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VOL. XXXVI

No. 7

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

TO so many, at present, Death comes as an enemy, striking down the youth in the opening of his manhood, the strong man in the prime of his strength. But to some he comes as the gentlest of friends, folding in loving arms a tired and pain-worn body, and giving his beloved sleep: Thus he came to Ursula M. Bright, and took her home, after long years of suffering helplessness, borne as heroically as her life had ever been lived. For Ursula M. Bright was one of the great fighters of her generation, a gallant soldier in all noble causes, and she fought against injustice everywhere, against oppression, and tyranny, against every enthroned wrong. Herself living in an ideal home, working ever hand-in-hand with a husband like-minded with herself, her gallant chivalrous soul fought to win for all women, as of right, the liberty and independence that she enjoyed by the grace of a husband as liberty-loving and justice-loving as herself; and wherever women suffered wrong, whether by legal unfairness or

by individual aggression, there was her voice heard in protest, there was her hand outstretched to save.

I met her first in the days of my own struggles against laws which gave to the married woman no right to her own children, and from that day onwards stretches an unbroken friendship, which grew closer and tenderer as the years rolled on, and never knew a jar or a misunderstanding. Her two outstanding characteristics were love of liberty and hatred of injustice, and with these a dominating sense of duty and an unbounded capacity for love of a peculiarly virile type. 'She was as perfect a wife and mother in the home, as she was a dauntless warrior outside, a standing proof that the woman of high capacity, most active in public life, does not cease to be the light and joy of the home.

Through all the long pain of the years of her dying, her interest in public work remained undimmed, and her keen sympathy went with the suffragette struggles, as with every other struggle of right against might. Joining the Theosophical Society in the last decade of the nineteenth century, she was one of its strongest supporters, never flinching under any attack, nor wanting in perfect loyalty. Never, under any stress, did her dauntless courage waver. To her generosity we owed the making of the Benares centre, and since Avenue Road was given up, my English home was with her. And now she has passed away, and the world is the poorer for her passing; but she works actively in the world to which for years her activity has been confined, serving the Master she has

so long served, to return to us soon for renewed service here, the reward of the unwearied service which was the very essence of her noble and useful life.

Mr. Fritz Kunz, as Principal of the Ānanda College, Colombo, has done really wonderful work during his short tenure of office. I put his work on record here, as an example to others, to show what one man can do in a brief space, by hard work and fine capacity. He reports in the Ānanda College Magazine:

On May 1st of that year I was able to report to the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society as follows:

Besides the new hall [a College Hall, built since January 28th, 1914, and just opened] and immense improvement in routine and discipline, there has been improvement in the grounds, coir matting laid, magazines made available, pictures purchased and framed ready for hanging at the proper time, complete overhauling of the time-tables and the installation of new texts, new drains planned and well begun, an almirah ordered for each class-room (twenty have been delivered so far), many expeditions made by boys to places of interest, a special and permanent Board of Control formed by the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society of men really interested in the College. Then there has been the renting and equipping of a fine house for boarding purposes, the funds being generously loaned for an indefinite period by Mr. Batuwantudave, and the institution brought to a really admirable state of efficiency by Mr. Menon, who has won my complete confidence in this respect and, what is more difficult, the confidence of the boys. I need only mention the revival of the Old Boys' Dinner after an obscuration of fourteen long years, and the successful sports. We began a Commercial Class and Clerical Course in January. French, thanks to the generous interest of Mr. A. W. P. Jayatilaka, has been in the curriculum for many months. A special drawing class, for which furniture is being made and casts purchased, is growing into a valued branch under another Honorary Master, Mr. C. D. Amaradasa. A painter, a tinner and a mason have been busy for some time overhauling the buildings, and they will be kept at work until the place is artistically acceptable. The work on the compound itself has passed the first stages, and I shall presently put in, under capable directions, numerous trees, hedges, ivies, and so on. The grounds have

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been filled to the extent of two and three feet in some places; the old ditch behind the cricket pitch has been filled and levelled, and the pitch itself slightly improved, and a practice pitch made. A net has been purchased to protect the roofs from zealous batters. Through the offices of the M. O. H. the neighbouring compound has been cleaned up, and our environs are now clean and sanitary. A raised road, the first of a network of roads and paths, has been made. A ventilator has made the upstairs quarters more comfortable. A campaign for books for the library has been opened by the Remove Form. This has stimulated other boys, and other masters, and the library at last bids fair to grow.

There has been a constant improvement in the College staff. Mr. P. M. Menon, B.A. (Second Class) of Madras and Mr. A. P. De Zoysa, an experienced and certificated teacher, may be mentioned as specially qualified additions. I am pleased to be able to announce here that Mr. Hervey Gulick, E. M., an old friend of mine, will shortly leave America for Ceylon to take up the teaching of science at Ananda College. Other changes and additions are contemplated.

Finally, the Director of Education has put the school under the block grant system, which we take duly as recognition from Government of our present standing, which we shall soon better still more; and the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society has agreed to raise Rs. 10,000 for those additional requirements which will make us shortly one of the two or three most complete schools in Ceylon we may say in conclusion that we have made of Ananda College a disciplined, orderly, attractive, well-organised school, an institution that is definitely self-supporting as far as current affairs go, and so well based that it is what may be called a sound philanthropic investment for charitable men of means, and, finally, a school that may now be safely allowed to grow as means and space for growth are provided.

* *

The value of this record, in itself remarkable, would be more fully estimated in the West, were the many difficulties with which Mr. Kunz has to struggle understood in their full strength. A few brave men have for years kept up an apparently hopeless fight against indifference and active opposition, in the endeavour to keep flying the flag raised by Colonel H. S. Olcott. It was almost in despair that I despatched Mr. Fritz

Kunz to Colombo fifteen months ago, as a last effort to pull things straight. He has done marvels, and the Colombo Buddhist College is becoming the pride of the Buddhist Theosophical Society, which has worked against heavy odds for very many years. All who love Colonel Olcott's memory—and how many such there are—will feel grateful to his young compatriot, for putting at the service of the Colonel's work the practical ability which characterises the able American.

* *

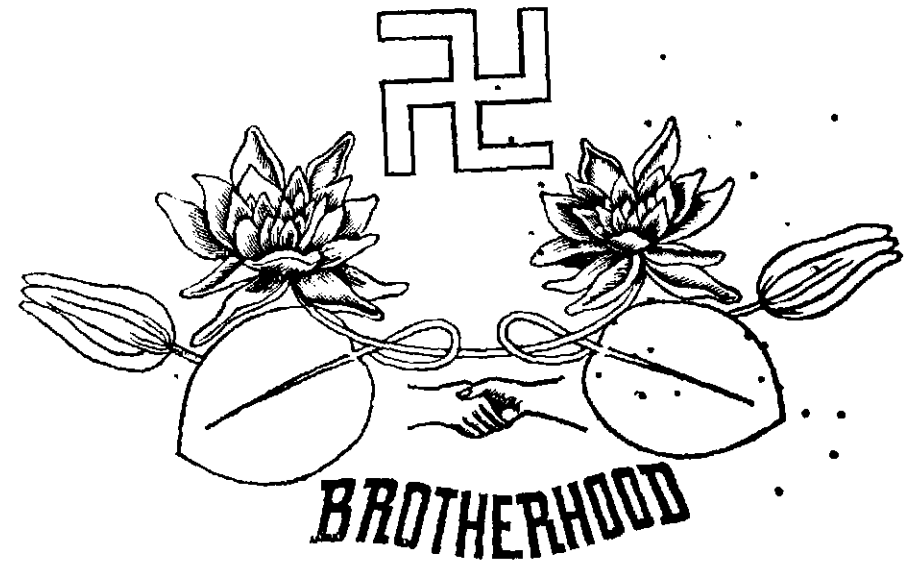
Just as we go to press, we hear from Mr. Kunz that the Director of Education has placed the College in the list of "Efficient Schools," the highest classification under the Code; a condition is added that a Science Department shall be installed within two years, and this is arranged for. The money has been collected, and the Professor sails from America on April 9th. Mr. Kunz has set his heart on building a Hostel, and he writes:

My object now is to immediately build over the present buildings upstairs quarters as hostel. We have a few boarders in a rented house which is under my supervision, but this is too expensive, and not sufficiently large, and the tenure is uncertain. Of course the secret of all moral instruction in a school is a well-conducted boarding house, and when there is such an establishment here our integrity will be forever assured.

During these difficult times I think I cannot get more than from five to ten thousand rupees here, in addition to the sums guaranteed for Science. Do you think there are any lovers of the Colonel who would come forward to establish this, for the chief College in the chief town? I shall need about twenty thousand rupees (nearly £1,400) for the first section of rooms, complete and furnished, in addition to what I could raise here. I estimate the local aid at a very low figure, because I have learned that few of our Sinhalese brethren understand the serious need for solid character-building, and the importance of hostel quarters.

Madan Mohan Malaviya. The Government have appointed Dr. Sunderlal an additional Member of the Supreme Council, in order that he may be able to join in the discussions on the Bill—a very useful and gracious assistance to the promoters. The Bill will probably be passed in September, and it is hoped that the Viceroy will lay the foundation-stone of the University Buildings in October.

This last week I went to Madura, among other things to unveil a portrait and a memorial tablet to Mr. F. Narayana Aiyar, the man to whom, more than to any other, the progress of Theosophy in this leading city and its district is due. The beautiful building, with its good Hall and fine Library and spacious colonnades, was planned and carried out by him, and was opened in 1900; the large Girls' School, one of the best in Southern India was started by him, and is now under the care of the Trust. He edited a Tamil Theosophical journal and translated much of our literature into that vernacular. Fortunately he gathered round him a group of workers who are now effectively carrying on the work, and his eldest son gives promise of following in his father's footsteps.



TOWARDS RECONSTRUCTION

THE SOLIDARITY OF THE HUMAN RACE

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

Man, Oh, not men! A chain of linked thought,
Of love and might to be divided not,
Compelling the elements with adamant stress;
As the sun rules. . . .

The unquiet republic of the maze
Of planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free
wilderness.

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea.

P. B. SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound.*

THE divine necessity of Unity, the basic principle behind the truth of harmony, receives demonstration to-day in the sight of all men. The "sentiment"

Will any of the friends of the Colonel, in America especially, help this young American in this admirable piece of work? Any money for the purpose may be sent to me, and I will forward it, or it may go direct to Fritz Kunz Esq., Principal, Ananda College, Colombo, Ceylon.

The College at Galle has done admirably well under the care and unceasing devotion of Mr. Woodward, whose name is so well known to our readers. The third, at Kandy, with Mr. Bilimoria as Principal, is also making good progress.

* *

As I am on matters educational, I may say that our Theosophical Educational Trust is growing to an extent which makes it a continual pressure on our available men and money. Had we large funds, we might increase to an unlimited degree, but I have to harden my heart and refuse the many schools which are offered to us. We have three things to struggle against in the way of opposition: first, the opposition of the narrow orthodox Hindūs, who leave Hindū schools to perish, but follow the dog-in-the-manger policy against us; they prefer the danger of boys and girls being perverted to Christianity to that of the broadening and vivifying influence of Theosophy on Hindūism, as shown in the Sanātana Dharma Text-books, and the C. H. C.; our stand against child-marriage and our advocacy of foreign travels turn against us all that is reactionary and mischievous in Hindūism. I always knew that this crusade against us would come, and since 1911 it has been in full vigour. It is, however, becoming discredited, and its force is spending itself. Secondly, the missionary opposition, which finds in

Theosophy the strongest obstacle in the way of its work of perversion; they consider me, as they put it in the head-lines of every English newspaper a year or so ago: "[Mrs. Besant] the greatest enemy of Christ in India"; that the statement is blasphemously false is a matter of indifference to them, for no weapon is too unclean for them to use, and it is true that I am, and have been for many years, the greatest obstacle in their work of perverting boys and girls, and ruining Hindū homes. The third obstacle is the jealousy of the Government of all educational work outside their own and the missionary, due to the great influence exercised over them by the missionaries, and partly to their general unwillingness to see education going on which they do not control. This is a question of the highest importance in the Madras Presidency, where the missionary influence is overwhelmingly strong; in other Presidencies this influence is almost negligible; it is occasionally an annoyance—not a danger. Thus in the U. P., schools under the Trust are treated with perfect fairness, and that is all we ask.

* *

The Hindū University Bill—the University of which the C. H. C., to which so many foreign Theosophists so generously contributed, is the nucleus—has been introduced and read, *nem. con.*, in the Supreme Legislative Council. It is far more generous than we had ventured to expect, and marks, as the Hon. Sir Harcourt Butler said, the birth of a new era in Indian Education. Sir Harcourt himself has worked hard for it on the Government side, as have the Mahārājah of Darbhanga, the Hon. Dr. Sunderlal and the Hon. Pandit

of the solidarity of the human race unites dissimilar nations, while dividing those in whose veins runs kindred blood. The Old and the New are in the melting-pot of War, War with its sordidness, splendour and suffering. Thousands are falling: "In the sight of the unwise they seem to die." Awful the agony, unspeakable, in its dread loneliness, the lot of those who send forth their loved ones, knowing that death may intercept their return, dreaming that death ends all. Who shall measure the majesty of such grief? Assuredly not those who also mourn their dearest, yet not as those who have no hope.

Nevertheless, this is the dawn of a New Day, not alone to one nation or race, save the race of man, the family of humanity. The hour has struck for the revolt of man from all that is less than man, and more than "brute," for the unchained passions in man are more bestial than those of the brutes that perish. It was bound to come, this uprising of the desire elementals, the insurgent clan of Kāma-Manas, with mouths of insatiable greed, claws of hatred, eyes of murder: minions of selfishness, personifications of the separated selves. The lordship of Kāma-Manas, necessary in its day and generation as are all stepping-stones to higher things, is past, its day is over. Yet the passing of its empire is an epoch in itself, a time of transition, of blood and tears, and verily the passing thereof will shake all nations. The working of Kāma-Manas, in all its ramifications, has brought the world to the present crisis; that cannot be doubted by those who study history, ancient and modern. Commercial morality, competitive armaments, the game of "Open your mouth wider than your neighbour or he will

eat you," and all the "stock-in-trade" of the day and generation whose portals have begun to close—these things are not the fruitage of growth by giving, or of altruism, peace, and goodwill. The nations stood, bristling mastiffs, waiting to spring at each other's throats; the national *mêlée* resounds as we write. Yet the sacrificial principle is inwoven among the fibres of selfishness, the golden threads illuminating even here and now Time's dark and terrible tapestry. Belgium has laid her offering upon the world-pyre—Belgium, butchered to make a "frightful example" of the principle of "Potsdamnery," though the latter word has a universal application far more real than any local habitation thereof. Belgium herself does not stand guiltless at the bar, so far as antecedent records are concerned, and this may be said of all the Allies; yet this is not the moment for *tu quoque's*, national or individual. Above all, this is a time wherein to take our bearings, to see literally where we stand.

First, then, let us endeavour to clear our minds of cant. Smugness is incompatible with patriotism worthy of the name. Do not let us imagine that any locality has a monopoly in the secretion of any particular vice. Prussian *Kultur* is not confined within Berlin, Potsdam, or their adjacent suburbs. The old Norman adage, "they shall take who have the power, they shall keep who can," is too all-embracing in its application, for any country, civilised or uncivilised, to claim a monopoly. The commercial system of the nineteenth century was based upon its laws, framed within its limits. "He shall divide the spoil with the strong," has been ironically and literally part of the code of the Balance of Power, and a recognisable asset in the wealth of nations. The

weakest have gone to the wall, ever since the days when stone walls were celebrated as a convenient locality for the bashing of unwanted infants.¹ So has it been with races and nations. It remains to be seen whether "*Deutschland über alles*" is to be the mantram for the twentieth century, "*Deutschland*" standing for physical force.

There are two kingdoms only at war to-day, two struggling in a critical wrestling-bout. One has the advantage of precedent, weight, and established custom, "the kingdom of this world" represented by its word of power, "Competition". The other is but a stripling, with all a stripling's drawbacks and advantages, immature, unpractised, hardly sure of his ground; yet his cry rings out with all the valour and vigour of youth, "Co-operation". Which will win? Or is there to be a deadlock, reducing everything to the stalemate conclusion of "As you were"?

It is a bold prophecy to declare that the victory is already won, the ultimate issue certain. How many currents move and mingle in that last tidal wave that sweeps the shore? Yet that wave, and no other, turns the tide. All the currents are accessories. So it is with this War of Worlds, which is a clash of principles, not a party affair. For that we may be thankful: party "peace" and party "warfare" are miserable shibboleths, already outworn by the vigorous minds among all nations. The bones of "party" anatomy are already dead beyond any revival by shaking, they lie bleaching in the new valley of decision that no prophetic voice shall fire.

¹ Psalm CXXVII, v. 9.

In truth, it was high time for the old serpents to slough their skins; already the new coats of mail appear as strength and persistence, the natural evolution of might and greed, when their appointed work is done. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new": yet what more natural than that the ancient skin, having attained to a certain degree of self-consciousness, should object to the sloughing process, and proceed to make its objection known and felt. "What? Give up the good old process of growth by suction with tubers conducting to various larders of nourishment? Renounce the good old-established vampire habit? Relax the sacred law of the advance of strength at the expense of weakness? Renounce the hoary privilege of enforcing conformity to averages on every plane, by means of moral and social shillelaghs? The idea is a monstrous morbid growth!"

But, what if there are laws more ancient still, more cyclic in their action, with a deeper rhythm of being? Laws, of which Order and its corollary, the systole and diastole of Order, are inviolable, are the outward and visible signs of an inward and invisible necessity: a necessity which knows no laws, in the sense of being bound by them, but to whom all laws are means of growth for the various organisms characteristic of recurrent periods? Change is a precedent as inviolable as persistence and harmony. Ever the three fundamental rhythms ring out on the anvil of space, smitten by the hammer of time. Those who regulate the strokes of that hammer, pause not for the unready, haste not for the impatient; masters, they, of the cosmic Olympian Games. The Guṇas sport in the Tattvas for the joy of Brahmā, whose divine art of world-making, unmaking, re-making, is older even than the works of man! Man,

who is yet the heir of Eternity, "disquieteth himself in vain, his days are as a shadow, he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them". The days and nights of Brahmā are manvantaras and pralayas. Sleeping, waking? What matter they to the Gods, who change not, neither grow weary? Translation, vibration, rotation, the mystic writing on the wall of manifestation, man himself but made to serve the purpose of these magic scripts. Humiliating? Nay, august thought, awful in its majesty of protean possibilities.

So Ishvarā works, showing to those who have eyes to see, brains to understand, hearts to rejoice with the joy of making, the secret known to Genius and to Genius alone, that of Eternal Unity disporting itself in forms of infinite variety. Ever the spiral returns, taking some new curve, some joyous augmentation of life, freer adaptation of form. Man, though with potentialities of expansion, is yet the chambered nautilus. In his consciousness of the need for expansion of the content of form, lies the secret of his highest rate of progression.²

Still, as the spiral grew
He left the old-worn dwelling for the new;
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his new-found home, and knew the old no more.¹

This brings us to the point, that it is *realisation* that is needed at this crucial moment, conscious realisation of this central truth, the solidarity of the human race. The unanimity of the foremost thinkers of our day, their insistence on it, has a persistence which can hardly escape the notice of the ordinary intelligent observer of signs and tokens. One of the most significant voices is that of Verhaeren, whose work

¹ O.W. Holmes, *The Chambered Nautilus*.

represents a period in itself, showing how life redundant becomes life inspired, how the gamut of Dionysos-Apollo can be swept by a poet in one life-time. Verhaeren began as a server of tables, a minister and partaker in that riot of rich young vitality which worships excess because in the heart of that excess he has perceived the longing for that "moreness," that identification of the one with the all, which leads to the knowledge that One is All. By excess, as well as by austerity, do men reach the One Consciousness, and the steps on that way have their own discipline, each stage, every fall, its teaching. Verhaeren in his splendid multiple genius, the fruitage of the work of his latest period, grasps this central truth and enunciates it perpetually.

Toute la vie, avec ses lois, avec ses formes,
—Multiples doigts nouveaux de quelque main
énorme—

S'entr'ouvre et se referme en un poing: l'unité.³

The solidarity of the race, which is but another mode of expression of the same truth, finds a no less recurrent insistence:

Héros, savant, artiste, apôtre, aventurier,
Chacun troue à son tour le mur noir des mystères
Et, grâce à ces labeurs groupés et solitaires,
L'être nouveau se sent l'univers tout entier.²

This knowledge "works up" to its appointed end and aim, *i.e.*, the glimpse of the "Vision Splendid," the divine eternal Synthesis.

Il viendra l'instant, où tant d'efforts savants et
ingénus,
Tant de génie et de cerveaux tendus vers l'inconnu,
Quand-même, auront bâti sur des bases profondes
Et jaillissant au ciel, la synthèse du monde.³

¹ *La Conquête*.

² *Vers le Futur*.

³ *La Recherche*.

True, Verhaeren's way of realisation of Unity is along the road of realisation through the (so-called) powers of man *as* man; yet there is an innate religious feeling in his best work, underlying the titanic element. He has, at least, more than a suspicion that the stolen fire came from a shrine of occult fire, which proud man may have to acknowledge as God. Were it not so, he would not have sung:

Ceux qui vivent d'amour, vivent d'éternité.¹

Verhaeren thus repeats the history of mankind in himself, (which is one of the chief "uses" of great men). Man the thinker, proceeds to carry out, in whatever department his activity lies, the work of reconstruction, but the air of the unseen breathes upon his brow, the fire of genius burns in his Spirit, ere he can lay the solid foundations in patient earth, or rear the loftiest pinnacle of thought; then only is the building secure, and the great floods of the lower emotions will not come nigh, and sweep it into the limbo of oblivion whither goes all the "wastage" of life and art, that which has not within it the seed of immortality, creative power.

That is why the pioneer must come before the architect and builder. The need for reconstruction must be felt before the final obliteration of old landmarks takes place. The complex nature of the instruments through which the new forces are at work, is nowhere more apparent than in the varying effects of the War upon the different temperaments of the fighters. The following extracts from two letters from the front are illustrations thereof.

¹ *Les Heures d'après-midi.*

The first, from an Officer:

I cannot tell you how much I enjoy it all. There is something so noble and something so great about the whole show, which places it on a far higher plane than any other scene in which one has acted in this life.¹

The second extract, from a Private's letter, shows the reverse side of War, as it has appeared to some of the greater thinkers of our day, notably Tolstoy:

As a game it is beginning to get interesting—this fighting—but the horror of it and the continual sense of what Wells calls its "d—d foolishness," I shall never get rid of.¹

There are presented the attitudes of "the happy warrior" and "the reluctant fighter," respectively, both of which are equally necessary to-day. The insensate lust of fighting, and the cynical *cui bono* position, are travesties of these attitudes. Indeed, the men in the street, and the women at home, to-day, are mainly divided into the two classes of game-birds and grouzers (so that even democracy has its little paradoxes!); not that the grouzers are necessarily cowards, but they have not that "stomach for the fight" possessed by the game-birds. It is not without significance, however, that some of the former have, in this War only, gone through a quick-change process, emerging as game-birds and plucky ones. The eminent Anatole France is a typical example of this "reincarnation while you wait". Here, as ever, the genius symbolises a type in itself; for genius sees in flashes, and the organism undergoes instantaneous modification to an altered environment.

If it were not for the surety of our belief in the victory of the ideals and principles which the allied

¹ Both extracts appeared in *The Weekly Dispatch*, December 6, 1914.

armies represent, we should remark, as extraordinary, the uprising of public opinion as to the immediate emergence of a new era of construction and adaptation. For the literature, the pulpit, the platform, and the daily Press, ring with one insistent note, *i.e.*, that we stand on the threshold of a new Day. "Watchers for the Dawn," "the Dawn of a new Day," are phrases scattered broadcast and so common that special quotation is needless; they can be found in any daily journal. A phrase from the pen of Algernon Blackwood (one of the ablest of the many writers who introduce what used to be called the "supernatural" element into their work) shows how the event of the day is regarded by one who is neither a "jingo" nor a peace-at-any-price fanatic—"1914 the date of the great War between material brigandage and spiritual ideals".¹ In this culmination of the nineteenth century, "an age" mainly "of 'carpentry and chemistry,' few things hold deeper significance than its apotheosis in the twentieth century war between the forces of brigandage and spiritual ideals".

The necessity for suffering as a process whereby knowledge is stored in the ego, in a manner at once unique and imperishable, is one of those fundamental necessities axiomatic in nature, the rhythmic insistence of which throughout all time is in the nature of a cosmic liturgy. M. Emile Van der Velde's speech contains an eloquent tribute to the cathartic property of suffering.

It is necessary to suffer to know; and we have suffered to the very soul... we are ready to suffer to the last drop of blood... we will never despair. And there will be a great future which will show a wonderful mental evolution of the people of Belgium. And as a Socialist, Anti-Nationalist, Pacifist, I consider that this war must be fought to a finish precisely because I am a Socialist, Anti-Nationalist, and Pacifist.²

¹ Article in *The Bookman*, January, 1915. "The Soul of Galahad," by A. B.

² *The Daily News*, December 12, 1914.

Sovereign and Socialist are here on common ground, for King Albert's famous phrase, "We may be vanquished, but we shall never be subjugated," breathes the same spirit of valour invincible.

Above all the din of battle, behind all the clamour of conflicting forces, is heard this epithalamium, the marriage between God and man, the evocation of the God in man, the invocation of the God beyond man. This is the "Super-Man" *motif*, the song of Strength Supernal wedded to Love Eternal. This union alone can produce the true Super-Man.

The spell of the mighty mantram has begun to work. Russia shows a marvellous object lesson. Russia, that huge mysterious nation, whose threatened revolution is undergoing transformation into evolution, "a revolution that comes quietly," as we watch. Her millions have risen with a unanimity unparalleled in the country's history, leading the way with one of the most sweeping reforms ever initiated by any Government, the suppression of the supply of vodka, and whose despatches from the front are models of what military reports should be, modest, simple, and concise. Boastfulness is twin brother to brutality. Brag is the dog of snobbery and cowardice. For man to-day is, as ever, a battle-ground; the ape and tiger are not dead yet, nor will they be slain till man realises himself as a "God, though in the germ". The laws governing matter seem to be blind laws, groping upward, with instinct as their only lawgiver. Spiritual law works downward, through matter. Intellectual law works from within, outward; material law from the circumference of the material, to the centre of the atom, and yet are they not three laws but one law. The two

must become one. When? When East and West meet, and meeting, mingle their forces and exchange their gifts. When the South follows the magnet of the North: then the Golden Age will return again, then the Lord of the Orient will come into His Own. Already the advent has begun, and War is one of its swiftest forerunners. Conflict has done in a short space what nothing else could have done, in the way of welding nations together. England, France, Belgium, Russia, Serbia, India, Japan—what a vision of Unity in diversity do these words conjure! See England and India united, brothers-in-arms on the same battle-field. France, too, said to be “decadent” because her outward forms of faith were cast into the crucible of transition! France will arise, chastened, purified, spiritualised; and Mercury, France’s planetary genius, will plume his golden wings for Apollonian flights. And we, in whose veins flow Norman and Saxon blood, shall we not lose some of that painful insularity which has too long stiffened our joints, and inclined our bodies at an angle of—superiority? We may begin, even not only to learn from our neighbours, but to know that we are learning! Russia has shown us how a nation can “make the pace” in reform, when the national stride is gigantic, to begin with! Belgium has taught us that courage is not commensurate with extent of dominions. Our colonies are living examples of magnanimity and the spirit of “rising to the occasion”. The new (which is the old) Catholicism appearing in France to-day is another instance of the uprising of the synthetic mind. Such poets as M. Claudel show us that the French mystic consciousness is no less intellectual than spiritual. The epoch of the dry bones of negation and scepticism is

over. Superstition dies with it. The age of Religion and Science, the natural union of the God and the Thinker, is at hand—Man the temple of that union. Man, neophyte of the new Day, each in his appointed office—torch-bearer, herald, prophet, poet, warrior, student, server, a thousand others: last, but not least, the free-lance, that “Maenad with the flying hair,” wild comets and meteors, found in every period, who best serve the whole by obeying their inner guidance, “a law unto themselves,” the only rule of governance.

The hope of the immediate future lies in this world-awaking to the principle of Federation, the practical shaping of the ideal of Solidarity. Not England, not Britain, not even the British Empire, but “the world my kingdom,” is the cry of some to-day. From watchers, warriors, devotees, servers, from among all ranks of the World-Society of Theosophists wells up this cry. Their sacred brotherhood is confined within no limits of any “Society,” though the nucleus thereof is hidden within the keeping of a few daring and devout spirits, many of whom are the moving minds in the Theosophical Society to-day. Long have these watchers kept vigil. Through the blackness of moonless midnights, through the silver spells of moonlight, through hours of deadness and ordeals of glamour, they have kept the flame alight, refusing to bow to the Baal of Materialism. Now, the Sun rises, and at his dawning splendour, even the Moon “pales her ineffectual fire”.

To-day, “the mustering squadron and the clattering clan”; to-morrow, a chorus of voices of all nations, hymning a new Ode to Apollo.

Germany will have her appointed place in that choric symphony, the Germany of Beethoven and Goethe, of

Schiller and Wagner, not the handful of Prussians whose only cry is the anthem of self-adulation. That note will be silent in the cosmic chorale, for the German *Gerius* is not "connected with royalty" by ties of blood, or bonds of obligation. This War will free many prisoners and captives, whose captivity was spiritual rather than material. It is the day for freedom of aspiration. Man refuses to be bound to the earth. No longer shall warfare be confined to the trenches of materialistic thought-bondage. Air, fire, water, from these great forces he would learn, wringing many a secret at the price of his life. The same spirit is at work on all planes.

This is the Day to which we drink. "The Day of manifestation of the solidarity of the Human Race," and may our thirst never be quenched, till we greet the full flower of that Day.

Under every fold of heaven's canopy, in every race, shall men by real freedom grow up to equal strength; by strength to truest love, and by true love to beauty. Art is Beauty energised.¹

What if the next Art, the new Art, be the Art of civilisation? A world-process which will need the concerted effort of every creative worker, pioneer, priest, poet, architect, scientist, and server. Nothing less. Then, and then only, we may pass through the grave and gate of death, to a glorious resurrection. Then, the joy of each artist in his portion of work, will be so immense, so all-absorbing, that warfare will drop away for lack of incentive. In a world of makers, there will be no time for destruction. "Nation shall not rise against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Lily Nightingale

¹ Richard Wagner, *Art and Life*.

NATURE AND I

By VIOLET BEVAN

YESTERDAY I saw mountains and sea, stretching away on either side into far distance. Peak after peak, range after range, enveloped, lost in the greyness of the sky.

A great hush and stillness lay over everything, and an extraordinary waiting feeling possessed me—a curious expectancy. All land and sea lay waiting—waiting—in that vast mysterious greyness. What did they wait for? They knew no more than I, perhaps. Something coming—coming—strongly felt in that hushed holding of the breath.

The grey dream-world wore thin as I watched. Some mystery of Nature, I felt, would be revealed.

Would this grey world roll up as a curtain?

On the threshold of vast secrets—just a breaking through required.

Nature is to me no merely outward visible thing. It is just a huge hidden Personality, a vast subjective Being. You can look on her outward face and form, as I looked on these mountains, on this grey world of sea and sky. But I saw them wear thin—thin—as I watched.

Shadowy, intangible things they grew, ready to roll back and disclose the Real beneath. A huge moving

force at work beneath. That made the wonder of it. The hidden, inner mystery.

I *knew* for I had once encountered it. This outward thing of face and form lay there for all to see, but I felt that the landscape would shift and move. Shift and move. That a great hand would sweep over land, and sea, and mountain.

Nature to me is a thing, a moving, living, inward thing, of vast subjective Mind. That above all! I slept one night out in the open. I woke next morning at sunrise, then I *knew*.

Like eyes opened suddenly to spiritual things, so my eyes were opened, and I saw into Nature's real being. As in vision she took me to herself, my outward senses lying dead. Nature's curtain had rolled back, and I saw her, in her Innerness. I looked into a dream-world, I part of the dream. Nothing remained to me but a vast dream-consciousness, and an inner mind that absorbed. These worked in a bodiless state. I saw Nature stir from sleep, then slowly wake—wonder and glory in the awakening. The mists of early morning rose, till they formed a vast expanse of blue-grey vapour—a wide sea, stretched out before me. And above it stretched the sky, a great soft sheet of light, which slowly grew in glory and brightness. Wonderful sunrise of mist and light; the beauty of it could not be told; it floated straight to the inner senses, to the dream-consciousness. I lay in a land of transformation; a dream-land of vast subjective being, learning Nature's inner Self. Swept into her great subconscious Mind, my objective self lying dead. Aware of my body, yet apart from it, mind and spirit floating detached above it, through space. I

felt the pull of Nature strong upon me; I felt her magic all around; I became aware that the whole Earth lay whispering—whispering in subtle fashion—of the great mysteries it *knew*.

Magic played around me, in wonderful, indescribable fashion. Things rose from the ground to whisk away into thin air, before they could be seized upon. They eluded sight, but I felt the tug of each through my whole being. A something moving here, yet nothing to be seen. A something moving there, a something that eluded. Things of the unseen world playing all around.

I felt the curtain now swiftly descending on Nature's transformation scene. Nature has vast secrets. And at this truth I had never guessed. She had carried me deep into herself, giving me insight into her real being, stripping me of all outer personality, that I might the better see. Fields and hills had now regained their normal appearance; I saw them—as I had always seen them—sharp, separated things, detached from me, as I was detached from them. For I stood again within the body, the "I" of me that had been loosed and freed into the whole. A fragment of the whole, I now knew myself to be. Cut off again. Shut in behind walls that formed a barrier. Walls from which escape could come but seldom. And so small, it made me feel, that return into bodily condition. I had been but a consciousness with mind floating in space; I had been loosed into the whole, "made free" in wonderful and indescribable fashion. "Death must surely be just this escaping from the body," I thought.

Now I understood this Oneness with Nature which I had so desired. Often I had looked on her beautiful

outward form, and had felt detached and shut off by the prison of my body.

One night I watched the pine trees from my window. I was lonely, and they gave me no sense of comfort. Two detached things—they and I. "Why cannot I go out to them," I cried, "pass into, and be one with them? It is just as with people," I thought, "a door is set between".

I turned to my bed that night, lonely, as I had scarcely ever been lonely. And that, because my Spirit knew no escape. Like a trapped, caged thing I felt, so cut off from everything. I beat hard at the walls of my prison of body that night. I felt small, small. The walls encompassed me till I cried out in despair. If this feeling of smallness would only pass. This shut-in, isolated feeling!

I wanted to go out into the night and to lose this unhappy feeling of detachment. Nature and I—two things apart, yet Oneness I knew could be And now this Oneness had come. My spirit had found escape—and Union!

A peculiar freedom had come to me—I recognised this later with normal senses returned. The Spirit had re-entered the body, informing it of a wide freedom.

The breezes stirred and played in my hair, and it was pure joy to me. The loving hand of Nature caressed me, and my whole being responded. Nature recognised me. Recognised me. I was *her child*—her child for always now. Her breezes would stir in my hair, and I would smile and lift my face. Always I had been Nature's child, but I had been cut off from her. I had yearned for her and longed to be one with her. *Now*

we were one. She had taken me to her Inner Self, and initiated me into her secrets. I experienced a new, wide strength and freedom. I had come into my own. I was sealed her's—deep down in me. *Her breadth* was mine. The warmth of her sun touched me, and again came the joy of possession. Soft airs came. They fell straight upon my upturned face and lips, with tender kisses. I was loved, I knew. The whole earth was alive, and only now I knew. Only now, she sent me her messages. Only now, she came to touch me, and claim me, and tell me, to waft her breezes to me. They recognised me, these things of hers. Recognised me as part of themselves. As belonging—just that! I had passed into Nature's real being.

Revelations such as come to me make me pause. I stop my everyday life of a sudden, and try to know all that has passed within me. All that stirs there. A shut door stands between the brain and fuller knowledge. If I could only unlock that door of mine behind which all things have passed. I feel these things stir, stir, within me—I wait, but they refuse to be brought to birth.

They seem too much for me to hold at times. I feel inadequately made. This hidden knowledge of things touched and stored away within me is too great.

I look at myself. Ordinary to the outward eye and mind. Yet ordinary not at all, with this indescribable information stirring—seeking to make itself known.

I have passed out. I have come back. I am enclosed. I make my Presence known. I knock, and I seek to inform. Then indescribable things stir within her in

whom I have my Being. She is a creature of time and space, with language wholly inadequate to tell all that she knows—all that floats upward. In her repose she knows the things of other regions—other spheres of thought, ideas unproduceable. She questions—since she knew my flight, for she too was uplifted. Wider and wider, outward and upward, we soared together to those new regions of space, circling together to higher and higher worlds of thought.

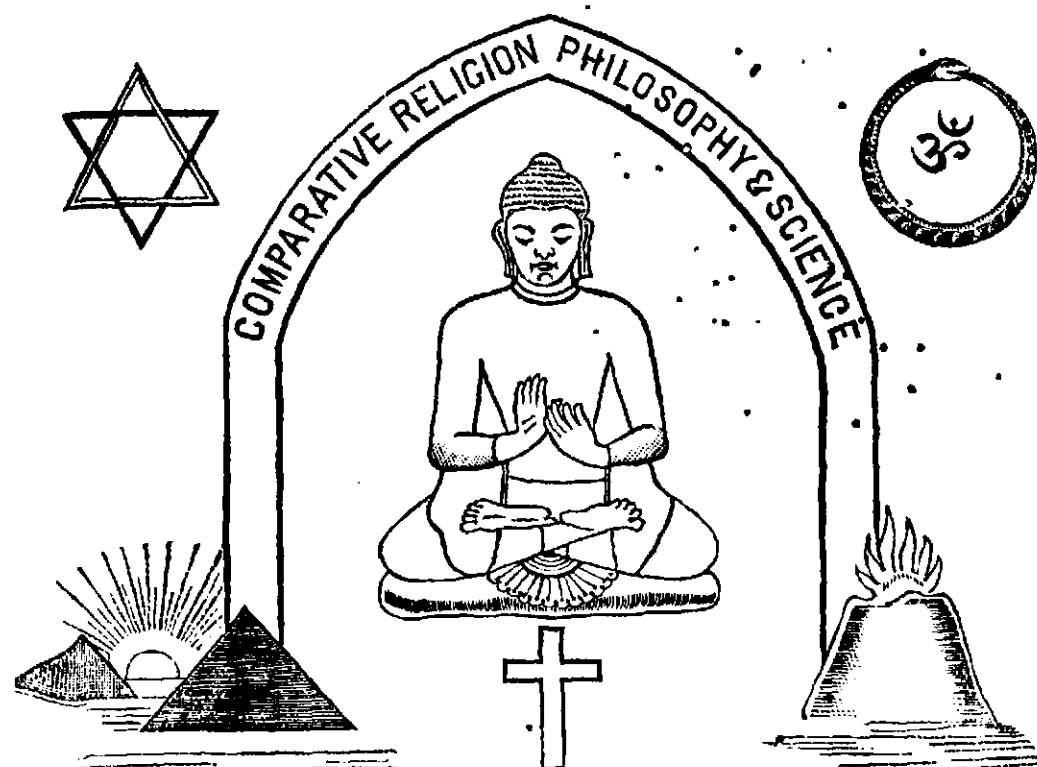
Then I knew and touched, but she, on her descent brought back little knowledge; only wonder filled her—locked away inside her, the things of all the other spheres we had traversed. She—the creature of time and space—had no language in which to tell of even her soaring flight, or her deep wonder of the mystery.

She stands still. For I *who know*, have place in her innermost being.

I stir, and indescribable ideas—things she has touched and known—float just behind her brain. No form, no language she knows in which to clothe this range of thought. For it belongs to other worlds of thought. Other worlds of thought speak their own language. Or perhaps language they have none. Limited words could never hope to give or capture the spirit of soaring flight. Spirit free and confineless, circling bird-like through the air. Touching, knowing, faintly grasping—things of other worlds,

How hope to capture, to give to finite mind, things of the Infinite Spirit?

Violet Bevan



MAETERLINCK ON PROBLEMS OF LIFE AND DEATH

By HERBERT E. ARNOLD

MR. MAETERLINCK'S somewhat recent criticisms of the teachings of Theosophy, and of the views of modern Spiritualism, are well worth the attention of students of philosophical problems, for at times they are very acute and penetrating and on all points interesting, as the expression of the views of a modern

thinker, whose mind is accustomed to examine and weigh the most advanced views on the deepest questions which concern humanity at all times. At the outset of his remarks he admits that the neo-Theosophical and neo-Spiritualistic theories are the only ones worth discussing and that the first are as old as man. He considers the doctrine of rebirth the most plausible and the least repellent of ideas in this connection, but says that other evidences are wanted before he can believe in it, and that he has sought in vain for them in the writings of exponents, finding no argument but that it satisfies our innate sense of justice. Prenatal reminiscences, infant genius, infant prodigies and so on, may be due, he thinks, to unknown laws of heredity. But, we may remark, heredity itself is only a method of transferring tendencies, according to modern science, and is not the cause of anything. Moreover, we may ask, if the idea of rebirth satisfies our sense of justice, why should we not adopt it as the best working hypothesis, in preference to its only rivals in the field, Traducianism and Creationism, which are both out of court for obvious reasons?

Mr. Maeterlinck speaks of the occult teachings in regard to "shells" and elementals as worth as much as the quasi-scientific theories of fluidic and supersensible bodies. In fact, he relates an incident which occurred to himself and some friends at Abbaye de Saint Wandrille, where he is in the habit of spending his holidays, which perfectly illustrates the occult teachings respecting the action of a "shell" and of elementals. The incident was as follows. His guests were trying some experiments in table-turning near the ancient cloisters, and a communication was

apparently received from a dead monk of the seventeenth century, who said he had been buried in the east gallery under a tombstone dated 1693. A short search revealed the stone and date, and our critic adds that short of "shells" and elementals, the fact communicated could only have come from himself as an unconscious suggestion, because his friends had never been there before and knew nothing about the place. It seems to us that Mr. Maeterlinck did well to put the "shell-elemental" theory in the first position, as his second idea of "unconscious suggestion" is extremely vague and unsatisfactory.

Continuing, he remarks that the ideas of Theosophy are tenable as ancient hypotheses, but inadmissible as dogmas. Exactly, for do we not read in the Preface to *The Secret Doctrine*, that no Theosophical book derives any strength from appealing to authority. The most important occult teaching, that we should purify and refine the vestures of the Soul in order to perceive transcendental truths, is dismissed by our critic in a very summary manner; but we think that if he continuously practised the method of Patanjali, he would discover for himself its supreme importance. Very vague proofs, he says, are derived from phantasms and such things. Speaking for ourselves, we cannot imagine any spiritual truths which could be demonstrated by these illusory appearances. Although he thinks that clairvoyants are nearer to Divine Being, he complains that they bring us no evidential proofs. Evidently, our critic makes no distinction between spiritual and psychic clairvoyants, although every occult student knows of the gulf existing between them. Exponents of occult ideas, he says, should rediscover the secrets of old,

shreds of unknown sciences, archæological details, such as the temper of copper, and so on; and goes on to remark that not a particle of knowledge which may not be found in living brain or book has yet been brought to us through extraordinary channels. Mr. Maeterlinck seems unaware of the numerous hints, clues, and missing links of science, supplied in that mine of wealth, *The Secret Doctrine*.

Referring to the well-known Katie King appearance, he does not doubt her reality, but pleads that she said nothing about after-death states. It seems to us that this manifestation was much more like a sylph, or air-elemental, than a dead human being for various reasons, such as power in manipulating psychic substance, ethereal beauty, and difference being combined with sameness of appearances.

In the matter of form, Mr. Maeterlinck's articles in *The Fortnightly Review*, are not well arranged, for instead of dealing with the ideas of one school of thought entirely and then turning to the other, he often leaps from a spiritualistic point to occult teaching, and then immediately back again to the former. Our critic then takes a series of objections to the nature of spiritualistic communications, such as the pale, empty, bewildered, incoherent shades, with their dazed consciousness, which never go outside our sphere, and are so clever in finding things of earth, and so loath or unable to tell us of the mysteries of death, these belated reflections of life, as he calls them, leading a precarious idle existence and then fading out without giving us a single real revelation, their existence proving at best that only a spiritual silhouette of ourselves survives physical death. Of what use is death, he

asks, if life's trivialities continue? Surely minds not enthralled by life, and being rid of matter, should be superior to ourselves and not possess an obvious inferiority.

These remarks demonstrate the soundness of occult teaching respecting the nature of "shells," except on one point where Mr. Maeterlinck has gone astray. He speaks of the dead as being rid of matter and hence superior to ourselves on that account. But the dead are not rid of the matter of their passiona! natures, nor of the forms of their lower mental natures, therefore want of clarity of vision remains to men of undeveloped spirituality whether they be living or dead; for, as occultism has always taught, it is absolutely necessary to purify the vestures of the soul in order to perceive spiritual truths, and this must be done during life; those who have accomplished this, will not communicate at ordinary séances. He rightly says that ghosts are no proof positive of the existence of an independent Spirit, and lays down the principle that we should exhaust the mysteries of life before those of death, there being in his opinion a difference of degree alone between mediumistic manifestations, subliminal clairvoyance and telepathy, for even the well-known tests of cross correspondences are not free from suspicion of telepathy. Professor Hyslop says of the last-named, that it is only the label of a method of transferring thought, the *modus operandi* of which science does not yet understand. So that our critic here comes up against a blank wall, as he himself confesses, when saying that he cannot pretend to explain the nature of mediums, and dispenses with the matter by opining that their powers are incomprehensible.

We fancy that if Mr. Maeterlinck chose to pursue his researches still further into the recondite nature of man as taught by Occultism, he would in time gain much light on the points now so obscure to him. These phenomena are not simple but very complex; thus subjective manifestations are mostly due to elementaries and sometimes to very pure human spirits, but never to elementals; but objective manifestations are those of planetary spirits, spirit friends, nature spirits and elementaries; while physical phenomena proper are one-third due to astral bodies, one-third to elementaries, and one-third to elementals. Sensitives or mediums unconsciously use psychic powers, their organisations serving as conductors for imponderable fluids, which proceed *through*, but not from, them.

Mr. Maeterlinck winds up his critical essay by dealing with reincarnation in a more direct way. He refers to the experiments of Colonel Rochas, the French savant, which bear on this subject, and which offer to his mind the only appreciable argument for rebirth which its advocates possess. We beg leave to join issue with him here, before proceeding to discuss these experiments in detail and what they can reasonably be said to demonstrate. For instance, Science knows of the fact of the conservation of energy, a truth which, being universal, has a mental as well as a physical application, and the only method conceivable by which the conservation of mental experiences could come about is through rebirth. As a modern writer says:

If none of the forces of nature are dissipated or lost, and if force can no more be extinguished than matter, and like matter passes from one form into another, we may conclude

that intellectual force is never dissipated or lost, but that the potential energies of mind and soul perpetually vibrate between man and nature.

Kundalinī Shakti, the power which moves in a serpentine, curved, or cyclic path, is the force which brings about that "continuous adjustment of *external relations to internal relations*" which is the basis of the transmigration of souls, or rebirth, in the doctrines of the eastern Sages. Referring to the Law of Cycles, Plato makes Socrates say that life proceeds from death, and death from life, and that if it was not so all things would come to an end. Certainly, the cyclic law of rebirth operates for both the acquirement and application of the experiences of the soul, and for the sake of these experiences the universe exists.

So much for some of the philosophical aspects of rebirth, and we may now turn to the recorded experiments of Colonel Rochas, which are not so well known as they might be. This gentleman's investigations into psychic or superphysical states of consciousness, by means of various hypnotic subjects, are not on ordinary lines at all and certainly furnish much material for the speculations of psychic researchers. To mention one case, a girl named Josephine of Voiron—this young woman, in the hypnotic sleep, goes back to a state before birth and describes the condition of an old ailing man, his state after death and before birth as Josephine, the reincarnating entity describing itself as encircling her mother before her birth, and afterwards gradually entering the infant body, which is for some time surrounded by a floating mist. Josephine also goes back to the state of an old woman who preceded the man. Thus we have given to us through the entranced mind of this young girl, successive pictures of the

birth, life and death, of a woman, and a man, the last appearance being that of a girl, three lives in all. These revelations have been proved to be inaccurate several times as regards names and places, by inquiries, but it is remarkable that the visions of the subjects are always the same and given in the same invariable order. As Mr. Maeterlinck says with perfect truth, these ignorant undeveloped subjects do not possess the fine dramatic talents necessary to personate these very different characters, nor have they ever heard of the doctrine of rebirth. Now what is the meaning of these revelations, and what do they demonstrate? Unconscious suggestion, which is much more powerful than voluntary suggestion, is not excluded, and, in fact, Colonel Rochas himself puts this idea forward as a possible solution of the difficulty. He says that certain powerful minds, desirous of spreading the idea of rebirth among the public, have chosen this method of doing it. As a variant of this theory, we can certainly say that the idea of rebirth has been powerfully set forth in the West by speech and pen during this last twenty-five years, a period said by Gustave Le Bon in his *Psychology of Peoples* to be necessary for a new idea to take root.

Mr. Maeterlinck continues: "Nevertheless outside suggestion some facts perhaps, call for another interpretation," and the theory he finally favours is that of "atavistic memory". He asks:

Cannot a man, for instance, carry in the depths of his being the recollection of events connected with the childhood of an ancestor? We carry in ourselves all the past.

Perhaps our critic was thinking then of the statement of Weismann:

If the memory cells of our ancestors were the collected photographed impressions of their experiences, and these

cells in the process of photographing were subjected to some subtle change in physical structure, then that these negatives of impressions should be handed on to posterity is not difficult to understand and accept.

This question of atavistic or "regressive memory", as it has been called, was dealt with in *The Nineteenth Century and After* of June, 1906, but the facts there adduced are simply excellent illustrations of the idea of rebirth, and not at all of prenatal memory. Readers may judge. A clergyman, the Rev. Forbes Phillips goes to Tivoli, knowing nothing about the place and not having seen any views of it, yet acts as a perfect guide to a party of friends, and describes the town as it was in olden days; suddenly the vision faded and his mind became a blank, although he says, just before he knew the town as well as his own parish. He was also perfectly familiar with the dark windings of the Catacombs in Rome, of which, of course, no pictures exist. The same gentleman, although new to the neighbourhood of Leatherhead, found there, without hesitation, an old Roman fortress and a road, feeling that he had long ago been riding on the latter in armour. Visiting the same place with another clergyman, the latter had a distinct recollection of holding a priestly office there in Roman times, and said of an overturned tower, that on it "there is a socket in which we used to plant a mast and archers were hauled up to pick off leaders" of enemies during sieges. A brief search discovered the socket as he anticipated. Colonel de Rochas, says that ancestral memory probably exists, but that it is insufficient to account for the phenomena in question, because it has been proved that these visions cannot relate

to ancestors of the subjects experimented with. A writer in *The Annals of Psychological Science* remarks:

It does not however appear that we ought in the present state of our knowledge to consider these dreams, or rather these changes of personality as evidences of previous lives, since we have proofs that the personalities played by the subjects have never existed, at least under the conditions indicated.

Mr. Maeterlinck's theory does not serve as a solution of the problem given, because these dramatic changes of personalities are well known in hypnotic experiments and are due to the mental sphere being occupied in succession by differing layers of the Astral Light. Thus the visions described are not reminiscences of the former lives of an individual at all, nor does it appear possible that ancestral memory should be preserved anywhere but in the aura of the germ plasm or eternal cell, which alone passes from generation to generation. If a psychometer reads off the past impressions made upon a cell of the human body, these are by no means the conserved experiences of an individual in successive lives. Sir Francis Galton, however, has brought forward a true case of ancestral memory, as follows. The wife of a gentleman discovered that while sleeping he had the habit of sometimes raising his arm and dropping it on his nose, often to the detriment of that organ: in time it was also found out that his son and grandson had exactly the same habit. Mr. Maeterlinck admits that reincarnation is inevitable, but says that it is not demonstrated that there is reincarnation of the whole identical individual. He seems to make no distinction between individuality and personality, whereas Occultism draws a profound distinction between the two, and teaches that the astral monad or personality, is never

reborn, except in cases of crime, accident, abortion, infants dying before a certain age, and incurable idiocy. What matters rebirth, he asks, if a man is unaware that he is still himself. He seems not to know that the permanent Ego is always aware of itself, no matter through how many bodies it may manifest. Even if rebirth is true, he argues, it does not settle the great question of our infinite destiny; what really matters is what will be eternally. We would like to remind Mr. Maeterlinck that questions of the infinite are futile to finite minds, and have no bearing on our practical life, and that it is precisely because of their supreme value in that connection, that the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation hold the field of thought. In Occult Philosophy we can trace the course of self-conscious life for millions of years in the past, and forecast the career of mankind for æons in the future. It is enough.

To our thinking, our critic's comments upon the highest aspects of Occult Philosophy are inaccurate and deficient in penetration. He says, "your Divine principle is not at all infinite or definite". We can reply that Occultism teaches that the Unmanifest Logos, or God, is not Infinite but Universal, its seven rays vibrating in every atom; infinity is ascribed to Parabrahm or Deity alone, which is not God but No-thing and Darkness. He continues, "if I am part of Himself, He is purifying Himself in me," and why has this not been accomplished in Eternity, and if not now, it never will be, achieved. We can here remind Mr. Maeterlinck of the Hegelian principle, that each thought involves its opposite; hence both purity and impurity are comparative terms, and have no ultimate meaning. Again he argues: "I also have

necessarily had innumerable opportunities of incarnating myself, because my principle of Life is likewise eternal, already infinite chances to reach the goal, no better in future." Mr. Maeterlinck is here assuming something which Occultism denies. We have none of us existed in Eternity as self-conscious beings, and are now only a mode of the Infinite Existence and have to become the Whole, or attain Union with the Logos, or rather with some aspect of IT. Some years ago, a Sage wrote.

The particles of which I am formed, have always existed; yet I do not know in what form they existed before. Probably they have passed through billions of transformations. Why do I not know these? Because I did not supply the force that would have prevented the disintegration of my individuality . . . every consciousness, which has been once fully developed, must disintegrate if not preserved by the purity of its successive Egos till the Nirvāṇa state is attained.

If it be true, Mr. Maeterlinck concludes, that our consciousness after death is subsequently purified, exalted, and extended, gradually and indefinitely, until, reaching other spheres, it ceases to reincarnate, and loses all contact with us, it accounts for the fact that we have only minor revelations given to us.

We do not quarrel with this remark, and only hope our critic will continue his quest into the sublime truths of esoteric philosophy.

Herbert E. Arnold

KITAB-UL-HAQ—DISCOURSE ON TRUTH

IN THE NAME OF GOD THE COMPASSIONATE AND MERCIFUL

(From the Arabic of the Great Master,

Mohyoddin Ibn Arabi)

By MAZHARULLA HAIDARI

PRAISE belongs to Divine Nature. Divine Nature is one and whole when viewed in all its aspects. To it are common the twin attributes, similitude and negation. By way of similitude it manifests as things existent. By way of negation it is eternal, pure and spotless. This pervading Nature and its illumination Masters perceive, since it illuminates their minds, and there exists no veil that is not crystal-clear for them. Mysteries cease to be sealed things. Secrets are no longer secrets. Temporal things are left behind for the realisation of Divine Nature. When a thing, or a state, brought about by earthly circumstances opposes them, the Masters overcome it by the strength of Unity, and when a thing, or a state, in the world yields them pleasure, they forsake it strengthened by Being.

Divine Nature is holy. It begets not and is not begotten. Nor is there anything like unto it. In this wise Masters and seekers of Truth know and actualise it, unmindful and heedless of the relations amidst which they "live and move and have their being".

During *Fana* Masters attain it, during *Baqa* they adore it, and when they become helpless they actualise it; in this state they are lost in blank bewilderment and amazement till the day on which they are to meet it.

Peace to him who is blessed with prophecy through purity, and who is regarded as one whose place is nigh to God. Peace likewise to his kith and kin of wisdom. Thenceforward it is not possible to find in the universe an instance of Divine Nature as agent, since it exists *per se* and does not admit of partnership, but instances of attributes are not wanting. The things existent, be they high or low, exhibit the manifestation of divine attributes, distributed among them according to their individual fitness. Of these some are common to all such as existence, life inner and outer, knowledge, speech and the like.

But an attribute, as attribute, is independent of praise or censure. Good and bad are relative and result from the relations of things existent to attributes. Had this been otherwise and attributes in themselves been qualified with good or bad in an absolute sense, virtue and vice, good and bad, noble and ignoble, would have ceased to have the signification which their "authority" decrees to them. Examples may be cited to illustrate what is said. Avarice of riches is viewed with disapprobation, but avarice of faith is marked with approbation; fear of the world is bad, but fear of God is good; to covet wealth is base, but to covet knowledge is noble; to be jealous of others is a vice, but to be jealous of doing good is a virtue.

Similarly in the following, God said to one in hell: "Taste, for verily thou art the mighty, the honourable!" It is revealed: "God set a stamp upon the heart of every

tyrant swollen with pride!" Concerning our Prophet (to whom be Peace) God said: "Hard for him to bear is it that ye commit iniquity"; and added: "He is anxious over you, the believers, pitiful and compassionate." The Prophet spake to Abu Dojana, when he marched in a haughty defiant attitude against the infidels at Siffeen: "This, thy conduct of pride, would have been, hateful to God and to His Prophet elsewhere save in this place." When one addresses another by way of admonition, with expressions like "Do not be a niggard," or "Do not be a coward," and so forth, he implies that he to whom the speech is addressed should divest himself of the attribute referred to and replace it with another that will not be looked upon with less favour. In other words, it means that he should, "natured" as he is, bring about in himself a change and a fresh temperament. This is beyond the power and scope of humanity, for man born of Adam is very akin to evil and prone to do what is forbidden. Thus when evil touches him he is very impatient, when good touches him he is very niggardly. Thus it is idle to expect of a man to achieve a thing that goes against his composition and nature.

Universal evolution and the Last Day are opposite and contradictory. There is not aught that is common to them. The Last Day will not gather up the universe. The universe is an elemental synthesis, while the Last Day is an elemental analysis. The wicked thus cease from their wickedness, and there is no virtue. The good thus cease from their goodness, and there is no evil. The realm of relations is left behind. The domain of good and evil is past. Such is the strange award of the Last Day in virtue of its peculiar and inherent nature.

Matters other than relational are inseparable from their essentials, and these essentials do not cease or become extinct by the preponderance, or otherwise, of attributes in existing things. To manifest by means of an external attribute, or attributes, form is necessary. *Nafs*, by its build and form presents attributes, and by its nature realises the life to come.

Shara identifies attributes with form. The things existent take on form, but do not look on themselves as one in nature with God. That is due to ethics. It is said that men of ethics are companions of God. One void of ethics fails to sense the Divine Presence and floats, aided by thought, in the ocean of intellect. Tossed about and bewildered by its waves, he has no port to reach, no haven to find, since he is in pursuit of a thing of which he is utterly unaware. Better are men of *Fikr* who seek God and neither locate Him nor qualify Him with eternity, and who say with regret that their lives have been spent in endeavours to know Him, resulting in their littleness and helplessness. But best of all is the man of Truth who, indifferent to *Fikr* and its darkness, enters straight in by the gate and not by the backdoor. In this stage knowledge is to be acquired by the contemplation alone of such things as Divine Nature, the Last Day and so on. These the Masters and Abdals realise since they are aware of the truth of man manifested through form.

God is never, in fact, the source and origin of things existent, but He is ordinarily said to be so, which is incorrect. He should, no doubt and with all reason, be attributed only with such attributes as belong to Him.

¹ Seventy in number are stationed in various parts of the world to look after its renovation and help in perfecting human progress.

Some Masters deny attribution and still assert *Asma-ul-Husna*, the good attributes therefore contradicting each other. Even the attribute of eternity, they say, is inapplicable to Him.

No comparison exists between God as *Vajib*, or Cause, and a thing existent as *Mumkin*, or Possibility. God is first while thing is not. The one is independent of need and the other needy. To one "authority" is inapplicable, while to the other it is all in all. Things are the outcome of divine knowledge wherein they were in their individual *Ayans*, or forms, prior to external existence. The nexus of God with things is by way of knowledge and that of things with God is by way of existence. God's precedence is thus, evidently, ascribable to existence.

Things existent never come forth from no-being, for no-being is nothing, nor do they proceed from God, for that would imply that they pass from one existence to another and possess nature of their own from *Azal*, which is absurd.

For a detailed account of these things attention may be drawn to *Jadaval, Part I*, but it suffices here to state that since things clamoured in their *Ayanic* (formal) state for manifestation, it became incumbent on God to address them with *Kun* (Be), for the pronouncement of *Kun* necessarily indicates the presence of forms. *Kun*, it must be borne in mind, is never pronounced to evolve a single thing by a particular willing. It is a universal command for the totality of *Ayans* to be as they are in divine knowledge. And divine knowledge is but form and formation. First comes God's intention, then His power and then His command. All these are one, but by

way of "authority" are divers and different. Existence is evidence of His power; particularisation of things, of His intention; and "authorities" in virtue of which things function, of His knowledge. But no proof can be advanced that is other than *Kun* to prove *Kun*, for it is a knowing peculiar to God alone who in His mercy unveils it to Masters, and these hear and behold *Kun* and its effect. Unveiling (*Kashf*) thus consists in disclosing the operation of *Kun* and in establishing the fact that God can never be known by intellect, since it seeks to fix "authority" on God, rejecting *Kun*.

Abraham said:

Lord, show me how Thou wilt revive the dead.

God said:

Then take four birds and take them close to thyself, then put a part of them on every mountain, then call them, and they will come to thee in haste, and know that God is mighty and wise.

Herein it is clear that existence was not possible without command; and the calling of the birds was not based on the intention, or otherwise, of Abraham. He was merely bidden to call them. The calling of Abraham was thus the calling of God. Abraham was then a mere translator of *Kun*. Possibilities thus need divine pronouncement. No sooner do they hear *Kun*, or its modification, than they hasten to comply and manifest in forms in agreement with their *Ayans* that are non-existent, for existence is necessary for their form and not for their essence. Possibilities in their need for existence are related to eternal existence and *Kun* must be proclaimed by him who is eternal and everlasting. No one who is not everlasting is empowered

to say *Kun* or its kindred modifications, for the existence of eternity has a special illumination of its own. For detailed information on the subject, attention may be drawn to *Mavaqay-un-nujoom*, *Kitab-ul-Hu*, *Kitab-ul-Falala*, *Kitab-ul-Ahdiyat* and *Fahvaniyat*. Here it suffices to say that *Kun* is the very God when the *Ayan* to whom *Kun* is spoken is of the elect, and *Kun* therefore operates as if proceeding from God. The *Ayan* of the chosen is the *Chadar*, the sheet to cover *Kun* or *Kun* is covered by the sheet. Such an *Ayan* will exhibit *Kun* in all its effects when about to make or create. For this God said, concerning Jesus:

The Messiah Jesus, the son of Mary, is but the apostle of God and His word, which cast into Mary a spirit from Him.

If Jesus is God's Spirit, it strengthened him. If he is His Word, he manifested by it. Jesus would therefore bring forth the dead, heal the lepers and the blind from birth by command, or what came near it in meaning, by blowing. God said to Jesus:

When thou didst create of clay, as it were, the likeness of a bird and didst blow thereon, it became a bird by My power.

"My power" is *Kun*, for power is the very self of *Kun*. For ever this *Kun* manifests perennially in worlds visible and invisible, and God said: "Holy words ascend to God." In this verse "words" is plural and includes, from what has been said, both Soul and holy words. The Soul ascends and is purified and so are holy words pure, for they denote inner ascension. The physical body, the abode of the Soul, has nowhere to ascend, and the ascension is for the *Ayanic* Soul. If it trends towards higher regions, the ascension is relative, and if towards Him, the Absolute, it is positive, bereft

of relations. Union is thus not possible without *Kun* for the elect. In this state communion takes place between God and the Masters. A Master may function in this world by *Kun* if its pronouncement is necessary.

In the *Table Talk* it is said that an angel presents a sealed letter to a Master when he leaves this world and is at the threshold of Paradise. On opening the cover he reads thus:

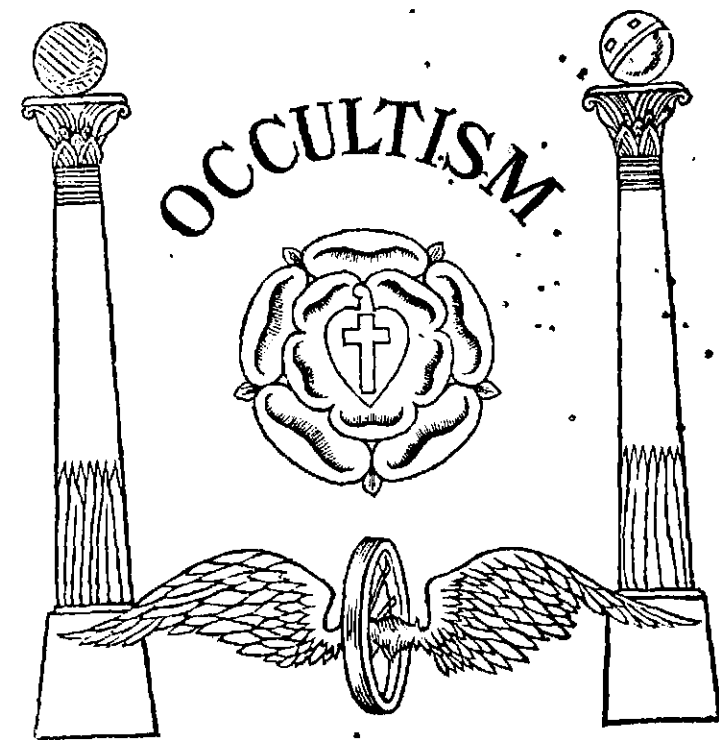
From Him who is everlasting and never dies.
To him who is everlasting and never dies.
Whatever matter I decree, I say *Kun* and it is.
To-day I have appointed thee to say *Kun* and it will be.

Whatever he wishes henceforth in Paradise, he has nothing to do but say *Kun*, and it is.

Bayazid Bustami, it is said, once inadvertently passed his hands over his calf and killed an ant in the act. On discovering what he had done he blew over the dead ant and it revived forthwith by God's command and began moving. This is owing to *Kun* and the state of *Fahvaniyat*, or Fellowship with God, which he had attained. This much on this subject here suffices.

Once more, Praise belongs to God who alone is worthy of it. Peace to the Prince of Prophets, Muhammad, and to his kith and kin.

Mazharulla Haidari



MAGIC IN STATECRAFT AND WARFARE

By V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

THE attribution of the mutilation of the bust of King Albert of Belgium to the belief of the German soldiery in magic will naturally remind the student of Indian history of a similar belief in India from very ancient times. The history of Indian magic is a very extensive subject and means necessarily a study of the enormous literature on Tāntricism, Shaktism, and other allied creeds. It requires, moreover, a study of the philosophy of the mantras and their t̃antric and ceremonial

counterparts, not to speak of the talents and virtues, the behaviour and deportment, of a crowd of minor and malevolent deities. Such a task is, of course, impossible in these columns; but the narration of a few occasions and instances when magic played a part in the political and military history of the land may not be unwelcome to students of Indian history.

The powers claimed for magic are indeed immense. Among the Tamil peoples no less than twenty out of the sixty-four arts and sciences are connected with magic. It is said that a successful votary of magic can fascinate or summon a person by enchantment, exorcise devils, excite hatred between friends, and infuse charms against poison. He can obtain information respecting anything concealed in the palm of the hand or elsewhere, he can detect thieves, and enter into the atmosphere and become invisible. He can walk on air and water, leave his own body and enter another lifeless body or substance, perform miracles, restrain the action of fire. He can unhinge the mind, fascinate the eyes and mouth and, above all, he can nullify the power of the sword or of any other weapon. All these arts, in fact, formed the eight traditional *Siddhis* which the Siddhas have always had in view—the *Vashyam* (willing over to any purpose), *Mohanam* (causing the infatuation of lust), *Ākarṣaṇam* (inducing violence), *Māraṇam* (causing the death of any one), *Ṣṭambhaṇam* (overcoming the laws of nature), *Vidveṣhaṇam* (causing change of form), *Bhedaṇam* (causing division) and *Uchchatanaṇam* (exorcising, etc.). Every one of these objects has its own deity to be invoked, its own method of worship, and its own mantras, spells, ceremonies and diagrams. The manner of obtaining the power of

invisibility, for example, is different from that of obtaining the power of making fire lose its virtue, and this is the case with all the others. But of all these the power to nullify the power of the sword or of any other weapon is peculiar in one respect. The other powers benefit individuals. They make or mar their greatness and cause their rise or ruin. But this power is wanted by the statesman and the soldier, the civilian and the military man, the former, perhaps, to overthrow a rival, the latter to overthrow an inimical commander.

As regards the modes of securing an adversary's death, that is to say, the spells to be uttered and the ceremonies to be performed, they are endless. The *Atharva-Veda*, the earliest treatise on the subject and the most sacred repository, as well as inspirer, of the Black Art, contains numerous forms of imprecation for the destruction of enemies. The Atharva priest was simply a magic-monger and his most important function was to show his disciples the most efficient means of removing enemies. "Destroy, O sacred grass, my foes!" says one mantra, "exterminate my enemies, annihilate all those who hate me, O precious gem!" (*As. Res.* viii, p. 471). The *Aitareya Brāhmaṇa* says that a king should wash the feet of his Purohita, saying :

I wash, O Gods! the first and second foot for protecting my empire, and obtaining safety for it. May the waters which served for washing the feet of the Purohita destroy my enemy.

Many were the spells and rites to be used, and "foes, enemies, and rivals perish around him who is conversant with these rites". "Whenever lightning perishes, pronounce this prayer, *May my enemy perish* When rain ceases When the

moon is dark When the sun sets When fire is extinguished, pronounce," etc.' When the spell was pronounced, the man must not sit down in case his enemy might be standing; he must not lie down if he thought his enemy was sitting; he must not sleep, if he believed his enemy to be awake. "In this way he subdues his enemy, even if he wear a helmet of stone." The *Mahabharata* mentions a method of disposing of an enemy called *Chhayopasevana*, or shadow-cult, by which an image of the enemy was made and pins were stuck into it so as to cause his death. Any deity could be appealed to in regard to destructive and vindictive purposes. Shiva, Virabhadra, Kālī, Nārāyaṇa, Saturn, Gāyatrī, Sūrya, Garuda, the five-faced Hanūmān, besides a crowd of demons and devils, could be won over. The field of choice of the deity is thus unlimited and left to the votary's inclination. But the different deities have to be propitiated by different ceremonials, some refined and others rude. An example of the latter type, described in the *Sabarachintāmaṇi*, a code of destructive magic, says that the Karnatik mode of causing a foe's death consists of the utterance of the following spell in a cemetery:

Om! Hoom! Glowm! Ghost, who delightest in human flesh and blood, and eatest the honeyed cake! Destroyer of thousands! Devourer of numberless living creatures, devour each a man; devour him, drink his blood! Eat, eat his flesh! Ha! Hoom! Phat!

This "supreme spell," it is said, should be repeated in a cemetery, the sacrificer standing naked on a shroud and facing the south. The spell should be commenced with the waning of the moon and recited for a fortnight. The Queen of Demons will, it is said, then wait on the

¹ See Mrs. Manning's *Ant. and Med. Ind.*, I, p. 105.

grim sorcerer and assure her obedience to his mandate. He should then frame the name of his adversary into a spell and utter it a hundred times, when he will be rewarded with the object of his desires.*

By way of contrast to this may be noticed the Tibetan custom, which was recently explained at a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal by Dr. Satischandra Vidya-bhushana, on the authority of a Tibetan scroll of the fifteenth or sixteenth century brought to light by Justice Woodroffe. The scroll depicted the process of subduing an enemy by charm. At the top of it, we are informed, there is the representation of Shrīdevī, the most terrible deity of Tibet, riding on a horse. The enemy to be vanquished is pictured in an inverted position at the bottom, with iron chains tied round his hands and feet, and blood marks in various parts of his body. There are, we are further informed, coloured pictures of numerous articles of worship. The priest occupies a place just below the Goddess, and takes more than a month to offer the articles, one by one, to the Goddess in prescribed forms. It is said that when the magical rites near their completion the enemy collapses. He finds himself enchained, bloodshot and dead. The employment of snakes, of pumpkins and other materials, as the instruments of destruction by the power of magic is very common in Indian history. The *saroyaga* consisted of suspending a cobra by the tail from the roof of an apartment and the proper incense being burned on a fire immediately below.

The readers of Kalhana's *Rajataranginī* will be familiar with the custom of politicians and men of action of removing their rivals by magic. The noble and virtuous King Chandrapīda; for example, whose

renown as an ideal administrator of justice had endeared him to the just and terrified the vicious, was removed from the throne by the unscrupulous ambition of his younger brother Tarapida. The latter, we are informed, engaged a Brāhman magician for the accomplishment of his nefarious purpose. The Brahman had been previously concerned in a case of murder and been convicted, but not sufficiently punished on account of his caste; and the king's undue forbearance now reaped the penalty of death. "From this time onward," says Kalhana, "princes lusting for the throne in this kingdom (Kashmir) began to use witchcraft and other evil practices against their elder relatives" (*Rajatarangini*, I, p. 130). In A.D. 814, for instance, Cippatajayapida, also known by the name of Brhaspati, the son of King Lalitapīda by the daughter of a spirit-distiller, was slain by the sorcery of his maternal uncles (*Ibid.*, p. 182). King Gopalavarman, again, was dispatched by the magic of a greedy treasurer of his realm in consequence of his insistence on the inspection of the treasury-chests. Nearly half a century later, King Yashaskara (939-48), a man of a firm temperament and strict orthodoxy, who incurred the displeasure of his Foreign Minister, Viranātha, by chastising the vice of a hypocritical sannyāsi relation of his, was removed in the space of seven days by witchcraft. The notorious and sensuous Queen Didda, again, got rid of her grandsons and wards, Nandigupta (A.D. 973), and Tribhuvana (A.D. 975), in a similar fashion. In 1028, King Hariraja became a similar victim at the hands of his licentious mother.

Passing on to later times, we find that Muhammad Ali, the Nawab of the Karnatic, employed spells and

incantations for the death of Haidar Ali, and when that event took place in 1782, it was actually believed to be the effect of these exceptional measures. The same ruler is said to have brought about the death of Lord Pigot by performing a *japam* at Tirukkalikundram, the celebrated Pakṣhīrtha, near Chingleput, at a cost of five thousand pounds sterling, through one, Achena Pandit. Umdut-ul-umra, the eldest son of Muhammad Ali, is said to have effected the death of his ambitious younger brothers, by the magical practices of a Haji for a payment of a lakh of rupees. The money, however, was not paid and caused much scandal later on. In Malabar, the application of similar witchcraft has always been believed in.¹

One of the most interesting instances of a belligerent's resort to the aid of magic for success in arms against his adversary is seen in the war which Chokkanatha Naik of Madura (1660-82) fought with Vijaya Raghava, the last Naik King of Tanjore (1614-70), in the middle of the seventeenth century. A Telugu manuscript chronicle, the *Record of the Affairs of the Carnā-taka Governors*, describes the incident in detail. It says that, alarmed at the continuous defeat of the Tanjore army and the incessant advance of the Madura men, Vijaya Raghava supplemented the martial valour of his forces with the magic skill of his Guru, Soma Chandra-swāmi. The latter uttered a series of incantations and was about to turn the tide of war when Chokkanatha came to hear of it and retaliated. His Guru, Balapriya, was more than a match for Soma Chandra and by his counter-incantations not only made the Tanjorean

¹ See Wilks' *Mysore*, I, 445-6.

devices harmless, but even caused such a change in the mind of the Tanjore soldiery as to make them desert their standard at the nick of time and join the Trichinopolitans. The chronicle describes the particular manner in which this change was effected. Lakhs and lakhs of pumpkins, it is said, were made the subject of incantations and cast into the floods of the Kāveri so that those who drank of the waters impregnated with them, were sure to turn traitors and join the Madura ranks. It was in the midst of this war of magic that the two armies joined battle, and the Tanjoreans, defeated and hard-pressed, had to retreat into their own fort.

A similar example of the resort to magic in assistance of the sword is afforded by the conduct of Tippu Sultān. Alarmed at the growing success of the English in the Third Mysore War, Tippu forgot his past persecution of the Hindūs and shamelessly induced their t̃āntric endeavours on his behalf. He organised, as Wilks says, a *japam* to be performed by a number of Brāhmaṇas, for four periods of twelve days each. Scores of orthodox men who were, throughout this period, to abstain from salt, from condiments and similar aids to digestion, and to live solely on simple rice and milk, stationed themselves up to their chests in water, and gave loud and incessant utterances to certain mantras, beating the water all the while with their hands. A similar ceremony was performed on occasions of drought with a view to bringing down rain; but a call on the powers of heaven to bestow the blessing of martial victory was equally common; and the story is that those retreats of Cornwallis, the only disasters in an otherwise uniformly successful war, were due to the efficacy of these mantras. The mantras, however, failed to save

Shrirangapatam from its ultimate fate of surrender to General Harris, but this was ascribed by the Brāhmaṇas, not to the inefficiency of the mantras themselves, but to some mistakes in the mysteries performed; to the fact, among other things, that some of the men engaged in the ceremony had tasted salt.

I shall close this article with the notice of a remarkable rising in the northern Sirkars,¹ which took place quite recently—in fact, in 1900—in consequence of a misguided belief in the efficacy of magic. A hillman of Vizagapatam, probably a lunatic, who called himself an avatār of one of the Pāṇḍava brothers, mustered a crowd of five thousand credulous and superstitious rustics, and rose against the Government. The weapon he used for the delusion of so many people was magic. He told them that the female bamboos they would cut in the hills on the New Moon day of *Vaishākha* would, by means of his own power, transform themselves into weapons of war and emit shots and shells, while the guns of the Government would lose their virtue and discharge sand and water alone. The magician's triumph was a shortlived one. All he succeeded in doing was to murder two policemen; and owing to the prompt action of the Government, he was soon in safe custody, while his followers were scattered.

V. Rangachari

¹ See Thurston's *Ethnographical Notes of S. India*, p. 301.

TWO WEST COAST MAGICIANS

By U. B. NAIR

MAGIC, black and white, has always had an irresistible attraction for frail uneducated folk, such as the wild non-Āryan jungle tribes of Southern India. The Hindū Purāṇas tell us that five thousand years of the degenerate Kali age have now rolled by, and Kali, or the Spirit of Evil, has now attained its zenith. But centuries ago, when its malign influence was not so visibly felt as it is now, the arts of magic and necromancy were not only looked upon as practicable, but were assiduously cultivated. When Kerala was under the sway of the Chola viceroys or Perumals, magic, as astrology, was recognized as one of the chief sciences, and afforded honourable and lucrative occupation to its votaries; but "the tune of the time" has since changed. The Hindū or Muhammadan magician of to-day may be a charlatan and a swindler who uses his wits to make a living, and who flourishes like a green bay tree by the water-side, merely because he knows that the ignorance and childish imagination of his clients are his best weapons. But his prototypes of old were fellows of a different order. This is best shown by the careers—herein described—of two of the most remarkable professors of the cult: one a classical, the other, a modern exemplar, men of opposite aims and dispositions; one a

Brāhmaṇa and a ruthless exterminator, who warred against his enemies, the other, a Muslim and a benevolent exorcist, who exercised his influence over evil spirits to relieve the pains of suffering humanity.

Of the many manṭravādīs, or magicians, who flourished at that epoch, Surya Kalaṭi Bhattathiri was the most distinguished. Like Merlin of old, the Mage at Arthur's Court, he was the most famous man of the time, and a past-master in Gramarye. As a forceful personality who carried on a war of extermination against the powers of the unseen world, he is celebrated throughout the length and breadth of Kerala. He sits enthroned in the midst of his court like a king. His claim to be considered *facile princeps* of Malayāli manṭravādīs, contemporaneous or other, is not disputed, but rests upon scores of performances which might be cited as instances of magical skill at its highest and best, performances beside which those of Michael Scott or Merlin are mere trifles. It is not exactly related of him:

That when, in Salamianca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave
The bells would ring in Notre-Dame;

or that he could put forth "the charm of woven paces and of waving hands," but for all that, in his day, he was known to fame as a potent and courageous practitioner of the art, having no match or rival, and now shines firmly set among the fixed stars of the manṭravādī's heaven.

Surya Kalati was born in the village of Kumarnallore, in Kottayam, North Travancore. He came of a good and ancient Nambūdiri family, the scions of which are, to this day, venerated for their meek piety and

saintliness. The present head of the *illom*, or family, is an honoured guest at the Court of Travancore, his presence there being indispensable on certain state occasions. There is a weird and popular tradition which records the tragic end of Bhattathiri, father—a circumstance which tended, as it were, to preordain the career of his posthumous son. For it was surely not overweening ambition that stirred the imagination of Bhattathiri, the son, and which, in the crimson flush of the earliest summer of life, urged him on to the study of the Black Art.

One night (so runs the story) the Bhattathiri and a friend of his happened to pass along the *Yakshee Paramba* in Trichur. It was in those days a dreary piece of open waste-land, strangely contrasting with the quaint picturesqueness of the surrounding country-side, its grim sullenness only partially relieved, here and there, by rows of tall, dark *karimpanas*, or palms, silhouetted against the sky like a colonnade of granite pillars, each carved stem set in its leafy crown and base, and its green-gray fronds swaying in the gentle zephyr. To this day, people avoid this place at night, it being, according to popular superstition, the favourite resort of yakshees and their lovers, the *gandharvas*, the celestial nymphs and centaurs of Hindū mythology. The former are a sort of dryads or fairies. They roam about at nights in the guise of impossible young women, whose witching beauty is overpowering to frail mortal eyes. They are tall, *champaka* coloured, with flashing eyes, glistening teeth, and an opulent mass of dark raven tresses that hang down to the ground. They rarely venture abroad after dawn. All day long, they hide in grassy glade or wattled

woodland, assuming eerie enchanted forms. At night, they lurk in trees or pathways and attract travellers. But to falter or turn behind, or answer their call, spells death. The *gandharvas*—Southey's "*glendoveers*"—are a species of demons or demigods. They are the musicians of heaven, and like the *Rshis* or *Sages*, are gifted with the power of pronouncing imprecations on mortals.

But to return to our story. The night is far advanced when the Bhattathiri and his friend approach the solitary and cheerless expanse, beloved of fairy folk, described above, and bethink them of seeking shelter for the night of the first passer-by. Suddenly, they find two damsels coming towards them, mystical paragons of beauty, who accost them, explain that they are returning after the *pooram*, or annual festival, then going on at a neighbouring temple, and with exceeding grace and naïveté, press them to pass the night under their roof. The travellers gratefully accept the proffered invitation, and accompany the fair strangers homeward. Like children at the heels of the mad piper they follow them and tread the primrose path of dalliance, allured by their sinister grace and sly voluptuous enticements. Presently they arrive in a magnificent house, are hospitably received and lodged in exquisitely furnished separate chambers. Then the tragedy begins. The travellers, careless and unsuspecting have all but closed their eyelids in sleep, when the harrowing truth is borne in upon them! The fair women are yakshees, and they have resumed their demoniacal forms! The grim irony of the situation makes their flesh creep. One of the yakshees—her unearthly figure "*unhidden by any earthly disguise*"—now approaches the Bhattathiri, and rapidly makes a meal

of him. Like the student who dances with the goddess in *Rosa Alchemica*, he experiences the chill sensation of the fairy "drinking up his soul" (and life-blood) "as an ox drinks up a wayside pool". But the other yakshee can do no harm to the Bhattathiri's companion for he holds in his hand a *grantha*, or palm-leaf book, sacred to Bhagavati, viz., the *Devī Mahatmya*, or narrative of the exploits of Devī or Bhagavati. This blessed preservative he religiously clings to and frantically clutches, as, through the slow-moving hours of the night, he hears a hideous din—the rattling and crunching of human bones. But imagine his feelings at day-break on finding himself resting on the topmost frond of a palm-tree, and—cruellest cut of all—the bones of his friend lying scattered underneath another palm-tree yonder.

Soon after, the Bhattathiri's widow gave birth to a son, the subject of this sketch. When the latter was eleven years of age, she related to him the strange story of his father's death. This so inflamed the young hopeful that he vowed eternal revenge on the whole host of yakshees and gandharvas; and like a sensible boy, he set about preparing for his life-task. As a Brahmachārin he prosecuted the study of the Vedas with diligence, and by the time he came to man's estate was an adept in Shāstraic lore and all manner of learning. Then he betook himself to a lonely forest and did incessant *tapas* (penance) there for a period of seven years. We may well conceive of a study of revenge overtaking and overriding his beautiful and unambitious soul—he who might otherwise have pursued the even tenor of his way, avoiding those wastes over which magicians wander lost, and die damned—now driving him like a

goad to wrest a moral victory from an almost impossible situation but, in the hour of victory, hurling him in the drag of a current which sweeps him on to the brink of eternal ruin. Moved by the rigour of the austerities practised by young Kalati, and pleased with his assiduity and devotion, Sūrya, the Sun-God, appeared one day before him in human form and handed him a *grantha*, or magic-book, which is to this day the greatest work extant on magic. The marked favour of the Sun-God explains the prefix "Sūrya" to the magician's name. Thus dawned "the hour for which the years did sigh".

To master the contents of the *grantha* was the work of a few days. Sūrya Bhattathiri put it to such very good use that he soon acquired the just reputation of being the greatest expert *mantravādī*, or dealer in magic, of the time. Princes now courted his favour and none dared offend him. The next phase was the commencement of a mighty *homa*, or burnt sacrifice, with the avowed object of destroying the magician's sworn enemies, all manner of living things—frogs, lizards, scorpions and myriads of ants—being thrown into the holocaust. The fierceness and severity of the magical rite and the power of the incantations produced the desired effect. Yakshee after yakshee was compelled to pass before him into the fire, and last, but not least, the yakshee who had devoured his father. She begs hard for mercy, offering to serve him faithfully. But he would have none of her and makes her enter the sacrificial fire, and she is consumed. Then her gandharva lover, mortified at the loss of his beloved, turns up, most inconveniently, and curses the Brāhmaṇa magician to suffer death on the forty-first following

day. The tables are turned, the biter bit. The magician in his turn sues for mercy and the *gandharva*, more merciful than the *Brāhmaṇa* had been to the *yakshē*, extends it to him. On one condition, however, that on the forty-first day he would worship at the Alangat Tiruvalore temple, in expiation. Naturally, he goes to fulfil the condition and, preparatory to worshipping, descends into the temple tank to bathe. All at once he is seized with delirium and raves like a maniac, biting the wooden beams of the bathing shed. He dies, after enduring frightful agonies. The mark of his teeth are to be seen to this day! The tragic end of the magician's career serves to show how inexorable the influence of Fate is.

To cast out devils; to discover the cause of sickness and cure it; to avert the influence of the evil eye; to obtain, in short, benefits that are harmless, are the aims of white magic. Both forms of the art are based on the presumptuous claims of their professors to exercise their influence over supernatural forces. The agents through whom these ends—death and disaster or benefits to others—are accomplished, are evil spirits. They are pressed into service and made to execute the magician's behests by worship and propitiation, or by his employing occult force. In the case of human beings, hypnotism and suggestion brought to bear on their impressionable and superstitious minds may be the means employed to achieve the ends desired. But this explanation, surely, cannot apply to spirit forms.

Whatever the secret, Thodupushai Mandaipurath Usaka Ravuthan wrought the ends he desired. He was a famous magician who died about forty-five years ago. He was a native of Travancore. While a young

man, he had a quarrel with his father who turned him out of hearth and home. So the young prodigal found himself one morning in the midst of a solitary wilderness, where he could get nothing to eat and had to starve all day. Thus exhausted, he fell asleep under a tree and, awaking at dusk, found himself in the presence of a venerable old man with a long grey beard. The young man went close up to the *Rṣhi*. (for such was the old man) and found him absorbed in religious contemplation. The *Rṣhi* at last opened his eyes, and chanting his mantras, asked him what he wanted. The youth related his sad story and concluded with a prayer. He begged that he might be granted some boon which would enable him to earn a livelihood. The *Rṣhi* thereupon handed the youth a *grantha*, or book of cadjan leaves, and advised him to study it. He studied it to such good purpose that he became one of the most learned and famous mantravādīs (mantram-men) of his time.

Several authenticated stories of this magician's wonderful doings may be mentioned. He used to go about at nights in a palanquin with demons for bearers, whose eerie chant could be heard, but whose bodily presence was beyond the reach of mortal eye. Here are two genuine stories of his magical skill and power.

A Nair lady had several children, all of whom died in their infancy. Having heard of his great fame, she sought the magician's aid, inviting him down to her place. The Ravuthan asked for a mud-pot, a fowl, some rice and pepper; and was at once furnished with these things. The fowl, rice and pepper he put into the mud-pot, closed it, and had it buried under the cot on which the woman slept. A portion of this rice and pepper was given to the lady and she was ordered to eat

some of it every morning. She, in due course, gave birth to a daughter who is now living!

Nair women, in their teens, as a rule, wear a *thakitu* of charm, as a protection against evil spirits. The Ravuthan was requested to prepare one for a Nair lady, the mother of a friend of mine who is a well-known member of the Madura Bar. Placing a small sheet of copper and an ordinary iron style in a wooden box, he closed it. He held in his hands two tender coco-nuts, which he kept throwing up and down, catching each, as often as it fell, in either hand. Presently a voice was heard inside the box like the winding of a clock. When the voice was heard a second time, the magician said: "Jal dhee" (Be quick). After a few minutes, a sound was heard as of the style falling. He now opened the box and found the copper sheet inscribed with magical figures and characters, as though done by a *mantravāḍi*. The magician then handed over the *thakitu* to the lady who wears it round her neck to this day. The magician then asked the husband of the lady what he would like to have inside each of the young coco-nuts he held in his hands. "Honey in one and boiled milk in the other," said the gentleman, and accordingly the coco-nuts, on being broken open, were found, to his astonishment, to contain boiled milk and honey as desired. As a further test, a quantity of milk, on being leavened with butter-milk, was found to yield excellent curds the next morning.

Usaka Ravuthan was a successful worker in the art and amassed an immense fortune. His family even now owns elephants. His daughter's son, now living, is a bit of a magician himself. His principal vocation

is to make dumb people speak. This he does by means of a wand, once owned by his famous grandfather.

Mr. Bourdillon, late Conservator of Forests, Travancore, will be able to substantiate the above particulars and possibly adduce more detailed information and local colouring which, to the sceptical in such matters, must prove convincing. His predecessor, Mr. C. W. Vernede, knew the magician personally, as did Mr. C. P. Raman Pillai, late Assistant Conservator. These two gentlemen came to know the Ravuthan, as his family originally pursued the profession of timber merchants. I am indebted to a friend for the above information. My friend, being a son of the Assistant Conservator aforesaid, is in a position to vouch for the truth and accuracy of the incidents herein recorded. The Assistant Conservator was then in charge of the Malayatur Forest Range, and the Ravuthan magician, when turned adrift by his father, sought refuge in one of the hills constituting the Range, where he met the Rshi.

The story of Surya Kalati Bhattathiri points to an obvious moral—namely, that only evil would result from the study and practice of the Black Art. Such old-world tales possess the great charm that in them we discover for ourselves an inner meaning and import of life. We irresistibly feel that the Bhattathiri's life spelt failure, that his wonderful powers, though they converged to one focus so as to impress us with his personality, did not somehow work smoothly together. As in Merlin's case, we see in his the strange story repeated:

Death in all life and lying in all love,
The meanest having power upon the highest,
And the high purpose broken by the worm.

But with this difference, that whereas the former comes to lie in the hollow oak "lost to life and use, and name and fame," the latter is not forgotten; for his voice, though hushed in the silence of the funeral pyre, yet speaketh with most miraculous organ.

U. B. Nair

THE UNDERCURRENT

By D. M. Codd

THE sea is a great drama! You must not look at it through the veil of continual thoughts, but let it hold you on its bosom in its own single thought. What thought is that? It is Drama! It is the thought of a great War, the conflict of elements and bodies, the dazzling structure of Life, built upon remorseless destruction. Life is War; it is but a flint-spark, the offspring of a mighty friction. The signs of Life are light, heat, energy, and these are the products of opposing forces; when the forces cease, they cease also. What is there, then, but illusion, a spark from the flint and then darkness, a constant appearing and vanishing? When the conflict ceases, will Life not cease—that ephemeral gossamer structure, the dream of a million million days?

