, crisp speech for an intelligent young woman to make," said the Patrician. "It, it, *it*," he continued with crushing emphasis, "what is the great 'it' that you gain and for which you are willing to lose your interests and deaden your faculties?"

To which the blushing Brownie replied in some confusion that she didn't quite know.

Everybody laughed, except the Rājput. He looked weighty and came to her rescue with a single word.

"Ātma," he said solemnly.

"What!" exclaimed the Songster.

"I said 'Ātma,'" returned the immovable Rājput. "What else? It is that which develops in you as the result of strenuous work. Intellectual activity if vigorous enough arouses the higher Manas, emotional awakens Buddhi, and ordinary physical-plane work, Ātma. It's simple enough."

"That's all right," began the Patrician, but the Rājput interrupted.

"Certainly it is," he said. "Very well arranged. The Logos has my approval in this matter. Everything in the

world is so planned that men are coaxed or lured or tempted or forced into work. The very first thing that the logic of circumstances drives them to do for themselves is this stimulating of Ātma, or, to speak more accurately, the stimulating of that which later in their career will arouse Ātma. They have to earn their living."

The Patrician tried again: "That is all very well. I have no objection to your stimulating Ātma—and I grant you that it may be drudgery that does it—but what is the good of it all, if on the way you drug the man's whole personality? Here is the Brownie. She confesses that all her energy is used up in routine work, that she has none left wherewith to keep herself up to date. She is obviously not progressing much."

"I am very sorry for her," said the Rājput, "but it is not my fault. Nor does her unfortunate condition take away from the truth of what I say, or from the value of my prescription. I don't advise drudgery for every one. You don't give wine to babes."

"Certes," ejaculated the Songster, "is he comparing work to wine?"

"Yes, Sir, I am," answered the Rājput. "I repeat it. You cannot give wine to babies. I prescribed drudgery for those who can stand it, if you remember. Perhaps the Brownie is not one of those. Or perhaps she may improve and find she is not so badly off after all. We'll hope so. Anyhow there is nothing like continuous, punctually performed, monotonous drudgery for developing the will. If it is self-imposed, so much the better."

"Stop a minute," implored the Blue Bird, wrinkling up her puzzled brow, "I wish you would explain just exactly what you mean by arousing Ātma."

"This is what I mean," answered the Rājput. "These 'principles,' Ātma, Buddhi, and so forth, are only names we give for the purposes of analysis and study to the one life as it works through one kind of matter or another, limited by and subject to the law of the plane to which that matter belongs. Now, our aim is to live, in the fullest sense of the word, on each

of these planes. Another way of putting the same thing is to say that we want to arouse one principle after another until all are thoroughly active. This may be done regularly and in order by beginning with the physical plane and proceeding upwards, astral, mental, higher mental, and so on. How these worlds are linked, ladderwise, is an interesting question. But that is another story. A less unusual way of doing the same thing is by working them in pairs. That has been told us over and over again in Theosophical literature. Higher and lower mental, buddhic and astral, ātmic and physical—that is how they are arranged; the three lower reflecting the three higher. By a sort of short cut you can, as it were, learn the technique of the higher by mastering the laws of the lower. Vigorous activity in the lower sets the life currents flowing in the higher by a kind of sympathetic vibration. If you want to liberate Ātma, one way of doing it is by learning to work hard, thoroughly, methodically; in short, to learn to deal with the affairs of the physical plane effectively; to generate and direct physical energy."

"You are getting into deep water," remarked the Patrician. "Various difficulties strike me."

"I admit it," said the Rājput. "I am not pretending to give you a completely worked out philosophical disquisition on the subject. I only want to make a practical point. We all know what we mean by work. It may be work of the muscles or of the brain; it is all the same as far as my theory is concerned. Accompanying this there is something we may call 'exertion'. Well, the effort needed to make that exertion is that to which I refer as allied to Ātma. The capacity for making that effort is developed through drudgery."

"Is the end worth the means?" asked the Rāṇi. "It seems a dreary road."

"That depends on what you want to get out of life," answered the Rājput. "It sounds dreary perhaps, but you can only judge it after you have given it a fair trial. Even the Brownie owns that in some mysterious way 'it is worth it'; and herein lies the mystery of Yoga, Union with the Self. But it is late and our astral friends will be waiting; so, good night."

EXPERIENCE

By C. SHUDDEMAGEN, PH.D.

WHAT a wonderful thought it is that each human being may have all possible varieties of experience! Men of the world often find themselves closely limited by their environment: they look out and see other men living under conditions which seem to them more free, more attractive, more desirable. And the spirit within sighs and longs to have similar freedom of expression, similar variety of experience.

The dweller in the simple country home longs to taste the more vivid and intense life of the city, to go to the theatres, the art-galleries, to see the wonderful displays of merchandise of all sorts in the brilliantly illuminated shop-windows, to watch the constant streams of human life passing up and down the streets. The man of the city, somewhat wearied by its ceaseless clamour and nerve-racking vibrations, envies the countryman his quiet, peaceful life, surrounded by green fields and pastures and the grateful herds and flocks of animals which he tends—a life in which man's union with Nature is so close and sweet.

Few men there are who have no desire for further experience. To feel no longing for a different life and new outlooks, means a state of deadness, of inertia, and will bring about a speedy separation of life from form. For experience is the very goal and object of life in bodies; it is the longing for more life and experience that draws down the Spirit to enter willingly and gladly into the limitations of bodies. The Spirit longs to grow in wisdom, love and power, and it is through bodies that this growth may be secured. Spirit above matter longs for the heightened, concentrated consciousness which may be obtained

by life in bodies made of denser matter; Spirit in matter longs to reunite itself with the freer life above. The first longing results in the gaining of experience; the other brings us peace and bliss. Ceaselessly the cycles roll: man passes constantly from peace and bliss to fresh experience and back again to higher states of consciousness.

Will there ever be an ending to this turning of the Wheel of Life, of life becoming death, and death becoming life? Perhaps, and yet may it be true that the wheel itself with myriad other wheels is fastened to a larger Wheel, and this one, too, is turning, slowly and majestically, through ages measureless. And even it may be that the Greater Wheel is made up of the total of the lesser wheels, that the turning of the myriad lesser wheels, all together, makes the mighty turning of the Greater.

Yes, it is even so; and the glory of evolving, living, gaining more experience, is both small and great. It is of the smaller wheels and of the larger one as well.

And the purpose of this constant turning, this change from peace to strife, from Spirit-heights to matter-depths, is that all shall know themselves as One, that there may be peace in strife, and experience in peace and bliss. And when the lesser wheels have realised their Oneness with the Greater, then will they themselves have reached its former greatness, while the Greater will have far transcended it.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

[Any reader of a sacrificing nature wishing to throw open his Scrap-book for me, may do so by copying out what he deems suitable for this column and forwarding it to "The Editor, THE ADYAR BULLETIN".]

I FIND among my latest "Scraps" a cutting from *The Bombay Chronicle* which contains a beautiful little poem by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, called "The Illusion of Love". It will be remembered that Mrs. Naidu is the author of a charming volume of poems entitled *The Bird of Time*, where she shows forth in a wonderful way the sentiment of the East clothed in the most musical and appealing rhythm of the West. "The Illusion of Love" will, I am sure, delight my readers, so I give it forthwith:

Beloved, you may be as all men say,
Only a common spark
Of flickering flame set in a lamp of clay. . . .
I care not, since you kindle all my dark
With the immortal lustres of the day.

And as men deem, Oh Dearest, you may be
Only a common shell,
Chance-winnowed by the sea-winds from the sea. . . .
I care not, since you make most audible
The subtle murmurs of eternity.

And tho' you be, like men of mortal race,
Only a common thing,
That Death may mar and Destiny abuse. . . .
I care not since unto my soul you bring
The very vision of God's hidden face.

I recently came across an old "Scrap," dated March 1914, which does not seem to augur well for the Universal Brotherhood

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FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

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of Humanity, making no distinction of sex. Apparently a Women's Church was to be—and probably has been, for the last eighteen months—established in Wallasey, Cheshire.

Women will preach the sermons, offer the prayers, provide the music, and take the collection, and no man is to have a hand in the administration of the church. This unique scheme has been evolved by a band of Mersey-side ladies interested in the women's movement.

Fortunately, however, the church is not going to be "an anti-man church," as one of the ladies, prominent in the movement, explained:

Only women will be at our afternoon services, but both sexes will be able to attend those in the evening," she said. "The majority of the women who are interesting themselves in the scheme are naturally women of progressive ideas, anxious to do good work, especially amongst those of their own sex. Up to the present we have not arranged for a resident lady pastor, but there are many women in the country interested in our movement who have willingly offered to come and help us at first. The Rev. Hetty Baker, who is speaking on Sunday week, has actually held a pastorate, but at present she is not attached to any one place."

I am sorry I do not know from what journal the above cuttings were taken, nor have I heard anything more of the matter, but it seems to me a pity that, in the twentieth century, a church should be started for women only. S. Paul certainly would not have approved—but probably for a different reason.

* * * * *

Another cutting—which again must remain unacknowledged—is apparently the concluding portion of what seems to have been a very interesting lecture, in which the gentle art of "unlearning" was prescribed, and "a great library" is recommended for that purpose:

A great library is a warning, a lesson, a rebuke, to the unlucky people whose minds are constitutionally unable ever to hold more than one idea at a time. It is, or ought to be, a check on the frightful impulse to rush to take angry sides at five minutes' notice on every question, no matter how complex or how delicate, that rises in the morning paper. It is a place for learning but, believe me, it is also a grand place for unlearning, and sages have wisely said that our difficulty in life lies less in learning than in unlearning. . . . The mere presence of one of these great collections of books,

scrolls, manuscripts, seems in itself to give a new and almost overpowering significance to them. It was Lord Acton who said that the gifts of historical thinking were better than historical learning, and I cannot have been wrong when I said that the very sight of one of these vast and ordered arrays, in all departments, tongues, and times—of the history of civilised Governments, the growth of faiths and institutions, the diverse types of great civil and ecclesiastical governors, the diverse interests of States—is not only in itself a powerful stimulus to the ardent scholar. It amazes, excites, overwhelms, like youth's first vision of the waters of the sea.

Most true it is that when we are in the presence of the great we realise our own significance; so when confronted with the learning of the ages, we may well begin "to unlearn," and from that stage proceed to think.

* * * * *

As the motto of the Theosophical Society is "There is no religion higher than Truth," Theosophists should be interested in a quotation from S. T. Coleridge, which was given me not long ago and which I pass on.

He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect or Church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all.

The moral is there for all to read, and no one can fail to see it, though some people may not like it.

* * * * *

Some amusing verses on "The Value of Snoring," find a place in *The Pioneer*, and as they may bring comfort to some of my readers, I quote a few of them—without apology. The theme of the poem is that to snore is a guarantee of honesty.

Mean, privy folk, with fingers light,
Who forge accounts, and rifle tills,
Who cheat the orphan of his mite,
Or misdirect old ladies' wills,
By force of habit steal repose
With silent and secretive nose.

But Country Vicars, Commodores,
Policemen, Anglers and their kind,
By the glad music of their snores
Proclaim their openness of mind.
Their righteous deeds a guerdon reap
In fearless, nay, triumphant sleep.

A lad I knew was caught in church
Abstracting pennies from the plate;
In vain his father used the birch,
It only served to irritate
And egg him on to pilfer more,
Until they taught him how to snore.

But, as he learned the healing art,
And his young snores more loudly rolled,
So changed the metal of his heart,
By nasal alchemy, to gold;
The hardened thief that might have been
Has recently become a Dean.

FELIX

A SOLDIER'S VISION

(An Extract from a Letter)

FOR three days I had been in the trench of our advance line, before the fort of Beauséjour (Argonne). The enemy were shelling our trenches with terrible fury; the dead were strewn around to right and left, and at each fresh hurricane of shells, I thought my time had come; but, as you had so often told me of the Master K. H. and of His ability to protect or lessen the dangers of the battle-field, I prayed unceasingly for His protection.

Each moment the shells fell nearer and nearer me, and I hid myself as well as I could by shrinking within the trench, all the time commending myself to Him.

Suddenly I perceived on the breastworks above me, the outline of a human figure. (I now remember that, save for it, I ceased to be conscious of all that was passing around me.)

The figure was that of a soldier wounded in the left shoulder, He wore only a white shirt, and was supporting with his right hand, his wounded arm.

Scarcely had I time to formulate the thought : "Here is yet another wounded fellow," when the figure began to lose its clearness of outline, gradually dissolving, only to resume another shape. Immediately I cried in my heart : "The Master K. H."

I had so fervently desired His protection, that to me, without a shadow of doubt, it was the Master. Only the upper part of His form was visible. Clad in a white robe, He gazed into the distance and by the wistful expression in the depth of His dark eyes, and the haunting sadness of His countenance, one saw that he suffered.

His hair and beard were of a dark chestnut, almost black, and fell in soft curling waves. The colour of His skin was warm brown. He did not speak to me, but I saw Him for several seconds.

When I returned again to consciousness of the world, I still retained a deep sense of the impression ; a few minutes later I was wounded. The wound was severe enough, but I had gathered so much of will and force and courage from the Vision, that I was able, despite the horror of the rain of shells falling around me in every direction, to drag myself to a place of safety.

All that remains to tell you, my friend, is that from that moment I have an unswerving faith in the Master, and I pray Him always that He may keep me under His protection.

A DREAM

By THOR

IN a dream I saw a young girl walking at night through the streets of a city. My consciousness was in some way for the time identified with hers. It was a quiet street, but there were sounds of revelry borne to her ears from a little distance away. Her curiosity was aroused, and, in spite of the feeling that she ought not to proceed, she allowed herself to be drawn on, and walked quickly towards the corner of the street. There an animated scene met her eyes. Numbers of smartly-dressed people were sitting round tables, eating and drinking to the accompaniment of much laughter and merriment. As she drew near, some of them got up and began to dance ; the women's faces appeared flushed and their eyes sparkled with excitement. She stood and watched.

Close to her was a table, and suddenly one of the gentlemen got up and caught her by the arm, evidently intending to draw her into the dance. Her anger was aroused at his impudence, and before she realised what she had done, she had struck him sharply in the face. The next minute she found herself the centre of an excited and indignant crowd. Apparently she had done something much more serious than merely outraging their social susceptibilities, for they evidently regarded her not only as an intruder but as one who had come among them and then repudiated their society. She seemed to be in a perilous position, when out of the crowd stepped a young man. Taking her part against his companions, he managed to get her away. When they had walked to a safe distance he asked her where she lived, and said that it would be impossible

for her to return home that night. Having taken her to a house, he left her, apparently in order to explain and justify her conduct to his companions.

From this point in my dream my consciousness seemed to follow the young man, and even to identify itself with him, so that at times I entered completely into his life and feelings.

Days passed, of which I remember nothing, but seemingly the man also became seriously involved with his fellow-townsmen for having taken part in the affair. Both their lives were in danger. Religious feelings were aroused in the town.

The people were followers of several religions, each of which had its temple, and the priests of these temples exercised great power. Consequently, when intrigues endangered the life of the girl, the young man, who loved her and was therefore unwilling to go back upon his championship of her cause, (although she did not return his affection) appealed to the temple of his own sect—devotees of Apollo.

He went up to the temple, which was of a very strange order. It was not a building, but a lovely garden, enclosed within walls, approached through a great arch. Opposite the archway, at some distance, was the shrine—nothing but a huge slab of white marble on which seemed to be cast the shadow of the head of the God Apollo, in profile, silhouetted in lines clear-cut as those of a Greek statue. The worship of Beauty—physical Beauty—seemed to be the prevailing note; the garden was a paradise of lovely flowers and trees, and a spirit of peace brooded over the whole place. At the archway of this temple stood the young man, waiting until some priest should come and hear what he had to ask. At length one came, and the young man made his appeal. The answer was that if he would give the girl up to death, he himself could escape further peril. This he utterly refused to do, and the priest then said that no further help could be given unless he consulted the priests of the temples of the other religions.

Hurriedly the young man set off to the next temple which was a little higher up the hill. He arrived out of breath, and peered in at the opening. The temple was a large cavern,

hewn out of the rock, with an inner chamber a little to one side, the whole being illuminated by a mysterious, dusky, blue-grey light, amid which could be seen the fumes of heavy incense rising from a tripod set near a projecting shoulder of the cave-wall. From behind this were heard voices, those of an old priest and of an Indian temple-girl, half-hidden by the rock. At the doorway the young man stood panting. Hearing his breathing, the girl broke off the conversation and turned with a start: she was evidently surprised to see anyone there, as it was not the usual time for temple-worship. As soon as he saw her turn towards him, the young man, moved partly by reverence and partly by fear that he had incurred their anger by his untimely interruption, came swiftly forward to the middle of the threshold, and kneeling down, with extended hands, touched his forehead thrice upon a certain religious symbol painted on the floor. Then he arose and explained why he had come. His appeal fell, however, upon deaf ears, and, finding his entreaties in vain, he turned away in desperation and set off in frantic haste towards a temple situated on the summit of a rocky hill.

A steep path, walled on one side, and littered with loose stones, led up to this temple, which was that of an unorthodox sect, eschewed by the townspeople, partly through superstition and partly through fear. The man, as he clambered up the steep hill-side, crouched so as not to appear above the wall, fearing lest people might see him, for he knew they would never imagine that he would dare to appeal to the unorthodox priesthood. The summit reached, he gained admittance without delay, and at length, having explained his mission to sympathetic ears, he obtained a paper which, while it ordered the release of the girl, was in effect his own death-warrant, because even the authority of this priesthood could not free him from the result of his action in protecting the girl, and his consequent responsibility for the same to the other religious bodies of the city.

Now he returned to the temple of Apollo and presented the fatal note. To be burnt alive was the penalty decided for him, and he was sent out to gather from the temple-precincts

the faggots for his pyre. The girl had been brought to the temple, apparently to witness his death, and she was sent out to help him gather the sticks. Here they spoke together with complete calmness about his approaching death, the girl still having towards him no deeper feelings than those of gratitude.

The pyre was built in rather a strange fashion, somewhat like a bed of faggots, with a sort of canopy of sticks overhead. When this was built, without a word he went and lay down upon it; it was lit; and the smoke and flames began to surround him.

At this point my consciousness seemed to transfer itself to that of the girl. I found myself still unmoved by any other feeling than that of regret that so brave a man should die thus. The flames were now actually closing round his body, but he was still conscious, and at last the real meaning of the deed seemed to penetrate the soul of the girl in a way in which it had entirely failed to do before. Crying aloud, "My love, my love!" she sprang forward, threw herself upon his body, and was burnt with him.

THE WORLD'S NEED

By D. M. Codd

IV. THE NEED FOR REST

SOME of us have had the precious experience of spending the earliest years of our life in a quiet country home, surrounded by the gentle influences of sun and tree and flower, where every day for years was after one sweet pattern, a pattern of green meadow and yellow cornfield, a coloured garden, a few pets, perhaps a farmyard near by, a village a little further, a town a little further still, and year after year only meant being a little bigger, learning different lessons, playing different games. Ever the same faces were round us—father, mother, brothers, sisters, the nurse, the cook, the gardener, etc. Great events were the falling of such and such a tree, the making of a new path, the pony's death, and watching every season carefully, we knew exactly when the first snowdrops should come up, when the cherry blossom would fall and cover the ground, and when it would be time to gather the nuts. How we would race away to see the new little lambs in the fields, and we can still remember hearing the market carts at early morning rumbling heavily along the distant road. Every year we wandered up to the furthest gate to watch the caravans pass by for the yearly fair in the town. Those were days of "sweetness and light" and the joy of the early primrose and the sorrow of the late rose made up our soul's experience. Then God was near and life was holy, for the immortal Spirit had not yet wandered far from his heaven-world, and it was

easy in those days to love and worship. To spend thus the first years of life is to throw a mist of youthful dream over the whole life, and wherever we go, into this dark maze or that noisy mart, we carry that memory of "sweetness and light". It returns with the twittering of a sparrow round the silent stone pillars of some museum, it returns in every flower-patch that beautifies a London villa, with every fair morning that stretches itself, blue and golden, over a waste of streets and houses, dust and stone, of toil, poverty and crime.

There are countries like India, Switzerland and others where there is more room for "sweetness and light," but in order to feel the true pulse of modern civilisation we must turn to the modern towns of modern Europe, chiefly to our large commercial towns, and in one place we find the whole of it focussed, reflected, as it were, with all its good and all its evil, its joy and its sorrow, and that is in London. London may truly be called the focus of modern civilisation, for there is reflected the thought, the feeling, the belief and disbelief, of every country, and whatever happens at any point of the compass is reported, noted, commented upon in London, and there the forces are set in motion which constantly change the colour and pattern of this vast network of human activity. To be in London is to be at the heart of modern life, and no one who has not been there can be said really to have felt the life-pulse of our modern world.

Let us look, then, at London, at this whirling centre of modern life, and see what is the nature of this civilisation, which has reached, we believe, the point of saturation and can do nothing more but burst and fall in pieces. What do we need to restore health and balance to humanity? Look, then, at London! It is somewhat like looking at a revolving lighthouse, which shows us now a flood of light and then turns its dark side to us. The first thing that strikes us is its extraordinary activity, the intensity of its activity, and the tremendous speed of action. Watch the girls at the telephone exchange, listen to the ticking of the telegraph office, hear the stamping of thousands of letters and despatches in the Post Office, the hurried clicking

of several typewriters in the merchant's office, the clerks and office boys hurrying to and fro'. Hear the news-boys calling out newspaper names morning, noon and evening. Go to the City and see the flood of pale-faced men and women hurrying out for one hour to eat a hasty meal in a crowded noisy restaurant; watch the poor typists and shop-girls, some with 4d. or 6d. to spend on a meal and perhaps not so much as an hour to get it. Some begin work at eight or nine and will not go home till seven or eight at evening; then the trains and trams have to be fought for and rushed for, and struggled for. Have you ever gone home tired beyond thought to the thunder-music of omnibuses and trams, or the slamming of "Underground" doorways, gone home to a poor boarding-house, or a poorer home with not enough to eat? Then for the employers there is the struggle of competition, the desire or the need to make more and more money; there is ever the black shadow of failure looming behind, often the pursuing phantom of debt, or crime. Then there are the great factories, the great prisons, the great hospitals, with their tale of toil, degradation, and sickness. There is the battling of thought and opinion, the wars of slander and calumny, and under that dark pall which we are afraid to approach, afraid to think of—the pall of our slums—poverty and crime, and misery unspeakable, overshadow that great City, and thence the whole world. On the other hand we find a reaction in theatre, music-hall and playhouse; in immoral pleasure-seeking; in ceaseless superficial amusement. We hear of "the beauty that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" but the Power that is London will be the marvel of ages to come. There never has been and there will never be again another London. It is a whirling Wheel of life into which thousands are irresistibly drawn only to be broken; for only the strong can really live in London. In London we find the wealth, the learning, the talent of the world; but heavy is the toll paid for it. It will be the wonder of all time for its energy, its marvellous organisation, but it is built upon a river—the beautiful and sad Thames—on whose banks we find destitution and despair!

Can we wonder at the wreckage of health, the nerve torture, the weight of materialism, the absence of art and beauty, the spiritual deadness which prevailed as its result. It is not the War that is terrible, for that will cleanse our slaughterhouse and sweep clean our garner, but it is the conditions which the War will serve to remove that are terrible. The War is tearing down the blinds which were shutting out the light. We hear much talk of a New Age, the dawn of a New Day, a new civilisation and so on, but what will it be? It cannot be on the same lines as the old one. Shall we not bring back an age of "sweetness and light," of love and worship? There is a stream of new life gathering under our worn out customs and tottering edifices, and it spells a new chivalry, a new order of knighthood, where high ideals of brotherhood and gentle deeds shall once more be esteemed the noblest prize of manhood. There is already a tendency towards artistic revival; a spiritualising element has shown itself in each of the many great religions, and belief in the Unseen is returning. But this is opposed to the old régime of intense living; man needs rest for overwrought nerves and tired brain, he needs leisure to sense the beautiful, he needs time to reflect and absorb, he needs soft influences and peaceful days. London, though surrounded by garden cities, will not give him these things and we do not think that London will be the focus of the new civilisation, nor even, perhaps, any of these intensely vigorous modern countries of Europe, where life is complicated and organised on purely practical lines. There must be a centre of beauty and spirituality to build in the distant future, and that in a quieter more peaceful land where the Spirit of Man, whose home is in peaceful places, can rest from this age of turmoil and darkness, and dwell in an age of "sweetness and light".



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FROM THE EDITOR

THE American Secretary proposes that the name of the General Secretary should be changed to that of National President, and that the functions assigned to the General Secretary should be assigned in future to the National President. We doubt if the change is wise, for the public would be likely to be confused with the appearance of 24 Presidents, 23 National and 1 International. The suggestion has been made more than once, and the President-Founder viewed it with great disapproval, as tending to increase the likelihood of the disruption of the T. S. into many Societies, instead of maintaining the unity of a single International Body. Personally, I have no strong opinion on the matter, and do not think that with a true unity of feeling in the Society, the names of the officials are very important. Names will hardly hold it together or disrupt it. Our unity lies deeper than names.

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The General Secretary of the T. S. in Norway sends an interesting account of her visit to Iceland, where she had audiences of between 500 and 600 people, showing much

of his technical skill was offered a place in Government Service connected with munitions, but he was deaf to all counsels of safety for himself, and insisted on serving at the front, using his technical skill for an especially dangerous post. For his country's ideals he gave his life and all he was and had. To his memory and to his devoted mother all fellow-Theosophists will send their sincerest sympathy.

These young men will not be long away from us. The Lord hath need of them for the building of His new sub-race.

* * *

From Adelaide, South Australia, we hear of Mr. Leadbeater's lectures, he having left his Sydney home for a while to visit the fair southern City. He was there from October 17th to November 2nd, giving five lectures on general Theosophical topics, and also a course of four, on "Australia, as the Home of a New Race". We envy the Adelaide people, as the lectures must have been most interesting. Fortunately, they are to be published.

* * *

The General Secretary of Switzerland reports much work done to help the soldiers with clothes, and to help the refugees, who sought shelter on Switzerland's hospitable soil. The members have also helped, as a neutral country, in forwarding correspondence to the belligerent countries, and have sought in every way to serve the "living" and the so-called "dead". How foolish these names are, Europe is beginning to recognise.

* * *

Here at Adyar, we are far away from the turmoil of the War, yet in India also great events are shaping, and India, "after the War," will be verily a New India, a mighty Nation that has renewed her strength, and that will have claimed her birthright of Freedom, God-given and man-denied. I like to think how, some years hence, men, enjoying the common rights of civilised humanity, will look back upon the doubts, the fears, the hesitations of the present, and wonder that they did not believe in the Sun-rising, but thought that servitude would last for ever.

THE NEED FOR IDEALS

A LECTURE TO YOUNG PEOPLE

By ANNIE BESANT

(Concluded from p. 319)

LET us suppose for a moment that you have taken the ideal of a public worker and that you have built up the characteristics that such a man should have—energy, unselfishness, willingness to sacrifice, power of grasping the needs of the moment, the understanding of human nature and the motives which play upon it. Supposing that you have made all these your ideals, then day by day you would think for a little time each day of the ideal which you have made, and you will begin to create in yourself those qualities one by one. Take for instance the quality of self-sacrifice, without which no great public work can be done. You can think of it in the morning and you can practise it all day long. You will remember it is written in the *Chchhândogya-Upanishat* that man is created by thought, that what man thinks upon, that he becomes, and there lies the power of the ideal. You become the thing on which you think. If you have formulated your ideal and if you have definitely made up and placed before your mind the qualities which shape the ideal, then take those qualities one by one, thinking of one of them every morning, and practising it the whole day long whenever opportunity occurs; and then you will find that the quality you think upon gradually builds itself into your character and you begin to practise it unconsciously. That is the way in which

great men grow : they develop in themselves by thought that which they determine to become, and there is no human quality that you cannot create in yourself by steady and determined thought. But there is one snare which you have to avoid. You must never allow yourself to think about the opposite of the quality that you want to develop. Suppose for instance that you are trying to develop the instinct of self-sacrifice, you must never allow yourself to think of selfishness, because if the thought of selfishness is created it works against the other, and makes you selfish. I have met boys who happen to be by nature timid. I found a boy lamenting over it ; he does not realise that by thinking of timidity he becomes timid more and more. Thought is a real power and not imaginary. If you think about any weak point, you become weaker and weaker by the thought that you give to it. You should always think about the noble side of yourself and not the lower side. You must think of yourself as perfect, as God, unfolding in human form. But it is better to take up one quality after another, until the totality brings you nearer and nearer to God. It is written that Brahman is fearless, and so any one in whom Brahman is living can become fearless by thinking of that quality. So realising in yourself that side of divine life, and so, step by step, taking quality by quality and thinking steadfastly on it, you build yourself into the shape of your ideal and embody the very characteristics that you admire.

It is here that devotion helps you enormously. If you can find some one who embodies that ideal, either completely as in Shri Kṛṣṇa or Shri Rāmachandra, or imperfectly as in some great man or teacher, then you will find it easier to develop it in yourself and grow towards that which you admire. You can think for instance more definitely and more clearly of a quality if you think of it as embodied in somebody. That is why I have often said that hero-worship is one of the best things which any person can practise. The tendency in man is usually to find faults rather than virtues, to speak of the weak side of another rather than of the strong side. To depreciate another instead of appreciating good qualities is one of the most

vulgarising of practices. The power to admire is a great power in the building of character, and admiration for a great quality tends to produce that quality in yourself. You would not love it unless you had a little of it already in yourself, and that will grow more and more if you admire it in its flowering in another. That is one value of great men : they embody ideals. They show us in concrete form that which is loved in abstract form, which to many of us is rather vague and indefinite. If you see courage embodied in Arjuna, if you see duty embodied in Bhīṣma, if you see kingliness embodied in Shri Rāmachandra, the vision exercises over you that moulding power in which devotion is one of the strongest possible influences. Love increases the force of thought, and more and more by dwelling on the greatness of the beloved we grow great ourselves. The spirit of scoffing, the spirit of cynicism, the spirit of depreciation—these are among the greatest weaknesses that you find in many at the present day. In the old ages there was far less of that. People do not realise how they are vulgarising the whole of their nature and dwarfing their strength, when they are constantly looking for weakness, and gossiping about deficiencies that they notice in one or another. It is said in an English proverb that no man is a hero to his valet. That is not the fault of the great man. It is the servant's mind that cannot realise the heroism before him. It is by the development of that side of human nature which this Sabhā is intended to develop in its members, namely, devotion, that boys grow into noble men and men grow into a maturity which is greater than that of their youth. There are some people who always keep young, fresh and active. They never grow old, and are never fossilised, as too many old people unfortunately are. A man who has an ideal never grows fossilised.

There is one form of ideal that is worth thinking of carefully just now, namely, the ideal of the country. You want that our country should become great. That is the ideal which rouses most devotion and patriotism. Devotion to the country is one of the most inspiring and constructive of forces. What

do you want India to be? It is well sometimes to think on big lines, and not only that more posts should be thrown open in the Civil Service, and that a man should be able to rise to the highest place. What do you want your country to be in order that she may be ranked among the Nations of the world? Clearly one condition of progress, one condition of any evolution worthy of the name, one condition of greatness is—Freedom. Hence your first wish for the country should be that she should be free. One condition of freedom is that you should be free yourself, and you are not free as long as you are under the domination of the lower side of your nature. You cannot make your country free without making yourselves free; and no man is free who is not the master of his own mind and of his own body. No man can safely use outside freedom, until he has gained that inner freedom which we call self-control. Freedom becomes dangerous in the hands of a man who is not worthy of it.