From the conflict of good and evil springs up Man. From matter flows a heavy sluggish river; from a clear lake, his spirit, flows another, swift, blue and

limpid; the two unite, and Man flows to the great sea. There are three scenes for Man in the great Drama, each the scene of a war. The first is for dominion, the war of strength; the second is for possessions, the war of knowledge; the third is the war of love. For matter has the quality of strength, whilst the spirit is love; and from the conflict of matter and spirit arises knowledge. Knowledge and Man are co-equals, and the end of Man's existence as Man is *to know*. There are two quotations, one from an eastern, and one from a western, Scripture, significant in this regard. Says *The Lord's Song*: "As Immemorial Man I think of Thee"; says the Holy One of the West: "And this is life eternal, that they should *know Thee* the only true God."

This then is the great drama enacted ceaselessly by the sea. Whenever you sit before it and listen with your heart, it will tell you the whole story. It will tell you of those great tides, the ebb and flow of which will bring a world into being while another dies; it will tell you how a wave is born and how, when it has thundered and blustered and spent itself in pride and exultation, it will go to sleep; and yet when each has broken, others come in proud succession, while little waves will creep along the shore, whispering a tenderer ditty. Thus, one after another, arise empires, dynasties and the great races; thus do religions and philosophies succeed each other, and thus the schools of art and music. Froth and foam—are we but that? Is Life but the spray thrown up in the light of the moon? Ask of the sea if it is but froth and foam and swirling eddies, for it knows the great secret.

The sea will answer thus: In my bosom stirs a mother's sorrow for her lost child; in my heart flutters

the first tremulous fear of parting lovers; I hold the agony of a thousand battle-fields, the toil of a million cities; I reflect a sky of blue and gold, and a heaven of thunders; with pure kisses and the prayers of little children I bind around your shores. Yes, these are froth and foam, and waves that sleep and die—but whence? and why? Life is not random. One thing endures, one thing is true, immutable and perfect—it is the Plan. The Plan was formed in the undercurrent ere yet the worlds were born. The smiles of angels, the tears of mothers, the toil of man, the rise and fall of nations—all are true as they subserve the Plan. If song gives rapture, then rapture is in the Plan; love dwells in kisses and love is part of the Plan; sorrow and strife give strength, and the universe is established in strength. Nor the moment's worship of a rose, nor the merest vow breathed by love, nor the slightest effort towards attainment, but forward God's purpose. There is no future and no past, but only the great Present for ever and ever, and the Ever-Present One, the Former of the Plan, dwells in the undercurrent. Past and future, matter and spirit, and all forces that oppose each other, are illusions; only Man, only Life, only Eternity, are in the undercurrent, and the conflict of illusions is to make manifest the eternal Truth.

D. M. Codd

A GOSPEL THAT IS NEW BUT NOT DISAPPOINTING¹

By ERNEST UDNY

The Gospel of the Holy Twelve is stated on the title-page to be "translated from the original Aramaic" and "issued by" the Order of At-One-Ment". It bears no date, but must have been written after 1895. It contains, for a Gospel, most unexpected teachings—abstinence from flesh-eating and alcohol, kindness to animals, reincarnation and Karma, continence, and prayers for the dead, as will be shown by quotations.

The "Explanatory Preface" says that the book was:

..... communicated to the Editors, in numerous fragments at different times, by Emanuel Swedenborg, Anna Kingsford, Edward Maitland, and a priest of a former century giving his name as Placidus, of the Franciscan Order, afterwards a Carmelite. By them it was translated from the original, and given to the Editors in the flesh, to be supplemented in the proper places, where indicated, from the Four Gospels (the Authorised Version), revised where necessary by the same "four persons". To this explanation the Editors cannot add, nor from it take away. By the Divine Spirit was the Gospel communicated to the four above-mentioned, and by them translated, and given to the writers; not in seance rooms (where too often resort the idle, the frivolous, and the curious, attracting spirits similar to themselves, rather than the good) but in "dreams and visions of the night,"² and by direct guidance, has God instructed them (the Editors) by chosen instruments; and now they give it to the world, that some may be wiser unto salvation, while those who reject it remain in their blindness till they will to see.

Though not necessarily accepting the statement—"by direct guidance has God instructed them,"—one may be prepared to admit the truth of the words immediately following,—"by chosen instruments". The acceptance, or otherwise, of the latter statement will for many depend on their own conclusions

¹ To be obtained only from the compiler's widow—Mrs. Ouseley, S. Aubyn's Villa, S. Aubyn's Road, Portslade-on-Sea, Brighton. 5s. 4d. postage included.

² In dreams and visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, then doth the All-Wise open their ears, and send to them instruction. *Book of Job*.

as to the value of the matter communicated. To give specimens of that, so that every one may judge for himself, is the object of the present article.

To those who may be impressed with the value of the matter, it is suggested that the Christ may, with a knowledge of the Dark Ages that were impending, have deliberately withdrawn this Gospel, as being too spiritual for acceptance during such a period, and may now have restored it because the work of the Theosophical Society, and the growing illumination of men's minds, have rendered the understanding of it once more possible. But, be that as it may, the account given by the Editors of the long disappearance of the document may also be perfectly correct. With this Gospel in one's hands, it is not difficult to see how the orthodox documents have suffered in course of time from the hands of corrupters, whose habits and practices probably did not conform to the teachings.

This Gospel, says the Preface, "is one of the most ancient and complete of the early Christian fragments, preserved in one of the monasteries of the Buddhist monks in Tibet, where it was hidden by some of the Essene community from the hands of the corrupters; and it is now for the first time translated from the Aramaic".

There is one very interesting teaching which runs all through the book, namely, the Father-Motherhood of God. This will be the more welcome at the present time when the lost notion of the importance of the feminine half of humanity is being extensively revived.

And one of them [that is of the disciples] said, Master, it is written of old, The Alohim made man in their own image, male and female created They them. How sayest thou then that God is One? And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, in God there is neither male nor female; and yet both are one, and God is the Two in One. He is She and She is He. The Alohim—our God—is Perfect, Infinite, and One. As in the man, the Father is manifest, and the Mother is hidden; so in the woman the Mother is manifest, and the Father hidden. Therefore shall the name of the Father and the Mother be equally hallowed, for they are the great powers of God, and the one is not without the other in the One God. Adore ye God, above you, beneath you, on the right hand, on the left hand, before you, behind you, within you, around you. Verily there is but one God, who is All in All, and in whom all things do consist, the fount of all Life and all Substance, without beginning and without end. The things which are seen and pass away, are the manifestations of the unseen which are eternal, that from the visible things of nature ye may reach to the invisible things of the Godhead; and by that which is natural, attain to that which is spiritual. Verily the Alohim created man in the divine image, male and female, and all nature is in the image of God;

therefore is God both male and female, not divided, but the Two in One, Undivided and Eternal, by whom and in whom are all things, visible and invisible. From the Eternal they flow, to the Eternal they return. The spirit to Spirit, soul to Soul, mind to Mind, sense to Sense, life to Life, form to Form, dust to Dust. In the beginning God willed and there came forth the beloved Son, the Divine Love, and the beloved Daughter, the holy Wisdom, equally proceeding from the One Eternal Fount; and of these are the generations of the Spirits of God, the Sons and Daughters of the Eternal. And These descend to earth, and dwell with men and teach them the ways of God, to love the laws of the Eternal and obey them that in them they may find salvation. Many nations have seen Their day. Under divers names have They been revealed to them, and they have rejoiced in Their light; and even now They come again unto you, but Israel receiveth Them not. Verily I say unto you, my twelve whom I have chosen, that which hath been taught by them of old time is true—though corrupted by the foolish imaginations of men.—lxiv, p. 105.

It is evident that the Christ clearly foresaw the corruption which His teachings would undergo; for He says to His disciples:

There shall arise after you men of perverse minds who shall, through ignorance or through craft, suppress many things which I have spoken unto you and lay to me things which I never taught, sowing tares among the good wheat which I have given you to sow in the world.—xliv, p. 70.

And He may even have been referring to the reissue in the distant future of the very Gospel which we are now considering; for He goes on to say in the next verse:

Then shall the truth of God endure the contradiction of sinners, for thus hath it been, and thus it will be. But the time cometh when the things which they have hidden shall be revealed and made known, and the truth shall make free those which were bound.

If this passage had escaped the hands of the corrupters, we should never have had the strange notion of the "literal inspiration" of the scriptures as we have them. He further says:

Believe ye not that any man is wholly without error, for even among the prophets, and those who have been initiated into the Christhood, the word of error has been found. But there are a multitude of errors which are covered by love.—lxix, p. 114.

The Founder of the Buddhist religion gave a somewhat similar warning, namely, that a statement was not to be accepted as necessarily true, simply because it was made by any person or found in any book.

Instances will now be given of the special teachings in this book on: 1. Flesh-eating. 2. Alcohol. 3. Kindness to animals. 4. Reincarnation. 5. The Law of Karma. 6. Continence. 7. Prayers for the dead.

1. As to flesh-eating.

It came to pass one day, as Jesus had finished his discourse, in a place near Tiberias where there are seven wells, a certain young man brought live rabbits and pigeons, that he might have to eat with his disciples. And

Jesus looked on the young man with love and said to him, Thou hast a good heart and God shall give thee light, but knowest thou not that God in the beginning gave to man the fruits of the earth for food, and did not make him lower than the ape, or the ox, or the horse, or the sheep, that he should kill and eat the flesh and blood of his fellow-creatures. Ye believe that Moses indeed commanded such creatures to be slain and offered in sacrifice and eaten, and so do ye in the Temple, but behold a greater than Moses is here, and he cometh to put away the bloody sacrifices of the law, and the feasts on them, and to restore to you the pure oblation and unbloody sacrifice as in the beginning, even the grains and fruits of the earth. Of that which ye offer unto God in purity shall ye eat, but of that kind which ye offer not in purity shall ye not eat, for the hour cometh when your sacrifices and feasts of blood shall cease, and ye shall worship God with a holy worship and a pure oblation. Let these creatures therefore go free, that they may rejoice in God and bring no guilt to man. And the young man set them free, and Jesus brake their cages and their bonds. But lo, they feared lest they should again be taken captive, and they went not away from him; but he dismissed them, and they obeyed his word, and departed in gladness.—xxviii, p. 45.

It is noticeable that in the miracle of "the loaves and fishes," the food given to the multitude was really loaves and clusters of grapes (xxix, p. 47).

2. As to alcohol. In ordaining a ceremony of "Presentation", not exactly of Baptism, which is mentioned separately, our Lord is as emphatic against the taking of strong drink as He is against hunting or hurting the innocent creatures "which God hath given into the hands of man to protect".

Let the infant of eight days be presented unto the Father-Mother who is in heaven, with prayer and thanksgiving, and let a name be given to it by its parents, and let the presbyter sprinkle pure water upon it, according to that which is written in the Prophets, and let its parents see to it that it is brought up in the ways of righteousness, neither eating flesh, nor drinking strong drink, nor hurting the creatures which God hath given into the hands of man to protect. Again one said unto him, Master, how wilt thou when they grow up? And Jesus said, After seven years, or when they begin to know the evil from the good, and learn to choose the good, let them come unto me and receive the blessing at the hands of the presbyter or the angel [? messenger] of the Church, with prayer and thanksgiving, and let them be admonished to keep from flesh-eating and strong drink, and from hunting the innocent creatures of God; for shall they be lower than the horse or the sheep, to whom these things are against nature? And again he [the same questioner] said, If there come to us any that eat flesh and drink strong drink, shall we receive them? And Jesus said unto him, Let such abide in the outer court till they cleanse themselves from these grosser evils; for till they perceive, and repent of these, they are not fit to receive the higher mysteries.—xci, p. 153.

3. Kindness to animals. In one of the so-called Apocryphal Gospels, which differ from the ordinary ones but seem in no way superior to them, there is a story, if I remember right, of Jesus having fashioned sparrows of clay, and then, by a miracle, caused them to fly. That story is probably an unintelligent version of the following, which shows His love for the birds.

And on a certain day the child Jesus came to a place where a snare had been set for birds, and there were some boys there. And Jesus said to them, Who hath set this snare for the innocent creatures of God? Behold in a snare shall they in like manner be caught. And he beheld twelve sparrows as it were dead. And he moved his hands over them, and said to them, Go, fly away, and while ye live remember me. And they arose and flew away, making a noise. And the Jews, seeing this, were astonished and told it unto the priests.—vi, p. 11.

The whole story, and especially the exhortation to the sparrows, "while ye live remember me," is strongly reminiscent of the story of S. Francis of Assisi's preaching to the birds, and shows that in this matter he was but following his Lord.

On another occasion, Jesus not only rebukes cruelty to an animal, but also paralyzes the arm of one of the perpetrators who is defiant:

As Jesus passed through a certain village, he saw a crowd of idlers of the baser sort, and they were tormenting a cat which they had found, and shamefully treating it. And Jesus commanded them to desist, and began to reason with them, but they would have none of his words, and reviled him. Then he made a whip of knotted cords and drove them away, saying, This earth which my Father-Mother made for joy and gladness, ye have made into the lowest hell with your deeds of violence and cruelty. And they fled before his face. But one more vile than the rest returned and defied him. And Jesus put forth his hand, and the young man's arm withered, and great fear came upon all; and one said, He is a sorcerer. And next day the mother of the young man came unto Jesus, praying that he would restore the withered arm. And Jesus spake unto him of the law of love, and the unity of all life in the one family of God. And he also said, As ye do in this life to your fellow-creatures, so shall it be done to you in the life to come. And the young man believed and confessed his sins, and Jesus stretched forth his hand, and his withered arm became whole even as the other. And the people glorified God who had given such power unto man.—xxiv, p. 37.

Once He protects a fierce creature:

And on a certain day, as he was passing by a mountain-side path unto the desert, there met him a lion, and many men were pursuing him with stones and javelins to slay him. But Jesus rebuked them, saying, Why hunt ye these creatures of God, which are more noble than you? By the cruelties of many generations they were made the enemies of man, who should have been his friends. If the power of God is shown in them, so also is shown His long-suffering and compassion. Cease ye to persecute this creature who desireth not to harm you. See ye not how he fleeth from you, and is terrified by your violence? And the lion came and lay at the feet of Jesus and showed love to Him, and the people were astonished and said, Lo, this man loveth all creatures and hath power to command even these beasts from the desert, and they obey him.—xi, p. 13.

What the Christ's attitude would have been on the modern question of vivisection is unmistakably shown in the following:

And some of his disciples came and told him of a certain Egyptian, a son of Belial, who taught that it was lawful to torment animals, if their sufferings brought any profit to man. And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you,

they who partake of benefits which are gotten by wronging one of God's creatures, cannot be righteous; nor can they touch holy things, nor teach the mysteries of the Kingdom, whose hands are stained with blood, or whose mouths are defiled with flesh. God giveth the grains and the fruits of the earth for food; and for righteous men truly there is no other lawful sustenance for the body. The robber who breaketh into the house made by man is guilty, but they who break into the house made by God, even the least of these, are the greater sinners. Wherefore I say unto all who desire to be my disciples, Keep your hands from bloodshed and let no flesh meat enter your mouths, for God is just and bountiful, who ordaineth that man shall live by the fruits and seeds of the earth alone. But if any animal suffer greatly, and if its life be a misery unto it, or if it be dangerous to you, release it from its life quickly, and with as little pain as you can. Send it forth in love and mercy, but torment it not, and God the Father-Mother will show mercy unto you, as ye have shown mercy unto those given into your hands. And whatsoever ye do unto the least of these my children, ye do it unto me. For I am in them and they are in me. Yes, I am in all creatures and all creatures are in me. In all their joys I rejoice, in all their afflictions I am afflicted. Wherefore I say unto you, Be ye kind one to another, and to all the creatures of God.—xxviii, p. 60.

Our Lord's view of the killing of animals for amusement—miscalled sport—is well shown in the following anecdote:

And as Jesus was going with some of his disciples, he met with a certain man who trained dogs to hunt other creatures. And he said to the man, why doest thou thus? And the man said, By this I live, and what profit is there to any man in these creatures? These creatures are weak, but the dogs they are strong. And Jesus said, Thou lackest wisdom and love. Lo, every creature which God hath made hath its end and purpose, and who can say what good is there in it? or what profit to thyself or mankind? And for thy living, behold the fields yielding their increase, and the fruit-bearing trees and the herbs; what needest thou more than these which honest work of thy hands will not give thee? Woe to the strong, who misuse their strength. Woe to the crafty, who hurt the creatures of God. Woe to the hunters, for they shall be hunted. And the man marvelled, and left off training the dogs to hunt, and taught them to save life rather than destroy. And he learned of the doctrines of Jesus and became his disciple.—xiv, p. 24.

4. As to reincarnation. In the following passage, the expression, "the dead who die in me," evidently does not refer to the death of the body, for he goes on to describe them as having "overcome evil" and been "made pillars in the temple of my God". Also the expressions, "they that have done evil" and "they that have done good," evidently do not refer merely to people who have led what are generally considered good or bad lives, but signify mystically people who have not yet been "made perfect in my image and likeness" (that is, have not yet at-oned their wills with that of the Supreme, and become consciously united with Him) and people who have already reached that lofty stage of evolution. The passage runs:

I am the resurrection and the life, I am the Good, the Beautiful, the True; if a man believe in me he shall not die, but live eternally. As in Adam all die, so in the Christ shall all be made alive. Blessed are the dead

who die in me, and are made perfect in my image and likeness, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them. They have overcome evil, and are made pillars in the temple of my God, and they go out no more, for they rest in the Eternal.—lxix, p. 113.

The whole passage is mystical; the words, "go out and in" apparently refer to going out of the rest of the heaven-world into incarnation in the physical body, and returning to the higher world; while "they go out no more" means that they "rest in the Eternal," i.e., have attained salvation, or liberation from the round of births and deaths. They may, and often do, still take many births into the physical body for service, but that fact in no way interferes with their perfect enjoyment of "the Great Peace". They "rest in the Eternal"; the unutterable splendours of the nirvānic plane are directly cognized by them without even leaving the physical body, and no event that can possibly happen can in any way disturb their dignified serenity.

Our Lord continues:

For them that have done evil there is no rest, but they go out and in and suffer correction for ages, till they are made perfect. But for them that have done good and attained unto perfection, there is endless rest, and they go into life everlasting. They rest in the Eternal. Over them the repeated death and birth have no power, for them the wheel of the Eternal revolves no more, for they have attained unto the Centre, where is eternal rest, and the Centre of all things is God.

Here is another beautiful passage on reincarnation:

Verily I say unto you, there is no death to those that believe in the life to come. Death, as ye deemed it, is the door to life, and the grave is the gate to resurrection, for those who believe and obey. Mourn ye not, nor weep for them that have left you, but rather rejoice for their entrance into life. As all creatures come forth from the unseen into this world, so they return to the unseen, and so will they come again till they be purified. Let the bodies of them that depart be committed to the elements; and the Father-Mother, who reneweth all things, shall give the angels charge over them; and let the presbyter pray that their bodies may rest in peace, and their souls awake to a joyful resurrection. There is a resurrection from the body, and there is a resurrection in the body. There is a raising out of the life of the flesh. Let prayer be made for those who are gone before, and for those who are alive, and for those who are yet to come, for all are one family in God. In God they live and move and have their being. The body that ye lay in the grave, or that is consumed by fire, is not the body that shall be, but they who come shall receive other bodies, yet their own; and as they have sown in one life, so shall they reap in another. Blessed are they who suffer wrong in this life, for they shall have greater joy in the life to come. Blessed are they who have worked righteousness in this life, for they shall receive the crown of life.—xciv, p. 158.

5. As to the Law of Karma, or Doing, which is the other half of the teaching of reincarnation, and means that all which

befalls us of joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, is simply the result of our own doing, in the same or a previous birth. This teaching is clearly given:

And another spake saying, Master, if one have committed sin, can a man remit or retain his sin? And Jesus said, God forgiveth all sin to those who repent; but as ye sow, so also must ye reap. Neither God nor man can remit the sins of those who repent not nor forsake their sins, nor yet retain the sins of those who forsake them. But if one, being in the Spirit, seeth clearly that any repent and forsake their sins, such may truly say unto the penitent, Thy sins are forgiven thee for all sin is remitted by repentance and amendment, and they are loosed from it who forsake it, and bound to it who continue it. Nevertheless the fruits of the sin must continue for a season, for as we sow so must we also reap, for God is not mocked, and they who sow to the flesh shall reap corruption, they who sow to the spirit shall reap life everlasting. Wherefore if any forsake their sins and confess them, let the presbyter say unto such in this wise, May God forgive thy sins, and bring thee to everlasting life. All sin against God is forgiven by God, and sin against man by man.—xciii, p. 158.

In this passage it is interesting to observe the insistence on the fact that as we sow so must we also reap, and also that the result of God's forgiveness is not in the least to let us off the results of our evil deeds, but to bring us to everlasting life, after we have endured those results.

6. As to continence. Our Lord says:

Marriage should be between one man and one woman, who by perfect love and perfect sympathy are united, and that while love and life do last, howbeit in perfect freedom. But let them see to it that they have perfect health, and that they truly love each other in all purity, and not for worldly advantage only, and then let them plight their troth one to another before witnesses. . . . Then, holding their hands together, let him [the angel or presbyter] say to them in this wise, Be ye two in one; blessed be the holy union; you whom God doth join together let no man put asunder, so long as life and love do last.—xcii, p. 154.

There is here, it will be noticed, no absolute bar, as in the received version, to divorce. It was necessary to give this passage in order to make the rest intelligible, but it is the following sentences which contain the reference to continence:

And if they bear children, let them do so with discretion and prudence, according to their ability to maintain them. Nevertheless, to those who would be perfect, and to whom it is given, I say, Let them be as the angels of God in heaven, who neither marry nor are given in marriage, nor have children, nor care for the morrow, but are free from bonds, even as I am, and keep and store up the power of God within, for their ministry and for works of healing, even as I have done. But the many cannot receive this saying, only they to whom it is given.

On this subject of continence, there is another interesting passage, consisting of the addition of a fourth to the familiar three temptations:

Then the devil placeth before him a woman, of exceeding beauty and comeliness, and of a subtle wit and a ready understanding withal, and said

unto him, Take her as thou wilt, for her desire is unto thee, and thou shalt have love and happiness and comfort all thy life, and see thy children's children; yea, is it not written, It is not good for man that he should be alone? And Jesu-Maria said, Get thee behind me, for it is written, Be not led away by the beauty of woman, yea, all flesh is as grass and the flower of the field; the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth away; but the word of the Eternal endureth for ever. My work is to teach and to heal the children of men, and he that is born of God keepeth his seed within him.—ix, p. 17.

7. As to prayers for the dead. These are enjoined by the Master when prescribing how the "Holy Oblation" is to be offered. It is necessary to give the whole passage:

And another asked him saying, Master, in what manner shall we offer the holy oblation? And Jesus answered saying, The oblation which God loveth in secret is a pure heart. But for a memorial of worship offer ye unleavened bread, mingled wine, oil and incense. When ye come together in one place to offer the holy oblation, the lamps being lighted, let him who presideth, even the angel of the church or the presbyter, having clean hands and a pure heart, take from the things offered, unleavened bread, and mingled wine, with incense. And let him give thanks over them and bless them, calling upon the Father-Mother in heaven to send their Holy Spirit that it may come upon them, and make them to be the Body and Blood, even the substance and life of the Eternal, which is ever being broken and shed for all. And let him lift it up toward heaven and pray for all, even for those who are gone before, for those who are yet alive, and for those who are yet to come. As I have taught you, so pray ye, etc.—xcii, p. 155.

Here we have an instruction to pray, not only for those who have passed out of the body, but also for those who are on their way into it, presumably children yet unborn.

Among others, Chapter XC, page 151, entitled "What is Truth?" seems particularly new and beautiful. The following is a brief extract from it:

As ye keep the holy law of love, which I have given unto you, so shall the truth be revealed more and more unto you. . . . Whoso keepeth the holy law which I have given, the same shall save their souls, however differently they may see the truths which I have given. . . . Many shall say unto me, Lord, Lord, we have been zealous for thy Truth. But I shall say unto them, Nay, but that others may see as ye see, and none other truth beside. Faith without charity is dead. Love is the fulfilling of the Law. How shall faith in what they receive profit them that hold it in unrighteousness? They who have love have all things, and without love there is nothing worth. Let each hold what they see to be the truth in love, knowing that where love is not truth is a dead letter and profiteth nothing. . . . For Truth is the Might of God, and shall prevail in the end over all errors. But the holy law which I have given is plain for all, and just and good. Let all observe it for the salvation of their souls.

In the chapter entitled "Jesus rebukes Peter for his haste," a difficulty which exists in the received version is cleared away; for we have here the true story of the cursing of the fig-tree, namely, that it was Peter who cursed the tree, and that Christ pointed out to him that it was not yet the time for

figs, and took occasion from his rashness in this matter to foretell :

Verily, Peter, I say unto thee, one of my twelve will deny me thrice in his fear and anger with curses, and swear that he knows me not, and the rest will forrake me for a season.—lxx, p. 115.

Our Lord "spares St. Peter by not saying who it will be.

There must be large numbers of Christians of all denominations in the Christian Churches throughout the world, who are sufficiently broad-minded to be drawn to Theosophic truths, but who would find it much easier to accept them from a new and uncorrupted Gospel having so much in common with those already familiar to them.

A short but interesting life of the Rev. G. J. Ouseley, reprinted as a leaflet from *Men of the Day*, states that he was the founder of the "Order of At-one-ment," by which this book was issued. Born in 1835, he was ordained as an Anglican in 1861, was received as a priest of the Catholic Apostolic Church in 1870, and finally joined the Roman Catholic Church as a layman in 1894. He was one of the early members of the Theosophical Society and of the E. S. The Order of At-one-ment was founded "with the object of spreading the higher teaching as given by Edward Maitland and Dr. Anna Kingsford, with whom he remained in all his important work until, before their decease, they had issued their *opus magnum*—*The Perfect Way and Finding of Christ*". It was quite natural, therefore, that they should continue to communicate with him, if they were able, after death.

The world has moved since the World-Teacher came two thousand years ago, and it may be that at His coming again—now expected by so many—He will tell us many things which were not said then ; but of this much we may be reasonably sure, that He will not fail to repeat teachings such as these, which have disappeared from the Gospels, and are as much needed now as then. And, if we wish to "make His Paths smooth" by familiarising men's minds, as far as possible, with the teachings He will give, we cannot do better than try to secure for this book the publicity it well deserves.

Ernest Udny

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Many of your readers must have read with considerable regret the letter printed under the forgoing title in the issue of THE THEOSOPHIST for March. It is melancholy in the sense that it conveys an impression of the utter failure which the writer has met in attempting to adjust his ideas of what a President of the T. S. should do to what he sees done. There would be no need to recall the note and content of this communication, except that it creates a wrong impression about the Editorial and Presidential policy, and does so in language that is far from temperate.

In the "Watch-Tower" notes in the September number the Editor says : "I shall in future confine THE THEOSOPHIST and the *Bulletin* to the three defined Objects of the T. S., including, in these, articles on general political and social topics, which come under 'Brotherhood,' and are not essentially national—I mean subjects on which nationality will not influence the point of view taken. There is a World-Politic and a World-Sociology."

Mr. Prentice seems to hold that this assurance has been forgotten in the November number. It is quite possible for our President-Editor to forget, I presume, for she is, after all, an extremely busy and overworked person. But the November notes in question seem to me to have been written with this specific fragment of policy in mind, for a very high note indeed is struck—and, incidentally, a most extraordinary example of the writer's eloquence is recorded. We should not forget that the *whole* world is with the cause of the Allies ; the Dual Alliance is obviously to be excepted, and even here peace may reveal in Austria and Germany much dissent from this War policy. On this account the November notes are in accord with an international sympathy and the Editor's declared policy.

Mr. Prentice demands "that Theosophy should be kept above the dust of conflict, to be ready to do its great work of rebuilding when the present hideousness of life is swept away". Suppose that we, as members of the Society, stood aside; and suppose that Germany over-ran Europe. Then what would there be to rebuild with? With Europe in the hands of the German army the work of the Theosophical Society would have little opportunity to be "splendid". One gathers that Mr. Prentice is loyally doing his share toward helping Britain in this War; but he would have Theosophy, his theory of life, kept out of it. We have to crush Germany, he says in effect, but we will think of something else and talk of other things. It is far more difficult to see reason in this than in the certainly genuine and whole-hearted attitude of the Editor whom he criticises.

War, as Mr. Prentice rightly says, is after all a great instrument in the hands of the Guardians of Humanity; some of us, I would add, are happy to have speaking freely and plainly to us, in this awful darkness before the Dawn, one whom we hold to be somewhat in touch, however nearly or distantly, with these Guardians, some one who can warn us that They perceive that the struggle will be close and wearing; and who can yet assure us that the Day will bring not sultry oppression, but a cleared and free atmosphere.

Surely it is the feeling of a generous number of the members of the Society that the publication in THE THEOSOPHIST of a letter in language such as Mr. Prentice uses gives needless offence. Surely to call down upon the venerable head of a woman who has given her life in good works for humanity the imaginary retribution that Karma will visit upon her; to call her a betrayer; to seek to class her with a power-drunk and irresponsible monarch—surely this is infinitely further from the Spirit of Theosophy than the lofty eloquence which he has read so strangely and withal so little understood. One is moved to hope that future "rebukes" will continue to be tactful, even at the cost of twenty-eight precious pages of our war-attenuated official organ.

Colombo, Ceylon

FRITZ KUNZ

REVIEWS

Myths of the Hindūs and Buddhists, by The Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble), and Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. (George G. Harrap & Co., London. Price 15s. net.)

It is a stout volume of 400 pages. It was begun by the Sister Nivedita but completed by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy owing to her death. Two-thirds of the whole volume we therefore owe to the latter writer. It contains the stories of the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata* in brief, of Kṛṣṇa and Buddha besides a number taken from the Purāṇas. The latter include, amongst others, stories of Siva, Sāvitrī, Dhruva, Mānasa Devī, Nachikētas, Nala and Damayanti, and a number of small notes on interesting topics.

Sister Nivedita is known chiefly by her book, *The Web of Indian Life*. Pupils of Indian schools know her best by her *Cradle Tales of Hindūism*. Mr. A. K. Coomaraswamy is known for his keen appreciation of Indian Art. It is clearly seen how much he admires art for, in the volume before us, we find thirty-two illustrations in colour furnished by Indian artists under the supervision of Mr. Abanindro Nath Tagore, C.I.E. If the stories were written for no other purpose than to explain the illustrations, they would have served a very useful end; but, if the object were to educate the young in the ancient traditions of the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata*, readers who are familiar with Mrs. Besant's story of Rāmachandra and of the Great War, find therein a better treatment showing a fuller grasp of Hindū ideals. If the writers had, therefore, given more time to other writings and Purāṇas, the reading public would have derived greater benefit. The volume, however, is written in a pure and simple style, though the prohibitive cost places it beyond the reach of the vast majority of Indians, and makes it possible only for libraries

to purchase it. Especially its coloured illustrations are admirable; while not one of them yields to the rest in art, we may instance notably those of Buddha the Mendicant, Mānasa Devī, Garuda and Kālī.

The volume opens with a short statement of the peculiarities of Indian civilisation and the two great epics of India. In India is preserved the continuity of civilisation. Any break in the history of the civilisation of a country leaves a gap that cannot be filled up; but here the history of thought can be traced, with ample materials available even in legends and traditions. Other nations, in their own days of glory and power, produced immortal epics like Homer's. While those epics have ceased to exercise any influence on the daily life of the Greeks, the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata* mould the life and thought of India down to the present time. They show how on primitive thoughts of earlier ages have been grafted the advancing ones of gigantic intellects. In the stories of Garuda and Hanūmān, for example, the sympathy of man with bird and beast is preserved; but, at the same time, they become significant by their associations with Divinity. It is because of the continued influence of Valmiki that it has been said that no one can be called a good Indian citizen who has not read his *Rāmāyaṇa*. The same remark applies with no less force to the *Mahābhārata*—a cyclopædia of information in all directions of human activity and a store-house of ancient tradition.

While the stories are admirably told, we cannot help remarking that, even in a condensed treatment, it is possible to bring out the essence. In the *Rāmāyaṇa* story of Kākāśura, or the Crow-Asura, it is not difficult to bring out the central lesson that Rāma, owing to Sītā's grace, saved the Asura's life by making him blind in one eye to show that Rāma took Vibhishana from the camp of the enemy under his protection. The importance of the devotee's self-surrender, as in the case of Vibhishana, might have been very well shown, so as to bring out the full force of the oft quoted shloka in which Rāma says :

If any being surrendering unto me, states once that he seeks me, it is my Vraṭa, my deliberate act of will, to hold out protection to all.

Even in the case of the *Mahābhārata*, it is not clearly shown how the plans of the God are worked out in the

Great War and how the wholesale slaughter of the warrior-caste opened India to foreign invasion, and through apparent evil, to the advantages of research by foreign scholars and led to the diffusion of Indian thought among the enlightened nations of the West.

The various moral truths impressed on us in the course of reading the subject-matter of the two epics need not be treated of here for the simple reason that the volume itself pre-supposes the knowledge thereof by every educated man.

Readers in the East and the West are familiar with the life of Buddha as told in Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, *The Light of Asia*. In forty pages of the volume before us is given the same story, but in them there is nothing like the imaginative sympathy that we feel in reading the poem. While the main points in the Buddha's life that can be gathered from traditions and from Jātakas, or the history of previous births, have found their proper place, the most touching part of it that refers to Buddha's reception by his father in Kapilavastu has received but a passing notice. Buddha shuns the pathway beautifully adorned and receives coolly that which his father weeps over when regretting a prince's mendicancy, but patiently waits to teach The Law. The way in which the father's grief, as well as that of the Buddha's wife, is overcome may be better depicted than it has been in this volume.

The Life of Shri Kṛṣṇa is briefly given from the *Bhāgavata-Purāṇa* and other works. It is apparent in different parts of the volume that the writer is capable of giving the inner meanings of the stories; yet, when Shri Kṛṣṇa's passing away from the earthly scene is said to have been caused by a hunter fancying him to be a deer and aiming his arrow at him, the connection between the stories of Rāma and Kṛṣṇa is not shown in such a manner as to show the working of the Law of Karma. In the Rāma Avatār, he unjustly kills Vālī the brother of Sugriva. In the Kṛṣṇa Avatār, he consents to abide by the Law and receives the death-stroke at the hands of the hunter. The great glory of Hindū sacred writings is the exposition of the same undercurrent of thought and feeling, though it appears in many forms. The *Rāmāyaṇa*, the *Mahābhārata* and the *Bhāgavata* are the most splendid instances. The Law of Karma finds its place in all of them

and the working of it is exemplified in the most admirable manner in Kṛṣṇa's death. A matter of such importance deserves far greater recognition than is accorded it in this work.

The opening paragraph of this review mentioned other stories contained therein. Amongst them are some in which the inner philosophical significance is noticeable. Three may be specially referred to and we may more appropriately quote the writer.

(1) The dance itself [of Siva] represents the activity of Siva as the source of all movement within the universe, and especially his five acts, creation, preservation, destruction, embodiment and release; its purpose is to release the souls of men from illusion.

(2) The story of Gaja Indra or the Prince-Elephant calling aloud on Adimulam, or the Source, for help when the crocodile tries to put an end to its life is well known. Viṣṇu comes out to save.

The elephant of the story stands for the typical human soul of our age excited by desires; given over too much to sensual pleasure, the demon would have carried him away he knew not where. There was no salvation for him until he called on Viṣṇu, who speedily saves all those who call upon him with devotion.

(3) Mānasa Devi, the Goddess of Snakes is the daughter of Siva by a mortal. Pārvaṭy, Siva's wife, sends her to the earth. Then the former wants to make herself worshipped. But Chānd Sarāda, is bent upon worshipping Siva alone. In spite of many difficulties to which the Devi subjects him, he does not consent to worship her but yields at the end.

The legend... reflects the conflict between the religion of Siva and that of feminine local deities in Bengal... She is a phase of the mother-divinity who for so many worshippers is nearer and dearer than the far-off and impersonal Siva...

The volume closes with "A Summary of Indian Theology" in the last ten pages. It is intended to show how the various stories exemplify its principles. Any earnest reader will do well to go through the work and see for himself how far the summary is useful. The performance is, on the whole, creditable and worthy of the good name already acquired by the writers.

S. R. C.

A Theory of Civilisation, by Sholto O. G. Douglas. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 5s. net.)

The title page clearly defines the contents of the book, which is divided into two parts. In the first part Mr. Douglas

gives his theory of civilisation and the arguments supporting it drawn from those civilisations, dating from Ancient Greece, of which we have the more reliable historical data. The second part discusses the religious doctrines of Ancient Egypt, Mexico and Peru, of Buddhism, Islām and Confucianism; in connection with this theory and the reason why, in some cases, the support they give to it is apparently weak.

As a theory the author's view is interesting though not distinctly novel; but whether it may be taken as anything more than another illustration of the psychological limitations of speculative science will depend upon the outlook of the reader, for the point of view is, in the author's own words, "the materialistic evolutionary view" and the theory is based upon biological science.

The theory is briefly this. With the dawn of intelligence in animal-man fear of the Unseen awakens. The conduct of the individual is influenced thereby. Herein lies the primitive *psychic illusion* which is the origin of all later civilising impulsion. The influence of the thoughts arising out of this psychic illusion affects conduct in a direction which may be either that which we have later come to regard as superior or it may be affected to the contrary. According to our author, the spirit of evolution (whatever that may mean to the materialist) selects the particular variation of psychic illusion which furthers the evolution of the community and which will lead to the highest possible intellectuality.

While this illusion dominates the community, the intellectual power of the people grows and the civilisation prospers, but when that intellectual power outgrows belief in the psychic illusion or religion, then the civilisation decays. The people return to the more savage state though not to the same level from which they started. A new psychic illusion must arise; and in order that it may be accepted, intellectual power must decline; but it does not fade out altogether; it remains as a potential seed in the brains of the people until, with the growth of a new illusion, it springs into renewed life and the speed of evolution is quickened because a path of less resistance has been worn by the preceding civilisation.

Altruistic irrationality is born of illusion, not of reason, and faith, not intellectual culture, is the inspiration of grandly

irrational actions. Hence Mr. Douglas argues that while intellectual vigour is the aim of evolution, faith is the motive power.

Certain lesser theories are advanced as serving to illustrate the main one. Amongst them is this: polytheistic religions foster the arts in the nations inspired by them, monotheistic religions, the sciences.

There are some interesting points raised in connection with the psychic illusion of Christianity and the question is asked: Are we on the downward slope of disillusion and, if so, whence can we expect the new illusion which will inaugurate the birth of the new civilisation? These points the reader must discover for himself and we believe he will find the book quite as instructive in what it leaves unsaid as in what it contains.

A. E. A.

The Restored New Testament, the Hellenic Fragments, freed from the Pseudo-Jewish Interpolations, harmonised and done into English Verse and Prose, with introductory Analyses and Commentaries, giving an interpretation according to Ancient Philosophy and Psychology and a new literal translation of the Synoptic Gospels, with Introduction and Commentaries, by James Morgan Pryse. (John M. Pryse, New York, and John M. Watkins, London.)

From the lengthy title of this book, it will be seen that the author has attempted a very ambitious task. This becomes even more obvious when one finds that his rendering of the words differs almost entirely from the accepted translations of both the Authorised and the Revised Versions. Also, he has exercised "the art of selection" in a manner which will not commend itself to the orthodox, for he presents only those portions of the *New Testament* which he holds to be genuine, and these he interprets along the line of ancient philosophy and psychology. The writer's argument is that the *New Testament* is an allegory—a sublime allegory which has suffered much at the hands of forgers and unscrupulous priests.

The theory upon which this attempted restoration is based is that all those portions of the *New Testament* which may be regarded as genuine are, with the exception of a few fragments of the *Epistles*, prose plagiarisms from ancient Greek sacred poems, the allegorical dramas forming part of the ritual in the mysteries. . . .

The Jewish setting of the Gospels, and "all the passages by which the Iesous-mythos is connected with the *Old Testament*," are forgeries. The *Apocalypse* is a Greek Mystery poem, the *Epistles* are nearly all spurious, and the *Acts* entirely so. Thus prefacing his work, Mr. Pryse goes on to say that he regards the passages which he accepts from the *New Testament* from an esoteric point of view. He supplements the rather vague esoteric teaching in the *New Testament* from the *Upanishads*, borrowing much from the religious teaching of the East.

His work will, therefore, not be altogether new to Theosophists, but to the average westerner some of his ideas will be distinctly startling. He treats the Gospel narratives *entirely* as allegory, and the twelve Apostles are symbols of the Zodiac. The origin of the Synoptic Gospels, he gives thus:

The three gospels are treated as if they were but three variants of the same text. The original source from which they were drawn is considered to have been an allegorical drama which formed part of the ritual of the Greek Mysteries. As an allegory, this drama was expressed in the zodiacal language, and hence has an astronomical rendering throughout: its hero is the Sun-God, in this astronomical interpretation, which is only superficial; but in a spiritual sense he is a neophyte, undergoing the trials of initiation, and so personifies the Sun-God. Judging by portions of the text, the original drama was a superb poem; but the compilers of the Synoptic Gospels had only incomplete prose notes of it, presumably made from memory, and these notes they could have obtained only by dishonourable means.

Whether this last statement has any historical evidence to support it, we do not know, but to regard the *Acts* as spurious, which this writer does, is going against the evidence carefully collected by Professor Sir William Mitchell Ramsay, who is, perhaps, the greatest living authority on the *Acts* and who has carefully gone over the ground traversed by S. Paul on his journeys.

The *Apocalypse*, is, according to the writer, "a coherent whole, symmetrical, and having every detail fitted into its appropriate place with studied care".

Frankly, the translation of this restored *New Testament*, does not make the appeal which the simplicity of the Authorised Version makes. The *Magnificat* (which here is ascribed to Elisabeth) may, in the original Greek, "be devoid of literary merit," and, according to Mr. Pryse neither Mary nor Elisabeth "could gain poetic lustre from it". His translation, however,

must share in poetic form some of the demerits he ascribes to the original.

My Soul keeps extolling the Master,
And my Spirit has exulted in God, my Saviour.
For he has looked upon the humiliation of his slave girl
For behold, from now on all generations will felicitate me.

As has been said before, the writer treats his whole subject as purely allegorical; he does not appear to believe in an historical Jesus. What is important to him is the unfolding of the allegory, and he has done this, as he understands it, with great patience. The book requires careful study, in order to grasp the author's scheme in all its detail, and, we fear, many people will not give it the attention it deserves. It contains much that is interesting, but many of the statements are arguable; also the author has a tendency to dogmatise in what appears to be a quite unjustifiable manner, as for instance in the uncomplimentary remarks he makes on the writers of the Synoptic Gospels.

A word of praise must be given to the general get-up of this volume which contains over 800 pages, beautifully printed. There are two coloured plates as well as many illustrations drawn after classical models, and thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the book.

T. L. C.

Sexual Ethics, A Study of Borderland Questions, by Robert Michels. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., London. 1914. Price 6s.)

This is a very readable and interesting work in which a delicate subject is deftly handled. Not quite suitable for indiscriminate spreading amongst the public, it yet contains much thoroughly deserving of the attention of the mature reader. The sincerity and objectivity of treatment frees the book from the unpleasant spiciness and unwholesome suggestiveness which might easily show in a work treating a similar subject, and yet the book is frank and outspoken to a degree. We do not agree with the author in all his theses, but cannot help admitting that his views merit a hearing as the results of sincere thought arrived at by a serious and well-informed mind. In some places we judge his generalisations as being too sweeping and his observations superficial, but on the whole the book

represents a solid piece of work. In a few places the writer seems to give undue prominence to an Italian nationalism in his statements, but not so flagrantly as to impair the real value of the whole. In short, it is an instructive and thoughtful contribution to sexual science.

J. v. M.

Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty, by Professor Inayat Khan. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, London. 1914.)

A dainty little book, nicely executed and embellished with an attractive coloured frontispiece, but of decidedly mediocre contents. The Sufism here represented is of the water-and-milk variety, very sweet, very diluted, very effeminate. An incongruously long and most naively puerile introduction (12 pages of the total of 56) tells us the life of the remarkable Sufi professor whose career extends already over thirty-five years of earthly life. It relates to us that he told to the Nizam of Hyderabad (who was moved to tears by his music) that "worldly success cannot be a proper price for it," whereupon the Nizam showed that he fully understood that saying by presenting him "with a purse full of gold coins". The author of this introduction seems to have a quite romantic knowledge of modern India and speaks, amongst other wonderful things, of the "papyrus" manuscripts of the good professor's grandfather. The high water-mark of Inayat Khan's "divine knowledge" and spirituality is found in solemn expressions like:

You may be a believer or an unbeliever in the Supreme Being, but He cares not.

This initiated Sufi also quotes Hegel! Another gem is:

Sound being the highest force of manifestation, it is mysterious within itself. Whoever has the knowledge of sound indeed knows the universe. My music is my thought and my thought is my feeling. The deeper I sink into the ocean of feeling, the more beautiful pearls I bring forth in the form of notes.

The author's notions of man and woman are Americanised and western-veneered Oriental. In fact the unregenerated polygamist-at-heart peeps out through a thin veil of political concessions to western ethics. The daintily executed book—of which the calligraphy on the frontispiece would, unhappily, not pass muster amongst Orientals—brings together more

amiable and wishy-washy platitudes than even the most greedy lover of such stuff could demand for its price. We doubt not, therefore, that it will have a deservedly wide sale and we wish it all success. We think it really fills a much felt want—of many.

J. v. M.

Vampires and Vampirism, by Dudley Wright. (William Rider & Son, London. 1914. Price 2s. 6d.)

A pleasantly chatty little book about a very unpleasant subject. The brief work (176 pages) is put together without much depth and without much science or method. Kant, the philosopher, would not be able to make much of its data because he held that precise name, date and place should always be given to make any information worthy of being considered at all, and "at one time . . . near Kodom, in Bavaria" or "a shoemaker of Breslau, in 1591" would perhaps not answer his requirements. As it is, the booklet is an entertaining collection of varied vampire-gossip, loosely grouped under main headings. Some matter is included which seems in reality foreign to the subject, but we do not find grave fault with that. A little bit of collateral creepiness can do no harm in a collection like the present one. Two more serious objections are the following. The bibliography gives neither details as to the date (and place) of publication of the books cited, nor references to the pages which contain the matter pertinent to the subject in hand. An entry like "Bartholin's *De Causa Contemptus Mortis*" [sic] is almost useless. Secondly, the translation of foreign names is really too primitive. Not to mention the monstrosity "Sclavonic" which presumably stands for Slav, we find our good friend, the vampire, designated as wukodalak, vurkulaka or vrykolaka in Russia and the Balkans. But then later on in the work he turns up in the guise of vrukolaka, vroucolaca, bucolac, vukodlak, wukodlak. Other foreign terms are likewise not reduced to systematic forms; geographical, racial and linguistic names appear accordingly in a very jumbled form. Though the little book has amused us as much as, for instance, a good melodramatic film in a cinematograph, full of thrills and horrors, we do not think

that it will convert any serious reader to a belief in the existence of vampires or incite many people to study the subject scientifically. Its evidence is too evidently hearsay and secondhand information.

J. v. M.

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

Bismarck, by Professor F. M. Powicke.

In a very small compass one is given an illuminative sketch of the profound influence of this remarkable man upon the history of modern Germany. It is not so much a biography as a study of the scope of political thought in the making of history. One sees the curious persistence of the feudal ideal in this nation and in this man combined with the continuous up-growth of German liberalism; and, between the two, Bismarck—allied to the first by his heredity, yet forced to concede to the demands of the latter in order to realise his ideal of German nationhood. So that, while he moulds the politics of his time to some extent, yet his own hereditary views are modified very considerably by the necessity of reconciling the demands of autocratic Prussia and liberal Germany under one Imperial rule.

No existing form of Government in other countries will meet the needs of the German nation, which seems to have lagged behind the other European peoples in some respects, and a curious situation has arisen the solution of which has yet to come. This little book is very well worth reading.

A. E. A.

The Gold of Dawn, by Richard Whitwell. (Price 1s. 6d. net.)

The Brood of Light, by C. R. Crowther. (A. C. Fifield, London. Price 1s. net.)

Small volumes such as these, of a dainty and tasteful binding, give one a pleasure in their mere handling and immediately make one run through one's list of friends in search

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

of a birthday or an occasion demanding a dainty gift. One does not look for a weighty message so much as a mood, and the atmosphere of a tender inspiration belongs to *The Gold of Dawn*. The message is that of other mystics, but it is sincerely written, and here and there a beautiful passage like the following stands out, bearing the stamp of individual expression :

Who knows but what the beautiful thought passing from out the heart
gathers to itself a garment correspondingly beautiful, becoming a flower on
Nature's bosom, breathing out into the Universe the fragrance of perpetual
praise.

The author of *The Brood of Light* shows a certain aptitude for verse-making, which seems ill applied in expounding philosophical propositions which might prove more interesting in prose. Poetry it is *not*, though written in verse, and lines like the following are unpardonable :

Yet the same graces in alternate line
Descend though in diminishing degree ;
The Power that makes a woman's face divine
Makes man less hideous than the chimpanzee : etc.

Mr. Crowther is evidently more of a metaphysician, than a poet, and his attempt to be both is not very successful.

D. C.

The Meaning of Christianity, by Frederick A. M. Spencer, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.) This is a second and revised edition of a work, whose title bears the record of its scope. The author has a mystical view of Christianity, and examines all its chief doctrines carefully, but not in such a way as to satisfy the ultra-orthodox. *Ad Astrum*, by Elisabeth Severs. (T. P. S., London. Price 3d.) is a series of short devotional papers on the coming of a World-Teacher. It is very Christian in tone, and some of the thoughts are beautiful and beautifully expressed, but throughout the writing is very unequal.

VOL. XXXVI

No. 8

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE passing away of our good brother David S. M. Unger, of Chicago, is a very distinct loss to the Theosophical Society. He was an ardent Christian of a broad type, and was thus very useful, as putting the fundamental truths of religion in a Christian form, very welcome in Christian countries. His little magazine, *Esoteric Christianity*, will be known to many. He was very much loved by his co-workers, and many would endorse the affectionate and admiring words spoken of him by a fellow-Theosophist :

Although we ventured thus to count ourselves his friends and companions, we recognised in him one who had surpassed us in development, one who had passed us on the road, but who had halted in his eager way to lend a helping hand to our advancement. He was to us an inspiration. He was a pure white flame of devotion, a living, glowing, radiant centre of earnest purpose finding expression in the Master's work of compassionate help to humanity

We would pay to our brother our best, our most lasting, our sincerest tribute. May I venture to tell you what I believe this tribute to be?

It is to take the spirit of his life and exemplify it in our own—to take of the fire that burned in his heart, and apply it to the fuel on the altars of our own hearts and lives—to do for the world with greater zeal and earnestness, the work which he was so earnest and faithful in doing. This shall be better tribute than any poor words we can utter.

He died from the sequela of an operation to remove a growth threatening his life. He rests in peace.

* * *

Our ever hard-working Southampton Theosophists, as the outcome of a difficult piece of work asked for by an official, have started a Club, the Girl's Crusade, to meet some of the dangers to women arising from the massing of large numbers of men together, and arranged a series of six lectures on *Sex Hygiene*. These are also to be given at the Union Jack Club for Women. The great ability as a speaker of Miss Green, the President of the local Lodge, is being utilised by the Church of England and Free Church Temperance Societies and Purity Leagues. The fine work done by the Southampton Theosophists in relation to the War has made them very popular and respected in a town where religious prejudice has always run high.

* * *

The Order of the Servants of the Star have projected a "Correspondence Study Series," in which the first set of papers is to be on *At the Feet of the Master*, the second on Karma, the third on Reincarnation, and the fourth on *Great Teachers*. Mr. G. S. Arundale is writing the first series, and his name is a guarantee for their value. The Servants of the Star are young people, and their "training falls into two distinct divisions," Study and Service. As is said in a leaflet issued :

Many young people's organisations are in existence to-day—the sign of a growing sense of responsibility on the part of the young generation towards its surroundings. The future obviously lies with the young, and it is wise therefore that they should begin, under the guidance of sympathetic elders, to train themselves for duties which will come to them when they are men and women.

The "sympathetic elders" in this case form an "Advisory Council," consisting of Muriel, Countess De La Warr, the Lady Emily Lutyens, Viscountess Churchill, Mr. Arundale and myself. A Quarterly is being brought out by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whyte, who conducted so admirably the *Lotus Journal*, to be called *The Young Age*, and matters concerning the junior Order will be published in that, the *Herald of the Star* being, of course, for older people. The great spread of the Order of the Star in the East all over the world has almost necessitated the formation of the juvenile Order, so many parents wishing their children to share in their own hope. It is well indeed for all who through the thick clouds of War and of the suffering of the Nations, can see in the clear heaven which no clouds can stain the undimmed shining of the Star.

* * *

Our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, are as usual, very active in Melbourne, and much of their work has, naturally, been claimed by War-needs.

Since the outbreak of war, Mrs. Hunt has helped to organise a band of women who made over 20,000 bandages for the troop-horses going with our expeditionary forces. I was able through the Minister of Defence to procure for the Organising Secretary—Miss Maude Harvey—a free pass over the Railways so that she was able to go to other States and organise the same kind of work in Sydney, Brisbane,

Adelaide and Hobart. The ladies also provided medical comforts for the horses, arrowroot, salt, oatmeal, molascuit, which lie outside the regular supplies of the Defence Department but are very necessary for the horses. The bandages are used to bind the legs, so that the standing in the ships for four or five weeks does not cause swelling. Partly no doubt as a result of this work, only one per cent of the horses of the first expeditionary force were lost, and I was asked by the Secretary of Defence to convey to Miss Harvey and the ladies concerned in the work the thanks of the Department.

This band is now being converted into a local branch of the Purple Cross Service, so ably conducted by Miss Lind af Hageby and her friends in England for rescue of wounded horses on the battle-fields of France, and we are gathering subscriptions to send on to the parent Society. Mrs. Hunt is one of an Organising Committee of three and the Governor-General of the Commonwealth and State Governor have become Patrons, and the Lady Mayoress of Melbourne, President.

I have myself taken up the ideal of getting all our male population who are physically fit, but for any reason are not available or qualified for service at the front to arm and drill for home defence. A movement with this object is finding a ready response all over Australia and in the form of Rifle Clubs—a recognised form of reserve under our Defence Act—the men are coming forward in good numbers.

My small part has been to help in forming the Brighton Rifle Club—of which they have made me Secretary, and we have already in a few weeks sworn in over 200 members and had our first muster for drill on Thursday last. It was very quaint to see staid and, in some cases, elderly city men, merchants, stockbrokers, lawyers, dentists, etc., as well as numbers of the young men of the town being drilled by young men of the regular citizens' forces (almost boys). I don't know who enjoyed it most the boyish non-com.'s or the members drilling.

If we can carry this out extensively all through Australia and all our men have been taught to shoot straight and have been drilled, it ought to make us safer from foreign invasion

and also liberate more of our young men for service at the front.

* *

At the Convention of the Theosophical Society of Australia, held this year in Melbourne, the Section took the largest Hall in the City, holding 2,000 people, for a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater on Easter Sunday. The promoters were permitted to make a charge for admission, as the proceeds were to go to the Belgian Relief Fund. Australia is very Sabbatarian, and no charges are allowed at Sunday lectures. Hence it was necessary to secure the waiver of the rule in the above case.

* *

A warning seems to be needed with regard to the work of the Theosophical Society and that of the Order of the Star in the East in regard to propaganda work, when both organisations exist in the same town. The two are and must be distinct, as many members of the younger Order are not members of the T. S., and many members of the T. S. are not members of the Order, but they should work in friendliness not in rivalry. The Order of the Star should never choose for its meetings the same day and hour as is used by the older Society, nor should it be forgotten that the T. S. is a permanent organisation whereas the Order of the Star is a temporary one, working to prepare the way for the coming of the Great Teacher, and necessarily ceasing that work when He comes amongst us. To neglect, still more to directly hamper, the work of the T. S., because of devotion to the younger Order shows extraordinary lack of insight, and is seen with the strongest disapproval by the leaders of both organisations.

* *

I had a pleasant visit to Benares last month, when I went to Gorakhpur, in the United Provinces to preside over the Provincial Congress Conference there. There is a very strong feeling aroused throughout India by the action taken by the House of Lords in prolonging one-man-rule over the United Provinces, with its population of forty-seven millions, although a lately created and less advanced Province had been granted a fragment of executive power. So we had a well-attended Conference. It is a very bad return the Lords have made for all India's sacrifices in blood and money in support of the Empire, and has aroused very deep resentment, increased by the unfortunate passing of the Public Safety Act.

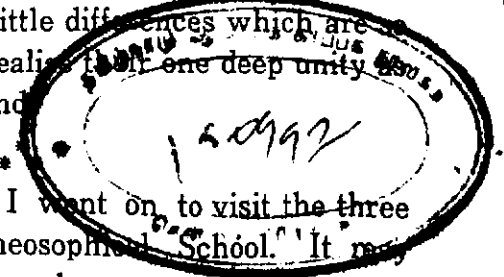
The Central Hindū College authorities at Benares gave me a warm welcome there, and we had one of our old meetings in the School Hall. The College Cadet Corps escorted me thither at 6.30 in the early morning—for it is the hot weather in Benares now—and we walked in the old way over the familiar ground to the crowded Hall, ringing with cheers. The regular religious service was held, and one improvement has been brought into it; all the boys chant together some Samskr̥t shlokas, and the effect is very impressive. I spoke to the lads then of their place in the New India so rapidly growing up amongst us, and there was great enthusiasm. We sent our love to Mr. Arundale by cable, and all went away very happy. The C. H. C. has now the advantage of the presence of my old friend, Rai Bahadur G. N. Chakravarti, in Benares, as Inspector of Schools,

and he will be able to give it useful advice from time to time.

From the College, I was escorted to the T. S. Headquarters, where the boys of our Theosophical School were gathered, and I addressed them in turn, and met similar loving welcome.

Then to the Vasantāshrama, dear Miss Arundale's work of love, and her legacy to Benares, where Miss Palmer, B.Sc., is the Principal of the Collegiate School for Girls, and where we have as Matron in sole charge of the boarders, a sweet and capable Hindū widow. A third gathering was here to be addressed, and the girls sang, very sweetly, some shlokas from the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. It is interesting to see the different parts of India from which our girls in our School come. There were during this last session 7 from the United Provinces, 16 Bengalis, 7 Mahrathas, 6 Madrassis (3 Telugu and 3 Tamil), 5 Kashmiris, 3 Panjabis (1 Sikh); these are all Hindūs. Then there is one Buddhist girl from Burma, and one Parsi. I cannot but think that it is well to have girls from different Provinces drawn together, learning to overlook the little differences which are so potent to divide, and to realise that one deep unity unites daughters of the Motherland.

From the Āshrama, I went on to visit the three boarding-houses of our Theosophical School. It may interest Theosophists to learn how we meet the supposed difficulty of religious instruction—which is really no difficulty at all, except in the imagination of people



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who have not tried to carry it out. In the boarding-houses, the boys all gather in the pūjā-room—room for worship—in the early morning, and one Hindū, one Buddhist and one Sikh chant a very brief prayer in succession, one in which all can join. Then each does his Sandhyā—morning worship—according to his own family custom. The daily school opens with a short religious service in which all can join. During the week the boys have two religious lessons in their own faith, taught by one belonging to it, and the Musalman boys are taken each Friday to their Mosque by a Musalman teacher. In the evening, in the boarding-houses, the boys gather just before they go to bed, and all chant together some shlokas from the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, the “Bible of India”. Thus easily is the difficulty of religious instruction solved, and it gives the School a joyous, confident, well-behaved tone that is not otherwise attainable. The teachers and boys are like fathers and sons; there are no punishments, but glad and ready obedience and admirable discipline. How different from the timid air of boys in so many schools, where fear rules instead of love, where the cane replaces religion, and where teachers and boys distrust each other. Very many of the Indians of to-day, the soil of their hearts rendered sterile by missionary and Government education, are against religious education; they themselves have grown up without it, and know not its value, though they lament over the absence of morals in too many of the young men of the day.



HAMMER AND ANVIL

THE MAKERS OF REVOLUTIONS

By L. HADEN GUEST

WHO are the makers of revolutions? To whom are the great social changes due—the changes in thought that when translated into terms of earth transfigure the face of the world?

Always has there been in the world peasant, tradesman and aristocrat, worker, middle-class and plutocrat, and, on the whole, they have been willing to put up with their lot until some wind from the world of ideas has swept across their faces, and there has come uprising, revolt, cries for the “rights of man,” “freedom,” “opportunity for all”. For any cry will do to express the view of the larger horizon opened up

when the wind of the ideas ruffles the sea of the habit-working; mind and the waves suck down and the waves rise up.

In every historical age there has been cause enough for lament and complaint by some section of the people, and to some ages there has come the vision of a possible future in which the need for complaint shall be silenced, the wrongs righted, the trouble stilled. To some ages this golden future has been only beyond the gateway of death in some fair mead of heaven; to the latter ages the golden future has been one upon this earth, the means to achieve it here, the will here, all present but the necessary might, the power and the control of circumstance.

THE ROAD TOWARD EMANCIPATION

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries men strove for the achievement of this vision through political emancipation. "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality," political freedom, freedom of the press, of speech, the extension of the franchise, the abolition of privilege, republicanism—these were to give us our heaven upon earth. In the nineteenth century and now in the twentieth, the cry is not only for political freedom, but for economic freedom. Now, it is not freedom from king and aristocrat that is to give us our dream, but freedom from the thralldom of rent and interest.

Who is the maker of these revolutions? And what do we want and why? It may be enough for the overworked, underpaid worker to reply that he wants a bettering of his conditions, but who taught him a bettering was possible? Who waked up the lethargy of

habit and bade the man look up and see greater possibilities?

Men and women have come round among the workers saying: "these evil conditions need not be," "wages may be bettered," "you may yourselves own the capital of the industries in which you work," "Socialism will save the people," and the workers have responded. But again, who told these things to those who speak of them, the "agitators" who speak until they are hoarse, who tramp weary miles to meetings to give their message at bleak street corners, at the works' gate, at the pit mouth, in the club room? Where did they hear the message?

THE VISION

Trace it back and back and what do you find? The mighty forces that sway peoples, that mould the destiny of nations, that consolidate or rend apart empires, these come out of the minds and hearts of those who think for the world, who see visions of the future, who offer themselves in service to the world. Out from the mind of the scientist, the poet, the dreamer, the theorist, come these mighty forces. Because they are more attuned to the finer and more potent aspects of life, they see a Vision obscured for the many by the incessant iteration of the thoughts, feelings and circumstances of the immediate present. And it is the fragment of the Vision which they have seen which drives the mighty engine of the world.

Darwin lifted a corner of Nature's mysteries on one little planet and caught a glimpse of a dazzling panorama of evolving forms. Goethe, Lamarck,

Spencer and others had seen besides. And these glimpses of a Vision have changed the world. Lassalle and Marx looked beyond the obvious in our social life and saw a future teeming with splendid possibilities. Scientists, philosophers, poets, preachers, agitators, statesmen—these men look beyond the facts to the facts' significance, beyond the things we know to the ideas behind the things. And from the world of ideas comes out the mighty force, the unsubduable force, through which the nation grows into greater being. For there men see a Vision, and each in his own way translates that Vision into language of which we can all understand somewhat. Those who have not seen the Vision read the scientist's, or the statesman's, or the poet's, words and are fired by the reflection. We go about among the people and say that which we have thought and felt, and the divine fire of the Idea lights up the world and unlooses the divine force in the heart of every man.

It is the seers of the ideas behind the facts of every day who are the makers of revolutions. It was the reflection of the Vision they had seen which was the driving force behind the movement for political freedom. It is the reflection of the Vision they have seen which is the driving power behind the Socialist movement. For there, in the world of the ideas, still eternal, dwells the perfected Vision of the man for whom life is no longer a problem, no longer a perplexity, but a splendour of serene achievement. And the one age gets a glimpse of this Vision, and thinks the road there along the political pathway; and another gets a glimpse of the Vision and thinks the road there along the economic pathway. Both in some measure succeed,

and both in large measure are disappointed; and the disappointment drives us back on facts, not for the facts in themselves, but to get behind them. The Vision, it seems, cannot be realised in the way we thought. Let us, then, look again and see if we have perceived it accurately, if there be not something left out of our calculations.

THE VISION AND THE FACTS

The Vision is there, still eternal, but we in the turbid world of facts and experiences have misconceived and mistrusted. Not easy is it to bring the gifts of the high heavens of abstraction into the dust and conflict of every day and keep them unspotted. It may seem to some that the words they have just been reading are merely metaphorical, merely poetical; but this is far from being the case. The world of ideas to which we attain by great generalisations from facts is not created by our mental process, it is there awaiting the time of our conquest. The ideas behind the facts are as eternal as the facts themselves. Nay, more enduring are they, for the ideas are the great fountains of life, the facts of every day but the temporary arch of the falling water, the gleam of light in the water's clearness, the iridescent drop. The facts we know teem out of the ideas and, like the waters, flow away; the ideas, like the fountains, remain. The ideas are real, more real than the "facts". The facts are a veil we must pierce—we do not understand them even, until we can see them in relation to some general idea.

Whether you agree or disagree with this point of view does not affect my argument; agreement only

makes it easier to follow. For the crux of the matter is this. How, when, where, matter not. The thinker, the poet, the worker, each in his own way, catches a glimpse of a Vision. Each in his own way is driven to speak of that Vision to other men and uses the symbols of facts to make plain what he would say. We are driven to get behind pretended unreal beliefs, to genuine and real beliefs founded on knowledge, to investigate the facts of life so as to group them anew, to discover in those facts the faint reflection of the great theory, the great generalisation. If this theory is one of political emancipation, we apply it to life, fight for it, struggle for it, agonise, die for it—and in its achievement are disappointed. Then for us the theory of emancipation by political method is no longer a reality, it is a pretence, a delusion; we struggle to free ourselves from it, and to do so we are driven once more to study facts. We emerge from this study with a new interpretation, drawn from the sea of facts; we bring up the treasure of Socialism, and we struggle to apply this to life. Once more partial success; once more disappointment; once more the dive into the facts of life.

THE NEW STANDPOINT

This is where we have now arrived. The desire to achieve a betterment of man's condition, individual and social, was never stronger than now. Our political efforts have been partly successful, our socialistic efforts have been partly successful also, and must be more so, but we are not sure we shall achieve that which is our desire. Even Socialism has become for many the delusion, and they try to escape from it to

reality. Vague unrest, vague discontent, syndicalism, mere violence—all of these express discontent, unbelief. And once more we must dive into the sea of facts.

The history of our recent progress is a history of growth into bigger and bigger conceptions, to more and more accurate ideas. Now by the sheer stress of the work we have in hand, we are driven to the closer study of the material we have to deal with. We have had theories of politics, we have had theories of economics. Now we want an understanding of man himself.

Politics assume a fiction, the "political man," economics a fiction, the "economic man," but we have done with fictions. The social reconstruction we need is a real re-shaping of a community of men and women. Political and economic men may be suited with equal political and economic powers and opportunities. Real men and women, however, do not fit these moulds; each wants a different something, each is fitted for a different something. We have to build a State, to create a new world, not with theoretical men and women, but with real men and women.

Our laws and our whole life at present are largely built on these fictions. Our criminal law is framed on the assumption of a "cut and dried" individual committing definite classified "crimes" for which there is a scheduled "punishment". Men are said to be "equal before the law," their responsibility is held equal, their criminality, their guilt, and consequently their punishment equal. And this is pure delusion. No two men are equal before the law, neither in themselves, nor in their surroundings, nor in their immediate temptation to crime. We want to abolish from our minds

the fiction of the "cut and dried" criminal, and study the actual women and men. In the same way with votes. With the ownership of property, with every function and relation by which man expresses himself, we want to get away from the fiction of our conceptions and get to the facts, and so beyond the facts to the truer idea.

We know one thing surely, that smashes through our social and political theories like a sledge hammer. All men are unequal. But what, then, is man? What knowledge have we of him that is real, apart from political and social fictions? Do we know truly and accurately anything about him? Have we firmly founded knowledge of man and can a real statesmanship build on that knowledge? That knowledge exists and can be found, and out of it shall flow the strength and power for a new step forward.

STATESMANSHIP AND THE SCIENCES

The past two centuries have been remarkable for two great reasons: firstly, because of the attempt to apply knowledge for the betterment of man's condition (although this has been largely through the medium of artificial theories about political and economic man); secondly, because of the increasingly profound investigation of the facts of life, and the getting at the secret, the Idea, the theory, behind those facts. The movement for political and social emancipation has run parallel with the movement for the freeing of the mind from illusions, the attainment of certainty about the world, the acquisition of real knowledge. These two parallel lines have by no means always been sympathetic. The

scientist has regarded the politician as a charlatan or a demagogue, the politician has regarded the scientist as a man divorced from the realities of life. But the disillusionment with politics and economics which we are now experiencing must inevitably drive the politician and the reformer to the scientist and to the thinker for the bricks wherewith to build the State, for the necessary knowledge which, it is felt, must be that of a wider survey of facts than made use of at present and of a more profound theory. To this wider survey of facts let us now turn.

A great deal of knowledge available for immediate application to life, but independent of political and social theories, has been piling up these many years and we may arrange it in certain main groups.

The first of these groups is that which has to do with the Health of Man. Contrast this definite knowledge we have of health with the social theory underlying the Insurance Act. It is arguable that the Insurance Act may be beneficial or not beneficial, for it is founded on an artificial theory, but it is not arguable that good, well-ventilated houses may be beneficial or not beneficial, for this knowledge is founded on a great experience, a great generalisation of facts. There, in a nutshell, you have the contrast between the artificial, outgrown, false theory and the real.

We do not "think" now, we know how to abolish consumption, and the chief infectious diseases. We know what are the conditions for the healthy upbringing of children, for the healthy development of young people, for the healthy work of grown-up men and women. In a word, we know both the conditions for the maintenance of individual health and the conditions necessary

for the public health. Much of that knowledge is not applied, on the ground of difficulty, of expense, or one or another excuse. The new statesmanship will say: "Knowledge that we are sure of is knowledge to be applied, and applied at once." Knowledge made sure will be defined in the future as that which is to be at once applied to life. Some of the knowledge of health to which I refer has been applied in our Public Health legislation, in Acts for the housing of the working classes, in the medical inspection of school children, and a singular thing to note is that what is valuable in the legislation of the past hundred years is precisely this application of ascertained knowledge, and that neither party in the State can claim this knowledge as its own.

REAL STATESMANSHIP

Real statesmanship, the application of ascertained knowledge, is independent of the ebb and flow of the *personalia* of Party.

The second of these groupings of our knowledge is that which concerns the Education of Man. Of this we have much real knowledge, although we as yet only apply a comparatively small part of this knowledge. A great junction has been made, however, of mind-education and body-health, and we are trying to get the body that is to be educated to become the healthy instrument which the mind needs. But again the obstacles to the great reforms—smaller classes, exquisite cleanliness, beauty of surroundings and the substitution of love and affection for "discipline"—are those of expense and difficulty. We know, but do not apply.

And oh, the pity of it! Only compare the best schools where knowledge is applied, with the slum school where "discipline is maintained". The tragic difference! The one school like a garden of flowers, growing swiftly, beautifully, delicately, in the sun and the wind; the other like a garden smoothed down, and made uniform by the spreading over the ground of an ancient, not too sweetly smelling blanket. But we know, and we should apply the knowledge.

The third grouping of our Knowledge is that referred to as Eugenics. The knowledge of the necessity, the efficiency, and the morality of good breeding. The whole nation should be as well-bred as our racial character permits. And we know enough to indicate main lines. No need to follow eugenicists into fantasies of absolute refusal of permission to marry, sterilisation, lethal chambers, and the like. These are the maladies of eugenics, the degenerate strain in the eugenic inheritance, which all have to become "recessive". But let us add to our morality the knowledge of eugenics, and to the ethical imperatives of our action the imperative of good breeding. Some evils we know little of as yet, but some gross evils we know enough of, and here again, as we know, let us apply our knowledge. But as you apply this knowledge, guard your freedom. This is knowledge to be applied not by the State, but by the individual. Here the State may persuade, but only in gross cases compel, may spread knowledge broadcast, and may, to the uttermost farthing, enforce individual responsibility for individual actions.

Another grouping of knowledge on which we can now build is that dealing with the peoples of the world, the tribes and nations, their powers and possibilities,

the difficulties and dangers of their contact, and the mesh of international law, the growth of which needs great acceleration.

Another grouping is that of the resources of the world, the industries, the mines, the forests, the wheat lands, the fruit lands, the supply of wood, of food, of coal, of oil—of all the things wherewith man feeds his body and the life of civilisation in which his greater life shall be. We know much of these resources and often use them, not more wisely than a swarm of wasps uses a just discovered store of sweet stuff. We do not so much use the world's goods, as allow them to be plundered. Here again the knowledge we have we should apply, accepting the great Trust organisations for the control of these goods, but not accepting the Trust's allocation of the profits, nor its exploitation of the stores of material.

THE BOUNDARIES OF KNOWLEDGE

All these groupings of knowledge have to do with man's physical life, with his civilisation, with the earth on which he lives; but not least important is the great grouping of knowledge dealing with man's mind, and with his inner spiritual nature.

Deeply are the sciences delving into the mysteries beyond the boundary of ascertained knowledge; and already the ascertained stretches further than many men and women are aware. Psychology has investigated, not only the psychological apparatus of brain and nerve, but the upper reaches of the consciousness shown in religious conversion. Through experiments in hypnotism, and thought transference, the field of

investigation extends to spiritualism and clairvoyance. But not only in the sciences is the investigation proceeding; philosophy, too, is pushing forward her researches. The philosophy of Bergson and the enunciation of the realm of consciousness above the mind, the intuition, is in itself a kind of scientific discovery in the world of Spirit. Here, too, we know, if not certainties as definite as those dealing with health and with schooling, at least certainties that put outside the barrier of discussion the crude materialism of an earlier day. We know that in the deeps of the consciousness of man, in the inner world in which each man is king, there are discoveries to be made as great as those made by Columbus, by Galileo, by the great evolutionists. And with the realisation of a non-physical side of man, we come upon that which is the crowning achievement of scientific and philosophical speculation, the theory of spiritual evolution in man, side by side with the physical evolution, which we recognise is the master explanation of the physical world.

NEW HORIZONS

The inner life of man is an enduring life, an evolving life; the man who turns to himself may know himself as the Spirit, immortal, divine, evolving since the beginning of ages, evolving into the depths of time. As the world is one continuous interweaving of evolving forms of life, so is Spirit one continuous interwoven unfolding of the powers of life. Matter and Spirit, Form and Life, Body and Soul—the great panorama of evolution through the animal and vegetable to the primordial ooze, and the first stir of protoplasmic life,

beyond this to the mineral life of the earth, back to the sun, and nebula before the sun, to the unending stretch before that—all this is lit, illuminated, explained, as the school of the evolving Spirit.

Within man we now behold realm on realm of consciousness, grade on grade of exaltation, to explore, powers unthought of, energies undreamed of. The sciences have brought us to a new door opening on to a greater universè. Man is a pilgrim, spiritual, immortal, entering on his ascending pathway. Depths below, beyond the dust of suns, heights above, beyond the glories and mysteries of God.

The disillusion with politics, with economics, with religion, has driven us back to facts. Grouping our knowledge of these facts, we find that we know what are the essentials for the healthy and harmoniously developing life of man, for the main structure of his civilisation, what is necessary for his good breeding and for his inner nature, enough to be sure that he stands now upon the threshold of adventure and achievement such as has not opened out from life before.

WHAT IS MAN?

Spiritual evolution? What does that mean? What is the Spirit that evolves? What is man?

The still current theory among educated people is that man is a physical animal, the product of evolution, that he is born as a result of natural physical processes, and that he passes away from life as the result of equally natural processes—and that is all. The emergence of superior species, of superior types, is due to the

unexplained appearance of superior variations which are selected (naturally or artificially). It is assumed man will grow upwards, becoming better adapted, more developed and controlled emotionally, more developed and controlled as to the mind, and with an ever growing and extending power over the earth, the forces of nature, and the conditions of his own life. And one may well ask why? What is the foundation for the assumption? Favourable variations are selected. Certainly. But do they always lead towards an increasing complexity and adaptability? What of the definitely retrogressive organisms? What of the possibility of degeneration and decay of the stock of man? What of the possibility of the supersession of man on this earth by some better-equipped creature, evolving out of his ranks, perhaps, to become the Superman, or invading this world from some other planet (as in H. G. Wells' *War of the Worlds*)?

Evolution has undoubtedly taken place in an upward direction, producing forms of increasing complexity, and adaptability, forms characterised by increase of the content of consciousness. The amoeba knows a very little fragment of the world, the deep sea fish a little more, the reptile, the bird, the mammalian and man himself, more and more. It is as though the life behind all forms had succeeded over an enormous period in gradually building up the form through which more and more of its possibilities can be expressed. Bernard Shaw has imagined that in this way we are now evolving something which will be able to express, not the consciousness of man, but that of God.

L. Haden Guest

(To be concluded)

ANCIENT HINDU SHRINES OF JAVA

By P. L. NARASIMHAM

UNDER the heading of "Ancient Hindū Colonies," I wrote a very brief history of Java in ancient times, published in *The Commonweal* of 18th December, 1914. In that article I mentioned that many beautiful and large temples were built there by the ancient Hindū-Javanese (Hindū natives of Java, or Yava Dvīpa), especially the temples of Prambanan and of Boro Budur. From an inscription found in Prambanan, it was ascertained that most of them, especially the group known as the Chandi Sevu, or the Temples of Shiva, consisting of a thousand temples, were built about the year A.D. 964. Here I propose to give a concise description of one of the important temples, so that we may have a clear idea of what kind of temples they are, or rather were, and of the place Hindūism occupied in that beautiful little island some centuries ago.

The ancient Javanese, like the Hindūs and many others, had their superstitious ideas about most things, and to every stranger that goes there to see the wonderful workmanship of the group of temples popularly known as Loro Jonggrang, the natives narrate the following story to account for the origin of the Prambanan temples.

Ratu Boko, or Ratu Baka,¹ the Giant-King of Prambanan, had an only daughter, Princess Jonggrang; and so he adopted a son, Raden Gupolo (or Gopala) whose father was killed by the King of Pengging. With a view to avenging his natural father's death, he requested his foster-father to arrange for his marriage with the King of Pengging's beautiful daughter. Thus, Ratu Boko sent ambassadors to the Court of Pengging to negotiate the marriage. On hearing of this marriage proposal, the King of Pengging understood its real motive; and in order to outwit the Giant-King, he sent secret emissaries to many places to find a competent person to destroy the Giant-King and his adopted son. Damar Moyo (Dāmar Maya) advised his younger son, Bambang Kandilaras, a young man of prepossessing appearance and great strength, to undertake the task; but Kandilaras failed in his attempt, as the breath and voice of Ratu Boko were dreadful enough to silence any great warrior. Then, Bondowoso, the elder son of the Saint Damar Moyo, marched against Ratu Boko, but was blown off his feet by the breath of the latter, so that, defeated, he fled to a forest. Knowing what had happened, Saint Moyo taught his son Bondowoso a mantram, which, when twice repeated, would make him big and strong as an elephant. Armed with this talisman, Bondowoso returned to Prambanan and very easily managed to destroy the mighty army thereof. Ratu Boko's rage, when he heard of this disaster, knew no bounds; and meeting his deadly enemy, of whose strength he had a very poor opinion, lost his life in a terrible fight in which "houses and gardens were," says a writer "trampled down, forests rooted up and mountains

¹ Baka means a crane, or bird.

kicked over, while the perspiration dripping from the bodies of the enraged combatants formed a larged pool, the Telaga Pawiniyan".¹ Raden Gupolo, the adopted son of Ratu Boko, hearing of his father's fate, immediately brought a cup of elixir of life, prepared by his sister, Princess Loro Jonggrang, and intended to restore the dead King to life; but as Raden Gupolo was putting the drops to the lips of the King's corpse, Bondowoso kicked the cup of elixir from his hands and with the assistance of Kandilaras, who then arrived, killed Raden Gupolo also.

True to his word, the King of Pengging gave his daughter in marriage to Kandilaras, to whom he gave half of his kingdom and appointed Bondowoso his Viceroy for the remaining half, thereby demonstrating his gratitude to the deliverers of the country from the tyranny of the giants. Further, Bondowoso was invested with the rank and title of Būpati (Bhūpati) and stationed in Prambanan, where he fell in love with the Princess Loro Jonggrang, but she was unwilling to marry him. Nevertheless, afraid of incurring his displeasure, and with a view to avenging her father's death, she offered her hand to Bhūpati Bondowoso, with the condition that the latter should, before marriage, construct in a single night six beautiful buildings with a deep well in each, and also prepare during the same single night one thousand and one statues of the former Kings of Prambanan, their divine ancestors and the Gods in heaven. Agreeing to this almost impossible proposal, Bondowoso sought the help of his saintly father, Damar Moyo, and of his brother, Kandilaras. All these three invoked the assistance of the Saint of the mountain, Soombing, who

¹ The word *Telaga* in Javanese means a lake.

commanded the spirits of the lower regions to construct the buildings and prepare the statues. Accordingly, these spirits brought mountains of stone and by midnight completed half of their work; they built six buildings, dug six wells in them and prepared nine hundred and ninety-nine statues by three o'clock in the morning. Princess Jonggrang, hearing the noise of the construction by invisible hands, ordered her maids to go and sprinkle flowers and perfumes on the constructions, so that the evil spirits might run away terrified. This done, the work was left incomplete; that is to say, the two remaining statues were not prepared. When he came to know of this, Bondowoso cursed her, and she became a statue of stone, thus forming the thousandth statue.

This, in brief, is the legend that the Javanese to-day narrate to visitors from the West; and this is said to be the origin of the several Prambanan temples. Need it be remarked that this story is on a level with the *Sthalapurāṇas* of the various Hindū temples in India?

As regards the sectarian character of these temples, I need only quote a writer who had seen the temples and gave a beautiful description of them:

Siva is the key-note of the Prambanan group, Siva, the Jagat, the Bhatara Guru, according to his prevalent title in the island. In the temple which bears his name, he appeared as the leader in the exterior chapel looking south; his wife Durgā, looks north; their first-born, Ganesa, looks west. The latter, sitting on his lotus cushion, is represented as the *Ekaṇṇṭa*, the Elephant deprived of one of his tusks when fighting Parasu Rāma; a third eye in his forehead betokens his keenness of sight; he wears in his crown the emblematic skull and crescent of his father; one of his left hands brandishes his father's battle-axe; one of his right hands holds the string of beads suggesting prayer; his father's *upaviṣṭa*, the hooded snake, is strung round his left shoulder and breast. Durgā, his mother, born from flames which proceeded from the mouths of the gods, stands on the steer she killed when the terrific animal had stormed Indra's heaven and humiliated

the immortals; her eight hands wield the weapons and other gifts bestowed upon her by the deities at their delivery: Vishnu's discus, Surya's arrows, etc., etc., while her nethermost right hand seizes the enemy's tail and her nethermost left hand the shaggy locks of the demon Maheso (Mahishāsura), who tries to escape with the monster's life. This magnificent piece of sculpture, highly dramatic and yet within the limits of plastic art, the unknown maker having instinctively obeyed the rules formulated in Lessing's *Laokoon*, some thousand years after his labours were ended, is the petrified Lady Jonggrang, victim of Bondowoso's revengeful love. It does not matter to the native that Siva has always claimed her as his consort, if not under the name of Durgā, then under that of Kālī or Umā, ever since she, Pārvaṭī, the Mother of Nature, divided herself into three female entities to marry her three sons, who are none but he who sits enthroned as Mahādeva in the inner chamber, looking east, with his less placid personifications, the *Dwārapālas* (doorkeepers), Nandiswara and Mahākāla, the wielders of trident and cudgel, guarding the entrance, supported by demigods and heroes.

The colossal statue of their heavenly lord, broken into pieces by the falling roof, has been restored and replaced on its Padmāsana (lotus cushion).

..... Siva, the one of dreadful charm, is everywhere, either personified or in his attributes: he dominates the external decoration of the Viṣṇu and the Brahmā temples, too, in the latter case as *guru*, even to the exclusion of all other gods; the middle *chandi* of the eastern row, facing his principal shrines, has his *vāhana*, the bull; the one to the north his smaller image, while in the third, to the south, wholly demolished, no statuary can be traced. . . . The four statues of Brahmā, the master of the four crowned countenances, who lies shattered among the debris of his temple, and the four statues of Viṣṇu in his (a large one with *makuta*, *prabha*, *chakra*, and *sankha*, and three smaller ones, representing him in his fourth and fifth *avatāra* and in his married state with his *Sakṣī*, Lakṣmī, in miniature on his left arm), are chastely conceived in the chaste surroundings of their chapels. In addition to the sorely damaged *Rāmāyana* reliefs . . . they dwell, however simple the interior arrangement of their cells may be, among richly carved images of their peers and followers stationed outside: Viṣṇu among his own less famous *avatāras* and supposed Bodhisattvas between female figures; Brahmā, as already remarked, among personifications of the ubiquitous Siva in his quality of teacher, accompanied by bearded men of holiness. Siva's *nandi*, a beautifully moulded humped bull, emblem of divine virility, watches his master's abode, attentive to the word of command

—watches day and night—as symbolised by Surya, the beaming sun, carrying the flowers of life when rising behind her seven horses, and by Chandra, the three-eyed moon, drawn by ten horses, waving a banner and also presenting a flower, but one wrapped in a cloud.

If the Prambanan temples, and especially the one dedicated to the great god of the Trimoorṭi, preached orthodox Sivaism to the elect of its innermost conviction, while tainted externally with the heresy of the deniers of the existence of gods, the indubitably Buddhist Mendoot reverses the process. This and the syncretism discernible in nearly all the *chandis* of Java, shows the religious tolerance of the Javanese in the Hindū period.

Justly so; for, in every temple of Java, Hindūism and Buddhism are both so well represented that a Buddhist shrine may be mistaken for a Hindū one and vice versa. Further, it should not be supposed that the Shaiva temple of Prambanan is entirely and exclusively Shaiva. For "counting from the base upwards, the third tier of ornamentation" contains demigods and heroes with their followers. Beneath, the story of "Rāma, the incarnation of Viṣṇu, is told in bas-reliefs which belong to the very best sculpture discovered in Java or anywhere else". Then "in endless varying attitudes, embracing one another, or tripping the light fantastic toe, retreating and advancing, their measured steps being regulated by the musicians on interspersed panels, they represent the Apsaras, nymphs of heaven, adorning the house of prayer to acquaint mortal man with the joys in store for the doer of good".

Then follow the human birds and mythical animals under the bo-trees, enhancing the charm of decoration.

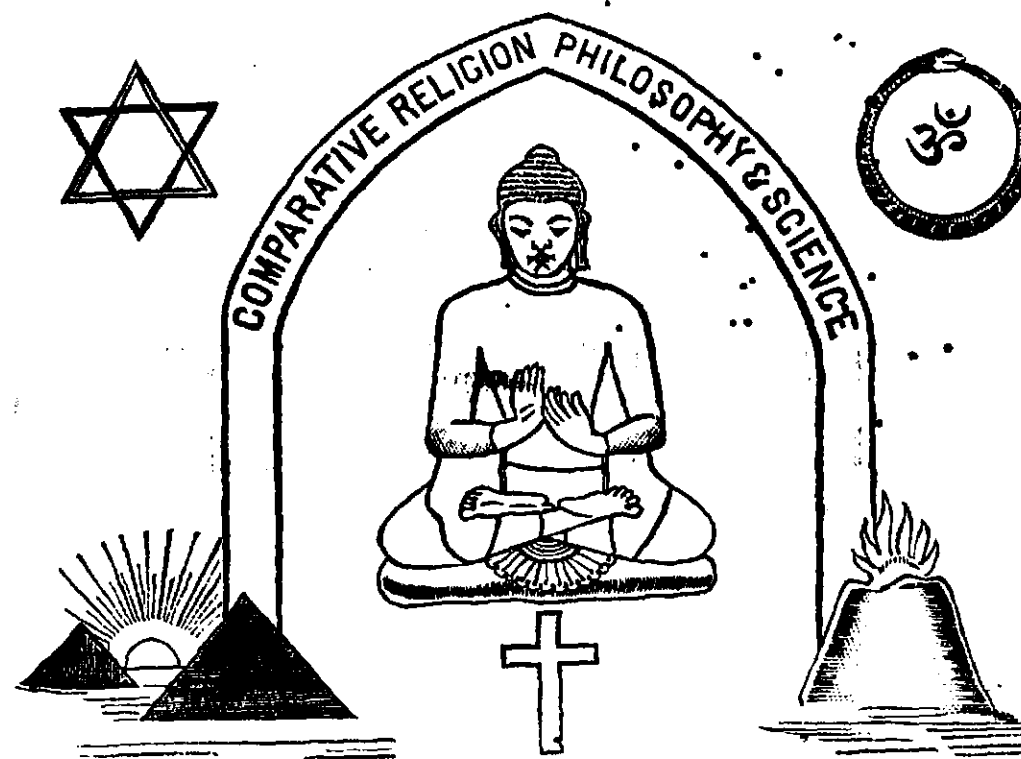
Nor does this wealth of detail, this marvellous display of artistic power, of skill perfected by imaginative thought, divert the attention from the divine idea embodied in Siva, or from the introduction to its understanding provided by the *Rāmāyana*, initiating the beholder's intelligence by degrees.

Then again, reaching the terrace, one's interest, curiosity and sympathy are awakened by scenes from *Brata Yuda* (as *Bhārata Yuddha*, or the *Mahābhārata War*, is popularly styled in Java). "Can it be called an improvement after more than a thousand years of progressive western civilisation," questions a modern writer, from whose narrative I largely quote, "that we, to honour the memory of our dead, make shift with inflated epitaphs advertising virtues in life often conspicuous by an absence which the maudlin angels of our cemeteries, rather than shedding unobserved, vicarious tears, perpetually seem to bemoan on their own account," while in Java scenes from *Rāmāyana* were used to embellish the tombs of sovereign rulers?¹

I might prolong this interesting description of Shiva's temple of Prambanan, of which volumes were written in the Dutch language, but, fearing that it might be found wearisome, or monotonous, I conclude by requesting my kindly readers to note how well, and how much Hindūism progressed in its small island colony, compared with its progress in its parent country, Hindustan or India.

P. L. Narasimham

¹ Shaivaites in Java were always buried, but not cremated.



SPENCER VERSUS MILL

THE CRITERION OF BELIEF

By ABDUL MAJID, B.A.

NOTHING is perhaps of greater importance for an investigator of the science of mind than the recognition of an unequivocal ultimate test of belief—a universal criterion whereby the credibility of any and every proposition may, in the last resort, be judged. Yet there is hardly any question in the domain of

mental science leading to a greater divergence of opinion and affording a larger ground for controversy than the same.

Before examining at length the conflicting arguments and entering into minuter details, it is necessary at the outset to state in brief the main question. It requires no great amount of serious thinking to understand that in all the systems of human knowledge every proposition depends for its truth upon demonstration, which is only another name for the affiliation of a premise on a wider truth, a higher generality. In order to establish any assertion we have to refer it to a wider generality already established; to establish this wider generality is to refer it to a generality still wider; and so on. Yet it is manifest that we cannot proceed in this way *ad infinitum*. We must stop somewhere. We must find something that is absolutely certain; something that transcends all proof; something that is the ultimate foundation of the edifice of demonstration. No matter how numerous and varied may be the polemical speculations regarding its nature, this axiom is postulated in every process of thought; it is assumed in every act of belief. Every one of us must have experienced in daily life some truths which are received and accepted without proof, or even demand for proof, and are nevertheless absolutely certain. When exposed to a frosty night, I am invariably forced to feel the sensation of chill. While looking towards the sun at noon, no effort of my will can make me believe that my eyes are not dazzled thereby. When I have framed in my mind the ideas of "whole" and "part," I cannot help conceiving at the same time that the former is greater than the latter and that the one involves the other. These mental

experiences are obviously of radically different nature according to their object-matter; yet they all have one common feature, namely, the character of necessity—their absolute certainty. The question arises: What, then, is the criterion of certainty? What warrant is there to accept these beliefs without a shadow of doubt?