Once in America, where all think themselves quite free, there was a cow-boy galloping along a street, shooting in the air in a drunken freak, and one bullet struck a woman and killed her; he was let off because he was drunk; it was a peculiar form of judgment. Now that man had a vote, and he had a right to make laws for his country. But men like that are dangerous to the country, and they are not worthy to be free.

The very first thing that all must work for in making India free, is to make themselves free from everything degrading, unmanly, untruthful and cowardly. You have to think out what it means to a Nation to be free. All the things that you have been asking for, for the last thirty years, could all be done by a Nation which was free without asking anybody, and you begin to realise that, when you think of India as a free country, it means that she will be a Self-Governing country, a country making her own laws, a country shaping her own education, a country that will develop the whole of her resources for the benefit of her own citizens as well as for the benefit of the world. I want the Indian to be able to do in his own country everything that other people in

free countries can do in theirs. That is the ideal which we should hold in our minds.

It may be that this love of freedom is a sentiment, but it is by noble sentiments that people grow, and it is by vulgar sentiments that they become debased. Any sentiment which makes you love your country and desire her liberty, that must be part of your National Ideal, and until then the Nation can never be great. You must train yourself in the methods of winning it. You must realise that the seeds of failure lie in the anger and hatred which divide man from man, and class from class.

There is no study which is really more instructive than the study of the French Revolution, which began in 1789, and then went on until Napoleon became the Dictator of Imperial France. If you will read that story you will see how right and pure were the aspirations of the men who tried to lay the foundation of liberty in France. You will see, if you watch step by step, how violence took the place of reason, and force that of argument, and how all the earlier progress was gradually destroyed by the later parties which arose, more and more inspired by the spirit of hatred than the spirit of love. You have there one of the most valuable lessons. Violence begets greater violence. The French Revolution, though it began by thoughts of love and liberty, was wrested aside by misery, by starvation, and the result of all these was the violence that Revolution embodied, the murders, the terrible struggles, and the killing out of one political party after another, until in the end, the people, weary of violence, fell into slavery again under Napoleon. The story of the French Revolution is an instructive story for the young and enthusiastic. It began so well, but in the course of it violence was followed rather than reason. Misery and starvation cannot construct; they can only destroy. You must realise that to win freedom you need unity, self-control and strength; those are the qualities which make a Nation free. Get rid of divisions and antagonisms, and no longer make differences of religious thought divide in civic matters. You must learn the great lesson that thought must be free,

before free action can come in. From liberty of thought comes difference of opinion, and you must realise that difference of opinion is healthy and not undesirable. You may be thinking better than I am thinking. Yet my own thought, though less good than yours, is better for me than yours, just as I shall grow stronger by eating my own food than by looking at you eating yours. Therefore it is that it is better to think, and even to think mistakenly, than not to think at all. No truth is true which is not true to yourself. Truth becomes false when you do not really grasp it, and only repeat with your lips that which your mind does not comprehend and which your will does not accept. Think along your own line. Listen to everybody, consider the opinions of everybody, but do not echo them. Digest them all for yourself, and create your own opinion. Just as a chemist puts many ingredients into a crucible, and out of them produces a new substance which is different from each of them, so it should be with you and your thoughts. Take all the thoughts around you and put them into your crucible of mind, but produce a thought different from the thoughts which you have assimilated. It is independent thinkers who are really serviceable in the growth of a Nation. The one man who thinks is better than a thousand men who repeat the opinions of others like parrots.

So, in putting to you this need for ideals, in trying to show how you may choose and build ideals, and how by thinking and practising you may transform that ideal into your own life, and then how you may make your ideal for the country and work towards that, I am telling you how the building of an ideal affects the future greatness of a Nation. Freedom is the air that a Nation breathes.

But what qualities shall this Nation have? One quality inseparable from India is the quality of spirituality. That has ever been her greatness, and everything else has flowed from it. When India was spiritually great she was intellectually magnificent, she was emotionally full of beauty and dramatic art, and she was physically wealthy, so wealthy that she attracted all the Nations of the world to come and trade with

the produce of this land. First spirituality, then intellectual power, then emotional art, and then physical prosperity. If you want to bring back the whole of it, you have to develop those same qualities again. Religion is the foundation of National greatness. Religion is that by which a Nation becomes truly admirable in the face of the world. India then must be spiritual. Remember how Mr. Gokhale said that he wanted to spiritualise politics. Only as politics is spiritualised will the country become really worthy of the devotion of man. So, India has to be free, she has to be spiritual, she has to be great intellectually, she has to be great once more in art, she has to be prosperous on the physical plane. Worldly wealth and prosperity are found among those in whom you find art and religion. Prosperity is the result of National greatness. A Nation cannot be great without spirituality, without intellect, without art, but where those are found, there the wealth of the world flows into it, and as was once said of India—I admit from jealousy—gold found many ways into India but found no way to get out of it. There are endless ways now in which wealth leaves the country.

While I ask you to make ideals for yourself into which your character and your life shall be builded, I also ask you to make an ideal for the country, and to make that ideal for the country the idol of your worship and the aspiration of your life. If you do that, you can never grow cynical, disappointed and discouraged, for even in the moments of darkness the Star of the Motherland will shine in the sky above you, and when the clouds grow thick you will know that the Star is shining. For such a man, with such an ideal, there is no disappointment, there is no discouragement, there is no despair; for the greatness of India lies in the Councils of the Gods, and that which They have decided you can achieve.

STILL WATERS

By A. PAGAN

HE was a most capable man, no doubt about it. Everybody recognised that. Sheer ability and all-round capacity had ensured the successful career that had marked his life. When he became a member of the Theosophical Society and joined our struggling Lodge we all felt that we had received a big lift; his coming in put new life into us, even by itself it was encouragement and it unfolded as vitality.

Before long things began to improve with us. He was no mere hanger-on. He came right in. We put him into office as soon as we could. The Lodge quickly responded to the energy of the man. Propaganda work was taken up and carried out with a thoroughness that astonished some of the old school, but put joy into the hearts of the younger ones.

At first he was a bit raw on some of the more technical aspects of Theosophy as a system of Philosophy, but that did not last long. The man was too thorough not to be a reader and a student, and he soon held his own in any impromptu discussion which might crop up on the less known phases of our teaching.

As in worldly affairs, so in those of our Lodge, success followed him. All admired him, they could not help it; and there I must pause, for it has to be confessed that our feelings generally speaking stopped short at admiration. Of course we followed his lead—that was always the self-evidently right thing to do. Also we all felt proud of him; proud to have him one of us; proud of the name he had outside; for even the people of the town had dubbed him a "white" man and "straight".

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STILL WATERS

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Yes, to repeat, we all admired him, and there it stopped. I don't think any one did much more, and for that there was a reason. The fact is he was in a sense and in spite of all his excellent qualities what the translator of the *Gospel of Matthew* would describe as a *hard* man. Just? Yes perfectly! Lovable? No! Perhaps you will understand better when I explain just how he was prone to "go off".

If the subject of Politics cropped up he would string off a row of invectives against a particular party. His criticism was generally to the point, and his statements convincing, but—well! there was an uncomfortable feeling in the mental atmosphere all the time. He had a way of putting his critical finger on the weak point of everybody's armour too. That his comments were unerringly to the point did not make his friends any the more comfortable when they, the comments, were being made. Nothing seemed quite right when his trenchant conversational flail was whirring round, everything at such times in heaven and on earth seemed more or less other than it should be.

So you will gather the sort of man he was at that time. He became our Lodge President.

I don't know quite how or when it was that we noticed a change coming over him. In a sense we did not trace its coming at all; it had come, when somebody first called attention to it. I quite remember when I myself noticed that something had happened.

There lives in our town a clergyman of sorts. He might from all accounts be a more ideal sort of spiritual pilot than he is. When this clergyman's name was mentioned in conversation it never failed to call forth diatribes from our President. Diatribes of course against hypocrisy and cant, to which apart from the personal reference little exception could be taken, may be. Well on this particular occasion somebody spoke slightly of the clergyman, we waited for the vials of wrath to open in the accustomed manner, but there was only silence. That struck me as odd. Then one day we had a visit from a prominent member resident in another country. "What a lovable man your President is," he remarked to me. You may imagine my

surprise. No one had ever called him lovable in my hearing before; it made me think; and observe too. It soon became clear that the miracle had really happened. We waited in vain for the old incisive cutting comments on men and things; they were uttered no more. The critic in fact seemed to have become the apologist. If others denounced, as most of us do at times, it was the President who would with supreme and unassuming tact suggest an excuse for human frailty, and put forward mitigating circumstances.

It was at this stage we began to work up the movement for attracting children to our Lodge. One would hardly have expected our President of the old days to shine as the leader of Lotus circles, but in this as in all other activities he proved a success. The children had no fear of him, it would I think be true to say they mixed fondness with their utter trust in him.

Now it has become quite the general way to speak of him in terms of affection, both with old and young. That is the miracle I referred to.

How did it all happen? That is my story; though I see I have been a long time coming to it, but the story would have no point if I had not explained just the sort of man it is all about. The explanation came to me sideways as it were. When the word cancer was first mentioned we did not take much notice of it; it did not seem likely that such virility should ever be undermined by anything so insidious, but after all we had only known the man in part; we had no acquaintance much with the hero—the man, that is, that knew his body was doomed, years before the breakdown that acquainted his friends of the fact, and who never by word or sign permitted them to be under any apprehension on his account.

It was immediately after the breakdown that I went to see him. I expected to find a sorry-looking wreck. I found quite a cheerful and chatty colleague; unlike most patients he avoided the subject of his own ailments and talked work in its endless Theosophical variety.

The end came pretty quickly as you know, but his cheerfulness was as persevering as his fell disease; all the same

he knew that his number was about to be called at that last visit of mine, for then it was he handed me a sealed envelope saying: "By the way, if anything should happen to me at any time, you might open that and make use of it if you think it of any value to our people."

Something did happen very soon after and I opened the envelope and found it enclosed a letter written to myself a few weeks before the end came. The letter began by referring to a conversation we had had some years before. I had asked him what first made him believe that such men as "the Masters" of Theosophy really existed. He had replied characteristically that a tree is known by its fruits, or to that effect, and that it was the perfect logic of Theosophy as a complete whole that first appealed to him and enabled him quite easily intellectually to accept the existence of the Masters. I had asked him then what he would do if one of the Masters appeared before him and told him to do something that he could see no particular reason for. He had replied that first he did not imagine a Master would issue that sort of command and that if such a thing did happen to him he would have to obey it or otherwise, just as his own reason dictated.

That will give you some idea of the nature of our talk on the occasion referred to. The letter proceeded to say that sure enough on one eventful occasion, the Master did appear. It was not made clear in what way nor under what conditions—the letter was indeed written in pencil and evidently when writing was difficult—but be that as it may the outstanding fact that was given prominence to was that a message was conveyed to him in these words: "Think kindly; do not condemn," and he went on to explain to me that he turned these words over and over in his mind in order to catch their drift. As a message from a Master he regarded it at first as distinctly commonplace, would rather have expected to be ordered to retire from his business and devote himself entirely to study and meditation, or to pack up his trunk and leave for some unknown bourne in order to execute some special commission; but "Think kindly; do not condemn"—what could one make of that?

The one thing that seemed at the moment important was to commit the words to memory, so that they could be turned over carefully later on. This was effected by repeating them over and over again with that effort to fasten them on the consciousness that one usually makes in memorising. On this occasion for a task so simple the effort was unusually prolonged, with a result which was rather startling, it appeared. My correspondent went on to explain just what happened. When he retired to rest that night the memorised sentence buzzed perseveringly around his brain as it did on waking in the morning. At breakfast time, he was looking over the newspaper and his wrath began to mount high as he read of the latest iniquity of some political expedientist. "Think kindly! do not condemn," floated out the subconscious wireless.

"Well well, now I begin to understand," he said to himself. "Yes, after all, I suppose the beggar has his own reasons for acting in that particular way—well I will take the kindly view and I will not condemn."

Later on he met an acquaintance who reported that he had just left the writer's place of business and that a muddle had been made of some work he had been getting done there. On reaching his office the employee responsible was promptly sent for and as he appeared in the doorway the invisible messenger once more recited: "Think kindly! do not condemn." Some sarcasm preliminary to the intended attack was checked. With unusual quietness an explanation of the complaint was sought for and given—there was a reason, it appeared.

Impressed with the extreme contrast in his own manner that this simple message was causing, he began to overhaul himself—and to be brief, he began to understand himself. "The scales fell away from my eyes," he wrote, and for once he saw himself as others saw him. A just man enough but with that vein of hardness which had hidden itself under the cloak of thoroughness or some such other complacent virtue. And so the letter went on to explain that day after day as the old critical habit asserted itself so did the memorised words, but the words seemed even more vibrant and more dominant than

the habit. "You must yourself have noticed," he wrote, "that I used to be a bit uncharitable to put it mildly; well I soon began to see I had been all wrong—that one cannot justly prejudge others, and that one never has an opportunity of knowing sufficiently the facts which cause the actions of others to enable one to pass judgment at any time. I have learnt that lesson myself just through those few words having echoed in my subconscious or superconscious ears all this time, and I can tell you that it has made me infinitely happier to be a friend to my fellow pilgrims than ever I was as their critic, just or unjust."

"I write you all this because I do not think that the facts ought to die with me," he concluded, "and while alive I never felt like talking about my own experiences. I do not mean to suggest that others need that particular direction so much as did I; some perhaps do; and some do not. I pass on the particular words that worked on myself, just for what they may be worth, but what seems to me so important is that the hidden part of one's memory can be used so potently. Anyone I suppose could memorise some simple ethic so completely that its wording will not leave him, will persist in imposing its meaning on his everyday thought, become almost sibilant in fact. If so what a power to put into use! for it could be applied to whatever virtues one needed most in moulding the character, could it not?"

"I sometimes thought it was the intensity of this particular effort to memorise the words in my case that made the after-effect so persistent."

And so I tell my story and discharge my trust.

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

By ONE OF THEM

WE were lying in deck chairs on the veranda, looking sleepily across the river and the young casuarinas at the Bay. It had been a very hot day and every one felt lazy. Every one, that is to say, except the Patrician; he was in fine feather and sat up ready to do battle with the first comer. He eyed the company in silence for a while and then said pugnaciously: "The institution of marriage ought to be abolished."

He has thrown this bomb into our midst before with varied success. To-night it was quite effective, for the Rāṇi was immediately roused to remonstrance.

"How many times," she asked, "have we tried to show you that unless the world were populated only with such thoroughly responsible persons as yourself, the results of what you suggest would be disastrous?"

"Very often," answered the Patrician with a smile. "But, I am sorry to say or, rather, glad to say, you have not yet convinced me." The Blue Bird came to the Rāṇi's assistance.

"What about the children?" she murmured.

This roused the Songster. "Really, really, Blue Bird," he said, "how can you? You are like the ever present objector at a suffrage meeting who says, 'Why don't you go home and do the washing?' Principles first," he continued largely, "then the details follow as a matter of course."

"But it is not a detail," insisted the obstinate Blue Bird. "What will happen to the children when their irresponsible parents separate? Who will look after them?"

"The State," came from the depths of the Rājput's chair; at which the Brownie raised an indignant head and sat up to take part in the discussion. The Patrician smiled to himself to see how well the ball had been set rolling, and settled down to watch what would come of it, feeling that he had done his part. The Rājput took the lead.

"Yes," he said, "the State would take the children. While the child was still quite young it would be handed over to the authorities to be brought up according to the plan most suited to its constitution."

"What, are we to have no home life at all?" demanded the Blue Bird.

"Oh, certainly, if you like it," answered the Rājput. "You can apply to the powers that be, and ask them to let you have the care of a child. But if they see that your own child is not adapted to the environment which you are able to provide, they have the right to refuse to let you keep it. But they may offer you a more suitable one in exchange."

"And, pray, who is going to tell you whether there has been a mistake about your baby or not?" inquired the Brownie scornfully.

The Rājput, thus challenged, looked round with a smile and a deprecating shrug of the shoulders. For the Brownie was obviously a little annoyed.

"These women," he said. "These *Theosophical* women! They are broad-minded enough in their theories, but as soon as one even suggests putting these into practice they are up in arms. They want to look at life from the point of view of the ego, and the minute you put forward an impersonal view of the body—no, they won't have it. If you can't discuss it without feeling," he added, turning to the offending Brownie, "let us change the subject."

The Brownie laughed. "Excuse me," she said. "Proceed."

"Well," resumed the Rājput, "where were we? Who is to tell you whether your child is suited to you or not? As soon as the baby arrives, you send for the psycho-physico-biological specialist. He will tell you all about it."

"You will have to credit him with a few more 'ologies' before he can be relied on in these delicate matters," observed the Brownie, calmly this time, but firmly.

The Rājput waved her objection aside.

"Alright," he said. "Double him, treble him, make him into a committee. The point is that the child has to be inspected. His whole make up must be analysed by a competent person or persons. Then he can be placed with foster parents if necessary, who will bring out the best in him."

"But why not leave it to the Lords of Karma to select the proper parents?" It was the Rāṇi who suggested this.

"Certainly," the Rājput agreed. "I have not the least intention of trying to poach on the preserves of the Lipika. I only want to help them. As the Race evolves they will need some such help as I suggest. Is it interfering with Karma to try and improve conditions and work with as little friction as possible? No. Well no more is it meddling with the affairs of the Lords of Karma to try and make education scientific. As matters stand at present we block them at every turn by our obstinacy and conventional conservatism. We demand that not only the physical heredity needed by the incarnating ego, but the astral and mental conditions required, as well as all the other circumstances prescribed by his karma should be found for him in one family. That is quite possible at early stages of evolution where a man's needs are simple; where all that he wants is experience of some kind or another to rouse him to activity. But later on, when things get more complicated and more delicately adjusted, it must be practically impossible to find all the ingredients necessary to the well-being of the ego in his new personality in one couple of parents. Why should we put obstacles in the way of our own evolution by refusing to take our bodies from one set and our education from another?"

"Suppose we grant that it would be desirable," said the Songster, "won't it be very difficult to get competent people to give the necessary advice?"

"You are not very up to date, if you ask that," returned the Rājput. "Think what they are already doing, in America especially, in the way of careful study of children and their needs. Eyes, teeth, nerves, heads, all these are being classified and examined, and it is wonderful how well the needs and probable future can be foretold in connection with those parts which have been studied. Now add to all this a hundred years' more investigation and some clairvoyance and other psychic faculties, and do you mean to tell me that nobody will know whether a given baby will be better off under the care of one person or another?"

No one could say "no"; it seemed fairly probable. But the Blue Bird frowned. "I don't like your plan," she said.

"Convince a woman against her will, etc., etc.," said the Songster. "It is just your tradition and what your forefathers did that stands in your way," he explained sagely.

"Exactly," assented the Rājput. "It is all this old idea that Mother's baby is Mother's baby."

"Well, it *is* Mother's baby," interrupted the Brownie.

"Nonsense, nonsense," the Rājput declared. "At most the body belongs to her. And that she ought to learn to give as a free gift. The tailor doesn't feel he owns you because he has made your coat. From the Occultist's point of view the parents do not own the children. The father and mother provide the ego with a vehicle for expression on this plane. The ego is indebted to them for this and is connected with them through it. But he does not therefore belong to them, and he may be much more deeply and intimately connected with other people who for some reason were not able to provide him with a physical body. It is no use our protesting and setting up the past between ourselves and the truth. We must face the facts. If the teachings of Theosophy are true concerning the constitution of man, then we must get used to regarding the body in this impersonal way."

This call to live up to their professions touched the Theosophical consciences of the objectors and they decided to think the matter over before making a final pronouncement.

CHANGING THE PAST

By C. V. MADDOCKS

ONE day I was thinking over the strange idea, new to me at the time, that it is possible to change the past; and I wished much to have some analogy which might make the idea more comprehensible.

Suddenly I found myself in an open space, misty and indefinite. There I saw a long line of figures, like statues or effigies, standing side by side, stretching away into the mist. And it seemed that I stood at the head of this line. Each figure was wrapped in a curious plain garment, straight from neck to heel and made of an intricate web, each thread of which was visible, and which showed traces of a design of great beauty. In most of the robes the design was marred in many places by faults in the weaving, showing tangled threads instead of harmonious lines.

Then I perceived that the web, while appearing to be divided into these separate garments, was, in reality, one only; and that the threads of which the web was composed ran all through the whole, each thread re-appearing in its turn after a longer or shorter interval.

I was made to understand that the web was the Web of Life which I, the Ego, had woven for myself through my past personalities, and which I am weaving to-day.

The figures were not living and active, because they represented only the personalities; the masks through which I, the Ego, had spoken—the tools which I had used; and the one thing of importance seemed to be the Great Web itself, and not the instruments which had been used in its weaving. I perceived

that I held the ends of the threads in my hands, and had the power of weaving them as I wished. Some of the threads were tangled, and it was evidently impossible to form a beautiful design until they had been unravelled. On straightening a knotted bundle of threads, however, I noticed a wonderful thing: each living thread, thrilling along its entire length, moved and lay in its right place throughout the whole Web. Thus, by my re-arrangement of threads, I saw a tangled place far back in the line of figures form itself into its right pattern in the design.

And it was obvious that by knowledge of the design, and by skilful weaving according to that design, in course of time the whole Web would be perfect, a veritable Robe of Glory for the Individual when his earthly task was finished.

And there came back to me with new meaning the words of Mr. Leadbeater:

The past was as you remember it when you were at it, but how do you know it isn't different now? Perhaps you *have* already altered it... That is what Karma is, continual re-adjustment. Suffering in itself is useless, but the strength you put into bearing that suffering is putting right the wrong done long ago.

REALISATION

So when the pain was more than I could bear
God led me out of doors—and there
The green grass cried to me: "O, look—I grow!
Through Summer's storm and Winter's snow, through cloud
and sun.
The saddening rain makes me more lusty, and the pain
Of windswept days but strengthens all my roots."
O, downcast heart! Look on the grass, and know
There lies the meaning of it all—To grow.

EMMA BERRY WALCUTT

THE CHILD-MOTHERS OF INDIA

By V. S. TRILOKEKAR, L.M. & S.

AT a time when every one is talking about "United India," or an "Indian Nation," or about some similar topic, very few comparatively speaking have the leisure or the desire to pay any attention to a great evil that is rampant, namely the existence of child-mothers in India. With the exception of the Pārsis, the Eurasians, and a very, very small, one might almost say a microscopic, minority of the really educated and enlightened persons both amongst Hindūs and Muhammadans, child-mothers are to be seen everywhere, throughout the length and breadth of India. Now is it possible to build a great and mighty nation out of the progeny of such child-mothers? Any person must admit that the weaklings born of such mothers are perfectly incapable of undertaking the mighty task of building a nation.

In an article of the present nature it is not possible to deal exhaustively with this important subject. It is, therefore, thought desirable to confine it to two main issues, namely first, the effects of child-bearing upon these "little" mothers and second, the results of it upon their progeny.

Though the ages of child-bearing may slightly vary in different parts of India, the average age of child-bearing at the present day is between 12 to 14 years of age. Now what is the actual physical and mental condition of an average child-mother at this age? It is a well-known fact that almost all the Indian women at the present day hardly receive liberal education of any kind whatever. Except in an infinitesimally small number of cases, education in any shape is denied to

them. They thus have very little knowledge of the ordinary rules of sanitation—personal hygiene or domestic hygiene. Even the boys and grown-up men also are practically ignorant about these matters. The net result of all this is that these child-mothers are brought up during their childhood by ignorant mothers and, not knowing themselves anything about personal hygiene, etc., and being debarred in a large number of cases from taking exercise of any kind, or moving about in the open fresh air, or from taking any part in the games which go to build and develop bone and muscle in the body, they are of necessity in a perfectly unfit condition to take up the additional burden of child-bearing at an early age. Considering their physique one finds that at this age their skeletons are not fully formed—a large number of bones are not ossified—the organs of the body have not reached perfect growth and development, and all the other tissues of the body have also not reached the stage of completion or perfection. In such physical frames, their minds naturally are not as healthy and strong as they should be—their faculties have had no training of any kind and thus have had no scope for expansion. Their knowledge of the world, too, is very limited—they hardly understand the responsibilities that come to them in consequence of child-bearing. They are merely treated as "automatons," having no voice of their own in any matter. This, roughly, is the picture of the majority of the child-mothers in India at the present day.

Now what is the effect of child-bearing upon such mothers? To understand this, it is necessary to give here in brief an idea of the way in which they are treated during the period of child-bearing, and during their confinement. From what can be gathered about the customs obtaining in various parts of India, it appears that during this state, they are fed with generally indigestible food-stuffs, even when in many cases they are already suffering from some gastric or digestive disorder. This tells upon the general condition of both the mothers and their children. The other social customs too play no little mischief in the life of these unhappy child-mothers. In short,

a very large number of them are, at the full completion of their term of pregnancy, not in good health but are, to be accurate, practically invalids or patients fit for a hospital. Pregnancy, being a natural physiological process, ought to have hardly any deleterious effect upon women unless their health has been undermined by previously existing causes. A fairly large number of women, owing to their unfitness for child-bearing, succumb during, or immediately after, child-birth. If, however, they happen to survive this ordeal, then begins their next trial. Generally speaking, the room selected for the reception of the prospective mother is usually the worst in the house; it is the smallest, the most ill-ventilated, and every possible precaution is taken to exclude air and sun from getting even through the crevices of the doors and windows in the room, which are usually very deftly sealed previously. To add to this, there is usually a sink in some corner of the room, and this keeps up a regular supply of foul gases, rendering the air in the room totally unfit to breathe, not only by human beings but even by the lower animals. This is the state of things in the case of the rich Indians and the well-to-do portion of the middle class. Matters are still worse in the poorer section of the middle class and in the lower classes. The effects of such surroundings upon the mother and the new-born babe need not be told. It is really surprising to find that in face of such, as one might say, deliberate preparations to kill a human being, so many child-mothers and babies do live. One would expect almost every mother and child when placed amid such surroundings to die.

Then, again, what is the subsequent treatment of such mothers and their newly-born infants? Generally owing to ignorance in a majority of cases and sometimes owing to stupid and orthodox—one may say antediluvian—customs, both are subjected to further risks. Cleanliness is usually noticeable more by its absence than by its presence. Cases are well-known to physicians where a large number of septic disorders could be traced to the want of knowledge of this very essential condition. The

unclean and dirty hands of the orthodox Indian *dhayees* or attendants, the usually old and dirty linen and clothing used by the expecting mothers and, in a large percentage of cases, the bad drugging with usually indigestible food-stuffs—all these are a great trial to the poor victim. Even the health of the most robust individual placed under such surroundings is likely to give way. It is no wonder then that a great number of such child-mothers contract some miserable diseases, such as tuberculosis, sprue, digestive disorders, etc., and ultimately fall a prey to them. All this the poor mother has to bear because she all along believes that everything that is best is being done for her by her elders, as she herself is perfectly ignorant of even the rudiments of personal hygiene, domestic hygiene, sanitation and other general rules for keeping good health.

To turn to the results upon the progeny of such child-mothers, in many cases these are simply disastrous. The records of mortality in the various towns of India and also in the many hospitals in the principal towns disclose an appalling tale of infant mortality. It is true that some of these deaths are attributable to other causes, chiefly dependent upon the poor knowledge of the sex-question on the part of the young men and women. But leaving aside such causes as well as some extraneous diseases causing infant mortality, in a large number of cases the mortality is due to the imperfect nutrition, and the consequent imperfect growth and development, of the children, while *in utero*. Abortions, premature labours and still-births are very frequent in cases of such ill-nourished mothers. In cases of those new-born infants that survive the day of their birth, they are subject to conditions which are really not conducive to their well-being. As stated previously, the poor little ones are reared up in a foul atmosphere, fresh air and light being denied to them. Further, owing to various superstitious beliefs and orthodox customs, these young new-comers suffer from many ailments. In those cases where, on account of the illness or the poor health of the mothers, or owing to the imitation of the western society women, the children do not

get mother's milk, fresh difficulties arise. In such infants, artificial feeding has to be resorted to. Those physicians, who have studied the question of artificial feeding and prepared food-stuffs thoroughly, know how difficult it is to bring up infants on these artificial products. It is quite true that in a few cases, under trained guidance, artificial feeding does great good in absence of mother's milk. But in several cases, infants brought up in this way develop symptoms of rickets, digestive troubles, low fevers, derangements of the liver and various other ailments.

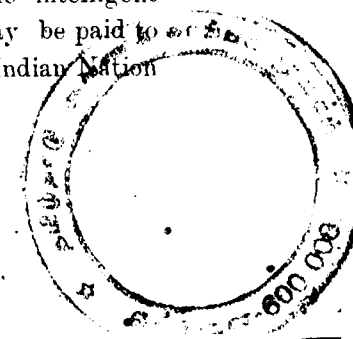
It is perfectly true that all the children born of child-mothers do not die or suffer from diseases, but it is sufficiently clear that one cannot expect robust and healthy progeny of such mothers. No good gardener expects good fruit from a very young, or poorly grown, or withered tree. The same rule applies to human beings. What will the future Indian Nation be, if built out of such specimens of humanity? Surely the outlook is not hopeful.

The question to be decided now is whether to allow these things to drift, standing silently looking on, watching the results, or to take some immediate measures to try to minimise this evil and its far-reaching effects. It is no use denying facts which exist. It is much better to face the difficulties and try to find out some solution to remove them. The first and foremost thing to do is to adopt immediate measures to minimise the effects of the evil. This can be, to some extent, done by giving every possible help to these poor child-mothers by providing them with kind, intelligent midwives and nurses in place of the old, ignorant *dhayees*. This is easy to do in the larger cities and towns of India, but even in villages something can be done by training some intelligent women in the village in the principles of sanitation, explaining to them the precautions to take in such cases, the importance of cleanliness, and above all giving as much fresh air as possible both to the mothers and their new-born babes. Then, again, in villages a clean hut can be set aside or improvised as a lying-in room. It should be commodious and well-ventilated. It should

be kept perfectly clean and the villagers should be encouraged to take the child-mothers there for delivery. Lectures and pamphlets do little; it is the house-to-house visitation by intelligent, kind and sympathetic men and women that is necessary. Much can be done in this way by the members of many organisations that exist in India, viz., the Masonic Fraternity, the Theosophical Society, the Arya Samāj, the Brahmo Samāj, the various Leagues of Service, the Depressed Class Missions, the Servants of India Society and many other institutions working on similar lines.

To bring about a substantial, if not a complete, change in this state of affairs depends entirely upon the education of the masses. General Education, Sanitary Education, Education on sex matters are all highly essential, but it would probably take considerable time, perhaps some scores of years, to spread this knowledge amongst the millions of India. Though it will take such a long time, any attempt in that direction should not be given up. On the contrary, the same should be persisted in. But along with this, a general opinion should be created to go to the root of this evil, and this can be done by one and one remedy alone, and that is to ask the help of Government to interfere and thus to check the evil. It is not possible for any community in India to enforce any social reform on its members in the absence of any powers to inflict some kind of punishment on the offenders. Any orders by the heads of such communities, or even by their religious heads, remain as a dead letter. It is only through Government help that something can be done. It is, therefore, highly necessary in the interests of India and her teeming millions to appeal to the Government of the country to raise the age of consent in the case of the girls from 12 to 17 years. It is no use advocating half-measures. Cancer when it exists must be excised.