It is the answering of these questions and the statement of the primary assumptions that being granted, we are furnished with an ultimate criterion of belief, which has given rise to a remarkable controversy. It is emphatically held by a certain school of philosophers, that the criterion of necessity is to be found by the direct testimony of consciousness. Sir William Hamilton, the leading exponent of this doctrine, lays down the following maxims as a guide to the test of consciousness:

1. That we admit nothing which is not either an original datum of consciousness, or the legitimate consequence of such a datum.
2. That we embrace all the original data of consciousness and all their legitimate consequences.
3. That we exhibit each of these in its individual integrity, neither distorted nor mutilated; and in its relative place, whether of pre-eminence or subordination.

According to Hamilton, the only condition required for a datum of consciousness to be ultimate and transcending proof is the "character" of necessity. And while he considers it "no ground for a certain fact to be impossible merely from our inability to conceive its possibility," his belief in an axiom is based on an intuitive perception, that is, on the inevitableness of thinking it. In the following paragraph he briefly sums up his theory:

It must be impossible not to think of it. In fact, by its necessity alone can we recognise it as an original datum of

¹ Reid's Works, edited by Sir William Hamilton, p. 747.

intelligence, and distinguish it from any mere result of generalisation and custom.

In this respect, Hamilton is at one (though of course with certain reservations) with almost the whole of the Scottish School—Reid, Stewart, Whewell and Mansel. Mill challenged Hamilton's position first in his *System of Logic* and again in his *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*. Spencer indicated the Hamiltonian doctrine in a paper published in *The Fortnightly Review*, and thence reprinted in the second volume of his *Essays*, and therein re-stated his doctrine of the Universal Postulate previously set forth in his *Principles of Psychology*. Mill's rejoinder to Spencer's strictures appears in the eighth edition of his *Logic*. The aim of the present paper is to examine afresh the arguments of the opposing parties and then to see if a solution can be arrived at.

Let us commence with Spencer. According to him, the ultimate test of belief is the unthinkableness of its opposite. If the negative of a proposition cannot be conceived, the belief in that proposition must be a necessary truth. "The inconceivability of its negation," says he, "is the test by which we ascertain whether a given belief invariably exists or not." The only assignable reason for our primary beliefs is "the fact of their invariable existence, tested by an abortive effort to cause their non-existence". To him this very fact is the sole basis of our belief in our sensations. While exposed to cold, if I receive its sensation as absolutely true, it is so because I cannot conceive otherwise. He substantiates his theory by two arguments, one of which may be termed (after Mill's classification) positive, and the other, negative.

The first is clearly and forcibly summed up in the following passage :

Conceding the entire truth of Mr. Mill's position, that during any phase of human progress, the ability or inability to form a specific conception wholly depends on the experiences men have had; and that by a widening of their experiences, they may, by and by, be enabled to conceive things before inconceivable to them; it may still be urged that as, at any time, the best warrant that men can have for any belief is the perfect agreement of all pre-existing experience in support of it, it follows that, at any time, the conceivableness of its negation is the deepest test any belief admits of Objective facts are ever impressing themselves upon us; our experience is the register of these objective facts; and inconceivableness of a thing implies that it is wholly at variance with the register. Universal and unchanging facts are, by the hypothesis, certain to establish beliefs of which the negations are inconceivable; whilst the others are not certain to do this; and if they do, subsequent facts will reverse their action. Hence if, after an immense accumulation of experiences, there remain beliefs of which the negations are still inconceivable, most, if not all of them, must correspond to universal objective facts. If there be, as Mr. Mill holds, certain absolute uniformities in nature; if these uniformities produce, as they must, absolute uniformities in our experience; and if, as he shows, these absolute uniformities disable us from conceiving the negations of them; these answering to each absolute uniformity in nature which we can cognise, there must exist in us a belief of which the negation is inconceivable, and which is absolutely true. In this wide range of cases subjective inconceivability must correspond to objective impossibility.¹

Mill's objections to this argument are twofold. In the first place he refuses to admit that "the inconceivability by us, of the negative of a proposition proves all, or even any, pre-existing experience to be in favour of the affirmative". "There may have been," he argues, "no such pre-existing experiences," but only a mistaken supposition of them. "How did the inconceivability of the Antipodes," he interrogates, "prove that experience had given any testimony against their

¹ *Principles of Psychology*. 1st Edition. pp. 21-3.

possibility? How did the incapacity men felt of conceiving sunset otherwise than as a motion of the sun, represent any net result of experience in support of its being the sun and not the earth that moves?"

The following is still more specific:

We cannot conclude anything to be impossible, because its possibility is inconceivable to us; for . . . what seems to us inconceivable, and so far as we are personally concerned, may really be so, usually owes its inconceivability only to strong Association. This law of Inseparable Association is, in a special manner, the key to the phenomenon of inconceivability. As that phenomenon only exists because our powers of conception are determined by our limited experience, inconceivables are incessantly becoming conceivables as our experience becomes enlarged. There is no need to go farther for an example than the case of Antipodes."

Secondly:

Even if it were true that inconceivableness represents the net result of all past experience, why should we stop at the representative when we can get at the thing represented? If our incapacity to conceive the negation of a given supposition is proof of its truth, because proving that our experience has hitherto been uniform in its favour, the real evidence for the supposition is not the inconceivableness, but the uniformity of experience. Now this, which is the substantial and only proof, is directly accessible."

Spencer* has displayed no little combativeness in defending his thesis and in disposing of Mill's first objection. He starts with the warning that "a great proportion of men are incapable of correctly interpreting consciousness in any but its simplest modes," and that "in hosts of cases men do not distinctly translate into their equivalent states of consciousness the words they use". To make the matter worse, this misinterpretation is not occasional, but "with many so habitual

* Mill's *System of Logic*, Book II, Chapter vii.

* Mill's *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*. 3rd Edition. pp. 86-1.

* Mill's *System of Logic*, Book II, Chapter vii.

that they are unaware that they have not clearly represented to themselves the propositions they assert". Hence it is quite natural that they are "apt, quite sincerely, though erroneously, to assert that they can think things which it is really impossible to think". And then he proceeds to argue:

Men may mistake for necessary, certain beliefs which are not necessary, and yet it remains true that there are necessary beliefs, and that the necessity of such beliefs is our warrant for them. Were conclusions thus tested proved to be wrong in a hundred cases, it would not follow that the test is an invalid one, any more than it would follow from a hundred errors in a logical formula, that the logical formula is invalid.

It is true that people have considered inconceivable certain propositions perfectly conceivable (the existence of the Antipodes, for instance); but the real cause of their mistake lay not in any inherent defect of the test itself, but in their misapplication of the test—in their endeavour to apply it to cases that were too complex—in the fact that the states of consciousness involved in each of these judgments were so manifold as to render extremely unlikely any trustworthy verdict being given. For this test can legitimately be applied only to the relations of simple concepts and precepts, and it is by resolving the complex concepts into simpler ones that a verdict can with fairness be claimed from an appeal to immediate consciousness. Thus the ancient Greek philosophers, referred to by Mill, who refused to admit the possibility of human existence on the other side of the earth, on the ground of their inability to conceive of the existence, had not to deal with any single state of consciousness, but their proposition involved the concepts of earth, man, distance, position, force, and then the various relations of these to each other. Hence

the test is legitimately applicable to the direct comparison of two immediate states of consciousness—a judgment in which the act of thought is undecomposable; and not to a proposition dealing with the manifold states of consciousness and multiform relations between them—a judgment in which the act of thought is decomposable. Once more, it may be well to note that “in proportion as the number of concepts in a proposition is great, and the mental transitions from concept to concept are numerous, the fallibility of the test will increase”.

The foregoing answer which carries with it a suggestion of shifting the ground may be supplemented by another retort which is as convincing as it is ingenious and the credit of suggesting which is due to that versatile historian of philosophy, Mr. George Henry Lewes. It is a mistake, unfortunately very common, to suppose that the ancients did actually feel the incapacity of conceiving sunset otherwise than as a motion of the sun. All that they really experienced, or could have experienced, was, however, only a *subjective* truth, namely, a belief that the sun, and not the earth, *appears* to move. Nothing further they asserted; nothing further they could assert. Their belief in the appearance of the sun's motion was as invariable as is ours at the present day. And who questions this? Perhaps no one can. But to discuss the conceivability of the appearance of the sun's or earth's motion is beside the mark altogether. The point is—has the *actual*, not the *apparent*, motion of any of the two been inconceivable to humanity? Now, while the negation of the appearance of the sun's motion is as inconceivable to the greatest astronomer of the present day as it was to the most ignorant layman

of, say, two thousand years back, the motion of the sun as well as of the earth, when viewed objectively, is distinctly conceivable to us; and there is no reason to suspect that it has not been so to the ancients, likewise. Thus we may safely conclude that what was once inconceivable is still inconceivable; that what is now conceivable has been so all along; and that the history of human thought furnishes no support to Mill's dictum that, the test of inconceivability is variable, in proportion to the difference in men's education and general culture.

Curious as it may appear, Spencer has made no attempt to meet Mill's second objection. Yet it is not to be inferred from his silence that this objection is unanswerable. We may challenge the position of naïve empiricism in this way: Admitting that the evidence for the certainty of a proposition is the uniformity of experience, the test of the unthinkableness of the reverse remains yet unshaken. For, let it be asked, what warrant is there to claim the absolute certainty for the uniformity of nature? The only possible reply seems to be that there has been no breach in the uniformity of Nature as yet and the individual experience *plus* the recorded testimony of the past ages is in its favour. But what guarantee is there for the trustworthiness of recorded testimony and of our own memory? And is that guarantee in any way different from, and superior to, the test of immediate consciousness—the test of the invariability of our beliefs? Further, in the cases of identity, the necessity of which is denied by nobody, the appeal is made obviously to intuition, not to experience. “A is A” does not rest for its invariable certainty on any previous experience, but on pure

intuition. But why put so much faith in these intuitions? Merely because there is no alternative. So long as the idea connoted by "A" is distinctly kept in view we must invariably conceive it as "A". We can conceive it differently only when the original connotation of the subject term is either entirely lost sight of, or mutilated. To take a still more familiar example from the range of sensations, a newly born infant has as irresistible a belief in the feeling of hunger as an adult who has had a thousand repetitions of the feeling. But the infant, far from being aware of the uniformity of experience had never experienced the feeling at any time before. Now what does constitute this necessity? It can be nothing else than the invariability of his belief in the craving for food and the impossibility of getting rid of the sensation of hunger, until the appetite is satisfied.

So much for Spencer's positive argument, its criticism and counter-criticism. Let us now take his negative argument. It is this: Whether inconceivability of the reverse be a perfect test or not, no better test can be had.

It is our sole warrant for every demonstration. Logic is simply a systematisation of the process by which we indirectly possess it. To gain the strongest conviction possible respecting any complex fact, we either analytically descend from it by successive steps, each of which we unconsciously test by the inconceivableness of its negation, until we reach some axiom or truth which we have similarly tested; or we synthetically ascend from such axiom or truth by such steps. In either case we connect some isolated belief which invariably exists, by a series of intermediate beliefs which invariably exist.¹

To be brief, "that what is inconceivable cannot be true, is postulated in every act of thought".

¹ *Principles of Psychology*. 1st Edition. pp. 28-9.

Mill's objection to this argument is admittedly feeble. The only flaw in it that he thinks he can find out is the equivocation of "inconceivable" in his opponent's writings, and he complains of Spencer's mode of using such ambiguous expressions in a philosophical discussion. In his opinion:

By "inconceivability" is sometimes meant inability to form or get rid of an idea; sometimes inability to form or get rid of a belief. The former meaning is the most conformable to the analogy of language; for a conception always means an idea, never a belief. Mr. Spencer always endeavours to use the word "inconceivable" in this, its proper sense; but it may yet be questioned whether his endeavour is always successful; whether the other, and the popular use of the word does not sometimes creep in with its associations, and prevent him from maintaining a clear separation between the two.¹

Yes; let "a considerable part of Mr. Spencer's language, if it is to be kept always consistent," be revised by all means, but we do not take long to discover that the great master of logic, too, in his turn, has failed to disentangle himself from the snare of linguistic ambiguities. In opposition to Spencer, he maintains that when a person experiencing a sensation of cold says that he cannot conceive otherwise, he does not mean to say that he cannot get rid of the idea of cold, for this (proceeds Mill) he evidently can; but he means to assert that he cannot believe himself not feeling cold. "The word 'conceive,' therefore, is here used to express the recognition of a matter of fact—the perception of truth and falsehood," which is but another name for belief. Again, in the same paragraph he asserts that while looking at the sun he can imagine himself looking into darkness.

Here, at last, has ambiguity crept into the language of Mill. All that Spencer meant to assert was, not that

¹ *System of Logic*, Book II, Chapter vii.

there could be formed absolutely no ideational representation of darkness, but that it was impossible for a person to *conceive himself as actually looking into darkness*, while his consciousness was, on the other hand, employed in finding himself looking at the sun. Spencer's language was plain enough; and it is not a little surprising that a thinker of Mill's acuteness should have so completely misunderstood it. To express the same phenomenon in the still plainer language of G. H. Lewes, "during the state of consciousness produced by his looking at the sun, it is impossible for the opposite state of consciousness to emerge". With the bare statement of this, and, as we believe, the correct reading of Spencer's meaning, the entire force of Mill's objection vanishes.

Apparently, the greatest obstacle in Mill's opinion to the establishment of the test of the Inconceivability of the Negative is, that in the phraseology of its most consistent champion (*i.e.*, Spencer), "concept" is confounded with "belief". But, as a matter of fact, Spencer has contradistinguished the two terms with as much precision as the subtleties of language would allow. He says:

An inconceivable proposition is one of which the terms cannot by any effort be brought before consciousness in that relation which the proposition asserts between them—a proposition of which the subject and the predicate offer an insurmountable resistance to union in thought. An unbelievable proposition is one which admits of being framed in thought, but is so much at variance with experience that its terms cannot be put in the alleged relation without effort.¹

Whatever may be the other grounds for rejecting them, and we shall have to reject them presently, one

¹ Lewes' *History of Philosophy*, Vol. I, Prolegomena.

² Spencer's *Essays*, Vol. II.

may safely hold that these definitions are not ambiguous.¹ And Spencer, to all appearance, was hardly ever incautious in their application.

To sum up. We began by seeing that the recognition of an ultimate test of beliefs was the first requisite of our mental equipment. Then we saw that the test of Inconceivability of the Opposite was proposed by Spencer and others but was vigorously assailed by Mill. Next we proceeded to state and examine at length each of his objections severally, and found that they were either answered by Spencer himself or else admitted of answer at our hands.

With this recapitulation, one might see that enough has been said to enable the reader to estimate the comparative strength of the contending parties—that sufficient light has been shed on the polemics of the question, and that we are now in a position to set forth our own constructive plan. Briefly speaking, our observations are twofold; and in general they refer to the psychological rather than to the logical aspect of the problem.

1. Our first observation is that the terms "inconceivability" and "unbelievability" that have played so important a part throughout the discussion, in so far as they are used in connection with the ultimate criterion of belief, signify one and the same mental state. This apparent paradox can easily be explained. "Belief" psychologically is the direct contrary of suspense. In its essence it is conviction. When a man is said to have belief in his mortality, what is meant is that his judgment is not suspended in the matter, but that, on

¹ It should be noted that these meanings of "inconceivable" and "unbelievable," respectively, are substantially the same as given by Mill himself in his *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*.

the other hand, he has a conviction, a certainty, that he must die. A believable proposition, therefore, is one of which the two terms stand to each other in a fixed relation—the subject and the predicate are connected together in a certain determinate manner; and they can be pictured in our mind in the relation alleged by the proposition:

“All men are mortal;”

“All men are perhaps mortal;”

“All men are immortal.”

Obviously each of these propositions conveys to the mind a sense altogether different from the other two; yet all of them are believable. Why? Because each of them expresses a certain fixed relation between the subject and the predicate; in one case, a certainty that a particular relation does exist between them; in another case, a certainty that it possibly exists; and in the last case, a certainty that it does not exist; and all these relations can be distinctly pictured in the mind. An unbelievable proposition is, contrariwise, one which does not fulfil the conditions requisite for a believable one.

Let us take another step. The proposition “I feel pain,” is manifestly a believable one, for it expresses that there is a certain relation between my consciousness and a disagreeable sensation, and that my mind fully apprehends it. But this is also a proposition of which the negation, if the words are truly interpreting the feeling, is unbelievable. That is to say, when I am really experiencing pain—when my consciousness is occupied with this particular sensation—my mind is incapable of apprehending any sensation other than the former at the same moment. In other words, two opposing, or even different, relations between the same

objects are simultaneously incomprehensible by the mind, since there can be no certainty or finity of a particular relation while two opposing sensations are vying with each other in monopolising the attention of the mind. Hence our justification in considering the negation of this proposition, while we are experiencing a painful sensation, as unbelievable. But what is an inconceivable proposition? Just the same. While feeling pain, the negation of it is also inconceivable to me. Why? Because my mind is incapable of picturing to itself the two contradictory sensations together—one of pain which is actual, present; the other its negative, which is imaginary, representative. That I may not feel it at any other time and under different circumstances, I can well conceive; but that I am not feeling it at the same moment and under the same circumstances, I find impossible to conceive. But this is also just what I find impossible to believe. This illustrates that the terms “inconceivable” and “unbelievable,” in their ultimate analysis, mean one and the same thing. And this holds good not only of the primary sensations, but the like may be said of all other necessary beliefs as well.

No proposition, then, of which the meaning can be distinctly conceived, is to be termed unbelievable, however much it may be opposed to experience. The truth and falsity of a proposition can, and must, be tested, verified and scrutinised by experience; but believability is something different from truth. The former is a sign of the correspondence between different aspects of our subjective nature, while the latter strictly takes into account the correspondence between the subjective and the objective world. “No man is mortal,” is a

proposition wholly at variance with our experience, and when asserted as a matter of fact, must be discredited altogether; yet it is to be termed "unbelievable," not on that account, but because the mind feels some difficulty in comprehending the relation alleged—because the mind refuses to dissociate "mortality" and "humanity" which it has so long been accustomed to associate. "Whole is less than its part"; "Contradictories can co-exist"; "Everything is unequal to itself"; these and the like violations of the primary axioms are certainly unbelievable; but they are so not in virtue of their being opposed to any uniformities of experience, but for the sole reason that so long as the connotations of their subjects and predicates are kept intact, no mental synthesis can be established between them.

2. The next point that calls for remark is that the combatants have failed to distinguish between the objective and the subjective criterion of beliefs. Mill is at pains to prove that the real ground for refusing credence to any proposition is not its inconceivability, but the fact of a long series of experiences being opposed to it. Conceding the position that inconceivableness represents the net result of past experience, he maintains that it still merely *represents*, and is not itself, the real evidence. "Why, then," he interrogates, "should we stop at the representative when we can get at the thing represented?" Why indeed! But do we really get at the thing represented? Is it accessible to us? Who has ever declined to accept the negation of an axiom because its acceptance would run counter to his past experiences? Who of us has ever time to go through the record of his experiences while accepting or rejecting a proposition?

That the whole is greater than its part, is believed by us as an axiom, not because we have not had any experience to the contrary, but solely because we cannot help thinking it, we simply cannot deny it. Thus, as every one's introspection can testify, the real evidence for considering any proposition an axiom to a *thinker's mind* is not its conformity to a series of uniformities, but his incapacity to conceive its opposite. A psychologist can very well understand that the inconceivability of a thing is merely a mental register signifying that it is at variance with the objective facts; but then to the subject-consciousness this register alone is accessible, and to it, it is this register, not the individual facts of experience, that constitutes the real and substantial evidence. In a word, even admitting that the uniformity of experience is the ground of our belief in axioms considered objectively, it still remains unshaken that taken subjectively the mind's incapacity to think the opposite is the ultimate criterion of all beliefs.

It has been a standing reproach to the Inductive School that it takes no account, or, at any rate, does not take sufficient account, of a question so supremely important, and endeavours to build a superstructure of demonstration on no very firm basis. And while we consider it a bit of arrogance to suppose, as Spencer has done, that those who decline to furnish a test of certainty, do so "because they are half conscious that their own opinion will not bear testing," we cannot refrain from expressing our sheer astonishment at the resolute refusal of the empiricists to have furnished us with any criterion of certainty. But their pertinacity need not cause us to despair. Some of the ambiguities that have so far been a chief source of

alienating the Inductive School from their allies, the evolutionists, being now cleared up, and that without transcending the bounds of empiricism, there is every reason to hope that the reconciliation between the two Schools may be made easier.

Abdul Majid

ARHATS OR TIRTHANKARS

By LALA KANNOOMAL, M.A.

THE exalted souls that have attained Godhood while dwelling in their moral tabernacles, by the predominance of their spiritual greatness, and by the total annihilation of past karmas with their widely stretching tentacles of effects, are called Arhats, the destroyers of ignorance, or Tirthankars, the spiritual steersmen of the destinies of mankind. The birth of a Tirthankar, or his attainment of Godhood, is not an outcome of chance, but a well-ordained event that has for immense periods of time been in silent evolution. Intense, unceasing, persistent, patient and arduous endeavours, spread over thousands—nay, millions—of past lives, must the would-be Arhat make to attain this goal. He must be scraping off scale after scale of his sins; throwing off veil after veil of his darkness; unravelling skein after skein of the tangled effects of his karmas; advancing step by step after repeated reverses towards inexhaustible treasures of spirituality; and scaling rung by rung the steep ladder of enlightenment. The process, complicated and protracted, involves in its course, a slow and silent evolution of all spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical potentialities. The very tendencies of the physical body have to be moulded so as to build a body fit for the dwelling therein of a Tirthankar's soul. A rigid performance of duties towards the seven classes of holy

beings, as described in the Jain Scriptures; an uncompromising practice of the teachings of the previous Arhats; a highly rigorous course of moral discipline, culminating in the evolution of an ideal character; a persistent and unceasing performance of the prescribed five great vows, coupled with the severest ordeals of purificatory rites, which purge the mind of the slightest trace of a vicious trait, and subject the body to repeated baptisms of rigorous austerities and fasts; an unstinted distribution of charity; an unflinching devotion to the spiritual preceptor and his holy teachings; an uninterrupted accumulation of brighter and newer truths; and a life of perfect benevolence to all beings—these are some of the preliminaries for the attainment of the birth which culminates in final emancipation from the trammels of the Samsāra and in the attainment of Godhood. From his very birth, a Tirthankar is endowed with internal greatness which, after the period of his enlightenment, multiplies a thousandfold; and the whole universe, terrestrial and celestial, outpours its love, reverence and fealty to him in many a varied form.

The distinguishing characteristics of a Tirthankar are (1) his endowments, which are principally twelve, but which with their subdivisions are many; and (2) his immunity from eighteen kinds of earthly blemishes. The endowments referred to are:

I. Knowledge of truths that endure through all time—past, present and future.

II. Greatness of speech, which is characterised by thirty-four distinguishing merits such as purity, lucidity, refinement, depth of sound, harmony, simplicity, musicality, high external significance, absence of contradiction, unambiguity, faultlessness, effectiveness, verbal

arrangement, appropriateness to time and place, accuracy, relevancy. It is reverential towards spiritual subjects, explanatory of the subject to be discussed, sweet and harmonious, justly eulogistic of deserving beings, unprejudicial, unfrivolous, instinct with virtue and wisdom, highly grammatical, picturesque, marvellous, energetic, easy and flowing, descriptive of many subjects, well-worded and phrased, untiresome and successful in proving the right point.

III. Peculiarities of physical characteristics evident from birth. These are:

1. The body of the Tirthankar is excellently formed. It emits fragrance and is free from all ailments and such unclean things as perspiration, excreta, etc.

2. His breathing has the aroma of a lotus flower.

3. His flesh and blood have the white appearance of a cow's milk.

4. His acts of taking meals and rest are invisible to a gross eye.

IV. Miraculous effects, which come to view when his fourfold sheaths of knowledge have disappeared. These are:

1. Although the place where the Tirthankar dwells and preaches does not extend more than a yojan (four miles), it can hold a congregation of millions of devas, men and animals, without overcrowding it.

2. Although he speaks a mixture of Magadhi dialect, all species of beings, devas, men and animals, understand him in their own respective dialects and his voice is audible for a distance of four miles.

3. A halo of light radiates behind his head and appears as it were a reflection of the sun. It shines with its own peculiar refulgence.

4. For a distance of twenty-five and a half yojans around him, there is a perfect immunity from such diseases as fever, etc.

5. Nor is there in such a space any mutual ill-feeling ;

6. Nor plague of mice, etc ;

7. Nor epidemic ;

8. Nor floods ;

9. Nor failure of rains ;

10. Nor scarcity ;

11. Nor fear arising from one's own wicked acts or those of others.

V. A number of heavenly and earthly phenomena indicative of the feelings of reverence, love and joy of celestial and earthly beings towards the Tirthankar, when he has attained enlightenment. The following list includes the remaining eight distinguishing endowments alluded to heretofore :

1. The heavens show a circle of glorious light over the Tirthankar.

2. A chowar is seen being held over him in the sky.

3. A throne of white crystal is seen in the sky.

4. The heavens show three canopies being held over him.

5. A flag bejewelled with gems is seen in the sky.

6. When the Tirthankar walks, a gold lotus flower is seen being placed close to his foot by devas.

7. The floor of his dwelling-place is spread over with immense quantities of gold and silver.

8. At this place he is seen as having four faces.

9. An Asoka tree is seen to protect him from the sun.

10. As he walks, thorns in the path turn down their points.

11. Trees bend down their boughs, as it were, in the act of offering their obeisance to him.

12. Divine kettledrums are heard with their deep sounds reverberating the universe.

13. Cool and pleasing breezes blow around.

14. Birds fly round him in reverence.

15. The heavens pour down rains of scented water.

16. A shower of five kinds of sweet flowers falls upon him from the sky.

17. Hair, beard, moustaches, and nails cease their functions of growing.

18. A crore of four kinds of devas stay in close proximity to him.

19. All the six seasons give up their unpleasant inclemencies and become pleasing and agreeable.

The eighteen blemishes, or disadvantages, from which the Tirthankar is entirely free are :

1. Obstruction to unstinted distribution of alms ; 2. Obstruction to unstinted ownership of things ; 3. Obstruction to unstinted powers ; 4. Obstruction to unstinted new enjoyments such as flowers, garlands, etc. ; 5. Obstruction to unstinted daily enjoyments such as women, apparels, gardens, etc ; 6. Laughter ; 7. Attachment ; 8. Aversion ; 9. Sevenfold fear ; 10. Disgust ; 11. Grief ; 12. Lust ; 13. Affection ; 14. Ignorance ; 15. Sleep ; 16. Desire ; 17. Passion ; 18. Animosity or Anger.

When the Arhat is born he knows the time when he will go through initiation. A year before the arrival of this time, hosts of celestial beings wait upon

him and request him to go through the initiation for the good of the world. He complies with their request and by the time the appointed hour of initiation arrives, he takes to giving in charity immense treasures of gold. With the permission of his parents, if they are alive, or that of the members of his family, he takes the initiation, but there is no teacher to initiate him. When this is over he sets himself right earnestly to wipe off all traces of sin, if any are left, and performs extraordinarily severe austerities. When all the obstructions that intervened between him and his vision of pure and glorious knowledge have been removed, he is face to face with all that is. Infinite knowledge, infinite vision, infinite wisdom, infinite power, infinite bliss, are his possessions. For the spiritual upliftment of mankind, for the steersmanship of the destinies of living beings along the path of righteousness, for alleviation of the sufferings and miseries of peoples, the enlightened Tirthankar takes to preaching the holy truths, the glorious, transcendental, sublime truths with which he is face to face. To him the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the Brahman and the chandal are alike. A stone and a lump of gold have no difference for him; a woman and a blade of grass are alike worthy of his compassion. He is full of forgiveness, compassion, benevolence, humility. He is without greed, without pride, without desire, without ill-feeling, without vanity. He is possessed of simplicity, chastity, self-control, bravery, courage, fortitude, sobriety. He abstains from flesh, wine and all forbidden foods, and is the very Ocean of Compassion. Let others be disposed hostilely towards him, but he is perpetually bent upon delivering them from the hideous pitfalls of the world.

The Arhat is, according to the Jains, what God is to other religions and is possessed of all His attributes. While in a body he is called the Arhat and when he has left it, he becomes a Siddha, one for ever liberated from the meshes of the Samsara to which he never returns. Some of the innumerable attributes assigned to the Arhat are as follows.

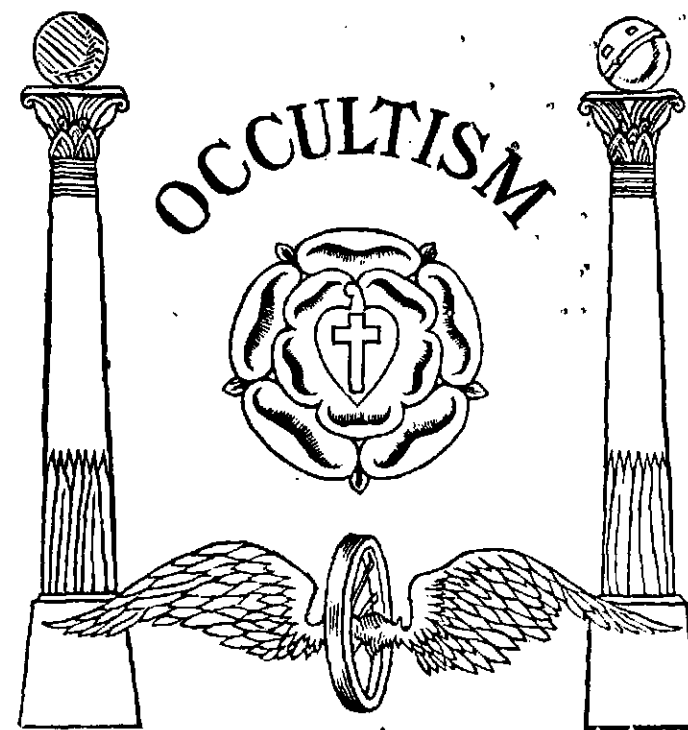
He is indestructible, glorious, incomprehensible, immeasurable, primeval. He is the Brahman, the Supreme Lord, the Destroyer of Cupid, the Lord of Yogis, the Knower of all Mysteries, the Manifold yet One, the Quintessence of Wisdom—the Infinite and the Ever Immaculate. In his aspect as the Siddha, he is beyond all consumption, old age, death, change, destruction, impurity, form, motion, the Quintessence of Glory, the Lord, the Highest Brahman, the Supreme Spirit, the Unborn, He who cannot be born, the very Essence of Truth, Intelligence and Bliss.

Excepting the Arhat and the Siddha, there is no God, according to the Jains. All time is split up into two great cycles or, technically designated, saws, each with six distinct sections. These two cycles are called the Utsarpani (going upwards) and the Absarpani (going downwards) from the fact that in the former, each of the six stages dividing it is better than the one preceding it, and in the latter, the case is the reverse. In each cycle twenty-four Arhats or Tirthankars are born for the exaltation of righteousness and the spiritual upliftment of mankind. While they help in the spiritual evolution of the world, they leave alone the course of nature and the causes of karmas to work out their own effects. They neither create the world, nor bring about its dissolution. It is the eternal forces of nature that

manifest themselves by their combination and permutation without any help from God, or any Arhat, or Siddha.

In the present Absarpani Cycle of the world, the following twenty-four Tirthankars were born, Shri Rishavnath being the first and Shri Mahavir being the last. 1. Shri Rishavnath. 2. Shri Ajitnath. 3. Shri Samvabhnath. 4. Shri Abhnandannath. 5. Shri Sumatinath. 6. Shri Padamprebhu. 7. Shri Suparashnath. 8. Shri Chandrprebhu. 9. Shri Subudhnath, or Shri Pushdant. 10. Shri Sitalnath. 11. Shri Srausnath. 12. Shri Baspujiaswami. 13. Shri Bemalnath. 14. Shri Anantnath. 15. Shri Dharmnath. 16. Shri Shautinath. 17. Shri Kunthanath. 18. Shri Arnath. 19. Shri Malinath. 20. Shri Munisubritswami. 21. Shri Nemnath. 22. Shri Arasthnath. 23. Shri Parasnath and 24. Shri Mahavir.

Lala Kannoomal



DREAMS AS DETECTIVE AGENCIES

By M. KRISHNASWAMI AIYAR

SOME years ago, I happened to read some descriptions of dreams that had been successful instruments for the detection of criminals. I have been rather perplexed to account satisfactorily for such mysterious phenomena. Herein I put down from memory as faithfully as possible a full report of dreams of the kind I refer to, hoping that all scholars interested in the discussion of this topic will bring to bear their knowledge

and experience to unravel the mystery that seems to shroud the question.

Let me quote the cases as they occur to me. One remarkable instance of the tracing of a criminal by means of a dream is this. In S. Louis, U. S. A., a woman, named Mary Thornton, was detained in the custody of the police, on a charge of having murdered her husband. A week after her arrest, she solicited and obtained permission to have an interview with one of the gaoi officers, to whom she related her dream which was to the effect that one, George Ray, had perpetrated the deed of murder, and she recounted the full details, as witnessed in her vision. The man mentioned was the object of the least suspicion at that time. However, the woman's uncommon earnestness so strongly impressed the prison authorities that a search was at once made for him. After a short time, the man was traced and charged with the crime, the details as seen by the woman in her dream being rehearsed to him. Overcome with astonishment, he made a frank confession of his crime; whereupon, of course, he was sentenced to be hanged. The curious feature about this occurrence lies in the fact that the woman had only seen the murderer once and believed him to be a close friend of her husband.

Here is yet another striking instance. A woman, named Drew, dreamed that one night her husband, a retired sailor, had been murdered by a pedlar at a tavern near Gravesend, which was a place of resort for the sailor during his visit to the town. Early next morning, as soon as she was up, the first news that awaited her was that her husband had been assassinated at that very tavern. Thereupon, she raised hysterical cries,

saying that her dream had come true. Then composing herself, she furnished the police with an exact description of the pedlar seen in her vision, even in regard to his dress which included a blue coat of a peculiar pattern. A pedlar exactly answering to the description was discovered two days later at an inn, six miles from Gravesend. His guilt having been brought home to him, he admitted that he had committed the murder in order to rob the man. He was hanged soon after, his doom having come about through the flimsy evidence of a woman's dream!

Another instance is that of a thriving merchant who left his office on a Saturday evening, came home, enjoyed a good meal, took repose and fell into a light dose. He had a very vivid dream, wherein he saw two men of a burglar band engaged in rifling the safe in his office. The vision so wrought upon his brain that he resolved to rise, go to the office and examine if everything was under lock and key. How amazed, then, was he when, on his arrival, he discovered the door forced and the burglary in actual process! Without a moment's delay, he summoned two policemen, and, in the course of five minutes, the thieves, who were notorious house-breakers, were arrested and taken to the police station. In view of the fact that the safe contained valuables to the amount of thousands of pounds, the dream in question turned out to be a very fortunate one for the dreamer.

Again, there was a skilful forger, a young man, thirty years old, in Boston. One day he made the acquaintance of a rich publisher, at whose house he became a constant guest. The publisher's bankers found that their client's signature had been forged to various cheques. All efforts of the detectives were of no

avail. But one night the publisher's daughter, a tiny girl of seven, dreamed that she saw a man, the very likeness of the visitor, assiduously practising to write her father's signature. The child's dream was communicated to the police, who ridiculed the same at the outset, but eventually promised to watch the man in question, with the result that his lodgings were raided and a complete plant for the making of bank notes was found there. It was then discovered that his services had been availed of for manifold forgeries in the neighbourhood, and he was sent to prison for a long term. The dream is extraordinary in that the child was too young to understand the leading incidents of the business.

Surely, we may say with Hamlet: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

M. Krishnaswami Aiyar

ANCIENT CHINA AND THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of "*The Peony of Pao-Yu*,"

"*Flower of the Snow*", etc.)

TO-DAY the Celestial Empire has become a Republic, and recently the President drove to the Temple of Heaven and performed, very hurriedly and very incompletely, those sacred ceremonies imposed upon the Emperors of China for thousands of years. It was a startling innovation over which the Gods may well have wept, and such heresy must have caused no little pain to those Chinese who still revere ancient ritual and still hunger in their hearts for the days of old. The greatness of China in the past lay in her wisdom and the rare beauty of her art. She was never a fighting nation, and was far more concerned with philosophy and poetry than with wars and the greedy clamour for the position of a World-Power. To-day Japan, as the result of her success in the fall of Kiaochau, is making demands on China that have awakened alarm in America, and Germans are busy in spreading wild reports at Peking in which the Yellow Peril bogey is pre-eminent.

Long ago in ancient China there were men who dreamed dreams and saw visions as splendid as those of

the Yellow Emperor: men who, in a hut on some lonely mountain-side, or in grove or cave, sought to discover the elixir that would confer immortality and the stone that would transmute base metal into gold. In those days there were magicians who spoke of glories more beautiful, more enduring, than the pomp and circumstance of kings. Some, no doubt, were charlatans, but there were a few who had lifted a corner of the veil and caught a glimpse of the Far Beyond. In Cathay alchemy had its original source, and from thence came to Arabia. This craving for life beyond the allotted span was the thought that dominated the alchemists of the East as well as those of the West. Material, rather than spiritual, immortality was the object aimed at, and with such an object in view it is not surprising to find that this quest for enduring life went hand in hand with a search for fabulous wealth.

Alchemy is not necessarily associated with that form of necromancy which Benvenuto Cellini described so amusingly in his autobiography of a great Russian novelist in *The Forerunner*. Alchemy is the beginning of chemistry and the basis of medicine, and, even if these old alchemists failed in their dual quest, they found wisdom which they did not seek and pressed back the doors of science. There was something heroic about those alchemists. They sacrificed all for their labour and worked with a persistence that gave a crown of glory to human effort. Browning was right in making Paracelsus an immortal figure. Those who have met and loved Balthazar Claes in Balzac's *The Quest of the Absolute* are never likely to forget the pathos of such a man. "Matter etherealised, and given off", he cried to his wife, "the secret, doubtless, of the Absolute!

Only think of it! If I should be the first—I the first—if I should find it out. . . if I find. . . if I find. . . !” But he never found the Absolute in this world. Perhaps in death that poor, weary soul, persecuted even by his children, discovered the secret which the Almighty in His wisdom has hidden from human understanding. To amass fabulous wealth by the use of the Philosopher's Stone, to live for ever in this world by means of the Elixir of Life, are not desirable after all, and there were some alchemists who made this discovery in the end. They found that the life of the spirit endures just as surely as the human body must decay, and in that knowledge they found their reward—great treasure, truly, in the heavenly kingdom. There are alchemists of the soul, Christian mystics of all times, who have discovered that the only elixir worth having is not a concoction made by human hands, however the ingredients may be, but the Water of Life, to drink of which is never to thirst again. That, they found, was the Divine Elixir, the Water that gave everlasting life and communion with the Most High.

The teaching of Confucius, even if we only regard it as a system of morality, without the element of religion, has much to commend it. He introduced ethics of as much value to the individual as to the State. He saw the wisdom of unity in human relationships, and no one is likely to quarrel with his Golden Rule. He stressed the value of filial piety, and did much in setting a good example, both in life and teaching, as far as the requirements of this life were concerned. Confucius was limited in his outlook because he lacked a powerful imagination. The Great Adventure,

and what lay beyond, did not interest him. He was simply an ethical organiser and gave nothing to satisfy the cravings of the soul. Food for spiritual thought was given by Lao Tzu, the founder of Taoism, but his teaching was loaded with much abstruseness. Lao Tzu's Tao (Way) was a hard way, too hard for the ignorant man, who clamoured at once for spiritual consolation. It was for those who were prepared to fast and keep lone vigil, for those who could master the Taoist texts, and could afford to wait patiently for the dawning light.

It is not necessary to go into the complexities of Taoism, except to observe that Tao, the Way, has been described by Chuang Tzu as the "happiness of God" and also as a "sacred everlasting calm". The true Taoist, having subdued the ego, entered into "subjective relations with all things". "He who can achieve this," writes Mr. Lionel Giles, "will 'reject all distinction of this and that,' because he is able to descry ultimate Unity in which they are merged, a mysterious One which 'blends, transcends them all'." Chuang Tzu's whole duty of man is summed up in the following: "Resolve your mental energy into abstraction, your physical energy into inaction. Allow yourself to fall in with the natural order of phenomena, without admitting the element of self." There were similarities between Buddhism and Taoism, and something akin to Nirvāṇa was common to the latter. That is evident from the following poem of Po Chu-i, a great Taoist poet of the T'ang dynasty:

Within my breast no sorrows can abide,
I feel the great world's spirit through me thrill;
And as a cloud I drift before the wind,
Or with the random swallow take my will.

As underneath a mulberry tree I dream,
The water-clock drips on, and dawn appears:
A new day shines o'er wrinkles and white hair,
The symbols of the fullness of my years.

If I depart, I cast no look behind;
If still alive, I still am free from care.
Since life and death in cycles come and go,
Of little moment are the days to spare.

Thus strong in faith I wait and long to be
One with the pulsings of Eternity.

Lao Tzu taught his disciples to enter into harmony with their environment. Chuang Tzu, the S. Paul of Taoism, made that environment spiritual, and advised all true Taoists "to pass into the realm of the Infinite and make one's final rest therein". At this point pure Taoism ends, and a host of magicians, finding the way of Lao Tzu a very thorny path, attempted to solve the problem of immortality by inventing the Elixir of Life.

To the uninitiated the marvels of the Eight Immortals read very much like a glorified fairy-tale. Chang Kwoh could fold up his mule and put it into his wallet, and by spitting upon the packet make it resume its proper shape. Han Siang Tsze achieved immortality while falling from the branches of the sacred peach tree, and the maiden Ho Sien Ku entered upon a similar state of bliss by eating the powder of mother-o'-pearl. It is recorded that when Ch'u-p'ing was a boy, he led a flock of sheep into the Kin Hwa mountains to feed, while he himself entered a cave and remained there for over forty years. One day his brother chanced to meet a wandering priest who told him that there was a shepherd-boy among the mountains. Thinking that this might be the long-lost relative, the brother set off with renewed hope, and at length discovered Hwang Ch'u-p'ing seated in his cave, surrounded

with blocks of white stone. "Where are your sheep?" inquired the brother. The recluse, who apparently had not aged with the coming of time, uttered a strange sound, and behold the blocks of stone became transformed into a flock of sheep!

Great adepts could fly through the air by simply breathing in a particular way and uttering the right formula. They could do so either in the body or in the spirit for the purpose of visiting the Palace of Jade in order to listen to the discourse of the Immortals. These magicians who could turn snow into gold and fly through the blue sky on the back of an obliging heron were not always infallible and could not invariably control their destinies. Before T'ieh Kwai Sien-sheng took a long journey into the realm of the gods, he instructed his disciple to guard his body during the absence of his spirit. "If," said the sage with profound solemnity, "I do not return to this world within seven days, you may dismiss my earthly remains into space." Having uttered these words the adept's spirit flew away, and his disciple kept vigil by the silent body. It so happened that on the sixth day the disciple was called away in order to attend his dying mother, and on that day the spirit of the master returned to find, much to his chagrin, that his earthly body was no longer vitalised. The spirit, cursing the laxity of his disciple, entered the body of a lame and crooked beggar, who happened to pass that way, and in this miserable form the magician continued his existence.

This mysterious power was not easily attained, and in order to attain it, it was necessary to master a certain sacred book. Ko Hsuan, one of the Eight Immortals, wrote:

I have obtained this Principle. Formerly I conned this book ten thousand times. It is only men of Heaven who can learn it, and it should not be imparted to those of inferior calibre. I received it in the first instance from the Divine Prince of Eastern Glory; he received it from the Divine Prince of the Golden Gate, and he from the Royal Mother of the West Scholars of eminence who thoroughly comprehend it will ascend on high and receive authority in Heaven; those of medium grade who strive to put it into practice will have their name inscribed on the roll of the Immortals in the Southern Palace; while those of the lowest order who obtain it will live long years on earth, roam through the Three Spheres of Being, and, mounting on high, pass through the Golden Gate.

The Elixir of Life in the Land of the Blue Gown is not without its humorous side. It is said that the Duke of Luyang, after drinking the Elixir of Life, rose to heaven in broad daylight. He drank the precious liquid in a great hurry, and, in his excitement, he dropped the vessel containing it. His dogs and fowls sipped the few remaining drops and immediately ascended in the air after their master! Oh, those sceptics, humorous or otherwise, who will never believe in anything that is spiced with wonder and made radiant with imagination!

Before dealing with the nature of the Chinese Elixir of Life, it would be as well to ascertain, if we can, its esoteric significance. In one of the Taoist texts known as the *Hsin Yin Ching* we read:

There are three degrees of Supreme Elixir—the Spirit, the Breath, and the Essential Vigour. Obscure and recondite! Confused and dim! Men are all possessed of the Essential Vigour; this corresponds with the Spirit, the Spirit with the Breath, and the Breath with the essential nature of the body The Spirit is able to enter stone; the Spirit is able to fly through solid bodies. If it enters water, it is not drowned; or fire, it is not burned. The Spirit depends, for its birth, upon the body; the Essential Vigour depends, for attaining its full proportions, upon the Breath. They never lose their vitality or force, but are evergreen, like the pine and cedar trees. The three are all one Principle. Their mystery and beauty cannot

be heard. The combination of them produces existence; their dispersion, extinction. If the seven apertures (eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, etc.) are all open, each aperture will be bright and luminous, [for] the Holy Sun and Holy Moon will pour their effulgence upon the Golden Hall. Once obtained, they are obtained for ever; then the body will become naturally bouyant, the Universal Harmony will be replete, and the bones will dissolve into the cold chrysoprasus flower. If the Elixir be obtained, supernatural intelligence will result; if it be not obtained, there will be defeat and ruin If this treatise be conned over ten thousand times, its beautiful and mysterious doctrine will become clear of itself.

What is this mysterious Chinese Elixir of Life that is also the elixir of gold and the panacea for all ills, the transmutation of earth into heaven? Two hundred years before the Magi journeyed to the humble manger of Our Lord, a Chinese poet by the name of Szema Siang-ju spoke of "chewing the blossoms of the *k'iung*". He referred to the miraculous jadestone tree that grew on Mount Kw'en Lun, the abode of the Western Royal Mother. This tree was "10,000 cubits in height and 300 arm-spans in circumference," and the eating of its blossom conferred immortality. The word *k'iung* (jadestone) is a symbol for all that is most beautiful and most precious. Chinese poets used it as a synonym for whiteness, spotlessness, purity. The moon is sometimes described as "the lake of *k'iung*". For centuries the Chinese have regarded the jadestone with great veneration, and it is not surprising to find that it takes a prominent place in Chinese alchemy. Taoist philosophers, believing that the jadestone Tree of Heaven revealed the highest strength combined with the purest effulgence, were not slow to attribute all manner of virtues to this precious gem. P'uh Tsze informs us that from the mountain producing it a liquid flows which, in the course of ten thousand years, becomes solidified into a substance as clear and dazzling as crystal. It

may be changed into its former state by the application of a certain herb. A draught of this liquid confers the gift of living for a thousand years, while if a quantity be imbibed, it will enable the happy adept to fly into the air and join the Immortals. Powdered ash of the mulberry, combined with the gum of the peach tree, was said to be a cure for all maladies, and also to confer immortality. Our biblical Tree of Knowledge is by no means an isolated example. We have already referred to the jadestone, peach, and mulberry trees. There was yet another miraculous tree. It was called *k'ien* (cassia) and grew in the moon. Those who ate the sacred leaves not only lived for ever, but their bodies became as pellucid as the clearest mountain stream. It is possible that the Chinese God of Medicine derived sustenance from this source, for he had the extraordinary gift of being able to see into his stomach and watch the action of drugs! Some of us may be inclined to conjecture that the conception of the *k'ien* was borrowed from certain Buddhist *sutras* where reference will be found to the tree of the King of Drugs that is said to grow somewhere in the Himālayas.

The old Chinese philosophers did not regard gold as a precious metal that had always been in existence, but the result of a slow evolutionary process, from the dim beginnings of creation to silver, up to the precious metal itself. Another alchemist tells us that gold is the perfected essence of mountain rock, which in course of time is converted into quicksilver. The change into quicksilver is due to the female or lunar principle in nature, and it can only be transmuted into gold when it is acted upon by the male, or solar principle. It was

this compound, when treated in a particular way, which became the powder of transmutation and in addition, the Elixir of Life, or "the golden draught," a designation which was particularly happy and not without a sparkle of wit. Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, Acting President of the Alchemical Society, London, informs me that these theories are "entirely those of European alchemy. The European alchemists also believed that gold had not always been gold, but was produced by evolution from 'mercury,' the female principle of nature, by fecundation with 'sulphur,' the male principle. They also believed that by carrying the process further one could produce the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life".

Many marvels were to be seen by those who had mastered the mysteries of the later Taoists, and those marvels have been recorded with so much poetry and imagination, with so much tantalising glamour as to lead one to suppose that the brushes of the writers were steeped in a kind of transcendental fairyland. They could listen to the wise words of Lao Tzu and the Eight Immortals. They could, in a merry mood, watch Kieh Lin, the Old Man of the Moon, tying together with a red cord infants destined to be joined in future wedlock, or they could see mountains on the back of a tortoise, or fly to the Palace of Jade. They could listen to the lute-playing of Siao She, or gaze upon the Pure Supreme Mansion of the Immortals.

On Kw'en Lun, a mountain in the Hindu Kush, dwelt Si Wang Mu, the Western Royal Mother. From the mountain flowed the blue, white, red, and black rivers, and on the summit stood Si Wang Mu's palace. A Chinese writer thus describes it:

It has walls piled high in ninefold gradations—upon it there grow trees and grain. On the west there are the tree of pearls, the tree of jadestone, the tree of the *suan* gem, the tree of immortality. At its foot flows the Yellow Water which, after three windings, returns to its source. It is called the *Tan* (gold) water, and those who drink of it escape death.

On the terraces of this mountain were "fields of sesamum" and "gardens of coriander," the seeds of which were eaten by votaries of longevity. There were also twelve towers of gems, composed of five-coloured jadestone, and, in addition, there was the Lake of Jewels. To speak of the glory of the Western Royal Mother, her azure birds, genii, and fairy attendants, would require the glowing language of the "Arabian Nights".

We must not dismiss these fantastic stories as so many fairy-tales. Behind these preposterous adventures in the Unknown we can trace a craving after the Beautiful. There is a vein of truth in them all, the essential truth of all-enduring life. These Chinese alchemists tried to find peace in the dark and tangled woods of never-satisfying magic. They eagerly pressed forward with groping hands to the waters of crystalline jadestone, to the peach tree, to the mighty tree that grows in the moon. This quest is sacred, memorable, because it reveals colossal human effort. Perhaps this search, this splendid struggle, this yearning for something more than life's human span, is answered for all time in these mystical words: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

F. Hadland Davis

KISMET

By C. A. DAWSON SCOTT

AT the bottom of Wazdi Bey's garden stood a large tank. Gold and silver fish swam among the water-lilies, tadpoles wriggled between the greeny-brown stems, while on the wall above lizards crouched in the sunshine. Altogether an attractive place and one that Mustapha, Wazdi's little son, found peculiarly to his taste.

He was a child of constructive ability and with his father's consent and the help of Fortunatus had begun to transform one of the garden beds into a pond. The plot chosen was near two thin-leaved pepper-trees and flanked by a cedar. After the earth had been dug out, the floor was to be cemented, a fountain built in the middle and broad-leaved plants set round the edge. The place was to be a haunt of coolness and shade; and Mustapha, liking an onlooker, had persuaded his half-sister Fatmeh to come and, from her hammock under the trellised arbour of bougainvillea and passion-flower, watch the proceedings.

Nor was Fatmeh loath to come. The summer had set in early and the hot days found her disinclined for exertion. The garden with its many trees, the faint breeze blowing in from the Bosphorus and the flicker

of yellow light through the moving leaves, were in accordance with the girl's languid mood. For she, who had been the life and joy of the harem, whose happy voice had been heard from dawn to dusk in "songs of Araby," now held her peace and moved slowly and sat for hours gazing dreamily into space. She was grown thinner, and her chestnut hair, crowning the graceful slender body, made her more than ever like a tiger-lily on a long stem.

This particular day, as if to complete the resemblance, she wore a pale green melhafa.¹ As she half-sat, half-lay upon the red and white netting, her thoughts strayed from the sturdy boy, casting up spadefuls of rich garden earth—earth with a sweet and pleasant smell—to the future. Since Ayesha had gone back to her husband, Sughra Hanem from the house on the other side of the lane had been assiduous in her attentions. For some time she had had Fatmeh under her considering eye. A restless, eager and ambitious woman, it had taken Sughra some time to reach the conclusion that this girl with her beauty and large dowry, was worthy even of her dear Allah-ud-din. He, though her fourth, was Sughra's favourite son, and greatly to her annoyance had chosen the Diplomatic Service. It removed him from the sphere of her influence and made her vaguely uneasy. Allah-ud-din had always been the least docile of her many children, and she felt she would not know peace of heart till he were suitably married. She was now only waiting till his formal consent had been obtained, to summon the marriage brokers and put the matter in train. Meanwhile she did not stint to talk to Fatmeh of this dear

¹ Robe.

one who for his country's sake was living afar off, in a land where not even the public eating-houses could make a kous-kous.

From the little screened window that overhung the lane, Fatmeh had seen Allah-ud-din pass in and out of his father's house and she thought him, if not all that his mother said, at least a personable and pleasant youth. The future, as sketched by Sughra, was such a one as the girl, left to follow her instincts, would have chosen. To marry Allah-ud-din, to live with his parents while he was at the Embassies in Paris, or London, or Vienna, to be never more than a few yards from the old home and its interests, was to Fatmeh, timid, affectionate and retiring, an attractive prospect. She would be able to bring her babies over to the garden in which as a child she had run and played; and playing with them, would forget the flight of time. She looked forward therefore with equanimity, for life seemed to be proffering her heart's desire.

"I am tired," announced Mustapha, suddenly throwing down his spade. "I will sit here by Fatmeh and while I rest you, Fortunatus, shall go on digging."

The little boy climbed into the hammock which fortunately was both wide and strong, and cuddled himself down by his sister. With dark eyes that soon grew sleepy, he watched the spadefuls that were flung up rhythmically and at regular intervals by the man who was at once his servant and his guardian. The garden was full of quiet growth. Figs were ripening under the scanty shelter of the leaves, from a great vine on the wall hung clusters of purpling grapes while to the right, nut trees were stretching their close green foliage over a flagged pathway. It being early in the day, the heat was not

great, and as he dug Fortunatus sang in a low voice a ghazel, or song of love, a song which ran like a thread of fire through Fatmeh's visions of the future.

Altho' I sleep
My heart is hearkening for thy voice
O passionate nightingale of love—
Thou my desire.

Altho' I watch
Closed is the lattice of thy heart
Closed to the lover is thy gate,
O my desire.

O moon of pearl
I am the weed beside the way
And in the drought I parch, I die—
Of my desire.

Something in the voice, liquid, melancholy and yet desperately alive, made Fatmeh open her eyes, eyes with flecks of gold in their blue, and consider the singer. Turkish ladies do not veil before their servants, nor indeed do they take more heed of them than does the Englishwoman. Fatmeh, daughter of the house, was aware of Fortunatus as the servant whom, in spite of his youth, her father trusted. Now, however, as she looked across the mounds of dark and fruitful earth and, with his song still in her ears, watched him pause and straighten his back, she saw him not as a hired retainer but as a man.

"How came you here?" she asked with sudden interest.

The man's mind carried him back to the summer day when he had been entrusted with the care of little sleepy Mustapha. "I came," he said grimly, "so that my master's son might grow up to be a man."

"His life was threatened? Allah!" Fatmeh was frankly surprised. The secrets of the house, whispered

over the braziers of an evening, had never reached her ears. She stooped to the sleeping child and kissed him softly. "Who would hurt a baby?"

"Who indeed, Effendim?" said Fortunatus, wondering how so dove-like a creature could have been born to Wazdi's first wife. "Nevertheless, when there is but one lamb in a flock, the shepherd does not leave anything to chance."

"My father is very wise," she smiled tenderly, "and a good father. Vai, vai, and before you came here?"

Fortunatus, leaning on his long-handled spade, determined for once to speak the truth. "I am a man of no consequence, Effendim; a foundling left on the doorstep of Palamountain, whose wife, Amina, let me feed with her children."

Fatmeh had often listened to the mesnevi,¹ but this human tale struck her as more worthy both of tongue that spake and ear that heard.

"They tell of such things, but I had not thought the mother lived who could desert her child. Was there no clue?"

From round his neck Fortunatus took a leathern bag suitable for carrying a talisman and from it he drew a kham² of dark blue glass.

"They string such on the necks of camels to keep off the evil eye. Amina found it fastened to the sheepskin in which I was wrapped; and for that reason, and another, they hold I am of the caravan folk, those who come and go, from Stamboul to Samarkand."

¹ Story-teller.

² The prophet's Daughter was also named Fatmeh and her hand, roughly shaped, is a common Muslim mascot.

"The gipsy folk who have the sooth and can read the stars?"

"It may be, Effendim!"

Mustapha stirred in his sleep and Fortunatus ever watchful for his comfort drove the spade deep and came to the harbour, "Give me the child, Effendim. He sleeps better on the good earth."

"He is indeed heavy," sighed Fatmeh; and Fortunatus, squatting down, settled the little boy against himself. "Now for the other reason?"

"When my adopted father made the Hajj,¹ I went with him."

Fatmeh's eyes, always limpid, sparkled with interest. It is the ambition of all good Muhammadans to go to Mecca, but many are called and few chosen. To think that in their midst they had long harboured a successful pilgrim! "The dangers of the way!" she breathed, she who was no traveller and to whom any road would have seemed uphill.

"Many died," said Fortunatus soberly, "and we were delayed, first by storm and then by sickness."

"You were in time?" The merit of the pilgrimage would have been lost, if the caravans had arrived after a certain date.

"In time," he nodded proudly, "therefore I, even I, have stood on Mount Ararat, heard the appointed sermon and sacrificed a sheep in the Vale of Muna."

"Wonderful, O most wonderful!" cried Fatmeh, and for a moment the look of health returned in glowing cheek and kindled eye.

Fortunatus' glance was soft and warm. It seemed to envelop the girl as in a glowing veil. Her own

¹ Pilgrimage to Mecca.

sank before it and she wondered vaguely why the day should seem full of infinite possibilities, all touched with glamour.

"Allah kerim!"¹ said the young man, "for I proved a sorry son to my adopted parents and yet—yet was I not punished. I had the wandering blood and when Palamounain returned, he came alone."

"And you?"

"I worked for Franks on shipboard, earning thus my meat. The ship went up and down the world and I with it till I was a man. At length I wearied of the water and came home."

"That I can understand."

"I wanted," said Fortunatus simply, "to eat once more the food of my own people."

Fatmeh nodded gently; that too she could understand.

"But in Galata was no work for me. Hamals were needed, but I am not a camel that I should carry loads. I wanted to be in a good house and," he spread his hands with a characteristic gesture, "behold it has come to pass."

Mustapha rolling over opened his eyes. "Why, Fortunatus, thou art as lazy as a Greek. The new pond is as it was. I had thought it would have been finished to-day, but, when my spade is silent, thine keeps it company."

"'Tis hot, little lord."

"Hot for thee, O Greek, but not for a man," and climbing down the earthen sides of the small depression he fell to his task. The dark eyes of Fortunatus with their veiled melancholy, their hint of keener, more

¹ God is merciful.

personal, feeling rested on Fatmeh for a moment, and then he too took up his spade.

That morning Sughra Hanem had received a disquieting letter from her son in England. Allah-ud-din told her that he had been staying with the family of an Irish friend and that the friend's sister was a hakima, a lady doctor. He would like his mother to meet this Miss Waiora Desmond. Hakimas were well thought of in England, and Miss Desmond was in other ways the sort of woman his mother would be sure to like.

Sughra Hanem read this devious epistle to her husband, a little fair man, who as governor of a *razâ*¹ had contrived to amass a comfortable fortune. "He must come home at once," she cried, "or he will be giving me a Frank for a daughter-in-law."

Though Rashid Effendi was inclined to pooh-pooh the danger, he agreed with his wife that it would be as well for Allah-ud-din to be married, especially if so eligible a bride as one of Wazdi Bey's daughters could be obtained. He even took the trouble to write to his son, telling him to get leave of absence, as his marriage had been arranged, and would take place immediately on his return.

Meanwhile trouble, as a gorged vulture, had settled heavily upon his neighbour's rooftop. At noon Fatmeh, following in Mustapha's wake, had come back to the house. During the heat of the day she would lie in a shaded room, and one of the negro servants would fan her till she fell asleep. As she settled herself upon the divan, however, Fatmeh felt a strange taste at the back of her throat. She turned in pitiable surprise towards

¹ Division of a Province.

her attendant; and as she did so the blood flowed over the parting lips. The frightened negress fled, screaming; but Fatmeh, still with that expression of surprise upon her features, had fallen back unconscious.

The women hurried to her room. Atiya and Zuleika, the old cousins, had been busy transforming unripe apples into a pink lemon-scented jelly. They left their concoction to the mercy of lesser cooks and hurried waddling from the kitchen. Hajira, another cousin, who had lately been divorced by Zaid, her ill-conditioned lord, and who spent most of her time weeping and lamenting, dried her eyes and followed. Lastly came Dewara with long elastic step and anxious eyes. Fatmeh, fair and pleasant, was loved by all, by the old maidens, the unwilling divorcée, even by the stormy and discontented Hanem. The ancient sisters busied themselves with old-wife remedies; but the general feeling was one of anxiety and distress. Dewara was not used to illness. Even among the mountains and in the black tents of her people, however, she had met this disease of wasting and of death. She understood now why Fatmeh was so languid, why she had ceased to dance down the flagged paths of the garden and to sing—as some said and one really thought—like a nightingale.

That afternoon Sughra Hanem paid one of her informal visits. It was Fatmeh she came to see; and Dewara, who understood that the other was seeking a wife, a well-dowered wife for her son, had hitherto made her carelessly welcome. Now, leaving Atiya in charge of the sick girl, the Hanem met the visitor with a careful excuse. The day was unusually hot and Fatmeh had been sitting in the garden, not altogether, perhaps, in the shade. But girls were imprudent or

they would not be girls. She had, of course, contracted a headache of the sun, very slight, it would be gone to-morrow, but meanwhile—

Dewara believed Sughra Hanem to be actuated by motives that were entirely mercenary and she dealt with her as one merchant with another. The calculating visitor should not discover that the goods she so ardently desired were damaged. In the course of time Fatmeh would be—would at least seem—a little better. For these last months, why should not hope, the hope of love and children and a long life, be hers? Grown suddenly loquacious, Dewara talked of the girl's flower-like beauty. A certain Vali's son, hearing of it, had spoken to his mother. From day to day it was impossible to tell what would happen.

Sughra Hanem perceived that her neighbours had pierced to the heart of her intention; that they approved; but that they would not be willing to wait. She returned home believing, not that Fatmeh was ill, but that the girl was to be kept in the background until she, Sughra, should make a definite proposal. This show of firmness made her think that some other candidate must be in the field. Truly the bough was laden with oranges, oranges as heavy, golden and desirable, as that which Sughra had half offered and half withheld. More than ever anxious to take the final step, she was not best pleased when Rashid begged her to wait, to wait, at least, until he should have had an answer to his letter. Impatient of control as she had always been, however, she could not but admit that her husband's judgment was sound. They could not leave Allah-ud-din out of the reckoning. His mother waited, therefore, in a state of gnawing anxiety; and waiting, remained in

ignorance of what was taking place in her neighbour's house.

Three weeks passed slowly, weeks during which Fatmeh, nursed assiduously by the old cousins, lay in the largest and airiest room of the harem. As it overlooked the garden, it was not screened and the sweet air from the Bosphorus blew in at the open window. Every day Fortunatus, working at the command of little Mustapha, dug and planted; and as he toiled, he sang:

I cannot sleep for longing for thee, O full moon,
Far is thy throne over Mecca, slip down, O beloved,
to me.

The tenor voice was resonant and to Fatmeh's ears, as she lay prostrate, rose, like bubbles of heady wine, his passionate songs of love. The gipsy loved her, but he was her father's servant, the man whom Wazdi trusted as his own hand. Fatmeh growing daily, as she assured those about her, a little and a little better, learned to listen for the vibrating voice, a voice associated with broad shoulders and a languorous glance. Allah-ud-din, pleasant youth, had neither the one nor the other. To the mind of his prospective bride he represented all that was ordinary, while Fortunatus, pilgrim and wanderer, breathed romance. She wondered whether her father could be got to think of the trusty servant as a possible son-in-law? Even while she wondered, dwelling on a glamorous future, she knew, however, that it might not be. Wazdi loved her and, since her illness, had been unusually kind, but he would bestow her in marriage in a way to reflect credit on the family. It would be a matter of arrangement, not of romance. Meanwhile, until she was quite strong, quite well again, she had her dreams.

"If I could be carried out, I might lie in the hammock under the arbour," she said one day, a little wistfully. "It would be cooler in the air."

The women knew that their tender care and nursing were in vain, that day by day, though she believed herself better, Fatmeh was travelling the downhill road.

"You shall have your way," Dewara answered with a cheerfulness she was far from feeling, "a little fresh air to-day and soon a drive along the shore."

"You always look so happy, Fatmeh," interposed Hajira enviously.

"This has been the happiest time of my life," said the invalid with truth. She was thinking of the songs from the garden, of the dream-world in which she lived; and she looked round upon the other women with a smile. "You are so good to me—all of you—so good. Zuleika dear, give me the green melhafa and the little fan with the emeralds."

Because he was so strong as well as so responsible, Fortunatus was called to carry the light burden. Old Zuleika, went on ahead to see that the hammock ropes were taut; and thus, with little Asma carrying cushions and a drink of tamarind, was Fatmeh borne into the green shadows of the garden that she loved.

"How strong you are," she sighed in that new husky voice of hers, and the sigh was of satisfaction; for the woman, who does not rejoice in the strength of man, has not yet been born.

A pulse was throbbing in Fortunatus' temple, making dim his sight. Happiness was his, a new, a burning happiness, so great that as he clasped and lifted the dear burden, he did not notice how light, how very light,

it was. Enough for the moment that he held Fatmeh in his arms, that her face, warmed to sudden colour was beneath his, and that he could see her breast rise and fall under the films of green. As great a happiness had indeed been his before—but only in dreams. Now he tasted fulfilment; and for a few golden seconds the cup of life was given to his parched lips. Scarcely knowing what he did, he stepped on down the flagged pathway, under the flicker of the leaves and so to the arbour. Mustapha, having run on with Zuleika, was waiting by the hammock. He advanced importantly.

"I would not finish the pond until you were well enough to come out and watch. To-day we begin afresh, and we must work, Fortunatus and I, or before it is finished the tadpoles will have swallowed the last bit of their tails."

He turned away, followed by his guardian; and as Asma set out the drink of tamarind on a stool and handed Fatmeh the green and jewelled fan, a scream followed by a peal of uncanny laughter, shattered the pleasant silence.

Fatmeh raised herself on one elbow. "It comes from the garden beyond ours," she murmured.

"Sughra Hanem must be in trouble," said little Asma, a plump roly-poly maiden with the eyes of a gazelle. "It is her voice."

As the sufferer moved further away, the screams and laughter diminished. "What can have happened?" said Fatmeh, little guessing how much the Hanem's hysteria had to do with her.

That morning Sughra, anxious and restless, had gone into the garden for some roses. A new dancer was coming to perform before her and her friends that

evening, and the flowers brought her had been insufficient and of the wrong colour. She would choose her own. As she walked up and down, cutting recklessly, she caught sight of her husband's figure. Rashid was in search of her and in his hand was a letter on thin foreign paper.

"Mash'allah!" cried she, as she went to meet him, for she saw that his face was pale and that he trembled. Indeed, the letter he carried was such an one as people do not receive more than once or twice in a lifetime. Allah-ud-din, knowing his own mind, but doubting his powers of resistance to family pressure, had persuaded Miss Desmond to elope with him. He wrote to announce their marriage.

"An English daughter-in-law!" gasped Sughra, and swayed as if about to faint. Rashid put out a hand to steady her. Such a marriage was strange and portentous; moreover, it is unusual in Muslim countries for the wife to be considered before the mother; and Allah-ud-din's hasty action seemed as unnatural to his parents as ill-advised. "He will bring me a foreign woman for a daughter-in-law. He will set strange grandchildren upon my knees," wailed Sughra, bursting into uncontrollable tears—tears and screams and laughter.

Rashid Effendi led the poor woman back to the harem. He too was greatly shaken, but unlike his more emotional wife, he could accept whatever came. "It is the will of Allah," he said sorrowfully, "neither thy fault, Sughra, nor mine, but the will of Allah."

Fatmeh left to herself, while the busy gardeners laboured at the pond, fell presently into a light doze. The purple leaves of the bougainvillea stirred in the

breeze, the passion-flower spread its strange blooms, and a rain of crimson petals fell from a neighbouring rose-bush. As Fatmeh dreamed, she heard Fortunatus singing an old-time ghazel.

Fierce as the sun at noon
The wanderer's love.

The sun was certainly fierce and noon not far away. Fatmeh opened her eyes and for a space watched the young man as he bent digging and then rose to cast up a spadeful of brown earth. Alas, that she must marry Allah-ud-din!

"Little brother!" said she, and Mustapha came at her call. "Run thou to the harem and ask Asma for my other fan, the one of peacock feathers."

"By Allah, I do not run errands for women," said the boy.

"Not even for me, Couzoum?"

"Thou hast been ill—well—perhaps."

"Bring the fan back with thee." This she said, knowing that only a week ago she had given it to her married sister Ayesha.

His brown legs carried him quickly out of sight and as he went, Fortunatus put down the spade and came to her.

The air was full of the sweetness of flowers and the bitter sweet of love. For a few seconds each looked at the other.

"While I was ill," said Fatmeh softly, "I heard your songs and knew they were for me. But we are in the toils of circumstance and there is no way out."

The man stood speechless, looking at her with those fiercely imploring eyes. Suddenly she bethought

¹ My lamb.

her of the fortune-teller's sooth. "The garden and the cherishing and a silent lover. So will it be until the end." Fatmeh had cried out that there must be more to come, more before the inevitable end. Now, like the passing of a bird, a shadow crossed her face. Was there no more? Could it be possible that this was the end? She recovered herself after a moment. "I am getting better," she said with restored confidence, "and when I am quite well again, I shall be married to Allah-ud-din of the house of Rashid Effendi." This she said in her ignorance and good faith, and because only by telling Fortunatus the truth could she put an end to his silent pleading. She leaned towards him beseechingly. "All my life I shall remember. It will be to me as an oasis in the desert; and if I go first I will wait for thee—at the gates."

The man before her knew, not only that she would go first, but that her going would not be delayed. He made a gesture as of one who scatters the ashes of mourning on his head; but still his eyes implored. She had spoken of his love for her, and she had been glad of it; but in return had she no word for him? Must he wait through all the days of his pilgrimage, wait for the assurance of her love till the day broke and the shadows fled away? His agony broke down the barriers she would have raised.

"Fortunatus," she said at last, a new and more passionate note in her voice, "ah, but my soul failed me at the sound of thy voice!" then as she saw the quick gladness overspreading his features, "I am sick, sick of love, O my beloved, but—there is no hope. It is—"

A look of fear dawned in the blue eyes as her lips became dyed a deeper red. The breaking of another

blood-vessel would bring the end. She sank against the breast of her lover, the life-tide flowing from her and her tongue silently forming that last word in all loves and hates, hopes and despairs: "It is Kismet."

* * * * *

"O Allah, pardon Thou our living and our dead, those of us looking on and those of us absent, our little ones and our adults, our men and our women. O Allah, make thou her tomb a garden of the gardens of heaven. For Thy mercy's sake, O Thou most Compassionate of the merciful."

C. A. Dawson Scott

¹ Extract from *Mustim Burial Service*.

CORRESPONDENCE

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

That the letter in the March number of THE THEOSOPHIST under the above heading should have come from a member of the Society is a little remarkable; and any reply that should refute the views held by the writer of that letter inevitably deals with the obvious.

It is not Theosophical to divorce Theosophy from life in the world. Yet the writer implies that his Theosophy is kept as something quite apart from "his share in providing for the success of the arms of his people". The Editor's sin is that by moving eloquence obtaining a wide publicity, she has, under cover of Theosophy, urged others to adopt what by unanswerable argument she conceives to be the right attitude towards a War that affects, whether in thought or in action, more than half the world. The writer has done the same, only on a smaller scale, and not under cover of Theosophy.

If the Christ Himself, who is the Bodhisattva, the Teacher, and not the Warrior, used in well-known passages words of the strongest condemnation, shall we, straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, refuse to our President scope to paint strongly the rights and wrongs of the present European campaign?

It needs something of an idealist to judge ideal action. Otherwise, how measure that impersonal attitude which is always actuated by a keen eye to the welfare of mankind, and by an unfailing love that rules none the less, though not sensed by all? Many who are blinded by "the milk of human kindness" in blissful ignorance retard the world's progress;

others, who severely separate their ideals from their actions, know naught of *Karma Yoga*. Is it Theosophical to be "shocked and outraged" at anything?

If critics would but realise the greatness of our President, and the world-wide stage on which she acts, their outlook would inevitably broaden, and their tolerance suffer a diminished strain. To invite free criticism is not to imply its necessity, or even its desirability. Criticism is good, intuition is better. Intuition fosters, while criticism kills, that whole-hearted enthusiasm the few need, if they are to front the world.

C. B. DAWSON

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Regarding the correspondence recently appearing in THE THEOSOPHIST on the subject above named, it appears to me that the most important point has been missed by both your correspondents. What we need to realise is that in signing future treaties for the preservation of neutral territories—such, for instance, may be the case in regard to Constantinople, or other points, as the result of this War—we shall be overshadowed by Germany's present conduct; we shall all put the question inwardly: Will this contract ever be treated as "a scrap of paper"? What is our surety that what one nation has done another may not do? Or, what one has done it may do again. This is the first war we have waged for such a point of honour between nations. We, the human race, stand at a point where international conscience is awakening to a higher sense of honour and justice, and Germany has suddenly dealt it this heavy blow. By her act she has made a move in the face of evolution. It is not merely the doing away with war that is now concerned, but the evolution of international conscience. If war were ever "an instrument in the hands of the Guardians of humanity," surely it is so now. Naturally, those whose work, as yours, lies in such wide fields may see the need to speak forcibly against what is clearly evil and retrograde; but it is regrettable that so

earnest a member as Mr. Prentice, standing also by his principles in a smaller way, should use unwarrantedly strong language against one, such as yourself, whose life has been given to strenuous service of humanity and the cause of evolution, and who therefore deserves, at the least, our reverence and gratitude.

SISTER D.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

I would like to remark that pages 562 and 563 of the March THEOSOPHIST leave a bad taste in the mouth. It amounts to this—that our President is taken to task for expressing "righteous indignation" in the right place. The objector is entitled to register his objection, of course, if he "feels bad" about it, but I venture to protest very strongly against the language in which it is couched.

It is obvious, however, that the publication of the letter by the Editor without any comment on her part is a sufficient rebuke to the writer. He stands self-convicted of "bad form".

W. BEALE,

Lt.-Colonel.

Aden

REVIEWS

The Spirit of Japanese Poetry, by Yone Noguchi. (John Murray, London. Price 2s. net.)

The aim of the Editors in publishing the Wisdom of the East Series—to which the present volume belongs—is by this time well known to the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST. They wish to make the books “messengers of goodwill and understanding between the East and the West—the old world of Thought and the new of Action”. All who really sympathise with this object will find *The Spirit of Japanese Poetry* an exceedingly interesting and valuable addition to the Series. The subject itself is fascinating and the book is full of information, full too of subtle analysis, of comparisons and contrastings in which the ideals and the methods of the poets of East and West stand out against each other in vivid complement. There are six chapters, all alike in this that in them no words are wasted—a virtue of all Japanese writing, as the author points out. “I ask myself,” he says *apropos* of a translation of a seventeen-syllable Japanese poem, “why the English mind must spend so much ink while we Japanese are well satisfied with the following”—giving his own rendering.

Japanese Hokku Poetry, the *No*—the Japanese Play of Silence—the earliest poetry of Japan, and the poets of the present are all dealt with in turn in a way that stimulates attention and thought. But the most valuable thing about the book is the glimpse we get of the oriental attitude through the mind of the author. Here we have not a Western interpreting the work of Easterns, but a true son of the “old world of thought,” loyal to the ideals of his own people, trying to make their spirit intelligible to men of another race and creed. It is from the turn of a phrase here and there, showing the writer’s interest in what seems to us unimportant, from the casual references which when they illustrate an attitude different

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from our own are so striking and illuminative, that the reader will get a real insight into the inner workings of the mind. This little book is full of such subtle indications of character and race; and by them the reader may be led through what seems at first “the twilight land of the unknowable,” into a region where the attitude and viewpoint of the East become intelligible.

A. de L.

Specimens of Old Indian Poetry, translated from the Original Sanskrit into English Verse by Ralph T. H. Griffith, M.A. (Reprinted and published by the Panini Office Allahabad, 1914. Price Rs. 1-8.)

The Panini Office to which all lovers of Indian lore, literature and learning owe an ever growing debt, has been wisely inspired in reprinting this old little bundle of graceful translations from the Samskrit. The work is so very widely known that it needs no detailed description; it is sufficient to say that it contains hymns from the Vedas and extracts from, *Manu*, the *Mahabharata*, *Sakuntala*, *Nala*, the *Gita-Govinda* and the *Cloud Messenger*. An appendix gives information on Indian poetical rhetoric. The little book is neatly printed and cheap and we know of no handier introduction to the study of Samskrit poetry for those who cannot consult it in its original form, than this present volume. Where other more extensive and learned works fail to interest the layman, he may feel his first genuine attraction for old Indian poetry in reading this handy and sympathetic collection of renderings.

J. v. M.

Visvakarmā. Examples of Indian architecture, sculpture, painting, handicraft, by Ananda Coomaraswamy, D.Sc. (The Editor, 39 Brookfield, West Hill, London N. and Luzac, London. Average price Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. per number; complete in seven numbers.)

With its seventh number the first series of this very attractive publication becomes complete, and many there will be to whom it must be a matter of regret to learn that with

its completion the publication of *Visvakarmā* will be discontinued for the present. Dr. Coomaraswamy has laid lovers of Oriental art under a heavy debt of gratitude for his unwearied and enthusiastic labours in that field, and amongst his numerous publications, *Visvakarmā* may be reckoned as one of the most useful. Being an enthusiast to the core, Dr. Coomaraswamy expresses his views forcibly whenever he speaks, and to some these views are debatable from many points of view, though always worth listening to. In the present publication there is next to no letterpress, and hence no argument, but merely a series of fully a hundred very adequate reproductions of well-chosen examples of Indian sculpture. Eventual later series will similarly deal with architecture, painting and handicraft. The collection thus put before the public, at so very reasonable a price as to enable a wide circle to acquire it, represents a thoroughly representative collection; and we do not know of any similar publication bringing together such richly varied material and exhibiting Indian sculpture so thoroughly, which is as easily accessible. We have, therefore, to thank Dr. Coomaraswamy for his latest enterprise, so satisfactorily terminated, and we are amongst those who will cordially and warmly welcome any continuation of it in the future.

J. v. M.

Whispers, by G. Colmore (Hurst and Blackett, Ltd.) A pleasantly written story with an element of mystery to sustain the interest up till the end. The dual forces of love and hate are seen as psychic in their origin and in their effects. Spiritualised love in the end is victorious over the forces of cruelty and hatred; to say more would reveal too much of the plot of a book which is quite well worth reading. *Transition*, by Lucy Re-Bartlett. (Longmans, Green & Co.) A novel of profound interest to all who are interested in the more spiritual aspect of the feminist movement. It is distinctly a novel with a purpose and the authoress undoubtedly has a deep conviction of the necessity for, and the inevitable attainment of, the ends that the more highly developed advocates of "votes for women" have in view, the vote acting merely as a peg to rest these ideals upon.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

SOME of our members have a very curious idea about THE THEOSOPHIST, which they speak of as "the official organ of the Society". The Society has no official organ, and has no responsibility, as is said every month, for opinions expressed in this Magazine: "The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this Journal, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document." Were it an official organ, the T. S. would be responsible for all that is said in it, and it would be impossible for any one to express in it any opinion at all without committing the Society, whereas I put in all opinions. Criticisms attacking the President could not appear, as they would then involve the whole Society. Critics do not complain that official decorum is violated when I put in the most violent and abusive attacks on myself; they only complain when I express my own opinions! THE THEOSOPHIST is a magazine which is the

organ of the President of the T. S., through which he reaches the Society primarily, and then the outer world, giving to both the benefit of his wisdom or his folly. Colonel Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky, who founded it, used it for this purpose, and most certainly Mme. Blavatsky's vigorously expressed opinions did not coincide, on many occasions, with those of the more timid and conventional members of the T. S. But they interested most of the members and many in the outside world. What she said counted, and people wanted to read what she thought on passing events. However much some folks may object to the fact that some persons exist whose opinion large numbers of people want to know, it cannot be helped. Such persons are to them an offence, I know, but still they exist. The more important the questions that arise, the more does the public wish to know what these particular persons think about them.

* *

I have watched with some care the expressions of opinion on this matter, and I find that the great majority of our members wish to know not my Presidential, but my individual, opinion on the great problems of the day. Rightly or wrongly, they value that opinion. The other view has come only from strong antagonists of the opinions I hold. Two letters reached me from Sweden, objecting to the November "Watch-Tower," Swedish opinion being pro-German; and those who at this particular time want THE THEOSOPHIST to be colourless, entirely devoted to parochial matters, are, curiously, all pro-German.

* *

Now I cannot look at large public questions from this National standpoint, for to me Nations,

at a world-crisis, embody the great principles on which the further evolution of the world will turn on the other side of the crisis. For an Occultist and a servant of the Brotherhood to be neutral in such a struggle is impossible. Germany and her Allies embody the principle of scientific Materialism, of the crushing out of Liberty and Individuality, of the non-Morality of the State, which is an end unto itself, and which may and should grasp Power, without regard to aught save itself. These ideals are embodied in books published before the War, and cannot be denied save by those who have not read the books. If these ideals triumphed, the world would roll into barbarism. The Allies stand for the security of small peoples, the sanctity of treaties, public faith, in a word, for National Righteousness. That Great Britain in the past has wrought many wrongs, does not affect the question; that she crushed Ireland and ruined her prosperity, that her record in India is soiled with the crimes of Clive and Warren Hastings, with unfaith to treaties and broken promises—this is all true. I have written and spoken strongly against her action in these in the past; I write and speak to-day against her denial of liberty to India now, against her Arms Act, her Press Act, her Seditious Meetings Act, and the like. But in this world-quarrel she is on the right side, and the fact that all my sympathies are with the people she has wronged, with Ireland and with India, and that I oppose her autocracy and its methods in India now, cannot affect my judgment of her action in the conflict of ideals now raging in Europe. I, Theosophist and Occultist, stand by England as India stands by her, because, despite National wrongs, her heart is true to Liberty, and her

triumph will be the triumph of Righteousness. Smaller quarrels must wait while the great battle is waged, and those who, all over the world, look to me for guidance, *and claim it*, shall have it. There was a chorus of disapproval when I proposed, on Mr. Van Manen's suggestion, to leave THE THEOSOPHIST outside my social and political work. I have other means of reaching the public, but in THE THEOSOPHIST more intimate speech is possible, and this is asked for. In this crisis Britain and the Allies embody the principles on which the Hierarchy is guiding the world, and Germany embodies the opposing forces; the victory of Germany would mean the set-back of evolution, the crumbling once again into ruins of all that civilisation has won, and the building of it up again from its ruins—as so often in the past. Therefore, not on National but on Human grounds, I speak for the Allies.

* * *

My article this month, on "Brotherhood and War" will not, I know, please many of my friends, but thus it is that I see things. Gladly will I open, as ever, the pages of THE THEOSOPHIST to those who see things otherwise. Discussion is here eminently desirable, and the more thorough it is the better.

* * *

Death has again stooped over the Society, and this time has taken away our good Brother Arvid Knös, the Scandinavian General Secretary. His steadfastness, and his quiet unaggressive firmness will be sorely missed in Scandinavia, which has suffered much from the various movements which have split off fragments from the Parent Society now and again. It is curious that these are always so quarrelsome, though the Parent

Society never makes any fuss when some of her children wish to set up houses for themselves. Mr. Knös always treated the dissidents with good-natured and tolerant indifference, and went on his own quiet peaceful way, attacking none. How happy he was over the meeting of the European Federation the year before last in Stockholm. And now he has passed over into the peace, leaving behind him his devoted wife, a faithful worker in the T. S. and some sons and daughters, who will, we hope, tread in their parents' footsteps.

* * *

Mr. Rogers and some faithful workers—the chief of whom wishes to remain anonymous—have started a Theosophical Educational Society in Louisville, Kentucky, U. S. A., of which full particulars, with some illustrations of its beautiful home, shall appear next month. Next month, also, we shall have a very beautiful article from the pen of Mr. Leadbeater, who is so taken up with his Australian work that he does not find time to write many articles. He is living with Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Martyn, the E. S. Corresponding Secretary for Australasia, and it is good to know that he is cared for and honoured as he should be.

* * *

White Lotus Day was kept as usual at Adyar, and the recess where are the statues of our Founders was so exquisitely decorated that I asked Mr. Schwarz to photograph it. But no photograph can give any idea of the fresh beauty and delicacy of the flowers, and of the lovely carpet of pink and white lotuses that covered the marble platform. The greater part of my own address on the occasion appears in the June *Adyar Bulletin*.

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WHITE LOTUS DAY DECORATIONS

I am writing this in the train on the way to Kolhapur, where the Maratha Federation is holding this year its anniversary. We are running through beautiful wooded country, part of the Western Ghats, and are high up, and so much cooler, than in Madras, though I suppose we shall presently run down again into the heat. The temperature in our *New India* Office was at 109° odd when I left it yesterday, and, I suppose it will be somewhere about that when I return. Friends from Bombay will be gathered there, and we are sure to have a "good time," though the third week in May is not an ideal time for meetings in India!

* * *

Later

We are now on the other side of the Federation meetings, so I may as well report. Kolhapur is a delightfully wooded city, with avenues for roads in which the arching branches meet over head, and with pretty public buildings in large compounds, richly planted with trees and flowers. Only in the business part of the town are the trees pushed away. It is ruled over by a descendant of Shivaji, the great warrior-chief of Maharashtra, and its people, like Mahrathas in general, are strong and robust in body, and keen, shrewd and powerful in mind. Religion and politics are to them the two aspects of patriotism, Hindūism being wrought into their very blood. Mr. G. K. Gokhale offers one of their finest types, men of whom any Nation might be proud.

* * *

Our meetings were densely thronged through the three days of the Federation, and I lectured on "The

Value of Theosophy to India," "Eastern and Western Science," and "Why We Believe in the Coming of a World-Teacher". As Theosophy spreads through Maharashtra, it should bring out all that is noblest in its virile race, and check its harsher side.

* * *

Friends will be interested in the picture of some of the guests at our party in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi, at the Blavatsky Gardens in Headquarters. The party was under the great Banyan tree so familiar to our readers, and the photograph was taken near the bungalow. Sir S. Subramaniam sits in the centre, with Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi on his right and left. Practically all the leading Indians of Madras—Hindūs and Musalmāns—were present, and we had a very pleasant two hours. Little tables were scattered under the wide-spreading hospitable branches of the great tree, and people ate fruits and cakes and savouries and ices—all Indian—in the friendliest way. There is always something very friendly about our Headquarters "At Homes," and people enjoy the camaraderie and absence of formality that prevail.

* * *

The article by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa raises many interesting points, but there is one which I should like to make clear; and that is that, as a matter of fact, I decline to give any advice at all on disputed T. S. matters, unless some great conflict of principle arises, as in the present War, and then I give it publicly. It seems to me that the Head of the E. S., whether President or not, ought not to advise in Sectional crises where the dispute "involves no real principle," for such advice carries so many with it that it may easily decide

the matter in question, and an uneasy feeling may arise in the T. S. that some secret agency is "pulling the strings," and that the vote is not a straight vote. As President, also, I have no right to advise on Sectional disputes, which should be settled by the local workers. Each side wants to use the President as a club to knock the other side down, whereas my duty seems to me to be to accept whatever officer a Section gives me as colleague, and not to advise on one side or another in a contested election. Neither as President, nor as Head of the E. S., will I advise in favour of any candidate for any elective office. I am told that a private letter of mine, referring to a private quarrel and expressing a wish that it might cease, has been used as implying approval of one party to the quarrel and disapproval of the other, and so as bearing on an election, with which it had nothing to do. A Section is autonomous, and autonomy would be a farce if a President should throw his weight on one side or the other in a contested election.



BROTHERHOOD AND WAR

By ANNIE BESANT

IT is natural that members of the Theosophical Society, recognising that their organisation exists for the spreading of the realisation of Brotherhood among men, should feel themselves puzzled as to what to do in the state of War, which prevails over Europe to-day, in face of the obvious danger of a triumph of the military ideal, the no less obvious duty of defending a small Nation whose neutrality Britain had guaranteed, and the carrying out of the principle of Universal Brotherhood.

Can we, by a survey of "the things most surely believed among us" who are Theosophists, clarify to any extent our ideas on the tremendous conflict which seems to exist at first sight between Brotherhood and War?

1. Universal Brotherhood is a Fact in Nature, not a theory, nor an ideal. Men *are* brothers, sharers of one Life, partakers of one divine Nature, ensouled by one Spirit, feeling in common pain and pleasure, sorrow and joy. This Brotherhood, inhering in a common nature, man can neither make nor destroy. He may recognise or may disregard it; he may affirm or may deny it; he may realise or may negate it; let him do as he will, it remains unchanged; it is a FACT, ever-existing.

2. No less a Fact is War, in the history and evolution of the human race. Looking back over human history we see a long succession of Wars. I am not saying whether Wars should or should not have occurred, whether they were good or evil. At present, I merely note the necessarily admitted fact that no period of human history has long been free from War. The story of the Nations is a story of ever-recurring Wars. War is a FACT, ever-reappearing.

3. God, Ishvara, Allah—call Him by what name you will—is a Fact; Nature is His Self-Expression; Evolution is His Plan; the laws of Nature are the laws of such part of Him, as is manifested in our universe; life and death are His methods; joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains are His tools—the tools of the Supreme Artist—in fashioning the crude material into the perfect masterpiece embodying His idea; the worlds are His studio, crowded with unfinished models, with hints of exquisite future beauty here and there. For us, who believe in Universal Brotherhood, God is a FACT, ever-present, ever-immanent.

4. The Hierarchy of Perfected Men is a Fact, the Guardians of Humanity, the Elder Brothers of our

Race. Their strong Hands guide; Their lucid Wisdom directs; Their perfect Love chooses the best Path for the treading; They are the means whereby the divine Will, incarnating in Them, renders itself operative in our world. The Hierarchy's guidance of the human Race is a FACT, ever-existent, ever-potent.

These are the four great Facts which we have to face; none of them can be excluded; none of them can be ignored; we must accept each of them in all its bearings, and either succeed in basing on *all* of them a rational theory, or confess that our philosophy is inadequate to render life intelligible, too restricted to embrace all facts within its sweep. The end of philosophy is to put an end to pain, and most of all to that keenest pain of all, the anguish of living in a world intellectually and morally unintelligible.

Our problem is:

In a world in which men are Brothers, a world emanated from and maintained by God, guided by His Will embodied in a Hierarchy of Men made perfect, how does War come to be an often-repeated event, an event which is evidently a recurring factor in evolution?