As said in the beginning, this article has been written with the object of drawing the attention of the intelligent Indians to this evil, so that serious attention may be paid to this vital question concerning the destiny of the Indian Nation that would be.



FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

[Any reader of a sacrificing nature wishing to throw open his Scrap-book for me, may do so by copying out what he deems suitable for this column and forwarding it to "The Editor, THE ADYAR BULLETIN".]

A KIND correspondent has sent me a piece of astonishing information for my Scrap-book. He heads the extract: "Bacon approves of Vivisection," italicises portions of the quotation (which I feel sure are not italicised in the original), and makes one pathetic interpolation. The quotation is taken from Bacon's *De Augmentis* (p. 386, Spedding Edition).

Wherefore that utility may be considered as well as humanity, the *anatomy of the living subject is not to be relinquished altogether*, nor referred (as it was by Celsus) to the casual practices of surgery; *since it may well be discharged by the dissection of beasts alive* [Oh Bacone!!] which, notwithstanding the dissimilitude of their parts to human, may, with the help of a little judgment, sufficiently satisfy this inquiry.

Theosophists will be very much surprised on reading this passage, but there it is!

For a translation of a Tamil poem by C. S. Bharati, I am indebted to the columns of *New India*. The title of the poem is "Love thine Enemy," and reiterates the old teaching of the *Gita*, to fight yet without hatred.

Love thine enemy, heart of mine, Oh!
Love thine enemy.

Hast thou not seen the shining flame
Amidst the dark'ning smoke?
In foeman's soul lives Kṛṣṇa, whom
As Love the wise invoke.

Oft we've preached to men that God
In all that is doth shine.
Why, then, my heart, 'tis God that stands
Arrayed as foeman's line.

Dost know that limpid pearls are found
Within the oysters vile?
Hast seen on dunghill, too, sometimes
The starry blossom smile?

The heart that guards a wound, shall it
The Inner Peace possess?
The honey, poison-mixed, shall it
Be wholesome ne'ertheless?

Shall we who strive for Life and Growth
Lend thought to Sad Decay?
"Thine evil thoughts recoil on thee,"
So do the wise ones say.

When Arjun fought, 'twas Kṛṣṇa whom
He faced, disguised as foes,
'Twas Kṛṣṇa, too, that drove his car
In charioteering pose.

Strike down the tiger threatening thee
But love it, straight and true.
The Mother of All hath donned that garb
Salute Her, ay, there too.

Love thine enemy, heart of mine, Oh!
Love thine enemy.

* * * * *

Regarding Mr. Sinnett's views on the Dark Powers and the present War, a correspondent writes that "the following passage from *Mahābhārata* is worth reading. It occurs in chapter 253, in the account of Ghosha-Yātrā, in Vana Parva." The content is as follows:

Some years after the Pāṇdavas had been driven to the forest, Duryodhana, wicked as he was, conceived the idea of visiting them in their humbled condition, in all his splendour. As if the injury done to them was not complete without insult, he started out to meet them, on the pretext of a pilgrimage. As fate would have it, however, he was captured on the way by Chitrasena, the Lord of the Gandharvas, and rescued by the Pāṇdavas, whom he meant to insult. His hatred having thus so completely turned back on himself, he felt very much humbled, and decided to commit suicide. It was at this juncture that the Lord of the Dānavas [Dark Powers] gave Duryodhana his assurance, and advised him not to commit suicide. The Dānavas said to Duryodhana:

"Other brave Kṣhatriyas of mighty energy headed by Bhagadatta, and all acquainted with celestial weapons, will slay thy foes. Therefore let this grief of thine cease. Thou hast no cause for

fear. For aiding thee many heroic Dānavas have been born on the earth. Other Asuras will also possess Bīṣma, Droṇa, Karna, and others. Possessed by this these Asuras these heroes will throw away all ideas of kindness, and fight with thy foes. Indeed when Dānavas will enter their hearts, and possess them completely, flinging all affection to a distance, and becoming hard-hearted, these warriors will strike everybody opposed to them in battle, without sparing sons, brothers, fathers, friends, disciples, relatives, even children and old men. Rejoicing in their perverted intelligence, and impelled by that destiny which hath been ordained by the Creator, these tigers among men will, O Chief of Kurus, depopulate the earth by hurling and shooting all kinds of weapons, with great manliness and strength, and always addressing one another with words such as these—'Thou shalt not escape from me to-day.' And those five sons of Pāṇḍu will have to fight with such as these, who by the might of their arms, and favoured by the fates, will compass their destruction. And, O King, many Daityas, and Rākshasas also, that have been born in the warrior races, will fight with great powers in battle with thy foes, using maces, clubs, lances, and various other weapons of a superior kind. And, O Hero, with regard to the fear that is in thy heart arising from Arjuna, we have already settled the means of slaying him. *The soul of the slain Naraka [a mighty demon] has possessed Karna, and he, remembering his former hostility, will encounter both Keshava and Arjuna; and that mighty warrior and foremost of smiters, proud of his prowess, will vanquish Arjuna in battle, as also all thy enemies. Knowing all this, Indra desirous of saving Arjuna will in disguise take away from Karna his ear-rings and coat of mail. We also have, for that reason, appointed these hundreds and thousands of our Samshaptakas:—battalions, which either conquer or die, but never return.*

On the above quotation, my correspondent adds the following comment:

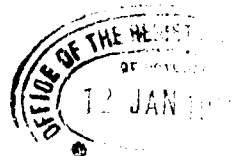
If the Dark Powers promised to possess the leaders of one party, and offered to give so much active help in times gone-by who can say whether they do not adopt the same course again to-day? They failed to win, in that great war, and "remembering the enmity" might verily be trying again.

* * * *

I must thank these readers who have kindly sent me some Scraps. I was beginning to think that the little note which the Editor kindly puts at the head of these pages, was going to be disregarded for ever. But at last I see it is beginning to bear fruit. Still, like Oliver Twist I ask for more.

FELIX

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THE ADYAR BULLETIN

VOL. VIII ADYAR, 15TH DECEMBER, 1915 No. 12

FROM THE EDITOR

THE ever-busy Editor of this magazine is gone North on a mission political to Allahabad, Lucknow, Calcutta, and will be engaged in Theosophical duties at Gwalior and Benares. The political work centres round the Home-Rule League, which "by any other name would smell as sweet," as some friends do not cherish "Home-Rule" and all it implies. Most of the Indian leaders seem ready and anxious to discuss the questions relating to India's position in the Empire after the War. At Bombay on Christmas day will be held a Conference of Hindū and Muslim leaders to consider whether an organisation for propaganda work should be formed and, if so, what should be its name, constitution and nature of work.

* *

But our readers naturally are more interested in the coming Theosophical Convention at Bombay. Arrangements, we are told, are going on and everything possible is being done for the comfort and convenience of delegates. All the Bombay Lodges are co-operating to make the Convention a success. The President will lecture on "God," "Man," "Evolution," and

"Brotherhood"—if the writer's memory is not at fault—and Mr. Jinarajadasa will give two addresses on "The World's Reconstruction".

* * *

The Theosophical Society in England and Wales have elected our Brother George S. Arundale as General Secretary and his manifesto to his section, which we reprint in this number, already casts a shadow of coming events. Mr. Arundale, we have great hopes, will enliven the already active section and vivify it with his enthusiasm for work and service. His frank statement as to the position of the parent Theosophical Society in relation to organisations which were born from it assures all, if such an assurance is at all necessary, of his unswerving faith in our chief work; and if his wise advice of realising the underlying Brotherhood be followed it will do great good to everyone concerned. All the subsidiary activities of the T. S. cannot live save by the life the parent pours into them, and to keep them alive and in working order, along wise lines, is the duty of all true Theosophists. The President must feel thankful to the English Section for giving her a colleague of such unselfishness, courage, and desire to serve our common cause as George S. Arundale.

* * *

A very useful tour lies behind the welcome return of Mr. Jinarajadasa to Adyar. Theosophists in Burma had the good fortune of having him in their midst for some six weeks and all reports speak of excellent work done. As a Buddhist Mr. Jinarajadasa was able to touch the Buddhist heart of Burma and we hear of nothing but praise for his able exposition of Theosophical and Buddhist teachings. His last year's Convention lectures have been issued from the Press and the delay in publication is compensated for by the thoroughness of the author, for Mr. Jinarajadasa has taken great pains and has brought patient care to make this set of lectures take its place with some of the best series delivered by Mrs. Besant in the past. Every member and student should read the book.

* * *

With the closing month of 1915 we also come to the last number of our volume. Eight eventful years have rolled by since this little magazine was started. It was ushered in by the then newly-elected President and ever since she has kept touch with our many Sections and Lodges and members abroad through it. "THE ADYAR BULLETIN is the best of our cheap magazines" is a remark we have often heard and we offer our thanks to all—subscribers, readers, contributors as also those who work for it at Office and Press—for making it beloved of many in India and across the seas.

* * *

These eight years have been eventful. Imagine a patch of 25 acres of land, with the publishing and book-selling concern caged in a small octagonal room, our printers some eight miles away, our means of locomotion to them a single-horse carriage and often a jutka; imagine a dozen good workers plodding through the routine of our quiet days, and lack of housing accommodation precluding others from arriving on the scene; imagine study classes on the roof with the beloved leader seated by the side of what now appears to be a smelly dim kerosine oil lamp; imagine four, often less, people at the European dining table, wondering what brought them to Adyar and what will be its future, near and distant; imagine a Recording Secretary—it was our good Brother W. B. Fricke—whose shoulder bore "the weight of 13 sections and many non-sectionalised countries" instead of 23 sections and still many non-sectionalised lands of to-day; imagine a Treasurer of Mr. Schwarz's long business habits and experience figuring the simple figures of our humble accounts; and then turn from that picture to one of modern Adyar of some 280 acres, a splendid Publishing House, housed spaciouly thanks to Mr. C. R. Harvey, doing good business thanks to its many selfless workers past and present; Adyar with its fine Printing Press ably managed by Mr. Sitarama Shastri, and its electric installation in place of the oily smelly arrangements of what appears to be prehistoric days; Adyar with a gardener to look after its estate, with many bungalows and buildings providing ample

accommodation to members from all parts of the world ; Adyar with its Motor-cars, its Co-operative Shop, its little Girls' School, its Night School for servants and many things besides.

* *

Of its spiritual growth who can speak save her who has been at its central point radiating love, wisdom, power, making Adyar what it has come to, and still striving to unfold its hidden possibilities. How we remember the coming of our great leader and teacher C. W. Leadbeater and his finding of "the two boys"—Alcyone and Mizar—of the great events that followed that finding, of priceless teaching imparted and priceless service rendered ; of the struggle, the strife, engineered by the powers of jealousy and hatred and our expected triumph at the end ; of the many beautiful happenings invisible to the eye of flesh, of the——we can go on for long but let us turn from the retrospect to the prospect before us.

* *

The bustle of the Convention is upon us and when that is over and when Mrs. Besant's new great book *How India Wrought for Freedom* is out followed by Mr. T. L. Crombie's little volume *Towards Liberty : Being a Britisher's view concerning India*, our usual labours will be resumed. We sense great things coming to us in this ancient land and there will be much of writing and speaking on behalf of Theosophy and our Indian members should get ready for harder work and greater service. Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Serbia, Japan are unfolding their hidden powers through sacrifice and righteousness, as the Central Powers and their Allies are learning lessons through their egotism and materialism. The Neutrals watch but ponder over their fate, immediate and distant, and so all the world is in travail, from China to Peru. The hour of Divine Descent is at hand. The dawning of the Day is nigh. We as Theosophists and Pioneers are early risers who pray and chant and meditate at the quiet hour before the Sun comes out in all its splendour. Let our prayer be the Hymn of Love, our chant the Word of Power, our meditation the Flower of Wisdom, and so let us go from the Old to the New Year a blessing to the world and its vast humanity.

BUDDHIST TALES¹

Translated from the Pali

By F. L. WOODWARD

I

The Story of Atula, the Devotee

“THIS is a saying of olden days.” This discourse the Master spake, while dwelling at the Jetavana, concerning Atula the devotee.

This man was a devotee at Sāvattthī and had a following of five hundred. One day he took his disciples and went to the monks' dwelling to hear the preaching of the Law from the lips of the elder Rēvata ; and being eager to hear the Law he worshipped the elder Rēvata and sat down. Now this reverend elder delighted in reflexion, living alone like a lion ; therefore he spake not a word with him. Thereat the man was angry and said, “This elder spake not a word,” and he rose up and went to the elder Sāriputto and stood aside ; and when the elder asked, “Why are you come here ?” he replied, “Sir, I took these disciples of mine and approached the elder Rēvata, to hear him preach the Law ; but the elder said not a word to me, so I grew angry with him and am come here ; talk to me of the Law.”

Then said the elder Sāriputto, “Sit down, my son,” and he gave him a long discourse on the Transcendental Doctrine.

¹ These tales, like the series in a former issue, are translated from the Pāli of the Commentary on the Dhammapada (vol. 3, Pāli-Text Society's Ed.).

Then said the devotee, "A discourse on the Transcendental Doctrine is exceedingly abstruse; the elder has given us much talk on the Transcendental; what is the use of that to us?" and he grew angry, took his retinue and went his way to the elder Ānanda; and when the elder asked, "Well! what is it, my son?" he made reply, "Sir, we approached the elder Rēvata to hear a discourse on the Law; but we did not get a single word from him; so we went angrily to the elder Sāriputto, and he gave us a long abstruse sermon on the Transcendental. 'What is the use of this to us?' said we, got angry with him and came away here. Sir, give us a talk about the Law."

"Sit you down, then, and listen," said the elder, and told them things they ought to know, but very little of the Law.

So they got angry with the elder and went to the Master, worshipped Him and sat down on one side. Then said the Master "Why are you come here, my sons?"

"Lord, we came to hear the Law."

"Well, and have you heard the Law?"

"Lord, first of all we approached the elder Rēvata, but he said not a word to us; angry with him, we went to the elder Sāriputto, who told us much of the Transcendental; but as we could not understand that, we grew angry and went to the elder Ānanda; by him very little of the Law was told us; so, angered with him, we are now come here."

When the Master heard this story He said: "Atula, it is a custom established from very ancient times that men speak harshly both of the silent man, the long-tongued man and the short-spoken man. No man may be wholly praised or wholly blamed; even kings are some of them blamed, while some are praised. There are men who blame even the mighty earth, the moon and sun and even the All-Enlightened One, as he sits amid the fourfold gathering¹ preaching the Law. A slight thing, truly, is the praise or blame of fools; but he who is blamed by the wise and learned man is blamed indeed, and he who is praised by such

¹ The Fourfold Gathering or Congregation is that of Monks and Nuns, male devotees and female devotees, (*bhikkhū, bhikkhunīyo, upāsakā and upāsikā*).

an one is praised indeed": and so saying He sang these verses:

Atula, there runs an ancient saw
Of old, not of to-day;
"They blame the man who silent sits,
Or whose tongue wags alway;
And blame the man who keeps the mean;
None in the world is free from blame."
There never was, nor will be, sure,
Nor lives now among men
A being blamed entirely
Nor one entirely blamed.
But one whom men of wisdom praise,
Watching him day by day,
Of faultless life, of holy ways,
Thoughtful and wise, like Jambu gold,
Who to blame such a saint is bold?
Even the gods him reverence show;
Brahmā doth him in honour hold.

When the sermon was over, those five hundred devotees were established in the Fruits of the First Initiation.

II

*The Story of the Brāhmaṇa of Sāketa*¹

"Those Sages who in innocence"—this sermon the Master spake while dwelling near Sāketa in the Anjana grove, in answer to a question put by some monks. They say that one day the Blessed One, girt with a following of monks, had entered Sāketa to beg a meal. Now a certain dweller in Sāketa, a very aged Brāhmaṇ, was coming forth from the town; and when he saw the Lord of the Ten Powers² in the gateway, he fell at His feet and worshipped Him, and clasping his ankles firmly, cried: "O my dear son! should not parents be tended by their sons in their old age? Why hast thou not shown thyself to us for so long a time? Now that I have seen Thee, come see Thy mother too!" So he took the Master and led him to his own home.

Then the Master entered in and sat down with His company of monks upon seats prepared for them. Then in came the old lady, fell at the Master's feet and cried, "O my

¹ The outline of this story will be also found in the First Volume of the *Jātaka Stories*, Fausbøll, p. 308.

² The Ten Powers. The qualities that make a Buddha.

dear Son! Should not parents be tended in old age?" and called her sons and daughters, saying, "Come hither and worship your brother!" and made them worship Him.

So they two with happy hearts waited on the Buddha at the head of His company of monks, saying: "Lord, take Thy meals even here!" And when He replied, "Buddhas take not meals always in one place," they said, "Then, Lord, whosoever comes to invite Thee, send him on to us."

So henceforth the Master, when any came to invite Him, said, "Go and tell the Brāhmana".

So they went and said, "We invite the Master for this day's food"; and on another day, taking a bowl of rice and bowls of broth from his own house, he went to the place where the Master sat, and when there was none else to invite Him the Master made His meal at the Brāhmana's house.

So they two for a long time did service to the Tathāgato, listening to His religious talk, and so achieved the Fruits of the Path of No Return.¹

Now the monks fell a-talking in the preaching-hall, saying, "Brother, the Brāhmana knows well that Suddhodana was the father of the Tathāgato, and that Mahāmāya was His Mother. In spite of this, along with the old lady, he persists in calling the Tathāgato 'our son'; and what is more, the Master approves of it. What does it mean?"

Now the Master heard their talk and said, "O monks! both of them call me son, for their son I was," and He told them a tale of long ago.

"O monks! in the past this Brāhmana in 500 births in unbroken succession was my father, in 500 births my uncle, and in 500 births my grandfather. So also the Brāhmani was

¹ This is the second degree of the Third Initiation. One who has thus attained the full degree is born no more on earth or in a *kāmaloka*, unless he chooses, but attains Arahantship in the same life, or he is reborn in one of the five highest Form-worlds (*Rupaloka*'s of *Brahmaloka*; according to Theosophy, in the higher Causal Worlds). Thence he attains Arahantship, or the Fourth Stage. The members of these sixteen grades (the eight pairs) are called *Ariya*, the Saints, the Elect. The Arahant is called *Asekha* or "he who is no longer a pupil". According to H. P. B., however, there is always a triad above the quaternary of the popular teaching; thus the *Asekha* is really a stage, or three, higher than even the Arahant; but orthodox Buddhism teaches that there is nothing beyond the Arahant, the Fourth.

in 500 births in unbroken succession my mother, in 500 births my aunt, and in 500 births my grandmother, so for 1,500 births was I brought up by the hand of the Brāhmana and for 1,500 by her". So He showed that He was their son by virtue of three thousand lives and sang these verses;

Whoso takes thy fancy,
Whoso at first sight
Charms thy heart with tenderness,
Give him trust with all thy might.

Either in the long ago
With him thou didst dwell;
Or thro' some help rendered
In this life (for who can tell?)
To the heart Love riseth
As a lotus climbeth
To the surface of the well.

So the Master abode three months with that family; and they two realised the state of Arahant and passed finally into *Nibbāna*. Then did men pay them great honour and placed them on one funeral hearse and took them away. And the Master Himself, followed by 500 monks, went along with them to the burning-ground, and a great concourse went forth, saying, "Tis said they were the parents of the Enlightened One."

And the Master entered into a house near the burning-ground and stood there, and men worshipped Him and stood aside saying, "Lord, think not thy parents are dead," and fell into talk with the Master. Then He without contradicting them read the thoughts of the multitude and taught them the Truth just suited to that occasion, and sang the Song of Old Age¹ beginning thus;

Short is this life; a hundred years
Are not transcended.
Tho' one draw out his life so long,
Old age doth end it.

At the end of the discourse eighty-four thousand beings grasped the Truth.² The monks, not knowing that the

¹ This is a set of 17 stanzas to be found in the *Suttanipata*, iv, 6.

² Entered the Path. It is difficult to see how so many could have been actually present, but it is said that when a Buddha preaches, beings of all sorts, mostly invisible, cluster round to hear Him, and are thus converted to the Truth.

Brāhmaṇa and his wife had passed into final Nibbāna, asked :
 "Lord, what is their state of sanctification?" And the Master
 made reply, "O monks, there is no state of sanctification for
 perfected sages such as these. Such as these reach the eternal
 deathless state"; and so saying He sang these verses;

Those sages¹ who in innocence
 Tame this body by the Law,
 They have reached the Place Immortal,
 Whither going
 Men shall sorrow nevermore.

and at the end of the discourse many people reached the Fruits
 of the First Initiation.

THE PATH OF BEAUTY

By L. HADEN GUEST

COME into the land of Great Work—past where the
 roses are—

Past where the heart's blood of the rose is strewed in
 petals on the earth. Oh, come!

Tarry not by the river of forgetfulness—tarry there not,
 but with heart full, remember.

In the cup of the rose hold flame; hold flame, and set it in
 the chamber of thy heart. Let shine the flame of the rose over
 all the world—the world of the Great Work.

Here by the Temple pedestal slain is the pilgrim of beauty.
 Here is the rose crushed dead—here is the lamp outpoured.

Oh with heart full remember the glory and splendour of
 the pilgrimage—with heart full come to the great work of the
 world.

Remember the weakness that was like rain; remember the
 death and pain; remember the flame—the golden flame in the
 heart of the rose; remember the golden glory. Smile and
 remember. . . . Weep and remember.

¹ A Muni. The Commentary says: "Those who by practice of a discipline
 have reached the Fruit of the Four Paths are Sages who have become
 Masters (*Asekhamunayo*)."

THE GREAT WAR AND "THE SECRET DOCTRINE"

By CAPTAIN A. M. URQUHART

THERE are few, if any, problems of life which cannot be
 illumined when studied in the light of *The Secret Doctrine*.
 If we direct its search-light on to the seeming chaos of the
 present world-struggle, we may be enabled, in some measure, to
 estimate the relative values of events and to see them in their
 true perspective.

Students of Theosophy are familiar with the idea of the
 cyclic laws which govern the development of everything in
 manifestation, from atoms to universes, and how the smaller
 cycles of birth, growth and decay of the individual, the tribe,
 the nation, the sub-race, fit in progressively with the larger
 cycles of rounds and chains and systems.

. . . . From the stars twinkling high in heaven from
 Worlds of Atoms, everything in the Universe from great to small,
 proceeds in its spiritual and physical evolution cyclically and
 septennially, showing its seventh and fourth number (the latter, the
 turning point), behaving in the same way as is shown in that periodic
 law of atoms.—*S. D.*, I, 640 (foot-note).

. . . . the great Racial cycles affect equally all the nations
 and tribes included in that special Race; but there are minor and
 national as well as tribal cycles within these, which run their course
 independently of each other.—*S. D.*, I, 704.

. . . . siderial motions are inseparably blended with the
 destinies of nations and men.—*S. D.*, I, 706.

That H. P. B. foresaw the present crisis will be evident
 from the following quotations:

Every nation and tribe of the Western Āryans, like their
 Eastern brethren of the fifth race, has had its Golden and its Iron
 age, its period of comparative irresponsibility, or its Satya age of

purity, and now, several of them have reached their Iron Age, the Kali Yuga, an age black with horrors.—*S. D.*, I, 706.

But as we are at the mid point of our sub-race of the fifth Root Race—the acme of materiality in each—the animal propensities, though more refined, are none the less developed; and this is most marked in civilised countries.—*S. D.*, I, 668.

It is simply knowledge, and mathematically correct computations, which enable the wise men of East to foretell, for instance, that England is on the eve of such or another catastrophe; that France is nearing such a point in her cycle; and that Europe in general is threatened with, or rather is on the eve of, a cataclysm, to which her own cycle of racial Karma has led her.—*S. D.*, I, 708.

Though the principal antagonists in the present struggle belong to the fifth and fourth sub-races (the Teutonic and the Keltic), it is interesting to note that the first sub-race, from India, is also engaged, as well as the remnants of the second and third sub-races. So it would appear as if this were the turning point for the Root Race as a whole, its deepest descent into matter and its turning point on the upward arc.

It is curious to note how the centres of the early migrations of the sub-races are now the scenes of strife. We have Mesopotamia, prominent in the history of the early sub-races (the Arab and Iranian); the Caucasus, where the fifth and fourth sub-races rested for ages, and made for themselves a home before spreading over Europe; the shores of the Aegean which witnessed the exploits of the early Keltic races (Trojans and Greeks); Poland, the second centre from which scattered the numerous branches of the Teutonic sub-race; and the present Western front in Flanders, which, from the time of the ancient Gauls onwards, has so often seen the “red ruin” of war.

Could we but pierce through the mask of personality, how many of the leaders of old might not be revealed taking their part in the mighty struggle. Does it seem improbable that we should find an Alexander, a Hannibal, a Caesar, returned to the scenes of their former triumphs! Though the latter may not this time have to throw bridges across the Rhine, we know that he is to play a leading part in the reconstruction which will follow the strife.

The cyclic laws are taken advantage of by the Guardians of humanity, in their endeavours to advance evolution, and this crisis is therefore an indication of the near advent of a Teacher who will show the way along the ascending arc of the cycle, and assist in the launching forth of the new sub-race—the sixth.

It may be interesting to note where we stand, according to *The Secret Doctrine*, with reference to the larger cycles.

1. *Our Planetary Chain*: We have passed the mid point of the fourth round of the fourth incarnation of our Earth Scheme. This point of greatest descent into matter of our Scheme occurred during the sway of the Fourth Root Race in Atlantis. We are now on the upward arc as far as concerns our Scheme as a whole.

2. *Our Solar System* (a Day of Brahmā extending over a period of 4,320,000,000 years) is still some 204 million years short of its mid point.

It would thus appear probable that our Solar System would reach its deepest descent into matter during the fourth incarnation of the Saturn Scheme which is now in its third incarnation. The Saturn Scheme would seem to hold a similar position among Planetary Chains of the System to the fourth globe among the globes of a chain; that is, of all the Schemes it is the one which descends deepest into matter. It is called... “Shani, Saturn, the Krūra-lochana (evil-eyed) and the Asīṭa (the Dark).”—*S. D.*, II, 32. It has Manvantaras of enormous length, and would appear to be an ideal place for the Lords of the Dark Face who can find no further scope on the Earth Scheme!

Our Universe: “One Parārḍha, or half of the existence of Brahmā has already expired in the present Mahā Kalpa.”—*S. D.*, I, 395.

The Mahā Kalpa is divided into “Seven Eternities” (*S. D.*, I, 68), so we are now in the middle of the fourth Eternity of our Universe.

Another correspondent sends an interesting extract from *The Secret Doctrine*, “as it strikes me as being the simplest

and most straightforward statement that has been written on the subject—especially since the War”. The quotation is from *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, pp. 704-06.

An Occultist or a Philosopher will not speak of the goodness or cruelty of Providence; but, identifying it with Karma-Nemesis, he will nevertheless teach that it guards the good and watches over them in this, as in future lives; and that it punishes the evil-doer—aye, even to his seventh re-birth—so long, indeed, as the effect of his having thrown into perturbation even the smallest atom in the Infinite World of Harmony has not been finally readjusted. For the only decree of Karma—an eternal and immutable decree—is absolute Harmony in the world of matter as it is in the world of Spirit. It is not, therefore, Karma that rewards or punishes, but it is we who reward or punish ourselves, according as we work with, through and along with Nature, abiding by the laws on which that harmony depends, or—breaking them.

Nor would the ways of Karma be inscrutable were men to work in union and harmony, instead of disunion and strife. For our ignorance of these ways—which one portion of mankind calls the ways of Providence, dark and intricate, while another sees in them the action of blind Fatalism, and a third, simple chance, with neither Gods nor Devils to guide them—would surely disappear, if we would but attribute all of them to their correct cause. With right knowledge, or, at any rate, with a confident conviction that our neighbours would no more work to hurt us than we would think of harming them, two-thirds of the world's evil would vanish into thin air. Were no man to hurt his brother, Karma-Nemesis would have neither cause to work for, nor weapons to act through. It is the constant presence in our midst of every element of strife and opposition, and the division of races, nations, tribes, societies and individuals into Cains and Abels, wolves and lambs, that is the chief cause of the “ways of Providence.” We cut these numerous windings in our destinies daily with our own hands, while we imagine that we are pursuing a track on the royal high road of respectability and duty, and then we complain because these windings are so intricate and so dark. We stand bewildered before the mystery of our own making, and the riddles of life that *we will not* solve, and then accuse the great sphinx of devouring us. But verily there is not an accident in our lives, not a misshapen day, or a misfortune, that could not be traced back to our own doings in this or in another life. If one breaks the laws of Harmony, or, as a Theosophical writer expresses it, the “laws of life,” one must be prepared to fall into the chaos oneself has produced. For, according to the same writer :

“The only conclusion one can come to is that these laws of life are their own avengers; and consequently that every avenging angel is only a typified representation of their reaction.”

Therefore, if any one is helpless before these immutable laws, it is not ourselves, the artificers of our destinies, but rather those Angels, the guardians of Harmony. Karma-Nemesis is no more than the spiritual dynamical effect of causes produced, and forces awakened into activity, by our own actions. It is a law of Occult dynamics that “a given amount of energy expended on the spiritual or astral plane is productive of far greater results than the same amount expended on the physical objective plane of existence”.

This condition of things will last till man's spiritual intuitions are fully opened, and this will not be until we fairly cast off our thick coats of matter; until we begin acting from *within*, instead of ever following impulses from *without*, impulses produced by our physical senses and gross selfish body. Until then the only palliatives for the evils of life are union and harmony—a Brotherhood *in actu*, and altruism not simply in name. The suppression of one single bad *cause* will suppress not one, but many bad effects. And if a Brotherhood, or even a number of Brotherhoods, may not be able to prevent nations from occasionally cutting each other's throats, still unity in thought and action, and philosophical research into the mysteries of being, will always prevent some persons, who are trying to comprehend that which has hitherto remained to them a riddle, from creating additional causes of mischief in a world already so full of woe and evil.

AVATĀRA

(“*Surely I come quickly*”)

Christ, Maitreya, make wars to cease.
Prayer rises ever, from near, from far :
Krishna, Christ, slay the dogs of war,
Bring us Thy peace again, Prince of Peace.

Christ, Maitreya, make wars to cease,
Pour from Within the all-conquering Light ;
Krishna, Christ, chase the Powers of Night,
Come to bring peace again, Prince of Peace.

Christ, Maitreya, make wars to cease,
Auras of nations set flashing in tune :
Krishna, Christ, bring the World-Peace soon,
Brotherhood calls for Thee, Prince of Peace.

MARGARET THEODORA GRIFFITH

THE ARTIST'S REBELLION

By HOWARD EDIE

IT is strange how artists invariably rebel against the conventions. One can observe this attitude very strongly in the young artist; but as his powers expand and he comes to the realisation of the selfishness upon which many of his ideas rest, he realises that an indifferent law is better than no law, and so gradually his attention and admiration is captured by the heroes and heroines that embody purity in its highest human form. Almost imperceptibly he diminishes his indulgence in psychological characterisations of strange emotional creatures and makes them subservient to the great and good characters. His strongest enthusiasm is channelled and set flowing into the fountain of glorification, which henceforth is used for adorning and illuminating true heroism.

A good deal of the rebellion in question is undoubtedly caused by the innate love of truth which all artists possess, and this, combined with the feeling that his imagination must be kept unhampered, makes him inclined to be intolerant towards the petty hypocrisies of our social system. He frequently displays his contempt for customs of which he cannot altogether approve, by flagrantly flouting them, as he wishes to discourage their extension, which he conceives would become a cramping process of evolution and an enemy to freedom of thought and action.