We may at once say that War is an evil, and that the problem of its existence is part of the problem of the existence of Evil. From the standpoint of the Occultist Evil is Ignorance, and therefore negative and relative; Ignorance is to be gradually gotten rid of by Knowledge, Knowledge being attainable by experience; Evolution is the passage from Ignorance to Knowledge, from the nescience of the stone to the omniscience of Brahman, the Supreme Self. At any point in this age-long evolution Evil, Ignorance, will be present,

and the more or less of it, relatively to the good, will depend on the actual stage of evolution under inspection. Until perfect knowledge is reached some evil will remain, mingled with the good, and all action being necessarily a mingling of good and evil, the rightness or wrongness of any given action will depend on the predominance of the Right in it at the time of its occurrence, Right being that which subserves Evolution, God's Plan for His world.

War is a recurring fact in Evolution, in a world God-planned and guided by the Hierarchy; in some way, then, the good to be gained thereby, the purpose to be subserved, must predominate over the obvious evil of it, the hatred, the bloodshed, the widespread ruin and desolation wrought by it. In our sight spreads a suffering intolerable, inexcusable. But "larger, kinder eyes than ours," the eyes of Wisdom and of Love, the eyes of the Hierarchy which includes the Saviours of the world, the Bodhisattvas, the Christs, gaze on it all calmly, seeing its use and end. Can we lift ourselves above the welter of agony, and catch a glimpse of the larger view?

"The Universe exists for the sake of the Self," for the sake of the Spirit Eternal, dwelling in all forms, and unfolded most in our world, in men. The forms are born and die; they are garments which are outgrown, outworn, in the ceaseless expansion of the Spirit; births and deaths succeed each other on the turning wheel of evolution as it rolls along its appointed groove; death is necessary to break away the shell that cramps the further expansion of the deathless Spirit; birth is necessary to clothe him in new garment fit for the expanded life, and shaped so as to be

fitted for his further expansion. Very perfect the plan, seen from the view-point of the Spirit, in whose endless life births and deaths are welcome recurring incidents, subserving his unfolding powers.

War, from the view-point of the body, is a horror of mutilation, agony and death. War, from the view-point of the Self is an opportunity to acquire in a few days, weeks, months, qualities that otherwise would take lives in the winning. From *that* view-point, it may be well worth while. For to sacrifice the body utterly on the altar of the Country; to face death in the spring-time of youth or the full strength of manhood's prime; to risk lifelong mutilation, far worse than death, giving up the joy of lithe activity for the trailing step of injured limb or incurable mutilation; what is this, but to leap at a bound up the ladder of evolution, to outstrip lives of slow drudgery of growth by one splendid spring into heroism? Even under the fury of the charge and the crashing blow in the captured trench, how little there is of hate may be seen by the swift outflow of pity and help, as when a man catches up a wounded enemy and at the risk of his own life saves that of his foe. A stricken Scot, German, and Frenchman, lying near together, mortally wounded, share water and morphia with each other ere they die.

Many, too are the lessons being learned of comradeship between noble and peasant, university man and shop assistant, as they march, enjoy, suffer, share, fight, side by side. The gulfs between classes are being filled up on the battle-fields, not to be dug again in times of peace. The old comrades will make a New Britain when they return; a true

Democracy, such as the world has never seen, is being born in the battle-fields of Flanders. A century of "peace"-struggle would not have brought what War is doing in a few months, and the strife between capital and labour, classes and masses, would have left behind it bitter rancours and hatred, where the comradeship of War will send back to build the New Britain men who have learned to love, to respect, to trust each other, in the strife and peril of the battle-field. In the furnace of War are being smelted together the materials for the new Democratic Empire, the Empire of the Free.

The rivalries born of trade struggles and jealousies in time of peace are more prolific of hate than are wars. The ghastly hate of Germany against England is born of trade envy; they feel no hate against the French, whom they fought with forty-five years ago. A century ago, Britain and France were locked in death-grips; they fight side-by-side to-day, belauding each other's virtues. France and Britain fought Russia sixty years ago; they fight together now.

It is interesting to note the result of invasions, and the benefits reaped by each Nation when the strife is over; Greece invaded India, and Indian Art for ages bears the mark of her fingers, while the Greeks carried home some of the thought of India. The Saracens fought with Europe, and left with her Persian thought and the institution of Chivalry. The Moors conquered southern Spain, and left there their exquisite architecture, while Europe went to school under their teachings. Nations fight for brief space, with bloodshed and manifold horrors; these all sink into the all-forgiving earth and are forgotten, while both are permanently enriched by exchange of the things which endure. Wars have

distributed among many Nations the treasures of each in turn, to the profit and increased enjoyment of all.

Moreover, there is one great purpose served by War: it puts on the world-stage, in a dramatic, startling way, wrongs that exist unnoticed in time of peace, forcing them on public view in a fashion that shows them in their true light, and that cannot be ignored. Britain has been stirred with horror by the ruin of many girls and women by German soldiers, and rightly stirred. But what of the horrors of the White Slave Traffic? What of the young village maidens seduced by "gentlemen," taken up to town for a few weeks of gaiety, and then thrown off, to sink lower and lower? What of girls decoyed away, imprisoned in houses of ill fame, starved, beaten into surrender, outraged a dozen times a night? Are these thousands less worthy of pity than the ruined girls of England and Belgium, the prey of German soldiers, and are the crimes of the Britons less because not done in the hot fury of passions roused by war? War shows out in a striking awful way the daily horror that goes on in our midst, perchance to arouse some to the wickedness that goes unchecked, condoned—the ruin of countless girls by the lusts of men.

Again, more than 6,000 women, probably very many more—there are over 2,000 in one country borough—are expecting to become mothers, the motherhood due to the great armies conjured up in Britain by the War. *The Morning Post*, most respectable of papers, has printed a letter from Mr. Robert McNeill, dated from the Carlton Club, under the heading: "An Urgent War Problem". Many of the "prospective mothers" are,

he says, "little more than children themselves". He writes:

Now, sir, these facts open up a prospect which, unhappy under any circumstances, will be nothing short of disastrous unless men of authority in Church and State resolve without delay to prepare for it and to handle it with all the wisdom, courage, and boldness they can command. It is just such a problem as the British public is prone to hide away, and to say and think as little about as possible. But to ignore or conceal the truth would be moral cowardice of the deepest dye. To allow events to take their own course, without recognising an imperative public duty towards the young unmarried mothers and their offspring, would be a national crime. It is not as if we were merely faced with the problem of illegitimacy on an unexampled scale, and in an acuter form, than ever before. All the circumstances are unprecedented. Sacred as are human life and character at all times, the present wastage of the most vigorous of our manhood sets a stamp of exceptional value on the approaching increment of population. No effort should be spared to secure that these children come into the world under healthy conditions, and are reared so as to be a credit, both morally and physically, to the country; and it is not less imperative that the mothers, both for the children's sake and their own, should be saved from the degradation which too often follows a single lapse from virtue. We must resolutely cast aside established theories, prejudices, and formulas about "setting a premium on immorality". In the middle of a national life-and-death struggle, even the most censorious—and especially those pious personages who exhort us to forgive the bestiality of our enemies—may surely look upon the frailty of our own men and women with an eye of sympathy and forgiveness undarkened by blame. Very many of the men whose children are about to be born have already amply redeemed their fault by giving their lives for their country and for us; and it will never be possible to bring home responsibility for their error to any who may ultimately survive the battle-field. But let it be frankly acknowledged that the women are no more blameworthy than the men. The strictest justice, then, demands for the women complete and whole-hearted forgiveness, sympathy, and assistance.

Mr. McNeill, after a few sympathetic words about the mothers, goes on:

What about the children, who will form an appreciable proportion of the next generation of Englishmen? Are they, the offspring of the heroes of the Marne, of Ypres, of

Neuve-Chapelle, to carry through life the stigma of shame for "irregular" birth? Are they, who on eugenic principles should be the most virile of our race, to be handicapped from the start by impoverishment both of physical constitution and of moral character, through the ignorance, prejudice, and injustice of their earliest environment?

A certain amount of charitable amateur effort is being made to meet the needs of the case, by ladies who have become aware of the facts. These ladies propose to start "schools for mothers," where the girls may learn how to care for their own health and that of their babies, and may also be helped to preserve their self-respect. This is the right spirit, and a move in the right direction. But it must fall far short of the requirements. What is wanted is for the religious leaders of the nation, in the first place, to come forward with an honest and courageous pronouncement that under existing circumstances the mothers of our soldiers' children are to be treated with no scorn or dishonour, and that the infants themselves should receive a loyal and unashamed welcome. In the second place, the Government should at once pass legislation drastically reforming—even if only as a temporary measure—the laws of bastardy. It also has to be considered how provision is to be made for the fatherless children, whose girl-mothers have no separation allowance, no separate homes of their own, and no means of support. If nothing is done, thousands of them will fall upon the rates. Better that they should be boldly adopted as the honourable children of the State, than that they should slink through life as the children of shame and the parish.

The Christian Commonwealth speaks out vigorously as to the National duty:

At such a crisis as this in the history of the Nation to treat any mother with harshness, or to leave her and her child in unsympathetic or unskilled hands, would be unpardonable folly and inexpiable crime. We hold it is our duty as a Nation to safeguard the home, marriage, and our young womanhood to the utmost of our powers, but, when all we can do fails, to give birth is not a crime; all mothers and all children are sacred.

"All mothers and all children." Will not the pressure of the War press upon the Nation its duty to all illegitimate children and not alone to these? The wastage of child-life is still terrible. Two-thirds of the children, Mr. Samuel said at Bradford the other day, die before or shortly after birth in some towns. War

makes child-life more precious, and the care begun in time of War from direful necessity will extend and will become habitual.

The problem once faced, cannot hereafter be ignored, and other aspects of the sex problem will be forced on the attention of Great Britain as they have never been before. The tremendous wastage of prospective fathers will be another fact to be dealt with. How are the depleted ranks of the masculine population to be refilled?

Leaving aside the economic problems of State power over industry, its right to seize and control manufactures and food, leading directly into Socialism, consider the effect of the War on the condition of women. They have changed their whole position in the social order; they have enrolled for National service at the request of the Government; there are some Women Regiments, the excellence of whose drill is said to be remarkable; they have shown very high powers of organisation and administration; they are serving in many new trades, as motor drivers, van drivers, and the like. Mr. Massingham thinks they should be the re-shapers of politics, and it is certain that they have taken a position in public life from which they will never again be dislodged. They prepared themselves in their huge organisations for Labour and Suffrage, and have seized the opportunity created by the War.

So also with India; by her soldiers, by her extraordinary generosity in money, by her strenuous support of the Empire, and the putting aside of her own wrongs, she has taken advantage of the War to show her value. She is being badly used in return: by the refusal of a Council to the United Provinces, and of a High Court

to Lahore; by the passing of a so-called Public Defence Act, which enables the Police to recklessly arrest by hundreds, and then release all but a few; by the feeble resolution on "Self-Government," if the word can be used in such connexion; by the rejection of her Volunteers; by all these the old bad policy is continued, and the emptiness of all the fine phrases is shown. But India is resolute to endure even these additional provocations. For she knows that her position will be enormously strengthened by the War. She too has seized the opportunity to show unexampled generosity and patience.

It cannot reasonably be maintained, as some are maintaining, that the War is the condemnation of western civilisation especially, for every civilisation known to history has had many wars. Ancient India was very often engaged in War, and mediæval India was continually fighting. Egypt, Persia, Assyria, Greece, Rome—what civilisation ever kept the peace? What is true is that this War is showing on a tremendous scale the failure of modern civilisation to do *better* than the older ones. All its humanitarianism, its talk about liberty, of the rights of peoples, of the comity of Nations, of education, of philanthropy—all leaves unaffected the tendency to savage outbreak of carnage and ruin. Science, the boasted benefactor, has added to War unimaginable horrors, new weapons, new forces of destruction, a power to slay multiplied a thousand-fold. Men of science appear as death-dealers, men's worst enemies; the splendid powers of the human brain, its skill in investigation, in discovery, in invention, are all consecrated to murder and torture on the hugest scale. We see on the battle-fields of Europe

the proof that knowledge unguided by conscience is a curse to humanity, a veritable tree of death. Rightly did a Master refuse to unveil Nature's hidden powers until the human conscience was more developed.

Let me say here, though it may raise much disapproval, that I do not find myself able to agree with those who themselves use science to destroy life, as far as they can, but blame the Germans when, with more knowledge, they go "one worse"—one cannot say "one better". The Hague Conventions say that certain things ought not to be used, and if States accept these Conventions they ought to abide by them. But when the British used lyddite shells against the Boers, they were very proud of their destructive effects and their intolerable green fumes. Why are poisonous gases morally worse than shrapnel, and trench mortars, and hand-grenades? Probably the first people who used gunpowder against bows and arrows were regarded as peculiarly brutal. But it is all brutal and abominable together, and War is essentially murder and torture.

The distinction between combatants and non-combatants is intelligible; the useless murder of fishermen and travellers by blowing up their boats and ships is abominable, having no bearing on the outcome of the War; the obligation to treat prisoners of War with decency, to care for the wounded, to respect the honour of women, the lives of the aged, the women, the children, this is all rational. These soften the horrors of War, and confine them to the actual fighters who go into the field of free choice or by compulsion, and in either case go with the intention of wounding and killing each other. Among these, the methods of

wounding and killing seem to be labelled as permissible or non-permissible by convention rather than on any intelligible principle—but this by the way.

To recognise all these facts is not to hope that War will continue to be a factor in Evolution, but only to recognise the part it has played in the past, and so to understand why War has been so constant a factor in Human Evolution. It renders it intelligible, and to me, I must admit, to understand a thing is to remove a painful mental strain. The unintelligible is the intolerable.

I submit then that in this world, God-emanated and God-sustained, and administered by the Hierarchy, War is a factor in evolution, and is intelligible as such; that it brings about a number of highly desirable results in a short time, and at a cost no greater than would be necessary, spread over a long time, to bring about the same results. That it quickens enormously the evolution of the individual as well as that of Nations, and evokes in apparently average men the most splendid qualities by the force of a great ideal.

When is War justifiable? At the present stage of evolution, not for trade or commercial gains, not for the taking of territory, not for the increase of power, not for the subjugation of another people. But it is justifiable in defence of the Country against invasion, in defence of National pledges by treaties and other engagements, in defence of a weak State oppressed or invaded by a strong one, to help a struggling Nationality to throw off a tyrannical yoke. Britain ought to have gone to War to defend Denmark, when Prussia robbed her of Schleswig-Holstein. She ought to have gone to War to help France after Sedan. In both cases great

wrongs were inflicted, and the commission of them with impunity sowed the seeds of which the present War is the harvest. She was right, eminently right, to draw the sword in defence of Belgium, and to help France against unprovoked invasion.

One result from this War should be, and will be, the formation of the United States of Europe, which might otherwise have been delayed for centuries. Civilised Nations should have outgrown the settlement of their disputes by wholesale murder, as they have outgrown such appeal to force between individual citizens; international law, supported by an international police, naval and military, should be substituted for War. The time is ripe for it, and this War has crystallised vague dreams into a definite Ideal.

And Brotherhood, where does that come in? First of all, being a fact in Nature, it ever exists, but the huge majority of mankind do not realise it. War beats into Humanity's wooden head the truth that when men behave in an unbrotherly fashion they ruin themselves and their countries, and weigh down their children for many generations with a heavy load of debt, cramping trade, burdening industry, exacting toll from every citizen. Laws of nature are generally discovered by the painful results which follow from disregarding them. So far, every civilisation has perished because based on actual, not verbal, denial of Brotherhood, and the present one is very near to a similar catastrophe. Man has evolved to a point where he is beginning to see that competition—and War is the apotheosis of competition—is wasteful, unnecessary, and brings many evils in its train. He is ready, or nearly ready, for co-operation, for the creation of a Social Order, instead

of an unsocial anarchical struggle. That is the next stage in Evolution, and the most evolved persons in each Nation are working for it consciously. For that all who realise Brotherhood should be working, each in his own way. A healthy vital realisation of Brotherhood sees the distant end and works for it; it does not mean that we help in the perpetuation of tyranny, injustice and wrong, by standing aside, when the ruffian assaults the child, when the strong strikes down the weak, when the tyrant crushes the helpless. It means that we actively labour for the good of humanity, for the improvement of human conditions, for the suppression of tyranny, cruelty, and evil of every kind, for these stand in the way of the realisation of Universal Brotherhood. The only service we can do to the cruel and the tyrant is to actively stop their cruelty and tyranny; they are heaping up misery for themselves, and it is brotherly to deprive them of the opportunity to continue their ignorant madness. Is it brotherly to allow a man to torture a child? Brotherly to allow a man to ill-use an animal? Brotherly to see a robber steal a child's food, or rob the aged of his purse. Brotherly to allow Nations to commit these crimes on a large scale? Away with such Brotherhood. It is the mask under which lurk the enemies of mankind, the hinderers of evolution. I say unto you, Resist evil, wherever you find it; let the only limit of your resistance be the limit of your strength. Resist tyranny, resist cruelty, resist oppression, and that wherever you find them. Protect the weak, defend the helpless, be a rallying point for those who suffer under wrong. By such action have men become perfected, and have

won their way into the Hierarchy which guides the world. By such action have men entered the Brotherhood of the Elder Brothers of our Race, and Their Brotherhood is good enough for me.

Annie Besant

HAMMER AND ANVIL

THE MAKERS OF REVOLUTIONS.

By L. HADEN GUEST

(Continued from page 117.)

THERE is another fundamental question. What is it that causes the variations, the spontaneously presented differences of offspring from their parents which enable the fitter type to be chosen by selection. The ancestry of man, it would seem, stretches in one unbroken line back to primitive protoplasm. We may think of this primitive living matter as an amoeba, but out of that primitive amoeba have grown all the variations which, when selected, have produced man. In that amoeba, therefore, all the complexity of man's form was latent.

What is the immense, the incalculable force penned up in that little blob of protoplasm which has enabled it to branch out into all the multitudinous forms of living things, to produce the great panoramic display of the sequence of creatures through the ages.

From the materialistic standpoint it just *is* so. It is the property of protoplasm to vary in this way. From the newer standpoint, it is in the study of the life behind the form that we shall find the explanation of the mystery. The life behind the forms of physical

matter (the life clothed in matter of a finer kind, for there is not only one kind of matter) presses upon that physical matter with an unceasing, a continuous force, moulding it to a greater and greater perfection in the power of expressing that life. This is true, not only of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, but of that which is called inanimate, also. For all matter is alive, the division between dead and living matter is a delusion. All forms of air, of rock, of ether, of protoplasm, do but serve to express something of the powers of the life pressing on it from behind. It is the life behind which presses the crystal into its shape, which moulds the leaf of the sensitive plant, which moulds the cell of the cerebral cortex of the genius. It is the gradual building of forms, more and more expressive of potentialities of the life behind, which is the purpose of evolution and it is the need for this building in response to the pressure of the life behind which is the cause of the occurrence of variations. Such, in merest outline, is the conception of spiritual evolution. To bring it nearer home we have to consider its direct bearing on man himself.

MAN, PHYSICAL AND SUPERPHYSICAL

Perhaps the simplest way to approach this matter is to ask ourselves what are the possible theories, or hypotheses, by which man's life here may be explained.

The first and most obvious explanation, is that of the purely materialist school, that man is a physical animal which is born and dies. Certain considerations of a general character, dealing with evolution as a whole (as indicated above) make this improbable. But quite apart from these, and whatever the explanation, man is

certainly not only a creature made of physical matter. Experiments in hypnotism show man to have reaches of consciousness, of memory, and of intellect, beyond his own every-day knowledge. Such reaches have been, and can be again unveiled. Other experiments in hypnotism show man to possess acute senses of seeing and hearing, before which distance almost seems to disappear, and the ordinary limits of vision are abolished. In the clear-seeing hypnotic state, objects at a distance of miles, and inside houses, can be perceived and described; and the inside of the body can be seen and described.

Again, there are the now well-known experiments in telepathy, or thought-transference, thought can be directly transferred from mind to mind across hundreds of miles. Then there is the evidence gained from spiritualistic investigation: objects can be made to move without the intermediary of living physical bodies, or without the application of force in any known way. More striking still, by making a code of signals for letters from such movements, intelligible messages from intelligences apart from physical bodies can be conveyed to us, intelligences living in physical bodies.

Anyone who will sufficiently study the records of these things will find for himself that, however much of doubt and scepticism may remain, it is at least sure that the purely materialist assumption no longer holds. Whatever he may be, man is something more than a structure of physical matter. There is something in a living man different from the sum of the physical substances that make up his fleshly tabernacle. Intelligent life can express itself through man's body, but can also express itself without the intermediary of a body. That

is to say, the real man must be sought for in some condition of existence not dependent for its continuity on a combination of physical elements. If the forces which express themselves in an intelligent human being exist in some condition apart from physical matter, then presumably, so do all forces. So that we are driven to seek for the root and origin of all the forces which move and control the physical world, outside that world, at least, as we now know it. The roots of the physical world are in something beyond the physical.

EVOLUTION AND REINCARNATION

If man is not then purely physical, what is he? The most ordinary answer is that man is soul and body, the "soul" thought of vaguely and indistinctly, sometimes as connected with love and beauty and the greater things of life, sometimes as connected with the region of the ideas, sometimes as an indefinitely realised possession needing to be "saved". But the difficulties confronting this theory of existence are very many. For firstly, if men are souls, and have bodies, why the so tragic difference between the fates of different souls? If men's souls are born into bodies at birth, and leave their bodies at death, and afterwards experience some other worldly state of happiness or misery, of heaven or hell; then why the differences? And more and more urgently, what is the meaning of those great vistas of evolutionary conquest down which we may look towards the beginnings of our life? The soul, it would seem, has no place in the scheme of things.

A question one must ask, for instance, is—have animals a soul? If not, what is the difference, not at

all perceived from the evolutionary standpoint, between men and animals, that gives men-animals souls and monkey-animals none? Again, we know that men's bodies have evolved upwards from the animal kingdom. At what point in the evolution was soul given? Or if we compare, not species, but individuals, and think, not of the species, but of the individual fate, what is the why and the wherefore of the differences between individual lives?

A CONCRETE QUESTION

Take two concrete examples: that of a mentally defective child, born in poverty, and that of a well-equipped child born in comfort. From the purely materialistic view you may rely on heredity to explain these things although, of course, they cannot be reconciled by individuals. But from the standpoint of the theory that holds that man is soul and body, what is the meaning and significance of the differences? Let us realise what it means. Into both the infants concerned is born a soul, presumably it is the same in both (we are not told in this theory of antenatal differences of souls), but from the instant of birth how different are the experiences. As the mentally defective child grows up, it is shut out of the great world of mental interests by lack of mind. Such a child cannot count accurately more than a few articles, cannot remember the day of the week, cannot remember the simplest instructions, is only capable of the most mechanical form of toil. The world of science, of art, of philosophy, the possibilities of culture, travel, and of expansion of mental life, all these are debarred absolutely. Not only that, but the simplest interests

are debarred, the debating society, the club, the ordinary school, the chapel or church, the workshop talks, the reading of politics in the papers, the participation through the press in the wider life of man, all this is debarred too. Life to the mentally defective is only the little prison in which his thoughts can walk the to-and-fro walk of bodily routine and the tiny barred window out of which he may catch a little view of the light and brightness outside. But not only is he thus handicapped; such unfortunates not only suffer from lack of mind, they are also dowered with well-developed feelings, passions and desires, sometimes diseased and distorted, sometimes atavistic, but they have not the normal power of control over these feelings and desires. A mentally defective child may be shaken with tempests of uncontrollable anger, with a lust of cruelty, with a devouring lust of sex. And the power of control is not there. With no mind to judge, with no power of control to check, the mentally defective child growing up into the adult is the slave of bodily caprice, of bodily inertia, of passion and of desire, and is dragged by them in the mud of our corporal life. If you go to look for the mentally defective man, you find him in the prison, the defective colony, the workhouse, the hospital, where you find the woman also, but you find her, too, in the lowest brothels.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DEFECTIVE

Think of, realise this life-experience, mindless, tossed and beaten by moral and physical disasters, dragged in the mud of our life, and compare it with that other life we took as example, the well-circumstanced

normal life. The normal man, growing up, expands a mind which brings him into touch with all that the world presents of mind; the philosophy, science, and art, sealed to the defective, are to him realms of interest and of delight; he, too, may be equipped with strong passions, feelings and desires, but they are held in check; the normal life of such an one is not ruined by some tragic explosion of passion, but he uses the passions and desires for the building of life. And, superadded to the primitive emotions and feelings are a whole series, almost infinite in their gradations of delights, of nuances of appreciation and discrimination, of subtle shades and delicacies. Beyond these, too, lies the world of great ideals, of intellectual aspirations, of moral grandeur, the open road to a world of Spirit utterly out of reach of the unfortunate mentally defective in his poverty and limitation.

A CONTRAST OF LIVES

Think, then, of these two lives. Think of them at birth, the souls, it would appear, the same. And think of them at death—their experiences how different! The soul of the mentally defective stands, as it were, with a poor handful of miserable and painful experience culled in demoralisation, and in the mud and squalour of life, the other stands with a great armful of the beauty and the splendour of the world. The one knowing of the treasure of the mind, nothing; the other well-stocked; the one knowing of beauty and of the grandeur of moral law, nothing; the other with many delightful memories and a realisation of moral heights and depths; the one with a painful, a humiliating record of actions and suffering; the other with a record

of useful, honourable work, of duty done by home, by town and country. And those two souls came equal out of God! What do they take back? Why this difference? And shall there be hell for the mentally defective, who never had a chance, and heaven for the well-born soul that has had his path made easy?

To contemplate the differences between two such soul-lives, to realise what these differences mean to the soul after death, in relation to the experience which it has gained, is to decide emphatically that no such simple explanation of the relation of body and soul is possible. For it explains nothing. It makes the mystery even more profound. For why the evolution we see everywhere in the physical world, if it only result in providing a bad body for one soul and a good body for another? And also, the evolutionary process we know is not linked in any way to this existence of soul. Such a theory of soul makes of it a meaningless intrusion into a divinely beautiful unfolding of life.

THE REINCARNATION OF SOUL

The reason for the weakness of this theory of soul and body is not far to seek. It is a conception which belongs to the period before the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution. Formerly it was held that man was a specially and separately created being, and endowed with soul. On this theory the whole world was an incomprehensible operation of the Will of God working according to laws (presumably) beyond our ken. And this theory of soul belongs to this era; if it were accepted, it could only be as an incomprehensible operation of the Will of God. There is no reason

which can be perceived by humanity which can either account for or justify the different soul existences of the mentally defective and the mentally well-equipped man. Such a soul theory is a terrible example of the idea of special creation. Consequently it has been dropped, the idea of evolution has triumphed, and triumphing has brought with it the theory of materialism; the soul has been allowed to fade away into vagueness, a mystery not understood.

But materialism is provedly untenable. What then of the soul? Compare our two cases. The mentally defective and the well-equipped man. What are their differences? Differences in power and development. Both have mind, both have emotions, desires, both have a morality. But in the one, mind is in germ, and moral control is in germ. In the one, strong passions are unleashed; in the other, held in check. In the one "atavistic" emotions and feelings may be found—that is emotions or feelings or desires characteristic of very primitive men or animals—in the other these are not found. In a word, the differences are explicable as differences of growth, of development. From this standpoint we should say the soul of the mentally defective is at an early stage of its growth, the soul of the well-equipped man at a much later stage of growth. But if souls evolve and grow, what is the process of growth? The answer will be found by studying the world around.

THE METHOD OF GROWTH

Take any large elementary school as an example and study the children in it. You may find there a child

who is mentally defective, and another who is exceptionally intelligent and morally developed. Take them as the two extremes of the school and you will find you can range all other children between them. Next to the mentally defective, you will place a child who is very backward, then one a little less so, and up through a series until you reach the standard of average intelligence. Here there will be the great mass of children whom we will for the moment put all together in one group—and then an ascending series will lead you step by step up from the average to the highest child of all at the top. We have in this way constructed a kind of ladder of grades of development in the school. On the lowest rung of the ladder the mentally defective, on the highest rung of the ladder the brightest child of all. On the middle steps of the ladder are the great mass of children, but with certain great divisions among them, so as to give a certain group distinction. And if you take special characteristics of the mind, one by one, and special studies, all the children can be arranged in ascending and descending grades of intelligence and capacity.

The school we have taken for an example is but a picture in miniature of the world outside. Take the races of men from the lowest Australian Aborigines, or African Bushmen, to the highest Indian or Teutonic races. All the races of man stand in a ladder of development, one grade above another. Take the men of any nation and range them according to capacities and moralities, and all stand upon a ladder of development, from the lowest demoralised criminal to the highest saint or genius. All men are different, all are at different positions on the ladder of development. The

human forms we see, expressing every grade of difference, of development, are the rungs of the ladder up which men climb out of savagery into civilisation, out of mental deficiency into talent and genius.

THE WORLDS BEYOND DEATH

Soul and body are two things, the soul is Self clothed in matter finer than the physical, which comes to dwell in man's body, get experiences of life, and grow and develop by those experiences. After death, the soul leaves the body and digests the experiences of its life, for a longer or shorter period as they have been of greater or less importance. In the early stages of development—the savage and the mentally defective, for instance—the experiences are crude and soon assimilated. And when assimilated, the soul, modified by this assimilation, takes birth in another body, undergoes another life period, accumulating a new fund of experience. So, life after life, the soul lives and learns by experience, then in the interval between lives it digests this experience, weaves it into powers, capacities, methods of reponse to stimuli from without, and so gradually climbs upward, powers more and more realised, consciousness more and more expanding. The finer matter in which the soul has its existence apart from the physical body forms a region of the world only separated from us by its density. We are not ordinarily conscious of this matter, of this region of the world, although it is all about us, because we pay attention more readily to the comparatively massive sensations derived from physical matter. But this matter exists all round and about us, in it we live

after death and in it we live (although not knowing it) at all times, and in it and of it are made forms and movements—vibrations—by our feeling and thought life. In this theory of evolution by reincarnation there is no break with the animal world, no break in the chain of evolving beings, the soul of man is but a fragment of the life of the world, the disguise, as it were, of the life of the world, during one chapter, that of its human reincarnations.

WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER?

Men often ask: If, then, we have had many lives, why do we not remember? Because for most men, the memory available in ordinary consciousness is the memory of the brain, and the brain you have now, never existed before, and at death passes into dust, its memories disintegrated. Memory continues in the fine superphysical matter which clothes the Self of Man and which we call soul, but only after a long period of evolution, only after a long series of reincarnations, can the soul so modify its body as to be able to impress upon its brain the memory it has of previous lives. But the memory which matters is present. For the memory which matters is shown in the differences of human faculty.

Physical heredity accounts for the inheritance of physical peculiarities, and so long as one confines attention to these and to broad divisions among species of animals or races of men, it may appear to account for all differences. But when the analysis is pushed to the individual cases the explanation by physical heredity becomes more and more difficult. It is known that

eye-colour, for instance, is inherited; it therefore may be stated that moral or mental characteristics are inherited, but it is only a statement and rests on the unprovable assumption that man is wholly material and his mental and moral characteristics are dependent on physical modifications of his body.

Whether or not musical talent is inherited, we know that musical genius is not, nor, in fact, is any outstanding moral trait, nor any outstanding mental quality. The genius produces children, but they are children of his body and not of his mind, for this, which is other than the body, is not handed on to them. To try and stretch the theory of heredity to cover the multitude of individual cases may well appear a hopeless task and is quite unnecessary. The theory of reincarnation is at once simpler, easier to apply and understand, and more comprehensive.

L. Haden Guest

(To be concluded)

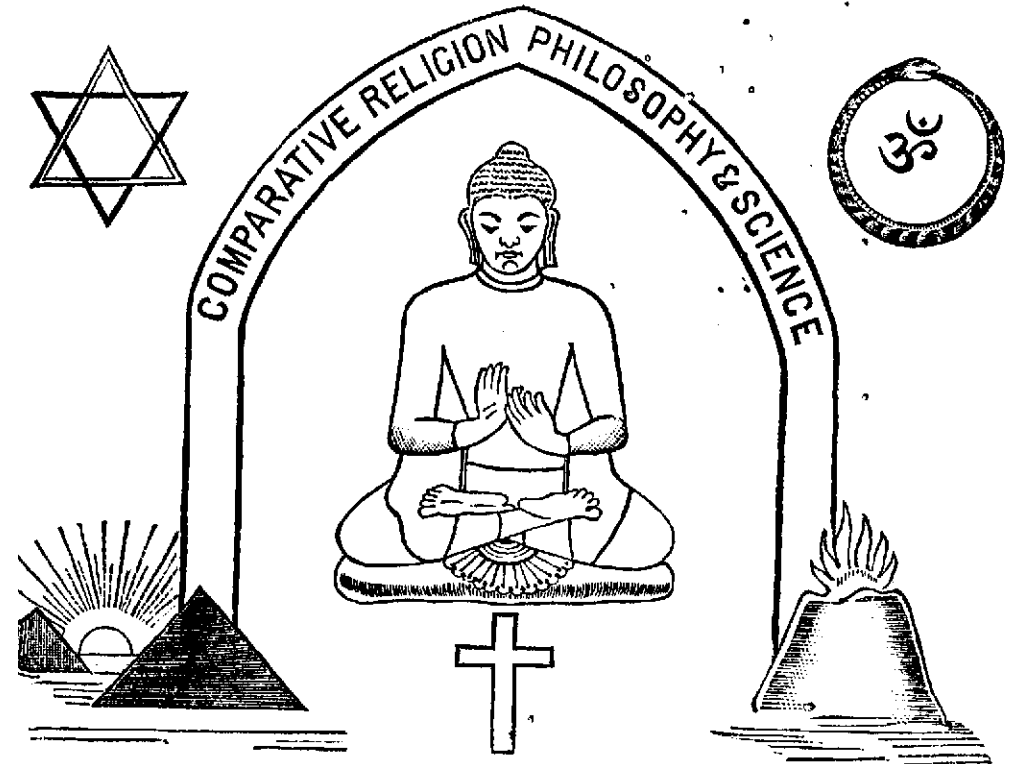
FROM THE LONG-AGO

STRETCHED beside you in the sand
 (Ungololo)
 Of a burning, silent land,
 (Ungololo!)
 Gaze I in your clear, brown eye,
 Fearing naught in earth or sky
 So my heart's great Chief be by—
 (Ungololo!)

What if from this dream we fade,
 (Ungololo?)
 I be man, and you be maid,
 (Ungololo?)
 ... Ah! ... Where now? ... What restless town
 This, where restless up and down
 I am seeking eyes of brown?
 (Ungololo.)
 Till at last I touch a hand
 Thrilled with some old life and land;
 Strength and sweetness glimpse and claim
 By an forgotten name,
 (Ungololo! Ungololo!)

Comrade of the Spirit's road,
 (Ungololo!)
 Share we each the other's load,
 (Ungololo.)
 What if God should part us two?
 Not if each to each be true,
 (Ungololo! Ungololo!)
 Lives be many, lives be few,
 One we came when Life was new,
 One at last shall fade from view,
 You in me, and I in you,
 (Ungololo! Ungololo! Ungololo!)

J. H. C.



"THE LAND OF MANY BLADES"

A STUDY OF THE SWORDS OF OLD JAPAN

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of "Japan and the Great War,"
 "The Mikado of the New Japan,"
 "Myths and Legends of Japan," etc.)

JAPAN has taken a prominent position in the present War. The army and navy of the Mikado's Empire were largely responsible for the fall of Kiaochau and

the crushing of Prussian militarism in the Far East. Her success marks one of the most significant events in the present great struggle of right against might, of freedom against tyranny. But Japan's interest in this stupendous conflict is by no means confined to the East. Our Ally was privileged to strike a decisive blow against Germany in her leased territory in China, but she is fully aware that a no less decisive blow has been struck by the brave Belgians. She realises, as we realise with gratitude and admiration, that it was Belgium in her heroic defence of Liège that effectively checked the onrush of the German army, and in so doing saved France and perhaps England too. It is impossible to honour too highly the self-sacrificing heroism of Belgium. Japan has recently expressed her admiration and respect by presenting the King of the Belgians with a sixteenth century Japanese sword as a "humble testimony to the profound reverence and pious feeling with which the people of Nippon have been inspired by His Majesty's august and never tiring perseverance and the unexampled patriotism of the Belgian people recently manifested in defence of both humanity and civilisation under the severest calamity that may befall a nation". It was the most gracious and most happy gift the Japanese could present under the circumstances. It was a fitting tribute to a great hero whose deeds will be recorded upon the pages of history for all time. The sword holds a unique position in Japan, for it has been well described as the "soul of the samurai". With the Restoration of the Emperor in 1867 the picturesque samurai disappeared, and with him departed the last phase of an effete and useless feudalism; but his indomitable spirit still remains. In this great struggle

we have seen it rise to heights never attained before. In Old Japan the sword was too often lifted in petty feuds. To-day it has been raised in a righteous cause, not only in defence of Japanese interests, but in defence of all those nations that are arrayed against Germany and her allies. Japan's sword has struck and killed the dragon of tyranny in the East. It has added glory in so doing, and in the fall of Kiaochau ancient Bushido has won its greatest triumph. Japan's sword is a symbol of her people, and in her gift to the King of the Belgians she has given that hero-monarch the soul of the samurai.

In Japanese mythology we find many references to miraculous swords. Some kind of weapon is referred to in Japan's cosmogony story. We read that Izanagi and Izanami, the parents of the gods, "standing upon the floating bridge of Heaven, thrust down their glittering blade and probed the blue ocean. The drops from its point congealed and hardened and became an island. This eventually became a large country composed of eight islands, and amongst the many names of the country, they styled it too the 'Land of Many Blades'." Susa-no-O, the "Impetuous Male," had the good fortune to rescue a maiden named Mota Hime from a serpent which had eight heads and eight tails. When Susa-no-O slew this curious creature, he found inside a two-handled sword, a little over two feet long, and double-edged. This sword was called "the cloud resembling sword of Heaven". Later on when Prince Yamato Daké used the weapon for cutting down blazing grass, it was renamed "the grass mower". This sword, designed on both sides with figures of stars, together with the sacred mirror and rosary of

jewels, constitute the Imperial Regalia of Japan. In the temple of Atsuta, near Nagoya, the sword is still preserved and copies of the Sacred Treasures are stored in the Imperial Palace at Tokio. The sword symbolises courage, the mirror knowledge and purity, the jewels mercy.

We cannot, of course, rely upon these picturesque myths, but when we come to investigate the theories of antiquarians in regard to the origin of the Japanese sword, we find many conflicting statements. One authority states that "the swords of Japan are the highly perfected working out of a general Indo-Persian type". Other writers claim that in the seventh century Japanese swordsmiths made the katana, or long sword, simply by dividing the old two-edged Chinese weapon known as *ken*. This very superficial theory is not in accordance with archaeological evidence, neither is there any connection between the Japanese sword and the Persian scimitar. In Japan's swords we can certainly trace the influence of China and Korea, or, in one word, Buddhism, but the katana dated from prehistoric times. A primitive, double-edged sword, not unlike a large leaf in appearance, came to Japan with the early dolmen-builders. If this theory is correct, and it is based upon the best evidence, we may regard this weapon, in the opinion of Captain Brinkley, "as essentially the sword of the progenitors of a section of the present Japanese race".

The Japanese swordsmith was very far from being a common artisan. Even as far back as the twelfth century, the Emperor Go-Toba considered sword-making an occupation worthy of a sovereign, and that was also the belief of the swordsmith himself. His work

necessitated skill of a very high order. He could scarcely be employed in a more honourable task, and he was fully aware of the significance of his labour. The Japanese are essentially artists with all that craving for perfection that is so characteristic of the artistic temperament generally. The swordsmith made something more than a finely-wrought blade of steel. He was working for his country, for heroes only one degree removed from the gods themselves. In his hands rested in some measure the future victory or defeat in battle. It was his duty and his privilege to make a sword that should be the soul of steel, the soul of the samurai. He aimed at perfection with all the zeal of a true and conscientious workman. Before undertaking his task, he fasted for several days and prayed that the gods would bless his labour. He was of the excellent opinion that pure motives were just as essential as an alert brain and practised hand. His labour, rightly undertaken, was a kind of religious rite. He turned to his forge, after fasting and praying, radiant with joy, conscious that after due preparation, he was about to fashion the very symbol of his country, something finer, if less sacred, than the sword of the gods itself. A Shinto rope of straw and *gohei* were hung up in his forge in the belief that they would act as charms against evil spirits. When he had propitiated the elements, fire, water, wood, earth, and metal—for in his work he was about to make use of them all—he put on the elaborate robe of a Court noble, making this dignity practical by fastening back the large sleeves. Having observed these preliminaries he set to work. We need not describe the elaborate process in detail, the first strip of steel welded to a bar of iron, the use of clay, the hammering

and folding repeated many times, the tempering and grinding and polishing until the blade is ready for use. It was no easy task and perfection was seldom attained. In the eleventh century only four blades out of three thousand were regarded as of superlative quality, and not until the sixteenth century was there found in Honami Kosetsu an infallible judge of these matters. It is surprising to find, when we bear in mind the complexity of the work, that some of the old sword-smiths sang when the steel was beaten or heated in the furnace. The amiable Masamune chanted: "*Tenku, taihei, taihei*" ("Peace be on earth, peace"), while the bad-tempered Muramasa, who had failed to purify his heart, sang fiercely: "*Tenku tairan, tenku tairan*" ("Trouble in the world, trouble in the world"). Thoughts, good or evil, were said to influence the blade. The swords of Masamune brought victory to their owners, while those made by Muramasa brought misfortune, which may after all be only a picturesque story illustrating the effect of good and bad workmanship.

There were many superstitions associated with the Japanese sword of a more subtle kind than that exhibited by Excalibur. Eight is a mystical number in Japan, and it was believed that a sword of that country would bring to its owner one of eight things—either good fortune, revenue, wealth, virtue, reputation, sickness, or poverty. One Japanese writer of the seventeenth century attempted to correct such superstitious ideas by stating that the owner carved his own fortune, yet he admitted that no evil man could possess a fortunate sword. "If it were possible," he writes, "for a knave to procure wealth, dignity or renown by possessing a fine sword, the noble

weapon would become the mere tool of a malefactor." There is no doubt that the sword was often regarded as a talisman, and so great was the belief set upon it that when it was lost the owner was plunged into a mood of deep despondency. We have already referred to the sacred sword that formed a part of the Imperial Regalia. Next in importance were the *Hirugozu* ("Daily Companion"), the *Hateki* ("Foe-smiter"), and the *Shugo* ("Guardian") of the Emperor. Then came the "Beard-cutter" and "Knee-severer," the grim names of two Minamoto weapons, and "Little Crow" and "Out-Flasher" of the Taira. Many other celebrated blades were carefully and reverently preserved by great feudal chiefs.

Stories, historical and otherwise, abound in reference to the Japanese sword. A son of one Empress dreamed he stood on a mountain flourishing a spear eight times and dealing eight blows with a sword. The Princess Sawo was tempted to slay her lord the Emperor by stabbing him with a dagger while he slept, but her falling tears made the deed impossible. Two gods thrust the hilts of their swords into the ground, and, apparently without any discomfort, sat cross-legged on the points. There is the story of a commander who, finding his army could advance no further, flung his sword into the sea, which immediately ebbed and permitted his men to cross on dry land. Still more diverting is the thrilling story of Benkei and a sword-smith, which is but the prelude to that lovable hero's escapades, when he captured nine hundred and ninety-nine swords from knights who either fought feebly in self-defence or else dropped their weapons and ran away. The story of the short sword is another

matter. It was never used in combat, but was the weapon with which a samurai committed harakiri when hopelessly defeated, or when for some reason his lord bade him take his life. A Japanese poet, writing of a woman, observes: "Her weapons are a smile and a little fan." They were not always so. History records many sad tales of women as well as men committing seppuku, and we in the West have never understood why such an end should have been called the "happy despatch," or why, until recently, the Japanese should have regarded self-immolation not with horror but with a kind of complacency.

A samurai carried at least two swords, which he called *dai-sho*, that is "a great and small". Encased in scabbards of lacquered wood they were not suspended from his girdle, but stuck into it and secured by cords of plaited silk. The average length of the long sword was three feet, including the hilt, but those carried by swashbucklers were sometimes seven feet in length. It will be observed that it required no little skill to draw out so large a weapon which was in a fixed position, and yet there were not a few who could do so in a sitting posture. The withdrawal of a sword from its scabbard was not the heated impulse of a moment. Such an act was gravely considered, for to expose the precious blade either in vanity or in no just cause was a dishonour to the weapon and stamped its owner as no true samurai. There were sixteen varieties of cut in Japanese swordsmanship, such as "four-sides cut," the "clearer," the "wheel stroke," the "thunder stroke," the "pear-splitter," and the "torso severer". The sword was wielded with consummate skill. A Chinese historian, while describing the Japanese invasion

of Korea in the sixteenth century, informs us that a samurai "brandished a five-foot blade with such rapidity that nothing could be seen except a white sheen of steel, the soldier himself being altogether invisible".

The sword has exercised a very great influence on the life of the Japanese nation. The very wearing of such a weapon was a distinction in itself which the peasant class could never hope to attain. It conferred certain rights and privileges, and the famous deeds associated with it were alike told by the professional story-teller and the mother to her little son. A really fine blade by a great master was beyond price. Honours were bestowed upon him who made it, and through long years of hammering and heating, tempering and grinding, a sword was fashioned that has never been surpassed or equalled elsewhere. Captain Brinkley writes:

If the Japanese had never produced anything but this sword, they would still deserve to be credited with a remarkable faculty for detecting the subtle causes of practical effects, and translating them with delicate accuracy into obdurate material.

A jewel needs a setting, a picture a frame, and in course of time Japanese artists discovered that a wonderful and delicate beauty could be added to the strength of the sword by embellishing its furnishings with all manner of artistic designs. No mount was too small, too trivial, to artists who had carved miniature men and women out of the toggle of a tobacco pouch, figures that seemed to live, to be moved by joy or sorrow. On the various sword mounts they lavished a wealth of beauty with so much skill as to lead one to wonder if the work was in some way connected with

a veneration for the sword itself. Buddhism was undoubtedly the dominant art influence in Japan, whether in fashioning a gigantic image of Amida Buddha or a small piece of cloisonné with the sheen of a humming-bird's wing upon it, but militarism came second. It was possible to tell from the decorative mountings of a samurai's sword, happily called the "jewelry of the samurai," the standard reached in glyptic art, for the feudatory chiefs, like the Buddhist priests, were a centre of art influence.

The tsuba, or sword-guard, affords the most pleasing example of the artist's work. Within a space of not more than three or four inches in diameter he was able to produce some remarkable effects with the use of gold, silver, red copper, and pigments. He was not simply content to apply metal or colour. He was able to cut the tsuba till it resembled some fairy-like kind of lace, or he could produce designs in high or low relief, and, again, he could, if he chose, obtain a granulated surface by way of background. On these metal guards, that seemed in his hands as plastic as wax, he could tell a tale of long ago, he could depict deities and men and women, mountains and seas, flowers and birds and beasts; there was nothing apparently he could not make live upon the metal. Faces of human beings actually reflected all the emotions of men and women—love, joy, horror, cunning, benignity, mirth were all there. The great artist was consistent in his work. If he depicted a savage dragon rising from a lake, the water was always crested with many waves, the whole conception suggesting tumult. If, on the other hand, the scene is that of moonlight, flying birds and lake, the water is either calm or stirred with little ripples. Harmony of

setting is aimed at and attained. Flower-rafts appear only on calm water surrounded by rocks as smooth as a woman's shoulder, they would never be shown on a stormy, wind-swept river with precipitous cliffs.

Not infrequently there is a verse on the back of the sword-guard and kozuka, a knife inserted in the scabbard of the wakizashi, or small sword, and on the kogai, or comb. On one kozuka, we see the rustic gate of a cottage half hidden by pine-trees and in the foreground the long grass of autumn: On the back are written these lines:

One are our hearts, my wife's and mine
Beyond the reach of withering years,
Beyond the sound of falling tears,
To skies spring sunshine always fills
The music of our love notes thrills,
Through the linked branches of the pine.

In sharp contrast with this scene and verse are the designs and words chiselled by Watanabe Hisamitsu on a kozuka and kogai. The former depicts Takao, the "lady of the green hall," apparelled in rich brocades. On the kogai the same fair charmer is seen, and with her the Saint Daruma. The backs are inscribed with the following lines:

Buddha sells doctrine. The expounder sells Buddha.
The priest sells the expounder Green is the willow;
crimson the flower; many-coloured the ways of the world.

A thousand nights, a thousand eves,
The soft moon sails the lake above;
No trace of her caresses leaves,
In the cold depths, no ray of love.

It seems strange to us that so much beauty, so much human feeling, should be expended upon the furnishings of a sword. It seems, perhaps, a little inconsistent that such tender sentiments should be in any way associated

with a weapon intended for slaughter. It reminds us of Watts' picture, "Love and Death". A love of beauty radiates from that samurai's jewelry, and when we look at specimens in a dusty museum, we wonder if the artist was trying to hide the nakedness of the sword and its slaughter under the robe of love. We look forward to the time when we may sheathe our swords for ever, when these lines, behind a single chrysanthemum carved in relief, will be a tribute to Peace:

Until the dew-flake,
Beading this blossom's gold,
Swells to a broad lake,
Age after age untold
Joy to joy manifold
Add for thy sweet sake.

F. Hadland Davis

THE FUTURE DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTH INDIAN ARCHITECTURE

By E. M. THOMAS, F. R. I. B. A.

Consulting Architect to the Government of Madras

YOUR association having honoured me, an architect, with an invitation to address you to-day, you will no doubt be expecting that I speak to you on the subject of Architecture. It is certainly one, I think, in which you are all, in some measure interested—your constant association with the buildings around you demands that you should be.

You have with you most beautiful ancient buildings which have been preserved as records of Architecture's brilliant past, not only in this Presidency but in many other parts of this great and wonderful country. A good many of you, I am sure, will have visited the sites of those buildings which grace the Cities in the North. Most of you will be familiar with the more important architectural works in Southern India. I might speak to you of these edifices, conceived in years gone by, touching lightly upon each period of the development in design and construction which culminated in the fairer monuments remaining with you to-day. A mind ramble within the realms of the past in Art (and to me more particularly, perhaps, the art of architecture,) is always interesting, always instructive, but much as

I might be tempted to speak to you of earlier days I feel I should not miss this opportunity of speaking to you of an entirely different period in your architecture—not less interesting I think, and to you as citizens of Madras, of the utmost importance. With your kind permission I propose to-day to leave the Past alone, alone in its serenity, and to endeavour to look into the future, the future of architecture, the architecture of this Presidency.

Now what is Architecture? A common definition is "art in building," and we may perhaps accept this provided we clearly understand that the word "building" in the sense used here implies something more than the mere piling up of stone upon stone.

Sir Henry Wotton, a well-known writer very aptly said: "Well building hath three conditions, Commodity, Firmness and Delight." Convenience and suitability of arrangement of plan, stability of the structure, beauty of design—and in all the finer buildings, both ancient and modern, one will I think find these conditions very largely if not wholly fulfilled.

Now before we consider the future we should know how architecture stands with us to-day in the Presidency, what class of work is being produced, and what influence such work is likely to have on that which is to follow. We must also know what provision is being made for the training of your architects of the future. The education of the architect is of the greatest importance and it will be of some interest to you, I think, if I first explain the training which an architect receives in other countries.

A young man having decided to enter the architectural profession, say in England, must of

course have first received a sound general education. He then passes into one of the Schools of Architecture which are admittedly conducted on most excellent lines and where he obtains a thorough training in the work which he will later on practise with distinction, or otherwise, according to his ability. The school curriculum has been arranged only after careful study and long experience and, at the present time, is all that can be desired for providing an effective training in all departments of architecture.

The course covers a period of about three years. The first year's course deals, in a general way, with the development and the history of architecture from the earliest times, and in addition to lectures and visits to ancient buildings, studio exercises in the various styles are worked out, the whole being under direct supervision, and organised to avoid any overlapping, yet leaving the student largely dependent on his own initiative and energy for the result achieved. Lectures are given on the various historical periods, the aim of these lectures being to acquaint the student with the growth and development of the architecture of past civilisations, demonstrating its origin from constructional necessities, climate and environment; and to show in each case that its eventual perfection and acquisition of style was due to the intellectual capacity and craftsmanship of its authors, no less than to their natural æsthetic instinct. Special attention is given to drawing various constructional details to a large scale, which are studied at first hand on buildings in course of erection. Visits to such buildings are made in connection with each subject. Observation papers are set after each construction visit, to encourage and test a student's ability

to take notes, and sketch from memory. The aim of the lectures is to inculcate the broad principle of construction necessitated by the nature of materials and the vagaries of climate—they familiarise the student with the manufacture and production of materials, so that he may recognise their qualities and therefore be better able to form an opinion on the use to which they may be put. The student is also enabled to study the principles of perspective and freehand drawing and is encouraged to sketch and measure up ancient buildings, excursions being made for this purpose. It is considered that by measuring and sketching good examples of old work, a student more quickly improves his draughtsmanship, learns to appreciate architecture, and to recognise style.

The work of the second and third year courses are so arranged as to link up the general course of the preceding year and provide for more advanced study of architectural history, construction and design. It is recognised that the subject of town-planning comes within the province of every architect and for this reason great attention is paid to the setting of the building and the laying out of its surroundings. During the time he is in the schools a student is able to study for the examinations in architecture promoted by the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Having finished his course at the schools he will then for preference enter the office of one of the more prominent practising architects where he gains further experience in designs, and of the manner in which they are produced, and possibly will later enter into practice on his own account or obtain employment in Government Service. The preliminary training of

those wishing to qualify as architects should, whether they intend to enter Government Service or to set up in private practice, be the same.

Now architecture in this Presidency has in recent times had a larger measure of official recognition than any other Province. You have had Government architects for the last fifty years at least. In addition to bringing out men from England who have held the position of Consulting Architect, Government is now granting to Indian subjects scholarships in architecture tenable in England or Bombay for a period of years, with the possibility of employment in the Archaeological Department of India after the course of training has been completed—and I have no doubt Government will find room for some of the men so trained in the Architectural Departments of the different Provinces.

You will thus see that your Government has done something for architecture, but the something Government has done will solve the question, I think, to a limited extent only. Government's action in bringing out qualified men from England to act as Consulting Architects and to provide for the training of Indians by granting scholarships in architecture will no doubt solve the problem of what I may call "official architecture". But it will not, and I think it is quite right that it should not, interfere with the future development of designs of buildings erected by private enterprise. This I consider most intimately concerns you as citizens of Madras; it is for you to endeavour, as far as it lies in your power, to see to it that the architecture appertaining to your private buildings is kept at a high standard—and should you find the existing standard not high enough—then endeavour to raise it.

To enable you to form an opinion on the standard of your present day architecture, you have only to review the designs of your school buildings, your hostels, residences large and small, your shops, etc., and I think you must come to the conclusion that all is not as it should be—that there is room for improvement.

I have told you what training an architect in the West receives. Now let us see what training the men in your Presidency, who design your buildings, have had. This will give us an insight into what we may expect of them. There are a few, unfortunately very few indeed, who have practised here in architecture with distinction for some years, but in proportion to the work of the untrained, I regret to say that very few of their designs lighten the darkness of the architecture which we have in the Presidency to-day.

As Consulting Architect to Government, I am concerned principally with the designs for your school buildings and hostels. A great number of these come before me annually for investigation before Government sanctions a grant towards the erection of the buildings, and the architects, so-called, are, I presume, the same as those who design your other buildings, the cost of which is met entirely from private funds. Now the majority of the school designs are prepared by retired overseers, first-class draughtsmen, etc., and provided such designs promise, when carried out, to be structurally sound, Government for many good reasons does not, except in very bad cases, have much to say about their appearance. The majority of these designs are not of a high standard—the planning of the rooms is in most cases badly arranged and most extravagant in area, the exteriors being expressionless,

and, in many cases, merely offences against all the principles of architectural design and composition. One has only to glance at the drawings submitted for sanction to see at once that they have been prepared by individuals who lack refinement, yet these are the men who are responsible for the principal part of your architecture to-day. Now what can you expect from a man of the retired overseer class? The poor man has probably done good and long service in his particular department and it appears to me a pity that he should be encouraged to take up, in his old age, a subject of which he knows absolutely nothing. He just knows enough geometrical drawing to enable him to draw up a set of plans with moderate accuracy, and the design of the exterior is probably an attempt to copy the façade of a building on which he worked, but of which he has but a vague recollection. Occasionally one finds a more ambitious fellow who, with all the freshness of youth at sixty years of age, sets out to be original. It is only seldom, I am glad to say, that this happens, for such attempts lead only to most unfortunate results.

A design I have in mind was for a school building. In the plan the amount of useless space far exceeded that devoted to useful purposes. The external design of the lower story resembled Italian Renaissance, relieved here and there with severe Greek ornamentation; the upper floor was I believe intended to be in the Saracenic style, but really the detail more closely resembled German Gothic of the worst period. The tiled roof, of most playful outline, and probably copied from an English rural cottage design, was surmounted by a heavy cast iron railing of almost impossible proportions. A sort of architectural curry

composed of scraps from each style which, not blending well, left an exceptionally unpleasant flavour behind it. Yet that building has, I believe, been set up within your Presidency and will be left there for the inhabitants to digest.

The first question which some of you will ask is: "But why are such men employed to prepare the designs for buildings?" That is the question I myself used to ask, and the reply I received was: "There is no one else to do the work for us." Now this is not correct, there *are* other men—one or two—who are more capable of doing the work, but with so much going on, it is obviously impossible for these few to cope with the whole of the work in the Presidency, more's the pity! So it comes to this, that every one thinks they are making the best of a bad job by just accepting the situation and trusting to good fortune that some day it will be possible for them to obtain the help they require, and which will enable them to obtain more reputable designs. In the meantime the Presidency must continue to be flooded with such abortions in architecture as we see going up at the present time.

Now that is quite the wrong spirit. If matters are not as they should be, then it becomes necessary to inquire *why* they are not—and having got at the root of the matter, the proper course is to endeavour to find the best possible means of *improvement*—otherwise, as far as I can see, you will jog along for ever as you are doing now, and your architecture will have no chance whatever of proper development. If you think there is room for improvement, and I believe you will agree with me that there is, it is quite time that you looked into the matter—and that is what I think we might with

advantage do to-day. It will not be possible for us to go into the question in any great detail but I think we can cover sufficient ground to enable us to form a fairly definite opinion as to what steps are necessary to ensure our architecture of the future being raised up to such a standard as will at least justify its being graced with the name of architecture.

Now it is not I think a very difficult problem and can be fairly easily solved, provided you will recognise that the majority of the individuals now responsible for your designs are totally untrained, and therefore unfit, for the services they now perform in the name of architecture. You must recognise that some form of architectural education is necessary, that instead of leaving architecture to the tender mercies of the uncultured, it should be put on the high plane existing in other countries and therefore likely to attract those of superior education and taste, and those of good social standing, who have received their general education in one of your more important colleges.

A great many of these boys now enter the profession of engineering but very few, if any, of the better class boys ever dream of taking up architecture as a profession. The reason is not far to seek. There is no College of Architecture! So they all enter the College of Engineering instead, and architecture is left to look after itself, and very badly it has fared.

Now architecture is a constructive art and concerns every one of you in more ways than the art of painting and the other arts. For instance, if a painter paints a bad picture he offends no one, unless he finds some poor ignorant fool who will purchase his wares; in which case the picture, bad as it is, will be hung in the

purchaser's private apartments and therefore offends only those who may have the misfortune to be lured into them. But there is still the chance of the purchaser himself acquiring a better taste in art in which case he will experience no great difficulty in ridding himself of his former purchase, either by relegating it to the dust heap or by adopting some other effective means of disposing of it.

But with architecture it is different. Once a design has been prepared and carried out in a building, that building once set up, and especially if set up in an important street, remains on view for all to see for many years, perhaps a century. If it is a bad design it cannot be discarded as easily as the bad picture. Its retention is necessary, if only on account of the great amount spent on its construction, and therefore all those who are responsible for the erection of buildings are under a deep obligation to the public to see that what they set up will not be a blot on the architecture of their city.

It is unfortunate in every way that the majority of those who subscribe towards the erection of buildings are not capable of ascertaining beforehand, even approximately, what those buildings will look like when completed. But such is the case and it is therefore obvious that, as they have to place themselves so unreservedly in the hands of the architect, it would be to their advantage if they were able to obtain the assistance of one properly trained, one who could be relied on to give sound advice in all matters relating to building and design. A good many of the men whose advice you now accept, not only give you a design which is bad, but one which is in many cases unnecessarily extravagant

in cost. I have seen many designs for buildings on which a saving of anything from ten to twenty-five per cent could have been made if a capable architect had been employed.

So those who may intend to continue to employ the untrained man merely because his fees may be small need not think they save by consulting such men, for they don't save in the long run—they may save a small amount on fees, but I think I am right in saying that their building, notwithstanding the inferiority of the design, will cost them infinitely more than if they had obtained good advice. It is an established fact that a good architect will provide you with a plan which will give all the required accommodation in a more convenient and less expensive manner than can be done by a person who has had no training or experience in such matters. It is necessary that every one should recognise this fact, that they be made to understand that by consulting competent architects their buildings would be more beautiful and less expensive than those they obtain under present conditions.

Now there must be many of your boys who would make good architects and whose talents in that direction lie dormant. If facilities were granted for the study of architecture we should, in the course of a very few years, see a vast improvement in the standard of work produced in the Madras Presidency. Government has done their share in providing the means of carrying on *official* architecture—it now remains for all of you as citizens to take an intelligent interest in that side of the subject which concerns you most intimately, and, for those of you whose purses permit, to assist in some measure in inaugurating a School of Architecture where

a course of training somewhat similar to that in England can be carried out. I think it is preferable that such a school be started by you and not by Government, for the simple reason that if the school were controlled entirely by Government, boys who might enter as students would expect employment in Government Service after they had completed their course of training. What you require to do now is to educate some of your boys and show them the way to a very profitable form of private practice in architecture so that your private buildings of all classes may be improved. Such a school with a governing body of influential citizens, would then be recognised as the training centre of architecture in the Presidency. Certificates or medals could be given to those students who passed their final examination with distinction and to create added interest it would no doubt be possible to exhibit, say at the Fine Arts Exhibition, the work done by the students each year.

Now I wonder if there are any public-spirited gentlemen sufficiently interested in the welfare of the appearance of their city who would be prepared to assist in the promotion of such a school. Some of you, I know, give liberally in various ways, but the citizen who gives to the cause of architecture will benefit the community as a whole to an enormous extent and would deserve the highest praise. It would, I feel sure, be very gratifying to Government if such were the case and although I have no authority for saying so, Government would probably be prepared to recognise and assist the school to some extent if it were found necessary. Any way, the initial step should in my opinion be taken by you; it should be your endeavour to

promote a healthy general interest in architecture and to impress upon those intending to erect buildings the necessity of their having the designs prepared only by those who have received the required education.

There is, no doubt, a tendency for boys to endeavour to obtain employment in the Public Works Department as Engineers—such service has many attractions I admit. If a boy, having done his course, say, in the Engineering College, can obtain permanent employment in a Government department he has an assured position for life provided he behaves himself. His pay probably starts at Rs. 30 or Rs. 40, and by the time he reaches the retiring age he will possibly have risen to Rs. 250 per month.

But it has evidently not occurred to them what a fine field lies open to them in architecture—a very pleasant field, and one which would be very remunerative to well-trained men. On school buildings alone I estimate that fees to the extent of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lakhs per annum can be earned, and after making the usual allowance for office expenses there would still remain a very ample margin to provide a means of livelihood for many architects who chose to set up in private practice. Apart from educational buildings, there are a vast number of buildings of other classes which are being erected in the Presidency. Would it not, therefore, be well worth while for those boys who have a natural taste for architecture to give up some time in their earlier life to the study of the subject and to make themselves proficient in the art? Or, suitable boys who have done their engineering course in the College of Engineering, could take the opportunity of devoting

themselves to a further course of training in architecture.

I will not suggest that all the boys entering the school would turn out to be good architects. Probably some of them would become only good draughtsmen, but such men are also badly needed and the pay which they would command would be, I think, much in excess of that received by the men who now do similar work. And assuming that some of these boys would be taken into Government Service, and that they had also received training in the Engineering College, such boys would be of infinitely more use to the Department than those with only a knowledge of engineering.

So you see that from every point of view such a school as I suggest is essential to the welfare of the architecture of your City and there is I think no doubt that both Government and the Municipalities would welcome it. As regards Government, they could insist on all the school designs which come up for a grant being prepared only by properly qualified men. At present it would not be feasible for them to take such a step. As regards the Municipalities, they would be able to take the same action with all the work which goes to them for approval and sanction. In time, the architectural work in the Presidency would be in the hands of trained architects and not, as it is at present, largely in the hands of incompetent draughtsmen. Your architecture would develop on the right lines and you could look to the future to give you a fairer city and finer towns than it will do under the less favourable conditions existing at the present day.

I will now leave the question for your consideration—it is one which I think needs a good deal of

thought—but I hope and trust that in the near future it may be found possible to form such a school as I have proposed and that your architecture of the future may benefit therefrom.

E. M. Thomas

THE WING OF SHIVA

Men! are ye fools or madmen that ye deem
These hours fit for feasts and senseless mirth,
Chatting of wars o'er wine-cups—when the earth
Begins once more with massacre to stream?

Can ye not feel?—Over Earth's heart there creep
A dread, a death-like chill—a shadow vast
Over her sunny plains is silent cast—
For Armageddon rises from its sleep!

Silence your laughter, fools, lest it be drowned
Ere long in roar of battle, anguished groans
Of dying—cries of children—widows' moans—
While universal carnage dyes the ground.

Is this a time to feast, and dance, and sing—
When all the world grows dark 'neath Shiva's Wing?

F. G. P.

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY

By ERNEST UDNY

I. THE RELATION BETWEEN THEOSOPHY AND THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD

CHRISTIANITY, like all other religions, is part of the Wisdom of God—*Theosophia*—Theosophy. The only men in the world who are fully cognisant of the Ancient Wisdom—ancient because it is as eternal as God from Whom it flows—are those men who have finished their strictly human evolution through many lives lived in the world—many days passed in God's great school, this earth—and who, having reached the full consciousness of their own oneness with the Eternal and Supreme, in Whom we "live and move and have our being," long and work to hasten the time when their fellow-men shall attain the same glorious consciousness of the mysterious and glorious depths of their own inmost being—ever divine, though at present they know, and perhaps even suspect, it not. There is no difference whatever in origin and essence between those who have already attained and those who have not yet attained, for *all* life (aye even the so-called "lower" kingdoms—animal, vegetable, and mineral) comes from Him, and to Him it shall at

last return. At the same time there is a great difference, in that the Divine Men have completely unified or "at-oned" their Will with that of the Supreme, while the rest of humanity and the other kingdoms have not yet done so. The former know, while the latter do not yet know, the Divinity of their own inmost being. All weakness and sin are the result of ignorance, an ignorance which is in course of being changed into knowledge in God's great school, as fast as we ourselves will permit, for "the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" never forces its way, and we have it in our power to shut it out, although even such shutting gradually brings its own remedy, for it leads us into unwise courses of action, by which we bruise ourselves against "the Good Law" that brings to every man, in the course of successive lives, the exact results of his own behaviour towards the innumerable other "fragments of Divinity," whether for joy or pain, weal or woe.

The Divine Men who have attained "liberation" from birth and death, and have the right and power, if they so choose, to pass away altogether from the world into loftier states of being—higher "planes" of existence—remain here for the helping of their younger brothers of the human, animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and are employed by the Supreme as His Agents for their leading and guidance. Living and working as They do in the most perfect accord with Him and with each other, They constitute a Great Brotherhood, which is sometimes called "the Great White Lodge". They do not, however, live together so far as their physical bodies are concerned, for They *have* physical bodies, though it is only at certain

times in the world's history that They come before men into the ordinary publicity of the world. They live in various parts of the world, and yet They are in constant communication with one another on the higher planes, in which Their true life is centred, and where physical separation is no barrier to the freest interchange of ideas.

In this Brotherhood the work is divided, for convenience of administration, into different departments, one of which is devoted to the spiritual instruction and helping of the world; and at the head of that Department stands a very Great One (for there are differences in Wisdom and Power even among Those who have already filled Their hearts with Divine Love) and this One is called the World-Teacher, the Light of the World, Teacher of Angels and of Men. He acts as a kind of Prime Minister to the actual Head of the Hierarchy (the Great White Lodge) Who is sometimes referred to as "The One Initiator," because the Great Initiations which mark the stages of progress on the Path of Holiness are always conferred by His express authority and in His name. The World-Teacher acts also as a Minister of Religion to "the King". It is He who founds, either in person or through a deputy, a member of the Great Brotherhood specially appointed for the purpose, every religion that appears in the world. The Founder of a religion does not, of course, attempt to give to the world His own knowledge in its entirety, which would be an impossibility; but, having regard to the time, place and people for whom it is intended, He selects from the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom such as He sees to be most helpful in the particular circumstances.

It thus happens that while each religion has its own leading idea, upon which special stress is laid, certain important and fundamental truths appear in all; and it is possible, by means of appropriate quotations from the various Scriptures of the world, to prove that the same great truths are taught in each. In Mrs. Besant's most helpful *Universal Text-Book of Religion and Morals* these common teachings are tabulated as follows:

"The Unity of God—One Self-dependent Life, pervading all things and binding them all together in mutual relations and dependence.

"The Manifestation of God in a universe under Three Aspects.

"The Hierarchies of Spiritual Beings.

"Incarnation of Spirit.

"The two basic laws of Causation and of Sacrifice.

"The Three Worlds of Human Evolution.

"The Brotherhood of Man."

None of these truths is the exclusive property of any particular religion. They belong to what may be called Universal Religion, and abundant quotations are given from the Scriptures of all the great religions, Hindū, Zoroastrian, Hebrew, Christian, Muhammadan, and Sikh, to show that these teachings, which may be assumed to be fundamental, are indeed common to all. For any one who will carefully study it, this collection of varied statements, in each case of the same truth, is highly instructive, as they illuminate and confirm one another, in very much the same way as a collection of texts on any one subject from, say, the Christian Scriptures.

The teachings which have been given to the world by the Theosophical Society, founded in New York in 1875, and now having branches in nearly every country in the world, are drawn, equally with those of all religions, from the one Ancient Wisdom and, of course, include the fundamental truths mentioned above; but, as Theosophy is far more recent than even Muhammadanism, the youngest (except the Sikh) of the family of religions—in fact 1,400 years younger—the world was ripe for a much fuller and clearer presentation of the facts of nature in the broadest sense, including God and Man. The fact of reincarnation had been known and taught in the Hindū and Buddhist religions for thousands of years, but without the slightest attempt to explain scientifically and in detail the method of rebirth, the nature of the subtler planes of existence, their relation to the physical, the subtle bodies in which the interval between births is passed, or the exact stages of the progress from one physical body to the next. So long as even the fact of reincarnation was withheld (and it seems to have been deliberately withheld by direction of the Founder of Christianity, the World-Teacher) from the western world, it would have been difficult, and even purposeless, to give scientific teaching about the subtle bodies and the (to *our* eyes) invisible inner worlds; but now reincarnation has been as deliberately restored.

We learn, for the first time in the West, that man is evolving spiritually by means of repeated births in the physical body, and that the law of cause and effect in the moral world, the sowing and reaping of good and evil, is carried out not entirely, or even chiefly, in one and the same body, but rather from life to life. Thus

much is in its broad outline easy to understand, and will probably be the common belief of all cultured people within a generation from the present time; but those who care to study may learn much more than this, for Theosophy contains much detailed and fascinating information as to God's plan of evolution, so far as it relates to man at his present stage. We may learn of the existence of worlds invisible to our physical senses, and of subtle vehicles which we possess even while living here in the world, and in which we shall continue to live after the loss of the physical body at death, and in which we shall pass the long interval between death and rebirth. The invisible worlds, and the life which man leads in them after death, are described for us in great detail. We learn, too, that the process or cycle of repeated births and deaths, however long it may last, is but a passing stage in evolution, the preparation for a glorious condition of superhuman Love and Wisdom, to which we shall all surely attain in the long run, because it is God's will that we should do so, but to which our own efforts assisted by the divine grace, which never forces its way, can alone conduct us; and that the process of attaining this far higher condition can be enormously quickened by those who are willing to make special efforts—to leave, in fact, the beaten high road which scales in many spirals the mountain of achievement, and to breast the ascent in its steepest but swiftest form, which is called the Path of Holiness, because it leads to that state fairly rapidly and in the course of a comparatively few lives. We learn of the Great Gateways, or Initiations, which mark first the entrance to that Path and then the various stages of achievement. And—perhaps most interesting of all for us at our present

stage—we learn the qualifications prescribed by the Head of the Hierarchy Himself, “the ONE INITIATOR,” which must be developed by would-be entrants while still living the ordinary life in the world, ere they can pass the Gateway which stands at the entrance. Over that Gate is written the word “Service,” for by service alone can we hope to enter the Path. The power which enables us to hasten our own evolution comes from our Elder Brethren (the Divine Men, who are for us the channels of divine grace) and is held in trust for the whole race, not for particular individuals. It, therefore, it is given in special abundance to a comparatively small number, that is not from any favouritism, but simply because those individuals are willing and have fitted themselves to take part in the Master’s work, and because the force given to them will produce in this way a better result for the whole of humanity than it would in any other.

Theosophy not only tells us all this, of profound interest and importance for Christians as for all other men, but it also comes to us straight and fresh from the Divine Men who are the Guides and Guardians of our race; and this is a great advantage, for it is not yet overlaid by the materialising tendency, innate in the human mind, which inevitably obscures, as time goes on, every fresh presentation of divine truth. All religions gradually go down-hill with the lapse of time, though perhaps this is not an unmixed drawback, as the decadent stages may be, and doubtless are, utilised for the training of souls who would be unable to profit by the purer, more enlightened, forms of religion. The gradual decadence arises from the fact that the Founder and His immediate disciples are, of

course, much more highly evolved than those whom they come to teach, and, as the former gradually pass from among men, the sublime teachings are more and more misunderstood and materialised by men who are unfitted to sense the deeper meanings, and do not even suspect their existence, but adhere rigidly to the outer husk. Spiritual truths must from their very nature be expressed in symbolism, and in the Scriptures of the world advantage is taken of that fact in order to provide at the same time and in the same words teaching for different classes of souls—for those who cannot yet see beyond “the letter that killeth” as well as for others who, having eyes to perceive and ears to hear, can receive “the spirit which giveth life”.

This process of the substitution of the letter for the spirit was to a large extent completed in the Christian Church as early as the 4th or 5th century of our era, when the orthodox but ignorant majority succeeded in expelling from it the few Gnostics (or Knowers), the Mystics of the early Church. From one point of view, Theosophy is but a revival, a rebirth, of Gnosticism; but, owing to the development of modern science, men are now capable of receiving much more definite information as to the existence and nature of those subtle invisible worlds which interpenetrate the physical, and as to the broad details of human evolution, the existence of Divine Guides and Teachers, and of a Path of Holiness—to be trodden in the world during a short series of lives taken in quick succession—which leads from our level to Theirs.

The most important difference between Theosophy and ordinary Christianity is the teaching of reincarnation—that all men, whether or not they may be aware

of the fact, are really undergoing a process of spiritual evolution, for which purpose they are born again and again into the world, each life being, as it were, but a single day of the immortal Spirit, passed in God's great school, the world, which is fitted to be a school of experience for men at all stages of growth from a savage to a Divine Man, a Liberated Soul.

All enlightened Christians are giving up the ghastly theory of eternal damnation, and the almost equally crude idea that the ultimate and eternal fate of every soul is settled at death. The fact is beginning to be recognised and admitted, that, apart from the loss of the physical body, no immediate change occurs at death, the man's character and knowledge being exactly the same afterwards as they were before, and that his spiritual education or evolution must therefore be carried on *somewhere*, though it is assumed, for no obvious reason, that this further evolution will be conducted on some other planet or in some other world. The reply to such a suggestion is clear. If, as seems obvious enough, we have not yet learned all that the physical plane has to teach us, is it not necessary that we should return (after our night's rest, first in purgatory and afterwards in heaven) to a physical planet, and, if so, why not to this one. If, as present-day orthodoxy *assumes*, for it is nowhere stated in their Scriptures, each soul is a new creation at birth, then perhaps it might not be an unreasonable speculation that the "dip-down," the descent to earth, was for a single occasion only; but such a speculation is negatived by the extraordinary difference in the conditions into which individuals are born—some amid virtue and refinement, others amid vice and squalor, some to happiness others to misery, some to luxury

others to want, some to care and love others to cruelty and ill-treatment. Is there no cause for all this? Are the Love and Wisdom of the Supreme at fault? "Shall a man be more just than his Maker?" On the other hand, with the keys of Reincarnation and Karma in our hands, all falls into its place. Once more we breathe again: "God's in His heaven, all's well with the world." If we have all lived before many times upon this earth, then it does not take much faith to believe that these differences, which before seemed so cruel and unjust, are but the working of the "Good Law," which brings to every man according to his deeds; and, though we try to sympathise to the utmost with all who are at present unhappy, we need not assume that they are sinners beyond other men, for we know that each life is but a single day at school, and if "to-day" (this life) brings tears, "to-morrow" (next life) may bring sunshine. Further, an unhappy life, wisely and patiently endured, brings wisdom. That is always the result of Karma cheerfully endured; and even a bad life, if there has been some good mixed with the bad, as there nearly always is, is surely followed, after the temporary condition of purgatory, by the highest bliss of which the soul is capable at its present stage of evolution. Its power to enjoy is limited only by the size of its own cup, and in any case the soul is blissfully unconscious of any limitation to its happiness.

If reincarnation in some physical world is necessary for our further evolution, why not on this earth, and what greater difficulty would there be in our being born here on the next occasion than there was this time? We do, in fact, see people evolving and learning at every possible stage on this earth; what difficulty is there in believing that these differences are

largely due to the number of lives that each has had in the human kingdom—the number of days passed in the great school? It would be hard to frame any other explanation; but this is not all, for those who have developed the power to see on other planes, even as we ourselves see in the physical world, tell us that reincarnation is no theory but an obvious fact, for they see the souls at all stages on the way up and down. And the contradictions which sometimes reach us, through spiritualistic mediums, from the departed carry no weight, for the souls who utter them are in no better position than we are ourselves to know at first hand whether reincarnation is a fact, inasmuch as they cannot see or sense the souls who have already passed on into the heaven-world, much less know what will happen to them when their bliss in heaven comes to an end.

For lack of a knowledge of reincarnation, Christians have assumed that each soul is a new creation at birth, but is this really a philosophical theory? There is indeed such a thing as creation. Theosophy itself teaches it most fully, but not a creation out of nothing. The ancient maxim *Ex nihilo nihil fit*—"Nothing is made out of nothing"—is certainly sound, and is in no way contradicted by Theosophical teaching about creation. The worlds and all that is in them, on all planes, physical and superphysical, up to the highest of the three Nirvāṇic planes recognised in Theosophy, are deliberately created by the Blessed Trinity and their hosts of Agents, but out of subtler matter still, which antedates and survives the period of existence of a solar system, almost infinite as that period may appear to our limited powers of conception. One may say that

the lower planes which are comparatively temporary are, as it were, "unrolled" from or out of higher planes still. But this is all in reference to the Form side—to matter, of however high or subtle an order. What can be said of the Life, except that it shares—that all the innumerable life-centres which come into manifestation in a solar system share—the eternity of their source, the One Life,—from which they proceed, in which, in spite of this apparent "proceeding," they ever continue to inhere, to "live and move and have their being," and to which they eventually return, when the Supreme Being of the system withdraws all to Himself, that God may once more "be all in all"—until in due course, and at however distant a period, the innumerable lives shall again stream forth, in appearance, from the bosom of the Father, to begin their new day upon the ceaseless and endless "Wheel of Life". In the beautiful words of Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Song Celestial* (a metrical translation of that great Hindū Scripture, the immortal *Bhagavad-Gītā* or *The Lord's Song*):

Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be never.

Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams.

Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for ever.

Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems.

If, as Theosophy teaches, there is but One Life in existence, then must we all share the eternity of our origin, substance and final goal, and the great teaching of reincarnation shows us that death (as it appears to us) and immortality are in no way incompatible

or self-contradictory. To quote Sir Edwin Arnold again :

Nay but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
"These will I wear to-day,"
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

This teaching about reincarnation is not expressly given, if it is true, in the Christian Scriptures, or to be more precise, it is not insisted on, though it is more than implied in the Christ's saying about S. John the Baptist: "If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come" (Matthew, xi, 11) and again, in reference to the man which was blind from his birth: "Neither has this man sinned nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him" (John, i, 9). This clearly shows that there is a possibility of a man's sinning before he is born, and it contradicts the current orthodox belief, that every soul is new-created at birth. It is, to say the least, perfectly consistent with, and strongly suggestive of, the idea of a previous birth or births.

On the other hand, the fact that these slight references to reincarnation are the only ones in the Christian Scriptures points to the probability of a statement which has been made, and which on other grounds is quite likely to be true, that, far from wishing to teach reincarnation, the Christ deliberately withdrew that teaching from the western world and from the religion which He founded, and that for the following reason. The central idea which He wished to give to the world was "Self-Sacrifice"—the note of true brotherhood—but for this the world was not yet ripe.

Before men could be built into a Brotherhood—before a Church could be formed, whose ordinary individual members (the rank and file, the ordinary communicants, and not merely the very exceptional 'saints') would be ready and willing to make practical sacrifice the leading note of their lives—before such a Church could be built, it was necessary to build the Brothers of whom it would be composed, and in His wisdom He saw that the best and quickest way of inducing men to make the necessary exertion for spiritual growth would be to withhold from them the knowledge that they had really many lives before them in which to evolve, and to leave them to conclude that their whole future depended upon the way in which the present life was led.

This was a strong measure and in one way nearly wrecked the civilisation for which the religion was intended—that of modern Europe—and probably contributed to bring about that long period of spiritual and intellectual gloom known as "the Dark Ages," when, outside the walls of convent and monastery, might was the only recognised right and violence reigned supreme. For, without a knowledge of reincarnation, it is impossible logically to make sense or justice of the world, or to recognise the Wisdom and Love of the Supreme. Men are obviously born into sets of conditions which are extraordinarily different from one another. Some are born into comfort and abundance, others into want and misery; some into vicious surroundings, others into virtue, true religion, and refinement. Some are so situated that it is difficult for them from infancy to do right, while for others it would appear to be almost equally difficult not to be pious and virtuous. Now if, as is popularly supposed, they are new souls

created at birth and having no past behind them, what justice, to say nothing of love, can there be in treating various souls so differently, and how can this be reconciled with the goodness of God? In such circumstances the reason must be laid aside and the ways of the Supreme be accepted on faith as "a mystery"—a solution which is very apt to breed unbelief and discontent in thinking people, who are unable to accept on authority beliefs that seem contrary to common sense.

But humanity had to grow and this was the quickest way. To use a Masonic metaphor, the stone was being rough-hewed in the quarry—a process which requires very different methods from those that are afterwards used for smoothing and polishing the same stones when they are to be placed in position in the Temple of Humanity. Chips fly about in the quarry during rough-hewing, and a humanity that is in process of being built into Brothers needs in the first instance strength rather than refinement, a motive for exertion rather than more advanced teaching which it would as yet be unable to grasp. The individual must be spurred to exertion by the motive of "saving his own soul". "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Matthew, viii, 36,7). It is by effort, by exertion of the will, that he must begin to realise the divinity of his own nature, and will thus become fit to be built, with his fellows, into a Brotherhood capable of understanding and practising the Divine Law of Self-Sacrifice. "All over the Masters' place is written the word 'Try'."

It is not an easy thing to "enter in at the strait gate," which of course refers neither to attainment of

heaven nor escape from hell, but simply to enter on the Path of Holiness. "Strive to enter in," says the Christ, "at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you, will strive to enter in and shall not be able" (Luke, xiii, 24). The passage certainly goes on to represent the Christ as saying that "the Master of the House" would address those who might fail "to enter in" as follows: "Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and all the prophets in the kingdom of God" (simply another phrase like "the strait gate" for the Path of Holiness or of Initiation) "and you yourselves thrust out". But it must be remembered that the Gospels do not profess to be authentic and verbatim accounts of the sayings and doings of the Christ. They are carefully described in the Bible itself as the Gospels *according to* S. Matthew, S. Mark, etc. The question in what spirit the Scriptures should be approached and studied will be considered later. For the present it is sufficient to note that the Christ is exhorting his hearers to strenuous endeavour. That was His immediate aim two thousand years ago—to develop strength in the individual souls, whom at His next Coming—the one now expected—he would build into a Brotherhood. He had first to "build the Brothers," and for that purpose He withdrew from the West all knowledge of reincarnation, although obscure traces of the teaching have been purposely left in the Scriptures, as in the statement about Elias and the story of the man that was born blind, in order to facilitate a restoration of the knowledge when the time should come.

Ernest Udny

(To be concluded)

THE ENEMY

(From *The Smart Set*)

You shall not come between me and the light,
You shall not block the path my soul has set.
Though I must lift and bear you all the way,
Though I must seize and bind you to my side,
I'll wear you as the warrior wears his shield;
You shall not come between me and the light.

As, at the last, my brother you shall be,
We shall go on together till the end.
Though you may strike, and, striking, see me fall,
Though you escape me for a certain space,
I shall arise and overtake your feet,
For at the last my brother you shall be.

All men are greater than the deeds they do.
My love is greater than your utmost hate.
Though each may struggle in his separate cause,
Though we be blind to understand the fray,
We shall achieve our brotherhood at last,
For men are greater than the deeds men do.

LOUISE FLETCHER PARKINGTON



OCCULT GUIDANCE IN THEOSOPHICAL WORK

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A. (CANTAB.)

MANY E. S. members rightly enough recognise that the counsels of the Head of the E. S. with reference to T. S. affairs should be scrupulously followed; they not infrequently ask for "orders," without realising that there are times when that Head, by the very nature of the situation, cannot give any advice at all. Members are brought together in this incarnation into the T. S. to work for a common purpose; but they do

not now meet as strangers. They have lived in association for several lives, and have behind them kârmic links, both agreeable and disagreeable, made in all sorts of relations, such as parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, friends, and workers, in commercial and philanthropic and occult undertakings. The kârmic account is therefore mixed, and our present friends and co-workers owe us sympathy, charity, patience and opportunity, just as much as we owe them the same in return. But wherein we differ from ordinary people is this, that our kârmic adjustments to each other take place while we are busy in an occult work, and with reference to that work.

When, then, we come as co-workers and are united in a common work, items of karma between us as individuals reassert themselves, bringing both friendship and collaboration as well as strife and opposition. Furthermore, if the Lords of Karma required those items of karma to be worked out between us in this life, they would be worked out, even if we were not united as now in an occult work, in some other way, such as in business relations, through literary and other organisations we might be members of, and so on. The principal point to remember is that where kârmic adjustment is inevitable, the Lords of Karma bring out the greatest possible result in experience and capacity for the individuals affected; and where this adjustment can be utilised to train the kârmic recipients for greater efficiency in occultism, the Lords naturally use that opportunity.

Those of us who are aspirants in the service of the Masters must therefore realise that continually personal karmas are put into operation, the relation of which to

the occult work is indirect; when strife and opposition arise, we must be careful to note how much a "principle" is at stake, and how much it is really a matter of the personal karmas of past lives. Here the path is "narrow as a razor's edge" for all of us who in this epoch are sent out to service; for we are bound by our highest duty to bring the greatest good as the result of our output of energy, and yet at the same time we cannot be utterly certain whether our particular ideas for bringing about that greatest good are the wisest and most efficient to meet the needs of the situation.

Now when strife arises, there is one fact that we must strenuously keep before our vision, and that is that the Masters are fully aware, even to the least little detail, of all that is happening, and that They are at the helm even of local affairs, and will see to it that Their will is done. There may be a little delay here or there, but Their will is irresistible, and whatsoever They have planned with reference to a particular country, that inevitably shall be done. We humble individuals must therefore remember that much as we can help to bring sooner to realisation Their plans, we *cannot* hinder that realisation, though there may be a little delay because of our opposition. And equally this fact holds good with reference to those others who are opposed to us; they too, however strong, cannot bring to ruin the Master's work, though they may seem to do so for the time. A striking instance of this was in 1906, when the Executive Committee of the American Section forced the late President-Founder to expel the present writer from the Theosophical Society, and the whole Section was for a time swung in a direction contrary

to the welfare of the great work. The Masters knew, and bided Their time; and when the karmas of the various individuals came to a new conjunction, They utilised those karmas to have the work re-established on Their foundation.

When the difficulties arise in a country, as to the better way of doing the work of the Masters, members must be careful to see that their kârmic debts and credits with reference to each other do not make them exaggerate the situation; there are occasions when they are apt to think that they must "save the situation," and that a principle is at stake, when in reality it is nothing of the sort, but is merely a minor matter of efficiency. But the difficulty is to know at the time that it is *not* a matter of principle. Is it possible to gain this necessary knowledge, at a crisis?

I think it is possible, if we do not forget what we are. First and foremost, we are fellow-servants of the Masters, and as one in our desire to do Their work, we are linked together in mystic ways. We help or hinder each other profoundly by all that we think of each other; the least lack of charity towards a fellow-worker, or the faintest tinge of hostility, reacts *on us*, and thenceforth we view all that the other does through a distorting medium. If we let our hostility be fed daily by our criticisms and dislikes, we slowly wrap ourselves in a refracting *mâyâ*, and "all we have the wit to see is a straight staff bent in a pool".

But we are still human, and likes and dislikes are yet part and parcel of our evolutionary equipment; nevertheless we must be daily purified from the glamour caused by our imperfections, if we are to do the Master's work well. Therefore it is that daily we should come to

Him in humility, "with a broken and contrite heart," stript of all our opinions, beliefs, convictions and principles, offering ourselves, in our integrity, that His will may be done. We are apt in our daily meditations to offer the Master less ourselves and more our possessions; we dwell more on what we mean to do in His name than on what we mean to be, as a mirror of His strength, grace, and love. There is many an aspirant, "who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire, and transferred his interest to the things which concern his larger span of life". We are not so much the artist "who works for the love of his work," as individuals who are somewhat too self-conscious that we are serving the Masters, and convinced that our way must be right because our aspiration is, to ourselves, pure. To free ourselves from all these glamours we must train ourselves to renounce ourselves, when even in thought we approach the Master; we must be before Him pure in our nakedness of desirelessness, desiring nothing, hoping for nothing, flaming in joyous offering, happy as is a flower when the clouds disperse and the sun shines, knowing only this and rejoicing in it, that, "in the light of His holy Presence, all desire dies, but the desire to be like Him".

Furthermore we must remember that we are all as one family, and that what conduces to growth is more the sense of general well-being of all of the family, than the individual brilliance of any particular member. We must above all retain the feeling of home-life—that sense that we are affectionately ready to protect the weaker and share his burden, and that from the

members of our home we shall receive understanding and sympathy. There is no sacrifice of self that is not worth the making, to retain in our midst this sense of home, as we work for the Masters; They would have us far more be little loving patient children doing less effective work *together*, than a few brilliant individuals forcing an unwilling band to do more efficient work. For in the latter case, the work done may seem more efficient, for the time; but in the larger vision it is seen to be less so than the mediocre work of the united and loving many. To the *home* the Master comes joyfully; to the wrangling mart, where the trafficking may even be His business, He comes not at all.

There is a further fact we workers must keep in mind, and that is that when our karma puts us into a particular post, it does not follow that the Masters want us in that post all the time. It is so easy to feel that we are indispensable, because we are the most efficient to be found; but in this particular work of ours Egos are coming into it year by year, and we must be ready to hand over the work to others, to whom karma gives that privilege. Here too the path of action is hard to tread, for could we but know who is our heaven-sent successor we would joyfully give our work over to him; nevertheless, while we lack the necessary revelation, we must do this much on our part, that we do not cling to our work as though no one else could do it so well.

Yet another essential thing we must not forget, in the midst of our rivalries, is not to attribute motives. This perhaps is the hardest thing of all, when our feelings are stirred up and we heartily disapprove of our opponent's actions; it is as if that person were a troublesome question ever confronting us, unless we

explain what his motive is, and so explain him away and find a self-sufficient peace. It is our innate weakness that makes us search for motives in another's actions; we have not yet learned really to think without an admixture of feeling; for could we think as we should, that is impersonally, then we would know that "intelligence is impartial: no man is your enemy, no man is your friend. All alike are your teachers." Unfortunately at our present stage we want less to be learners than teachers; hence our propensity instantly to seize upon a motive in order to understand another's action. But it is the duty of the occultist to consider people and their actions impersonally, sorting out the facts from the hearsay, and, observing the facts and the facts only, not to attribute any motive but the best; and if he cannot attribute a kindly motive, then to take the action at its face value only, as one more item in a mystery awaiting solution. There is little doubt that if we were literally to put into practice what the Master K. H. has said, "Your thought about others must be true; you must not think about them what you do not *know*," the minds of many of us would be a blank most hours of the day; happily however for the aspirant, if he will make his mind blank in this fashion, thoughts worth the thinking will visit him more and more. Most of us view the deep realities of life as through a glass darkly, simply because we have not yet learnt the rudiments of real thinking; no aspirant in the service of the Master need ever hesitate as to what to think about the needs of His work, if in the past, specially about people, he has thought only what he knew about them. It is our injustice to them that reacts on us and clouds our vision in a crisis; let us but kill out the instinct in us of

attributing motives and we shall find that slowly our vision clears.

These then are some general thoughts as to our attitude to the work and to our co-workers. But while this is our spirit of work as E. S. members, we must see to it that the larger Theosophical Society is given its constitutional liberty of action. Every member of the Society has a right to control its destinies, whether he is in the E. S. or not; and we who are in the E. S. must specially see that the right to direct the affairs of the Society that an ordinary T. S. member has is not infringed by us because of our esoteric convictions. But while we give the T. S. member who is not in the E. S. his right, we ourselves can exercise a similar right, and we can exercise our esoteric convictions through the right we too possess as members of the Theosophical Society. The E. S., *as an organised body*, must not sway the deliberations of the Society; but as E. S. members, and as more clear-seeing than non-E. S. members, we must throw into those deliberations the full weight of authority that the Sectional or General Constitution allows. But in working in the outer organisations, we must adopt only such methods as are permitted or implied in the Constitutions. We must be law-abiding, in the truest sense of the term; but, within the law, we must use all the privileges that the law allows to fulfil our duty to what we believe to be the best welfare of the Society.

When, then, in a Section's affairs, for instance, difficulties arise, it is little use asking for orders from the Head of the E. S., *as Head*, to guide the affairs of the outer organisation. Were she to give such an order, she would infringe the neutrality as between

contending parties that she must preserve as President of the T. S.; at most, in Sectional crises, she might advise, but never order. And occasions arise when she cannot even advise.

These latter occasions are when the crisis involves no real principle at stake (however much that may seem to be the case to the individual litigants), but merely individual karmas are brought to a conjunction. In such cases, frankly, it little matters who wins the day, so far as the general results for the great work are concerned; for all the litigants are devoted to the work, and whoever gets the special opportunities of service may be relied upon to do his best. What is important to the welfare of the T. S., is not that a particular individual or party should win, but that in the competitions and strifes of all the parties they should have "played the game". There are certain rules of honourable conduct in competitions and elections, and we must not infringe a single one of them, even to "do God service". It little matters that we have lost the day, so long as we have "played the game"; if we really deserve the privilege of winning, the opportunity will still come, if we work to that end after our defeat. In the outer work, then, we can organise ourselves into parties and play the party game; but we must be ideal there in our methods, as if the Masters were watching—as They do—how we play.

Some of us who are dedicated to the work of the Masters are apt to forget that, far more important than the success of any particular piece of work given us to do, is the preservation by us of the feeling of friendliness for, and readiness to work again with, those who are our opponents. So long as we preserve this

fundamental key-note of our work, the Masters will guide our actions to success—if success is Their immediate necessity; if They but give us defeat—then, Their will, be done. For in the present Theosophical organisation, we are but rehearsing the greater deeds of the future; ages hence lies our true work, and our present partnerships are not finalities in themselves, but merely modes of learning lessons of co-operation for future service. If therefore now we must be divided into this party and that, we must take care to carry on our party work so that our fundamental sense of brotherhood is not impaired. Our attitude must be that of true sportsmen, who are less intent on being the winners as being proven the better side at the game. It is the custom in English football matches between teams representing the great clubs for the defeated team—whether the home team or the visitors—to give at the end of the game three cheers for the winners; and the winners in graceful courtesy give three cheers in return for the losers. Much as during the game the competitive spirit has been at full blast, the players do not forget that it is a game as between gentlemen and not cads; and if the better side has won, there is no carping or belittling of their prowess, but only a determination to meet again “to play the game”.

So must it be in our Theosophical disputes, where sometimes more feeling is generated than can be reasonably accounted for; if we are the losers, we must be ready, so far as lies in our ability, to co-operate with the winners to keep the work going, while we continue in our determination to work also for a reversal of the policies of the winners. Our sense of loyalty to

the work demands that we stand by our convictions; but we must at the same time recognise that more important than our convictions is the helping of men to know Theosophy. If while we stand by our convictions, we refuse co-operation in the larger work, and thereby one single individual loses his opportunity of knowing of Theosophy, we have distinctly *not*-played the game, and have ill-served the work, for the welfare of which we have been quarrelling. Time enough to prove whose convictions are just, *after* we give the light of Theosophy to those in darkness who are seeking comfort and consolation.

A Theosophical worker who understands these principles of work scarce need ask for occult guidance with reference to his work for the Masters. He knows how They would have him work, and that more precious to Them than his success or failure is that his heart should be “clean utterly”. He is therefore neither elated by success nor depressed by failure. Those of us who in the past have been full of doubt as to the better action, and had no occult guidance, but did our best in the spirit of the humble worker, can testify that when we laid at Their feet either our success or our failure, They smiled in benediction. For success or failure in Their work depends on our ability, on our karma, and on the play of the larger forces that affect humanity; but past success or failure, as we judge both, this is what we must deserve—to be greeted by Them, when we come with our offering:

Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

C. Jinarajadasa

A PLAIN WOMAN

By MAI LOCKE

MARY TEMPLE was a very plain woman, and an exceptionally nice one. She was painfully conscious of the first, and blindly oblivious of the second. For nearly twenty long dull years she had worked for her living. The work had sometimes been very hard, it had always been dull and monotonous. She had been either a nursery governess to uninteresting children, or companion to some elderly relative—a post taken for a home, where she had been generally snubbed or patronised, or made to realise how physically unfit she was for hard work. She had lain awake many a night wondering in nervous dread what would become of her if she got ill, if she lost her post, and even, when she was considered too old and could not obtain another. Then her great good fortune had come.

Aunt Sarah had never seemed fond of her though she had made use of her for over six years. All the old lady's nearer relations had refused to share the gloomy house in the dull London Square and she would have died there alone, had not Mary nursed her faithfully through her last illness, not even getting a kind word, not a smile, at the end. After the funeral Mary found herself possessed of what seemed to her untold riches. Five hundred a year opened the door to

a world she had only dreamed of. Now she had the power to help, to give, for her own comforts never occurred to her as necessary to her happiness.

"I need never teach children any more: 'One, two, three; play it more slowly, try it again.'" That is finished. I am free. I will hear the best music London can give me later. Dear Aunt Sarah, I wish you knew how happy I am. I expect you do know. I shall have time to write that melody that has been in my heart for years, that has perhaps burnt out the hungering starving soul of me. I shall get it published."

She remembered that Mark Goring had once said to her (while he had been teaching the elder sister of one of her many little pupils): "If you ever feel like writing any music, Miss Temple, let me know. You improvise so well, why not turn it to account? I may be able to help you." No man had ever taken any interest in her before. She remembered now how more than grateful she had felt to him, and how abruptly she had answered. "Thanks, but I have no time." Every hour in the poor little governess's day had its regular work, and at night she was too tired to write and too bitter to endure the constant reiteration of thoughts that banished sleep. Everything was changed. "I will write to Mr Goring, I will ask him to come and see me. I can take lessons from him, it will help me and I feel sure he needs more work than he gets in this cruel London." He had sent her seats occasionally for concerts; he knew she loved music and had little pleasure in life.

"Now it's my turn, I will be kind to him," thought Mary. "He is worth something so much better than

the everlasting grind of teaching. He only needs a chance to be heard, he plays so well."

She wrote a graceful little note asking him if he could spare time to give her a few lessons. She would like two lessons a week at a guinea a lesson. She knew he charged much less, so fixed her own fee.

The tall sad-looking man, whose white hair contrasted oddly with his clean-shaven boyish face, came Mondays and Thursdays regularly, for six weeks.

"I've found a friend whose interests blend with mine at last," she said to herself, as she tried a new way of doing her hair before her mirror one Monday morning. She decided black must suit her better, soft, good black, better far than the masculine shirt collar and tie of the Mary Temple of other days.

"I'm getting foolish in my old age," she said, colouring. She had been so accustomed to have people dependent on her that she thought she was quite old. One must have happiness to keep young—Mary had never known any. As she dressed this particular May morning, she faced the fact: "I love him. I will be all the help I can to him always. Will he let me?" He was waiting for her in the stiff prim drawing-room. He sprang up as she entered and took both her hands. Impulsively she broke an unbearable silence.

"You have inspired me, you make me long to work, to give the world something really good," she spoke at random to hide her nervousness.

"I understand," he said quietly, "I know, I know so well. I have brought you a little poem. A man I know wants it set to music for a song. I wonder if you could do anything with it?"

"Read it and tell me what you think of it"—she glanced through the first lines.

"When all my world is blind with sleep
And birds are silent in the trees.
Around the house winds whispering creep
And rustle in the rising breeze,"

He smiled into her eyes.

"It makes me remember the nights I could not sleep just before Aunt Sarah died. Let me read the rest later. I think I can enter into the spirit of what your friend means if it is to express a restless aching longing."

There was a great tenderness in his eyes when they rested on her. He looked ill and tired. She noticed it, but did not worry him with questions. He lingered with her long after the cosy afternoon tea was finished. When he rose to leave, Mary said: "Let me play you this, my one and only composition." She played a soft sad air ending in a minor key.

"Just a simple haunting refrain, nothing much in it, but it would catch on," said the man to himself.

"Shall I write it down for you?" he said kindly. "Play it again and let me see what I can do about the business of publication."

"Is it good enough?"

"I think so."

"Thank you so much. Must you go?" He did not answer. Their long sympathetic silence had proved to Mary what good friends they were. They stood for some minutes without speaking.

"Will you come to-morrow?" said Mary at last.

"I don't know," he replied, "perhaps. Anyhow, I will write. Good-bye."

And he was gone.

After Mark Goring had left, Mary sat in the fast darkening sitting-room trying to think. Her brain seemed paralysed. She could only feel. And the feeling was something between agony and the purest joy.

He loved her, yet he had not told her so. If life could be ever like that. No words were wanted. She knew he loved her.

He did not come the usual day in the next week. He wired an excuse. Then he wrote her a long letter: business he could not explain to her for the moment would take him to Germany for some weeks; he would write again.

Each morning she looked for his letter. Each night before she slept she said: "It will come to-morrow." Eight weary weeks of waiting went slowly by. She had no address to write to and no letter came from Germany. A girl she had cared for very dearly, because she had been kind to her in those sad days of her working years, wrote from her home in India:

DEAREST MARY,

I am so glad you are comfy at last. Now you must come to stop at cold weather with me. Frank is away so much, I am often lonely and long for a real friend. Cable when you will come. Leave London and the winter fogs for a time. Come and cheer your old friend and chum,

MOLLIE

"I will wait for another week and then, if he does not write, I will go to Mollie for a few months; with her I shall drown this restless misery and longing. I can bear it no longer. It is making me ill. Why did I expect so much more than I deserve? I am old enough

to realise this world is not meant to be only a garden of pleasure."

The letter did not come and ten days later Mary sailed for India. To the casual observer she had changed but little in the three months which lay between her present independence and her former life of toil to keep a roof over her head. Outwardly she was the same serious, silent-looking woman; only the eyes of love and friendship would have detected the spirit of unrest which lay in the dark grey eyes; the lines of weariness about the mouth, and the few threads of silver beginning to streak the dark brown hair.

* * * * *

It was evening six months later. The damp heat of the rice fields and jungle that nearly surrounded Captain Desmond's bungalow, had been too much for Mary. She had taken malaria badly almost as soon as she had arrived, the fever fiend had seized her; run down and weak, she was an easy prey. She had been obliged to give herself up entirely to Mollie Desmond's careful nursing.

"You know darling," said Mrs. Desmond, "you are worrying. I have seen it all the time you have been here."

Mary made a faint gesture of assent, and smiled very sadly as Mollie settled her pillows more comfortably and placed a cool drink on the table by her side. The younger woman stroked her hair gently: "Tell me all about him?"

"How do you know there is a 'him'?"

"There is always a man to account for a woman looking as you look now, my Mary. You don't try to get well. You don't seem to care."

"I cannot tell you yet, Mollie. Some day, perhaps. Not now, I am tired."

Mollie tapped her little French shoe impatiently on the matting. Her pretty brows frowned angrily. "He must be a brute," she mused. "She is one of the best women in the world and she seems to be waiting for something that never comes. Her money if life not bring her health. She had worn herself out. She others too long and she does not get happiness either. Frank is certain she is fretting about some worthless fellow," and the bright little bride sighed. She had meant this visit to the East to do grand things for Mary Temple. The doctor sahib seemed so much interested in their visitor. He was a dear and so kind. It would be so suitable too. He had been a widower three years now. Mollie had fixed it all in her quick impulsive way. Her big jolly husband had pinched her cheek and laughed at her: "You may be able to manage old Wetherby, my child; he wants a wife and would never have time to find one unless you helped him; but Miss Temple has left her heart in good old England. She won't fall in with your plans."

That night Mary was worse. With wild frightened eyes, Mollie rushed to her husband on the verandah. "Go at once, she is much worse, she does not know me. I am frightened to take her temperature. Tell Dr. Wetherby we can put him up for the night, he must come. Call the bearer, tell the sains to saddle Firefly."

"All right, old girl. I'll catch him; even if he is at his everlasting bridge, he'll come."

For two days and two nights the delirium lasted. Mary's temperature rose to over a hundred and five, she rambled continually of her song, "melody the wind sings

at night, Mark, the letter, why does not his letter come? Oh, why doesn't it come?" Her little secret was soon known to the doctor and Mollie, and they exchanged grave looks.

"There is a letter for her sent on by the caretaker of her house in London. It is certainly in a man's handwriting. When she is normal, will it hurt her to read it to her?" asked Mollie, sobs choking her as she discussed her friend aside with the doctor who shook his head.

"Nothing can make much difference now. Her heart is weak, she has no vitality left and she has not the strength to make the effort to live—I should think that woman has suffered in silence for years."

"You don't mean, you can't mean she is dying?"

"Hush! her temperature has dropped at last."

"Look, she is trying to speak."

"Did I hear you say a letter had come for me Mollie? Would you read it to me, dear? I have been dreaming. There are roses growing by the wayside, in England, but no lovers wander hand in hand—only lovely women with sad eyes. After all I am glad to go. . . Mollie, I am horribly weak." Her thin white fingers plucked the sheet: "Read it, dear, please."

Mollie fetched the long-looked-for letter, broke the seal and drew out the thin sheets of foreign note paper. She ran her eye down the first page—"Merciful Heaven! I can never tell her this"—for the letter ran: DEAREST—

I could not write before. I felt I had treated you so badly. My only excuse is, I loved you. I loved you, so—I was a coward. I saw you cared for me, and never had the courage to tell you I was married. I was only a boy at the time—we had lived apart for years—she wrote to me for money because she was ill. Mary, I sold your song. I made money on it to save my wife's life. It would have been

easier to have let her die alone, but I felt you would have wished her to have the things that meant health to her. Forgive me, dear, and good-bye,

MARK

"My dear, I will read it to you. Can you hear?" There was a childish quiver in the sweet voice as Mollie turned towards the bed.

The Doctor had left them. "Read it, yes. It is too late for anything to matter much now, but it is my first love letter, and Mollie, it will be my last. Don't grieve, dear; I was never strong, I knew years ago there was something very wrong. It is better like this. Tell me he loved me, and wanted me for his wife—I have left him all I had, even my little song, 'The Wind Melody'."

Mollie's white fingers shook as she spread out the letter on her knee. "I can't see the writing. What does it matter? I can't break her heart," she thought, "and she shall be happy if it costs me a lie to give her joy—poor patient angel. I know how Frank wrote to me—the memory of his dear letters shall make the end easier for Mary, my best friend." With an effort she said aloud.

He writes:

Dearest, I love you, you knew I loved you.

A movement from the bed made her look up. A happy smile transfigured the thin plain face of Mary Temple. She looked almost beautiful. She raised herself slowly in the bed.

"He loved me, he was true, he would have come for me, at last. Finish it quickly dear. It will soon be dark and I am so tired."

Mollie went on softly:

Your song sold, it realised quite a good sum. I managed all that for you. I shall bring the song and hear you say you love me and will be my wife. Mary you know all I cannot write. Three words are enough—"I love you".

Till we meet,

MARK

Mollie prayed silently for strength. She sat for a few seconds with closed eyes. Why had she done this thing? It was all a lie. If by a miracle Mary got well, would she forgive her? She must break the news of the letter later. Mary was brave, she would forgive, she would understand.

"Come with me, child," said Frank's voice close to her.

"Frank, I must tell her the truth."

"No need, darling, she knows everything. She is gone." Looking like a tired child asleep, the plain woman had died happier than she had lived.

Mai Locke

A FANTASY

By D. M. C.

THE breath of Nature lay like the cool fresh hands of my Beloved upon my brow. My heart was quiet with a tender melancholy as of the fallen leaf, with a stillness as of the tranquil river that glimmered through the thinning foliage as the sun through eyelashes that are half cast down. Light radiant above and below, yet without heat. Thus also my heart was. I closed my eyes and slept. Then, down the wide roadway of the river came dancing a sweet Spirit, a joyous Spirit, singing with the voice of clouds and winds, full of the light of many stars; and while he danced upon the ripples of the water, he sang thus :

A thousand voices are Nature's,
 Drawn from the throat of the forest,
 Breathed by a myriad creatures,
 Woo'd from the heart of the river,
 Caught from the brook that hides
 Where the grasses stoop and quiver,
 When the breeze their necks bestrides
 And catches their manes in his fingers,
 When the tired sad daylight lingers,
 Or night in her moon-car rides.

Yet Nature's thousand voices
 Are heard in my heart as one,
 The world in me rejoices,
 I echo the laugh of the sun ;

And the stars throw into the water,
 Into the pool of my soul,
 Ripples of running laughter.

Nature ! I challenge with mirth
 All the beings of earth.
 Scan the earth with thine eye,
 Delve in the depths of the sky,
 Hast thou another as I
 So glad of life immortal,
 Nor ever yearned to die ?
 Is there a god or mortal,
 On either side death's portal,
 Who liveth so much as I ?

Then I sprang to my feet and ran towards him. "Glad Spirit," I cried, "I take up thy challenge. Lend hither thy lute." My fingers paused upon the strings and it seemed the wild impulse of song rushed through my being, as though many nightingales troubled my heart with their plaint, and I could not be silent. Song leaped from my throat as the waterfall from the side of the wooded hill, and I sang :

Thou that bestridest the wind-wings wild,
 Hast ridden the steed of a human heart ?
 Hast seen the deep midnight in human eyes,
 Or torn Life's blossom and stem apart,
 Or heard the stars laugh in the voice of a child,
 Or the soul's thunders roll in dream-dark
 skies ?

My heart went crashing with thunderous hoof
 Down the ravines of the Sorrowful Way ;
 I clomb sad heights, and lived aloof,
 Fearing the ardours of passionate day ;
 I wandered into the valley of Pain,
 And heard a thousand tortured cries,
 Hot anger swelled in every vein,
 God was a Fiend with mocking eyes !

Then my heart leaped as the joyful spray
 Leaps out of the ocean's sorrowing surf,
 Like a strong-limbed steed with echoing neigh,
 That senses the dewy slope of the turf,
 It sensed the dew-beladen slope
 Of the Freedom of Man, Freedom divine—
 The world was strong with the mountains of
 Hope,
 Life was watered with rivers of wine!
 Under the pall of woe an Angel slept—
 Ah! Dare they sing of joy who have not wept?

Ay! God is Love—God hates, God lies,
 Murders, tortures, imprisons, and murdered,
 Tortured, imprisoned, utters cries;
 God thirsts, and hungers. God is dead.
 But God is Love and casts aside the pall,
 Love rises from the tomb to conquer all.
 Brave Spirit! Thou wast too valiantly
 ungloved—
 Durst thou to sing of joy—who hast not
 loved?

The Spirit looked wonderingly at me and took
 back pensively his lute. "There are gods on earth,"
 he said, "who sing a strange song. I understand not
 their song. Farewell." Then dancing with a fairy
 foot upon the brightest ripples, he sped again up the
 roadway of the river, carolling in his wild and joyous
 fashion; and I awoke.

D. M. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

All the Theosophists who have read with gratefulness and joy the words of Mrs. Besant concerning the War, in the November Number of THE THEOSOPHIST, cannot but repel indignantly the words of rebuke used by Mr. Prentice in the March number of the same.

I don't know if Mr. Prentice is the obscure Theosophist he professes to have been for ten years; all I know is that, using the words he uses, comparing as he does with Judas Iscariot a white-haired lady who has been for years his spiritual teacher, Mr. Prentice proves to be a rather bad apprentice in matters of good taste, politeness and respect.

But leaving aside that not unimportant question of form, it is easy to see that Mr. Prentice errs completely in the substance of his objections.

Without any doubt, Theosophy must be in essence a pure spiritual teaching, which remains open, as well to the children of Rhineland as to any other nation. That point was not put in question in the article of Mrs. Besant alluded to. The all-important truth is that:

First, Germany having violated the neutrality of a country which she had promised to respect and defend, has thus violated at the same time a solemn pledge, a word of honour; Germany has then bled, plundered, ransacked poor Belgium, and at last has slandered it, in order to excuse her atrocities. In doing this, Germany has not only sinned against humanity, but, what is worse, has thus put in question all the principles, and caused many people to doubt in the reality of those abstractions which we Theosophists consider as most real—Right, Honour, Sense of Unity; and for that reason, should Germany

obtain by such forfeitures and such means the supremacy she aims at, her victory would be tantamount to the delaying for a century of all spiritual evolution. We have thus to do here, not only with the struggle of two groups of nations, but with the conflict of two conceptions of Life: Progression and Regression—with the antagonism of two principles: Supremacy based on Fear, against the Authority coming from Love.

Secondly, Mr. Prentice asks us to let the Guardians of Humanity bring the best results out of those most evil causes. But he does not know the French sentence: "*Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera*"; he forgets that by refusing to remain mere apathetic spectators, by being willing to take an active part in the great cosmic drama now a-playing, we can forward the realisation of the plans of those great Guardians.

Rightly then, indeed, has Mrs. Besant entreated all Theosophists to stand for Right against blind Might; justly does she wish for the crushing of German militarism which, after her own words, shall free the German people and usher in the reign of Peace.

Doing this, we comply with the teachings of impersonal fighting given to us by the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. We have no hatred against Germany; we wish her to find herself again, to be again the Germany of Leibnitz, the Monadologist, of Boehme, the apostle of tolerance, of Kant, who wrote on the Eternal Peace.

And you, Mr. Prentice, who remember so well the Holy Scriptures in order to rebuke and condemn, do not forget another part of them, a sentence in S. Paul's First Epistle to the Romans:

"Who art thou, that judgest another man's servant?"

GASTON POLAK,

General Secretary of the T. S. in Belgium

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

If Mr. Prentice was "shocked and outraged" by the editorial observations on the War in the Watch-Tower Notes for November, we Australians have greater cause to be

shocked and outraged by his letter in your March issue, the tone of which is presumptuous and discourteous. That it does not reflect the feeling of members of the Australian Section, either as to the truth of his statements or his disloyalty to yourself as President of the Theosophical Society, is fully attested by the resolution of loyalty adopted by the Easter Convention of the Australian Section just concluded in Melbourne, reading as follows:

The Australian Section of the Theosophical Society, in Convention assembled, very cordially conveys to its esteemed President this assurance of its implicit confidence and love, and its sincere prayer that the power and blessing of the Great Ones who guide our movement may long continue to manifest through her.

Without a dissentient the resolution was carried, the delegates standing to affirm their loyalty. New South Wales submitted the resolution; Victoria seconded; Queensland, in the words of the Brisbane President, was "solid to a man in its loyalty to Mrs. Besant"; South Australia declared that "dissentient voices were only as bubbles on the stream of the strong tide of loyalty that flowed from Australia to the President of the Society"; Western Australia and Tasmania were equally pronounced. So that all the States of the Australian Commonwealth voted solid for the resolution, even Mr. Prentice "as a delegate" affirming it, "whatever his private opinions might be". One lady who had heard Mrs. Besant speak in the Hall of Science, London, in Charles Bradlaugh's day, expressed the supremest admiration for Mrs. Besant, and her "disgust" with the letter, but beyond that the general feeling was one of positive declaration of confidence in the President of the T. S., rather than denunciation of any critic, thereby preserving the element of harmony in which the Congress had commenced.

Doubtless Mr. Prentice has given of his best, as he claims, to teach Theosophy. But when he protests that he is "loyal to the core," and in the next breath ushers yourself into an unholy trinity with the German Emperor and Judas Iacariot; when he admits the truth of your teaching that War is a factor in the evolution of the human race, and then accuses you of inflaming the passions and stirring up hatred, strife and anger; when he expresses his "infinite regret" that you should have "imperilled and belittled the T. S.," and dragged it into the "dust of conflict," to say nothing of his

absurd and insulting references to Limehouse and Billingsgate language—then it is time to launch a counter protest. Mr. Prentice's bombastic presumption of having to "provide for success of the arms of my people" appears hardly less falsely prophetic than the reproach that you should have betrayed the Son of Man.

Obviously Mr. Prentice's letter is misconceived. Admittedly he is entitled to his own point of view, though I sincerely trust he will change it. The common courtesy and amenities of life, however, demand that when a member of the T. S. addresses the President, who is a lady, he should be a gentleman, and secondly, that he should tell the truth.

Adelaide

J. L. DAVIDGE

TO J. M. M. PRENTICE

When I read your very unseemly outburst in the March number of THE THEOSOPHIST, I could but wonder whether after your "ten years" of spreading the message of Theosophy you had not better turn your thoughts for another ten years to the study of your own character! Where is your charity?

You quote the sayings of the Christ and infer that our President (also the German Emperor) has like Judas Iscariot betrayed Him. Let me draw your attention to another saying of the Master's: *Judge not, that ye be not judged.* Who are you that you should judge a woman who by her life has shown her devotion to the ideal of Right as against Wrong, and has given that life to the helping of the world?

It is true that some of our President's opinions may not be ours, but are we to have no freedom of thought? We do not all agree even on questions of Right and Wrong. Many who read the November THEOSOPHIST may have considered what you term a message of "hatred and war" to have been a just condemnation of past events!

Why must your opinion be the right one?

Do not think that I am taking up the cudgels as a personal friend of Mrs. Besant's—no, I have but spoken to her once; I am standing up for the woman whose devotion to the good of mankind is beyond dispute.

You say her language was "but little removed from Billingsgate" and yet I consider it temperate compared with yours.

I am ashamed to think that anyone who has spread the message of Theosophy not without some measure of success should in ten years profit so little by its teachings.

E. C. COOKE-YARBOROUGH, F.T.S.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In recent numbers of THE THEOSOPHIST and *The Adyar Bulletin* there appear articles of prominence by the President of the Theosophical Society, flaying America in most intemperate language for remaining neutral during the present War that is in progress in Europe.

Now as a member of the Society, and a subscriber to and reader of the above papers, I should like to know whether these opinions voiced by the President in the official organs of the Society are to be understood as official utterances of the Theosophical Society, or simply as the opinions of an individual.

In other words, has the Theosophical Society definitely entered politics as part of the British War propaganda, and if so, by what warrant and under what clause of the Society's Constitution, and have the 4,000 or more American members of the Society been consulted?

Or is it that the British head of the Society is airing her disappointment that America declines to be made use of to pull any chestnuts out of the fire? In the latter case, while it may be disgruntling to the British temperament to have a war on one's hands and see another country free from war, still, the more dignified and sportsmanlike attitude would be to stop writhing and anathematizing and just "grin and bear it".

"Ye're makin' an awful poor appearance, Aadam."

MARY V. JONES

A QUESTION

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Will you or any of your learned readers be pleased to enlighten me whether the Palni Hill—the abode of Shri Subrahmanya (Sanaṭ Kumāra)—with its innumerable steps of the slow winding ascent, with eighteen stages and with many a bypath or short-cut to reach the gate of the Holy Temple, has any particular significance? Does it demonstrate the immeasurable distance through which the Soul has to pass gradually in its evolutionary ascent before it reaches the gate of the Outer Court of the Golden Temple where the Lord of the Universe shines with effulgent radiance?

I shall be much obliged if any one will kindly inform me whether my conjecture is correct, and, if not, to explain why the path to the Temple is constructed in flights of steps with eighteen stages.

Arukutty

S. M.

REVIEWS

The Religious Philosophy of Rudolf Eucken, by the Rev. W. Stuart Macgowan, M.A., LL.D. (David Nutt, London. Price 2s. net.)

This little volume gives a brief, lucid exposition of Eucken's philosophy, so far as it deals with his views on religion. The author has been struck with the value of his teachings as an aid to a rational understanding of the Christian Religion which has suffered so much at the hands of unphilosophical, dogmatic exponents, and he hopes that Eucken's message "which is that of Christianity in the form of a philosophy" may carry conviction, "because it is not only a philosophy, but also a life".

The key-note of Chapter I is found in Eucken's sentence: "The future is with Christianity, only there will have to be a transformation of its dogmas." To him "dogma is not sacrosanct, for in form it is of man, and not necessarily of God at all. Revelation from God may be final in the sense that it is of *eternal value*, but human interpretation of Gospel teachings and Gospel facts can never be final. The religious observations and experiences of the past—the *then* relatively best expression of our approximation to the truth—must, with each successive age, perpetually be subject to modification in *form* at least, in order to express, though still of course relatively, the truth as apprehended by the consciousness of the latest modern man".

Chapter II deals with the necessity of having some knowledge of philosophy as part of the scientific theologian's equipment. "The main postulate of the Professor's philosophy is the essential unity of the spiritual life. Knowledge of God comes to us through our senses or means of communication with Him, not solely through the domains of the moral and religious. The Good, the True and the Beautiful are all ways

to God and the student of religious philosophy is only one of those who strive by *every* avenue of perception to realise something of the Divine Image."

Chapter III reviews very briefly some of Eucken's works. Chapter IV defines his relation to other philosophers. The author claims Eucken as a *Christian* philosopher, though the "Euckonian Temple of Idealism has stones and slates quarried from both past and present systems of thought". As Eucken himself says: "Hence, even in the future no *new* Religion will be required; all that is necessary is further development (progressive evolution) within Christianity."

Chapter V closes this very clear and thoughtful booklet with a strong plea for a Religious Philosophy, "for a fusion of the intellectual and cosmic of philosophy with the ethical and personal of Religion. We need for our ancient Faith a restatement of its theology in terms of modern culture values. Here is where Eucken's religious philosophy comes to our assistance. It is positive and definite in the claims it makes for Religion in the wider sense. The culture values of the ages are not soulless, nor only *subjective*; they have a value in universality as well as in particularity".

We may differ from Eucken when he holds that "Christianity is the best (not the final) revelation of the truth as yet accorded to man," but if we take his philosophy as applying to religion in general we find ourselves in agreement with him.

Dr. Macgowan's attempt to familiarise readers with Eucken's religious philosophy will serve a useful purpose. The little book, well got up and printed, can be recommended alike to the clergy and to doubters and agnostics.

A. S.

Reason and Belief, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 1s. net.)

The fact that *Reason and Belief*, first published in 1910, has just gone through its sixth edition, is in itself a sufficient recommendation for this book which purposes to

demonstrate that "a profound substratum of truth underlies ancient doctrines, some of which are actually illustrated and illumined by the progress of science—in its widest sense".

The subject falls into three parts:

Part I deals "with the subject of incarnation in general; it recognises the strange interaction between spirit and matter which enables psychic processes to affect physical nature and leads on to a brief consideration of the momentous Christian doctrine—The Incarnation".

Pre-existence and survival after death, the freedom of the will, the Advent of Christ, the ideal of sacrifice and service, revelation and inspiration, are treated in admirable fashion, the author's conclusions being the result of a lifetime of scientific study.

Part II "furnishes hints and suggestions for the effective treating of the Old Testament in the light of the doctrine of Evolution".

Professor Lodge suggests that "the early parts of the Bible are better adapted to children than to adults, and have a better chance of being effectively understood by children. For in youth an organism passes in rapid and partial fashion through the stages of its ancestry—each individual rapidly retracing the history of its Race—hence whatever was suited to the childhood of the world may be appropriate to an individual child at a certain stage of development. We cannot expect a scientific account of the creation of the world at a time when science did not exist, yet Genesis is a representation of certain truths, that there was gradual development of life on the earth. In the Bible we have to look for progressive Revelation, always taking into account the conditions of the period at which the Bible stories were written".

Regarding the problem of evil the author remarks: "The very fact that the question is asked: Why was evil permitted to exist? is a sign of latent optimism. In a truly pessimistic Universe there would be no problem of evil, there would be a problem of good. If everything is as bad as it can be, how comes it that any happiness exists? We ask why is suffering permitted, and thereby imply that joy is the natural condition of life."

Part III "is of the nature of an Apologia and anticipatory reply to critics"; It grapples very effectively with the problem of insight, of intuition and the use of hypotheses without which science could never have reached its present development, and the volume closes with an appeal to Literature.

The book is interspersed with numerous quotations from writers and poets who have understood the problems dealt with and whose answers, which are not mere poetic fancies, lend charm and weight to it.

This latest edition is especially opportune at a time when the appalling loss of life caused by the great War will surely cause a reaction in favour of religion, will tend to make us think about the problems of life and death and the truths contained in religion, if rightly understood.

A. S.

The Romances of Amosis Ra, by Frederic Thurstan. (Francis Griffiths, London. Price 6s. net.)

The Romances are two: I. *The Coming of Amosis Ra*, II. *The Testing of Amosis Ra*; consisting respectively of three and four books, each of about six or seven chapters. The stories turn upon the divine origin and royal descent of Amosis. Having proved himself by every test to be of divine descent and in possession of divine powers, he is about to be made Pharaoh of the double realm of Egypt, when his earthly parentage is suddenly brought to light. The old Priest of the Temple of Aten knows the parents of Amosis to have been of the blood of the Pharaohs by line direct, but he withholds the knowledge, for Amosis was sent as a messenger to Egypt in accordance with a promise given by the God Yah-veh at a secret conclave of initiates of the Temple, and he must therefore bide the time of Yah-veh. This is the last great test for Amosis and, yearning only to pursue his study of the Divine Wisdom, he renounces his earthly kingdom for the occult path.

The plot is an exceedingly good one and well worked out, but unfortunately the author has not the true art of story-telling. He writes more as a historian than a novelist. His

characters do not live; in fact, it is only when one is well into the book that the strange galaxy of unfamiliar names begin to attach themselves to the respective individuals who bear them. There is little conversation—nothing to give one an intimate touch with the *personae dramatis*. Thus the reading is mostly dry and tedious, and far too long; we would suggest the whole of the first romance, or the first chapters of each romance, being condensed into the form of an introductory chapter.

The book has one clever and artistic touch for those who can appreciate it, and that is the fine line of difference between values for the occultist, or student of Wisdom, and for the ordinary man of the world. The student of Wisdom may appreciate the consummation of the theme, but the ordinary reader will put down the tale with a feeling of disappointment that the hero in whom he has become interested failed to "win his case". The value of so good a theme, involving much careful research, has been effaced by the lengthiness of the tale and the failure to make it living.

D. M. C.

An Iron Will.

The Power of Personality.

The Hour of Opportunity.

By Orison Swett Marden. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price each 1s.)

The three handy volumes we have before us deal respectively with the three essential qualifications for worldly success: first, the will to achieve; secondly, a winning personality, comprising cleanliness, good manners, sympathy and self-forgetfulness; thirdly, the faculty for seizing an opportunity when it arises or, what is perhaps more important, being ever ready for the opportunity. Time must be caught by the forelock, and when the hour of opportunity has flown past there is no winning it back again. The last-named volume is entertaining as well as instructive, giving many little exemplary

anecdotes, whilst *The Power of Personality* gives interesting sidelights on the value of character in transacting business. These practical hints have their roots in spiritual truths, and well is it if we learn these elementary lessons while transacting the business of our everyday life.

D. C.

BOOK NOTICES

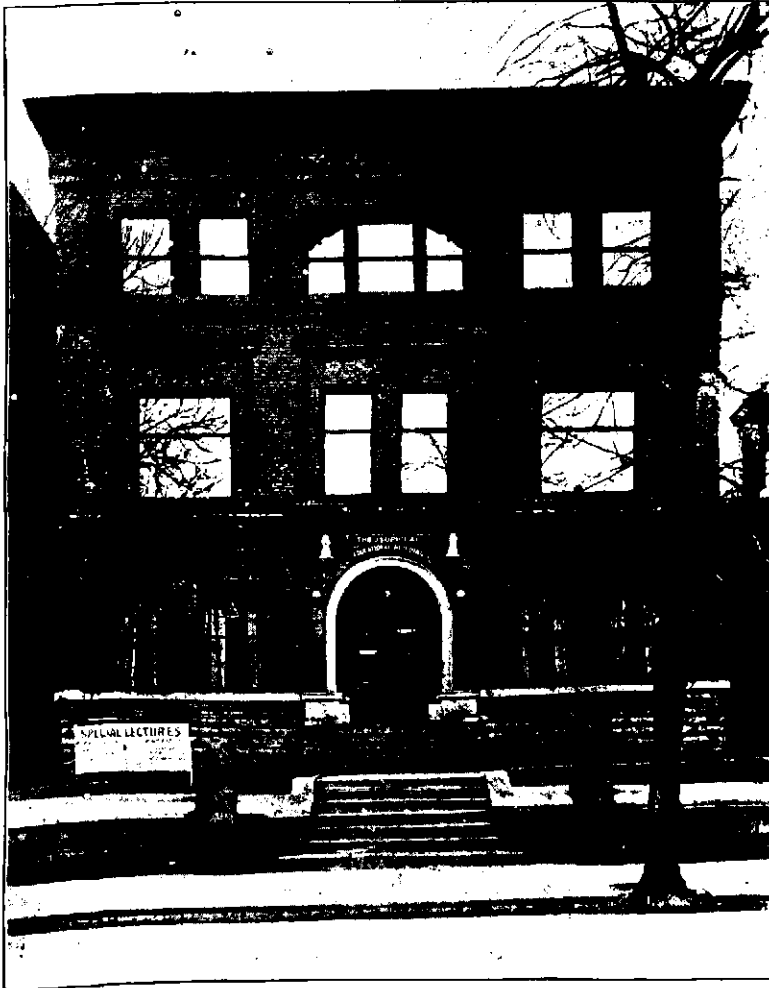
The Great Peace, by James Leith MacBeth Bain. (Theosophical Publishing Society. London.) In the midst of strife and war, this small booklet breathes its message of peace and love, and takes its share in the present struggle by sending thoughts of love and brotherhood to Germany, a valuable part needed to be played by as many as possible in the thought-world. Therefore we hope many will read it and be inspired to do likewise. *The Dream of Dreams, and Other Short Stories*, by P. R. Krishnaswami. (The Kanara Press, Madras. Price Re. 1.) This is a set of simple tales of Indian life, told with a naive and charming sincerity. They give one an insight into the everyday life of the young Indian student.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IN these days of sore distress and tense anxiety, in the midst of a gigantic War, shaking civilisation to its centre, we are verily supremely fortunate who know that our earth is ever encircled by the highest Wisdom and the tenderest Love, and that naught but good can result from the frightful carnage on the battle-fields and the anguish of loss in the homes. Were the world a mere straw, tossed upon the rolling billows of everlasting Time, and blown hither and thither by the stormy winds of purposeless natural forces, then would the outlook indeed be gloomy, and men's hearts might well despair, sinking like stones into an abyss. Western civilisation has been thrown into the melting-pot, and, like many a civilisation before it, its very life is threatened. And for the same reason as in those earlier cases. The civilisation has disregarded the Law of Brotherhood, and the Law, which cannot be broken, shivers that which strives to contravene or to ignore it.

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THEOSOPHICAL EDUCATIONAL BUILDING

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, U.S.A.

(See page 413)

The Law of Brotherhood is the expression of the Unity of the Spirit in a world of differentiation. It is the spiritual Rock on which must be built every house that may endure. And the reason why India has out-lived every civilisation that was contemporary with her, and is still throbbing with life and emulous of progress to-day, is because her first spiritual Teachers built her polity on this Rock, and thus gave it a permanence beyond all others. For her caste system, as originally designed—the system which has become the negation of Brotherhood, and is therefore now breaking up under the action of the very Law that built it—was a perfect expression of Human Brotherhood within a single Nation. Like the human body, Hindū Society was formed with its various organs, co-operating with each other for the health of the whole, all working in harmonious interdependence for the common good. In all castes the Self was seen, equally dwelling, and, as sharers in that one Life, all formed one great family of brothers; but the natural fact was recognised, inevitable in a world in which Evolution is law, that all the brothers, though sharing in one blood, are of different ages, and therefore at different stages of development, suitable for different kinds of work. As in the human body, the head must plan, the hands must execute, the stomach must nourish, the legs must carry, otherwise the body could not live, so in Society. And on that plan the caste system was formed, and mutual love, interdependence and service were its law of life. And because of this India lived on through the ages, and even when the spirit for the most part passed away, the mould was so strong that the national life still flowed into it, and a few kept to the old spirit, and

thus enabled it to linger on. For its true and full working, it needed the help of the Devas—the Angels—guiding souls to rebirth in fit bodies; and while love and service ruled, they guided thus, and the older wiser souls were guided to take birth in Brāhmaṇa families, and the strong executive souls in Kṣhatriya bodies, and the shrewd careful souls in Vaishya bodies, and the souls young in experience in Shūdra bodies, and elder and younger brothers worked happily in the National household, and all did the work they liked best, because most suitable to their type and therefore enjoyable, and thus a mighty fabric was built up, and lasted long.

* * *

But then pride crept in, and pride springs from the root of Hate, and separateness developed, and pride in the older was answered by envy and jealousy in the younger, and the Law of Brotherhood was disregarded. But the system lasted on, despite the seeds of evil in its bosom, and fighting was left to the Kṣhatriyas, and the Vaishya accumulated wealth, and the Shūdra produced it, whatever might be the disturbances round them; and while some Brāhmaṇas grew rich in royal Courts, the mass remained poor and learned paṇḍits and teachers of youth, and guides of elders in religion, morals and philosophy. So India remained wealthy beyond all other Nations, and prospered despite all invasions and all wars.

* * *

But with the decay of caste-duty the steady helping of the Devas failed, and no longer did they guide souls socially but rather individually, and for this and other cognate reasons the value of caste

gradually was lost, and when the Brāhmaṇa trampled on the outcaste, its doom was sealed. Then the western Nations, who cared naught for Brotherhood, came to work out the results of the disregarded Law, and battled with each other for trade, and intrigued against each other for power, and used unbrotherly hatreds for their own profit, and turned the sword of brother against brother, until—as the High Gods saw best—the British triumphed, and from the middle of the 18th century grew strong. And stronger still they grew, and ruled; and they took Brāhmaṇas and turned them into clerks, and Kṣhatriyas they turned into sepoy, and treated all, high and low, as their inferiors, and made a white caste and a coloured caste in India, grinding all the coloured castes together; for the old castes were dead, save in out-of-the-way places; and thus was the Law of Brotherhood avenged.

* * *

But because India has purged her faults by bitter suffering, because for two centuries she has been the wronged and not the wronger, the victim not the oppressor, the spoiled not the despoiler, therefore is she not flung as a Nation into the seething crucible of agony into which Europe is plunged to-day. For Europe has utterly disregarded the Law of Brotherhood, alike in her internal National organisations, and in her relations with other countries. She has colonised, and conquered, and tyrannised, and thought herself the chosen of God, while all the rest of His world was given to her for a prey. In her Nations some grew rich extravagantly, while the masses were miserably poor. The labouring classes shared not in

the comfort, and the beauty, and the splendour which they created, and, as in India, the high poured contempt upon the low. Both outside her borders and within them, she lived as though no Law of Brotherhood existed, as though her own poor might for ever be exploited, and as though the coloured races were given to her for her prey. And so the tears of the weak and the sufferings of the oppressed gathered into a mighty underground stream, and undermined the thrones of Europe, and European civilisation is tottering, and all men see to-day the result of the denial of God in the denial of Brotherhood, and the misery that treads on the heels of successful wrong.

* * *

And some are learning the lesson. Britain has realised, as *The Times* has pointed out, that Germany is only showing in completer form her own past errors, her arrogance, her conquering spirit, her desire for supremacy over all others. In that recognition lies her salvation; and because she and France and Russia had been less wicked than others in their treatment of Asiatics and Africans, in them arose the intuition to fling themselves on the right side in the Continental War. Belgium has expiated the Congo in her ravaged land; and in her Hero-King, who, in his royalty remembered Brotherhood and went among the poor that he might understand and succour, she has the pledge of her redemption. Britain has her opportunity offered of standing on the side of Liberty and Justice in Asia as she is doing in Europe, and her ultimate destiny depends on her renoucal of that blackest crime against Brotherhood, the thought that a coloured skin deprives a man of the right to liberty and self-government in his

own land. As Britain deals with India, so will the High Gods deal with her.

* * *

Out of this Hell of War will arise a New Era, a New Earth. A new civilisation will dawn from the very horror that the older civilisation has brought upon the world. Science shall no more prostitute its genius to the creation of new tortures in the slaying of men, but shall turn it to its rightful purpose—the increase of happiness, leisure and wealth. Competition in trade shall give way to co-operation. Mutual respect shall replace pride and jealousy. Nobleman, gentleman, tradesman, artisan, peasant, are bound in the blood-brotherhood, fighting side by side, and shall remain brothers when Peace shall dawn. So out of misery shall bloom the flower of Joy, and the World-Teacher, coming to a devastated continent shall “make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose”.

* * *

Our readers will note with interest the new Theosophical centre in Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A., of which we give a brief account, illustrated by some photographs. It is a very charming home that has been raised by the devotion of our Kentucky friends, and we trust that the light of Theosophy may spread from it far and wide.

* * *

Over here our Theosophical Educational Trust is doing much good and useful work, though hampered a little in the South by the constant malevolence of the missionaries, who are all-powerful in the Madras Education Department. The High School at Madanapalle was lately approved by the Senate for affiliation as a

College, after a violent attack on Theosophy; then Dr. Nair, my old persecutor, made a spiteful objection, in order to cause delay, and the Senate, according to the rule, appointed a Committee to examine the objection, and the Committee reported unanimously in favour. Now the recommendation of the Senate is being delayed in its passage up to the Governor, who, as Chancellor of the University, has the final granting. The object of the delay is to prevent the affiliation being completed by the beginning of the College year, so that students may be afraid to join—to such depth of meanness do the opponents of Theosophy in South India descend. When we applied for a building grant, we were told that we could not have it until we were affiliated; when we asked for affiliation, we were told that we must first have sufficient buildings! We have succeeded in collecting money enough for buildings, the public contributing; meanwhile the missionary school in the same place is given Rs. 6,000 to build a laboratory, to help it to rival our school, which has a good one. Then we were told we must have our College staff complete, and a number of other exactions were made, beyond those of other Colleges; we have met them all, and gained at last our affiliation. Now that is not allowed to reach the Governor for confirmation, and we have 150 young men waiting to be admitted. This is how Christianity shows itself in South India. The Education Department pours money into missionary institutions—Hindū and Musalmān money, be it noted; the other day, when we had been refused a building grant for a poor school on the ground of “want of funds,” I saw a big grant was given to a S. Patrick’s institution for European boys, as though Europeans

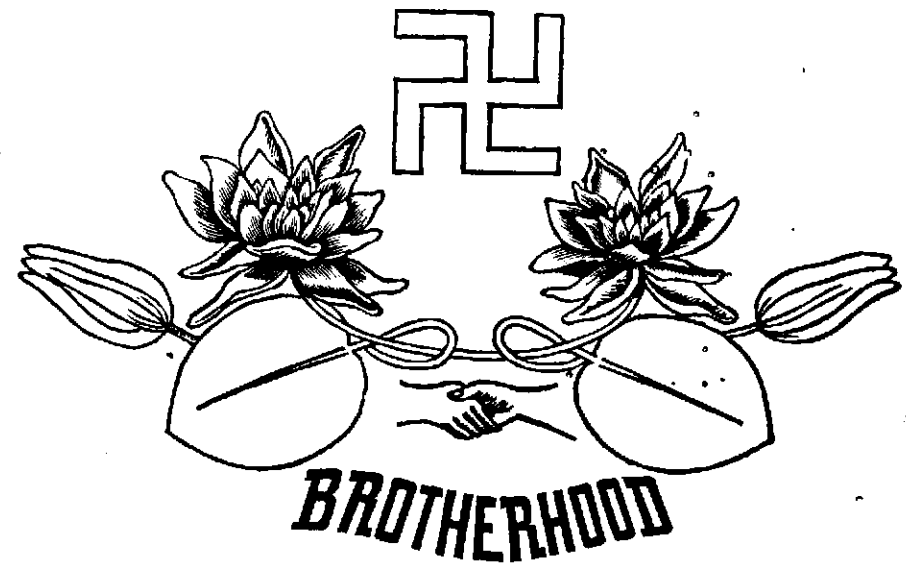
were not rich enough to support their own schools. Such are some of the educational results of an alien Christian Government in India.

* * *

The objection to myself in relation to education is rather comic, in view of the educational work I have done in India, but that was in the North, where missionary influence is negligible. There, in the Act now before the Imperial Legislative Council, establishing a Hindū University, a special clause is inserted, in order that I may be placed in the Governing Body of the University, the only non-Hindū. But in the South, there is so much opposition to my having a place in education at all! It is all very funny.

* * *

A very vigorous effort is being made to strangle higher education here; the examinations for admission to the colleges and for the higher classes within them have been suddenly made so cruelly severe that only 27½ per cent have been allowed to pass into the higher college classes, and only about 10 per cent the examination which admits to the colleges. This again is only in the South. It cannot be supposed that all schools and colleges have become suddenly inefficient, or all boys stupid. And this action is peculiarly cruel in India, where the desire for education is a passion, and is strongest among the poor, for wealth and learning have not gone together in India. Exorbitant fees, examination barbarities, do not stem the rush of pupils. And such a "slaughter of the innocents" as we have had this year fills the air with wailing.



"THE GREATEST OF THESE"

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

By C. W. LEADBEATER

WE have close upon us now the New Year—a time, more or less, of renewing our resolutions. Some of us, fully pledged already to our Masters, do not need to make new ones for ourselves; they are already made. Still, with all our efforts, we may not always succeed in keeping our pledges perfectly, and therefore it is quite a good thing that we, like the rest, should review at the New Year what we have been able to do, and make our resolutions to try to make such pledges a more living reality. So it is surely fitting that we should not allow this week between Christmas and the New Year to pass without self-recollection.

When we decided that we should have this additional meeting, I asked one who stands very near to our

Masters: "What shall I say to them?" and he said: "Well, there is only one thing; talk to them about love." This is the season of love and of goodwill, and we of all others should be showing forth that Christmas spirit of love—not at Christmas only, but all the year round; so it was good advice. We need to try to understand what love really is; we all talk about it freely enough, but there are few outside the absolutely Inner Circle of those who stand close round our Masters, very few, who know what love really is. What passes here in the outer world by that name is only a faint and sullied reflection of the real thing. It is grasping and selfish; it is intermingled with all kinds of desires and other emotions, such as jealousy and pride; it is not the real thing at all, and we should know something of what that real emotion is.

You must not make the mistake, as beginners in Theosophy not infrequently do, of thinking that we who try to follow the Path should have no emotions: assuredly we must have emotions, but we must be careful that we have only those that we definitely choose to have. We must not let our astral body formulate emotions for itself and then run away with us, and sweep us off our feet with them; that is all wrong. But to say we should have *no* emotions would be to make of us monsters instead of men: to make, perhaps, intellectual giants, but men utterly incapable of sympathy, and therefore useless for the Masters' work.

If you will look at the plates in *Man Visible and Invisible*, you will see that the astral body of the savage and even that of the ordinary man are examples of what the astral body ought not to be; they show it formulating its own emotions, some of them very bad,

and sweeping away the ego from his path, and acting entirely without his control. If you will look at the astral body of the developed man you will see that it is an exact mirror of his mental body, and that means that he has emotions, profound and beautiful emotions, *but* he has those which he allows himself to have, and no others. The astral body has become a reflection of the mental; it is a servant instead of a master; and the astral body, like fire and some other things, is a very good servant but a very bad master.

The moment you allow it to take control it spoils everything, but it is an absolutely necessary vehicle for your work, and when under perfect control, it can enable you to reach much which without it you could not reach, because, remember, the astral body corresponds to and is a mirror of the buddhic vehicle, and as the buddhic vehicle is not developed in any of us *yet*, it is only through the astral body that we can obtain touch with the buddhic plane—not through the mind. Through the mind we can obtain touch with the ego; the lower mind can come into contact with the higher mind; but it is through the emotions that we can touch that still higher vehicle. Therefore you need to feel emotions, but you must strictly curb these emotions; you must see that they are of the right kind, and that only those which are of the right kind are allowed to play through you.

So is it with this love, the key-note of which is, as Christ absolutely insisted, that you must forget yourself in that which you love. That ought not to be difficult; but it is. There are many who seem unable to do it; and yet, if the feeling be only strong enough, the result must follow. Remember, this question is one of those with which every one of us will

be faced in the future. When the Lord comes, His gospel will be a gospel of love. He Himself is known as the Lord of Love, of Compassion, of Kindliness; that that is one of the features which must be most prominent in His teaching is stated in this new book by Mr. Jinarajadasa; you will find it laid down very clearly; and remember that Mr. Jinarajadasa is one of those who is on the special line of the World-Teacher, and specially closely linked with Him. He says here:

There is a power that makes for strength, and it is love; in many forms it grows in men's hearts, but with each appearance it brings strength: strength to transmute cruelty into sacrifice, lust into worship, pride into devotion—this love brings. This is the first truth that you and I will teach, in His name.

There is a power that makes all things new, and it is Beauty that is Joy. Love, and you shall see the Beautiful; worship, and you shall be one with Him; serve, and you shall be His Anointed for the salvation of your fellow-men. This is the second truth that you and I will teach, in His name.

There is a power that unifies all, and it is sacrifice. Through action that is sacrifice comes life to love that is strength and to beauty that is joy. This is the way for all to tread, the path the One Lover has made for His Beloved. This is the third truth that you and I will teach, in His name.

Now these words are not only beautiful, as you all have heard, but they are profoundly true; that is precisely what you must do, if you are to take part in the future which is opening before us. All our modes of thought, all our methods, and all our ideas are of the past—all those that come naturally to us; we must learn to live in and for the future, the future which the Lord will make when He shall come, and this Love is the key-note of that future. It is no new teaching; He gave it when He was on earth before; He gave it as Shrī Kṛṣṇa; He gave it as the Christ; and His disciple S. John, following in His steps, preached this also. They insist strongly upon it.

S. Paul has given, perhaps, one of the best definitions of Love in the 13th Chapter of the *First Epistle to the Corinthians*. You can do no better than take that chapter and read it, and see how far your conception of Love agrees with that of that great Apostle and Initiate. Remember how he spoke of it: "Love," he said, "suffereth long and is kind." That is to say, it bears all for the sake of him whom it loves; it never thinks of anything as a trouble or a worry or a difficulty, that can be done for that one. "It suffereth long." He says in another place, "It beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things." So of the loved one, it bears all, whatever may come. Of him it believes all, believes the noblest and the best always, and hopes for the grandest and most magnificent. So it devotes itself wholly and solely to the object of its love; it never thinks of itself at all. He says, "Love seeketh not her own"; it does not even ask for that which well might be expected; or it thinks nothing of itself, but only of him.

That is a beautiful conception—all must see that; but I suppose many people in the outer world would think of it as an impossibility: Well, it is a counsel of perfection, it is Utopian; the outside world would say that there is no one who feels like that. Wait, you who are striving upwards. Wait till you enter into the Inner Arcanum, and you will find that there are those who feel just like that. You will find that the love of our Masters is love such as that, and when you come to the consciousness of the Great Lord of Love Himself, you will find that He loves His world in just exactly that way, never thinking what it thinks of Him, thinking only of what can be done for it. It is wonderful, it is

glorious, but it is true; this attitude can be reached by men, and it has been reached by men; therefore *you* can reach it every one of you. I do not say that you can do it at once—that you can cast aside all your old habits in a moment; you *can* cast them off, but they will come back again and again, because you have established a sort of evil momentum; you have created ruts in which your thought moves, and it is not easy to pull it away out of those in a moment. It is not easy to change yourself, because your habits in these matters are not those of this life only; they have existed for thousands of years, and a habit you have been forming for twenty thousand years takes some changing; but it must be done, and therefore you had better set about it at once; the sooner you begin the better.

When Love is strong enough, you have that attitude even now. You have all heard of the most wonderful self-sacrificing actions performed by those who truly love—by a mother for her child, by a husband for a wife, or a wife for a husband. You know that there are wonderful instances of splendid heroism that seem superhuman; but, after all, those who do these things are men like ourselves, and if they can do them, surely we can do them too. It is only a matter of shaking oneself free from the old fetters and trying to understand, and it is not so difficult. All that S. Paul says, beautiful as it is, glorious as it is, well worth reading as it is, every word of it is already in the heart of any person who really deeply loves. He forgets, he must forget, himself; he can think only of the object of his love; and that being so all the rest follows. All these other qualifications which S. Paul mentions come, if the love be true and pure. It is no use saying that at

our present level we cannot have such a thing; we can and we must.

If I were continuing my regular series of talks, I should be speaking to you of the qualifications which are necessary for Initiation; but of all the qualifications this is the greatest, for it includes all the rest. S. Paul ends his chapter, "And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love," and this is the new gospel. The old one—I mean that of the previous World-Teacher—was the gospel of Wisdom; if ignorance could be dispelled, he said, if man could only know and understand, then evil would be gone. That is perfectly, absolutely true; but this presentation is also true, and this is the presentation of the present day—that when men live as brothers, when they put aside their lack of love, their suspicion and their lack of comprehension, their woodenness and their stupidity, the whole world will be different. When men have learned to trust one another, to live together by common-sense arrangement, instead of every one having to be restricted by law from doing this and doing that, the one great Law of Love will be restriction enough for every man.

It will be a long time before all the world can come to that stage; but it will be longer still if somebody does not begin, and we are precisely the very people whose business it is to be setting that example, for we are awaiting the coming of the Lord of Love. If we are to be His helpers, His disciples, His apostles even, perhaps, when He comes, we must be studying His method already—what we know of it—and this at least we know of it, that Love will be its central feature. At least we can accustom ourselves to that central feature, at least we can begin to live the life which He will

expect us to live, and most certainly the more we live it now, the more we shall prepare ourselves to be His helpers when He comes. If we can permeate ourselves with His spirit beforehand, that will be an enormous advantage to us in acting as the channels of His grace and His power when He comes. Until then the most we can do is to practise all these virtues, and to try in that way to make ourselves ready.

We must put away all unworthy ideas; it is an insult to the glorious name of Love to use it for the sort of emotion with which many of us are familiar; it is not the right word at all. The real thing is spiritual, truly, beyond the comprehension of many, but glorious beyond all words to tell. Reach, if you can, the buddhic consciousness; touch it even for a moment; you will have to experience it when you reach the period of Initiation. Happy for you if you can attain it before, and so save on that mighty occasion some of the trouble to those who are in charge.

Enter, if you can, into some stage of this higher consciousness; it will be a revelation to you, something you can never forget. The world will never again be the same to you when once you have seen that. Such experience is not for all of us yet, because it means an effort, a stupendous effort—an effort for which few are yet ready. It has been made by some, but only at considerable risk and considerable strain. I have seen a strong man faint in the making of an unsuccessful effort to perform that Yoga; yet there are others to whom it comes naturally and easily. It will come to all of you at one stage or other—most likely first in your meditation some time. It may be by a definite effort, it may be simply in the course of the evolution

of your power of meditation that it will come to you, and then you will know.

Until then you must simply imagine this higher love; but get as near to it as you can; try to see, at least, that not even the tiniest tainting speck of selfishness shall remain in your emotion, that you live only for the object of your love. Pour out your love upon our Masters; there indeed there can be no selfishness, for you cannot be wondering what They feel for you, or what They can do for you; you know that beforehand. You know that when the pupil is ready the Master is ready also, and that Their love is as wide as the sea. The only limitation and difficulties are those which we make ourselves; there is no difficulty on Their side, no limitation to Their power of affection.

S. Paul said: "Love envieth not." It is rare to find that sort of love, the love which envieth not, which vaunteth not itself, which is not puffed up; those are among his definitions. However splendid may be the achievement of one whom we love, we feel only the purest pleasure in it, never the least touch of envy; and if in some way we can do something which the loved one cannot, we do not boast about it, we are not puffed up about it; we think only of his feelings, and never of ours. It is all so simple if you always keep in mind the key-note of unselfishness; but failing that key-note everything goes wrong; that is inevitable. "It is not easily provoked," he says, "and it thinketh no evil."

There is a great deal in that. It is not easily provoked; you know how difficult it is to live through all the little strains of ordinary life, and not to be annoyed; it is almost impossible for the average man. Even for the more developed it is very hard, and that

for many reasons. First, as I have said, we have a habit of irritability which we have been industriously cultivating for many thousands of years; that has to be conquered. Secondly, we are living in an age of great nervous strain, such as the world has never known before until now; consequently our nerves are all out of tune, most especially those of us who have to live in big cities, and so it is exceedingly difficult to preserve an even balance all the way through; still, we must try. It is, I admit, an almost superhuman thing to expect, but at least we must try. We are attempting what no one else has essayed; all who have striven to live the spiritual life, as we wish to do, have begun by retiring from the world—by living in the jungle, becoming hermits, or living in a monastery among monks, so that they may either be free from all other vibrations or surrounded by vibrations which shall be entirely harmonious. We are, so far as I know, the first people who have made an attempt to lead this higher life without in any sense retiring from the world, living in the midst of it—in the midst of what may be called a very aggravated form of it.

It is true there have been great cities in times of old; Rome was huge; Babylon was a great city; the City of the Golden Gate in Atlantis was enormous also, but at least there was not the pressure then that there is now. I have looked back, in the course of clairvoyant investigation of various sorts, at a large number of the older civilisations; some of them were far from good, some of them were distinctly evil, for there was much of unpleasant magic: some on the other hand were magnificent, were our own equals in most respects; but at any rate there never was one of them that I have

seen, where we had so terrible a hurry and pressure as we have now. It all comes from our new methods of communication, from our railways and our steamers, our electric telegraphs and daily papers; all these things tend towards hurry.

All that has its good side; it is teaching us to crowd into a short time a vast amount of concentrated work, and to manage many different things at once; it is not without its benefit; but in the meantime it is wrecking the health and the constitutions of many people, and it distinctly makes all spiritual progress much harder. It does develop mentality and intellectual power, but it makes anything in the nature of meditation or yoga much more difficult, because the very essence of those things is that one should be quiet, that one should be able to abstract oneself from the world and concentrate on higher things. Meditation can be done; to some extent many are doing it—though without much success in many cases, I know. You need not wonder at your lack of success in meditation—at the fact that other thoughts thrust themselves in, and that it seems to you almost impossible to carry out your meditation perfectly. Only remember, if you succeed under these conditions, you have made a great step—for you are proof against most difficulties that will come in your way. A man who has proved himself a fine Yogi under convenient circumstances, away in a cave or a jungle, might well be thrown off his balance if he had to live in a great city like this; so if you can do your work perfectly under such conditions, you have secured your footing on that pathway of yoga.

What you are trying is a very hard thing; but it assuredly can be done, and if done, it gains much more

for you than the following of the easier way would gain. It is one of our difficulties that our nerves are all strung up by this great rush and activity round us. Some of you may think that you do not take part in it; unfortunately you cannot help doing so to a certain extent; if you are living in the midst of it you must feel it. The vibrations of a million men are all around you; those must be a powerful factor, and you, an individual, setting yourself against such a current as that, will have a heavy piece of work in keeping yourself steady. I say again, it can be done, for it has been done; but to reach this state of which the apostle speaks—the condition incapable of provocation—is always difficult, and it is doubly, trebly difficult under these present conditions. Nevertheless we have to attain to it. As you progress along the Path you have to gain something far higher than that along the same line; the last fetter but one which the Arhat casts off before he attains Adeptship is the possibility of being disturbed by anything whatever. I must say I have looked at that condition with a certain amount of mild envy! But when it is attained there is only one more fetter to be cast off—that of ignorance. To be *perfectly* free from irritability brings us near to the highest, and that is still in the future, but in the meantime we must try to do what we can to follow S. Paul's advice, and aspire to the love which is not easily provoked and which thinketh no evil.

Of course it thinks no evil: how should one think any evil of a loved one? "It rejoiceth not in evil, but rejoiceth in truth." It is popularly said that love is blind: I suppose there is such a love, but I know there is a later stage which is preternaturally keen—which

expects far more than the ordinary from the object of love in the way of achievement and of behaviour—which sets a high standard just because of the love it bears—or love which is quite the reverse of blind; perhaps this is a reaction from the other. The perfect love will be neither of these; it will have passed beyond them both, and it will judge of everything just as it is, without fear and without favour, knowing well that nothing whatever that the loved one could do would change or alienate the love. This feeling of love does not depend upon the character of the person loved at all: if you love a person, you love him, and whatever he may do will not affect your love; it may cause you pain if he does evil, because you love him; it may cause you sorrow and suffering; but it cannot affect your love. That again is a thing which people do not seem to understand. "How can I love a person who has treated me in such and such a way?" they say. Do not you see that his treatment has nothing to do with it? True love is not between personality and personality; it is between ego and ego—perhaps between monad and monad: how do we know? we know so little yet of those stupendous heights, but at least we see that it is absolutely independent of what is done by the loved one.

Such love can be felt by man; I know that myself, because I have seen it; because we see it in the Great Ones and we see it in Their disciples. A beautiful and a wonderful thing it is to see. This kind of love, it is said, "never faileth". This is S. Paul's final characterisation of it; it never faileth whatever happens; whatever is done, it is still the same, the one unchangeable thing in this changeable world. Changeless,

because love is God. "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." It is by this fact, says an apostle again, that "we know that we have passed from death into life, because we love". Not only is it a most important factor in life—it is life itself. It is the life of God in man, for God is love.

We do not perhaps think of all that that means; if we love, God dwelleth in us and His life is perfected in us. That is an idea that I should like you, if it may be, to take away with you—that if you are happy enough to feel the true, the glorious love, it is not *you* who love, but God who loveth in you. It is the life of the LOGOS Himself; and in the proportion in which that life pulsates through you, in that proportion may you pour it out as love to your fellow-men. Again, it is said in the Christian Scripture: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" If you wish to show forth the power of God, you can do it only by absorbing into yourself the love of God, and pouring it out again upon all these others. You must be His almoner in this greatest of all charities, the pouring out of His love; that is the true Christmas thought; that is the birth of the Christ within us; and surely there can be no better New Year resolve than to carry that with us all through the year, and to show that because we love God, and because we are thankful to Him, we show forth in our daily lives the love for our brothers which is the mark of our unity with Him.

C. W. Leadbeater

HAMMER AND ANVIL

THE MAKERS OF REVOLUTIONS

By L. HADEN GUEST

(Concluded from p. 225)

ACCORDING to this theory, physical heredity has to account for the physical body man uses, but the mental and moral qualities belong to the man himself; he brings these with him, (expressed in finer matter, matter of a kind beyond the physical) as the result of his past experiences of life. Thus we have, so to speak, two lines of heredity. The heredity of the body into which a man is born; and the heredity of the Man himself which he brings with him. The personality we know as a human being expresses in the world the combination of both lines of evolution, physical and superphysical. And it is, of course, conceivable that the physical body may not be well adapted to express the consciousness of the man clothed in its garment of superphysical matter. In fact, experiments in hypnotism, by revealing powers of sense-perception and of mind unsuspected as a rule, show clearly that the body does not express more than a small part of the consciousness of the man using it.

If we apply the reincarnation theory to particular cases, it certainly gives an easy explanation. Take the case of musical prodigies. How do they arise? In

musical families frequently, but in mediocre musical families as a rule. Whence the genius? How is it that the young child is able to show himself an accomplished musician? Because he is an accomplished musician who has done the work of study and practice in previous existences. He is born in a musical family in order to secure the advantage of a physical instrument musically useful. But the physical heredity ends there. Similarly the mathematical, philosophical and scientific prodigies are those who have studied before.

DIFFERENCES IN MENTAL CAPACITY

But apart from prodigies, all the differences among men in ordinary life are more easily explained by this reincarnation theory than by any other, ordinary differences in mental capacity and in mental tastes, for instance. People brought up in the same environment, coming from similar homes and educated at the same school, develop in quite different ways. One is keenly interested in art, but cannot make any progress with science; another is all on fire for science, but regards art as sentimentality. One is attracted to the study of some special branch of knowledge and gets hold of it in a very limited period; another equally hard-working must slave for years to acquire the rudiments.

The differences are not only differences of the body, but of the consciousness behind the body, and are to be explained as the expression of the particular line of interest or of thinking which has attracted the man over a series of lives. The man interested in scientific work life after life has science in him and can easily "tune up" his new body to respond to considerations of scientific

interest. His brain not only takes in from outside but is worked on from inside, and so learns quickly and well.

What is learned easily, what interests a man, is that which he has already within him. The process of learning is then a process of "tuning up" the body, of bringing the brain into touch with the memory of the consciousness behind. The knowledge, the memory, within is called out by the study of books, or hearing of lectures, or experience of life. And this is the function of all things in the physical world, first to present to the man all kinds of possible sensations, experiences and thoughts, so that those within him may be called out by responding to their like in the outer world, and secondly, to help on the man, the inner consciousness, to further experience and to the further expansion of powers already gained.

DIFFERENCES IN MORAL CAPACITY

This is seen particularly well with regard to moral qualities. Whence the differences among men? Take two children detected in a lie, and let it be put to them that lying is objectionable, against the order of civilised life, the destroyer of confidence, or in any other way indicating its moral undesirability. One child sees at once what is meant, understands the value of truth, because the proclamation of the idea to his brain wakes up the memory of the man, enables it to "tune up" the brain and a step forward is made. Not so the other child, who will argue that so and so lies, that Mr. Thingummy told such and such a lie, that this or that lying practice is common, and who is not impressed, because not yet is the ideal of truth stamped into the inner

consciousness—the lesson has still to be learned. The same with cruelty, the same with the many kinds and disguises of the attraction of sex; the one man chooses simply and clearly, he has learned his lesson in other lives; the other is torn and tossed hither and thither—he has yet to learn. Such, in brief outline, is the theory of reincarnation and the explanation it offers of some of the most insistent problems of life.

THE LAW OF JUSTICE

It will be readily seen that if the theory of spiritual evolution, as outlined herein, be true, then the causes at work in human existence are only to a small extent the physical causes studied by the chemist, physicist and biologist. Indeed, we know, apart from any theory, that in individual life and in the life of nations and of civilisation as a whole, the causes which have to do with the feelings, passions or desires and the causes which have to do with thought, are the most potent of all causes. Materialistic philosophy traces back feelings and emotions to modifications of physical matter; the more widely embracing philosophy, usually known as Theosophy, of which the theory of spiritual evolution is a part, postulates the existence of matter finer than the physical in which thought and feeling have their form expression. From the Theosophical standpoint, therefore, the world is a much bigger and more complicated mechanism, and the results we see in the world are the results of the interaction of forces acting on both physical and superphysical matter.

That is to say that the conditions of a man's life, for instance, are not only caused by forces

acting in the physical world, but also by forces acting in the world in which thought and feeling more readily express themselves. In a sense this is a commonplace, but the Theosophical theory enables one to see how dominantly important thought and feeling may be. Every one recognises that a violent temper is a handicap in life, but think of this violent temper not only as being a handicap on the occasions when it is physically obvious, but always a handicap because it prevents the smooth and satisfactory working of the superphysical part of man. And also, the bad temper being primarily a sort of explosion in superphysical matter, sends out waves of force in all directions, whenever it is in evidence, which affect other people and predispose them to bad temper and to acts of violence. If those people are around the man, talking or discussing with him, the bad temper he arouses in them will react on him at once either through blows or words, or (if physical manifestation is suppressed) in a return wave of anger in superphysical matter, still further deranging him. This is by no means a matter of speculation merely, it is an every-day experience. Every one who is at all sensitive to outside impressions, and who has attended a meeting or a conference, when feeling has "run high" will remember how he felt "in the air" something electric, something that made him quiver. The usual explanation of this is that similar events excite men in the same way and that they sympathetically work themselves up into a condition where the "electric tension" is felt. But we know as a matter of fact that a meeting, or a crowd, is not a mere addition of units; the units to a certain extent fuse, and the power, the humour, or the anger, of a crowd is not only different

from the added power, humour or anger, of the individuals, but greater than this addition. When two flames are brought near to each other, the resulting heat is more than the sum of the separate heats; the invisible heat rays, or heat vibrations, of each flame call out more from the other. The same with emotions and feelings at a meeting; the emotion or feeling vibration of each calls out more from every other. The sum of the vibrations is greater than the addition of the units. And it is because every man has in him matter of the superphysical kind that he can feel the "electric tension" of a meeting, the "feel" of audiences (a thing so well-known to every speaker), and it is largely this capacity of response (directly) to feeling and thought vibrations, which attracts us to, or repels us from, individuals whom we meet.

Man, then, according to Theosophical theories, is living in a world played on by physical forces acting through physical matter, and by forces of thought and feeling acting through superphysical matter; and the chain of cause and effect is as continuous in the superphysical as in the physical worlds. In the physical world we look on the process of evolution as the continuous production of forms, the one growing out of the other, causes and effects following in an unbroken sequence. In the superphysical world, the world of thought and feeling, the same unbroken chain of causes and effects is found; the thoughts and feelings of the man grow out of those of the child, the thoughts and feelings of the nation to-day grow out of what it has been in the years and centuries that are past.

The theory of spiritual evolution, however, means more than this, for it implies that the real man, existing in a form of superphysical matter, is

a continuing consciousness, existing from the beginning of the human stage of spiritual evolution until the end, when the man enters upon a new chapter of the unfolding of life. Therefore the chain of causes acting in superphysical matter, has been acting on the consciousness which is man continuously since the beginning of his evolution. That is to say that not only is the thought of the man founded on that of the child, but the powers and capacities of the grown up soul—the saint or the genius—are founded upon those of the child soul such as the primitive savage.

To understand a man's body aright you must think of it as the product of an evolutionary process; to think of a man's feeling, mind and spirit aright you must think of them as the result of an unbroken evolutionary process stretching over millions of years and hundreds of separate births into physical bodies. All causes which have acted in the past may still be producing results in the present. The why and the wherefore of man's life, therefore, is to be understood by remembering that he is the product not only of the physical causes which mould his physical environment (including those which mould his own body), but also of the much more powerful feeling and thought causes which, to a very large extent, he moulds himself. And man is master of his fate, for although he cannot escape from the trammels of the past, he is free to build his future thought and emotion world and this will react on the physical and mould that too. The man who himself is free, no bars can imprison, no misfortunes overwhelm.

We look, then, for the explanation of man's life not to physical causes alone, but to the interaction of causes working in physical matter, and those of thought

and feeling, working in superphysical matter. And we find that out of the apparent tangle certain broad outlines of certainty emerge. The purpose of the scheme of evolution, so far as man is concerned, is to enable him to evolve to a condition in which the powers of his being, at present latent, hidden, shall be manifest and realised. Man is to develop by the road of spiritual evolution into Superman. The world is the school of the soul, and the law of learning the simple one that all experiences are offered freely, experiences of good and experiences of evil, with one proviso—that the man who takes the experience pays the price for that experience. Every evil action a man performs sets causes at work in the world of thought and feeling which continue to act and react upon him until once more the balance of nature, which the evil action had upset, is readjusted. And in the process of this readjustment there is suffering, and the consciousness of man looking over a period of lives, sees that the evil action has caused the suffering and learns by experience to do well. Every "good" experience a man enjoys brings in its train happiness, peace, fullness of life, and here too the soul learns. There is no accident in life, all is the result of law.

Take a broad sweep of thought and think of the whole mass of the many million human forms at any one time, as the days' representatives of the eternally changing garment of humanity. There it is Chinese, Indian, Tibetan; here it is Negro, Italian, English. But it is all part of one great garment of flesh that humanity as a whole puts on; it is the great Body in which humanity incarnates. Some parts of that garment are dragged in the dust, are fouled with noxious vices, are debauched

with cruel lusts; some parts of that garment are exalted to the high heavens and strain to take and touch the immortal stars. But all are parts of one thing.

Now think of the million souls of men, at all stages of development, with all kinds of possibilities; some have striven hard in the past to overcome the "sins of the flesh," some have idled and given way, some have battled on the fields of mind, and some have tamely accepted the stamp of the popular and commonplace; some have striven for a morality based on the realisation of spirit, some have pandered to low appetites; some have thought much, others little, some felt deeply others vaguely only. Of all the million souls in which the soul of humanity is expressed there are all these differences. And the garment of the flesh of humanity and the garment of the mind and feelings of humanity (the garment of the soul of humanity) have to be brought together. How must it be done? Inevitably according to law. Each individual is, however slowly, striving toward a greater life and he will have allotted to him, so to speak, that portion of the garment of humanity's flesh which is the nearest to what he needs. Remember the physical social conditions on earth are very strictly limited in their variety. A man may be fit for a very much finer garment of flesh than the body he obtains, but if this be the nearest to his requirements possible, it is the only one he can have. The demoralised slum-dweller may be capable of benefitting by a very much superior body than he gets, but humanity does not provide it. He must take the best there is.

Absolutely invariable law rules, absolute justice rules all the conditions of life, but it is ours to change, ours to build better in the future, ours to grow

into a greater realisation of our oneness in humanity's body and in humanity's soul, and realising this unity, to make clean, fine and healthy all parts of that body, noble, clear-minded and spiritually-aspiring that soul. The body of Man is as the causes of the first have made it, the soul is as the causes in the past have made it too. But the future is with us and we can do with the future what we will. The body of the slums we have made and the mind of the slums, the body of the rich and the mind of the rich. The way of change is by growth, by evolution. The body of humanity and the soul of humanity can only change by knowledge. Let us apply the knowledge we have, lay the foundations secure, make the body we need, make the soul we desire, for we are humanity and can do as we wish, if we but dare to will the means.

The War is forcing us to face the realities of life and of man's nature—and our response to this outward compulsion is a fine way of living in which courage, service and lives in sacrifice are poured out for the Empire. Can we live as finely in Peace as now we are living in War? Only by facing realities and living in the greater way the policy of which we have now proved. But in Peace there is no outer compulsion. We must live finely in Peace of our own will and that effort can only be founded on knowledge. If we are to cast aside materialism and choose the life of spirit, we must know and act on that knowledge. There is the great choice to be made: Are we for materialism or are we for the philosophy of Spirit? We must choose—the War makes the conflict concrete before our eyes—and live according to our choice.

L. Haden Guest

THE CITY OF SOPHIA

By NINA DE GERNET

Russia is a church, a holy place where the Western can smooth out his ruffled mind. . .

Undiscovered Russia—GRAHAM

TO judge a man—or a people—you have to take them at their highest. Thus only can you judge rightly. Even then human frailty will allow room enough for criticism.

Now, the French say truly: "The future is formed by the past." In the traditions and the movements of the past of a nation you may foresee the shadow of its future, as if it were a double-faced Unity.

Many have been the travellers from foreign lands, who have gone over Russia's realm and described it. Many have depicted the holy cities of Kief and of Moscow, these former heads of Northern and Southern Russia, very like Memphis and Thebes over Lower and Upper Egypt. But few, if any, have spoken of the heart and head of ancient Russian freedom, the chief of the North-Russian Republics: Novgorod the Great. And yet, while Moscow has largely "improved" on European lines and its shrine of the Tversky Madonna, Russia's Holy of Holies, at the Kremlin gate, is about the only place of worship which no Russian passes without

kneeling or praying to the Ikon inside—be he ever so “European”—(indeed the thought strikes one that this must be the abode of the Deva of the Race)—Novgorod remains still, as a thousand years ago, the City of Sophia. Still, as in the oldest chronicles, “Novgorod is where S. Sophia is”.

Almost a thousand years it is—the whole span of Russia’s young life—that Russia’s greatest ruler, Yaroslav the Wise, Grand Duke of Kief, having been formerly one of the elected princes of the Novgorod Republic, sent his most beloved son to rule there in his stead—so far as Novgorod allowed itself to be ruled—and erected there the first shrine of “Sophia, the Divine Wisdom,” a sister church to the Sophia of Kief. When the first church was built, a sign appeared over it in the skies, frightening very much the people of the city. The temple was struck by lightning later on—a symbol, maybe, of the impending loss of Novgorod’s freedom—but was rebuilt at once. It stands, still the centre of Novgorod’s thoughts, one of the most revered shrines of Russia, the only temple holding the Image of the Angel of Wisdom.

Novgorod stands near the lake Ilmen and the Valdai hills, the cradle of the Volga—the Russian Nile—on the rapid and tumultuous river of Volchow, which saw all its fights for freedom or for supremacy with Moscow, with the Tatars, with its own citizens too! It is divided into two parts and to reach S. Sophia in the Kremlin, one has to pass the old bridge from the “civil” town to what was the holy part of Novgorod. On that bridge an ancient cross, wreathed with legends, still lifts its arms as if to bar the way to things of the earth earthly.

And then the domes of Sophia begin to grow, and in the heart of the Kremlin the cathedral becomes visible.

To reach Novgorod, especially in summer, the traveller had to go down the river amidst green silence, domes on domes of white convents guiding the way to Sophia. Now he faces her simple, silent, white walls, and some echo of the Slavonic past goes through him. It is the heir of Arcona, this silent temple in the quiet city. The walls have no longer the red rose tints of the pagan sanctuary, the tints of the Love Supreme. But within radiates a light that spreads on and on, and maybe gives, thousands of miles away, at the Volga’s Delta the colour of the mystic Rose to the lotus-flowers dreaming on its waves, flowers born of the Wisdom.

The Image of Sophia, the Divine Wisdom, is one of the most ancient of Russia. It is now all plastered with precious metals and stones, but reproductions of it exist where the central figure is fully seen, the Image of a Youth, an Angel with “Wings of Flame,” seated on a throne and overshadowed by a Christ—with hands uplifted to bless him. On his right stands the Virgin Mother of the World, with head bowed in reverence, and on the left a Saint stepping forward as if to proclaim the glad tidings.

The Image is not on the High Altar, yet it is the centre of worship to all pilgrims, for all Russia knows whose hand placed it there, when and how. The altar has, like most churches, five planes, so to say; five rows of holy images, one rising above the other, and high above a Dove spreading its wings in space, the sacred Dove of the Slavs—for throughout orthodox Slavia no dove may be killed, under heavy penalty—

the reincarnation of Ilamayun, the Bird of Wisdom sacred to the Pagan Slavia of old.

On the north door of the altar shines out an Image still more curious—the Ikon of holy Prince Jasaphat, who is none other than the Prince Siddhārtha, the Buddha!

The beautiful and sacred legend of the Lord of Compassion has sunk so deeply into Slavia's soul, that her mystic legends have made Him one of our Saints. Slavia believes Him to have been a Hindū Prince "converted" to the "Christian" ideals (before Christ) by a monk travelling in India. And she worships Him there, at the side of the ever young Incarnation of the Wisdom.

Facing it are the two high seats of the Tsar and of the Chief of the Church, with low barriers enriched by holy images, one of them again that of Prince Jasaphat.

Then, by the "Silver Door" one goes out and a new image fixes the eyes—the stormy Volchon river; the "eternal silence" of Russia broods over this city, so busy of old, transacting indeed business with all the world then known. The two opposites are personified by Russia herself. Stormy was the course of the Slav Falcon throughout the history of the fierce Republic. The more astounding would be the quiet, entire resignation to its fate of conquered Novgorod when Moscow set her imperious foot on its liberties, if it were not for the spirit which shone in the deeper resignation of an older race of the same breed, of whom Novgorod knew nothing, though in touch with its descendants from Venice—with a people who also call themselves Rus, whom Europe knows as Etruria.

The deep faith of olden times saw rightly, clearly that, when a being—youth or nation—was called to bear

as Palladium the Flag of some great cause and to be the herald of victory to his land or to his race—his hands had to be pure, his life had to be sacrificed. When not killed in the struggle he had to go into the silence of the convent walls for the rest of his days. If a nation, carrying to the world the first gleams of a new truth, a new aspect of truth, the sparkling, radiant wave had to die and be engulfed—

The main coming in.

It is but the falling open of the lotus leaves which hide the Jewel inside.

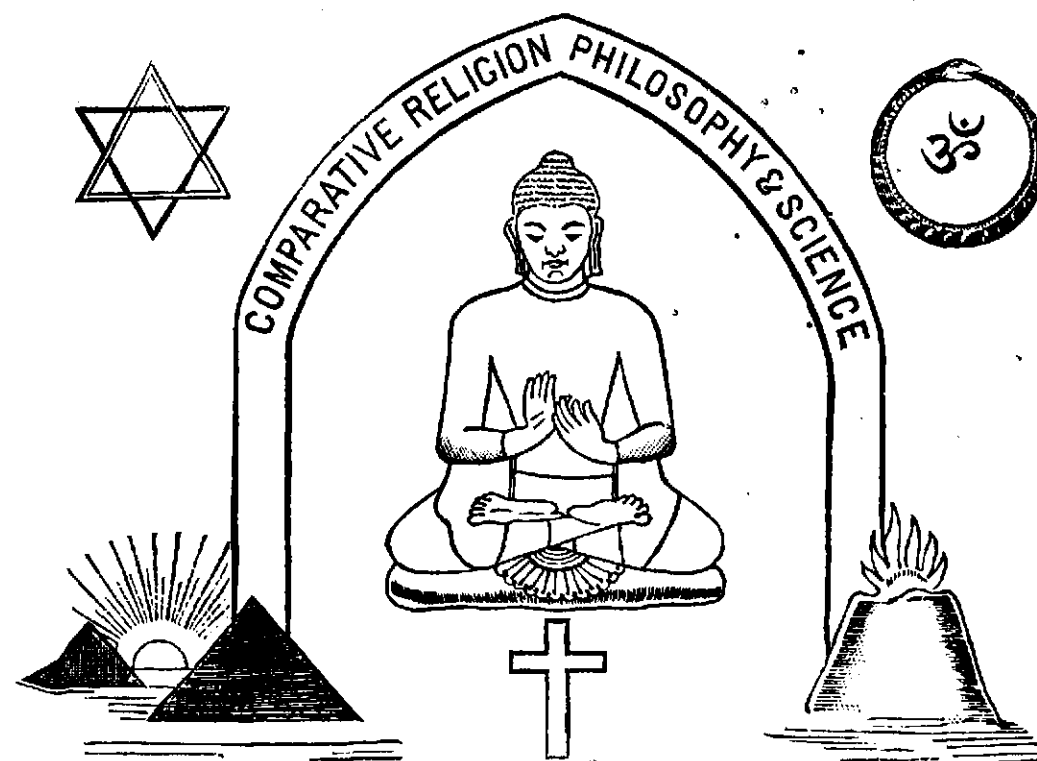
Novgorod guarded for Russia the cult of the Wisdom. The wild delight of adventure and lawlessness stopped ever at the threshold of the great temple. Here Bishop Lukas Jidiata, one of its first high priests, preached the Inner Law; here, too, a young Prince of Yaroslav's race, was brought to die as a Saint. Hither high and low, old and young, now flock at all solemn hours of the Nation's life, and the monument of Russia's first thousand years is reared under its shadow. Freedom of the body and surrender of the soul clashed; the hand of fate pressed the free city under the yoke of rigid, religious Moscow, and the Republic died. But Sophia lives. The wings of flame are still outspread, awaiting the Hour that comes, and under the gentle gaze of Him on the north door, all fear of the Divine Reality that is near, nearer, ever nearer, all fear ceases.

When the first silver streak of light touches the sky and in the hush of morn, on higher planes, the Mass of Dawn goes on, before the soundless sound awakens all Nature and greets the coming forth of Day—there is one second when the one white Note contains all heaven and all earth and all the "impossible

dreams" of genius; the symphony of the Universe and Ceugant,¹ the Inaccessible Realm, opens, for life is ever a Rule of Three with the X of the Great Abyss to conquer. And this is the Root of Music, beyond thought and beyond number that only guides sound.

Yet the legends of Russia ever tell us that the Abyss has a Path to ever receding shores,² and the music of Russia, the very core of its soul, sounds forth that all-pervading, all-irradiating Note that the Morning Star knows, and the high Deva who dwells in the Holy of Holies in that land of silence, in the shrine of Sophia.

Nina de Gernet



SHRI DASBODH—A STUDY

By M. V. KIBE

SHRI Ramdas, the author of the *Dasa Bodh*, is known in history as the spiritual preceptor of Shivaji, the founder of the Maratha Empire in the seventeenth century. Among the many religious teachers who flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the Maratha country, Ramdas holds a unique place. Although evidence has now accumulated to show that

¹ Druids.

² When Dawn rises dew-drops glitter over the Earth, in the Depth the eternal atoms, the future Logoi, the Path of the Gods.

Shivaji was inspired with the idea of establishing a Hindū Empire quite independently of Ramdas, whose acquaintance he made at a much advanced period in his career, yet Shivaji, as a warrior, was as much the hero of his epoch as Ramdas was as an author. Both affected their generation simultaneously and to the same end. Ramdas was found to bear the title of Samarthā, which his contemporaries unanimously bestowed on him and which he himself thus defined: "Samarthā is one who possesses all the best qualities."

Ramdas's principal work is *Shri Dasbodh*—advice to a disciple, or advice of Das, i.e., Ramdas. Not unlike the *Bhagavad-Gītā* in many other respects, it is a didactic work. In both, philosophy is made subservient to action in life, in which respect they both stand apart from their contemporary productions. It is claimed for the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* that they are both based on the Upaniṣhats and the older authorities on the subject of philosophy. Of the former it is said:

The Upaniṣhats are cows; the cowherd's son, that is Kṛṣṇa, is the milker; Pṛthā's son, that is Arjuna, is the calf; the wise man is the drinker; and the nectar-like *Gītā* is the excellent milk.

As regards the *Dasbodh*, the author himself enumerates the several works consulted by him and affirms that they bear out his statements. But both the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* have their own doctrines to preach. The author of the *Gītā* identifies himself with the Supreme Self, while Ramdas appeals to his own experiences which, he avers, are capable of being undergone by others. Not only does he base his advice on authority, but he attaches due importance to perception.

Shri Dasbodh is a voluminous work written in simple Marathi of the time. It is in the form of a discourse

between a disciple and his preceptor. It consists of twenty chapters each containing ten sections. The first eight chapters expound philosophy, and the rest discuss the doctrines, as well as lay down rules for guidance in life. It is said that the work was being composed for fifteen years. A literary association of Dhulia, in the Bombay Presidency, which has undertaken to publish the works of Shri Ramdas, brought out some years back an excellent edition of *Dasbodh*, copied from the original manuscript which was dictated and revised by the author himself. Besides a suggestive preface, written by the learned publisher, Mr. Shankar Shrikrishna Deo, B.A., LL.B., copious notes are given on difficult words and passages in the text. In doing the latter, he had the advantage of the help of devotees and scholars who have had meanings and explanations handed down to them for generations. All these circumstances make the edition externally as valuable as the importance of the contents of the work would justify.

The philosophy preached in the *Dasbodh* follows the general trend of what goes by the name of Advaita. For instance:

The universe appears to be in Brahman, which is in the former. By getting experience [knowledge], it can be felt a little (7-4-16).

There are, according to the *Dasbodh*, four kinds or degrees of salvation, viz., (1) being with, (2) obtaining the form of, (3) being near, and (4) being one with the Supreme Soul or Brahman. Ramdas condemns the three former, as presupposing a personality, which is bound to disappear with the universe, and holds the last as the goal to be reached.