Where this weakness or want of true perception persists to middle or old age it invariably breeds misanthropes and, necessarily, mediocrities.

There is bound to be friction between art and morality whilst humanity is struggling towards the light, as the artist must necessarily champion what he conceives to be the joyousness of life: beauty and freedom. There is no doubt that the severity of our traditional code of morals has awakened within his breast a resentment that is expressed sometimes in an extreme manner, at least until age has ripened his judgment and modified his opinions. When the time arrives, and our brooding artist has gained a little self-knowledge through his sufferings and disappointments and has learned to choose between egoism and altruism, life has a different complexion for him. When he turns from the road that is dark, to the one decorated with many lamps, that leads to the crowning glory of our existence—unselfish service to humanity—then he tastes of the true artist's fare and gets perpetual glimpses of that heaven wherein he reigns in peace as a high priest of the "Beautiful".

GOOD AND EVIL

M. R. ST. JOHN

AT a time like the present when the greatest and most terrible of all Wars is raging, it is not surprising that the old, old problem of good and evil forces itself upon the attention of all thinking people, many of whom, some in despair, some in eager questioning, some in an anti-religious spirit, but most in bewilderment, are asking themselves and one another some such questions as these:

If there is a God, how can such things be?

If God is good, how can the existence of such appalling evil be explained?

How is it possible to reconcile the statement that God is love with the horrors and cruelties that have been and are being perpetrated in connection with this War?

Surely the Scriptural saying "The meek shall inherit the earth" is utter nonsense?

Of what use has Christianity been when, after nigh on 2,000 years of it, we find the Nations that have professed to be its leading exponents engaged in the process of exterminating each other?

These are samples of the varied questions that are being forced on the minds and reason of men to-day, and it is clear that none of them can be answered off-hand.

Yet an answer and an explanation there is, and it is one that is based on two fundamental facts of nature, both of which the representatives of religion have, with a few notable exceptions, either studiously ignored, been careful to avoid, or were blissfully ignorant of.

I refer to the two great principles of Evolution and Free Will, and it is only by the certitude that these form inseparable parts of the Divine plan, that wars and other terrestrial happenings, which cause such wholesale destruction of human life, can be explained at all, for, if there was no explanation of these things, it would be like living in a chaos instead of a cosmos, and pure Atheism would replace honest Agnosticism.

What, then, is Evolution, and how would you define Free Will?

The former signifies a steady progress out of some condition into another, a process of expansion and growth, and it is what we see going on around us in all the kingdoms of nature.

Free Will, as opposed to the doctrine of Predestination, signifies that Man, who is by nature potentially Divine, can only reach the goal to which the evolutionary force impels him, through being permitted to learn by his own experience, for while he has been nursed in the past, he must now be considered as having left the nursery and having entered upon the curriculum of school life where, although he is under a certain amount of restraint (natural laws), he possesses to a great extent free will, and can either break the laws of the school, which action invariably brings upon him a corresponding reaction more or less unpleasant, or work in accordance with them.

This is how Man learns, this is how he evolves. The analogy of the school is given because there are in all schools many classes, boys both good and bad, clever and stupid, a school composed of only one kind of boy does not exist; and does not this give us some insight into the problem of good and evil, for evil is in fact ignorance and sometimes ignorance of a colossal kind which takes a long time to get rid of.

Humanity is still very young, has yet a long, long way to go, and very much to learn and acquire on its journey; is it therefore to be wondered at that it is still more or less in the savage state?—most boys are!

This also explains why evil seems to possess so great a power in contra-distinction to the power of good, for, whereas at the present stage evil is positive, the condition of so-called

goodness that a section of mankind has reached, can only be accurately described as the negation of evil, the ceasing to do evil things, which is not quite the same thing as being good.

Positive goodness is somewhat rare and is not found in the great negative mass of those who imagine themselves as good by merely refraining from evil.

Is it not said "Refrain from evil, do good," and it is only possible to be good by "thinking no evil".

Many pious and worthy people often labour under the belief that goodness must invariably have God on its side against evil, and of course they are right in a sense, but what would be the use of the Almighty giving Man Free Will, and then invariably taking an "active" part on the one side? And it ought to be realised that such an interference could never take place unless the whole evolutionary scheme was in danger (*vide*, the case of Atlantis).

Man has to work out his own salvation and because this is so we should neither be surprised nor alarmed at what is taking place in the world to-day, in spite of all the tragedy and horror accompanying it. When peace comes upon earth again, all the nations engaged in this gigantic conflict will have learned some bitter lessons, all will have been purged of much of the dross miscalled civilisation, hence all will walk more warily for some time to come, and the experience gained first-hand is far more likely to have a lasting effect than if the Almighty became for the time being the "tribal deity" of one or other of the factions engaged.

It will be pointed out that the cause of the Allies is essentially a righteous one, that they are fighting for freedom against tyranny, for, in fact, the freedom of the whole world.

That may be so, but as nothing really worth having is ever obtained without a corresponding sacrifice, the Allies must be prepared to pay the price of the freedom they set so much store upon, and not to grumble when they find the figure a high one.

Incidentally the Germans do not appear to value or appreciate it to anything like the same extent.

Further, it should not be lost sight of that there are forms of Democratic Government which are infinitely worse than Kaiserdom, and this has already been seen in the tyranny of trade-unionism, and a wrong kind of socialism which was beginning to assert itself for some considerable time before the War broke out, and so far had this gone that some of the wisest heads have emphatically declared that England was not ready for Democracy, because there was far too much selfishness and self-seeking connected with it, and also that the socialism that is only collective individualism, is certainly not one whit better than the very abuses which, in its original inception, it was meant to combat.

That there is a true and brotherly socialism deep down in the heart of things has been proved by the enormous self-sacrifices that have been made since the War began, and when the tumult is over and the nations, battered and weakened, have entered upon a peace, to enable such a peace to be of real and lasting value, and not merely an armed pact, this spirit that has shown out so well in the time of stress must never again be allowed to sink into a somnolent lethargy, but must be kept alive and vigorous, for all unselfish work towards the betterment of the nations furthers the mighty scheme of Evolution under which, slowly but surely, humanity is wending its way towards that goal where the conflicting forces of good and evil cease to be.

HIS HOUR OF HEALING

By HELEN M. STARK

IT was a "Remington" day, only that artist could have painted it. The distant mountains in the West loomed startlingly near beneath the magic of the midday sun, their valleys heaped with purple shadows, and their canyon doorways hung with violet veils of gossamer haze. Behind the northern peaks lay huge cloud masses, a symphony in varying shades of blue. Lightning flashed occasionally from their depths, gleaming silvery in the sunlight. It was a picture of inscrutable fascination, a scene on which the sphinx of human destiny might brood for ages, and amid its calm immutability draw out the thread of fate.

Just below the foot-hills in the valley's edge lay the one discordant note. It spoke of effort out of harmony with this eternal calm, of man in his weakness and shortness of days, pitting himself against the passive but unceasing resistance of the desert. Here was a small adobe cottage, its broad verandah covered with climbing roses which to-day hung limp and fading in the heat. Near the house was a pond, and a windmill swinging a fitful circuit as the hot breath of the desert now and then swept past it.

Upon the verandah steps sat a man, but through his unsmiling, introspective eyes the promise of the prayed-for rain carried no message to the surging mind: deep in the travail of relentless judgment, he was oblivious to all other things. It was his hour of realisation, and he had walked through pain to greet it. At the man's feet lay a letter, torn across. It was from a woman. The woman he had loved for years. It was a

polite letter, a very calm and reasonable letter. She was glad that he was better, glad indeed that his prospects seemed so bright. Then she told of her career, the plaudits of her growing audiences, the golden offers of the managers. Her music was making its way. "It seemed a sin," her friends said, yes, even her own mind admitted it, whatever her heart might say, "to go away out into the desert merely for love, when here the sweetest fruits of social and financial success hung ripe for her plucking." And since the doctors said that he could never live in any other place—well, it was a pity. She was so sorry. She hoped he'd forget all they had been to each other, the dreams, the hopes, the plans. They must be strong, and shut the door of the past upon all these fancies, and live for the real, tangible things of life.

Yes it was a sensible letter, but the man did not value it, he had torn it across and thrown it upon the ground. And still he sat there, while memories bitter, sweet or stirring thronged his mind. The sun sank behind the darkening mountains, and the glorious, flowing, windswept banners of the sunset streamed out toward him, bringing the hour that he loved best. Many a letter from him to her had glowed in its reflected glory. He had called it the golden, jewelled gateway of the kingdom of the gods, and had laughed at the flaming sword he saw flashing above it. "With love," he said, "with her, this little flower-clad cottage outside the golden city was fair enough for him. He wanted no gift the gods might hold, unless it should be immortality, only an eternity in which to taste his happiness."

And again impoverishing the vocabulary of colour, he had described it to her in the terms of her own art, of music. He had called it the splendid grand opera of the gods, the fitting finale of the Sun King's daily symphony. He had tried to make her see, as he could see, the marching throngs of evening's colour-bearers as they retreated inward toward the golden heart of day, blowing their silver-throated trumpets, every note of which, by some strange miracle of correlation, was writing itself in tints ethereal upon the

twilight sky. He had always loved the sunset. Often from the heat and toil of the day his thought had run joyously forward to this his hour of healing, and with it for him came peace and joy. To-night, with these came back that past when he had thrilled in all the mystic wonders of the world he lived in; the finer, lovelier beauties of the earth; the half veiled mysteries of the human heart; the cryptic import of his radiant dreams; the hovering thoughts which brushed him with their wings and paused not, yet which wooed him upward to a larger life as the mother bird wins her fledgling to flight. These, all these, came back to him in the sunset hour, and lesser things fell from him with the care and toil of the day.

Until now he had not realised how incompatible had been the two dear hopes that filled his heart, how his mind had dallied between them, had found its joy, now in his ideal life, now in the woman who knew it not. Without her physical presence he had been able to enjoy both. If her answer had been different, if she had come to him could he still have found it so? With her beside him in the flesh could he make life what he planned it or would conflicting and antagonistic impulses have driven him, torn, bruised and shipwrecked, into that shoreless gulf—the tragic oblivion of an inert mind and a hopeless heart? From childhood he had walked alone, hopeful at times that life in its unfoldment would give to him a friend to walk beside him. When love came, all else grew pale before its dazzling radiance. The ideal in his heart was half forgotten in the presence of this joyful, vivid, thrilling girl of flesh and blood. He had wished to enter her life completely. He had tried to harmonise his thought, his act, his every impulse, fully and freely with hers: to forget, to shut away within the secret chambers of his soul, every part of his mind and heart which she did not want or understand. He had thought he could go on for ever living this half life. He felt so sure that the joy of love could pay for all he must forget, so sure that in its fulness were to be found deeper revelations of Nature's truth than in the lonely life without it. He had even hoped that it might bring to her a fuller wisdom, that through its interpretation she might see

deeper meanings in the wealth of art than she had found before. He had hoped this, and in the many months since he had seen her this hope had grown to be a delusion that wrapped him in its rosy folds. But now the hope was broken, the dream had faded. Before him on the ground, torn across, lay her letter. What did it mean? Could he tear from life's book these latest pages and throw them upon the ground, gladly forgetting an episode that now was lifeless, putting behind him all that fell below his loftiest flight?

Brilliant, remote and pure came out the evening star, symbol to him of heavenly mysteries, and with it came back those soul-born inspirations he once had shunned as traitor thoughts to her. These were of visions so holy that he had feared to utter them, mystic revelations of the heart too pure for the touch of a word. Back through the labyrinth of memory his spirit wandered, lighted to-night by that pure ray which hid no secret of his past from him. He saw the meaning of his life revealed as it had never been before, and in that hour he knew that in his own soul lay joy greater than in the love of woman. Long, long he sat there while other stars came out to see the little world again, and each one seemed to him another lamp set out upon a stairway.

SUNLIGHT

By E. GILBERT

AND in the course of my wanderings I came as a stranger into a strange land, and one of the inhabitants thereof took pity upon me, and thinking me not indeed a wise man, but one of a different kind who might know the nature of gold and of jewels, having seen them perchance in other lands, he took me to his house and showed me his gold and his jewels. And having the heart of a child, and as the sea winds had blown away the dust from my eyes, his riches became visible to me, and I marvelled, saying: "Surely this is a land of the blessed, for doubtless each man has such store of wealth." But as he spoke further on the matter he showed me that such riches were indeed rare, nor should I find any other household in that land where light, or gold, or jewels were so much as known. So that my heart was at once joyous and sad, for that as a reward of virtue in a former life I had come to that house, and sad that I should see no other like unto it. And some days afterward it chanced that another, also taking me for a stranger and a simpleton, showed to me his treasures, and yet again a third—for as yet I had not lost the sight of my eyes. But after many days it came to pass that my sight grew dim, and I meditated in solitude upon these things, and how it came about that none of these three could enter the household of another, nor know that each had gold and jewels in abundance, though set in different ways. Thus it came to me that these men were purblind, each seeing only by his own light, so that the riches of another could never become known to him. Moreover I remembered that in my own

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land men were of the same fashion, and I also like to them, in that I could see the wealth of none in that city save of those three men, nor theirs till they had shown it to me. And after many days my vision ceased and I lived in a world of darkness, wondering and sorrowing that I had lost the light. And it came to pass that on the day of the great awakening I left that city and climbed to a mountain top alone, and as the sun reached mid-heaven the city below glowed with the beams reflected from every house, and I knew that the whole world had abundance of wealth and beauty for him who has eyes to see. Thus when the mists grow thick over my eyes, and the light from the household of my neighbours dims, I go to the mountain top at noon, leaving my household and its jewels, and in the glory of the sun my eyes are opened, and each year the power of vision lengthens.

But of these things I speak but little in the city, for they say that it is the dream of a man made mad by solitude, nor is it right that one leaving his fellows should wander in strange places whence naught but ill can come.

MR. ARUNDALE TO HIS FELLOW MEMBERS

[Mr. George S. Arundale, M.A., LL.B., who has been elected General Secretary of the T. S. in England and Wales, has addressed the following to his Section in the November *Vahan*. This expression is of value and interest to all Theosophists all over the world.—ED.]

MAY I offer my grateful thanks to the members of the T. S. in England and Wales, and to the National Council, for giving me the privilege of serving our Brotherhood as General Secretary? I am aware that a certain misgiving has been very naturally felt as to my close association with the Order of the Star in the East, and as to the effect such association might have on my work in the T. S. In this connection I venture to print below some remarks I intend publishing in the next issue of the *Herald of the Star*, so that members of the T. S. may know how I have defined my attitude to the members of the Order of the Star in the East. I shall hope, month by month, to write "The Outlook" and I ask all my fellow members to be assured that I shall do all in my power to be worthy of the trust they have so generously reposed in me.

"The new duties, with which my fellow members of the T. S. will thus have honoured me, will inevitably demand the greater portion of my time. I have always felt, as a Theosophist, that the Theosophical Society is the mother of all movements to which I have the privilege to belong; and when the mother calls for service her sons must be ready to give up all for her sake. One of the greatest happinesses of my life has been my association with the Order of the Star in the East, but I feel sure I will not be misunderstood when I say that it is, perhaps, a greater privilege to work for the root from which the Order of the Star in the East has sprung. In reality, of course, both movements are reflections of the work of the Great White Lodge and as such claim our homage and allegiance.