Ramdas's final state of liberation is subtler than that preached in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. In its fifteenth

discourse, having spoken of the Banyan tree of the world, Shri Kṛṣṇa says :

Having cut asunder this firm-rooted "Ashwattha" with the strong sword of dispassion, there is that goal to be sought for, whither, having gone, none returns again. One goes to that Primal Puruṣha, whence the ancient energy streamed forth. Free from pride and delusion, with the evil of attachment conquered, ever living in the spirit, their desires completely turned away, liberated from the pairs of opposites, known as pleasure and pain, the wise reach that eternal goal. That the sun illuminates not, nor the moon, nor fire—that blessed abode of Mine to which having gone, none returns.

The goal described here presupposes the existence of an Ādya Puruṣh. Ramdas affirms :

Devotion to one with attributes wavers, but faith in Brahman is firm.

The way to know this fully is through a true Guru, that is to say, one who has attained the goal himself. Ramdas, therefore, believes in renunciation, *i.e.*, oneself becoming free from passion, etc., knowing the vanity of this world, nay, the instability of this universe. Therefore he advises :

He, who wants to be happy, should be devoted to God and should sever his connection with all his people, who are the root of all grief (3-10-63).

Again :

We have neither seen nor heard that anybody has received happiness by attachment to the worldly life (4-3-109).

Therefore "one should give up the worldly life".

In spite of this obvious teaching the *Dasbodh* contains admonitions for not giving up the worldly life, at any rate for some time :

One should lead an efficient worldly life first and then follow the path of the goal (12-1-1).

And yet more strongly :

If you will follow the goal, leaving the worldly life, you will come to grief (12-1-2).

Is the latter advice then based on the following reasons ?

If one goes after the goal, without fulfilling the worldly life, then he will not get anything to eat. How then can such a wretch realise the goal ? (12-1-3).

In the *Gītā*, too, when Arjuna found a similar contradiction between the teachings of Shri Kṛṣṇa, in the Second Discourse, the former was puzzled and demanded an explanation, to which Shri Kṛṣṇa replied :

Nor can anyone, even for an instant, remain really actionless : for helplessly is every one driven to action by the qualities born of nature.

And for another worldly-wise reason, "whatsoever, a great man doeth, that other men also do ; the standard that he setteth up, by that the people go". For such reasons he would advise even the liberated man to follow the ways of the world. For he says :

There is nothing in the three worlds, O Pārtha, that should be done by Me, nor anything unattained that might be attained ; yet I do action. For if I joined not ever in action unwearied, men all around would follow my path.

Moreover, unlike the *Gītā*, the *Dasbodh*, which, as has been already shown, holding the Nirguṇa Bhakti—faith in the Brahman—as the goal, also preaches devotion to Saguna—One with attributes. This contradiction is pointed out in the work itself. The disciple asks :

If knowledge has rendered the visible an illusion, then why should I feel devotion [to God], what do I gain by it ? If there is nothing higher than knowledge, then where is the reason for devotion ? What do people gain by it ? The ultimate goal is Nirguṇa ; Saguna has no place in it, tell me the use of devotion then. You tell me that Saguna is liable to destruction and yet you preach devotion to it. For what, then, should I practise devotion ? (6-7-1-3 & 71).

To these pertinent questions, Shri Ramdas replies in words which are partly a paraphrase of the answer given by Shri Kṛṣṇa to Arjuna, which has been quoted

above. Shri Ramdas, in his characteristic plain and forcible language says :

Properly speaking, tell me the results of knowledge. Tell me whether you are compelled to do anything or not, e.g., obeying the calls of nature. [Moreover] in order to satisfy people, you have to differentiate between yours and others'; then is this knowledge that you should simply give up devotion? By discrimination knowledge becomes illusory (as in the above instance) and everything is not given up. Then what has devotion alone done to deserve desertion? You bow before your master and act like a slave [before him], then please tell me, why do you forsake devotion (6-7-15 & 19).

If these were the only answers which either the *Gītā* or *Dasbodh* furnished for the contradiction in their preaching of renunciation and also a life of action, they would considerably fall from their position as guides of humanity. For these answers are unsatisfactory for several reasons. Writing about the *Gītā*, Pandit Sitanath Tattwabhushan, in his learned discourses on *Krishna and the "Gītā"*, says :

If a liberated man is bound to act for the good of others, though not for his own good, action is essentially involved in liberation and it cannot be said that the liberated man has no duties, that in case he cease from all duties, he incurs no sin and his liberation remains complete.

"I do not know," exclaims the Pandit, "how to exonerate the author of the *Gītā* from this self contradiction." The more worldly-wise answer given by the *Dasbodh* is based on nothing but expediency, which should have no place in a work of pure reason.

That unflinching critic of the sentiments designated by the expression "compromise," Lord Morley, highly condemns any action based on expediency. He beautifully sums up the arguments of the advocates of expediency thus :

The question is whether it is expedient that the more enlightened classes in a community should upon system not

only possess their light in silence, but whether they should openly encourage a doctrine for the less enlightened classes which they do not believe to be true for themselves, while they regard it as indispensably useful in the case of less fortunate people.

Lord Morley specifically notes six arguments, three of which cover the reasons given by the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh*, in support of the above contention and refutes them one by one.

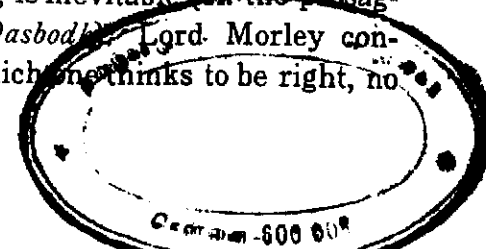
1. That all minds are not open to reason (*Gītā*, Third Discourse and the following four stanzas). The argument is that since all men are not open to reason, in order that they may do right things, the conduct of those who know better may be at variance with their opinions. To this Lord Morley replies that the very cause of the people's not being able to listen is ignorance, which is fostered by erroneous ways of thinking on all subjects. Therefore the remedy is worse than the disease.

2. That a false opinion, considered in relation to the general mental attitude, may be less hurtful than its premature demolition (*Dasbodh*, Third Discourse).

The learned man should not create a diversion in the understandings of the ignorant, who are inclined to outward works. He, by industriously performing all the duties of life, should induce the vulgar to attend to them.

To this Lord Morley replies that apart from the value of making character organic, which is the result of coherency, interdependence and systematisation of opinion and motives, the fact that an error gives birth to another, and so on, it is quite necessary that the original error should be stamped out, regardless of consequences.

3. That a certain thing is inevitable (of the passages quoted above from the *Dasbodh*). Lord Morley contends that in doing that which one thinks to be right, no



account need be taken of the fact that errors in opinion and motive are inevitable elements in human growth, "because," he says, "the inevitable does not coincide with the useful. Pain can be avoided by none of the sons of men, yet the horrible and uncompensated subtraction which it makes from the value and usefulness of human life, is one of the most formidable obstacles to the smoother progress of the world. And as with pain so with error. The moral of our contention," continues his Lordship, "has reference to the temper in which practically we ought to regard false doctrine and ill-directed motive."

4. That a false doctrine may be clothed with good associations, *e. g.*, the doctrines of the Saguna. Lord Morley urges two arguments against the utility of this view. (1) In making false notions the proofs or close associates of true ones, you are exposing the latter to the ruin which awaits the former. As, for instance, if you preach that, Saguna form is to be believed until you are sufficiently advanced to realise the Nirguna you may begin to doubt its existence. How are you to believe in a false thing temporarily? Such an attempt leads the human mind to doubt everything. (2) For all good habits in thought or conduct there are good and real reasons in the nature of things. For all good things there is either a reason inherent in the human nature or an external one. Therefore "the unreal defence must be weaker than the real one and the substitution of a weak for a strong defence, where both are to be had, is not useful but the very opposite".

5. That mere negative truth is not a guide. To this the reply is that to have been deprived of the faith of the old dispensation, is the first condition of

strenuous endeavour after the new, and hence the superiority of even a mere negative truth over a falsehood supporting a right conduct.

6. That error has been a stepping-stone to truth. But how can this prove the utility of error? Ought we not to consider, how much truth has been missed by error, which, as has been already shown, is fissiparous, in its very nature.

The conclusion to which his Lordship leads is "whether, reason or affection" (by which he apparently means devotion) "is to have the empire in the society of the future, when reason may possibly have no more to discover for us in the region of morals and religion, and so will have become *emeritus* and taken a lower place, as of a tutor whose services the family, being now grown up, no longer requires—however this may be, it is at least certain that in the meantime the spiritual life of man needs direction quite as much as force. This direction and light can only be safely procured by the free and vigorous use of intelligence". In the opinion of Lord Morley then, intelligence is sufficient to direct the spiritual life of man, provided it is not trammelled by "a mortal fear lest its conclusions should trouble the soft tranquillity of spirit".

The attitude commended here was taken up by Tukaram, who was almost a contemporary of Ramdas. Speaking of his conduct he says :

Having made intelligence responsible for discriminating between truth and untruth, I did not mind the opinion of the majority.

And elsewhere he says :

He should be worshipped, who acts what he says.

But is intellect alone capable of explaining everything? Since the days of Spinoza, it is only in our own times that European philosophers have tried to discuss this question. Henri Bergson is perhaps the most notable among them. His speculations are akin to those of the Indian Vedānta. He comes to the conclusion that there are other, deeper, more important phenomena which lie beyond the reach of our intellect. They cannot be classified or described by the intellect. They must be *felt*. Rudolf Eucken takes his place by the side of Bergson. He, too, shows the emptiness of the bare intellect. According to him, life and its needs must constitute the test of reality, not the demands of the bare intellect. It is in and through action that we come into direct contact with reality and intelligence has value only as directing action. Unlike the two philosophers, whose views have been just noticed, Friedrich Nietzsche devotes his attention more to the practical application of metaphysics than to its mere speculative side. His views are worthy of some note, as his was a strange personality. He is described as follows :

He abounded in affliction, aspiration, family pride, fortitude, individualism, intelligence, lyricism, melancholy, paradoxes and receptivity. He lacked balance, common sense, humour, modesty, originality, patriotism, and sympathy. He liked aphorisms, chloral, Dionysus, Greece, long sounding words, music, solitude, strength, the Old Testament and war. He disliked alcohol, anarchism, anti-semitism, Apollo, constraint, Christianity, the crowd, history, Prussia, romanticism, socialism, specialists, the New Testament, tobacco and women.

It is no wonder that such a personality as is described above, should hold that there is no fixed, changeless eternal reality. According to him "there is no being behind doing, acting, becoming. The doer is only a fictitious addition to the doing; the doing is

all". The Spirit of man, says Nietzsche, passes through three stages, those of the camel, the lion and the child. The first phase is that of a beast of burden. Submissiveness is here the greatest virtue. The next phase is that of a lion. The will to power is predominant in it. The last phase is that of the child, which is Superman. It is easy to identify these three phases with the three guṇas—tamas, rajas, and sattva, respectively—of Indian philosophy. But his Superman, too, cannot be described by the intellect.

It will be seen from the above discussion that scholars who have gone deeper into the subject than Lord Morley, have arrived at the conclusion which coincides with that of the Upanishads and the *Gītā*. According to them, the Supreme Self is beyond the reach of the intellect; for it is that "from which the intellect returns, accompanied by the mind without reaching it". Also, "It is beyond the intellect," says the *Gītā* (Third Discourse, 42). The *Dasbodh*, too, follows this line and expounds it at length.

How, then, that which is beyond the intelligence, is, or is to be, known, is the task to which Indian philosophers, from time immemorial, have set themselves to discover? Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, whom the present Viceroy of India, Lord Hardinge, has rightly called the Poet Laureate of Asia, in a book entitled *Sādhana: The Realisation of Life*, has, in his own inimitable way, beautifully described this and its achievement. The book, which deserves to take its rank above, or at least by the side of, the author's more famous book, *Gītāñjali*, requires to be read in fragments and then again at a sitting re-read and so on.

According to the considered opinion of this great and cultured devotee, the spirit of the greatest of the Upanishats is: In order to find Him—Brahman—you must embrace all. The key to cosmic consciousness—God-consciousness—is in the consciousness of the soul. To know our soul apart from the Self is the first step towards the realisation of the supreme deliverance. We must know with absolute certainty that essentially we are Spirit.

In another place, the Doctor says:

Some modern philosophers of Europe, who are directly or indirectly indebted to the Upanishats, far from realising their debt, maintained that the Brahman of India is a mere abstraction, a negation of all that is in the world. Instead, it is the practice of realising and affirming the presence of the infinite in all things, which has been its constant inspiration. Thus our soul must soar in the infinite and she must feel every moment that in the sense of not being able to come to the end of her attainment is her supreme joy, her final freedom.

"The ideal that India tried to realise," observes the Doctor, "led her best men to the isolation of a contemplative life, and the treasures that she gained for mankind by penetrating into the mysteries of reality cost her a good deal in the sphere of her worldly success. Yet, this, this also, was a sublime achievement. It was a supreme manifestation of that humane inspiration which knows no limit and which has for its object nothing less than realisation of the infinite."

Men who had attained this are thus described:

They who having attained the Supreme Soul in knowledge, were filled with wisdom and having found Him in union with the Soul were in perfect harmony with the inner Self; they having realised Him in the heart were free from all selfish desires, and having experienced Him in all the activities of the world, had attained calmness. The Rshis were they who having reached the Supreme God from all sides had found abiding peace, had become united with all, had entered into the life of the universe.

"But can it then be said," the devotee asks, "that there is no difference between Brahman and our individual soul?" "Brahman is Brahman," is the reply, "He is the infinite ideal of perfection. But we are not what we truly are; we are ever to become true, ever to become Brahman. There is the eternal play of love in the relation between this being and the becoming; and in the depth of this mystery is the source of all truth and beauty that sustains the endless march of creation."

At any rate the advice contained in the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* is based on the conviction that the intelligence, which is Lord Morley's standard of criticism, is not capable of explaining or guiding what Eucken calls the life and its needs, which is the subject of these works. It is, therefore, to be judged from another standpoint. The *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* were written primarily to guide their generation. Although the *Gītā* may be anachronous, yet references made in it fit in with the history of the period, which has been assumed for it. The whole of the First Discourse, and the concluding stanzas of the last, are expressly meant to give the *Gītā* a place in the events of *Mahābhārata*. There is, however, no doubt that the state of mind of Arjuna, as described in it, was typical of the period when the work was composed, with the sole object of removing the prevailing torpor and despondency. Similarly the *Dasbodh* contains numerous references to the contemporary state, which it is its aim to improve. The following two stanzas are typical of the author's object:

Since a long time the bad Musulmans have been subverting our religion. Therefore one must be always on the alert (18-6-12).

Well, whatever was to happen has happened and passed. Now at least the Brāhmaṇas should make themselves wiser (14-8-1).

It will therefore be seen that whatever practical advice they had to give was to be not only compatible with the philosophy they taught, but it was to be of use in their contemporary needs.

Much misapprehension as regards the teaching of the Hindū philosophy, with which that of the two works under reference is identical, is caused by the wrong meaning attached to the word Māyā. It is generally held to mean illusion. The late lamented S.A. Desai, Professor of Philosophy in the Mahārāja Holkar's College, Indore, whose premature death is a great loss to the study of Indian philosophy, has conclusively shown that this meaning of Māyā is wrong. He says "thus, then, we see that neither is Māyā, as Shankra conceives it, illusion or power of producing illusion, nor is the world or the individual soul unreal or a mere illusory existence. On this theory," the Professor continues, "Māyā is Brahman's power of creating the world, and the world is real for all practical purposes". This is the view which finds support in the *Gītā* as follows:

This, my divine power of creation, endowed with these [enumerated in previous stanzas] qualities is hard to pierce. They who come to me cross over it.

The *Dasbodh*, too, regards Māyā as a power of Brahman. It says:

The universe is in the Brahman [and] in the universe is the Brahman [By trying to know it, it is felt a little]. Therefore Brahman is like the sky and Māyā is like the earth, [which is felt but not seen] (7-4-24).

Leaving aside the matter enclosed within brackets, as a detail, the respective relation between the Brahman

and Māyā is clearly seen to be that of the principal and action. Air could not have existed without sky, which may be said to embrace it and govern it. In the Upanishats, air is said to be produced from the sky, and this Ramdas had in view when describing the relation between Brahman and Māyā.

The statement in the *Dasbodh* that "the construction of the universe is false like dreams," which seems to conflict with the view that Māyā is only the creative power of Brahman and the world is real, is not really conflicting because Ramdas only refers to what Bergson calls change in, or flux of, matter. Ramdas says:

In water scenes are reflected in as many bulbs as arise in it. But in a moment the bulbs are destroyed and with them the scenes, which are false (6-8-1).

Behind all manifestations of Māyā, there is Brahman:

Wealth has been kept hidden. The servants do not know the fact. They simply know the outward form. Reality is kept hidden. Appearances are things. The wise find out what is behind the scenes. Similarly what we see is the creation of Brahman. Those who reflect it alone know its heart (6-9-1 to 3).

Therefore "without giving up the world and without leaving the trammels of it, one attains his object by reflection". As the world is real, the fetters it imposes are also real and therefore as the former is to be lived, the latter must also be heeded. But by reflection alone one knows the reality and the object one must gain in the end. In the meanwhile the most significant fact in this life is death:

No reliance can be placed on the body. It is not known when life will end. Who knows what may come to pass at any time? None should doubt that this is the famous world of death. All know this quite well (3-9-4).

Consequently "knowing all this, the soul should justify itself by leaving fame behind it".

This is then life and its needs. How are we to satisfy them? According to B.G. Tilak, of Poona, who has a treatise on the subject in preparation, the *Gītā* enjoins the doing of all work, without regard to its fruit. It says:

Thy business is with action only, never with its fruit; so let not the fruit of action be thy motive, nor be thou to inaction attached (2-42).

Shrī *Dasbodh*, however, first enjoins the doing of good actions and the leaving of bad ones. After this is done, one gradually begins to know how to perform a work, as if it were a duty.

Who is to distinguish between an action done with a desire, or without a desire, for its fruit; or between a good action and a bad one? In other words, what is the sanction for morality? The hedonism, intuitionism, utilitarianism and other theories have been examined and found wanting. The late Professor T. H. Green, in his great work entitled *Prolegomena to Ethics*, taught that the essential element in the nature of man is the rational or spiritual principle within him. To the question, how we are to determine which is the higher and which is the lower universe of our desire, Green's answer is: "The highest universe is that which is most rational."

Both the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* are at once in agreement with Green's teaching. The former says:

The Lord dwelleth in the heart of all beings, Oh Arjuna, by his creative power causing all beings to revolve, as though mounted on a potter's wheel (18-61).

And the latter:

If a man understands that he is one with the Brahman, he will feel strengthened (6-9-32).

It is because the rational self is not equally developed in all that there is the necessity of suggesting steps for reaching that goal. The *Gītā* very well brings out the obstacle in the way of arriving at a rational conclusion in men who are not fully developed. In impressing upon Arjuna the futility of his wish to abstain from fighting, Shri Kṛṣṇa says:

If, feeling conscious of your strength you think that you will not fight; to no purpose your determination; nature will constrain you. Oh son of Kuntī, bound by thine own duty, born of thine own nature, what from delusion [or ignorance] you desire not to do, even that you shall helplessly [or involuntarily] perform (18-59, 60).

How to train this nature so as to arouse the rational principle, is the task to which the teaching of the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh*, and for that matter, of all the religious literature of Hindūism, leads. The conclusion of the *Dasbodh* is that this knowledge cannot be obtained without the medium of a Guru, i.e., one in whom the rational principle, rational Self, is fully developed.

By the words of the Guru all doubt is dispelled; otherwise one does not feel sure of the truth. Doubts arise through ideas (6-9-34).

Consequently much space is devoted in it to distinguishing between a true and a false Guru. As beautifully portrayed in the Upanishads, the disciple goes to the Guru, who is as God Himself, and prays: "Lead me from the unreal to the real, from darkness to light, from death to immortality." The Guru impresses upon the disciple: "That thou art," and the latter feels, "I am the Brahman."

One who has imbibed this truth alone can realise how to give effect to the advice of the *Gītā* to do action

without desire for fruit, that is to say, duty for duty's sake. As the *Dasbodh* concludes :

The fruit of discipline is obtained, and the worldly life has been successful, when one realises the attributeless Brahman in his mind. *Māyā* has been accounted for ; principles have been explained ; therefore, having reached the goal, the steps have been forgotten (20-10-26).

The whole body [or universe] has been resolved into elements which have disappeared, then what thing shall we call ours ? (20-10-36).

Therefore in the words of the *Gītā* :

Flee unto Him for shelter with all thy being, Oh Bharata ; by His grace thou shalt obtain supreme peace, the everlasting dwelling place (18-62).

M. V. Kibe

MAITRI BODHISAT IN THE HINDU AND BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES

By F. L. WOODWARD, M.A.

WHAT is said of Maitri Bodhisat in the sacred books of the East ? In Hinduism three books refer to that great Rishi. The book called *Vishnu Purana* was given by Rishi Parāsara to Maitreya, his disciple. He says :

By the blessing of Vāsishtha I have been acquainted with it, and have faithfully related it to you, O Maitreya. You will teach it at the end of the Kāli age to Sāmika.

In the *Srimad Bhagavata*, Maitreya appears as a teacher of Vidusa.

The ascetic Maitreya should be worshipped by you ; for he was instructed thus in my presence by the Deity (Krishna) Himself, on the eve of his departure from this land of mortals.

Maitreya, "of unclouded intellect," is found at Haridvāra. He becomes teacher of Vidura and is called a Muni (sage).

Again, in *Mahābhārata* (*Vana Parva*, 10) we find :

O King, here cometh the holy Rishi Maitreya with the desire of seeing us. That mighty Rishi, O King, will admonish thy son for the welfare of this race.

It is interesting to read, following this passage,¹ quotations referring to the Manu also; but I shall now proceed to quote from the Pāli books the few existing references to Metteyya, the Blessed One to come, the Lord of Love. Such references, put in the mouth of the Buddha, who alone could speak with authority of His successor, are few. In fact, it is only in the *Dīgha Nikāya* (Long Section) of the Tipiṭaka's (canonical books) that we find The Lord definitely foretelling the coming of Metteyya.

We read in *The Discourse of the World-Ruler and the Lion's Roar*² thus:

Now when the term of human life is eighty years,³ He who is named Metteyya, the Blessed One, shall arise in the world, that Saint, that fully-enlightened One, who knoweth all and leads the righteous life. Auspicious He, World-Knower, incomparable Charioteer of men who would be tamed, Teacher of Gods and men, The Buddha, Blessed Lord; just as now I have myself arisen in the world, that Saint, that fully-enlightened One He shall teach this world and the world of Gods, also the realm of Death and the world of the Gods Supreme, all beings, both monks and Brāhmana's alike, as well as Gods and men, by His own powers sublime realising His knowledge; just as I do now teach this world and the world of Gods He shall proclaim the Teaching pleasant in its beginning, pleasant in its middle, and pleasant in the end thereof, and shall make known its spirit and its letter; in its perfection and in all its purity He shall proclaim the holy life, just as I myself have done and do. He shall gather round Him a following of monks that number many thousands, just as I have gathered round me a following of monks of many hundreds.

¹ *The Purāṇas in the Light of Modern Science*, p. 133, by K. Nārāyaṇa-swāmi Aiyer, T. P. H., Adyar, 1914, a most valuable book, from which I quote here.

² D. N., p. 75, par. 25, Pāli Text Society's edition of the Pāli, vol. 3.

³ In the time of Vipassī Buddha, 91 kalpa's ago, the span of life was 80,000 years.

The 24 Buddha's immediately preceding Gotama, the fourth of our cycle, were: Dipankaro, Koṇḍañño, Maṅgalo, Sumano, Revato, Sobhito, Anomadassi, Padumo, Nārado, Padumuttaro, Sumedho, Sujāto, Piyadassi, Atthadassi, Dhammadassi, Siddhattho, Tisso, Phusso, Vipassī, Sikhi, Vessabhū, Kakusandho, Koṇāgamano, and Kassapo. I think most of these must have been Pacceka or "Private" Buddha's.

But these things are not yet. Metteyya does not come forth in His last incarnation and attain to Buddhahood till long ages are past. In the Pāli scriptures we are not told of His intermediate appearances as Bodhisatta since the time of Gotama, the Buddha, except in one instance. Thus, orthodox Buddhists of to-day maintain that He rests in the Tāvātimsa heaven-world till the final coming. Perhaps this is a vague realisation of the teaching that the Higher Ego is always functioning on that high plane and only puts down a "portion of Himself" in a human body from time to time.

The other reference in the Pāli books, so far as I know, is in the late non-canonical *Anagata-Vamsa* (*History of the Future*),¹ and reads as follows:

Glory to Him, the Blessed Saint the All-enlightened One. Thus have I heard. Once on a time the Blessed Lord was dwelling at Kapilavatthu in the Banyan grove on Rokini riverside. Then the Venerable Sāriputta questioned the Lord about Him who should come [*anāgatajānam*]:

And He that cometh after Thee,
The Mighty One, the Enlightened One,
Say, Lord, what sort is He?
How I long to know it surely!
Thou who seest, tell it me!

To the elder questioning,
Thus the Blessed Lord replied;
"I will tell thee, Sāriputta.
Do thou list what shall betide.
In this auspicious period
There have been Leaders three—
Kakusandho, Koṇāgamano
And Kassapo the Guide;
I am the fourth, Buddha Supreme;
Metteyya yet shall be
In this auspicious period,

¹ This is a Burmese MS. in Roman characters published by Prof. Min-ayeoff in the Journal of the Pāli Text Society, 1886, from which I have translated some passages. See also Warren's *Buddhism in Translations*, p. 481. The author is said to be Kassapo, an Indian, and a commentary was written by Upatissa, a native of Ceylon.

While yet the end we bide ;
 Metteyya, All-enlightened One,
 Supreme on earth is He."

But there are Buddha's and Buddha's. Not all Buddha's are Fully-enlightened Ones (Sammāsambuddha's). Some are Pacceka-Buddha's (retired Ones, who do not teach the world). Such Great Ones, we are told in Theosophical books, are Manu's or world-rulers. There are also periods or kalpa's, eras, æons, when no Buddha's at all are in the world. In the cycle of Dīpaṅkaro, under whom "our Buddha" took the vow to save the world (on the moon, as we read in *Man: Whence, How and Whither*) there were three other Buddha's. H. P. Blavatsky tells us that Gotama the Buddha was the "first-fruits of them that slept," i.e. the first man of our *human* family who roused his latent faculties and attained the great height of Buddhahood, the other Buddha's having been the fruits of other planets and cycles.

To return to our quotation: Next follows the history of Metteyya in former births during the age of twenty-seven previous Buddha's, till, finally, He was Ajātasattu, Prince of Ajita, about B.C. 600. (We read in *Man* that He was born next as Shrī Kṛshṇa, and again, about B.C. 100, He is said to have come as the Christ, occupying the body of His disciple, the Rishi Jesus.)

Then follows an account of the gradual decay of the Buddha-Dhamma (the Doctrine), and it is said that when five thousand years have passed since the Parinibbāna, or final passing-away of "our Buddha" (Gotama), i.e., about A.D. 4460, the Buddha-relics will disappear. Finally we read of Metteyya that He will be born as a

prince on earth, renounce the world like His predecessors, attain enlightenment under the sacred tree and pass away for ever. Then follow the words:

Tam pana Metteyyam Bhagavantam ke na passissanti? ke passissanti?

"But who shall not behold Him, the Blessed One; and who shall behold Him?"

Devadatto [the Judas of Buddhism, who even tried to kill the Lord Buddha], the schismatic, is doomed to Hell for the whole kalpa, and the others born in Avīci who are guilty of the five sins of which the punishment is immediate; also the followers of utterly false doctrines, and those who slander the noble disciples shall not behold Him; also those naked ascetics who break up the order by refusing lawful rights to the monks.

But other beings who are charitable, who keep the precepts and observe the Sabbath days, do their religious duties and build temples, plant bo-trees and make parks and groves; who build bridges, make level the highways, stand firm by the precepts, dig wells and irrigate—they shall behold Him.

Those who aspire for the existence of the Blessed Lord and shall offer in charity even a handful of flowers, a single lamp or a morsel of food—they shall behold Him.

They who delight in the meritorious deeds of others—they shall behold Him.

They who spread the Doctrine, who prepare the preaching-canopy and the preacher's seat for the expounder of the Law; who bear the fan, who offer cloth, canopies, flowers, scents and lamps and are very zealous followers of the Teaching—they shall behold Him.

• They who listen to the *Vessantara* birth-story¹—they shall behold Him.

They who minister to the Order by gifts and who wait on father and mother and serve the elders of their kin—they shall behold Him. They who give food to the monks by ticket and on Sabbath days, and who do meritorious deeds in the ten ways—they shall behold Him, and having heard the Teaching of the Lord they shall reach the state of *arahat*.

Then said the Teacher, predicting the future State of Buddhahood by the lips of our Blessed Lord [i.e., with His own lips prophesying of the future Buddha's, who were then potential Buddha's or Bodhisatta's and were then contemporary with Himself].

¹ In His last birth but one, the Bodhisatta is always born as a great king.

Metteyya, Best of all, comes next;
 Then Rāma¹ and Pasendī²
 Of Kosala, and Abhibhū;³
 Dighasoni and Samkacca,
 Subha, the Brāhman Todeyya,
 Nālāgiri, Palaleyyā;
 These ten are Bodhisatta's now;
 In future ages, finally,
 They shall attain Wisdom Supreme.

NAMÔ TASSA YATO MAHIMATO YASSA TAMO NA

F. L. Woodward

¹ According to Theosophical teachings, Rāma should be the Master K. H. called Devāpi in the Purāna list. Kalki, the tenth Avatāra, is to wed Kamalā, daughter of a king of Ceylon. Then Manu (Moriya) and Devāpi will jointly rule the world as Manu and Bodhisatta. (See p. 288 of Mr. K. N. Aiyer's book cited above).

² A king contemporary with Gotama, the Buddha, King Prasenajit.

³ The Conqueror.

THE TWIN POETS

By PROFESSOR V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

AMIDST the numerous and illustrious names that figure in the extensive annals of Tamil literature, the names of Ilañ-Shūrya and Mudu-Shūrya, or "the twins" (Irattayar), as they are more commonly called, have always attracted the attention of scholars and students. Nothing substantial is known of the private lives of these poets. According to one version, they were the incarnation of the Ashvins, born, thanks to Shiva's grace, as the sons of a pious Vellāla of Conjiveram¹ who, for the sake of a virtuous and learned progeny, engaged himself in the pious contemplation and incessant service of the deity; while according to another,² they were the sons of a paternal aunt and a maternal uncle, and members of the Sheṅgundar community, of a village named Āmilandurai in the Chōla country. Both the versions agree, however, on the fact that the poets suffered from natural deformities; for one of them was blind and the other lame. Deprived early in life of their parents, they had nevertheless the fortune to become eminent scholars and keen devotees of Shiva. Affectionate and well-disposed towards each other, the twins, equals in erudition, in the capacity for literary

¹ *Abhidhāna-chintāmaṇi*, p. 104.

² K. Narayanasami Mudaliar's *History of the Twin Poets* (Tamil Men of Letters Series), pp. 3. and 31.

composition and in devotion, used always to go together, the lame one riding on the shoulders of the blind and guiding him on the way. Constant company brought them from literary circles the name of "twins," and while their infirmities gained universal sympathy, their faculty of singing with ease and fluency, especially in the favourite style of Kalambagam,¹ gained the esteem and applause of the literary world. With fame and subsistence open to them from the beginning, they might have easily acquired riches; but they refused to take more than a paṇam² from any individual, king or ordinary person; and like the saints of old, they used to wander from place to place and spend their simple and pure lives by singing the glories of Shiva in local legends and as local incarnations.

It is not known when the Iraṭṭayar exactly lived. But certain incidents in their story enable us to fix, approximately at least, the age of their existence and activities. As we shall see presently, they lived for some time in the court of the well-known Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān, the Koṅḡr Chief of Vakkapāhai, and have praised in undying verse his limitless generosity in feeding the poor. Now, this Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān was the patron and supporter of Villiputtūrār; it is clear, therefore, that the twins were the contemporaries of the great translator of the *Mahābhārata*. Villiputtūrār, again, is connected, in tale and tradition, with the Shai-va saint and teacher, Aruṇagirinātha. He, in fact, as I shall show in my next article, engaged him in

¹ For a very common Tamil verse recording this, see *ibid.*, p. 25. The verse says that Puḡalēndi was the best poet for the *veṇḍā*, Jayakoṇḍān for *paraṇi*, Kamba for *Viruṭṭa*, Oṭṭakkoottan for *kōvai*, ulā and *andādi*, the Iraṭṭayar for *Kalambaga*, Kālamēha for *varsai* and Paḍikkāsapulavar for *Sandam*.

² The *Abiḍhāna-chintāmaṇi*. This seems to be an exaggeration.

controversy and annotated his *Kandar-andādi*. The twins should therefore have been the contemporaries of Aruṇagirinātha also. To this list of coeval workers should be added two other names—those of Sambandhāṇḍān, a Sāktēya teacher of Tiruvāṇṇāmalai, who was, according to one story, beaten by Aruṇagirinātha in philosophic disputation and, according to another story, vanquished by the Iraṭṭayar in a literary challenge; and of Kālamēhappulavar who, we are informed,³ composed, or rather completed, a stanza which had baffled the literary skill of the deformed poets of Ilandurai. When did these men live? The question is more easily asked than answered. One very strong view is that they must be assigned to the middle of the fifteenth century. The argument which has been adduced for this view is that Aruṇagirinātha had for his patron a king named Praudha-dēva,⁴ and this Praudha-dēva was the Vijayanagar sovereign of that name who reigned, if we are to judge from epigraphical evidences,⁵ about A. D. 1450. This view is evidently acknowledged as conclusive by the few scholars who have devoted attention to this subject; but there are certain difficulties, in my opinion, which make it difficult, if not impossible, to accept it. That Aruṇagirinātha was the contemporary of a Praudha-dēva may be accepted; and that a Praudha-dēva ruled the Vijayanagar Empire and distinguished himself by his pious donations to temples and literary men, in the middle of the fifteenth century, is certain. But it does not follow from this that Aruṇagirinātha and his

³ For the part which Praudha-dēva played in the fortunes of Aruṇagirinātha, see *Abhiḍh.*, p. 64 and Satakopa Ramanujachariar's Editions of Villiputtūrār's works.

⁴ Narayanasami's *Hist. Irat.*, p. 30.

contemporaries belonged to that period.¹ The term "Praudha-dēva" does not seem to be the name of a particular Rāya alone, as this school evidently think. Mallikārjuna Praudha's father, Dēva-Rāya II, for example, had the title "Praudha"² prefixed to his name; and it is not improbable that Rāyas previous to him had the same. The term "Praudha," in other words, was not the name of a particular monarch, but a fairly common title applied to a number of kings. It is impossible, under these circumstances, to say that Arunagirinātha had for his patron Praudha Mallikārjuna alone. He might have had him in Dēvarāya II, or possibly any other king before him. That the Praudha-dēva of Arunagiri's traditions was an earlier person than Mallikārjuna is proved by the fact that his contemporaries, Villiputtūrār and Iraṭṭayar, were patronised by a king named Sakala-lōka-chakravartin Rājanārāyaṇa Sāmbava Rāya, of Conjiveram, who, epigraphy clearly tells us, ruled from³ A. D. 1337 (s. 1260) to about 1360. Inscriptions are numerous, which enlighten us on the date and work of this King; but it is unnecessary to

¹ See Sewell's *Antiquities*, ii, p. 245, where Praudha-dēva is assigned the date 1456-1477; *Forg. Empe.*, p. 96, where, owing to the meagre knowledge of epigraphy then, the proper relation between Praudha-dēva Mallikārjuna, Virūpāksha, Narasiṅga, etc., is not clearly stated, but where the evidences given sufficiently show Praudha-dēva's date as the latter half of the 15th century. The *Epigraphical Reports* give more definite information. See *Epig. Rep.*, 1910, p. 113, where Mr. Krishna Sastri points out that Mallikārjuna or Immaḍi Praudha-dēva Rāya came to the throne after Dēva Rāya II; *ibid.*, 1909, p. 116; *ibid.*, 1911, where it is distinctly pointed out that Praudha-dēva Mallikārjuna ruled from s. 1369 (i.e., A.D. 1447) to s. 1398 (A.D. 1476), though in the latter period jointly with his son or brother Virūpāksha. See also my "History of the Nāika Kingdom of Madura," *Ind. Antiq.*, Jan. 1914, p. 11, foot-note 50.

² See *Epig. Rep.*, 1912, p. 78.

³ See *Epig. Rep.*, 1913, p. 127. Inscription 212 of 1912 describes the settlement in the order of precedence in temple service between *Dēvarāḍiyār*, *Ishabattaliyitār*, etc., by Sāmbava Rāya in his 5th year (s. 1265-6). No. 203 of 1912 refers to Musalmān invasions. References can be multiplied, but are hardly necessary. See *Epig. Rep.*, 1903; *ibid.*, 1910; Sewell's *Antiquities*, i, p. 180 (Inscriptions 57-60 of Conjiveram).

refer to them here. It is enough for us to know that he lived at the time when the extreme south of South India became subject to the Musalmān invasions and that he helped the generals of the early Vijayanagar emperors to expel the invaders and restore the supremacy and independence of Hindūism. The Iraṭṭayar and their contemporaries, therefore, should have lived about A. D. 1350; and Arunagirinātha also may be said to have lived then, if evidence can be found to show that the first rulers of Vijayanagar, Harihara, Bukka or any other, had the term Praudha attached to them. At any rate, there can be no objection whatever to holding that Dēva Rāya II was the patron of the Shaiva teacher; and the acceptance of this will not very much clash with the acceptance of Rājanārāyaṇa Sāmbava Rāya's connection with these literary luminaries, as the latter king ruled between 1337 and 1360, and Dēva Rāya II from 1422 to 1449. My belief is that all these six poets and teachers should be assigned to the period between 1330 and 1430—a conclusion which is corroborated by the fact that Tirumal Rāya, the patron of Kālamēhappulavar, was the son of Saluva Goppa, the nephew of Dēva Rāya II, and the viceroy of North Arcot about 1430. It was the grandfather or father of this Sālava Goppa that distinguished himself by conquering the Muhammadan invader, and ruler¹ "and making him subordinate to Sāmba Rāya".

To proceed with the life-story of the poets, tradition says that the first place the brothers visited was holy Chidambaram. There the impression they made on the people was so great that they were requested

¹ For a succinct history of the Sālavas, see my article in *Ind. Antiq.*, Jan., 1914.

to compose a kalambagam on their God on the model of Tolkāppiyatēvar's¹ on Tiruppādirippuliyūr. The twins felt very diffident over the matter; but when, at the instance of the earnest residents of Chidambaram, the rope was passed in Tolkāppiya's poem, an auspicious verse was obtained. The poets saw in it a divine mandate and grace, and undertook the task, and brought it to a successful conclusion. From this time the reputation of the poets as composers of kalambagam spread throughout the land. The result was that, when they subsequently visited the village of Tiruvāmāttūr² on the Pambai, the people of that locality prayed them to compose a kalambagam on *their* deity. The poets agreed, and the story is that when the poem was finished and brought before the public for approval, an inaccuracy in one of the verses caused objection and ridicule, and stood in the way of universal approval. It was a stanza in which the temple was wrongly located on the west, instead of the east, of the river. The poets vowed to see their words should be true, and prayed accordingly to the Lord; and to the wonder of all, a torrential downpour of rain that night swelled the floods of the river to such dimensions that it took a perverse course and flowed east of the temple. The poet's words were now true, and the admiring public saw clearly the divine favour accorded to the poets and their poem!

After the adventure at Tiruvāmāttūr, the brothers went to Tonḍamaṇḍalam. Here in the sacred village

¹ Not to be confounded with the author of *Tolkāppiyam*. He was a later writer, but earlier than the Irattayar. See *Abhidh.*, p. 570.

² A village four miles off Villippuram station; one of the holy places of Naḍu-nādu or Maḡadai-nādu of Tamil literature. Sewell's *Antiquities*, i, 180. It was here that, according to one version, Appar renounced his Jain faith. See *S. Arcot Gazetteer*, p. 386.

of Nāṅgūr, they were destined once again to experience the grace of the Lord whom they always had in their hearts. Exhausted and worn out, they prayed to him to give them food and save their lives, and he, we are told, assumed the guise of a Brahmana and brought them, with his own divine hands, the much-needed refreshment! In gratitude the poets sang a poem on the deity. Continuing their journey, they reached the historic Conjiveram. The sacred associations of this place attracted them so much that they resolved to stay there for some time. It was in this period that they composed, besides a kalambagam on Ēkāmbaranātha, the *Ekambaranathar-ula*, a poem which gained celebrity by the fact that the introductory verse of prayer to Vināyaka in it spoke of a Viṇāyachakra-Vināyaka and a thousand-pillared maṇṭapa which never existed, and that the assembly of scholars before whom the poem was placed for approval, refused their approval on the ground that it was based more on imagination than on truth. The poets, however, stated that they themselves were unconscious of what they said, that the Goddess of Learning, who spoke through them, could not have spoken an untruth, and that they were prepared to bring the poem once again before the public, when the facts stated in it were proved true.

From Tonḍamaṇḍalam the twins proceeded south. On the way at Māṅgāḍu,¹ it is said, they burned, by the power of a single verse, the houses and riches of an opulent Vellāla, named Omalanātha, whose haughty indifference they desired to chastise. In the Pāṇḍyan kingdom they had many adventures. At Tinnevely, for example, they saw a cowherd digging at a particular spot at the foot

¹ Seven miles W. of Saidapet, and one mile S. of Poonamalle.

of a bamboo grove to see what it was that made him drop his milk-pot there every day. The superior instinct of the poets discerned a *liṅga* buried there and brought it to the notice of the cowherd and through him to the local king and people; and the result was the rising of a temple over the newly-discovered *liṅga*. At Madura, while washing their clothes in the golden lily tank, one of them dropped his clothes into the tank; but a hymn addressed to the God brought back, in the place of the vanished rags, a new robe; the local king whom they subsequently saw was about to give them, in recognition of their literary skill, an ample reward, when a miserly minister dissuaded him from it. The biting sarcasm of the twins, however, silenced the miser and won the king's admiration and reward. With the money they thus obtained they were proceeding to another place when, on the way, they lost it at a *Vināyaka's* temple and got it back tenfold after an address of prayer to the great Dispeller of Evils.

We next meet the brothers at Trinomali, the holy *Tiruvāṇṇāmalai* in *Magadai Nāḍu*. Here they came across a great *Sāktēya* teacher *Sambandāṇḍān* by name. A good but vain scholar, he treated the new-comers with indifference, and challenged them to compose a stanza with the expression "*mannen*" for the beginning and "*malukke*" for the end; and they did so, putting him, just then in the barber's hands, to ridicule and shame. The poets then came to the *Koṅgu* country, the rude behaviour of the women of which they have recorded in an undying, though vulgar, verse. The next place which the pair visited was *Tiruvālūr*, in the *Chōla* country. In the vicinity of this place they met the renowned *Kālamēhappulavar*. The singular gifts and

extraordinary skill of the latter, which had already impressed the world and won its homage, now recommended him to the twins. An incident which happened soon after went to deepen their admiration of him. While worshipping the God of *Tiruvālūr*, they gave utterance, as was their habit, to an extempore hymn, but for the first time felt themselves unable to complete it. The superior skill of *Kālamēha* accomplished the task and obtained, in return, the grateful panegyrics of the poets.

We then meet the twins once again in the court of *Vīranārāyaṇa Sambu* of *Kūvam*, whom we have already referred to. In the annals of literary patronage this chief will always occupy an honourable place. The two poets found in him an eminently enlightened man whose taste appreciated, and whose generosity rewarded, their skill; and they appear to have lived there for a comparatively long period. Once indeed they went to *Tiruvānaikkāval*, the *Shaiva* stronghold near *Shrīraṅgam*, to see *Kālamēha* once again, but to their sorrow, they understood that he had just breathed his last, and his body had been consigned to the flames in the cremation-ground. In spite of this bitter disappointment, their journey proved a blessing. For when returning by way of *Conjiveram*, they saw to their inexpressible joy and surprise, that the *Vikāṭachakravīṇāyaka* and the thousand-pillared *maṇṭapa*, which they had unconsciously celebrated in their *Ekambaranathar-ula*, were after all found to exist. The *Chōla* King—evidently *Vīranārāyaṇa Sambuva*—was engaged in preparing the ground for the construction of a sacrificial altar (or temple, according

¹The *Abhishana* gives a slightly different version. It does not say that the poets met *Kālamēha*. They recorded their incomplete verse at *Tiruvālūr* and went on their journey. On their return they saw it completed, and understood it to have been made by *Kālamēha* in their absence. They went to see him, but he had just died.

to another version), when he came across the edifice and the image, buried in a mound of earth. Lost in joy and surprise, the King sent messengers to the poets, whose greatness he now fully appreciated, welcomed them in great pomp, and secured the public approval of their poem—hereafter honoured by the name of the divine *ula*—in a special and well-attended assembly of scholars.

With their reputation completely established and the correctness of their poem vindicated, the poets seem to have spent the rest of their days at Conjiveram. It was in this period that they composed the *Svayambula* or the *Svayambu*, pictures of the various places they had visited, and the curious poem called *Mūvar-ammani*. The latter is a very original and interesting work, in *ammāni* style, and purporting to be written by three people. Each verse consists of five lines and celebrates, in the first two lines, the exploit of Shiva as embodied in local legend, the next two lines raise certain questions or doubts, and the third line gives an answer, as if from the mouth of Sarasvatī.

Such is the life-story of the Irattayar, as far as it can be gathered from traditions. It would be a sad lack of the sense of proportion to class them with the poets of the first rank. Their vulgarity, their lack of ideas, and at times even of expressions, are too patent. Their homely and easy style is due more to lack of capacity than deliberate choice; but if the style is homely, it is singularly pleasant. Their skill in versification, moreover, their character, which defied all material joys and comforts, and above all, their saintly devotion to Shiva, will always give them an honourable place in the long roll of poet-saints who have so singularly enriched the mediæval history of South India.

V. Rangachari

TO A PRIMEVAL LOVER

"The Wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

Thou hast no words of note.

Recorded wisdom, for a world to quote,
No woven subtleties their brains to tire.

Naught but Love's ancient tidal rythm
of Desire.

Thou hast not any new philosophies,

Only, immortal youth within those eyes,
Only Olympic passion in their glow.

Æonian Memory, and the songs all lovers
know.

Thou giv'st no hostages to fame,

Only. . . one love, with never-flick'ring flame,

Only. . . a world of stars and flowers and fire,

Only. . . Urania . . and thy heart her lyre.

LILY NIGHTINGALE

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY

By ERNEST UDNY

(Concluded from p. 269)

IT may well be that so far-reaching and drastic a measure as the withdrawal of reincarnation was not adopted even by the Head of the Teaching Department in the great Brotherhood simply on His own responsibility. There is perhaps no irreverence in assuming that, when He did so, He well knew that it was part of the plan of the Supreme Being of our Solar System by whom the great drama of evolution, which is to be played in these worlds, is thought out in marvellous detail before the worlds are created.

And now the needed quality of strength has to a certain extent been developed, and the time has come for the building of the Brotherhood. The Christian religion was intended for the helping of the fifth sub-race. It was given at the time when the Roman Empire, which belonged to the Keltic or fourth sub-race, was to be dissolved within a few centuries; and it has

been, and still is, the religion of the Anglo-Teutonic (the fifth) supplanting in southern Europe the older religion originally given to the fourth, and spreading with both sub-races wherever they have gone over the world—in the Americas, North and South, India (as regards its European population), Australia, and the Cape. The work of the seven sub-races in turn, as in a much more marked way of the seven Root Races, is to develop and strengthen, each in its turn, one of the subtle vehicles of man. The work of the fourth sub-race (which includes the Keltic race, as known to Ethnology, and also, broadly speaking, the Latin races of South Europe) was to develop and refine the astral body or body of passions and emotions. In her book *Man*, Mrs. Besant thus describes the new characteristics which were specially developed in the fourth sub-race (of the fifth or Āryan Root Race) in its original home in Central Asia before it was sent out to people North Europe. He, the Manu, or Divine Official who founded the Āryan Race, was striving to develop in the fourth or Keltic sub-race “imagination and artistic sensibility, to encourage poetry, oratory, painting and music. . . . Any one who showed any artistic talent in the schools was drafted off for special culture”.

The work of the fifth (the Anglo-Teutonic) sub-race is to develop the mind, and that of the sixth sub-race (the new physical type now in process of formation in the western States of North America) will be to develop the intuition, which is above the mind, which perceives instead of reasoning, which, by the power of

love and compassion, is able to look at the other lives from within instead of from without, and so to sense at will their thoughts and feelings.

Now mind is of two kinds—the lower or concrete, dealing with and reasoning about the facts of the physical world and kingdoms, human and other—and the abstract or philosophic mind, dealing with abstract conceptions, with generalisations derived from the working of the lower mind. At the present stage of humanity, it is the lower or concrete mind, rather than the philosophic or abstract, which is in course of evolution; and for this purpose it is necessary to accentuate the sense of separateness in the individual. Hence the strong feeling of individualism and competition, in fact, of selfishness or self-centredness, which is characteristic of Europe as a whole, including even the fourth sub-race, for it is characteristic of the whole fifth, or Aryan Root Race, to which the fourth and fifth sub-races alike belong, and the Christian religion, which was intended to accentuate individuality in the fifth sub-race (by the effort of the individual to “save his own soul”), has spread over all Europe, replacing in the South the earlier religion of beauty which was originally given to the fourth sub-race.

For convenience of reference the root and sub-races concerned, with their purposes, and the characteristic notes of the religions of the sub-races, may be tabulated somewhat as on the following page.

Root Races	Corresponding Sub-Races of present 5th, or Aryan, Root Race.	Vehicles for development of which the Root Races and Corresponding Sub-Races were specially intended.	Characteristic note of the Religions of the Sub-Races of the 5th, or Aryan, Root Race	Founders of the Religions of the Sub-Races of the 5th Root Race.
4th Root Race—the Atlantean, who inhabited the lost continent of Atlantis, now beneath the Atlantic Ocean.	4th, or Celtic, Sub-Race (including the nations of South Europe).	Astral	Art and Beauty (the higher emotions generally).	Orpheus (“with His Lute”) afterwards born in India as Gautama Buddha, Founder of Buddhism.
5th Root Race—The Aryan—now inhabiting Europe, America, Australasia, etc.	5th, or Anglo-Teutonic, Sub-Race including Flemings, Dutch, Nor-mans, Scandinavians and Slavs.	Mental	Intellect and Individualism.	The Christ (known in the East as the Lord Maitreya or the Bodhisattva)
6th Root Race—To be founded in Southern California about 700 years hence, and to inhabit later a Continent already beginning to rise from the North Pacific Ocean.	6th Sub-Race now forming in the Western States and ultimately to spread over North America.	Intutional (in older Theosophical books called Buddhic).	Unity or Brotherhood.	The Christ.

The quality of the sub-race now developing in America is to be "intuition," the possession of which will make men fit to be built into a Brotherhood, for in their fellow-men, aye, and in their younger brothers of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, they will see, as in themselves the one divine Life, and so seeing they will be ready to learn the great lesson of Self-Sacrifice, which will be the distinguishing note of the new religion. The Christ Himself, the Light of the World, is, we are told, about to come among us again in ordinary human form, to tread the common ways of man, just as He did in Palestine two thousand years ago. The exact time of the Coming is not known, but, if we put it at seven years hence, 1922, we shall, perhaps, not be very far out.

The President of the Theosophical Society announced during the Annual Convention of the Indian Section at Christmas, 1912, an interesting dream which she had had, and this dream may, of course, prove to be prophetic. It was to the effect that six years later she would be sitting in the same chair on the same platform and on a similar occasion—the Christmas Convention of the Indian Section—and that the course of lectures which is usually given by herself would then be given by Alcyone (Mr. J. Krishnamurti) who would afterwards go up and down India for some years, preaching and gathering together large numbers of people, and that some years later his Lord (the Christ) would come and Himself take up the work.

The religion of Self-Sacrifice which the Christ will found cannot fail to have a far deeper and wider influence and effect on the future of the world even than the Christian religion did; and in saying this there is no intention whatever of minimising or depreciating in the

slightest degree the splendid results of Christianity. But while the latter has made its ordinary members religious and church-going, and more or less earnestly desirous of "saving their own souls," and has further produced a small, a *very* small percentage of saints, it is obvious that if the ordinary communicant of the new religion is as anxious to sacrifice himself for his fellow-men as the communicant of to-day is "to go to heaven," the practical results of such a religion will be nothing less than marvellous. When the ordinary Church member realises that he is "his brother's keeper," and sets to work to act on that belief, instead of contenting himself as at present with going to church on Sunday, and devoting nearly the whole of his spare time and money to his own pleasure and amusement and those of his family, then it will be possible to lead him to heights of achievement in the service of his fellows which are beyond the dreams of to-day. No longer shall we see large numbers of people bent almost entirely on selfish amusement, while the rest of the world is full of poverty and suffering, or at best leading dreary lives practically devoid of the opportunities of culture and refinement which, to a very considerable extent, are open to the rich and well-to-do alone. And who can doubt that the Christ, without solving for us all the human problems of the present, or depriving us of the valuable evolution to be gained from finding the solutions for ourselves, will at least give such broad general directions as may be necessary to enable us to find them? Then, at last, the nations will cease from their quarrellings, and some great organising and administrative genius of the past, such as Julius Cæsar, may be

reborn in the present to carry out the vast changes that are necessary, as indicated in the detailed glimpse of the future which Mr. Leadbeater has already obtained on higher planes (where the foreknowledge—not predestination—of the Supreme is at the command of the developed man) and has given to the world in the chapters on “The Beginnings of the Sixth Root Race” in his and Mrs. Besant’s book *Man: Whence, How and Whither?* In the chapter headed “The Federation of Nations,” Cæsar’s future work is thus described:

When he succeeds in forming the Federation, and persuades all the countries to give up War, he arranges that each of them shall set aside for a certain number of years half or a third of the money that it has been accustomed to spend upon armaments, and devote it to certain social improvements which he specifies. According to his scheme, the taxation of the entire world is gradually reduced, but notwithstanding, sufficient money is reserved to feed all the poor, to destroy all the slums, and to introduce wonderful improvements into all cities. He arranges that those countries in which compulsory military service has been the rule shall for a time still preserve the habit, but shall make their conscripts work for the State in the making of parks and roads, the pulling down of slums, and opening up of communications everywhere. He arranges that the old burdens shall be gradually eased off, but yet contrives with what is left of them to regenerate the world. He is indeed a great man; a most marvellous genius.

* * * * *

His work is largely made possible by the arrival and preaching of the Christ Himself.

Even those who are not yet aware of the possibility of foreseeing the future on higher planes may still accept this account of Julius Cæsar’s work as an interesting forecast of what might perfectly well happen.

It is interesting to note that part of the Christ’s great plan for helping the world is already in action,

namely the restoration to the western world of a knowledge of Reincarnation, with its sister teaching, the Law of Karma (literally “doing”), which means that whatever befalls us of weal or woe, of happiness or pain, of joy or grief, is our own “doing”. It is the law of cause and effect in the moral world. This law, as it applies to spiritual evolution, is thus stated by S. Paul, “Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth, to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption” (meaning apparently that he will continue to pass in successive lives from birth to death—“the wages of sin is death but the gift of God is eternal life”—Romans, vi, 23) “but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting” (Galatians, vi, 7), by treading during a short series of lives the Path of Holiness, and finally obtaining the glorious state of Nirvāṇa, which means “liberation” from the long cycle of births and deaths—“salvation,” not, of course, from hell fire but from the risk of failure to attain during the present world-period the goal of distinctively human evolution, Divine Manhood, the level of “the Masters”. It is true that, even after that, he may if he choose still continue, as the Masters do, to incarnate; but, if he does, it is of his own free will and for service only, assuredly not for personal satisfaction.

The Law of Karma or “Doing” is stated by S. Francis of Assisi in its more general form, as it applies to all weal or woe, whether spiritual or worldly, and is worked out for each man from life to life during his long series of lives. He says:

Whatsoever a man doeth upon this earth, he doeth it unto himself, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

He himself may have known in detail the law which he thus briefly stated, without attempt at further exposition; but the time had not yet come when the full teaching was to be given to the world, for apart from reincarnation the law cannot be properly expounded. It is obvious that, so far as one life only is concerned, the wicked often flourish, while the righteous mourn. As the Psalmist says, "I have seen the wicked in great power and spreading himself like a green bay tree" (Psalms, xxxvii, 36).

These twin-sisters, the Laws of Reincarnation and Karma, will probably be taken as axioms by the Christ in the teaching to be given on His reappearance among men. The work of restoring a knowledge of them is being done by the Theosophical Society, of whose teaching they form a fundamental part. This work, however, is only one of several purposes for which the Society was founded in New York, in 1875, its ostensible Founders being a Russian lady, Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, and a retired American Officer, Colonel Henry Steel Olcott. The true Founders, behind the veil of ignorance which is upon our eyes, were two of the Divine Men, members of the Great Brotherhood, and Elder Brothers of our race, who have completed Their purely human evolution, and unified, or "at-oned," Their wills with that of the Supreme Being of our Solar System, and now continue to incarnate simply in order to assist in carrying out His great plan of evolution. The names by which these two Masters are known in Theosophical literature are Morya and Koot Hoomi, and we are told that they are the Divine Ministers who have undertaken the task of founding, developing and guiding

a new type of humanity, a new Root Race, of which They are to be respectively the Ruler and the Spiritual Teacher—or, to use the Samskr̥t technical terms, the Manu (from the same root as the English man and mind, meaning the thinker) and the Bodhi-sattva (meaning either Wisdom and Purity or He whose nature is Wisdom).

The new Root Race will not be founded until some seven hundred years hence, but the work of preparation is already afoot. This will be the Sixth out of the seven Root Races which succeed one another, and to a large extent overlap in point of time each its predecessor and its successor. Like all the other Root Races, it will have its own type of bodies—physical, astral, and mental—its own religion, and its own type of civilisation. The watchword and distinguishing characteristic both of the religion and civilisation will be "Unity"—a full recognition of and conscious acting upon the great fact that, little though they may know it at present, all men are truly of one and the same essence, brothers indeed, though of very varying ages and capacities, for they are sons of the same Supreme Being, from whom they all emanated (and the so-called lower kingdoms—animal, vegetable, and mineral—no less) and to whom they must all one day return. As S. Augustine said:

God, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are ever restless till they find their rest in Thee.

And S. Paul, in his sermon at Athens on the Unknown God, bears emphatic testimony to the sonship of all men and the Fatherhood of God.

Neither is (God) worshipped with man's hands as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life and breath and all things. And hath made of one blood all nations

of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth that they should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us : for in him we live and move and have our being, as certain also of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, etc. (Acts, xvii, 25-29).

And again, as regards the ultimate return to Him from whom we came forth :

For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all (I Corinthians, xv, 27, 28).

This is the Divinely appointed, and therefore sure, end of all evolution—that God may be all in all.

The Poet Pope has remarked in his *Essay on Man* :

In human things, tho' laboured on with pain,
A hundred movements scarce one subject gain :
In God's one single can its end produce
And serve to second still some other use.

Similarly, if the Theosophical Society is indeed an instrument created for the purposes of Their work by two appointed Agents of the Supreme, we may expect to find that it serves more purposes than one; and such is actually the case. There may, of course, be purposes which They had in view, and of which at present we know nothing; but there are at least four which are already clearly visible.

First, to comply with a wish uttered, we are told, by the World-Teacher some six centuries ago, that in the last quarter of each century, as time rolled by, a special effort should be made for the helping of the West. The Society was founded punctually to time towards the close of the last year of the third quarter of the nineteenth century.

Second, to act, as already stated, as a channel for the restoration of the knowledge of Reincarnation and Karma.

Third, to play the part of S. John the Baptist by acting as the herald of the return of the Christ. This statement needs, perhaps, some further explanation, for it is well known that the Society has no creed, and that its members, as such, are in no way committed to a belief in that return. Yet in a very real sense it is acting as such a herald, inasmuch as large numbers of its members do believe in the return, and from its ranks have been drawn the bulk of the members of two Orders—"the Order of the Star in the East" and "the Temple of the Rosy Cross"—founded respectively in 1911 and 1912, for the avowed purpose of preparing the way for His Coming. Further, the Master Koot Hoomi (one of the real Founders of the Society) is, we are told, the immediate Lieutenant (in the Teaching Department) and the destined successor of the World-Teacher; and, as the plans of the Masters are always laid long, sometimes thousands of years, beforehand, there can be little doubt that this function of preparing the way for the Christ was clearly in His mind when the Society was founded—only forty years ago. The Orders named are, of course, in their infancy, but their progress has been so surprisingly rapid that they are already well established in many countries, and bid fair to become important and world-wide organisations, as indeed they must be if they are to do the world-service of preparation for this unique event.

Fourth, the Society was intended to act as a net for the selection of the souls who are to be the pioneers under the Masters Morya and Koot Hoomi in the work of

founding the Sixth Root Race. The note of Brotherhood, which is to be the note of the coming race, civilisation, and religion, is sounded by Them in the world through the medium of the Society, and the souls choose themselves, in virtue of their being attracted by and responding to it. It is not, of course, to be supposed that every member of the Society will be chosen to act as a pioneer of the new Race; but from its ranks, and still more, perhaps, from the Esoteric School which is the heart of the Society, will the pioneers be chosen. The Society has three avowed objects:

(1) To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, class or colour.

(2) To encourage the study of comparative Religion, Philosophy and Science; and

(3) To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

But of these three the first alone is made compulsory for acceptance by candidates for admission; and this was no doubt done deliberately, in order that the Society might act as a net for the first rough selection of souls—from among whom a further selection might afterwards be taken to be the pioneers of the coming Sixth Root Race.

The true relation of Theosophy to the existing religions of the world may best be understood by looking upon it as in the nature of a special Mission from the Metropolitan Church of the world—the Great Brotherhood who are the real Founders of every Religion in turn—a Mission intended not for the benefit of any one religion in particular, but to aid them all impartially, as indeed it does in two ways: (1) by re-proclaiming in

terms of modern thought and language the fundamental verities of religion, which had become overlaid in course of time by the inevitable tendency to materialise and to substitute for the spirit the puter, husk of symbolism in which the truths were originally conveyed; and (2) by bringing to the aid of the orthodox priesthood who are conscientiously handing on a lamp of tradition derived from books, the living and forcible testimony of seers—the teachers in the Society—who speak from first-hand knowledge. These are able and willing to throw a flood of light on the mysteries of God, Man, and Nature, with a host of details, many of which are now for the first time given to the world—details as to the existence of higher planes, subtler and to us invisible worlds of matter, and their relations with the physical world—the conditions of after-death life in purgatory and the heaven-world—the process and machinery of reincarnation—the Divine Hierarchy and their work—the existence and nature of the Path of Holiness—and the qualifications necessary for treading it.

The Theosophical Society, which now has branches in nearly all the countries of the world, is in perfect harmony (on its own side at least) with all religions, and does its best to help them all in so far as they will allow themselves to be helped. "Theosophy does not ask a man to leave his own religion but to live it." People of all faiths are welcomed, and find in Theosophy a common platform of sympathy and study, while remaining free to hold the faith and follow the practices of their own religions, if they so choose, as many do. The practice of imposing certain articles of belief as a condition of membership is so universal in religious bodies that it comes as an agreeable surprise to inquirers

about Theosophy to be told that no person's religious beliefs are asked upon his joining, nor is interference with them allowed, while, on the other hand, he is expected to show to the religion of his fellow-members the same respect which he receives for his own. The three avowed objects of the Society are such as may well be accepted by all tolerant persons. They commit the members to no belief except the desirability of doing three fairly reasonable things, and even of these objects it is only the first—to form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity—of which acceptance is compulsory. Tolerance in religious matters is thus carried to its farthest point, and the leaders of the Society teach (but the acceptance of this, as of every other teaching save Brotherhood, is entirely optional) that the virtue of tolerance should be carried to the point of not wishing to change other people in any respect, except in so far as they themselves wish to be advised. It is held that—

What another man does or says or believes is no affair of ours and we must learn to let him absolutely alone. He has full right to free thought and speech and action, so long as he does not interfere with any one else (*At the Feet of the Master*).

The Society is thus a body of students, committed to no common belief except Brotherhood, and desirous only of helping the world in the pursuit of Divine truth. In the fact of its having been founded—"behind the veil"—by members of the one Great Brotherhood, it is exactly like all the religions of the world; but in its special method of working it differs, inasmuch as each of them separates its adherents from those of other religions, while now for the first time the experiment is being tried of creating a body of men which shall know no borders, shall insist on no ceremonial, no

particular method of work, and be bound to no belief, save only that in nature and essence all men are brothers. In its strong insistence on brotherhood, the Society is doing its best to promote love in the world, and is, of course, in perfect accord with the Christian religion—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law" (Romans, xiii, 9 and 10). It is thus manifestly doing the will of God, and must have His blessing upon it. The Divine Men who were the true Founders continue to give it Their blessing and to be for it a channel of divine grace, which must flow through the members of the Society, exactly as it flows through the members of each religion from the Divine Man who, "behind the veil," is the living and duly appointed Head of that religion. That subtle but all-compelling power, never forces its way into any heart: "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him" (Revelation, iii, 20); but every son of God (*i.e.*, every man in the world) can and does make himself a channel for it, in proportion as he attempts, however feebly, to "open the door," by bringing his own will into harmony with that of the Supreme. Of this power, subtle in its action but very manifest in its results, the Christ said:

The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit (John, iii, 8.)

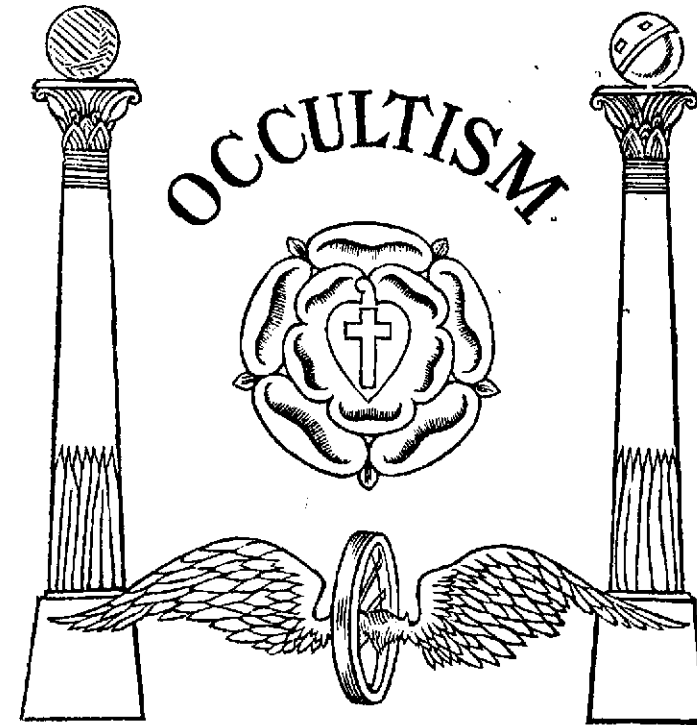
And to quote another religion, the same thing is expressed differently but very beautifully in the *Sayings of Mohammed*:

God saith whoso seeketh to approach me one span, I seek to approach one cubit; and whoso seeketh to

approach one cubit, I seek to approach two fathoms; and whoso walketh towards me, I run towards him.

Just in proportion as the Society is successful in acting as a channel for the blessing of its true Founders, so must it bring effective help to the world at large and to the religions of the world. It is still small in numbers compared with the religions, but it has branches in all parts of the world and exerts an influence out of all proportion to its numbers, not only through the people who come into it without leaving their own religions and are thus able to spread its teachings among their fellow religionists, but quite as much through the numbers of earnest and thoughtful people who without actually joining its ranks study its literature, and become permeated with its splendid tolerance and most helpful teachings.

E. Udney



HOW WE REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES

• By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A. (CANTAB.)

(Concluded from Vol. XXXVI, Part I, p. 182)

REINCARNATION as it affects large groups of individuals is a fascinating study to one with a historical bent of mind. I have mentioned that the English race as a whole is largely a reincarnation of the ancient Roman; but here and there we find a sprinkling of returned Greeks in men like Byron, Ruskin,

Matthew Arnold, and in those English men and women who have the Greek joy of life and are as strangers in a strange land. Let a returned Greek, wherever he be born this life, but go to South Italy or Greece, and he will begin to remember his past life in the instinctive familiarity he will feel with the hidden spirit of tree and lake and hill; as none but a Greek can, he will find a joy in the sunshine, in the lemon groves and vineyards and waterfalls that in a Greek land give the message of nature as in no other land.

Others there are who, born last life in the middle ages somewhere in Europe, perhaps in Italy or Spain or Germany, when they revisit the land of their former birth, will have a strange familiarity with the things that pass before them. In striking ways they read into the life of the people, and understand the why of things. To some this mysterious sense of recollection may be strongest in Egypt, or India or Japan; but wherever we have the intuitive understanding of a foreign people, we have one mode of remembering our past lives.

It is in the characteristic intellectual attitude of the French that we see the reincarnation of much that was developed in later Greece. The French intellectual clarity and dispassionate keenness to see things "as they are" (whether they bring material benefits or not) is typically Greek. And perhaps, could we know more fully of the life of the Phœnicians, we should see them reborn in the Germans of to-day; and then the commercial rivalry between England and Germany for the capture of the markets of the East would be but the rebirth of the ancient rivalry between Rome and Carthage for the markets of the Mediterranean.

An eruption of Greek egos is fairly evident in the United States of America. On the Pacific coast specially there are many men and women of the simple Greek temperament of the pre-Periclean age, and yet their ancestors were not infrequently New England puritans. It is in America, too, we have the Sophists of Greece in full strength in the "New Thought" writers that spring up in that land month after month. In them we have the same characteristics as had the Sophists of Greece—much sound sense and many a useful wrinkle, an independence of landmarks and traditions, an unbounded confidence in their own panacea, and a giving of their message of the Spirit "for a consideration". The lack of distinction in their minds in Greece between Sophism and Wisdom returns in the twentieth century as a confusion between the New Thought ideas of the Divine Life and the real life of the Spirit. Let us hope that as the Sophists helped to bring in the Golden Age of Greece, so the "New Thought-ers" are the forerunners of that True Thought that is to dawn, which is neither old nor new.

Here and there in India we find one who is distinctly not Hindū. For the most part the modern Hindūs seem scarce to have been in other lands in their late incarnations; but now and then a man or woman is met with for whom the sacrosanct institutions of orthodoxy have no meaning, and who takes up western ideas of progress with avidity. Some of these are "England-returned," in this present incarnation, and we can thus account for their mentality; but when we find a man who has never left India, was reared in strict orthodoxy, and yet fights with enthusiasm for foreign ways of thought, surely we have here an

"Europe-returned" ego, from Greece or Rome or from some other of the many lands of the West.

We must not forget to draw attention to the egos from Greece that returned to Europe to usher in the age of art. To one familiar with Greek sculpture and architecture it is not difficult to see the Greek artists reborn in the Italian masters of painting and architecture. The cult is no longer that of Pallas Athene and the gods; there is now the Virgin Mary and the saints to give them their heavenly crowns. Whence did the Italian masters gain their surety of touch if not from a past birth in Greece? It is striking, too, how the Romans who excelled in portraiture should be reborn in the English School of portrait painters, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, and the rest.

Nor must we forget the band of Greeks that like an inundation swept over the Elizabethan stage. Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher, Peele, Johnson, and the rest—are they not pagans thinly veiled in English garb? They felt life in un-English modes; they first felt and then thought out the feeling. The Greek is ever the Greek, whatsoever the language that is given him to speak, and his touch in literature and art is not easily veiled.

Strong impressions made on the consciousness in a past life appear in the present often in some curious mood or mind. Sometimes fears of creeping things, fire, cutting implements, etc., are thus to be accounted for, though sometimes these "phobias" may only be subconscious remainders of this life. In the cases where we have no subconsciousness of the present body appearing, there is sure to have been some shock, resulting it may be in a violent death, in a past life;

and the after effects appear now in an uncontrollable fear or in discomfort in the presence of the object that caused the shock. More strange is the attitude of one individual to another brought over from a past life; sometimes one sees the strange sight of a girl of ten or twelve taking care of her mother in a maternal way, as though the positions were reversed, and almost as if she had the onerous duty of bringing up her mother in the way she should go. Of a deeper psychological nature is it when, as sometimes happens, a wife mated to a husband that causes her suffering finds charity towards him possible only when she looks on him not as her husband but as her child; here we have a reminiscence of a life when he was indeed her child, and his better nature came out towards her in the relation that he bore to her then.

A rather humorous instance of past recollection is found when there has been between the last life and this a change of sex of the body. In the West specially, where there is a more marked differentiation temperamentally between the sexes than in the East, not infrequently the girl who dislikes playing with dolls, delights in boy's games, and is a pronounced tomboy, is really, an ego who has just taken up a body of the sex opposite to that with which he has been familiar for many lives. Many a girl has resented her skirts, and it takes such a girl several years before she finally resigns herself to them. Some women there are on whose face and mode of carriage the last male incarnation seems still fairly visibly portrayed, as indeed a similar thing is to be seen in some men who bring into this life traces of their habits of thought and feeling when last they had women's bodies.

A consideration of the many psychological puzzles I have enumerated will show us that as a matter of fact people do remember something of their past lives. Truly the memory is indirect, as a habit or a mood, but it is memory of the past nevertheless. Now people willing to accept reincarnation as a fact in life naturally ask the question, "But why don't we remember *fully*?" To this there are two answers, the first of which is: It is best for us not to remember directly and fully, till we are ready for the memories.

We are not ready for remembrance so long as we are influenced by the memories of the past. Where, for instance, the memory is of a painful event, up to a certain point the past not only influences our present but also our future, and in a harmful way; and so long as we have not gone beyond the sphere of influence of the past, our characters are weakened and not strengthened by remembrance. Let us take an extreme case, but one typical nevertheless. Suppose that in the last life a man has committed suicide as the easiest way out of his difficulties. As he dies, there will be in his mind much mental suffering, and a lack of confidence in his ability to weather the storm. The suicide does not put an end to his suffering, and after death it will continue for some time till it slowly exhausts itself; but there will be a purification through his suffering and when it ends there will be a keener vision and a fuller response to the promptings of his higher nature. When he is reborn, he will be born with a stronger conscience; but he will still retain the lack of confidence in his ability, because nothing has happened after his death to alter that. Confidence

can be gained only by mastering circumstance, and it is for that very purpose he has returned. Now, sooner or later, he will be confronted with a situation similar to that before which he failed in a past life. As difficulties crowd round him in the new life, once more there will be the old struggle; the fact of having committed suicide will now come in as a tendency to suicide, as a resignation to it as the easiest way; but on the other hand the memory of the suffering after suicide will also return in a stronger sense of conscience that this time it must not be. In this condition of strain, when the man is being pulled to one side by the past and to the other by his future, if he were to know, with vivid memory how he had committed suicide in the past in a like situation, the probabilities are that he would be influenced by his past action and his lack of confidence would be intensified, with as a result suicide once again. We little realise how we are being domineered over by our past, and it is a blessing for most of us that the kindly gods draw a veil over a record which at our present stage of evolution cannot be anything but deplorable in many ways.

So long as we identify ourselves with the past, that past is hidden from us, except in the indirect modes as tendencies. But the direct memory will come, when we can dissociate our present selves from our past selves. We are ever the Future, not the past; and when we can look at our past, of this life first, and after of past lives, without heat, impersonally, in perspective, as it were, like a judge who has no sense of identity with the facts before him for judgment, then we begin to remember, directly, the past in detail; but till then,

We ranging down this lower track,
The path we came by, thorn and flow'r,
Is shadowed by the growing hour,
Lest life should fail in looking back.

The second reason for our not directly remembering our past lives is this: The I who asks the question "Why don't I remember?" has *not* lived in the past. It is the Soul that has lived, not this I with all its limitations. But is not this I that Soul? With most people not at all, and this will be evident if we think over the matter.

The average man or woman is scarcely so much a Soul as a bundle of attributes of sex, creed, and locality. But the Soul is immortal, that is, has no sense of diminution or death; it has no idea of time, that it is young, wastes away, and grows old; it is neither man nor woman, because it is developing in itself the best qualities of both sexes; it is neither Hindū, nor Buddhist, nor Christian, because it believes in One Divine Life and assimilates that Life according to its temperament; it is not Indian, or English, or American, and belongs to no country, even though its outermost sheath, the physical body, belongs to a particular race; it has no caste for it knows that all partake of One Life, and that before God there is neither Brāhmaṇa nor Shūdra, Jew nor Gentile, aristocrat nor plebeian. It is this Soul that puts out a part of itself, a personality, for a life, "as a mere subject for grave experiment and experience"; through a *persona*, a mask, of a babe, child, youth or maid, man or woman, bachelor, spinster or householder, old man or old woman, it looks out into life, and, as it observes, eliminates the distorting bias its outer sheath gives; its personalities have been Lemurian or Atlantean, Hindū or Roman or Greek, and

it selects the best out of them all and discards the rest; all literatures, sciences, arts, religions, and civilisations are its school and playground, workshop and study; its patriotism is for an indivisible Humanity, and its creed is to co-operate with God's plan, which is Evolution.

It is this Soul that has had past lives. How much of this Soul are we, the men and women who ask the question, "Why don't we remember our past lives?" The questioner is but the personality, and the body of that personality has a brain on whose cells the memories of a past life have not been impressed; those memories are in the Divine Man who is of no time, of no creed, and of no land. To remember past lives, the brain of the personality must be made a mirror on to which can be reflected the memories of the Soul; and before those memories can come into the brain, one by one the various biases must be removed—of mortality, of time, of sex, of creed, of colour, of caste. So long as we are wrapt up in our petty thoughts of nationalism and in our narrow beliefs of creeds, so long do we retain the barriers that exist between our higher selves and our lower; an intellectual breadth and a larger sympathy, "without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour," must first be achieved before there breaks, as through clouds, flashes of our true consciousness as Souls. There is no swifter way to discover what we are as Immortals out of time than by discovering what is our Work in time.

Let but a man or woman find that Work for whose sake sacrifice and immolation is serenest contentment, then slowly the larger consciousness of the Soul descends into the brain of the personality, and with that descent the direct memory of past lives.

As more and more the personality presses forward, desiring no light but what is sufficient for the next step on his path to his goal of work, slowly one bias after another is burnt away in a fire of purification; like as the sun dissipates more clouds the higher it rises, so is it for the life of the personality; it knows then, with such conviction as the sun has about its own nature when it shines, that "the soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour have no limit".

Then come back the memories of past lives, and how they come those who live the life know. There are many kinds of knowledge useful for a man, but none greater than the knowledge "that evolution is a fact, and that the method of evolution is the constant dipping down into matter under the law of adjustment". This knowledge is for all who seek, if they will but seek rightly, and the right way is to be a brother to all men "without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour".

C. Jinarajadasa

AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

NEVER since the day when the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society were transferred from America to Bombay, in 1879, have the founders of that Society escaped the charge of fraud with reference to their assertion of the existence of Mahātmās, of Initiates, and of the possession by them of occult powers and the like. Scepticism on these points has not been confined to outsiders only. Even a very large majority of the members of that Society itself have refused to believe, or have refrained from believing, that a White Brotherhood exists and that some of the members of that Brotherhood were the real originators of the Society, and continue to be its unseen Guides. And the very limited number of the members of the Society who, by joining the Esoteric Section, signified their belief on those points, have been held to be utterly credulous persons who have allowed themselves to be imposed upon by Mrs. Besant, the present Outer Head of that Section. What one, like her, whose whole past proves her absolute devotion to what she believes to be true, and her utter selflessness, can gain by such an attempt to impose upon others, passes my comprehension. My present object, however, is not to vindicate her but to draw attention to an Organisation

which is not her Esoteric Section, but an ancient Indian one that has long served a purpose similar to that which the Esoteric Section has been aiming at in its own way. I do so as, apparently, it is now the wish of the Occult Heads of this indigenous Hierarchy that the existence of their Organisation should be more widely known than it is at present. From the information in my possession, there is not the slightest doubt that those Occult Heads Themselves belong to the great body of the White Brotherhood, whose sole concern is the welfare of humanity.

The Organisation in question has two sides or phases—*Dhākshinā Mukha* and *Uṭṭarā Mukha*. The latter, to which alone I wish to confine my remarks, has reference to *Āryā-Varṇa*, or India. It is the Vaidika form and gives yogic training according to certain immemorial methods. The training is indeed a lifelong one. Those who undergo such training fall under four groups. The lowest class are known as the *Ḍāsas*, the next higher as *Thīrṭhas*, the next higher as *Braruḥams* and the highest, as *Ānaṇḍas*. A member on admission to each class will be given a name indicated by a letter, or letters, so that his identity will remain undisclosed to the public. The period of training fixed for each class is twenty-four years. That period is made up of three terms of seven years, each devoted to a particular training; the remaining three years are for the purpose of recapitulating and assimilating the training of the preceding three terms. There is no trace in the whole course of the training of any Hatha Yoga practice whatsoever. The discipline is entirely mental and meditative. The highest purity of life and character is insisted on,

celibacy being enforced except during the first three and a half years of the first term in the lowest class, when family life is permitted. No wonder that, with such restrictions, aspirants to this mode of training are few indeed and throughout India the number at present under training does not appear to be over a thousand.

The Madras Presidency is part of a division which forms a triangle with Cape Comorin in the south, Gokurnam in the west, and Bengal in the north-east. Within this division there are six representatives of the Organisation through whom admission can be obtained, with the permission of the higher Officers. Such admission takes place only after the candidate has been examined occultly by those higher Officers. Of course, the examination takes place invisibly, time and space being no obstacle to the higher Officers looking into the subtle bodies of the candidates, and their history in previous lives.

Those who have the good fortune to obtain admission, have not long to wait for proofs of occult powers claimed by the Heads thereof, and of the possibility of the persons under training themselves acquiring in due course capacities and faculties absent in ordinary men. Power of communicating by thought transference with others under training and with higher Officers, is acquired in a year or two from the date of one's admission, provided, of course, the interval has been diligently used in following the life and meditation prescribed. Any such student may obtain advice and directions from those above him; as, for instance, by writing down his question on a slip of paper, and he will either instantly, or at the most

within three days, find an answer in writing on the same piece of paper without the slip having left his pocket.

As in the case of the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society, the members of this Organisation are under a pledge of secrecy as to certain matters which are, however, very few. What they are, will be found stated in the Book of Instructions that will be furnished to each candidate on his admission, and which is called *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*.

Though, as stated, the training is entirely on Raja Yogic lines, yet it is accompanied by the necessity to observe certain very simple rites on particular occasions, in the shape of fire or water oblations. The fortnight which ends with the Vaishākh full-moon is, for instance, a period for the observance of such rites. The reason for this particular period being chosen is that on that full-moon day the White Brotherhood bestow special blessings on the world, and the members of the Organisation are expected thus to prepare and make themselves as receptive as possible for the coming Benediction.

Every member learns the fact that the Brotherhood send Their Benediction, as stated, from the following verse which he will find in the *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*:

Vishālē Badarī Khandē Mahātmānō Hīṭaiṣhinaha;
Vaishākha Pūrṇimāyām tu Kurvanṭi Jaganmaṅgalam.

I have referred to this in particular in order to show to the members of the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society that they are not the only persons who are aware of the fact that the full-moon day referred to is an occasion when the Great Ones meet to pour down spiritual force for

the protection and uplifting of the whole world. I trust what I have said will serve somewhat to re-establish the immemorial belief in India in the existence of an indigenous Occult School, in which the very highest Yogic training can be obtained by an aspirant who treads, under guidance which is unerring, the path spoken of in our Scripture as the Narrow Path. And let me add that I am permitted to bring to the notice of one of the Higher Officers of the Organisation the name of any one who wishes to become a candidate for such training, irrespective of caste, creed or sex. It is scarcely necessary to say that what follows such introduction will be directly between the candidate and the Officer of the Organisation who is qualified to undertake and direct the candidate's training.

S. Subramania Iyer

THE TEMPLE

Priest

Awake ! it is Love's radiant hour of praise,
Bring new-blown leaves his temple to adorn,
Pomegranate buds and ripe sirisha sprays,
Wet sheaves of shining corn.

Pilgrim

O priest, only my broken lute I bring
For Love's praise offering.

Priest

Behold ! the hour of sacrifice draws near,
Pile high the gleaming altar-stones of Love
With delicate gifts of slain wild forest deer,
And frail white wounded dove.

Pilgrim

O priest, only my stricken heart I bring
For Love's blood offering.

Priest

Lo ! now it strikes Love's solemn hour of prayer,
Kindle with fragrant boughs his blazing shrine,
Feed the rich flame with spice and incense rare,
Cream of rose-pastured kine.

Pilgrim

O priest, only my riven soul I bring
For Love's burnt offering.

SAROJINI NAIDU



A THEOSOPHICAL BUILDING

THE photographs which are here reproduced will show our readers what a suitable and pleasant home for Theosophical work has been raised in Louisville, Kentucky. Louisville is in the very centre of the United States, and thus is peculiarly well situated for work, and Mr. L. W. Rogers, one of the most energetic workers in the propagandist field, is to live here, if a person of such very peripatetic habits can be said to live anywhere.

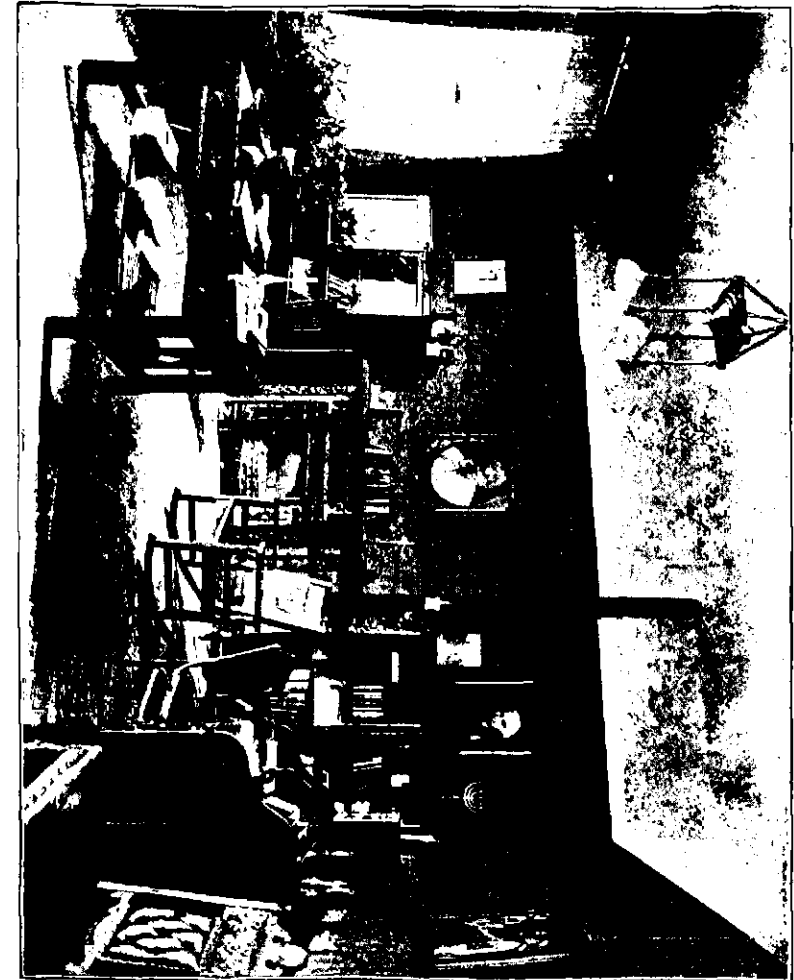
Mrs. Courtwright, known to many in Southern India for her active and self-denying work in Colonel Olcott's Pañchama Schools, has put her hands and heart into this useful venture, and with the co-operation of Mr. Rogers and other friends, this delightful home for the work of the Masters has been raised. It is an offering of pure love to Them, to be used for all purposes that are pleasing to Them because useful to men, spreading knowledge abroad, and lightening human sorrow with the glory of an eternal hope.

The beauty of the rooms speaks for itself as to the skill and artistic taste which have presided over all arrangements. On the second floor of the building are a Members' Library, rooms for classes and study, and the smaller lecture room. The third floor is given up to the E.S., the Co-Masonic Lodge, and the Order of the Star in the East.

The T. S. Lodge—a newly chartered one, with between forty and fifty members as applicants for the charter, a good beginning—is, of course, quartered in the building and there are some living rooms for a few workers. A Lecture Hall is also provided, with 200 seats; Mr. Rogers has been holding a series of lectures, which proved to be a great success, and Mrs. Courtwright reports that the outlook is most encouraging.

May all blessing rest on this new centre of the Great Work, and light and joy pour through it to many hearts and minds eager for truth.

ANNIE BESANT, P.T.S.





CORRESPONDENCE

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

It is indeed a singular state of mind of which we just now see traces in various writings, and into which the letter "To the Editor of THE THEOSOPHIST," published in the March number, gives us a fairly complete insight.

This state of mind places Theosophy outside life, outside humanity, it refuses the representatives of Theosophy the right to proclaim the truth—although the motto of the Theosophical Society has always been—"There is no Religion higher than Truth"—it refuses them the right to defend an Ideal of Justice, when the fate, not merely of this or that nation, but of the whole of humanity is at stake.

It insists and, in the case of the leader, insists imperiously, on there being in the words of a Master "only faded flowers between the leaves of a book of profound poetry", Mejnour isolated from the world for the exclusive benefit of a small number of elect, chosen to share his solitude.

I know well the basis of this theory. It maintains that the present War is but a conflict of purely material interests ; instead of acknowledging what actually is, it prefers to imagine what might have been, and it gratuitously attributes to England, to France and to Russia, that policy of domination and extermination which during many a year Germany has loudly proclaimed as her own.

It refuses to know what her publicists, her professors, her philosophers and her ministers have written, professed, and preached on this subject, it refuses to know the deeds resulting

from the application of this theory. For never has premeditated violence, merciless and unrestrained, been so openly stated in word and speech, and never has thought been so literally carried out in deed.

Briefly, by shutting their eyes, ears and reason to the many witnesses in the past and in the present, they have been able to attain, as far as actual events are concerned, the enviable attitude of an inhabitant of Sirius. This is indeed easier than to strive to attain that "discrimination" which is held to be the first of the essential qualities. It remains to be seen whether this attitude is indeed that required of us by Theosophy. Theosophy, we are told, "is not for any nation or group of nations but for all". No one ever said the contrary; but when one nation announces its intention of swallowing up another and strives to realise that intention, does it really follow that the role of Theosophy is to sing Amen?

Does Brotherhood make it our duty to remain impassive when, in virtue of the German dogma that a weak nation has no right to existence, the weak is strangled by the strong? because forsooth both are our brothers? Does impartiality demand that we should put the aggressor and the victim on the same footing? No! for absolving the one necessitates condemning the other.

Truly Theosophy knows no local barriers. But there are barriers that she cannot ignore without failing in her task and acknowledging herself powerless. They are the barriers that separate Good from Evil, Justice from Injustice, Barbarity from Humanity.

In Mrs. Besant we acknowledge the ever-vigilant guardian of these barriers, the "*gentil chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*" of every noble cause.

When she speaks, it is not the Englishwoman that speaks in her, but the Champion of Humanity.

We know that many others raised obstacles in her path before Mr. Van Manen and we are most grateful to her for having always followed her path unswervingly, and this to the greater glory of the work which has been entrusted to her.

And you who hope to collaborate later in the reconstruction of society, do you indeed think that the work will be done

without struggles and blows? and that you will never have to say—this must be, because it is right; this must not be, because it is wrong—and never have to act accordingly?

If now you refuse to discriminate between Good and Evil and to work for the one against the other, do you expect to be chosen then, at the time that you have been pleased to choose, to accomplish the work that it will then please you to accomplish?

In very truth the Guardians of Humanity know how to turn to Their uses the worst of events. But it is to you, O Men, that falls the physical part of the work. And whoever fails to-day to respond to Their call has little chance of being called to-morrow to other work.

And since Judas Iscariot has been named, let me say, in conclusion, that if there is one character more odious than his, it is that of Pontius Pilate.

Paris

G. CHEVRIER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

OPEN LETTER TO MR. PRENTICE

Referring to your letter in the March THEOSOPHIST: Although you rather stultify your plea for the neutrality of Theosophists by implying that the German Emperor has betrayed the Son of Man, your letter gives the impression of honest conviction and heart-felt distress over what you conceive to be a great wrong done.

There are conditions in this War that justify a certain measure of departure from the forms of neutrality on the part of T. S. members. Your endorsement of the lofty counsel of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* with regard to impersonal fighting implies assent to such departure so far as the work of the battle-field is concerned. If, in the exigencies of war, Mrs. Besant were forced to fire a cannon-shot that killed and wounded many German soldiers, you doubtless would approve, provided she did it in the "spirit of the *Gītā*". So would many of us. But

when, instead of firing a cannon, she fights with her pen in a way that may wound German sensibilities, you object—for one reason, apparently, that you are sure that she is not impersonal about it. Perhaps her language did sound like the language of passion. But a cannon-shot tearing through the vitals of soldiers is the "language of passion," though it may have been fired in the "spirit of the *Giŕā*". Mrs. Besant may have been passionless and impersonal in writing those Watch-Tower notes. I believe that she was. It is easy for some natures to use passionate language dispassionately.

That question aside, you still object because you conceive that that line of writing stirs up hatred, strife and anger, and tends to involve Theosophy in the dust of conflict, etc. From one point of view, the fighting at the front and the devastation of war are of less importance than to set men thinking and feeling aright. War is nothing, as has been well said, but an outcome of the working of the human heart. There is important work for the future being done here and now on the hidden battle-field of human nature. There is need for the creation of a mighty world-embracing thought-form that will help to bring about right results from the War. The need for justice, right and brotherhood, as between nations, must be burned into human consciousness. Theosophy is playing and will play an important part toward this end. Unquestionably there is a right side and a wrong side in this War. Mrs. Besant conceives that the forces of evil, the dark powers that fight against human evolution, are arrayed on the side of Germany. Not the least of Germany's accomplishments is her organised system for obscuring facts and issues, and misleading public opinion. There is nothing to compare with it among the other nations involved. Herein is a danger. The public needs to have its eyes opened and kept open, that it may see things as they are, and not as Germany wants them to be seen. It must be made to know what the spirit of German militarism stands for, its relation to human rights and progress, and the future of civilisation. Mrs. Besant's efforts in her Watch-Tower notes impressed me as being directly along that line. Incidentally, her words may tend here and there to "stir up hatred, strife and anger". So do flying bullets. Some things are inseparable from war. But it must be remembered that

it is sometimes wise to take a course that makes for a larger good, even though some evil be involved. In this case the possible evil would seem to be decidedly minor compared to the potentialities for good in her stirring lines. Germany's sinister propaganda for poisoning public judgment must be met and checked on the literary battle-field, as her legions must be overcome on the physical battle-field. What if some one's feelings are hurt? Undoubtedly you have hurt German feelings by coupling the name of the German Emperor with that of Judas Iscariot. I can see nothing amiss in that, albeit you chose to do it in a Theosophical journal. Let us have free discussion.

The whole question comes down to this: Shall the President of the Theosophical Society, in her role as Editor of THE THEOSOPHIST, give her views on the War in that journal or not? It seems to me that in the face of an emergency in which the fate of nations and the welfare of humanity are at stake, the argument against her doing so in the way in which she has done it, loses its force. She deemed it important that Theosophists in particular should have her views on certain matters. I for one am thankful that we received them. It makes all the difference in the world whether one is advocating truth or error, as to how, where and when it is done. It, of course, is wise that the T. S. as an organisation should remain neutral as to the War. Any member who may be met with the charge that the action of its President in her role as Editor means that the Society has violated that spirit, can truthfully say, as Mrs. Besant herself insists, that the Society is not bound by the expression of her personal views. When we imagine dire calamity flowing from her utterances about Germany, are we not forgetting how obscure is the Theosophical Society, and are we not making a fetish of neutrality? The President of the T. S. is not in the position of the President of the United States. Were the latter to say unneutral things he might involve his country in war. Essentially a student- and teaching-body, the Theosophical Society could formally and unanimously promulgate a resolution condemning the cause of Germany and upholding the cause of the Allies—and still not be wrecked, nor see its usefulness ended. From the way in

which Germany is carrying on her side of the War, it may not be long before she has lost the goodwill of practically all of the nations. This should remove still further the danger of the complications you fear for the T. S., although, in my opinion, they are not serious, in any event.

Truly the mission of Theosophy is constructive; the spreading of peace and unity among its main concerns. None knows this better than Mrs. Besant. Magnificent and deathless is the work she has done along these lines—a fact not to be overlooked in a discussion like this. Her output of work is so enormous, constant and varied, her knowledge and devotion are so great, her outlook so wide, what wonder that she sometimes upsets a cherished tradition? No great soul ever succeeded in not doing things that ordinary people frown upon as “irregular”. What an exceedingly small part of her work are her remarks about Germany, and yet, withal, how pregnant with meaning they may be. If the German Power embodies the spirit of Antichrist (and I think Mrs. Besant believes that it does)—that “great enthroned antagonist, foretold in the Scriptures, who, as some have understood, is to precede the second coming of Christ,” should not Theosophists, of all people, know it? If acquainting them with the evidence is dragging Theosophy in the “dust of conflict,” Theosophy will survive it.

There is one thing, and one only, that can justify your attack on Mrs. Besant, and that is the occurrence of the evil that you think will result from her action. If it fails to occur, will you admit, I wonder, that there was something wrong with your point of view?

The fact that your harsh letter is printed in THE THEOSOPHIST is evidence that Mrs. Besant is not opposed to criticism of herself. She has always welcomed it. She has never claimed infallibility. No one with any sense credits her with it. She undoubtedly makes mistakes, but I think that you will not have long to wait to see her course vindicated in the present case.

Buffalo, N.Y., U. S.A.

GEORGE B. HASTINGS

REVIEWS

Comte de Gabalis, by the Abbe N. de Montfaucon de Villars. Newly rendered into English with commentary and annotations. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Those readers who have been long enough in the Society may remember how some twenty and more years ago the *Comte de Gabalis* had quite a reputation in consequence of reported utterances of H. P. B. on the booklet, and the work circulated amongst the enthusiasts in a shoddy and flimsy little French reprint, in yellow backs, of no splendour or dignity whatever. The new edition before us is vastly different. Excellently printed, on paper so glossy that it might nearly serve as a mirror; well bound, strangely and well illustrated on most impartial principles of selection, and above all enriched by voluminous notes and a plethoric commentary—this edition stands as a prince to the miserable beggar that was its predecessor to which we alluded.

Lovers of the mysterious and the confused will find in the volume all ingredients needed for thorough mystic revelry. The cautious student of occult traditions, on the contrary, may be not quite so easily contented with it. The Count de Gabalis is with so many others—Cagliostro, Bacon-Shakespeare—a subject of most vivid controversy and complete uncertainty. Here the form of the problem is: Is the fictitious personage of the Count meant by its author to be taken as serious or not? Is the book to be taken as a defence of certain occult theories or as a skit on them? That point has been hotly debated since its appearance in 1670. The anonymous editor and annotator of the present edition takes the attitude that the work is veritably an occult one and explains with the most imperturbable seriousness even the most waggish passages treating of the amorous habits and desires of the sylphs, etc., on the one hand and man on the other.

What is very noticeable, however, is that where in the original waggishness goes a step further and leads to statements and expressions which it is difficult to English in elegant, amusing and at the same time inoffensive forms, the occult translator has after all decided to omit such phrases and doctrines, notwithstanding their presumed occult truth and value. That is strange and raises distrust. Either everything in this book is highly occult, and then it can be left out as little as Rahab from the Bible, or the book is good-natured chaff and not to be reconciled with the deadly earnest of the commentary. The editor does not mention this boulderising, but is very explicit in his views as to the serious nature of the book. In conformity with these views, he rejects the second part added in the second edition of the book and only gives the translation of the text of the first edition. That may be right or wrong but, anyhow, we might have expected at least the insertion of the witty introduction to the new part of the book. It covers only a few pages, but might make many admirers of the Count open their eyes and gape.

J. v. M.

The Triple Ply of Life and Other Essays, by Minnie B. Theobald. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Science, Art, Religion—these three constitute the triple ply of life, according to the author, and in especial ages one or other of the three is dominant. The present time is the age of science; in the past religion was the most prominent factor in life; and in the future that stretches out before us, art will claim the foremost place. In art, the author sees “why there is hope for man”.

The scientific mind is concerned with the world of matter outside; the religious mind is concerned with the world of Spirit within. The artist blends the two.

Science and Religion have been, as it were, two magnificent structures, separate, apart, unbridged. Art must now come into play, and, with her synthesising power, achieving her best by her power of returning to unity, bridge the gulf that seems to divorce science from religion. The author looks forward to

a time when we may return to an age of religion, but this will only be when Science and Religion are enthroned side by side on equal terms, and the religion will be “not the old religion of slavish obedience, but religion founded upon a scientific as well as a miraculous basis”.

There are several other interesting little essays included in the volume, and in her preface the author states how they came to be written; in most cases they appear to her to have been partially inspired. Be that as it may, *The Triple Ply of Life* will be likely to interest many people, and although perhaps there is nothing particularly original in the work, yet it is a fair specimen of a type of literature which is coming very much to the fore nowadays.

T. L. C.

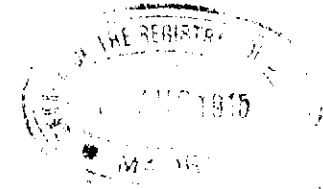
Ahasha Sprookjes. (Indonesische Drukkerij, Weltevreden, 1915.)

This is a volume of Theosophical fairy tales in the Dutch language and the collection fully deserves attention. The eighteen stories have nearly all real merits and many of them, are indeed excellent. The two main qualities of the stories are their simplicity and originality. The last story in the book (“The Black Magician”) is an exception being somewhat artificial and unnatural. The book is meant for quite young children and many a parent should welcome the volume as containing just the kind of material fit for the very young in conveying Theosophical and ethical ideas in an attractive and pedagogically valuable form. The skill with which the author has avoided all dry, theoretic and pedantic ways of assimilating Theosophical conceptions is great and on the whole we regard this collection as a valuable addition to Theosophical literature. We should like to see some Dutch-knowing lover of children and fairy tales trying his hand at translating the best of these stories so as to find out whether little English children would show the same taste for these little tales which Dutch children have already shown. Our best wishes for the success of the book.

J. v. M.

BOOK NOTICES

Sūta-Samhitā in Tamil. (Addison Press, Mount Road, Madras, or N. S. Rajaram Aiyar, Chidambaram. Price Rs. 3 the series.) For the first time, *Sūta-Samhitā* which is very popular in Southern India has been translated into Tamil for the benefit of the Tamil-knowing public. It forms the second Samhitā of that big Purāṇa called the Skāṇḍa Purāṇa. It is itself divided into four Khāṇḍas, of which three are out and the fourth will shortly appear. The translator, Mr. N. S. Rajarama Aiyar, whose previous translation into Tamil of the Twelve Upanishads was reviewed in our journal a short time ago, is the son of the late N. P. Subramania Aiyar, a member of the Theosophical Society. The translation has been done in a simple and readable style. *The Secret of Achievement*, by Orison Swett Marden. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 1s.) One of the cheery New Thought books which apparently supply a need of our times as they always find a ready sale. Mr. Marden is an incurable optimist and few people stand in any danger of taking too strong a dose of cheerfulness; indeed most of them are constantly making efforts to find the secret of how to be happy though human. The author suggests some ways to that end, turning the task of character-building into a game, and mental effort into health-promoting exercise.



VOL. XXXVI

No. 11

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THERE are many, in these sore days of trial and heavy loss, their own hearts bleeding with the agony of losing their dearest, who are more concerned for the Nations than for their own anguish, and are asking, anxiously and eagerly: "How are the Nations to make good this draining away of their best blood?" Large numbers of the most "fit," the bravest, the most unselfish, the most patriotic, are leaving their bodies on the fields of battle, or returning home maimed for life; the less vigorous physically, the "unfit," the more selfish, the more ease-loving are left behind, to be the fathers of the new generation. Happily, there are many who are loyally serving the country at home, and who remain there for no selfish reason, but because they are needed there for the country's work. Yet, the flower of the Nation, its young splendid manhood is dying, sacrificing all on the altar of the country. Is there any answer of illumination to pierce the darkness?



Theosophical Convention Hall, Aggshy, Finland. (Erected 1913.)

The answer that to some of us turns the apparent loss of the world to the world's great gain is found in the fact that at this turning point of evolution, at which souls by hundreds and by thousands are needed for the building of the new type—the new sub-race, we call it—it is just this very cream of the European Nations that is needed, and, by this short agonising road of death by battle, a large number of the souls pass to swift rebirth, coming back into bodies of the new type, to build the coming civilisation. By this splendid heroism of sacrifice, the sacrifice of young life in the glory of its spring, by the giving of the fair body in the fulness of its joy in vigorous strength, by the renoucal of sweet love and happy days, of wedded bliss, of the pride of fatherhood, of peaceful years of home; by exchanging all this for the crashing turmoil of the battle, the scream of shell, the roar of bursting bomb, the long weariness of the trench, the exhaustion of the march, the anguish of thirst of the wounded, the loneliness on the corpse-strewn plain, the dying amid the dead; by sacrifice gladly made for the dear sake of country, for the Nation's plighted word, for faith inviolate, for honour untarnished, for chivalrous defence of the small against the great, of the weak against the strong; by all this the work of lives has been compressed into a few heroic days, or weeks, or months, and a "people hath been prepared for the Lord".

* *

Out of the storm and the roar of the battle, out of the tumult of the charge and the fierceness of combat, these elect souls, who willingly offered themselves, have swiftly passed into the Peace. There they are welcomed by others of like mind who had gone before

them; there they meet dear friends of knowledge larger than their own; there is unveiled to them the splendid future they have won, the glory of the service they will render to the New World they are to build. And after brief space of rest and illumination, they turn towards the dear homesthey had surrendered for the sake of Love and Duty, to bring back smiles to the lips that were writhen with anguish for the loss of them, and win by trick of look and gesture a warmer love born of unconscious memory. A splendid generation of the New-Born that shall come back to the countries for which they died; Australia, New Zealand, your "dead" shall come back to you, to lift you high among the Nations of the Free; Canada, Britain, France, Ireland, India—some of your beloved are also consecrate for swift rebirth; martyred Belgium, you shall not be forgotten. See how the long lines of "dead" pass into the long ranks of the Unborn, to be the New-Born of the coming race, to be of those who shall see and know the Christ come back to earth.

* * *

A member writes of a beloved brother who fell on the Field of Honour :

"I wrote to my mother I felt sure his sacrifice would earn him the right to be on earth again when the Christ came. I hope it may be so, for I feel sure he was doing his "bit" to prepare the way, for he was fighting on the side of Right against the side that would prevent His coming if they could; in other words I feel this war had to be before He could come, and that if the powers of evil won in the war it would retard that Coming.

Aye, but what can they do, these Powers of Evil embattled against the Lords of Light? "Lords of the Dark Face" come back to earth there are. Yet it remaineth true that He who sitteth on high laughs them

to scorn, for "who can abide the Day of His Coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth?" It is necessary to sweep away those who are the tools of the Dark Lords, and thus to lighten the earth of her burden. The destruction of evil precedes the triumph of good. And the worst types of the old civilisation must be destroyed ere the building of the new can be worked out.

* * *

Thus have the Manus wrought in the past, and why should we marvel if the Master-Builders build in the age-long fashion of Their craft? The great laws work ever, for they embody the wisdom of God, and the Master-Builders build by law, and the working tools are ever the same. Still are the stones tried by square, and level, and plumb-line, ere they can be declared to be well and truly laid, for the Temple riseth according to the plan of the Architect, and every stone must fit into its appointed place. Five stones have been laid, and the sixth is a-hewing, and the hewing is not wrought without blows of mallet on chisel. Let the chips fly from the sharp edge of the chisel; as they fall, they unveil more of the Beauty that shall be.

* * *

And in our little way we also may be builders, helping in the solution of the many questions that are rising round us, theory now, to be practice "after the War". Very unwise are they who would leave all questions over to discuss when the time for construction shall be upon us. This is the time for planning, for drawing, for measuring. Some there be who would put all this aside as "contentious," as "controversial" matter. But the time when we cannot act is the very

time that we can most safely plan and discuss; for the very admission that the time for action is not yet should disarm feelings of hostility, and make it clear that we are only formulating for the future. The wise in Britain, in the Colonies, in India, are bending their thoughts towards "reconstruction," knowing that the drawing of the plan should precede the laying of the bricks. Passions may arise in the future to disturb the planning. Now is the quiet time for thought; later will come the busy time for action.

* * *

Turning to our own small concerns, let me tell you, friends, of the opening of the Madanapalle Theosophical College, our first nominally Theosophical College, situated in the birth-place of our Alcyone, the birth-place dear to many all over the world. Hills ring it round, and the air is fresh and pleasant. A pretty, gracious place, full of natural charm. Granite juts out all over the slopes and plains, and our College is built with the living rock of granite for a foundation, and hewn granite for the walls. 'It makes a fine pile, College and school, and small houses dotted about, with granite rocks breaking up everywhere. The T. S. Lodge is here also, and a Reading Room, built partly by the town and partly by us in memory of King George's Coronation. Looking back five years, I remember the little school then existing, and my laying the foundation-stone of a hoped-for laboratory, where then laboratory there was none, and no funds to build it. And now, all these buildings! Mr. Ernest Wood planned them, and collected for them, and built them, and now, "if you want his monument, look around". H.E. the Governor opened the College

for us, and was very kindly and genial. It is the second Indian College with the founding of which I have had to do. May this develop, as did the other.

* *

That other is now growing steadily into a University, planned on broader lines than at one time it seemed possible to hope would be sanctioned by Government. The Bill creating it is expected to pass the Supreme Legislative Council in September next, and the great venture will then be on its way. It is a step pregnant with the greatest possibilities, this launching of a University under National control, for though Government has retained power to interfere on emergencies, the virtual control is left with the University. I have dreams of a similar University here in the South, in which Pachaiyappa's College shall play the part that the Central Hindū College has played in the North, and shall become the nucleus for a University. It is building a splendid Hostel for its students just now, which will be a model for the whole Presidency, and when this is complete, a College is to be built beside it, leaving the present building for the School. Then our Madanapalle College might be affiliated to it, and there are other Colleges in the Presidency which would also come in. Sir Harold Stuart, a member of the Governor's Executive Council, has spoken very favourably of the growth of Universities in Southern India. Let us hope that we are dreaming true.

* *

We are already beginning in Madras the full activities of our normal life here; the High Courts have re-opened after the summer vacation, and the Colleges

and Schools after the holidays. Our Madras Parliament is busy, and two important Bills have passed their second reading, one for declaring valid Post-Puberty Marriage and one for Free and Compulsory Education. The debate on the second reading of a Bill for the better control of Religious Endowments is going on, and one for the creation of Village Councils is on the anvil. So we are busy in constructing our dream India, for the study of actual India. Some dreams materialise. Our daily paper, *New India*, is going on steadily, and we have broken through a bad custom here of taking in a daily paper and letting the subscription fall into arrears ever increasing. It is exercising a great influence, and is helping to hew out the road towards the realisation of the dream. Our weekly, *The Commonweal*, has a circle of readers composed of the leading men in the Indian political field; I have begun a series of articles, "How India Wrought for Freedom," the story of the Congress during its thirty years of life, drawn from its official records, and believe that they will prove both useful and interesting. They began on July 30th.

* *

The meetings of the Federations of Theosophical Lodges that are regularly held over the Presidency of Madras have done much towards stimulating the sense of corporate life in the Presidency, and the skeleton framework of associations for political and social reform is becoming clothed with muscles. There is a growing inclination to hold Conferences of the three kinds in the same place and at the same time, accommodating the hours to suit each other; each keeps to its own line of work, but members of all intermingle in

friendly fashion. If to these three an educational Conference could be added, the fourfold strand of the National Movement would be complete, and this will, ere very long, be brought about.

I have received a circular from the General Secretary of our Theosophical Society in Germany, denouncing Mr. Sinnett and myself for our "un-brotherly attitude" towards Germany. I would readily give it publicity, as is my habit with regard to all attacks on myself, but cannot do so without running the risk of Government interference, justifiable under present conditions of War.

There is one matter on which questions sometimes come to me. Ought our T. S. to be a Society on the regular business lines, the members dropped out when they do not pay their annual subscriptions, or ought their names to remain on our registers until they break the link? Ought we to make entrance easy or difficult? encourage them to come in or delay them? I can only answer as H. P. B. answered, as every Occultist must answer. The T. S. is not a business, but a spiritual, Society: none should ever be dropped for non-payment of subscription; the little shining thread made between them and the Holy Ones when they come in should never be broken save by their own act. They may be put on a suspended list, as it were, be sent no papers and lose their right to vote, for these things are of the physical plane, while membership is not. Entrance should be made easy. To touch even the skirts of the Society is a gain, and makes renewed touch in another life easier.



A DREAM OF THE WORLD-TEACHER

By THEODORE LESLIE CROMBIE

PRELUDE

LIFE stands before each one of us—a problem, an -enigma, a riddle still unguessed. We read the history of the past, of the rise and fall of nations, of heroic deeds, and deeds of shame. We try to trace in that past some solution of the present, and even seek therein to find whereby we may construct the future. And we turn instinctively to the lives of the great Teachers of humanity—a Buddha, a Shrī Kṛṣṇa, or a Christ—those great Beings, who in such a few brief years have left an inspiration with the world that has made itself felt throughout the ages even until to-day;

for they have founded religions which still hold sway, and men yet worship Them.

We think of the difficulties They encountered in giving Their message; for in those days travelling was no easy task, nor was continent joined with continent, as now, by the triumphs of modern science. So the sphere of Their teaching was limited; but, despite this, They triumphed gloriously.

Yet to-day, though millions worship Them, the world yearns for a fresh impetus. It knows not exactly what it wants, still in the hearts of men is a longing to hear the ancient truths reproclaimed—reproclaimed in language suited to modern needs, and reproclaimed with that wonderfully inspiring influence which the great Teachers' words ever hold.

It is perhaps this instinctive feeling of a large portion of humanity that has welled up in voiceless prayer to one of those great Teachers, welled up with such insistence that He has felt: "My people need me, I cannot leave them desolate."

But much must be done ere He can come amongst us, and there are dwelling with us chosen servants of His who, by purity of life and earnestness of purpose, have already learned, by ways unknown to the world, to rise to His presence and to hear His words. And He has given to them the gracious message to proclaim that He will come, and that shortly; theirs the task to prepare as well as may be a waiting but still unready world to welcome Him when He comes. And we who trust these messengers, and believe that their words are true, feel a thrill of hope and yet a weight of responsibility. How did the world treat Jesus, the Christ, and the Prophets who were before Him? Is the world

again to reject, after a ministry of but three short years, the One whose Wisdom is Supreme? As in the days of John the Baptist in Palestine two thousand years ago, so to-day ring forth in clear tones the words: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

THE PREPARATION

We who have heard that cry feel within our hearts a great response, but we are troubled, for we do not know how best we may prepare for the longed-for Advent. Yet we are not left comfortless, for those who know have told us, albeit in outline, that first of all we should foster in ourselves three qualities: gentleness, steadfastness, and devotion. This for two reasons. Such are the qualities which shine forth most resplendently in the Lord of Love, and we, by trying to nourish within ourselves the germs of these qualities, shall be more able consciously to understand the perfect devotion, the unwearying steadfastness, and the supreme gentleness that He will show forth; just as the more trained is the eye of the artist, so the more he values and appreciates the masterpieces of a Rafael or a Michel Angelo.

We are told also that the individualistic development which has been the characteristic of western civilisation for the past few centuries and will be its characteristic for centuries to come, must at a future time give place to the principle of co-operation. All that is good and beautiful which has been learned through the individualistic training must be retained, and, as it were, be moulded for a wider service which

recognises the Self in all, realising the essential Unity in the apparent diversity.

To one who has dreamed of the Coming of the Lord, some helpful thoughts have come, some stumbling-blocks in the work have revealed themselves.

We are apt to forget that God's ways are not our ways and that the great Teacher, when He comes, may not—probably will not—act as we expect. He who views the world from planes which we cannot reach, He who sees our real needs more clearly than we can see them, cannot unfold His plan to an ignorant humanity. Hints may be, and are, given from time to time, and by these each individual soul must be guided in the work of preparation.

It has seemed to me that our first stumbling-block may be found in the very qualities themselves. Devotion, as we conceive it with our limited vision, may find a very different expression on the physical plane when shown forth by One who is Devotion. So with steadfastness and gentleness. Only two thousand years ago the Christ met with little response from a world that really hungered for His teaching, but could not recognise it when He gave it; for His devotion, steadfastness and gentleness were of so exquisite a quality, that men could not realise them in anything approaching their fulness. So we must bear in mind that, in developing the qualities within ourselves, as best as we may, the Lord will show them forth in a manner which may be strange to us, which may, perhaps, even bewilder us. And this is a warning to which members of the Order of the Star should take especial heed, for the more knowledge we have, the

more dangers are ours to encounter. If we retain the child-heart we cannot be deceived, for we shall sense the inner reality although the outer expression be unfamiliar; for the child-heart is not guided by exterior presentments.

We must therefore, above all, guard ourselves against preconceived ideas as to how the Lord will act. We pray to Him—and rightly so—to “speak the word of brotherhood which shall make the warring castes and classes know themselves as one,” but we must not allow ourselves for one moment to do more than speculate—and then only in the most general way—as to the form which that spoken word will take. For thus we may set up for ourselves a fixed standard, and if the Lord does not conform to this standard—and it is beyond all things likely that He will not—we may fall into the grievous error of judging Him. So we ought not to set up fixed standards as regards the qualities. If we meditate on those in a rigid way, define in clear-cut terms their attributes, decide uncompromisingly the form which their expression in the outside world must take, we shall have established within ourselves an unyielding attitude, and have made ourselves stiff, unplastic channels, through which He cannot work. To put it plainly, there is a great danger that He will not “come up to” our standards, and that we shall *disapprove of Him*.

So in His work of unifying the nations, of planting the seeds of the spirit of co-operation which, from the soil of individualism already prepared, will in future ages spring into fair flower, we must always keep alert, ready to receive new inspiration, ready to catch “hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play”.

Amid the difficulties of our task, we have one refuge to which we can turn, and to which we must cling through times of doubt and stress. All that the Lord does will be done in strength, wisdom, and love. His devotion, steadfastness and gentleness will be so supreme that it will be required of us to give of our best, to rise to our highest, in order to gain the fullest measure of the gifts so lavishly poured forth; and as long as we are giving of our best, aiming at the highest we know, we cannot fail.

Humanity is a school in which we are all students. We should endeavour, therefore, to pierce through forms of expression and see the light behind. The God in man shines forth in varying ways, and if we search for the Christ-like qualities in our fellow men, we may see them showing forth in a manner undreamed of heretofore. Recognising them in our brothers, howsoever they be expressed, we shall be more apt to discern them in that Elder Brother, on whose Coming the world waits. Thus shall we have learned to sense the inner Reality that lies beyond all form.

Therefore, in working towards the ideal of co-operation, we must pour into such movements for the betterment of mankind in which we are engaged, all that we have of devotion, steadfastness, and gentleness. We do not know if the Lord will use our work as a channel, but we are sure of this—that if we give selflessly for our brothers all that is good, all that is high, all that is noble in ourselves, that which we have given can never be lost. We may not always give our gifts to the best advantage. The forms into which we pour ourselves may break, being forms that a wider knowledge deems unsuitable, but the life poured

forth will flow into other and more permanent forms, vivifying them, and thus in some measure preparing the Way of the Lord.

One other quality, which to a dreamer of the Coming seems to shine forth with splendid radiance in the great Teacher, is the quality of dignity; and, in the work of preparation we should try to cultivate within ourselves that quality, showing it forth in all our actions. In the rush of the present age much of the dignity of olden days has been lost, and although we must, to a certain extent, conform to the usages of the times in which we live, we should be careful in the choice of the means we employ to make known to the world the message of the Coming.

The emblem of the Order—the five-pointed Star—ought to represent to us our highest hope, and should ever be regarded by us with the spirit of reverence. To a dreamer there is something just a little “cheap” in the practice of private members placing this emblem on their writing paper. The motive, of course, is born of zeal, but is the action dignified? There seems, also, a tendency in the Order to employ too much the modern methods of propaganda. Advertisement is, of course, a necessity in commercial enterprise but—is the Coming of the Lord a commercial enterprise? The question as to how we should be heralds of the Star must be left to the good taste of each individual member. Nothing that we do can in any way touch His dignity; but if in our zeal we employ methods, in order to make known His Coming, which conflict with what we in ourselves feel to be dignified, by just so much, it seems to me, shall we hinder rather than help in the work of preparation.

THE COMING

When He comes! That is the one thought round which every other thought centres; and we can only speak in figure, as it were; for although all that we look for, all that our hearts yearn for must inevitably be, yet it may come in a guise we do not know. It is possible that in small incidents the power of the Christ may be revealed to us more really than in His larger work which our minds cannot grasp.

The dreamer dreams and this is what he sees.

* * * * *

A huge hall in London; a crowded audience pressing against the still closed doors, waiting to hear the message of the new Christ. At last the doors are opened, and in brief time the hall is packed with a crowd, sceptical, amused, reverential, indignant, yet each individual member intensely curious. Who is this new prophet that has arisen amongst us? And then the noble figure of the Speaker, as by His presence and magnetism He holds enthralled the people around Him; not by His oratory, not by ideas startlingly new and arresting; the words are simple—but they bear a message to every heart. It is the magic presence of the Speaker that has woven the spell over the thousands about Him. The last words die down; the people file out in orderly manner; the tired reporters gather up their notebooks, and all is silence.

Let us follow the crowd and hear what we may of their impressions.

A small, pretty girl with an emotional face is talking to her lover, a stern and unbending Scotsman.

"O Harry, I know you must have been disappointed, but I thought he was lovely. He put things so beautifully that it seemed as if all that I had known and felt before was made new in some wonderful manner."

"My dear, I am surprised *you* liked the speech—far too practical and full of common sense for you, I thought. No silly emotion, no sloppy talk."

"But, Harry, you are very rude. Of course there was no 'silly emotion,' 'or sloppy talk'; only I should have thought that some of the things he said would have annoyed you."

"I don't know how you could have thought so, Etta. The man was absolutely practical. They call him the 'New Christ'. Anyhow, whatever he may be, he is a leader worth following. Why! he made me think of all sorts of new ways in which we could do good—and there was no religious cant."

Let us pass on and read the thoughts of a millionaire, whose face is scarred with heavy lines, which give to him a hard, unyielding look. He is just stepping into his motor-car; there is a distinct frown on his face as he thinks of the Lecturer.

"Curse that boy! How dare he call me a hypocrite? How dare he say that I have made a tool of religion and good works to secure my worldly advancement? I'll smash him yet."

Through the speaking-tube he shouts an angry order to his chauffeur, the car turns down a corner and is lost to sight.

Then the dreamer lets his vision wander until again it rests on the young Scot, entering a small home on the outskirts of London. His mother and sister

welcome him, and his brother is deeply engaged in reading an account of the speech—already printed—which had been made this afternoon.

"Well! Harry, you *must* have been 'sold'. This new man said nothing original. Etta must have found him dull too; he wasn't half high falutin' enough for her."

Harry, with the magic of the presence of the great Teacher still clinging to him, turned to his brother:

"Go and hear him yourself, John, and then you will think differently."

And there was that in his voice which forbade further comment.

* * * * *

And so to all of us His words will have a special meaning, and work their magic, showing us to ourselves. The printed reports will bear their message to the world, but only the truly discerning will be able to catch their import. It is the living voice which will inspire and reveal, spurring the hearers to carry the good tidings abroad, nerving them to live the life which pours itself forth unstintingly for the salvation of the world. The millionaire will not read in the printed journal the truth which he learned in the hall, how he had climbed over the bodies of the starving and the wretched to a position of power in the world, using religion as a lever to respectability. He will breathe a sigh of relief when he finds his shame is not revealed to the world although, in the agony of self-realisation, he will work strenuously against the "blasphemer" who has come to give the Gospel of Truth to a waiting world.

To every one of us the World-Teacher's words will make their personal appeal, to the critical and sceptical Harry, to the emotional and artistic Etta—even to the millionaire, though the message must sear rather than heal, for in his struggle for worldly possession he has to learn his lesson through pain. But it is only for a time. In the distant centuries, he, too, will sit at the feet of the Lord, worshipping where once he reviled.

Theodore Leslie Crombie

THE BURMESE DRAMA

By MG. BA AUNG

THERE is practically no Burmese theatre, in the sense in which the English theatre, or the Greek, or the Roman theatre, is conceived by people in general. One has but to turn to English history to find the development of the English theatre. At present it is generally appreciated by every Englishman, though there was a time in English history when the drama was considered disreputable. It is known by the student of literature that it was during the seventeenth century that a High Church Bishop attacked all the celebrated dramatists of the day for the profligacy and indecency of their plays in his *Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage*. Again, a century later Macaulay, in his essay on Leigh Hunt's *Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanburgh and Farquhar*, proceeded to describe them thus :

For in truth this part of our literature is a disgrace to our language and our national character. It is clever, indeed very entertaining, but it is, in the most emphatic sense of the words, "earthly, sensual, devilish". Its indecency, though perpetually such as is condemned not less by the rules of good taste than by those of morality, is not, in our opinion, so disgraceful a fault as its singularly inhuman spirit.

But things have improved now. Everywhere men and women of the theatrical profession are welcomed

and they all enjoy the appreciation of the people outside their profession. Among the Romans, the actors and actresses were a despised class, and were almost slaves of freedom. In Burma, too, the actors and actresses are a despised class, and during the régime of Burmese kings they were specially kept aloof by the majority of the people. But this tendency has been imperceptibly changing since the time of the annexation of Upper Burma by the English. Students of English literature know too well the importance of drama in relation to literature, for drama, in whatever language it may be, forms an ornament to, and a rich branch of, literature.

Religion has been, and is still, a bitter opponent of this particular branch of literature that its founders have again and again denounced as immoral. It is, indeed, one of the ironies of the history of literature that drama should be despised while her sister-arts are appraised by the more serious-minded. This irony is severer in Burma than in other countries, and what is more strange is that in the Burmese drama the plots are largely drawn from the sacred writings of the Buddhist religion. Despite this, it is under the ban of the Buddhist Church; in consequence, it gains little admiration and popularity even from its ardent advocates. It is true, indeed, that one finds at a "pagoda feast a sprinkling of priests," especially in Upper Burma, though the Holy Books clearly lay down the rules and regulations for priests. They know their duty better than the laity. It may be a sight of this or some other spectacle that has caused a superficial writer on the people of this land to make a sweeping statement. He has thus thought fit to make it the butt of his

ridicule in his book, *Among the Burmans*. Thus, he proceeds :

Buddhism, as it is seen in the life of the people, is *rotten to the core*. We have seen how its adherents craftily seek to evade the precepts and commandments of their "law," so far as possible; and then to balance their evil doings by works of merit. The priests prey upon the superstitions of their people, and grow fat. If offerings to the monastery do not come in so freely as desired, the wily priest conveniently has a remarkable dream in which a *nat* reveals to him that terrible calamities will befall the people if they do not increase their zeal.

It is not within the scope of the present article to refute such a statement, nor is it the aim of the writer to do so, but it is mentioned here *en passant*. Writer after writer on the people of this land has either extolled or depreciated them for their simplicity of manners and so on. It must be remembered that no religion can be justified by the actions and beliefs of its followers; and this test is one that could not be applied, for the simple reason that if one attempted to apply it there would soon be no Church at all. It does not, therefore, necessarily follow that because one man may violate a certain rite of the faith which he professes, he is to be regarded as a man outside the pale of that religion, nor that the religion is "rotten to the core". It is but natural for a foreigner to look at us through the spectacles of prejudice. It is verily the case of an outsider who judges a religion as he judges everything else in the world; he is sure to look to acts as proofs of belief, and to look to lives as the "ultimate effects of thought". He does not see with the eyes of the man who is within the pale of that religion. Therein he will find *via trita, via tuta*.

In Burma, it is too true that the Buddhist religion strictly prohibits the seeing of such performances, the

hearing of obscene songs, as they are likely to contaminate pure-thinking souls. Strict Burman Buddhists never go to theatres, nor do they encourage their children to go to all kinds of festivals. But the Burman is a jolly fellow. He sets aside the cares and sorrows of this hard world, and whenever he finds any diversion, he plunges into it. On festival-days where such *pièces* are exhibited, young girls and boys may be seen in their fine gaudy clothes with smiles on their lips.

In order to find out the traces of the development of the Burmese drama, we must, in the first place, collect all the materials that are available with regard to Burmese music. It is said that during the reign of King Alaungsithu, the Burmese made considerable progress in civilisation. We are told also it was this noble King who built the Shweku temple at Pergan, where may be seen the "magnificent temple Ānanda" built by his grandfather, and which is "the most remarkable," as observed by Yule in his *Embassy to Ava*. It was this King who "made many improvements in the administration of the law, and regulated weights and measures". He is said to have travelled as far as Bengal. It may be from Bengal that the King and his followers heard music and learned it, and imported it when they came back to their own country. One account tells us that he is said to have reached the place where grows the mythological tree, that is the *Zabu Thabye* (meaning Jambūdvīpa, or India). When one approaches the neighbourhood of this tree, one hears various sounds which exactly correspond to the sounds produced by musical instruments—sounds, of course, caused by the falling of fruits to the river which

flows past, and by the rustling of its leaves at every gust of wind. It would be a digression to write all about this mythological tree and its connection with Burmese music. Suffice it to say that in Burmese music, only seven notes are taken into account, and each of these notes has three distinct pitches. They are, in fact, the *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*, of Burmese music.

We have referred above to the fondness of the Burmese for what is amusing. It is chiefly, therefore, due to the temperament of the people that the Burmese drama has lived with the people, though their religion has tried its best to keep it down. In fact, it is implanted in the life of the people; it cannot be taken away from them, however sublime Buddhism may be. Therefore, we propose to represent in writing something of the drama of this quaint little people. We will now give a full description of a Burmese dramatic performance, which is quaintly called in Burmese, *Zat*, which will hereafter be mentioned in this vernacular name.

A Burmese *Zat* is more or less divided into three or four acts, each act having at least one or two or more scenes. It generally happens that when a drama is being acted, the story, or folk-lore, on which it is founded, is only half-told. Each scene is of about an hour's duration at most. The longest scene is one which is the most popular with the people, and which is called the Betrothal Scene. This scene is known in Burmese as the *Thitsahta* scene. Here one may enjoy varieties of songs, sung by actors and actresses in the *dramatis personæ* of "Prince" and "Princess". We shall hereafter go more fully into this particular scene.

It is a characteristic of the Burmese drama to begin with a Prologue. This is sung by an actress known as the *nat-ka-daw* (the spirit-inspired lady). She dances for some time and then she sings the Prologue, which is very beautiful indeed, in language and thought. Foreigners will miss very little of the original beauty in the lines of Mr. Grant, which are given below:

Blessed source of fourfold light,
Wondrous rays that reach to Heaven,
To the joyful hosts divine!
On the crown of Mount Meru
Tier on tier the place arises
Where the Maiden Thuza Nanda
Seitra, Seittadamma dwells
With a thousand and ten thousand Queens.
There above all worlds enthroned
I, the Lord Thadya receive
Worship from th' encircling throng.
Now into this world of mortals
Delegate of all the Gods,
I descend, on pleasure bent,
Where illustrious sons of men
Have prepared in merry measure
Dance and song for my delight.

Then comes the scene of jokes. Clowns enter and amuse the audience with the making of jokes. The Burmese clowns pride themselves on making jokes at a moment's notice. After spending half an hour or so at this, another scene ensues. A bevy of maids-of-honour to the King are seen chattering. The clowns announce their coming; jokes are exchanged on both sides, and one may imagine oneself to be in the halls of an imperial palace. One seems to revert to the pre-annexation times. The Ministers then arrive and tell their errand to one of the maids-of-honour, who has access to the presence of the King. She assures him that she shall be pleased to carry the message to the "golden ears" (meaning the King's

ears). The whole bevy of maids then entertain the audience with a chorus in a Siamese tune. It may be mentioned here that the whole scene may be taken to be in the palace. A Burmese king's palace fairly resembles the harem of an eastern Khalife. Maids-of-honour are kept quite apart from other inmates of the palace, far from the sight of male eyes. The Ministers, it seems, have to ask the maids-of-honour for the favour of an audience with the Monarch.

From this scene we pass on to another. We see the King and his Ministers holding an audience, and discussing the affairs of the country. Each one of the Ministers reports on his duties; the King passes royal orders, as he thinks best for the advantage of the people and the State. Such is in outline the description of a Burmese drama when staged. From this scene modern stage-managers have made departures. Putting aside all that is beautiful and quaint, as described above, the modern stage begins with the latter scene—the King and his Ministers holding audience, we may say at Act I, Scene 1.

After this scene another follows in which the King's Ministers proceed with a particular royal edict, or attend on the prince royal (usually the King's eldest son), who is spending his youth under the tutelage of the renowned Professor of Taxila of Indian fame. Having completed his course of study, comprising the eighteen arts and sciences, the prince returns to his father's palace, taking with him his princess. The princess is invariably the daughter of the Professor.

The scene is shifted, and we are ushered into another, known as the Betrothal Scene. The prince and princess dance, and the time occupies about two

hours or so, and the audience is entertained by the dances and songs of the prince and princess. The prince expresses implicit trust in and vows fidelity to the princess, who in her turn reiterates her suspicions and doubts of him. If the audience like to have a quarrel scene, the actor and actress act in accordance with its wishes. The clowns take their respective sides, one with the prince, the other with the princess. The clowns then set the prince and the princess to quarrel. Each clown begins to show the favours he has received from his own master or mistress. One envies the other, and worms himself into greater favour. The princess, tutored by her favourite clown, says she cannot proceed any further from fatigue in such a forest abounding with thorns, wild beasts and what not. Her clown takes her side and tells her not to move even an inch until the prince offers to carry her himself throughout the journey, as a test of his avowed love. This the prince will not do; his favourite clown persuades him and supports his arguments by saying that women are very artful. Then ensues the quarrel. The audience is amused with fitting songs. The gestures and movements indicating wrath are extremely clever. When it is time to close the scene, the clowns announce the fact with a clever innuendo, reminding them that it is past midnight, and they must go on with the main acting. This, in fact, is the *modus operandi* of all Burmese Zats, whether performed by the metropolitan or jungle companies.

But of late, as civilisation advances, there seems to be a change in the Burmese drama. The tide of progress has affected Burma, and Burmans, who never fail to adopt and follow innovations, keep apace with

the western peoples. So at present, Mg Po Sein, the famous actor and ornament of the Burmese stage, has not been behind others. He has borrowed much from the Pārsi and English companies towards the improvement of the Burmese Zat; and in more ways than one he has succeeded in that line. His name is a favourite one with all classes of people. In acting he may be classed in rank with Sir Herbert Tree of the English stage.

We now therefore propose to give our readers the sketch of a drama (Zat) staged by Mg Po Sein and his company. We shall try and give the play in detail as staged by him at the Jubilee Hall, Rangoon. It is the play of *Sawrabala, The Outlaw*. The word "Sawrabala," is not a Burmese word; it is a Pāli word, meaning "a great (strong) thief".

Act I, Scene 1

The King of Benares and his Ministers sit in audience with all pomp and glory. They discuss all the affairs of the kingdom. As mentioned before, each Minister reports to the "golden ears" of the King. His kingdom is rife with oppression, and the people are suffering. The King asks for the report of the Minister of the Police Department. The Minister reports that one, Sawrabala, stepson of Danakawtala, the rich man of Benares, is oppressing the citizens with robbery and violence. The King enraged, passes his royal command that Sawrabala be outlawed, and a reward of ten thousand athapyas (rupees) be offered for his arrest.

Scene 2

The Ministers, after the King has retired to his chamber, go out, and make the proclamation in accordance with the royal command. The mother of

Sawrabala, who is the wife of the rich man of Benares, is seen in great anguish. She sends her son to escape and hide in the forest, supplying him with necessities.

Scene 3

Sawrabala is seen with his gang of robbers who care for neither Gods nor men. They amuse the audience in various comic ways. Of course, the gang is composed of comedians.

Act II, Scene 1

In this scene, we have the phase of the old Burman days revived. The rich man and his wife sit together and both seem to be concerned with something that is evidently painful to both of them. The rich man is represented as dressed in up-to-date fashion, with a fur-lined coat, and with a flowing moustache. His wife is the proverbial mare which proves to be a better horse. He is represented as a man under petticoat government, and is dotingly fond of his wife, who is older than himself. The wife shows intelligence in everything, and in an aside she announces her plans with regard to her son who has been prosecuted by the King, and that after careful deliberation she is very anxious to bring about a marriage between her son, Sawrabala, and her stepdaughter, who is the rich man's daughter by his first marriage. And this she is fully determined to bring about.

Scene 2

The rich man's wife craftily devises a means of communicating her desired object to her stepdaughter; for this purpose she proposes that her stepdaughter shall accompany her to the river to perform the head-washing ceremony. With a kind mother's heart—she

is at least forced to assume such an attitude—the stepmother takes her stepdaughter to the river, and reveals her desired object. Santakonmari (such is the stepdaughter's name), however, is surprised at the suggestion; but replies with a pure maiden's heart, truly characteristic of the Burmese maiden, that she has always looked up to Sawrabala as to a brother only, and she cannot profess to love and adore him as a husband. The name of Sawrabala is enough to instil fear into any heart, to say nothing of a girl's sentiment towards him. But Santakonmari is bold enough to like him as her brother, since they were brought up together, under the same roof. Ma Pa Za, the rich man's wife, true to the character of the stepmother, gives vent to her wrath and pours out her hatred in abuse; she beats her in order to force her consent, but Santakonmari is firm in her resolution and, true to her maidenly instinct, refuses firmly to marry Sawrabala. Finally, Santakonmari is thrown into the river by the wicked stepmother, and is left either to sink or to swim. Here we have a scene of weeping as well. The part played by the stepmother is very realistic and the audience is inspired with awe and hatred at her action.

Act 3

We have now a very interesting scene. A hermit and four acolytes, who have set themselves up in sylvan abodes, far away from the haunts of men, come to the river to take air. Santakonmari shouts for help, and the sound reaches the ears of the little brotherhood of acolytes. Each one of them attentively listens to the cries. The audience is kept in convulsions of laughter by the parts played by

these acolytes, who, it seems, are roused to action, at the sound of the cries. At last they have the idea that the sound proceeds from the river and take the risk of facing the danger, if there be any at all. They come upon the form of a woman drowning in the river, and a moment later there will be no hope of her ever being rescued. A life is precious indeed. The hermit, who is the head of the little brotherhood, decides to throw aside his responsibility in regard to his position, and makes up his mind to save the woman. The disciples with one voice protest against such a bold and rash undertaking, and remind him of the sacred life he has set out to follow. They think the hermit will meet with a watery grave, and his disciples ask him for inheritance—a scene altogether comic. The hermit, without hesitation, plunges into the river and brings the woman safely to the shore. Then with certain reserve and dignity, as befits his mode of life, and his duties he must not forget, he asks her her parentage, whence she comes, and whither she desires to go? The girl, who is no other than Santakonmari, relates her circumstances. The hermit promises to send her home safely. The audience is kept convulsed with laughter at the parts played by the acolytes, who now offer themselves to perform the duty of escorting her homewards. To the amazement of the acolytes, she refuses to go home, and will have none of them to escort her. But go she must, she is told so by the hermit whose word is entitled to obedience. She is faced with a dilemma, two equally dreadful prospects—the dread of returning home only to succumb to the proverbial wrath of a stepmother, and to marry the man whom she does not love. What appears to be

rather inconsistent, but is most probably arranged to fit in with dramatic propriety, is that she persuades the hermit to marry her. She pulls off his cloak and insists on his marrying her. The hermit is after all a man, made of flesh and blood. After some hesitation—just to comply with dramatic propriety—the hermit agrees to her proposal, presumably fascinated by the woman's charms. He then abandons his hermit life.

Then ensues the Betrothal Scene—a scene which is eagerly looked forward to by the audience. The hermit robes himself in the garb of a prince and commences singing. The prince and princess dance and sing to each other. This scene takes up the major portion of the time in the drama.

Act IV, Scene 1

The hermit and his bride, after having acted as prince and princess, now go on with the main action of the play. They take to life earnestly, and earn their living as pickle-sellers. They wander about the town from place to place, from house to house, and at last they come to the rich man's house. The stepmother at once recognises Santakonmari, however shabbily dressed she may be. In her artful way, the stepmother sheds crocodile tears to see her daughter thus reduced to beggary. She tempts Santakonmari with gold ornaments to come into the house and promises to let her have all the jewellery she was wont to wear as a girl. Santakonmari is drawn into the snare. She is shut up inside the house. There is no hope of ever getting out of it. Once having her in her grip, the wicked stepmother knows no mercy. The husband left outside the house, and the wife shut up inside, sing to each other of their love and misfortune.

This very much reminds us of the lay of the huntsman in "The Lady of the Lake". Ma Pa Za, the wicked stepmother then drives away the husband, telling him that Santakonmari is under the lawful protection of Sawrabala, whom she has always loved since their childhood.

It must be mentioned here that the part played by the stepmother is very true to life and finds expression in the daily lives of the Burmese people.

Scene 2

Sawrabala, the outlaw, is brought into the town under the cover of night. There is a plan afoot to carry away Santakonmari to the forest. She is carried away to the forest. She is pressed by the outlaw with threats to marry him. She still refuses, and is firm and resolute, though she is in his hands. Santakonmari is the type of the woman so chaste that "no savage fierce bandit, or mountaineer will dare to soil her virgin purity". He beats her, but is compelled only to go away without obtaining his desire. He leaves her for a time to brood over his misfortunes and orders his men to guard her.

Scene 3

By a stroke of fortune, the hermit comes upon his wife in the forest while the guards are fast asleep. She swears to him her constancy and fidelity; a peaceful conversation seems to go on for a time between the husband and the wife. But misfortunes never come singly. Abruptly Sawrabala appears and binds the hermit to a tree and orders his men to have him killed at midnight.

Act V, Scene 1

This scene is a particularly exciting one. We find the guards who keep watch over the husband and the

wife to be in the land of Nod. Their guardian spirit comes to the aid of the unfortunate pair. The hermit is freed from his bonds and is set free. Ma Pa Za is substituted in his place. The husband and the wife are sent to the rich man's place by the guardian spirit. Under the cover of night, Ma Pa Za is done to death by the outlaws. To his utter grief, Sawrabala comes to know that his mother is killed, and hastens off to the rich man's house to wreak vengeance.

Scene 2

He meets them at the place. He takes hold of her by the hair. He is going to kill her. But the guardian spirit appears and intervenes, preaches to him the law of righteousness, tells him of the fortunes awaiting him and other characters of the play in future existences. Sawrabala is a villain of the deepest dye. He is bent on killing her in revenge, and refuses to listen to any argument whatever. But when he is just on the point of striking a deadly blow, the spirit causes the earth to open and swallow him.

Scene 3

It is night now. Santakonmari is fast asleep. Her husband is by her side and he gazes at her as she lies asleep. He tries to philosophise on the enigmas of this world. He broods on in a strain of mind imbued with Buddhist philosophy and sees the utter uselessness and impermanency of this world. Is this the eschatology? He tries in vain to find a refuge, which at last he finds in Buddha, the Law and the Sangha. Ah! such is the cancer that is eating into the fabric of human societies. Vanity of vanities, indeed! This world is indeed a misery after all. He leaves the house silently and the curtain falls.

This is the gist of a Burmese play staged. It will be seen from what has been mentioned above, that the play is simple in action. The story on which it is founded, as in the tragedies of the ancient Greeks, is very simple. In fact, simplicity of plot is characteristic of the Burmese drama. And these plots, as noticed above, are taken without exception from the writings of the Buddhist Sacred Books or from folk-lore, or from the stories passed down by tradition, and the consequence is that the audience, in most cases, knows all about the plots of the play, as if it required no staging at all. But in the Burmese drama, unlike the Greek tragedy, the plots are loosely connected, and sometimes even lacking. This is due to the fact that the Burmese do not treat the drama as an art. Notwithstanding this, there is something to learn, something to look at, something to admire, in the acts and plots of the Burmese drama.

The most interesting scene in the play, as noticed above, is the scene known as the Betrothal Scene. This we have gone into at some length, but we wish to say something more about it. In this scene, the actor and actress dress themselves up in the garb of a prince and princess. For some reasons, which we cannot account for, convention makes them do so. Indeed, they are the hero and heroine of the play. As in keeping with the qualities of a hero and heroine, they are represented as above reproach. They sing and dance to each other, and each tries to outdo the other. This scene has nothing to do with the main action of the play. It is virtually brought in without any reference to the dramatic propriety of the play. The actor and actress address each

other not by the names of the *dramatis personæ*, but by stage names, as they are known to the public. The songs, too, have no connection with the action of the play. It is in this scene that one hears the latest songs and the latest dance. The "prince" usually begins by singing one of the old ballads which is liked and appreciated by all music loving people.

I will say a word about the origin of this species of song that is much appreciated by the Burmese. The origin of this tune is somewhat interesting. It is known to the Burmese, by the name of Yodaya, or the Siamese tune. It is said that this kind of song was first heard sung by the Siamese prisoners of war during the reign of King Bureng Naung of Hanthawadi. From the Siamese the Burmese learned it. The date given by Phayre for the conquest of Siam by the Burmese during the reign of Bureng Naung is A.D. 1557. Coming to the song itself, there are many varieties of it. Now these lovely and majestic songs are usually in praise of hills, dales, valleys, forests, gardens, and they are so rich in language and imagery that even the best lyrics of the English language would find them hard to equal. The Myawadi, Minister of the Alompra Dynasty, was a composer of a great many songs. The famous Siamese song *Taung Taung yan Taw* (meaning hill-covered forest) was composed by him on the occasion when he accompanied King Tharrawadi to Rangoon. There are many varieties of Burmese songs, but it will be rather irksome to go into them at length. But we venture to mention here the most popular one, sung by every one, which may be called the modern Burmese sonnet, known as *Tay dut*.

When the prince has finished his first song he usually ends with another brisk Siamese song. Mr. Grant Brown, of the Burma Commission, has translated some of this species of songs into English.

The place is dim and grey, the darkness spreads:
The feet of cloudland enter, the silver mists commingle.
Sweet-smelling zephyrs whirl and kiss each other,
And many a flower blossoms in the glades.
Clusters of lilies deck the way,
Clusters of scented lilies.
But that I yearn for is not,
And I am weary: yet 'tis sweet—
The woods, the driven mist on the hill-sides—
'Tis wondrous sweet!

So much for the Betrothal Scene.

Then we have other parts of the play to notice. It must be mentioned that the singing is not brought to a close with the Betrothal Scene. But such later songs have, however, their appropriate tunes as they arise out of the action of the play. The other parts of the play are of minor importance, as they all depend more or less on the characters.

I shall now quote what a foreigner thinks about our stage, and for this purpose the following passage is taken from Mr. Stewart's valuable paper, in which he has written what he thinks about it:

The *abandon* of pose, the thrill and break of the voice in a weeping song, would probably be hard to equal in the acting of any country. And indeed, in all moods, the actors succeed in so combining song and dance as to give passion its utmost expression. The brisk and debonair manner, the maidenly reserve, meanwhile, of the princess, who is merely showing her graces, and looking pretty, till her turn comes—the lightsome music and pretty dresses—convey a sense of exhilaration which should rejuvenate the most incorrigibly middle-aged.

Further, writing about a comic scene, the learned writer proceeds:

All things considered, the comedy scenes are wonderfully good. Quotation would be dangerous, for jokes, especially puns, which are much affected, do not translate well.

Writing about the acting, the same author says with much critical judgment:

When we have admitted that the clowns excel in broad farce and that the quarrels and lamentations of the prince and princess have considerable verisimilitude, we have said all there is to say. It is hard to recollect an instance of consistent impersonation of a character all through the play. Yet there are abundant indications that Burman actors have no mean histrionic ability. Why do they not use it? The reasons will probably be found in the traditions and conventions of the Burman stage. It is hard to be certain, but probably the prince and princess are expected to be perfect characters—the prince, the ideal lover, and the princess, the supreme embodiment of all feminine attractions. And so like many heroes and heroines in English fiction, striving to be perfect characters, they divest themselves of all character whatsoever. The convention demands that hero and heroine shall be, or be dressed as, prince and princess; they must wear clothes of a particular cut and as much jewellery as possible. . . .

Such is the opinion of a foreigner and the present writer thinks that it is more valuable than that of a Burman, when the subject itself is one which relates to things Burmese. There is no affectation, there is no partiality in the foreigner's opinion. It will be indeed dangerous for one to pass any criticism when he is only a passive listener who is only a casual playgoer. And moreover, one regrettable thing in Burma is that newspapers and periodicals do not devote any space to dramas. It is to be hoped that at no distant time, there will be improvement in this line, and when Burmans do take to this profession seriously, they may excel any other nation of the globe. For by nature the Burman is an actor; but it remains to be seen how the Burmese stage will develop and improve in the future.

Mg. Ba Aung

CONCERNING SINS

By E. GILBERT

AT sunset this evening I thought of my sins. After sinning, the next best thing is to meditate on the sin. The conclusion was that not all sins are important. Only those really matter which we cannot help committing. The train of thought led to a review of the natural history of particular sins as they appear to me, sometimes in my own case and sometimes in the case of other people.

To-day I saw a driver of a bullock-cart beaten by the owner of a motor-car. The latter made the utmost possible noise to herald his approach, and actually drove for some distance just a yard behind the cart, until the cartman noticed he was there. The motor-driver deliberately alighted, took the cartman's whip and beat him: it was a sin, but done apparently after some thought and not in passion. Meditating on his sin made me wonder just how far it is wrong to cause pain to any of God's creatures: Perhaps it is wrong so long as the creature is young and pliant enough to be teachable without physical pain and if the pain is given without thought for the sufferer's good. What exactly is the part that pain plays in each of our recurring lives? Suppose, for instance, if, knowing it to be wrong, I deliberately defraud a bank, not because I want money,

or want to injure the bank—simply because I want to do it. If a child commits deliberate and wanton offences punishment, to be prohibitive, must be out of all proportion to the offences, whereas a short argument might make the creature repentant: there is a temporary kink in the brain, or the circulation of life in the mental body has become disturbed. As the results are sins that are committed only once in a lifetime with no temptation to repeat them; either they do not matter at all, or very little. I knew the author of a trick on a bank which amazed the country by its audacity and cleverness: it was done by him just to see whether it was possible. It was a sin, but a trivial one which gives no indication of a vice. Perhaps the sins which do not matter are mere casual individual sins; those do matter which tend to become habits.

The commonest types of obvious vices are drink, drugs, and sensuality. In all three cases it appears that the desire arises from the condition of the physical body: in all three bodily satisfaction removes the desire, but if the desire arises in the astral body, how is it satisfied by physical means? Those who see say that it is so; but how does it work? Really the first two vices are in a separate class, for the desire for drink always remains simple, while sensuality appears to rouse in addition a sort of hunting instinct, a desire for unlimited variety of experience, and there can be no end to the desire when the hunting instinct is roused until the individual is utterly crushed.

In my earlier years cash was hard to come by honestly and I did not know how to acquire it dishonestly. In later years I regarded my earlier self as thrifty to the point of meanness, but as now I gain pleasure

from giving what I do not need I have ceased to fear the reproach of meanness. Those who suffer from low vices such as real, inborn, meanness are not likely to read this and need no more than bare mention. The only cure that I can see in this life is intense devotion—probably to a child—or in the next an atmosphere of love to soften and widen the man's interest. For greed of money is merely due to an intense lack of interest in other things, and will disappear as the outlook widens.

I know a Theosophist who, some years ago, was shocked by a criticism on shooting birds and beasts for their flesh, skins, or other trophies. Having been brought up to think shooting one of the pleasures of life, he could not understand the change and that no hunter of animal may become a disciple. Not long ago I learnt his experience on shooting a black buck. When taking his rifle he felt it was wrong, and stopped again and again on the way, distracted by the desire to see whether he could shoot as well as in earlier days and yet preferring to obey the law of love. He said that he laid down his rifle, ready to give up the chase if he might inherit at once the reward of lives of love—if the animals would come near and let him stroke them. He shot one creature, but would not touch the body nor eat the flesh. The skin he kept, but the head which hunters often set store by he could not bear to look at. I think he is near the end of his desire to shoot, and that this sin brings the end nearer. The Christian Scriptures say that the disciple must obey his Master's commands if he would know his doctrine, that is, by forming habits he trains his bodies to the state when they can see that the doctrine is right. Is not this the way only for those who are

drawn by love? Others hear the law which seems to them contrary to what all the best people do: yet the word remains in the mind, and every time the law is broken it is broken deliberately, until the balance seems in favour of the law and the sin is gone for ever. To be able to sin deliberately is to be about to cease from sinning.

Why do we sin at all? In most cases because we do not know all the facts, or because we do not attach the correct value to each fact. For instance, the manufacturer of ammunition will desire war which improves his profits, but he rarely knows the hard facts of suffering caused to the wounded or bereaved: very few know the effects of their acts on wounds in any world but the physical and we are therefore all acting in the dark. One party says that to become a wealthy manufacturing nation should be our aim: another pleads that wealth cannot atone for the loss of health, freedom, and beauty, when agricultural pursuits give way to the whirr and grime of a factory. Whoever is wrong errs because he attaches too great a value to the points on which he is right, and too little to those on which the other party is right.

Of all sins the greatest is laziness. Taking our costume, diet, thoughts and the colour of our skin from our ancestors and environment, we do as others do, and rarely reach the point where we can sin deliberately: sinning deliberately simply means the pros and cons appear nearly equal, and the pros have it. We are lazy because we have not interest enough to gain new experiences by making new experiments—our lump of curiosity is small. The story of the Garden of Eden attributes sin to curiosity:

experience suggests that sin is mainly due to lack of curiosity. Can it be that curiosity is alike the cause and cure of sin? I remember a schoolboy who held that all experience was useless to those who could profit by it, that sinning once was right, sinning twice leads to perdition: he had not been brought up in a Theosophical home but when I think over his dictum it appears as true as a paradox can be. We are in this world to gain experience, and that gained on the respectable highroads of life will not make heroes of us. Those of us who survive the unpleasant necessity of slaying our fellow-creature in man will probably come back better men, and should be thanking God for the Boer, the Japanese and the present wars. The drunken gambling soldier is laying the foundation of courage—courage to be a teetotaller and anti-vivisectionist in lives to come. Is it that in each life we have to learn just one page of our textbook, and for the time the earlier and the later pages do not matter?

E. Gilbert

I should not have been able to translate the difficult verses but for the help of my learned friend, the young Buddhist monk, Sūriyagoda Sumaṅgala Thero, Vice-Principal of Parama Dhamma Cetiya College of Ratmalāna, Ceylon, now Examiner in Pāli to the University of Bombay. To him I desire to express my best thanks for enabling the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST to know the full story of Chatta.]

WHEN the Lord was dwelling in the Jeta Grove at Sāvatti, there lived at Setavya a Brahman lad called Chatta, the son of a certain Brahman who had long been childless. When he grew to school-going age, he was sent to the town of Ukkatṭha by his parents to be with Pokkharasāti, a Brahman instructor. As he was clever and diligent, he very quickly mastered the Vedas and the Sciences, and became accomplished in the culture of the Brahmans.

Then with obeisance he thus addressed his teacher: "I have learnt from you the sciences; what shall be my teacher's fee to you?"

"The teacher's fee is in accordance with the means of the pupil; bring me a thousand pieces of gold."

Chatta then bade good-bye to his teacher, and returned to Setavya to his parents. They welcomed him with delight. After due salutations, he mentioned the matter to them and said:

"Will you give me what is fitting? I can return at once to-day."

His father and mother replied:

"Dearest, it is not lucky to travel to-day; do not go till to-morrow."

Then they collected the gold pieces, and put them in a bag and gave them to him.

Now certain robbers heard of this matter, and hid themselves in the glade of a forest through which

Chatta had to go. "For," said they, "we will kill the boy and take the gold."

Now the Lord at dawn after radiating His great compassion on men, examined the world, and saw that if Chatta could be established in the Refuges and in the Morality,¹ he would then immediately enter heaven when killed by the robbers; and that further if he were to return with his Deva-mansion,² he could establish in the Truth the assembly to whom he appeared. So the Lord went in advance and sat down at the foot of a tree on the road that Chatta would take.

The boy, when he had received the present for his teacher, left Setavya and took the road to Ukkatṭha; and on the way thither he saw the Lord seated. He came near and stood on one side.

"Whither art thou going?" said the Lord.

"O Gotama, I am going to Ukkatṭha to give the teacher's fee to Pokkharasāti," replied Chatta.

Then the Lord, "Son, dost thou know the Three Refuges and the Five Precepts?"

"No, Lord; what are they and what is their use?"

"They are these," said the Lord; and He explained to him the "Entrance to the Refuges" and the "Practice of the Morality". He then said:

"Son, learn now first how to enter into the Refuges."

"Lord, I will learn them well, teach me," said Chatta.

¹ These are fully explained later on in the story. The Refuges are Buddha, His Truth, and His Brotherhood; the Morality is the Five Precepts for the laity.

² This Deva-mansion is in Pāli "vimāna". Presumably it is the aura of a Deva, as it is said to extend for miles, and he travels with it.

JOYS

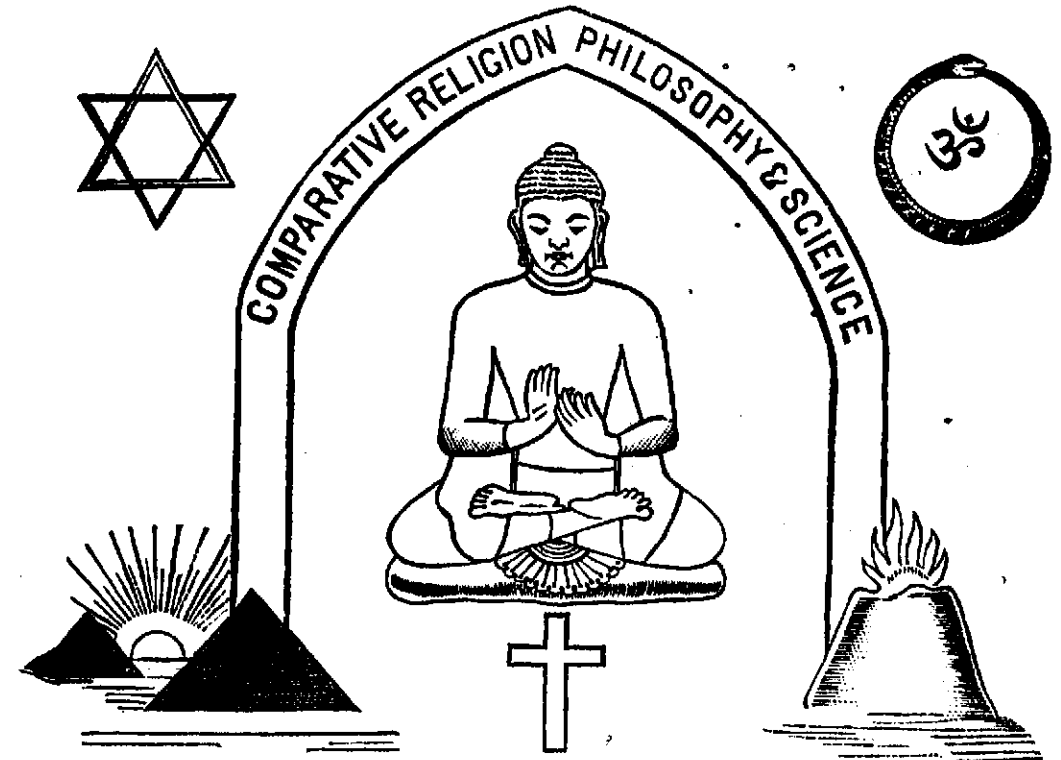
There is a joy of the day,
A joy of light;
Of flowers in the dawn, and birds in lucent air,
Of sun-kissed water and cloud-shapes iris-bright:
There is a joy of the day
Shining and fair.

There is a joy of the night,
A joy of dreams;
Of guiding stars, and the wind, and trees that hear
All in the dark the singing of happy streams:
There is a joy of the night,
Silent and clear.

There is a joy of the heart,
A joy of life;
Of beauty that, dying, shall yet for ever endure,
Of youth and love, of wonderful pain, and strife:
There is a joy of the heart,
Steadfast and pure.

There is a joy of the soul,
A joy of God;
Of wings that fail not, of darkness that waketh
sight,
Of a spirit that calls to ours from the sky and the
There is a joy of the soul, [sod :
Secret and bright.

EVA M. MARTIN



THE STORY OF CHATTA

(Translated from the Pāli)

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

[Readers of my *Christ and Buddha* will remember the little story there of "Chatta and the Buddha". I translate below the full story out of the Pāli Scriptures of Buddhism. The verses alone, without the narrative part, appear in that section of the Buddhist canon known as the *Vimāna Vatthu* of the *Khuddhaka Nikāya* of the *Sutta Piṭaka*; the verses, with the story of their composition, appear in the commentary of *Dhammapāla* called *Paramattha Dipani*. My translation is directly from *Dhammapāla's* commentary.

Thus prayed by the boy, the Lord recited, in poetic form to suit the boy's inclination, these verses that describe the way of entering the Refuges.

The Supreme Teacher of teachers among men is the Lord, the Sage of the Sākyas; He has achieved perfection and attained Nirvāṇa, and is full of strength and energy.

To Him, the Blessed One, go thou for Refuge.

The Truth brings freedom from passion, desire and sorrow; it is self-begotten, inviting, sweet, plain and logical.

To the Truth go thou for Refuge.

Four Grades there are of the Holy Ones, and eight Ranks they make; Service to them verily brings great reward.

Go thou to the Brotherhood for Refuge.

The Lord taught with these three verses the Attributes of the Refuges and the Modes of Entering the Refuges; and immediately afterwards the boy repeated those verses, "The Supreme Teacher of teachers" and what follows, to show that he had firmly grasped them. In the same manner he repeated what was told him concerning the Five Precepts, the nature of each and its consequence; with understanding he "took the Precepts" in due form.

With swift realisation and with gladdened mind, "And now, Lord, I shall depart," he said. He then proceeded on his way, recalling the virtues of the Three Gems.¹

The Lord then returned to the Jeta Grove, saying, "Sufficient is the powerful merit of this to give him birth in the Deva World."

Now the boy determined that he would obtain the virtues of the Three Gems, and he established himself in the Refuges as taught by the Lord. As then

¹ The Buddha, His Truth, and His Brotherhood.

he went on his way rejoicing, and repeating, "I go for Refuge," he was set upon by the robbers; he was quite unaware of their presence, for he was wrapt up in the thought of the virtues of the Three Gems. One of the robbers slipped out of a bush, and swiftly let fly a poisoned arrow and killed him. Then picking up the bag of gold, he went away with his fellows.

The boy, the moment he was dead, was born in the Tāvātimsa heaven with a Deva-mansion of thirty yojanas¹; its splendour further extended to twenty yojanas more.

Now when the dwellers near by Setavya saw that the boy was dead, they hastened to Setavya and broke the news to his father and mother; and dwellers near Ukkatṭha went to Ukkatṭha and told the Brahman Pokkharasāti. At the news, the father and mother and relations and friends, and Pokkharasāti, and their attendants arrived at the scene, lamenting with streaming faces; there also gathered in great numbers the inhabitants of Setavya, Ukkatṭha and Icchāmaṅgala, and they all made a great gathering. The boy's parents then made a funeral pyre near the roadside and began the ceremonies for the dead.

Then the Lord thus thought: "The boy Chattha will come to pay reverence to me, if I go there; I shall make him describe all that happened and demonstrate the result of Karma; so I shall proclaim the Truth, and a multitude will comprehend what it is." So thinking, He went to the place, accompanied by a large number of His disciples, and sat down at the foot

¹ A yojana is about twelve miles. The old mind of the Orient did not challenge exaggeration so long as it was picturesque.

of a tree, flashing out the six colours of the Buddha rays.¹

Now Chatta looked at his own beatitude, and sought for its cause; he saw that it was due to Entering the Refugees and Taking the Precepts. Filled with delight and full of reverence for the Lord, he thought in gratitude, "Indeed I will go and worship the Lord and His disciples, and I will proclaim to the assembly the virtues of the Three Gems." So he came with his Deva-mansion, and lit up with radiance the whole country round; stepping then out of his mansion in a glory, he revealed himself. He approached the Lord and prostrated at His feet in worship; then raising his hands to his forehead stood on one side.

When the assembly saw him, they exclaimed in amazement, "Who is this? Is he a Deva, or Brahmā himself?" and came up to the Lord and gathered round Him. The Lord thereupon addressed the angel² as follows, in order to make manifest the result of a meritorious Karma:

Nor shines with such splendour the sun in the sky, nor the moon, nor Phussa,³ as shines this thy incomparable radiance. Why hast thou come from heaven to earth?

Twenty yojanas and more spreads the radiance of thy mansion, immaculate, pure, and beautiful; it surpasses the sun's rays and makes night to day.

Myriads of lotuses, white and red, and flowers of many a hue adorn it; roofed over with beauteous nets of gold, it shines in the sky even as the sun.

¹ These are the colours in the aura of the Lord, which extended to some three miles; many seeing the colours in the air knew the Lord was near. The colours are arranged in concentric spheres, and are blue, yellow, rose, white, golden orange, and "gleaming"; the last, the colour of the outermost sphere, is made up of the five colours in succession.

² Chatta in his Deva-body.

³ A star in Cancer, whose light is said to persist for ever.

As thickly move the stars in the sky, so move there slender goddesses in crimson robes and golden veils bedecked, with complexions like unto gold, and scented with perfumes of sandal, pīngala and aloes.

There gods and goddesses move, many-hued and innumerable, clad in gold, with golden ornaments adorned; joyful they are, and decked in garlands that scatter scent as the breezes move them.

How hast thou come to possess such an abode? What was thy purification that brought thee this fruit of Karma? Speak, son, and answer.

The angel replied in these verses:

The Lord met a boy here by the roadside, and in His compassion gave him instruction; "I will obey," said Chatta, when he heard the teaching concerning Thy noble Gems.

"I take Refuge in the Mighty Conqueror, in His Truth, and in His Disciples."—I know them not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Take thou not life in any way whatsoever; a sin it is, and the wise praise not heedlessness to creatures."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Think thou not to take what is not given thee and is possessed by another."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Go thou not to another's wife, that is under his protection; that is a dishonour."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Speak thou not any falsehood whatsoever; the wise praise not words that are untruthful."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Abstain thou from all drink that robs a man of his mind."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

Thus I took Five Precepts, and set my feet on the way of the Lord's Truth. Where two roads met robbers awaited me, and for the sake of the gold they killed me.

My act of dedication alone I remember; other than that there is now nothing in me. By the merit of my act I was born in joy-fulfilling heaven.

Behold the merit of fulfilling the Law even for a moment; and many are envious when they see me shining in glory.

Because of brief instruction, see how heaven is my reward and I am blissful; whoso will daily follow the Doctrine I think will attain to peace and immortality.

Great is the reward even of a little action, for great is the fruit of following the Lord's Doctrine. Behold now Chatta who through his merit floods like the sun the earth with brilliance.

"What is Virtue, and how shall we attain it?" Thus men ask when they come together. Now that again I bear a human form, firm in achievement may I live observing the Precepts.

"The Lord is full of loving-kindness and compassion." Thus I remembered all the while [I was being murdered]. Behold me now come to Thy Truth's appellation; be Thou gracious that we may hear Thy Doctrine.

Thus he spoke in thanksgiving, and also to show that there could be no satiety in serving the Lord or in listening to the Doctrine. The Lord observed the angel's desire on behalf of the audience there assembled, and delivered to them a sermon; and finding them receptive He expounded gradually the higher truths.

When the sermon was over, the angel, and his father and mother, obtained the fruit of the First Stage,¹ and the multitude comprehended the Truth.

Established now in the fruit of the First Stage, the angel saw the advantage to his parents if they advanced further on the Path, and with a view to that he thus spoke.

¹ The first of the four great Stages on the Path, known in our Theosophical studies as the great Initiations.

Those who cast aside lust and desire for life and delusion¹, never more at birth shall be imprisoned in a womb. Unto the Peace they go, unto Nirvāṇa.

Thus the angel made known that by accepting the teaching as to the attainment of Nirvāṇa he had achieved the fruit of the First Stage. Then thrice he walked round the Lord in worship, and to His disciples gave due reverence; and taking leave of his parents he returned to heaven.

The Lord arose and departed with His disciples, and the boy's parents and the Brahman Poṅkharasāti and all present accompanied Him awhile and then returned. When the Lord arrived at the Jeta Grove, He explained all in full to the assembled Brotherhood. And the assembly received the Discourse with great advantage.

C. Jinarājadāsa

¹Three "fetters" on the Path; the stage referred to is that of the Anāgāmins, who "do not return", i.e., who attain Adeptship in that same life.

THE HOLY GHOST OR THE PARACLETE

By A. GOVINDACHARYA SVAMIN, C.E., M.R.A.S.

“**H**OLY Ghost” is the same as “Holy Spirit”. It is the Third Person of the Trinity, the First Person being God, the Second being the Son. The function of the Holy Ghost is to be the Paraclete, or Advocate. Let us trace the several ideas intended to be conveyed by the Third Person in the development of Christianity; and then compare them with parallel ideas in other religions.

In the Old Testament, we have in *Genesis*, i, 2, the Spirit of God, or Spirit of Jehovah, “moving upon the face of the waters”. This may mean God’s Spirit Itself, or the Spirit in God. Whichever it be, it is the active Divine Principle in nature. This meaning is strengthened by *Psalms*, civ, 30: “Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created.”

In *I. Samuel*, xvi, 13, we read that Samuel anointed David, and “the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon David from that day forward”. This shows that the Spirit is the power by which higher energies of the human soul are aroused; and in *Isaiah*, lxi, 1, we read “the spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek,” showing that the energy, or one of the soul’s energies, so roused is the prophetic faculty.

Now referring to *Joel*, ii, 28 ff., we read:

And it shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.

And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.

This shows that the Prophets looked forward to a Messianic age as the special time for the full manifestation of the Spirit. This you will find repeated in the *Acts of the Apostles*, ii, 17-18.

In *Acts*, ii, 1-4, we learn that it was the Feast Day of Pentecost.

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. . . . And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

And in *Acts*, x, 44: “While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word.” This shows that the early Christians saw a personal Spirit dowering them with extraordinary gifts.

Coming to *Romans*, viii, 11, ff., we find S. Paul saying:

But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.

This shows that to S. Paul, the Holy Ghost is the principle of the Divine Life in the community.

Next, in *Galatians*, v, 22-23, we find the Holy Ghost as the Generator of all spiritual graces—thus:

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance.

The Spirit's, or Ghost's, proper personality is first clearly implied in *Matthew*.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

In *John*, xiv, 16, Christ says :

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.

In *John*, xiv, 20, Christ says :

At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

In *John*, xiv, 26, He says :

But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

And Paul in II. *Corinthians*, xiii, 14, apostrophises with the benediction :

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

Considering all the several ideas in these passages conveyed by the expression "Holy Ghost," it will be easy to understand how the two great divisions in Christianity, *viz.*, Trinitarian and Unitarian arose. The Unitarian doctrine which is the doctrine of the undivided unity of the Divine Nature, is also the distinguishing doctrine of the Old Testament. As to Christ, the Unitarians hold two views: One that He is an emanation from the Supreme; the second called the humanitarian view, namely, a mere man made Lord and Christ by His resurrection from the dead. The present tendency generally of the Unitarians is towards a simple theism with Jesus Christ as its Chief Prophet. (Put Muhammad in lieu of Jesus and

you have Muhammad-anism). This is the reason why Unitarianism is more congenial to the tenets of Brāhmanism, which, however, is a theism bereft of all the traditional trappings constituting what is called Hindūism.

The Trinitarians affirm a Deity but as having a threefold Personality, Father, Son and Holy Ghost; or the One God in three aspects, mainly based on the passages of the New Testament. The Trinity is also distinguished as essential and economical; the essential with reference to the inner metaphysical relations of the Three Persons, and the economical with reference to the redemptive activities of Deity.

Whether the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father alone, or from the Father and the Son, was a matter which separated the Greek and the Roman Churches. However, *filioque*, "and from the Son," was a phrase added by the western Church, the Roman, in the sixth century A.D.

Here it is apropos to state the Roman or Latin idea of God as a Power outside of the course of nature, or extra-cosmic, occasionally interfering with it; and to state the Greek idea of God as the Power working in and through nature, without interference or infraction of law, or intra-cosmic. Now in the idea of the Holy Spirit, or Holy Ghost, viewed progressively (as above) from the Old to the New Testament, it will be observed that the idea of God in both these aspects is evidenced in various forms; and the one solid Truth is made manifest, *viz.*, the continuous approach of God and man, not a mere physical or metaphysical approach, but a moral *rapprochement*. Rationalistic writers endeavoured to reduce the Holy Ghost to no more than the moral

faculty in man—buddhi. But what, after all, it can mean we shall now examine in the light of eastern Scriptures, or the Vedānta.

The Vedāntic conception of God is that He is both outside nature, and inside it, and *a posteriori* in man; hence it is a union of the partial conceptions characterising the Latin and the Greek Churches as shown above. Whether the Spirit of God moving over the face of the waters, indicates supra-natural God, or, the active Divine Principle in nature, the fact is clear, that the breath breathed from outside came to dwell in the inside. If the "breathing" of *Genesis* indicates the first beginnings of the motions of a soul, by the time that Christ is reported to have said in *John* that the Holy Ghost, or Comforter, should abide in the community after His passing away, and that Paul said his benediction in II. *Corinthians*, the soul had shown great progress in the evolution of the divine nature; in other words, God, latent at the stage of the first "breathing," had gone far in manifestation in man by the time of Jesus Christ and the Apostles. Evolution of soul *pari passu* with the manifestation of God has never ceased, but has been going on in the body of the Church. So it may be reasoned.

Christ is the Son of God, and also the Bride of God—both being figurative expressions. Whether Son or Bride, it simply indicates the several kinds of kinship the soul holds to God, as the child of God or the heir of God. Be it Son or Bride, it ever dwells in the bosom of God. Hence *John*, i, 18:

No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

And Christ is one with the Father, according to *John*, x, 30: "I and my Father are one." "Son," "Bride," "in the bosom of God," "in my Father," "I and my Father are one," are all expressions to show the divine nature of the soul, and its most intimate, inextricable, loving relation to Deity. In this way we may understand Dante's lines, in *the Purgatorio*, xx:

What I was saying of that only bride,
Of the Holy Ghost and which occasioned thee
To turn towards me for some commentary.

In the Bible itself, the story in *Matthew*, 25, of "the virgins going forth to meet the Bride," and *Revelations*, xxii, 17, "the Spirit and the Bride say, Come," are quite significant in this connection. In *The Song of Solomon*, the Church in turn, in which the Holy Ghost abides, is the Bride of Christ.

Both Christ and the Holy Ghost represent the Grace of God operating on the soul in different manners—Grace as Christ is Grace made manifest in flesh, and Grace as Holy Ghost is Grace invisibly operating on the soul both from outside and inside, but more abidingly and abundantly inside. Of Christ it is written in *Matthew*, i, 18, that Mary "was found with child of the Holy Ghost," and i, 20, that "that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost". From this it may be conceived that the same principle of Grace, invisible as Holy Ghost, becomes visible as Christ. Consulting the Evangelist John, he tells us in i, 14, that what became flesh was the Word. Hence both Christ and the Holy Ghost are intimately referent to the Principle, or Word, which eternally abides with God. Hence John is found stating in i, 2-3:

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God.

Here we come to Plato's eternal ideas, and the eternal Word, the Veda. The Word, or the Veda, never dies. It becomes dormant at one time and is revived at another time according to the passage:

Inspired men obtained the Word by their austerities from the Self-Existent—the Word that was hidden.

Hence the Word externally abides in God; its meaning, guiding souls, is the Holy Ghost; and its becoming flesh is the great fact of Incarnation—the Christ.

The primeval surface of the idea "Ghost" is literally found in the Vedic passage: "The *Rgveda*, or the Holy Word, is but the breathing of this Great Ghost (*bhūta*)."¹ Firstly, there is no word without the breath; and secondly, breath and spirit are closely allied in human thought. The first meaning is therefore expressed in such passages of the Upaniṣads as: "Ṛk indeed is Speech (Word), Sāman is Breath; the union is the Holy Word Aum (Om)—the *Udgītha*," or the song of the soul going out in prayer to its Father.

As to the origin of the word Christ, it is traceable to *Shrī* of the Vedas. The Hebrew Word, Messiah, means the Anointed. Christ is a translation of that Word. In the early years of the Church, Christians were often referred to as Chrestians. In Greek, *Christos* means excellent, and is cognate with the Samskr̥t, *Shreshtha*, which is derivable from *Shrī*. Also if the component of the word Eucharist, *vis.*, the Greek, *Charis*, be considered, it means Grace.

It is therefore possible *Charis* is philologically connected with *Chrest*, Christ, *Shreshtha*, *Shrī*, all meaning Grace. And that *Shrī*, or Christ, is the Bride of God, eternally dwelling in His bosom, is borne out by many passages of the Hindū Scriptures, of which one occurring in the famous *Puruṣha-Sūkta*, may be mentioned: "Hrī [material] and Lakṣhmī [spiritual]" are Thy Brides." Lakṣhmī, very much akin to Logos is a synonym of *Shrī*, *Puruṣha* being *Nārāyaṇa* (see *Nārāyaṇīya*, *Shānti-parva*, *Mahābhārata*).

In the beginning of this paper, it was stated that the function of the Holy Ghost is to be the Paraclete, or Advocate; *i.e.*, the Mediator between the soul and God; in other words, the Saviour. As Christ is Mediator and Saviour, and the Holy Ghost is only the subtle form of Christ, *Shrī*, in Hindūism, is the Mediatrix. She is called the *Puruṣhakara*, which almost sounds like Paraclete. In all probability they have a family connection, *i.e.*, philologically. It means the Interceder between the soul and God. It is Grace which prevails with the soul to turn it Godward, and prevails with God to pardon the soul and turn Him soulward. In the *Kenopanishad* (iii Khanda) a story is told how the celestials asked Agni and Vāyu, who were very proud, to discover God (*Yaksha*). In their pride they attempted, but ignominiously failed. And they asked Indra, a yet higher deity among the minor Gods and he was humble. Seeing his humility the Holy Word, in the form of a Female, appeared before Indra, and interceded on his behalf with God. In a work called *Shrī-Vachana-Bhūṣhaṇa*, by Bāla-Lokāchārya, translated for the Chicago Parliament of Religions (1893) by Pārthasārathi Yogi, at the Rev. Dr. W. Miller's instance, a

matchless discourse on the functions of the Paraclete is found. It would be therefore superfluous in this paper to enter largely into that subject. God and Grace are a united Principle. They are spoken of differently on account of the different attributes of the Deity manifesting or operating in different ways.

A. Govindacharya Svamin

(To be concluded)

A CHILD OF NATURE

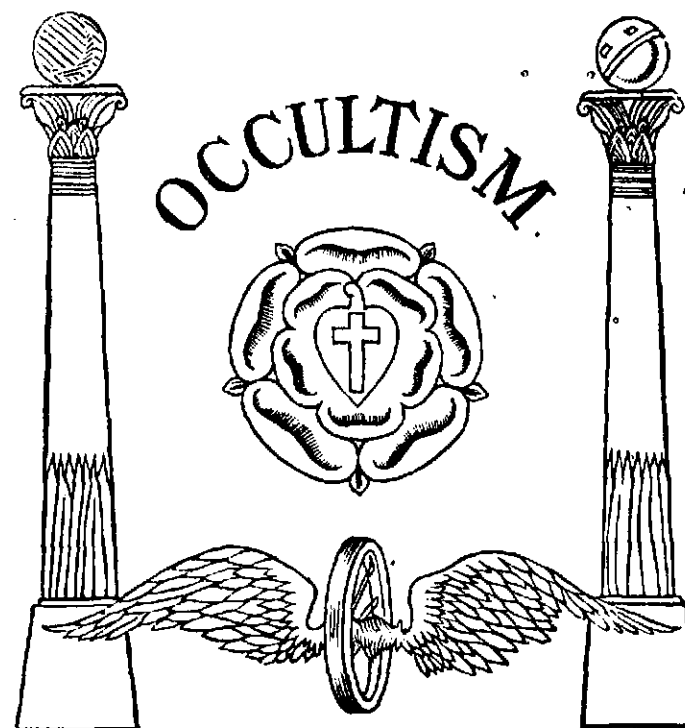
The soft brown earth around me lies
So sweet and clean,
The fresh green grass all gently sighs
To the breeze unseen.

The new-born elm-leaves dance in glee
Like a thousand butterflies;
They are happy and pure in their liberty—
Pure as the cloud-flecked skies.

For Nature's filled with purity
Holy and fair;
Nought that doth own Her sovereignty
Doth foulness wear.

I know nought sweeter than the earth,
I know nought purer than the skies;
O let me take of Her new birth
And be Her child, clean, fair and wise!

F. GORDON PEARCE



THE BUDDHIC CONSCIOUSNESS

By C. W. LEADBEATER

ALL students are theoretically acquainted with the idea of the buddhic plane and its wonderful characteristic of unity of consciousness; but most of them probably regard the possibility of obtaining any personal experience of that consciousness as belonging to the far-distant future. The full development of the buddhic vehicle is for most of us still remote, for it belongs to the stage of the Fourth, or Arhat, Initiation;

but it is perhaps not entirely impossible for those who are as yet far from that level to gain some touch of that higher type of consciousness in quite another way.

I was myself brought along what I should describe as the ordinary and commonplace line of occult development, and I had to fight my way laboriously upward, conquering one subplane after another, first in the astral world, then in the mental, and then in the buddhic; which means that I had the full use of my astral, mental and causal vehicles before anything came to me that I could define certainly as a real buddhic experience. This method is slow and toilsome, though I think it has its advantages in developing accuracy in observation, in making sure of each step before the next is taken. I have no doubt whatever that it was the best for a person of my temperament; indeed, it was probably the only way possible for me; but it does not follow that other people may not have quite other opportunities.

It has happened to me in the course of my work to come into contact with a number of those who are undergoing occult training; and perhaps the fact which emerges most prominently from my experience in that direction is the marvellous variety of method employed by our Masters. So closely adapted is the training to the individual that in no two cases is it the same; not only has every Master His own plan, but the same Master adopts a different scheme for each pupil, and so each person is brought along exactly that line which is most suitable for him.

A remarkable instance of this variability of method came under my notice not long ago, and I think that an explanation of it may perhaps be useful to some of our

students. Let me first remind them of the curious inverted way in which the ego is reflected in the personality; the higher manas, or intellect, images itself in the mental body, the intuition, or buddhi, reflects itself in the astral body, and the spirit, or ātmā, itself somehow corresponds to the physical. These correspondences show themselves in the three methods of individualisation, and they play their part in certain inner developments; but until lately it had not occurred to me that they could be turned to practical account at a much earlier stage by the aspirant for occult progress.

A certain student of deeply affectionate nature developed (as it was quite right and proper that he should) an intense love for the teacher who had been appointed by his Master to assist him in the preliminary training. He made it a daily practice to form a strong mental image of that teacher, and then pour out his love upon him with all his force, thereby flooding his own astral body with crimson, and temporarily increasing its size enormously. He used to call the process "enlarging his aura". He showed such remarkable aptitude in this exercise, and it was so obviously beneficial to him, that an additional effort along the same line was suggested to him. He was recommended, while holding the image clearly before him, and sending out the love-force as strongly as ever, to try to raise his consciousness to a higher level and unify it with that of his teacher.

His first attempt to do this was amazingly successful. He described a sensation as of actually rising through space; he found what he supposed to be the sky like a roof barring his way, but the force of his

will seemed to form a sort of cone in it, which presently became a tube through which he found himself rushing. He emerged into a region of blinding light which was at the same time a sea of bliss so overwhelming that he could find no words to describe it. It was not in the least like anything that he had ever felt before; it grasped him as definitely and instantaneously as a giant hand might have done, and permeated his whole nature in a moment like a flood of electricity. It was more real than any physical object that he had ever seen, and yet at the same time so utterly spiritual. "It was as though God had taken me into Himself, and I felt His Life running through me," he said.