"But it is the broad and catholic platform of the Theosophical Society which enables subsidiary movements to come into existence, and while the Order of the Star in the East will live for a time, the Theosophical Society will endure for all time, and service of the Theosophical movement means added power to all movements which in their early youth have been sheltered under its tolerant strength. I shall feel it my duty, therefore, in my capacity as General Secretary, almost exclusively to occupy myself with work directly connected with the Theosophical Society, and this will mean that I shall be unable therefore to devote as much attention to the work I have been doing in connection with the Order of the Star in the East. I shall, of course, continue these pages, and do all I can to be of assistance in spreading the principles of our Order; but the General Secretary of the Theosophical Society must, in my opinion, enforce the great principles we call Theosophy, and must be exceedingly careful not to associate himself predominantly with any subsidiary principles, however true these may be. It is the glory of the Theosophical movement that we are able to count within its ranks men and women of the most divergent views, provided they believe in the Universal Brotherhood and desire to do their share in making Brotherhood a living reality in the world. Representing his fellow members, a General Secretary must be able to welcome from his heart all who fulfil this condition of membership, and he must strive to show in speech and action, whatever his personal tendencies may be, that the Society is a real home for all in whom the spirit of Brotherhood breathes. Whether I shall be successful in doing this time alone will show, but I hope that any who fear that my close personal association with the Order of the Star in the East may tend to endanger the position of the Society will find, in practice, that the only effect has been to broaden my sympathies, and to give me a wider understanding."

I am always in full sympathy with those members of the Theosophical Society who are anxious that the parent movement should not be swamped or overwhelmed by organisations to

which it has given birth. The Theosophical Society is indeed the parent tree, and upon the vitality of the trunk depends the vigour of the branches. But I ask such members to act as mothers, and not as the traditional stepmother. A benevolent attitude will do far more good than a suspicious one, and I can assure them, on behalf of the leaders of most of the subsidiary activities now in prominence, that a little more pride in the virility of their children would evoke a corresponding increase in reverence for those who have made these subordinate movements possible. Parents cannot expect their children to be replicas of themselves, nor should they wonder if the younger generation emphasise the special ideals for which the young age stands. I repeat once more that many movements now claiming the attention of the world exist because the older generation has fought for the truths from which they draw their force. But the grandeur of the Theosophical Society depends upon what it includes, upon its power to assimilate new truths without compromising its essential neutrality, and not upon its discarding of its children the moment they grow big and strong.

Efforts to identify the T. S. with any of its children must be stamped out, but time and goodwill will accomplish this, and above all an understanding created by mutual co-operation. Each one of us is eager to do his best and to work his hardest. The points of difference are infinitely fewer than many of us suppose, and I think that if some of the older and more responsible members of the parent body who look somewhat askance at what are called "recent developments" would take the lead and summon to their counsel a few of those active in, and identified with, subsidiary activities, a "*modus vivendi et operandi*" would be reached highly satisfactory to all parties concerned. I, for one, believe that a quiet talk among earnest people reveals in a very special way that underlying Brotherhood which sometimes seems lost when veiled in so many divergent forms; and I hope that, before long, such collaboration may become the outward and visible sign that we recognise that we are all approaching the one goal, however much we may differ in external form and method.

THE ANGEL OF THE CHURCH OF—

By MARSYAS

That fair young Angel the Most High hath set
In His due place among the shining Powers
Who rule the Nations, tho' the World forget,
To guard and guide this lovely Land of ours,
Weareth new splendour in these epic days
When to the Young Race He hath brooded o'er
The Greater whom He serveth sudden lays
The unerring touchstone of a World-wide War.

Tender His heart as any Mother's; bright
Gloweth His brow with craftsman pride; His eyes
Burn with soft flame, as Hesperus at height
Burns thro' the awe-stilled, amethystine skies;
His form dilates; from out His passionate lips
Burst broken snatches of ungoverned song—
So pours some fir-throned, happy thrush, as dips
Our August Sun, his lay the Vale along.

Part praise that they, His one unsleeping care,
Already worthy God's assay be deemed;
Part fear-blent hope o' the issue; part wild prayer
That they shall prove them all that He hath dreamed—
Men, very Men, alert of eye and ear;
Men, very Men, strong-willed, quick-brained,
heart-pure:

Light-swift to answer when the Call they hear;
Mighty to strike, and patient to endure.

Nor long He waiteth: o'er the waters borne,
Where she hath queened it while the centuries sped,
Comes England's cry on the clean breath of morn,
From islet to green islet echoed:
Who wars with us to save from worse than death,
From bestial plunge to foul Circean sty,
The World that scarce hath learned to draw free breath,
Scarce learned to stand erect 'twixt Earth and Sky?

"Who wars with us against the hosts of Hell,
 And that abhorred debasement?" See, O see
 Our Angel's face as out the voices swell
 In glorious unison: "We, England, we!
 Speech of our lips is thine, and thine our thought;
 Blood in our veins with blood in thine is one—
 By the same smith on the same anvil wrought,
 With thee we war till thy God-set task be done!"

Swift upon word their deed. Where Greeks of old,
 Their hearts with love of Liberty aflame,
 Did deathless deeds, Time's Youngest Born behold,
 Like them to win imperishable name!
 O'er them their brooding Angel spreads His wings—
 To bring them safe through the battle-din.
 Nay, life and death, these be but little things
 To Him—to fan that Sacred Fire within.

That same wild love of Freedom that inspired
 Those Others, till so high and strong it soar,
 So clear, that dust in the scale be life required,
 If only it be won for evermore!
 For Power to love it is that measures men,
 And manhood mounteth to triumphal end,
 Standeth at verge of more than manhood, when
 Man layeth life down for the World, "his Friend".

And it is done. Never with franker scorn
 Was Death entreated since those Elder Days;
 Never more mirthfully was suffering borne
 Since Hector and Achilles went their ways,
 And the great King of Men. Ah, now He knows
 Them all he hoped, yea more; and, passion spent,
 His being stiller and yet stiller grows,
 And his heart fills with marvellous content.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, JANUARY 1915

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of December:

VARIETIES OF PSYCHISM

By J. I. WEDGWOOD

With a Foreword by Annie Besant

6"×4". Cloth. Pages 109.

Price: Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 35c. *Postage extra.*

This little book is a critical study of the varieties of psychism, about which so much uncertainty exists, and so much unreasonable awe. The author herein treats his subject in a scientific fashion, placing it on a sound rational basis, not objectively as an observer, but subjectively from the standpoint of an evolving consciousness ever acquiring higher and finer faculties of perception. To every phase of psychism is given a proper place in the evolutionary scheme.

THE CENSUS OF INDIA

AN ANALYSIS AND CRITICISM

By M. SUBRAYA KAMATH

With a Foreword by Annie Besant

7½"×5". Wrapper. Pages 141.

Price: As. 12 or 1s. or 25c. *Postage extra.*

All who are interested in the political and social problems of India would do well to give this book attentive study, as the

matter contained in it covers a wide range of important problems, such as infant-marriage, child-widows, internal migration and caste government. The facts, obtained with great care and accuracy, will be extremely useful to the student who has not the time and opportunity for acquainting himself personally with these conditions of life in India.

THE BHAGAVAD-GĪTĀ

TEXT IN DEVANAGARĪ

2½"×4". Wrapper. Pages 150.

Price: As. 3 or 3d. or 6c.

Postage: India ½ Anna; Foreign 1d. or 3c.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. II

(DECEMBER)

No. 12

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½"×6½". Wrapper. Pages 32.

Price: Single Copy: India As. 3; Foreign 4d. *Post free.*

Yearly: India Rs. 1-4; Foreign 2s. 6d. or 65c. *Post free.*

CONTENTS: 'From the Front,' by Annie Besant; 'Sir Thomas More,' by T. L. Crombie; 'Gather Ye Rosebuds,' by Alice E. Adair; 'The Story of Hiuen Tsiang,' by E. M. C.; 'Whither!' by Marie Bermond; 'The Sacred Birth,' by R. S.; 'The White Sparrow,' by Lina Jephson; 'Servants of the Empire'.

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VII

(DECEMBER)

No. 12

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½"×6½". Wrapper. Pages 32.

Price: As. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post free.*

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CONTENTS: 'From the Editor'; 'The Relativity of Hindu Ethics,' by Annie Besant; 'A Vision,' by M. H.; 'The True Singer' (Poem), by G. W.; 'Symbolism, Ceremonial, and Ritual,' by C. Shuddemagen, Ph.D.

THE COMMONWEAL

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Edited by ANNIE BESANT

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India: Yearly, Rs. 6; Half-yearly, Rs. 3-8; Quarterly, Rs. 2; Foreign: Yearly, 10s. 6d. *Post free.*

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS:

No. 48.—The Rebellion in South Africa; The Use of Gunpowder in Ancient India, by V. Rangachari, M.A.; "Bobs" as a Soldier, by U. B.; The Belgians in England, by H. N. Brailsford; Herding Humans like Cattle, by Howard Edie.

No. 49.—The Congress of 1913; Concerning Australia, by Justin C. McCartie; For Valour, by Jasper Smith; Is the Kaiser Anti-Christ? by F. Hadland Davis; Turkey's Trojan Horse, by H. N. Brailsford.

No. 50.—The Congress, by Annie Besant; The Policy of Drift, by Professor V. G. Kale, M.A.; Rise of Prices in India; Hindu Hymns, by K. V. Ramaswami; Malaria and Rice Cultivation; The Affairs of the West: Conscription? by H. N. Brailsford.

No. 51.—The National Congress, by a Deccan Nationalist; The Humanitarian School at Laren, by Mariet d Willingen; The Ancient Hindu Colonies: The Malay Archipelago, by P. L. Narasimham; The Khalifate, by H. N. Brailsford.

No. 52.—1914; The National Congress; Agriculture and Industries; Sixty Years of Railways in India; Sanitary Progress; The Press in India; Our Educational Progress; During the Last Few Years; The War of Fear, by H. N. Brailsford.

THE RELATIVITY OF HINDŪ ETHICS

By ANNIE BESANT

Adyar Popular Lectures: No. 29

Price: Each 1 anna or 1d. or 2c. *Postage ½ anna or ½d. or 1c.*
100 copies Rs. 5 or 7s. or \$1.75; 500 copies Rs. 21 or 28s. or \$7; 1,000 copies Rs. 40 or 54s. or \$13.50. *Postage extra.*

One of the most arresting of Mrs. Besant's lectures. She here-in describes how the standard of ethics varies with the stage of individual evolution, and how Hinduism provides in its teaching for this better than any other religion.

SPIRITUALITY AND PSYCHISM

By GYANENDRANATH CHAKRAVARTI

No. 48 of *The Adyar Pamphlets Series*

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Price : As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.

Postage : India ½ Anna ; Foreign ½d. or 1c.

Annual Subscription : Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c. *Post free.*

The author of this pamphlet sounds a timely note of warning to students of the Wisdom, bidding them beware, in their increasing interest in spiritual research, of that "hidden thorn beside the rose"—the tendency to dabble in psychical phenomena. The distinction between the two is herein clearly and finely drawn.

THE THEOSOPHIST

Vol. XXXVI

(JANUARY)

No. 4

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½"×6½". Handsome Wrapper in Blue and Silver. Pages 96.

Price : As. 12 or 1s. 3d. or 25c. *Post free.*Yearly : Rs. 8 or 12s. or \$3. *Post free.*

CONTENTS : 'On the Watch-Tower' ; 'New Hopes in Education,' by Marie Louise de Rigny ; 'The Healing of Nations,' by G. ; 'Reality and Knowledge,' by Charles J. Whitby, M.D. (Cantab.) ; 'The *Dhammapada* and its Message to Modern India,' by Kenneth Saunders ; 'The Occultist and the Mystic,' by E. A. Wodehouse, M.A. ; 'A Dream Experience Verified,' 'Grail Glimpses,' by E. M. Green ; 'Theosophy and Politics,' by F. C. Adney ; The Round Table ; 'Hospital Work in France' ; Supplement.

OUR FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

MEMORY TRAINING: A PRACTICAL COURSE

By ERNEST WOOD

THE VASANTHA PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, FEBRUARY 1915

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of January :

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

Vol. VIII

(JANUARY)

No. 1

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½"×6½". Wrapper. Pages 44.

Price : As. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post Free.*Annual Subscription : Rs. 2 or 3s. or 75c. *Post Free.*

CONTENTS : 'From the Editor' ; 'The Presidential Address' ; 'The Occult Hierarchy,' by Annie Besant ; 'The Theosophical Society : A Retrospect and a Prospect,' by B. P. Wadia.

The new volume of *The Adyar Bulletin* which begins with the January number, will, it is hoped, show still further improvements. In the course of the year, lectures from the pen of Mrs. Besant will appear every month and topics of various kinds will be included in the series: "From my Scrap-Book." "From Twilight to Dawn," a very popular feature will, this year, be discontinued in order to avoid the suggestion of monotony. As in previous years the *Bulletin* will endeavour to maintain its special character, that of a Theosophical Journal for East and West, which contains articles, more popular, in the sense that they are less strictly academic, than those of *The Theosophist*, with here and there a paper written in lighter vein. The *Bulletin* deserves to be more generally known than it is. Wherever it is known, it is always popular.

THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF NATIONAL REFORM

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

Single Copy: India As. 2. Postage Extra; Foreign 3d. or 6c. Post Free.

India: Yearly, Rs. 6; Half-yearly, Rs. 3-8; Quarterly, Rs. 2; Foreign: Yearly, 10s. 6d. Post Free.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS:

No. 53.—1915; The National Congress: I; Indian Social Conference; Indian Industrial Conference; Ripon: the Ideal Viceroy; The Affairs of the West: A European Federation? by H. N. Brailsford.

No. 54.—The Congress; Opportunities of the Year; The War of Exhaustion; Rise of Prices in India: II; The Affairs of the West: Militarism and Civilisation, by H. N. Brailsford.

No. 55.—A Gospel of Faith and Work, by V. G. Kale, M.A.; State Aid to Industries, by G. Subramania Aiyar; At the Porch of Things, by M. S. K.; "The Andhra Province"; The Affairs of the West: Politics and Strategy, by H. N. Brailsford.

No. 56.—New Hinduism, by Sir S. Subramania Iyer, K.C.I.E., LL.D.; Progress of Co-operation in India in 1913-14; Rise of Prices in India: III; The Affairs of the West: The Protectorate of Egypt, by H. N. Brailsford; Some Principles of Child-Education, by Professor Sarada Charan Chakravarty, M.A.

SPIRITS OF VARIOUS KINDS

By H. P. BLAVATSKY

No. 49 of *The Adyar Pamphlets Series*

7½" X 5". Strong Wrapper. Pages 24.
Price: As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.
Postage: India ½ Anna; Foreign ½d. or 1c.
Annual Subscription: Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c. Post Free.

This pamphlet is the first of Volume V of this series. It is a reprint of one of the author's earliest articles. Intensely fascinating. It explains the true nature of the various "spirits" that frequent séance-rooms, and touches on the subject of marriage between human and non-human beings.

Volume IV, which is now completed, comprises the following pamphlets, covering the wide area of religious, scientific, philosophic, political, and occult, subjects:

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| 37. Theosophy and Christianity. | ANNIE BESANT |
| 38. The Religion of Goethe. | DR. F. OTTO SCHRÄDER |
| 39. Ancient Egyptian Magic. | H. P. BLAVATSKY |
| 40. The Reality of the Invisible and the
Actualty of the Unseen Worlds. | ANNIE BESANT |
| 41. The Smaller Buddhist Catechism. | C. W. LEADBEATER AND C. JINARAJADASA |
| 42. A Word on Man, His Nature and His Powers. | ANNIE BESANT |
| 43. The Inner Purpose of the Theosophical Society. | ANNIE BESANT |
| 44. Indian Students and Politics. | G. S. ARUNDALE, B.A., LL.B. |
| 45. Spiritual Life for the Man of the World. | ANNIE BESANT |
| 46. On Moods. | ANNIE BESANT |
| 47. Buddhism | DR. F. OTTO SCHRÄDER |
| 48. Spirituality and Psychism. | GYANENDRANATH CHAKRAVARTI |

THE THEOSOPHIST

VOL. XXXVI

(FEBRUARY)

No. 5

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(MARCH)

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CIRCULAR, APRIL 1915

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Supplement to this Issue

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(JUNE)

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Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, JULY 1915

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of June:

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A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VIII

(JUNE)

No. 6

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