He gradually recovered himself and was able to examine his condition; and as he did so he began to realise that his consciousness was no longer limited as it had hitherto been—that he was somehow simultaneously present at every point of that marvellous sea of light; indeed, that in some inexplicable way he *was* himself that sea, even though apparently at the same time he was a point floating in it. It seemed to us who heard that he was groping after words to express the consciousness which, as Madame Blavatsky so well puts it, has "its centre everywhere and its circumference nowhere".

Further realisation revealed to him that he had succeeded in his effort to become one with the consciousness of his teacher. He found himself thoroughly comprehending and sharing that teacher's feelings, and possessing a far wider and higher outlook on life than he had ever had before. One thing that impressed him immensely was the image of himself

as seen through the teacher's eyes; it filled him with a sense of unworthiness, and yet of high resolve; as he whimsically put it.

"I found myself loving myself through my teacher's intense love for me, and I knew that I could and would make myself worthy of it."

He sensed also a depth of devotion and reverence which he had never before reached; he knew that in becoming one with his earthly teacher he had also entered the shrine of his true Master, with whom that teacher in turn was one, and he dimly felt himself in touch with a Consciousness of unrealisable splendour. But here his strength failed him; he seemed to slide down his tube again, and opened his eyes upon the physical plane.

Consulted as to this transcendent experience, I enquired minutely into it, and easily satisfied myself that it was unquestionably an entry into the buddhic world, not by toilsome progress through the various stages of the mental, but by a direct course along the ray of reflection from the highest astral subplane to the lowest of that intuitional world. I asked as to physical effects, and found that there were absolutely none; the student was in radiant health. So I recommended that he should repeat the effort, and that he should with utmost reverence try to press higher still, and to raise himself, if it might be, into that other August Consciousness. For I saw that here was a case of that combination of golden love and iron will that is so rare on this our Sorrowful Star; and I knew that a love which is utterly unselfish and a will which recognises no obstacles may carry their possessor to the very Feet of GOD Himself.

The student repeated his experiment, and again he succeeded beyond all hope or expectation. He was able to enter that wider Consciousness, and he pressed onward and upward into it as though he were swimming out into some vast lake. Much of what he brought back with him he could not comprehend; shreds of ineffable glories, fragments of conceptions so vast and so gorgeous that no merely human mind can grasp them in their totality. But he gained a new idea of what love and devotion could be—an ideal after which to strive for the rest of his life.

Day after day he continued his efforts (we found that once a day was as often as it could be wisely attempted); further and further he penetrated into that great lake of love, and yet found no end to it. But gradually he became aware of something far greater still; he somehow knew that this indescribable splendour was permeated by a subtler glory yet more inconceivably splendid, and he tried to raise himself into that. And when he succeeded, he knew by its characteristics that this was the Consciousness of the great World-Teacher Himself. In becoming one with his own earthly teacher he had inevitably joined himself to the consciousness of his Master, with whom that teacher was already united; and in this further marvellous experience he was but proving the close union which exists between that Master and the Bodhisattva, who in turn had taught Him. Into that shoreless sea of Love and Compassion he plunges daily in his meditation, with such upliftment and strengthening for himself as may readily be imagined; but he can never reach its limits, for no mortal man can fathom such an ocean as that.

Striving ever to penetrate more and more deeply into this wondrous new realm which had so suddenly opened before him, he succeeded one day in reaching a yet further development—a bliss so much more intense, a feeling so much more profound, that it seemed to him at first as much higher than his first buddhic touch as that had been above his earlier astral experiences. He remarked: "If I did not know that it is impossible for me to attain it yet, I should say that this must be Nirvāṇa."

In reality it was only the next subplane of the buddhic—the second from the bottom, and the sixth from the top; but his impression is significant as showing that not only does consciousness widen as we rise, but the rate at which it widens increases rapidly. Not only is progress accelerated, but the rate of such acceleration grows by geometrical progression. Now this student reaches that higher subplane daily and as a matter of course, and is working vigorously and perseveringly in the hopes of advancing still farther. And the power, the balance and the certainty which this introduces into his daily physical life is amazing and beautiful to see.

Another phenomenon which he observes, as accompanying this, is that the intense bliss of that higher plane now persists beyond the time of meditation and is becoming more and more a part of his whole life. At first this persistence was for some twenty minutes after each meditation; then it reached an hour; then two hours; and he is confidently looking forward to a time when it will be his as a permanent possession—a part of himself. A remarkable feature of the case is that this prodigious daily exaltation is

not followed by any sign of the slightest reaction or depression, but instead produces an ever-augmenting radiance and sunniness.

Becoming gradually more accustomed to functioning in this higher and more glorious world, he began to look about him to some extent, and was presently able to identify himself with many other less exalted consciousnesses. He found these existing as points within his extended self, and he discovered that by focussing himself at any one of these points he could at once realise the highest qualities and spiritual aspirations of the person whom it represented. Seeking for a more detailed sympathy with some whom he knew and loved, he discerned that these points of consciousness were also, as he put it, holes through which he could pour himself down into their lower vehicles; and thus he came into touch with those parts of their lives and dispositions which could find no expression on the buddhic plane. This gave him a sympathy with their characters, a comprehension of their weaknesses, which was truly remarkable, and could probably have been attained in no other way—a most valuable quality for the work of a disciple in the future.

The wondrous unity of that intuitional world manifested itself to him in unsuspected examples. Holding in his hand one day what he regarded as a specially beautiful little object, part of which was white, he fell into a sort of ecstasy of admiration of its graceful form and harmonious colouring. Suddenly, through the object, as he gazed at it, he saw unfolded before him a landscape, just as though the object had become a tiny window, or perhaps a crystal. The

landscape is one that he knows and loves well, but there was no obvious reason why the little object should bring it thus before him. A curious feature was that the white part of that object was represented in the sky of his picture. Impressed by this wholly unexpected phenomenon, he tried the experiment of raising his consciousness while he revelled in the beauty of the prospect. He had the sensation of passing through some resisting medium into a higher plane, and found that the view before him had changed to one which was strange to him, but even more beautiful than that which he knew so well. The piles of white cloud had become a towering snow-covered mountain, with its long line sweeping down to a sea of colour richer than any that in this incarnation he has seen. The rocky bays, the buildings, the vegetation, were all foreign to him, though well-known to me; and by a little careful questioning I soon ascertained without room for doubt that the scene upon which he was looking was that which I suspected—a real physical view, but one many thousands of miles from the spot where he sat gazing at it. Since that hallowed spot is often in my mind, though I assuredly was not thinking of it at that moment, what the student saw may have been a thought-form of mine. I imagine that up to this point what had happened may be quite simply described. I presume that the student's emotion was excited by his admiration, and that the heightened vibrations which were caused in this way brought into operation his astral senses, and this enabled him to see a view which was not physically visible, but well within astral reach. The endeavour to press on further temporarily opened the mental

sense, and by it he was able to see my thought-form—if that second view *was* a thought-form of mine.

But the student did not rest satisfied with that: he repeated his attempt to push on still higher, or (as he put it) still deeper into the real meaning of it all. Once more he had the experience of breaking through into some exalted and more refined state of matter; and this time it was no earthly scene that rewarded his effort, for the foreground burgeoned forth into an illimitable universe filled with masses of splendid colour, pulsating with glorious life, and the snow-covered mountain became a great White Throne vaster than any mountain, veiled in dazzling golden light. A strange fact connected with this vision is that the student to whom the experience came is entirely unacquainted with the Christian Scripture, and was unaware that any text existing therein had any bearing upon what he saw. I asked him whether he could repeat this experience at will; he did not know, but later on he tried the experiment, and succeeded in again passing through those stages in the same order, giving some additional details of the foreign landscape which proved to me that this was not merely a feat of memory; and this time the awe-stricken seer whispered that amidst the coruscations of that light he once had a passing glimpse of the outline of a Mighty Figure Who sat upon the Throne. This also, you may say, might be a thought-form, built by some Christian of vivid imagination. Perhaps; but when a few days later an opportunity occurred, and I asked a Wise One what signification we might attach to such a vision, He replied:

“Do you not see that, as there is but One Love, so there is but One Beauty? Whatever is beautiful, on

any plane, is so because it is part of that Beauty, and if it is pushed back far enough, its connection will become manifest. All Beauty is of GOD, as all Love is of GOD; and through these, His Qualities, the pure in heart may always reach Him.”

Our students would do well to weigh these words, and follow out the idea contained in them. All beauty, whether it be of form or of colour, whether it be in nature or in the human frame, in high achievements of art or in the humblest household utensil, is but an expression of the One Beauty and therefore in even the lowliest thing that is beautiful all beauty is implicitly contained, and so through it all beauty may be realised, and He Who Himself is Beauty may be reached. To understand this fully needs the buddhic consciousness by which our student arrived at its realisation; but even at much lower levels the idea may be useful and fruitful.

I fully admit that the student whose experiences I have been relating is exceptional—that he possesses a strength of will, a power to love, a purity of heart and an utter unselfishness which are, unfortunately, far from common. Nevertheless, what he has done with such marked success may surely be copied to some extent by others less gifted. He has unfolded his consciousness upon a plane which is not normally reached by aspirants; he is rapidly building for himself a capable and most valuable vehicle there—for that is the meaning of the ever increasing persistence of the sense of bliss and power. That his is a definite line of progress, and not a mere isolated example, is shown by the fact that even already the abnormal buddhic development is producing its

effect upon the apparently neglected causal and mental bodies, stimulating them into action from above instead of leaving them to be laboriously influenced from below as is usual. All this success is the result of steady effort along the line which I have described.

"Go thou and do likewise." No harm can come to any man from an earnest endeavour to increase his power of love, his power of devotion, and his power to appreciate beauty; and by such endeavour it is at least possible that he may attain a progress of which he has not dreamed. Only be it remembered that, in this path as in every other, growth is achieved only by him who desires it not for his own sake but for the sake of service. Forgetfulness of self and an eager desire to help others are the most prominent characteristics of the student whose inner story I have here told; these characteristics *must* be equally prominent in any who aspire to follow his example; without them no such consummation is possible.

C. W. Leadbeater

AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA: II

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

IT was stated in my last article that there was a wish on the part of those connected with the Organisation referred to therein, that its existence should be widely known. Some of the reasons for the wish are the following: It would seem that by the close of the year Nala, that is some twenty-one months hence, a small cycle would come to an end, and during the next cycle, which will be one of twenty-four years duration, there is a likelihood of an increase in the number of persons who would seek spiritual training such as that imparted to members of the Organisation. And therefore it is the duty of those in charge of it to make known to the public such facts as intending candidates should be acquainted with. I may add that it is not expected that those who are altogether orthodox in their ways of thinking and life in the Hindū Community, at present, would be likely to seek training as members of the Organisation. It is however believed that Indians who have had the benefit of education on western lines will be more disposed to seek such training, provided they are imbued with a reverence for Brahma-Vidyā, as happens in some instances. In other words, it is understood that the latter will

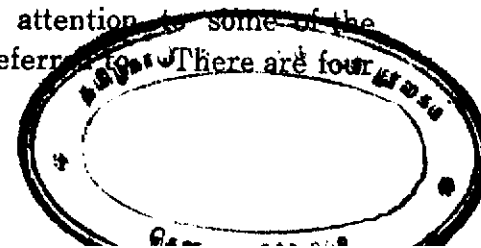
more readily accept and appreciate the great truths which underlie the teaching and training obtainable in the Organisation than the former, who, owing to caste and sectarian prejudices, will be quite impervious to such truths.

As the closing words of my last article will show, admission into the Organisation is not fettered by considerations of nationality, race, caste, creed or sex. Its whole aim and object is, as it has always been, to train and maintain a body of Yogīs intent on the welfare of all humanity, nay, of all creation in the world. This is stated again and again in the *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*, a book which, in my humble judgment, is one of absorbing interest to every true student of Yoga in this country, and especially so to the Hindū members of the Esoteric School of the Theosophical Society. I feel sure that by getting it published to the extent to which its publication, I understand, will be permitted, those members will be rendering a real service to the cause of Theosophy which has conferred an inestimable boon on the whole world. For, in the first place, the book will furnish the most striking evidence as to the existence of the Great White Brotherhood, two of whose members founded the Society and have been guiding it through all these years, in spite of every obstacle in the way of its progress. The book will also make it absolutely clear that, in founding the Esoteric School, the late Outer Head thereof, H. P. Blavatsky, was acting but as an instrument in the hands of the Founders of the Theosophical Society, and constituted a school for Yogic training on lines suited to modern conditions. It is scarcely necessary to say that the discipline prescribed in the Indian Organisation is such as

to make it almost impossible for anyone in the West to go through it; for it involves meditation and the observance of rituals requiring leisure and freedom from the worry of worldly concerns, neither of which conditions can be secured by one out of a thousand in Europe or America. Even in this country but few will find themselves in a position to go through that discipline. The formation of the Esoteric School with a discipline far less rigid was thus indispensable to the existence of the Theosophical Society as a living one; for, there can be no doubt that it is through that School that vitality has been flowing to the Theosophical Society from its Founders and but for the life, which thus flowed, the Theosophical Society would have been long ago dead.

Turning now to this *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*, the book may, in one sense, be said to consist of four parts. The first part deals with certain matters of a general nature, and with the course of discipline prescribed for the class of students known as Dāsas. The second part deals with the discipline of Tīrthas. These two parts only are actually available in writing. The instruction to the remaining two classes, Brahmams and Ānandas, is imparted only orally, and the notes made by those who receive such instruction never pass out of their hands. These oral instructions, it is scarcely necessary to say, are of so practical and special a character as to preclude their being communicated to anyone but the particular individual actually instructed.

I shall, on the present occasion, as also in a future article, endeavour to draw attention to some of the contents of the two parts referred to. There are four



Adhyāyas, or chapters, in the first part and among other matters, they purport to contain a report of the proceedings of an Assembly of Sages which took place, just on the eve of the commencement of Kali-Yuga, in that part of the Himālayas spoken of as Baḍarī Vana. This Vana refers to a large tract of country divided into two parts, the Southern and the Northern Baḍarī. It was in the latter that the Assembly met, the particular spot being Shambalam, (Shambala) the chief of the five places or seats in that division occupied by Sages. The names of the other four seats are stated to be Kalāpam, Pāmalam, Brāhmalam, Shaṅkhalam.

The three most prominent characters in the Assembly were Bhagavān Nārāyaṇa, Nara and Yoga-Devī. Who these three were, there is enough in the book clearly to indicate. The verse in which Nārāyaṇa describes His own nature runs thus:

अहं ब्रह्मांशसंभूतो ब्रह्मज्योतिर्मयो ऋषिः ।

विष्णोर्लोकहितार्थाय यातोऽहं बदरीवनम् ॥

I am a fragment issuing from Para Brahman and radiant with Its Light—the Rṣhi, come to Baḍarī Vana from Viṣṇu for the protection of His world.

In other words, He is the representative of the Ishvara engaged in the spiritual government of the world and, according to the well-known custom of the country, the representative appropriates for the title of his office the Ishvara's well-known name, Nārāyaṇa. Members of the Esoteric School will have no difficulty in identifying this Great Being with Him who is spoken of in the Theosophical literature as the Lord of the World, the One Initiator, and referred to in *The Secret Doctrine* (Volume i, p. 207, 1st Edition) as

the "Root-Base" of the Hierarchy of Arhats of the Fire-mist, the Ever-living Human Banyan. Next, as to Nara, he is described as लोकप्रवादक and जनप्रतिनिधि which mean, the representative of humanity. He played the part in this Assembly that Arjuna played in the *Mahābhārata* scene referred to in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, and it is well known that one of the many names which Arjuna bore was Nara. Lastly, as to Yoga-Devī, She undoubtedly represents the Light of the Ishvara, referred to as the Lady of the White Lotus in Mabel Collins's book, *The Idyll of the White Lotus*. For in this *Chandrikā* also she is represented as sitting on the lotus growing in the Kusumākaram, or lotus tank, situated in Baḍarī Vana. In a hymn, addressed by the Sages present to this Devī, reference is made to nearly a couple of hundred occult powers which She is said to possess. This enumeration seems to be suggestive of the occult powers exercised by the Hierarchy as a body. For, from what She herself states, She is no other than the mighty Centre from and through which the Light of Ishvara flows and circulates in the Hierarchy in the threefold aspect of Ichchhā Shakti, Jñāna Shakti and Kriyā Shakti.

Passing now to the proceedings at the Assembly, in reply to certain questions by Nara, Nārāyaṇa states that, having regard to the characteristics of the coming Kali age, a change of Dharma in the world has become necessary and that henceforward acquirement of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā should be within the power of every human being, without any reference whatsoever to Varṇa, Āshrama, sex and the like. In view of the attainment of this end the book states that Nārāyaṇa constituted and established an Association of Sages,

Yogīs and R̥shis called Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam. This body unquestionably is no other than what is spoken of in the Theosophical literature as the Great White Brotherhood—the Great White Lodge. Surely no happier name could have been chosen for it, and no better rendering of that name into English could have been suggested, than the one current in Theosophic literature. For the Sages, Yogīs and R̥shis who constitute the Association care for all and work for all; and Their work therefore is eminently Shuddha—pure and spotless—and their Association Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, *par excellence*. And again, in ascribing a colour to it, what can be more appropriate than the term “white”? I venture to think that this felicitous rendering emanated either from that Master who translated for Madame Blavatsky the *Stanzas of Dzyan*, or the Master who dictated *Light on the Path*, both of whom wield the English language with marvellous power.

Now as to the details of the constitution. The Head of the Association, or Adhiṣṭhātā, is Nārāyaṇa Himself. Its Secretary, or Kāryaḍarshī, is Nara. In addition to these two, it contains seven Adhikāra Puruṣhas, or Hierarchs. Of these Nārāḍa represents the Satyaloka, His function being that of Jñānāchārya or the highest expounder¹ of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā. Vāmaḍeva represents Ṭapoloka. He expounds, according to the needs of the age, Yoga Brahma-Vidyā to the subordinate grades of teachers thereof. Kashyapa

¹ No wonder that it was from this Teacher of Teachers that on the eve of the composition of the immortal epic, *Vālmiki*, the Mahā R̥shi who knows the path as Kālīḍāsa puts it, sought inspiration and instruction as stated in the opening shloka beginning with the words: तपस्व्यायानिरले. The late Mr. T. Subba Row used to say the work was far more than an epic—a storehouse of profound occult wisdom.

represents Janaloka and attends to the special evolution of those who are to become teachers of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā. Chaṇḍabhānu represents Maharloka and has to look after the due observance of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā discipline. Kālāḍeva represents Svarloka with the duty of neutralising all obstacles arising in the course of time to the attainment of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā by aspirants. Subrahmaṇya represents Bhuvārloka with the work of purifying the emotional bodies of those engaged in the teaching of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā and their pupils. And lastly, Devāpi represents Bhūloka and is in it Nārāyaṇa's representative and King, as it were, of the whole body of persons connected with Yoga Brahma-Vidyā therein.

The names of these seven Hierarchs, it would seem, contain in them the clue to the nature of their respective functions. Take for instance Nārāḍa. *Nāra* has two meanings: (1) Wisdom divine; (2) Nescience; *ḍa* also has two meanings: (1) bestowal; (2) cutting and destroying. The two together thus mean the destroyer of Nescience and the bestower of Wisdom divine. Each one of these Hierarchs is stated to have eighteen subordinates under Him, and the names of all 126 are given, one of those under Devāpi being Maitreya. Besides all these there are thirty-two Siddhas, next only in rank to Nārāyaṇa Himself, engaged in looking after, on His behalf, the spiritual welfare of all in the different parts of the world. The first shloka which every member of the Organisation has daily to address by way of salutation is so composed as to contain in it the first letter of the name of each of these thirty-two, while the verse itself purports

to be a salutation only to Nara and Nārāyaṇa. It runs thus :

नमस्ते नरदेवाय नमो नारायणाय च ।

बदेरीवननाथाय योगिनां पतये नमः ॥

Salutation to Naradeva and Nārāyaṇa, the Lord of Badari-Vana and the Patron of Yogis.

The other verses which follow the salutation, and which I omit, state the names of the thirty-two fully.

After the completion of the constitution of the Association, Nārāyaṇa caused Yoga-Devī's coronation to be carried out with instructions that the work of the Association should be carried on under the auspices of the Devī Herself. The meaning of this apparently is that Nārāyaṇa provided the Centre from which, adapting the language of Mr. T. Subba Row, flows the force that creates and maintains the bond of spiritual brotherhood and sympathy running through the long succession of the Hierophants of the world. In other words, Yoga-Devī may be most aptly described as the Sūtrātma, the thread-soul of the Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, or the Brotherhood. After the Coronation, each of the seven Hierarchs get a Yogaḍaṇḍa,¹ presumably a magnetised rod, intended for purposes which are however not disclosed. Thereupon the territorial jurisdictions of their respective subordinates were defined. And all the Brotherhood were enjoined to meet on the Vaishākh full-moon day of every year in Badarī in order to

¹Swāmi Shivānanda, an Officer of some standing in the organisation carries with him during his tours a Yogaḍaṇḍa, a golden rod of two feet and a half in length, about an inch in thickness, with the figure on the top of two interlaced triangles within a circle. His last visit to this Presidency was two years ago. The retinue which accompanies him consists of Samnyāsīs only who do all the work that has to be done, no servants being employed for any purpose. His postal address is Bharaḍvāj Ashramam, Prayag, Allahabad.

arrange for the plan of work to be carried out till the next Vaishākh full moon.

Passing now from the details of the Association's constitution, I shall turn my attention to the discussion which takes place in the course of the Assembly. During the sittings of the Assembly, Nara and some of the Sages present raise a number of questions with a view to elicit Nārāyaṇa's opinion on them. There is much matter in the discussion that thus takes place that will greatly interest Theosophists. I can here refer only to one point, raised by the Sage called Hamsa Yogī. He gave expression to his grave apprehension that the adoption of the course resolved upon at the Assembly might lead to the neglect of the injunctions of Shāstra, and thus eventually result in the utter decay of Dharma in the world. Nārāyaṇa stated in reply that Yoga Brahma-Vidyā, which it was his great object to promote, lay at the very root of all Dharma, and consequently there was no ground for the Yogī's fear. Nārāyaṇa went on to explain that Dharma was divisible into Dharma, Paraḍharma and Parāmaḍharma; that the first had reference solely to the special circumstances of particular individuals, that the second involved the interests of others in the world at a particular stage of evolution and that the third transcended such limitations and formed really the true support of the other two. Quoting the Shruti text—तस्य प्रियमेव शिरः । (Love verily is Its [Brahmā's] head)—Nārāyaṇa argued that they who acquire Yoga Brahma-Vidyā will exercise universal love and thereby become the practisers of the highest Dharma. With reference to the study of the Shāstras, to which also Hamsa Yogī had referred, Nārāyaṇa laid emphasis

on the necessity for understanding the inner teachings contained in such writings as the *Chhândogya* and other Upaniṣhats, etc., *Mahābhārata*, *Rāmāyaṇa* and certain leading Purāṇas. By way of illustration Nārāyaṇa explained the esoteric significance of a well-known verse occurring in the *Mahābhārata*, one in the *Rāmāyaṇa*, one in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, and one in *Viṣṇu Purāṇa*. He wound up this part of the discussion with the observation that he had on a former occasion given the esoteric interpretations of a large number of important passages in the writings of the class referred to and those interpretations will be found collected in a treatise known as *Kāṇḍarahasyam*. It may be worth stating here the effect of the explanation given as to the verse from the *Mahābhārata*. Translated as ordinarily understood, the verse would run thus :

After making salutation to Nārāyaṇa, Nara, Narotṭama Saraswatī Devī, and Vyāsa, *Bhāratam* is to be recited.

The key is applied in this instance twice. The first turn of the key yields the following meaning : Nārāyaṇa is Para Brahm, the All ; Nara, humanity, a ray from Para Brahm, Narotṭama humanity made divine, made superhuman ; Saraswatī Devī, the Jñāna Shakti of Para Brahm, the fount of all Wisdom ; and Vyāsa the cosmic power that arranges for the distribution of that Wisdom from time to time—only he who realises all this, having subjugated his own Ahamkāra, can proclaim his success. The result of the second turn of the key is this : Nārāyaṇa is the Maharṣhi who, for the time being, is in charge of the spiritual Government of the world—the Adhiṣṭhāta of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam ; Nara, the humanity on the globe ; Narotṭama, the representative of that

humanity in that Maṇḍalam ; Saraswatī, the Yoga-Devī ; and Vyāsa the Hierarch in charge of the department of learning and education ; only he who knows this truth can proclaim his success. It is the term “*Namaskṛtya*” in the verse that serves as the key-hole for the application of the keys for the esoteric interpretation. The term by itself means “having made salutation”. But *Namah* split into “*Na*” and “*Mah*” means “self made nothing,” that is Ahamkāra subjugated, as the indispensable step for spiritual illumination. It is when such illumination takes place that the end of life is gained and “*Jayam*,” true success, is achieved. Of course it must be remembered that spiritual illumination does not consist of a mere understanding of Shāstra. *Brahma-Vidyā* without Yoga will be nothing more than verbal knowledge of the great teachings of the Upaniṣhats and the like ; it is through Yoga alone that the Real is known. It is in the highest state of Samādhi that true bliss is enjoyed and the mystery of existence unravelled. It is to this transcendent state, Gaudapādāchārya, one of the greatest of Indian Teachers and the spiritual grandfather as he is called of Śaṅkara, the philosopher, makes allusion in the closing stanza of his *Māṇḍūkya-Kārikā* accepted by all in the light of an Upaniṣhat itself. The stanza runs thus :

दुर्दर्शं मतिगम्भीरमज्ञं साम्यं विशारदम् ।

बुद्ध्वा पदमनानात्वं नमस्कुर्मो यथाबलम् ॥

Most difficult of comprehension, extremely magnificent, uncreate and immortal, of equal effulgence ; having thus known the state of non-duality, do I make the obeisance possible.

Hence it is that throughout the *Chandrikā* the word used is not *Brahma-Vidyā* simply, but—Yoga *Brahma-Vidyā*. And in the verse which follows that in which

Nārāyaṇa describes his own nature, He expresses his determination to promote this Yoga Brahma-Vidyā with the co-operation of Yoga-Devī and the Sages assembled. And as I already stated, the founding of the Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam was for ensuring the promotion of that Vidyā in the Kali age, making the necessary change in the Dharma to be observed so as to bring within the reach of all, without the least distinction of nationality, race, caste, creed or sex, the attainment of this supreme Science.

This attempt on my part to give an idea of the contents of the *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*, will be incomplete without a brief description of the Anuṣṭhāna, or discipline, prescribed for the Dāsas and the Tīrthas. Such description, however, must stand over for the present. But before concluding this article, it may not be out of place to say that the existence of the Esoteric School of the Theosophical Society in no way makes the work of the Organisation superfluous. It is the only institution to which aspirants to Yoga, who for one reason or another are unable or are unwilling to join the Esoteric School, must resort to in order to obtain true training. Furthermore, there are always some to whom the rigid and the old discipline in the Organisation will be most attractive by reason of the fact that as a rule it ensures a certain amount of perceptible results, provided, of course, there is no lack of perseverance in undergoing the discipline. One reason for this is most likely the constant use of mantras and rituals as part of the discipline. And there can be no doubt that from a theoretical point of view also the course of meditation prescribed is perfect. It must therefore be gratifying to all in this country interested in Rāja-Yoga that the

Authorities connected with the Organisation have seen fit to draw the attention of the public to its existence and thus have caused the veil which hitherto had been thrown over it to be partially lifted.

Now I wish to remark that the precise time when this lifting of the veil was allowed to take place is to my mind curious. For it was almost simultaneous with the temporary closing of the door of that part of the Esoteric School known as the Esoteric Section, as was made known the other day. Considering that the Organisation in question and the Esoteric School are not rival institutions, but flourish under the protection of the same Brotherhood for the same purpose, what could be the reason for such a concurrent happening? One in my position can only make conjectures. It may be that the Esoteric Section has just reached a stage of compactness and unity when the due discharge of its special responsibilities requires a suspension for a time of fresh accession to it. Or possibly it was considered that the systematic efforts made by the local public to bring the Section into unmerited disrepute, were calculated to retard its utility for the time being as a school for new-comers, owing to the state of the moral atmosphere in this locality tainted, as it has been, with malice, untruth and ingratitude. Hence, probably, the temporary step taken in reference to it. At the same time it may have been felt that the general public should not suffer for the misconduct of a portion of it. And the lifting of the veil was considered a suitable remedy in these circumstances inasmuch as the race and colour hatred which found vent against the Head of the Section, could not operate against the indigenous agency in the Organisation. Furthermore,

it must have been assumed the discipline in it would specially commend itself to the community by reason of its ancient character, and thus tend to keep the door a little more open in this country to aspirants to Yoga than hitherto. I should not fail to remark that in taking such a step the agency concerned has no intention of relaxing the discipline, as will appear from the nature of the questions to be answered and the pledges to be taken preliminary to the admission into the Organisation set forth in the appendix hereto. Nor should I omit to request my readers not to do me the injustice of thinking that I am posing as an Occultist capable of initiating anyone into any mystery. I am merely the mouthpiece of Those who wish that the existence and character of the Organisation shall no longer remain unknown to the extent to which they have been till now. Whilst disclaiming all pretensions to the position of a teacher in the Organisation, I ought not to shrink from saying that none who has the courage to seek admission into it would, but for his own fault, have the least occasion to regret the step he takes. On the contrary he will soon find that he has planted his feet on the lowest rung of the ladder that leads to the highest goal and that the benediction of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam would ever be with him.

S. Subramania Iyer

APPENDIX

THE true disciple, desirous of hearing the Guru's words, takes his seat in front of the Guru, having saluted him with raised palms.

The Teacher proceeds to give a brief explanation regarding Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam.

Teacher.—Know thou that the all-transcending, eternal and all-pervading Para Brahm dwells in the heart, capable of direct perception.

Dost thou with purified mind desire to perceive It by the Path of Yoga? If so, take, filled with delight, this hand of mine, the dwelling-place of Brahm.

In this Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, Nārāyaṇa, the Deva, of His own will, under the auspices of Yoga-Devī and with the co-operation of Nārada, other Maharshis and the Siddhas, resident in the five villages, and who are intent on the welfare of the world, provides in a manner suited to the Kali age for the upward evolution (Ūrdhvasṛṣhti). They who avail themselves of that provision will enjoy eternal bliss. Rshi Nārāyaṇa, the Deva, confers boons but never receives. This Shuddha Dharma Secret will benefit those who are of equable mind. This truth I affirm by command of the Guru.

Disciple.—Making salutations to Them who constitute Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, to Them whose sole aim is the practice of Shuddha Dharma, to Them who preach Shuddha Dharma, I am desirous of learning from you to the best of my ability that Shuddha Dharma. May Nārāyaṇa the Great protect me who have surrendered unto Him.

THE NINE PROMISES

(To be made with hands clasped. The disciple's palm below and that of the Teacher above, so gripped as to make the two thumbs press against each other erect.)

Teacher.—1. Will you feel as your own the pleasures and pains experienced by all others? Will you, wishing good, abandon all harm to living things?

Disciple.—Henceforward daily will I pray for the welfare of the world and I renounce all harm to living things by deed, thought or word.

Teacher.—2. Teach not this Yoga Brahma-Vidyā to doubters, evil-doers and to those otherwise unfit.

Disciple.—I shall obey the command.

Teacher.—3. Will you refrain from taking the wealth of others unlawfully, from slandering others, Yoga Brahma-Vidyā and the Teachers thereof?

Disciple.—I shall obey the command.

Teacher.—4. Will you give up such Varnāshrama Dharma as is opposed to the principles of the Teachers of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam? Should you, however, adhere to the same, will you act up to it only in so far as public interest warrants?

Disciple.—I shall obey the command.

Teacher.—5. Will you follow this discipline, wishing the welfare of the world and serving it, abandoning all distinctions between yourself and others at all times and places, being equable in mind, advancing the cause of righteousness according to the needs of time and place?

Disciple.—I shall obey the command.

Teacher.—6. Will you, purified in mind, avoid evil company, unclean food and bad ways?

Disciple.—Yes, I shall.

Teacher.—7. You will not give up this righteous discipline by reason of any good or evil which may befall you in this life, but hold on to that discipline with a firm heart,

convinced that such experiences must necessarily be undergone?

Disciple.—With the conviction that whatever happens must be experienced, never will I become a discarder of this righteous discipline. This I declare in truth!

(N. B.—The whole of the following discourse of the Teacher refers to the symbol constituted by the act of the disciple taking the hand of the Teacher as above explained. Its name is Brahma Muḍrā.)

Teacher.—8. This is the highest symbolic form (Parā Muḍrā). It explains the secret of Para Brahm and was invented to auspiciously mark the union, or marriage, which takes place between the disciple and the Maṇḍalam on his admission into it. It is the symbol not only of the union but also of Para Brahm itself. It signifies the merging of all in that Para Brahm. Through this symbol, Yogashakti makes its entry into the highest place in you (Brahma-raṇḍhram).

Disciple.—I place it on my head.

(He then raises the two palms united and places them on his head.)

Teacher.—9. O disciple! A Brahma-marriage has now taken place between you and the Knowers of Para Brahm. It is not capable of disruption for any reasons whatsoever under any circumstances.

Disciple.—I affirm that by Brahma Karma I have become the subject of this union and marriage. I shall not transgress the words or orders of the Teacher.

THE FIVE PROMISES

1. The Teacher asks whether he will lead the life of perfect celibacy after the period of three and a half years from the date of his admission and whether even during these three and a half years his family life will be subject to certain restrictions which the Teacher mentions.

In the event of the disciple's answer being in the negative with reference to his ceasing to lead a family life after that period of three and a half years, the disciple is told that he

will not be given instructions other than those received by him during the three and a half years and that he must remain content with them.

Teacher.—2. During the course of your discipline, if you should wish to perform any religious rites for the purpose of securing worldly benefits or for averting evil happenings to you, will you follow the plan prescribed by Shuddha Maṇḍala Achāryas in such matters; and not otherwise?

Disciple.—I shall act accordingly.

Teacher.—3. You will not abandon your duties as householder by reason of your observing Yoga Brahma-Vidyā discipline? You will not break your ties with wife, children or relations, without their consent? You will not fail in doing whatever civil duty you owe to your children, your parents and your King?

You will refrain from appropriating any portion of the property acquired by you in relation to this Yoga Brahma-Vidyā, beyond an eighth share thereof? Though poor, you will support your family to the best of your power?

Teacher.—4. Will you observe whatever special rules the Teacher lays down with reference to place and time?

Disciple.—I shall act accordingly.

Teacher.—5. You will promote the advancement of the creed of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam?

Disciple.—I will do so to the extent of my power.

THE THREE ACCESSORIAL QUESTIONS

Teacher.—1. Do you enter into the Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam along with your wife?

(The answer is one or the other.)

Teacher.—2. Should there accrue any benefit from Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, would you like it to go to yourself or to your family also?

Teacher.—3. Would you endeavour so far as you can to uplift in whatsoever way possible all who are inferior to you in knowledge or status?

Disciple.—Heartily so.

After certain instructions by the Teacher to the disciple with reference to the discipline to be observed thereafter, the disciple takes the following pledge:

"In the presence of Iṣhvara in the heart, possessed of all power, and in the presence of the Sun, Moon, Fire, Wind and Ether, I truly declare that I shall not disclose to any unfit person, the secret of Shri Vidyā, or the Science of Yoga, or the seat of the Preceptor, or the methods of discipline, or what are known by the name of Vāmaḍevam. I vow that if I break any of these promises, I may be subject to the penalties attaching to killing a black cow in Benares, to the crime of infanticide, patricide, matricide and to the loss of all Brahma-Vidyā and of higher worlds and births."

S. SUBRAMANIA IYER

TO H. P. B.

After reading "The Secret Doctrine"

Reader of dark riddles priestess of Mysteries
Wonder-worker friend of the dazzling Host
Thy fearless hand withdrawing the veil of Isis
Disclosed vast vistas undreamed-of worlds.

Backward through ages uncharted in history
Gazing we watch the huge drama unfold—
Continents races long merged in oblivion
Rise from their ocean-grave to the light of day.

There stride colossal the dark-browed Atlanteans
Builders artificers weavers of spells
Constraining the Elementals to dire bondage
Confronting with fierce pride the impending doom.

Beyond, sexless and mindless forms the Lemurians
Loom phantasmal—anon divided in twain
They lose the benign ray of celestial vision
Plunge into ruinous orgies of mad lust.

Faintly we glimpse the divine Kings the Progenitors
Shimmering sons of the sevenfold Light
Sowing the seed garnered from past cycles
Tracing the paths to be trodden by those to come.

Their brightness veiled in mystical garments woven
By the Lords of the Lunar Sphere they people the Earth,
The veils thicken, the luminous forms darken
Lost are the tranquil joys of the Golden Age.

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TO H. P. B.

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Slowly recedes the tide of divine Wisdom
Dark the night of the soul but the stars remain :
Thou showest the flaming torch of Initiation
Handed across the centuries flaming still.

Cromlechs tombs temples gigantic statues
Mutely proclaim the lore of the men of old
Jealously hoarded scrolls of strange inscription
Pyramids carved hieroglyphs tell their tale.

Doctrines drowned in the murk of grey tradition
Hints obscurely breathed by adept seers
Symbol myth legend Zodiacal portent
Never baffled the quest of thy strong soul.

Undeterred by the sevenfold rings of darkness
Undismayed by the watchful dragon's maw
Stripping the harsh rind from the radiant kernel
To a thankless horde thou profferedst Wisdom's fruit.

And the curse fell. The venomous tongue muttered
The false friend struck the treasonous blow—
Transfixed by the shaft of the world's derision
Thy heart knew the pangs of despair and shame.

But the work stands impregnable Cyclopean
Its Tall Towers fronting the Eastern sky
The night wanes and the dawn comes inevitable
Of the day that shall immortalise thy name.

CHARLES J. WHITBY

THEOSOPHY IN FINLAND

A WARM MESSAGE FROM A GOLD COUNTRY

[The following interesting letter is from Mr. V. H. Valvanne, Assistant Secretary of the T. S. in Finland. It speaks of our movement in that far-off country, which we reprint as it will interest our many readers.—ED.]

THE last letter from Finland was sent December 16th, 1913, by my younger brother, who acted as Assistant Secretary, Theosophical Society in Finland. I think he was going to write a lengthy letter in the summer of 1914, telling of our Annual Convention and the Summer School, but then the War broke out and great confusion prevailed in all countries for some time. The communications were much endangered, and that condition remains even now. But at the same time we are more than ever before in need of spiritual community and sorely miss the news from the Headquarters and our President. We have not received THE THEOSOPHIST, nor yet any direct report of the last Annual Congress at Adyar, but through other Sectional Organs we have had some information about the progress in the Theosophical world.

Now we have lost our hope to see the President among us, which hope we have cherished for many years. Seeing the great need of the world and of the more suffering nations, we cannot even ask her to visit

The little ones gathered around the General Secretary, Mr. Pekka Ewast, at the Convention of the Theosophical Society in Finland, June, 1914.



our distant country in the near future. And yet, who knows, how things will develop? In all circumstances, we are sure of not being left without guidance by Those who know and who love.

It is with pleasure we learn that our Annual Report has reached Adyar. So I need not speak about the main facts contained in it. May I only tell some personal impressions from the Annual Congress of the Finnish Section in the midsummer of 1914 and of the Summer School, which followed closely upon it. Both were held here in Aggelby, at our little Headquarters, and I enclose some photographs to illustrate our places.

The Annual Meeting, which lasted for four days, was very successful and harmonious. Some years ago we passed through the same trial which shook the northern countries in Europe. We lost some fifty members, most of them Swedish-speaking, but most of these had been incongruous elements in our Section. Now we feel a greater freedom and confidence in each other than ever before and not even a shadow of discord is felt. Accordingly the formal transactions of the Convention ended very soon and we had enough of time to discuss together Theosophical questions, which before were always put away for lack of time. We had a large E. S. meeting, and short meditations every morning, all held in our special E. S. room, in the "upper storey" of the temple.

For the general members there was a theatrical performance of Maeterlinck's play, *Beatrice*. We have among our members several actors and actresses from the Finnish National Theatre, and with their help the play made a very great impression. It was preceded

by a short exposition by Mr. Pekka Ervast of the symbolical meaning of the play.

But the greatest feature of the Annual Meeting was assuredly the Order of the Star in the East meeting, with which it ended. It was open for all, even outsiders, and the programme was carefully prepared months before by the National Representative, Dr. V. Angervo. I enclose the printed programme, from which you will see that Dr. Angervo and his wife sang many songs together. They stood on the platform, both clad in white, both of them accomplished singers—really, it was delightful. Then followed three speeches, made by V. Angervo, V. Valvanne and the Secretary of the Order, Toivo Vitikka. It ended by a reciting of a prose-poem, specially composed for the occasion, in accordance with the words: “Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.” It told of the Coming of the Great Master among us, and never have I felt such strong vibrations as then were filling the great audience. It seemed as if all the powers which had worked for the Convention were concentrated in this moment, and the reciter, Mrs. Hilda Pihlajamäki, seemed a proper channel for those great forces. Her voice did not tremble, the words went into every heart with a mighty force.

Immediately after the Convention there was held a Summer School in Aggelby. Some forty or fifty persons were present and every day was filled with lectures and discussions. Two ladies, Mrs. Tyyne Vuorenjuuri and Miss Helmi Jalovaara, were among the speakers, and the latter gave a permanent impulse to a new movement, “Marjatan rengas,” which seems

to be the key to many new activities. I don't exactly know how much is told about this organisation in the Annual Report, but all who were present at the Summer School felt that this was the beginning of a new period in our Finnish Theosophical movement. It is essentially a movement of the women and a work for the children, but it includes many offshoots. It left a great inspiration and responsibility for all present, and a new section was opened in the Sectional Organ *Tietäjä* for “Marjatan rengas”. The name is taken from the old Finnish mythology, *The Chain of Marjatta*, i.e., of the Holy Virgin Mary.

Scarcely had we started this new organisation, quite informal in the beginning, when the great War broke out. Here at Headquarters we are living in the closest proximity to the Fort of Sveaborg and therefore we were for long in suspense and fear lest our little place should be taken hold of. Regular literary work seemed impossible in the first days or weeks, and many moved to the interior of the country. There was an astral vortex of conflicting emotions, but when “the place of Peace” was once more regained, we did not lose it. You can imagine how grateful we are to the Lords of Karma that we are not dragged into this great conflagration, but permitted to stand outside and preserve peace and firmness. That is our special Dharma, and I think our people have splendidly fulfilled this ideal. We have no military power of our own, but have performed our duty only by tending our wounded Russian brothers, and that we do heartily and with great sympathy. I think we have felt an even nearer companionship with the great Nation to which we are united, and hope never to come into discord with it.

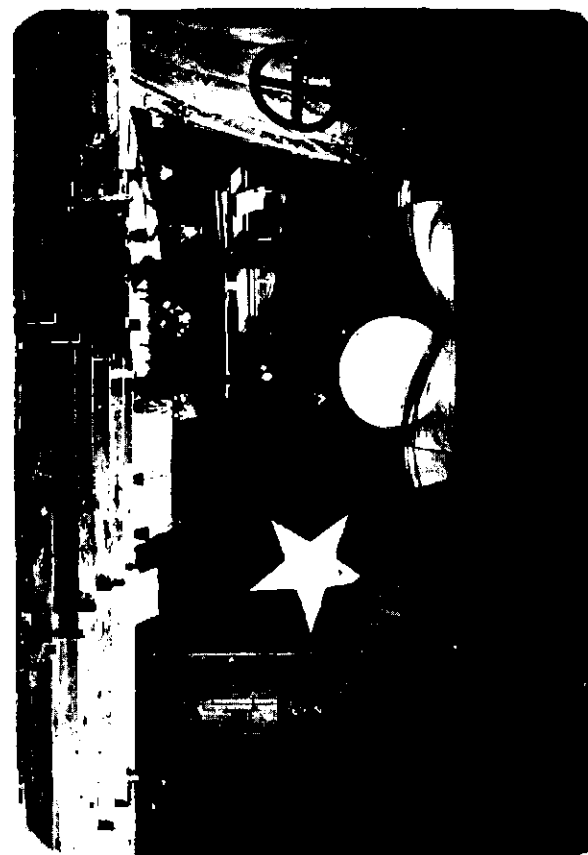
Perhaps the time will come soon when all nations, who stand at a similar stage of culture, will recognise each other and treat each other with brotherly reverence.

Our regular Theosophical work in the Lodges began little by little during autumn and even the regular Sunday lectures in Helsingfors were allowed. No serious disturbance has been experienced, though the circumstances do not permit any great expansion of the movement in this time. We are content to stand where we are and to preserve the inner spirit of the Society uninjured.

The Lodges in the country are suffering through the lack of able lecturers. This time is a time of preparing and slowly the Finnish mind is accepting Theosophical concepts. In our University a compulsory textbook is adopted by the Theological Department, *What is Theosophy*, written by a doctor. The book is not wholly unsympathetically written, though it contains the false reports initiated by Soloviev and others. It contains many extracts from our books. The public is showing respect for our movement and for our General Secretary, who is very well known as lecturer and author everywhere in this land.

On February 28th, a great many Theosophists were assembled in the house of Mr. V. Palomaa, who has been a steady worker in our Society since its first days in Finland. He is an original philosopher and lives quite alone, without taking part in outer activities. His greatest vigour is shown in the thought-spheres and for many years there has been a regular contribution from his pen in every number of *Tietäjä*. Also, he has lectured in Helsingfors and in the country. He uses the pseudonym "Aate," i.e. "Thought". For the

Theosophical Lecture Hall, Aargely, Finland (Interior)





Entrance to the Residence of General Secretary of the Theosophical Society
in Finland, Mr. Pekka Ervasti, including the Theosophical Library.
Book Concern, etc.

first time he received visitors at his home, when celebrating his fiftieth birthday. A gift reached him from the General Secretary, some 670 Finnish Marks, collected by the Theosophists. He follows his own lines of thought, but the Theosophical ideas are innate in him and he has seldom been in dispute with others, because he recognises a perfect liberty of thought, not only in theory, but in strictest practice. Our General Secretary made a speech addressed to him, where he pointed out his great originality, how he stood untouched by all Theosophical and non-Theosophical authorities, and never followed anyone blindly, but preserved a respect for all. Such natural philosophers are seldom found, who resemble this old man with the long beard and the big stick in his hand.

One of our workers, Mrs. Hanna Ruuskanen, was lately called to Norway by Miss Eva Blytt, who sorely needed co-workers in her devoted activity. Mrs. Ruuskanen is self-educated like many of us, but in a few months she has succeeded in learning the Norwegian language and is now doing good work in going about and selling books.

The Order of the Star in the East, which was constituted in Finland only in 1913, has developed very little outer activity, mostly for lack of able organisers. The National Representative, Dr. Angervo, is living long away from the Capital, Helsingfors, and yet there surely is none who better fills this office. In his own town he is lecturing before great audiences and conducts the work of two Lodges. He has built a little house, named "Tähtelä," *i.e.*, "the home of the Star," and there are held smaller meetings.

For two years we have published at Christmas *Idān Tähti*, i.e., "The Star in the East," and distributed five thousand copies. I send one copy of the last publication, which went out of print before Christmas, so that we have not had any copy to send before. This booklet aroused very great interest and I hope it will be continued in the future and be a commencement for a periodical.

Quite recently there was held a public meeting for the discussion of the following question: "What is the meaning of the Order of the Star in the East and how is it justified?" All dissenting parties were called to attend the discussion and it was very lively, but yet quite gentle. There it was clearly felt how deeply the idea of the Order of the Star in the East has impressed itself on the common people, in the stillness of the heart. The first Sunday in the month a "Star" meeting is held in Helsingfors, open to the public, and this holds the torch burning, though we are waiting for a greater and more illuminating flame. Dr. Angervo has deigned to appoint me as his representative in Helsingfors, but very little I have been able to do, and have not had power or courage to enforce the new idea too strongly upon the minds of others, but rather waited for their voluntary response.

Our movement is in accordance with the nature of our people, quiet, unobtrusive, tending more to devotion than to powerful mentality. The only thing I can say without reservation is, that we steadily hold our eyes fixed on the great ideals, which we have received through Theosophy, and our heart is burning with love and gratitude for those Guides, and Leaders, whom

we do not see with our physical eyes but yet feel near to us.

I write only to persuade you to send a letter to us, bringing a message from the heart of our Society, telling how the great new thoughts shape themselves in the mighty crucible, what the beloved President is doing and how you are living at Adyar at this time. Don't be wearied by this long letter, my unknown brother. The greetings of our General Secretary, Pekka Ervast, and the Theosophists living here, are sent to all our co-members at Adyar.

P. S.—I must add something that was a great surprise to me. It was with an aching heart that I told about the slow progress of the Order of the Star in the East in Finland. So you can imagine my amazement when, the same afternoon, when I had finished this letter, quite unexpectedly Dr. Angervo and Mr. Toivo Vitikka, the two deputies for the Order, called here at Headquarters. They had come purposely to discuss and arrange "Star" matters. Dr. Angervo, who is a very busy man, had come from S. Michel in the northern part of the country. We discussed together and many good resolves were made for the progress of the Order of the Star and for each place where several members were resident, one was elected to be an agent. In Helsingfors and Aggelby two new agents were chosen, Mrs. Anna Arvidsson and Mr. Edward Leimu, to confer together with Toivo Vitikka and myself on all matters, and to have in charge the practical affairs. There was a sense of security gained by these arrangements, and new publications were discussed, which should be issued in the near future.

Dr. Angervo made a remark, that I cannot forbear from telling. He said: "Have you observed how great a blessing has followed all meetings and assemblies held in the name of Order of the Star in the East in Finland?" There has never been said one ill word about them, and the Spirit of the Lord has ever been with us. We both confirmed his impression. My own personal experience is that I have returned from these meetings quite invigorated, although the meeting had been formally and seemingly unimportant.

The group of children whose photograph faces the first page of this report are all resident at or near the Headquarters, and they had just been singing their songs to "Uncle Pekka" when a passing photographer caught them.

V. R. V.

CORRESPONDENCE

BROTHERHOOD AND WAR

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

I read with great interest your remarkable article on "Brotherhood and War" in the June number of your magazine. It is written indeed in a comprehensive way, trying to meet various aspects of War in its relation to Brotherhood and from both the view-points of the body and spirit of man. However, it leaves one point out of consideration and it is this.

You say that War is justifiable "in defence of the country against invasion, in defence of National pledges by treaties and other engagements; in defence of a weak State oppressed or invaded by a strong one, to help a struggling nationality to throw off a tyrannical yoke". This statement is clearly right. Now the question arises as to how a man should behave when the country which has given him his body engages itself in an unrighteous War? Whether he is to fight on behalf of his country engaged in waging manifestly wrong war, serving the country with his body which he derived from its soil and thus discharging the bodily debt with the body, always keeping his sympathies for the right cause, *i.e.*, his opponents, evidently following in the footsteps of the great Bhīṣma, the embodiment of Ārya Dharma, or is he to stand neutral? or is he to go over to the side of the righteous cause and fight against his own countrymen, thus trying his best to uphold the right cause, following the example of Vibhīṣaṇa, the brother of Rāvaṇa, who went over to Shri Rāmachandra's side? If a German is convinced that his country's cause is wrong, what is he to do on the principles

laid down in your article? On page 211, while dealing with a "healthy vital realisation of Brotherhood," you say: "The only service we can do to the cruel and the tyrant is to *actively* stop their cruelty and tyranny, they are heaping up misery for themselves and it is *brotherly* to deprive them of the opportunity to continue their ignorant madness!" etc., etc. This would mean that the above German should fight on behalf of England against his own country. This mounts us on the horns of a dilemma: Who was right? Vibhishana, or Bhishma, the embodiment of Dharma?

Dhulia

W. L. CHIPLONKAR

SPENCER V. MILL: THE CRITERION OF BELIEF

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The contribution of Mr. Abdul Majid to the May number of THE THEOSOPHIST helps to clear up the obscurity surrounding the question of the criterion of belief; yet I cannot help thinking that his conclusion is in some respects destructive of his arguments. Mr. Majid throughout his argument supports, as against Mill, the doctrine of Spencer, that "the ultimate test of a belief is the inconceivableness of its opposite". And his conclusion is "that the terms 'inconceivable' and 'unbelievable' in their ultimate analysis mean one and the same thing". I think this conclusion is perfectly sound when we speak of the inconceivability of a *proposition*, for I cannot see any meaning in such a phrase except that the proposition is, on its face, and in virtue of its terms, unbelievable. If this is so, it follows that when Mr. Spencer says: "A belief which is proved by the inconceivableness of its negation to invariably exist, is true," he should have said, "the unbelievableness of its negation." Mr. Spencer uses the word "inconceivable" when applied to a proposition as meaning that the two terms of the proposition which are two concepts, will not coalesce, will not harmonise, in the mind of the person making the

examination—but this is precisely the condition we have in mind when we say a proposition is unbelievable. Mr. Majid, in defending Spencer against Mill's charge of confusing the two terms, quotes a passage in which Spencer states his view of the meaning of each. He regards a proposition as unbelievable when the union in thought of the subject and predicate is very difficult, and when this is impossible the proposition is inconceivable. The difference between the terms being thus a difference of degree only, it becomes less surprising that Mr. Spencer should sometimes unwillingly confuse the two, in spite of his own clear definition of the sense in which he intends to use the terms. And it seems to me that Mr. Majid has entirely failed to vindicate Spencer from this confusion, or to convict Mill of ambiguity. Mr. Majid says: "All that Spencer meant to assert was not that there could be formed absolutely no ideational representation of darkness, but that it was impossible for a person to *conceive himself as actually looking into darkness*, while his consciousness was, on the other hand, employed in finding himself looking at the sun. Spencer's language was plain enough; and it is not a little surprising that a thinker of Mill's acuteness should have so completely misunderstood it." And Mr. Majid quotes, "the still plainer language of G. H. Lewes—'during the state of consciousness produced by looking at the sun, it is impossible for the opposite state of consciousness to emerge'".

To my mind the above statements are "not a little surprising," for I can see no difficulty at all in causing "the opposite state of consciousness to emerge," unless indeed it is meant that the sun's glare is so overpowering that I am unable to entertain any other idea. Will any one tell me that if I am broiling under tropical sunshine I cannot conceive myself as swimming in a cool stream, and earnestly wishing that the conception could be realised? The "opposite state of consciousness" emerges almost as a matter of course. Mr. Majid says that Mill's treatment of this point "is admittedly feeble". I do not know who has made this remarkable admission, but the arguments of Spencer and Lewes appear to me like laboured attempts to evade the conclusion that when they talk of the inconceivability of a proposition they only mean that it is unbelievable, and in this attempt Mr. Majid aids.

and abets them, notwithstanding that he himself comes to the conclusion that these terms, "in so far as they are used in connection with the ultimate criterion of belief, signify one and the same mental state."

But is it not time to ask whether there is not something incongruous or paradoxical in making our own imbecility or incapacity of mind the ultimate criterion of positive truth? Am I not permitted to believe that a whole is greater than any of its parts until I have exhausted myself in vain efforts to conceive a part that shall be bigger than the whole of which it is a part? Is it not simpler to say that as soon as I have learned what is meant by the terms "whole" and "part," I see that the whole is greater than the part, and because I see this I cannot believe its contradictory? A question may arise here which seems to threaten our conclusion as to the identity of "inconceivableness" and "unbelievableness" in relation to a proposition, for it may be asked whether a proposition of which the truth is inconceivable may yet not be believed. Nothing is more inconceivable to me than a fourth dimension in space. I can conceive two straight lines crossing each other in a plane, and a third line drawn vertically at right angles to both of them, but to conceive a fourth straight line at right angles to all the other three is rather beyond me. Yet that eminent mathematician, the late Professor Kingdon Clifford, seemed to have grasped the idea, or rather the idea grasped and fascinated him, and Mr. Hinton, whose writings I have not read, fearing too great a shock to my mental equilibrium, has, I am told, thrown a flood of light upon the subject. Moreover the late Professor Zellner declared that by knowing how to use the fourth dimension it would be quite easy to understand the performance of the medium, Slade, who make a knot appear on an endless cord on which there was no knot previously. And if I remember rightly, Mrs. Besant told us some years ago that on the astral plane, where the fourth dimension is a recognised thing, when you face a man you can not only see through him, but you can see the back or further side of the buttons on the back of his coat, as if they were turned towards you. Now, do I believe or disbelieve in these, to me, inconceivable propositions? The case stands thus. Feeling, as I do, much confidence in

Mrs. Besant, and being already predisposed to suspect the illusory nature of the things we call space and matter, I am not prepared to reject as untrue any statement she may make from her own knowledge and experience, merely because the terms of her proposition "offer an insurmountable resistance to union in (my) thought". Then, do I believe an inconceivable proposition? No; what I believe is that things which are inconceivable to me now may become obvious truths to me at some future time when my environment is changed, or my mental and psychic faculties have expanded. The proposition, then, that I believe is, not that there is such a thing as four-dimensional space, but that my inability to conceive it is no proof that it does not exist.

Spinoza postulates four degrees of belief and knowledge, as illustrated in the acceptance by the mind of the truth of mathematical proportion. In the first case a "rule of three" sum is done by following the rule given by the teacher. The second is when one "of nimbler wit" puts a particular case to the test of experiment, and, finding it come right, accepts the principle without reflecting that a single experiment is not enough. A third person examines more carefully, and finds that the property of proportion guarantees the result in all cases. A fourth case is given in which a higher intuition is supposed, but, leaving that, we may ask whether one who has discovered that $1/2 = 2/4 = 3/6$, etc., believes in this principle of proportion because he cannot conceive it to be otherwise, or rather, whether he cannot conceive it to be otherwise because he *knows* the principle of proportion to be true?

It seems, then, that while the correctness of a belief may often be usefully tested by trying whether its negation is conceivable, yet the inconceivableness of its negation does not prove the truth of the proposition, or, in Mr. Spencer's words: "That what is inconceivable cannot be true, is postulated in every act of thought."

I will not occupy space by defending Mill's view that experience is the true ground of our beliefs, except to say that Mr. Majid only adduces an old argument which in the sphere of ethics has been over and over again employed, and as often

refuted, when he asks: "Who of us has ever time to go through the record of his experiences while accepting or rejecting a proposition?" As if the sum of different classes of experience had never been embodied in an ethical, mathematical, chemical, etc., formula!

But if Mr. Majid could see his way to tell us a little more about "the ambiguities" that have alienated "the inductive school from their allies, the evolutionists," I, for one, should feel grateful, for I suspect that Mr. Majid has read and thought on these subjects much more up to date than I have done, and I should much like to know what ground of quarrel there is between those who believe in inductive reasoning and those who believe in evolution.

Auckland, N.Z.

J. GILES

REVIEWS

The Book of Talismans, Amulets and Zodiacal Gems, by William Thomas, and Kate, Pavitt. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London, 1914. Price 7s. 6d.)

We would specially commend this book to all those who regard astrology as an illegitimate brother of astronomy. "Gems owe their origin to the stars," said Plato; and from the remotest ages, they have been regarded as media for the transmission of astral forces and vibrations. And modern research tends to confirm the old belief. Biologists talk of the world-law of evolution by which animals and plants develop, step by step, from a few simple to various complex and higher forms. What is the fountain-head of this law of progress? How does it operate? It takes its source, it obtains its driving power, from that Primal Force or etheric influence, which in the form of wavy vibrations penetrates the universe. And it helps or nullifies development according as the condition of the medium through which it moves favours or resists such action. It operates most powerfully on man, the highest evolved of living forms, and serves him as the channel through which he can act on animals and plants, and receive desired vibrations from them. It is this etheric influence Plato attributed to Gems, as "acting on the auriferous matter which forms their composition".

This is the reason why precious stones and talismans have always been so much prized as tokens of confidence and joy by humanity; so much coveted as the repositories of occult forces. The former have been esteemed because of their beauty; the latter on account of their virtues, as transmitters of good luck and their power to avert misfortune. Gems have been the accompaniments of power, civil and religious; they have played an important part in the lives of the great; and with their substantial money value, they have combined the

allurements of antiquity and of mystery. They had their origin in the remotest past. As forewarners of danger, as inspirers of courage and faith in the fearful, they have, it is believed, exerted marked influence on the lives of individuals and nations, and played a part in some of the world's greatest romances and tragedies. Spiritual and material powers, and medicinal and curative qualities, have been attributed to them. It is believed that their translucent lustre is due to the action on them of the floods which preceded the fiery volcanic period.

It is probable that precious stones were first worn as ornaments in India. The famous Regent diamond, which was purchased by Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, for £20,400 and sold by him to the Regent of France in 1717 for £135,000, was found by a coolie in a village south of Golconda. The Koh-i-Noor, the history of which Tavernier traces back to half a century B.C., is believed to have passed into the hands of the Kings of Delhi from their conquest of Malwa in A. D. 1304. Many Indian rulers owned the gem, who believed that the safety of their dynasties depended on it. Ranjit Singh, the last Eastern potentate who wore it, was so convinced of its mystical powers, that he bequeathed it to the shrine of Jagannath, expecting to get benefits for his soul after death. The jewel was, however, subsequently presented to the late Queen Victoria by Lord Dalhousie in 1850. The Crimean War and the Mutiny of 1857 have been attributed to its influence by Indians. They imagine that misfortune will attend all those who may own it until it is restored to the line of Vikramāditya. But as England is under the influence of the Zodiacal House of Aries, the House of the diamond, we need attach no importance to this belief, and may rest assured that the British Empire will still flourish and prosper. The Hope diamond was, we believe, purchased by Tavernier in India, and sold by him to the Grand Monarque. His arrogant favourite, the Duchesse de Montespan, wore it at a Court ball, and from that moment lost her influence over that fickle sovereign. The superstitions attributed the terrible fate of Louis XVI, his Queen Marie Antoinette, and the Princesse de Lamtelle, her dearest friend, all of whom had worn it, to its evil spell. The authors might well have added to this list of

diamonds with long and tragic histories, the Orloff diamond. Formerly an eye of the image in the Shrirangam temple, it was purchased by Catherine II and now adorns the sceptre of the Russian regalia.

The present work covers a wide field, and is evidently the outcome of many years' study of Occultism. The authors have delved deep into ancient and modern writings on symbolism, mythology, folk-lore, ceramic art, gnosticism, astrology, the Zodiac, and the virtues of precious stones, and supplemented the information obtained from these sources by personal experience and experiments. The first part of the work is devoted to a systematic description of the multitudinous forms of prehistoric amulets and talismans, their nature, uses, antiquity, popularity and psychic and magnetic influence. They appertain to all nations and all ages of the world, to Egyptian, Chinese, Japanese, Tibetan, Indian, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, early Christian and mediæval civilisations. The second part, which comprises half the volume, deals with the characteristics, influences and significance of the gems, symbols and glyphs of the Zodiac. These characteristics vary according to the remaining planetary influences, such as may be learned from one's horoscope. The information should help people to know generally something of their own particular dispositions and of their companions, and thereby lead to much mutual sympathy and understanding.

The subject is rich in romantic interest and is calculated to make a very wide appeal. The illustrations are an important feature of the book. The gems of the Zodiac are strikingly reproduced as a frontispiece. This is an imaginary belt in the heavens wherein the planets move and form aspects. The sun takes a year to travel through its twelve Houses, his entry into Aries marking the beginning of the year. The symbols of these various Houses are vividly described, and their meanings explained in a popular, even fascinating manner. Here is a dimly understood occult force scientifically interpreted by the authors:

Chemical evidence reveals the fact that the human body is composed of separate elements, common to all physical formations, and that the differences between individuals is caused by different and varying combinations of these elements, portions of which are vivified to a greater or lesser degree by the

Planets of our solar system. The influence of this force should be taken into account when the relative effect of one person's mind qualities, or magnetic emanations, on any other person is under consideration.

The characteristics of persons born under the influence of each of the Zodiacal Houses vary. Thus Aries people are born leaders, the brain being the most active part of their bodies. They are possessed of the true Martian spirit—the love of conquest. The gems of this House are the bloodstone and diamond, which will not be good for people born between June 21st and July 21st—the period during which the sun remains in this House—unless Mars was very favourable at their birth. The Gnostics wore the bloodstone as an amulet to prolong life; and the ancient Greeks and Romans, to bring renown and the favour of the great, as a charm against scorpion bites and also for success in athletic games. A chapter is allotted to each of the twelve Houses. A note on real and artificial gems explains the qualities of the former, and should enable intending purchasers to distinguish them from imitation or coloured stones.

As a clever and interesting attempt to explain and interpret the little known subject of talismans in a popular but scientific way, the book is a remarkable piece of work. It is well worth the attention not only of the scientifically minded few, who are imbued with a fervent and reverent appreciation of the abstract and the hidden, but of anybody who, from whatever point of view, is interested in this curious subject.

U. B.

The Unknown Guest, by Maurice Maeterlinck. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

The book under review is an examination of some of the problems which occur in life, and the explanation of which lie somewhat without the limits of what we term our normal consciousness. The author had hoped to be able in *The Unknown Guest* to include all his material within the scope of one volume, but in his introduction he tells us that this was impossible, and he has in preparation a second volume which will deal with "the miracles of Lourdes and other places,

the phenomena of so-called materialisation, of the divining-rod and of fluid asepis, not unmindful withal of a diamond dust of the miraculous that hangs over the greater marvels in that strange atmosphere into which we are about to pass".

In his published volume, Mr. Maeterlinck reveals himself as a poet and dreamer with an unmistakable admixture of the spirit of scientific inquiry which is the characteristic of the present age. He has collected numerous instances from the cases published by the Society for Psychical Research, and examines the validity of the explanations for these phenomena offered by the spiritualists, and others who are interested in such matters and have theories to offer. The book is full of stories authenticated, as far as authentication may go, dipping carefully into the problem of psychometry, telling the strange tales of prevision which comes in dreams and other ways and gives to some mortals a knowledge of the future; the wonderful Elberfeld horses—now victims of the War alas—have a whole chapter devoted to their intelligence. A Poet and Mystic, with an intuitive belief in the "things that lie beyond," throughout the whole volume the author endeavours to find some intelligible solution of why these things should be, what is their nature, what their import. But for this, he must have evidence which will scientifically satisfy him, and so phenomenon after phenomenon must be collected until a theory that satisfies the facts can be woven. And yet the Unknown Guest, that indefinable something, remains hidden, and the riddle is still unguessed.

We need not go into a detailed examination of this book. It is a beautifully wrought translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos from the original, the poetry and beauty of which the translator has faithfully preserved. It will make an appeal to many readers and introduce them by its charm to subjects of absorbing interest which otherwise they might have impatiently passed over. Mr. Maeterlinck's name is a sufficient guarantee of good work, and we are glad that he has interested himself so much in matters in which we, as Theosophists, are interested, and which, for us, are satisfactorily, if not as yet completely, explained by Theosophy.

T. L. C.

The Ritual Unity of Roman Catholicism and Hinduism. (Adyar Pamphlets, No. 54.) By C. Jinarajadasa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.)

This pamphlet should prove of considerable value to those who look for identity of teaching in the different religions, and to those who are trying to feel after the esoteric significance of rituals which are apparently meaningless in their "dead-letter" performance. Its value lies largely in the fact that Mr. Jinarajadasa does not theorise, offering possible explanations merely, but give us valuable facts, carefully and clearly sorted out from his own studies of Occultism.

The sacrifice of Prajāpati, the Lord of Creatures is the basic ritual of Hinduism and the doctrine of the Atonement, the Son of God crucified, of Christianity. The esoteric significance of the Mass is studied in detail, and many interesting points are brought to light, such as the origin of the word Mass. It is derived, he tells us, from the phrase "Ite, missa est," "Go, you are dismissed," used in the old Church when the converts who were not yet "the faithful" were dismissed as unprepared for the Mystery to follow.

The Mass, as performed in the Roman Church, when studied in its occult aspects, leads us into deep mystic realms where we join hands on the one side with Hinduism, and on the other with Masonry.

In the latter connection one interesting section refers to the many marks and signs that Masonry has in common with the Roman Church as, for instance, the mark of the 33° and that on the pastoral staff of an archbishop; also to the mystic parallel in Masonry of the killing and raising of the Master. Parallel with the story of Calvary is the Eastern story of Prajāpati, the Victim, whose death for mankind is daily commemorated in the sacrifice of the fire-altar. The description of this ceremony is both interesting and beautiful.

The Real Presence of God, the writer tells us, during a certain part of the ritual, is not only found in the Roman Catholic, but in rituals of Egypt, Greece, and India. "The Real Presence," he says, "is the heart and soul of a ritual, and in all true rituals He is there."

Finally I will quote the following passage, written with the author's own beauty of style and expression, and showing something of what takes place in the invisible worlds during the ceremony of the Mass:

What is the real significance of the Mass? It is that of a wondrous outpouring. As the Host and Chalice are elevated and priest and people adore the Lord, the Logos sends down an outpouring and blessing. The particles of physical substance glow with His fire and there shines a radiant Star flashing to all sides. There to one at the far end of the church a Ray will shoot out, and here to another at the altar not one. It is only to such as are at one in utter belief of His presence, then, that He can send His quickening—a quickening that touches the man in his inmost nature, for a moment making his causal body to glow as a new-born star, for a moment waking that of a child-soul out of its dreaminess to the reality of the Life of the Logos around. To many a child-soul after death the only touch of the heaven world will be from this quickening at the Mass, for it may be no other activities of his life of passion will give him an ideal that will flower in heaven.

C.

Kāthakōpanishad, with the Commentary of Sri Sankaracharya, translated into English, by M. Hiriyanna, M.A. (Sri Vani Vilas Press, Shrirangam, 1915.)

This is the third of Mr. Hiriyanna's excellent translation of Shankarāchārya's Commentaries on the Upanishads. The *Kēnōpanishad* and the *Ishāvāsyopanishad* have preceded the present volume which, like those two, is exceedingly well printed and executed. Two tikās have been used in the translation and the work of translation has been as careful and painstaking as on the former occasions. A very clear typographical disposition renders the distinction between text and commentary very clear and the repetition, in the Samskr̥t form, of the words explained in the latter must be very welcome to the student. This little volume is a decided addition to English literature on the Upanishads and is also a decided improvement on the previous attempt by Mr. V. C. Seshachari to present the main Upanishads with Shri Shankarāchārya's bhāṣhya in English, however thankful we were at the time for that laudable undertaking. This new publication is at the present time indispensable to all such serious students of the Upanishads who cannot read the original with any ease.

J. V. M.

Religion as Life, by Henry Churchill King. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price \$ 1 net.)

In this as in his earlier books, Dr. King gives his readers practical Christianity and his teachings are coloured by his own vivid personality. It is evident that he has been greatly influenced by the modern thinkers who base their philosophy upon biological foundations. To him God is Life, a supreme energy, and the greatest men are those who share that Life most fully. All his effort is directed to bringing this supreme Source of Life into relation with human activity, or, in other words, to giving religious satisfaction to the practical demands of his own time and country.

No religion "in the clouds" can have permanent value or motive power for the matter-of-fact American; therefore beyond all else Dr. King indicates lines of action, a policy, if the term may be pardoned in this connection, of spiritual realisation rather than of vague mysticism. He sees the life of the follower of Christ as a life of strenuous religious work both objectively and subjectively.

The danger with which the Christian world is threatened is not the conscious choice of sin (he regards sin as the failure to express the highest that is in one); but "the peril of the lesser good". Passion, possessions, and power may prove pitfalls or opportunities in the search for fulness of life. The problem whether the seeker will choose the highest form of self-sacrificing love or be blinded by the lower passion; whether he will have the strength to make "the great refusal" or missing his opportunity prefer the more comfortable conditions of worldly prosperity; whether he will allow himself to be dominated by the meaner ambitions or the more splendid which are "wide as the kingdom of God".

The frank simplicity of Dr. King's writing is very attractive. There is no straining for effect and though his view-point may be perhaps too pronouncedly Christian for the Theosophical reader, the latter cannot but find pleasure in the broad humanitarianism which permeates the teachings and is so characteristic of this author.

A. E. A.

VOL. XXXVI

No. 12

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THERE is no break as yet in the dark cloud of War that lowers over Europe, lit up only with flashes that herald the bursting shells. From every side comes the grim news of unparalleled slaughter, and the ablest scientific brains in each country are dedicated to the one ghastly work of wrenching from Nature new ways of killing her children. Science, hailed forty years ago as man's greatest benefactor, has become his bitterest enemy, devising methods of torture ever more excruciating, ways of slaying ever further reaching, and causing agony more long drawn out. Science is the modern *Tapas*, and it forces Nature to obedience; as Ravana won boons from Mahadeva enabling him to triumph and to rule, so does grim intellect compel all natural forces to work at its command horrors undreamed-of in more ignorant days.

And what is the lesson that Humanity is to learn from this welter of horror and of death? Surely that Intellect unilluminated by Love must ultimately bring our race to naught. Many years ago it was that a Master warned the modern world that knowledge had outstripped conscience, and was undirected by morality. To those clear eyes, wise and compassionate, there was nothing admirable in the spectacle of turning knowledge to the service of competition, and of stimulating the brain while the heart was unfed. For human happiness and human misery lie in the right and wrong use of the emotions, and intellect will work as readily for the spreading of misery as for the spreading of joy. Knowledge and Love should walk hand-in-hand in evolution, for knowledge without love has no compass for its guiding, and love without knowledge may become a destroying torrent instead of a fertilising stream. Hence is Wisdom—the blending into one of Love and Knowledge—the highest achievement of the man who stands on the threshold of Immortality.

* * *

The next step forward of the human race sets its foot on the path which ends in the Temple of Wisdom; and He who is Wisdom Incarnate shall lead the children of men into that path of peace and joy. How in those coming days which shall dawn as the clouds of War are scattered, shall we look back upon the terrors of these nights of sorrow, those days when the Dead shall be the Reborn, and the world shall have burst out into more splendid life, as the vine-stock cut back by the sharp pruning-knife of the gardener bears its splendid weight of purple fruit. The measure of her present grief shall

be the measure of her future joy, and brimming over as is the cup of her woe to-day shall be the over-flowing chalice of her bliss to-morrow. Crucified is she in her anguish upon Calvary, but splendid shall be the morn of her resurrection.

* * *

Alas for those, who in the present horror of great darkness that has fallen upon the world, cannot pierce it with the eye of either knowledge or intuition, and thus realise "the far-off heritage of tears". If, as the old Hindū taught, "the universe exists for the sake of the Self"—the Spirit—is the womb in which is maturing the mighty Man-Child who is the Self made manifest, God in human form, then all the slaughter of gallant lives in the splendour of their strong young manhood, all the life-agony of bounding youth confined in mutilated form, all the maimed bodies, armless, legless, eyeless, who have offered up all physical joy on the altar of the Country, and who come back from the altar mutilated but smiling, ruined in body but radiant in Spirit, knowing that highest and holiest sacrifice of ungrudging, nay joyful, renunciation of all that makes physical life a delight—then all these are seen as the shortening of evolution, the climbing straight up the mountain-side to the perfection of Divine Manhood instead of limping upwards by the long winding road that turns round and round on its way to the summit. These men have done the work of a dozen lives in one, and have risen far up the mountain-side by one splendid leap. But if it be otherwise, if this one life be all, if there be no permanent element in man fed by the sacrifice of the temporary—the hidden Deva, who grows by feeding on the mortal lives—if, as

a French materialist wrote, beauty and religion and morality are bye-products only of evolution, if patriotism and love and sacrifice are all heroic follies, then indeed is this War a tragedy, and the death of the noblest ensures the decadence of the Nation who bore them.

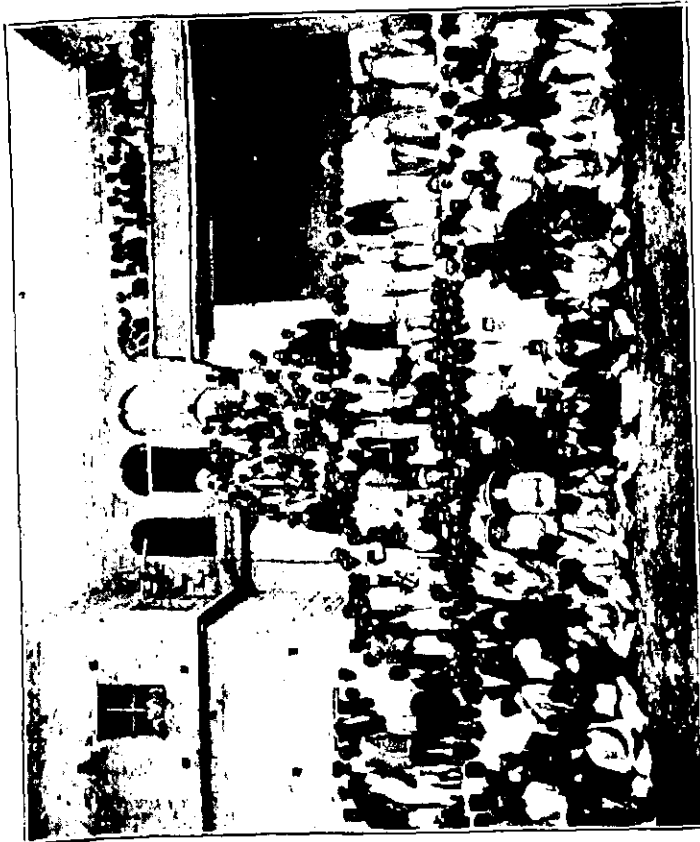
* * *

But if the other view be the true one, then will the sacrifice of these lift the whole Nation to a higher level of evolution, and set its face sunward. Britain and India, Australia and New Zealand, Canada and South Africa, France and Russia, Serbia and Italy, shall rise triumphant when this death-grapple is over, and shall lead the coming evolution of Humanity. It may be that the physical bodies of the children of these Nations may suffer somewhat from the early death of these trained young vigorous bodies, but that will be a passing loss, and may largely be made up by the training of the bodies of many who will come out of the War uninjured. Even under our eyes, the fruitage of a less awful sacrifice has been seen. The France of Napoleon III was decadent; he had poisoned her life-blood and prostituted her body. She passed through the agony of 1870, was defeated, drained of her treasure, shorn of part of her territory. It is said that that War has left its physical traces in the shortening of the stature of her manhood. It may be so, but how the Inner Life of France has grown! She was ever gallant, daring, courteous and chivalrous; now to these noble qualities she has added a patience, an endurance, a self-control, a discipline, that have set the world a-wondering. The anguish through which she passed in 1870 stopped her on the downward path that was

leading her to the tomb, and wrought out her redemption, marvellous and splendid. This is she "who was dead and is alive again, who was lost and is found". No other such miracle has been wrought for thousands of years.

So we need not fear as we gaze on the battle-fields where noble lives are being poured out like water. It may be that there will be for a while some slight check in physical development, though I doubt it. For there has been evolving, as though in preparation for the holocaust and the renewing, an extraordinary vigour and robustness and stature and strength of Womanhood; all have noticed the change, though unwitting of its meaning. And these, be it remembered, are the Mothers of the coming race, with bodies finely developed and emotions raised and purified by anguish, and tempered by long drawn-out tension of anxiety for the best-beloved. These are they who have gone down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and have seen the beloved go out into the Light while they have turned back to the darkened earth, reft of its gladness. These, the Martyred in Life—so much harder a martyrdom than that of the Martyred in Death—these are the consecrated Mothers of the coming Nations, on whom rest the peace and the blessing of the Most High.

Coming down from the heights of Pisgah, from which is seen stretching out fair and sunlit, the promised land, let us glance at some of the small events nearer home. Here is a picture taken at the back of the new Madanapalle College, where the big staircase, running



Madanapalle Theosophical College.

upwards, gave convenient standing room for some of the crowd of boys. On my right hand is the Principal, Mr. C. S. Trilokekar; and I wonder if English friends will recognise in the figure on my left Mr. Ernest Wood, known well as a lecturer in England before he came over here to do such good service to the Theosophical Society and to India alike. If I can obtain some good photographs of the Madanapalle buildings, our readers will be able to see how much he has done in this one place. On his left is the Head Master, Mr. Giri Rau, whose long and patient work under most discouraging circumstances laid the foundations on which the present prosperity has been built. The two ladies on the Principal's right, are Miss Noble, a graduate of S. Andrew's College, Scotland, who came to us from South Africa, and is now Professor of English at the College, and Miss Horne, a very experienced teacher from New Zealand, who is taking English composition for her work among the lads.

The general work in India, so far as Theosophy is concerned is going on well, and there is an ever-widening recognition of its value religiously and educationally. We have in the Society, of course, men of all shades of opinion, and we include many very orthodox Hindûs as well as many who shade off gradually into all intellectual forms of Free Thought; Social Reformers, Political Reformers are also with us. On these two last mentioned lines there are, of course, the widest differences of opinion, and, especially in India, the great lesson of tolerance is being strenuously taught to our members. If the T. S. can succeed

in forming a strong body of public opinion in favour of a real civic equality without regard to a man's religion; if it can persuade the public that no form of religion should give a civic advantage, and no form of religion should entail a civic penalty; then it would add another great service to its many services to India. A citizen should neither be rewarded nor be penalised because of his religious beliefs. Only thus can religion cease to be a cause of civic disturbance.

We received, too late for this number, an interesting article from Mrs. Charles Kerr about Mr. C. W. Leadbeater and the Australian work. It will appear next month. She gives the most delightful account of his daily life and work, and of the extraordinary progress of the Theosophical Society in Australia under his inspiring and vitalising influence. In vain has a small and active band of conspirators in America, with offshoots in other countries, using all the well-known German methods of slander and bribery, circularised Australia, as they circularised India and other countries, against him. The Australian is a sturdy common-sense creature, with a strong and healthy contempt for all crawling underground methods, and he judges for himself. Christian missionaries in India made useful work here impossible for H. P. Blavatsky, so she left India and built up the Society in Europe; the same persecuting agency made useful work here impossible for C. W. Leadbeater, so he also has left India, and Australia has the inspiration of his presence, with surprising results. The same persecutors, headed this time by the Bishop of Madras, have tried the same plan with me, but I declined to go

because my work lies here, whereas the work of the other two was needed elsewhere. Here in India I stay; here is my earthly home, till I die. H. P. Blavatsky sent part of her ashes hither; C. W. Leadbeater will, perhaps; do the same; for me, all my ashes will stay here, for my past is Indian, as theirs was not to the same extent, and, in life and in death, I am consecrate to the Motherland.



ELEMENTAL FORCES IN STRINDBERG'S PLAYS

By HELEN M. STARK

STRINDBERG, after Nietzsche, the greatest Dionysian spirit of the age, "found the hope, the promise, and even the joy of life in the powerful, cruel struggle of life": he attempted in his plays to vindicate the various lines of force which, emerging out of a whole life-time—or even, as in the case of Miss Julia, out of the family heredity—converge at the critical point in the play, and work according to their natures. Personified, these elemental forces would take rank with the Gods of the Greek tragedies, for the power and the design that lie behind evolution do intrude themselves upon the plans and schemes of men, and they are as implacable and as invincible as when recognised, deified and enthroned upon Mount Olympus.

It is in Strindberg's three ultra-naturalistic plays (*Miss Julia*, *The Father*, and *Creditors*) that we see in all its naked horror the punishment that follows Nature's broken law, a law which ever demands expression, growth, and greater freedom within the new-built forms. Nature is careless of the single life, but she carries her own life through type after type, ever to greater freedom and perfection. She is "red in tooth and claw," but she destroys that she may build better and find a fuller expression for herself in forms. At each stage in her long career of form-building she sets up a standard—"Conform to this or be destroyed," she says. This is the basis of our morality, a relative thing that varies according to the stage of our growth. Strindberg's recognition of these elemental forces is most apparent. "It is not enough to see what happens, we must know how it came to happen." Elsewhere he says: "The Naturalist has wiped out the idea of guilt; but he cannot wipe out the results of our actions—punishment, prison, or fear—for the simple reason that they still remain without regard for his verdict."

In the preface to *Miss Julia* Strindberg clearly states his theme. It is the tragedy of a woman who, disregarding the opportunities of birth in a fortunate class, fails even to meet the demands of decency in that class. Responding to her lowest hereditary possibilities, unbalanced, perverted, erotic, she accomplishes her own destruction. From the opening lines of the play we see symptoms of sex neurasthenia, of an over-ripe creative faculty, undisciplined, perhaps unrecognised. This, seeking an opportunity for expression, easily breaks the only restraint it has ever known, that of fear, and devastates her life. Miss Julia, failing to conform

to the law of her growth, turning back from the whole-some possibilities of transmuted passion that culture should bring, ends her career in a dishonoured death. Jean, up to the crucial point in the play, is her victim. She forces herself upon him, disregarding his hints as to impropriety, and even his very plain statements of what may be expected if she tempts him further.

This is a case almost, if not quite, unique in literature. It is clear that Jean will not suffer on account of this illicit connection, but his escape lies not, as usually in such affairs, in the greater freedom of men, but in Jean's own human status. He is a peasant, thrifty as a weed that grows in the mud; his environment is a befitting root-hold for the simpler human type. He is flowering into a fuller and more complex manhood, but he is too young a soul to be touched by degeneracy or perversion. Jean is on the way up. He knows this even as he knows that Miss Julia's real mistake lay in her descent to a class lower than her own. He says: "When upper class people demean themselves they become mean."

In *The Father*, it is the race-life acting through the mother that demands free expression and she does not scruple to grasp it even at a terrific cost. The father, who in the play is called merely "the Captain," is a material scientist who accepts the phenomena of a machine, the spectroscope, because he thinks he understands it, but rejects those of the human mind and soul because he has made no attempt to understand them. He is an egotist who is in addition an old-fashioned domestic tyrant, doling out the household money, demanding that a strict account be kept of it, and holding the fear of bankruptcy over the wife, yet, when

she asks about his own expenses, he replies: "That does not concern you."

There is much to indicate that the Captain has for years been developing paresis. He flies into rages, he suspects every one, he lives beneath the shadow of an evil premonition, he is losing his strength and his faith in himself. The successful, dominant egotist is the tyrant, the weak and unsuccessful one becomes the bitter and complaining pessimist. He describes himself as an unwanted child who came will-less into the world. His reminiscences of the early days of marriage betray the uxorious husband, a phase that is true to his type. First, he seeks to merge himself in the personality of the wife; later, devitalised, sated, he experiences the reaction which expresses itself as irritability and suspicion: he sees in the wife the cause of every failure. Men do not look upon women as natural enemies unless they, to quote from *Creditors*, "have been worshipping Venus a little too excessively".

But the real struggle, which has been going on for months when the play opens, is over the education of the daughter. In this matter the arrogance of the father is supreme. Discussing the child's education, Laura says:

Laura: "And the mother is to have no voice in the matter?"

Captain: "None whatever. She has sold her birthright by a legal transaction, and has surrendered her rights in return for the man's undertaking to take care of her and her children."

Laura: "Therefore she has no power over her child."

Captain: "No, none whatever."

He declares positively, defiantly: "I will do what I please with my own child," the natural and conclusive

reply of the race-mother being: "How do you know that she is your child?" The idea of fatherhood is of comparatively recent development in the race-consciousness. Man knew himself as a husband long before he knew himself as a father, and in primitive peoples the child took his descent from the maternal line. And ever in the last analysis, the rights, duties and privileges of a father can have no other basis than this, the mother's recognition and nomination of him as the father; whatever may be the legal, the conventional, the purely superficial arrangements of the age and country, it all comes back to this in essence. The honour and dignity of fatherhood is woman's to confer; the absolute seal of childbirth legitimacy is a mother's welcome; the unwanted child is Nature's bastard.

Laura lied to her husband, misled and deceived him, but the inevitable corollary of tyranny is deception; the bondswoman becomes the parasite; she who may not speak in the councils of her master becomes the trickster of the ante-chamber. Seek unduly to impose your thought and your will upon another, and in the degree of his strength, his ingenuity, and his subtlety will he frustrate your unlawful purpose. In reading this play it is well to remember that Strindberg, agreeing with Swedenborg, has said that there can be no true marriage between godless people. Strindberg adds: "In my plays I have written of the marriages of godless people."

Creditors is an investigation into the ways of a man with a maid, at least into two, and these surely the most harmful and unlawful of his ways. Strindberg's reputation as a relentless misogynist rests largely on this play, but it is an unsound foundation, since it is so

clear that Tekla, the woman of the play, is little more than a lay figure upon which in turn two men attempt to fit their masculine conceptions of what her relation to her husband and to the world should be. The one vital spark in Tekla is the commendable but rather feeble desire to live her own life. She is not a likable character, she seems to be cunning, selfish and vain, but tutelage such as produced her can achieve no other result. We know little of her as she really is. Our view of her is an indirect one, we see her as the two men see her, each blinded by his own prejudice in regard to woman. At Tekla's first marriage she "was a pretty little girl; a slate on which parents and governesses had made a few scrawls. . . ." After marriage she is forced to deal with life in the only terms she knows, those taught her by her two husbands. Neither Gustav nor Adolph are personalities, they are types. They are "pure cultures" of a group of perfectly correlated mental and moral qualities; well constructed Frankensteins, psychologically correct, inhumanly horrible in their one-pointedness, in the logical completeness in which they develop each his own idiosyncrasy.

Gustav is an extreme example of that brutal type of masculinity that sees in woman only an under-developed man. "Have you ever looked at a naked woman. . .," he says, "a youth with over-developed breasts . . . a child that has shot up to full height and then stopped growing in other respects. What can you expect of such a creature?" He it is who boasts of having erased the few parental scrawls, and, instead, written upon the soul of Tekla whatever inscription suited his own mind. Animated by the jealous desire to be

revenged upon the woman who had escaped him, a condition quite characteristic of this type of man, Gustav attempts to arouse Tekla by speaking of his approaching marriage: "I have purposely picked out a young girl whom I can educate to suit myself, for the woman is man's child, and if she is not, he becomes hers and the world turns topsy-turvy." A more primitive man of Gustav's type would have murdered Tekla, for it is the man who believes that a woman may be possessed, that she is a slave or chattel and may be stolen from him, or by him from another man, who in jealous rage has recourse to uxoricide. Instead of this Gustav works by fiendish cunning upon the weakness of Adolph until he destroys him. To Tekla he says: "It has been my secret hope that disaster might overtake you," and he admits that he has planned to trap and ruin Tekla. "You do all this merely because I have hurt your vanity?" Gustav says: "Don't call that *merely*! You had better not go around hurting other people's vanity. They have no more sensitive spot than that."

Gustav displays the tyranny of the strong, hard, selfish man. Adolph's tyranny is that of the weak and sensual man. He is the uxorious husband who first idealises the wife, and seeks in her a master; later, exhausted and devitalised, the victim of suspicion and fear, he would use his weakness to enslave the wife. The end of such a man is easy to forecast. He shall perish miserably, ignominiously, smothered beneath the fallen petals of love's red rose. Adolph becomes contemptible in his supine feebleness and gullibility as we watch Gustav, the casual acquaintance of a week, play his infamous game of cat and mouse with him. With the diabolic skill of a vivisector he enters

the heart and mind of Adolph and plants his poison there; he reveals, defines and vivifies every dormant suspicion that disease and impotency had planted there. In the end we see, as in others of Strindberg's plays and stories, that these two men have been destroyed by inharmonious marital relations, but this has not been accomplished by Tekla's action in a personal or human capacity. She had the wit to recognise the serious danger of the condition, certainly not the strength or wisdom to correct it. In their ignorance and perverted egotism, these men attempted to thwart a law of human growth, but their heads beat against their own breasts. They failed to see in woman the eternal, incorruptible dignity of the individual, and they dashed themselves to pieces against the rising tide of an elemental force.

Strindberg was no misogynist; he needed woman too ardently to have been that. His demand for the feminine complement was imperative. A self-sufficient man survives the disappointment of a tragic failure in marriage, woman is only an incident in his life; but Strindberg knowing by intuition the possibilities of a true marriage, and desiring passionately to enter into it, sought among women endlessly, measuring, weighing and judging relentlessly. "I chide woman because I love her so well," he said. Though these plays deal in the frankest manner with the facts of physical life, none who read them can doubt that they were written by the impelling force of a great idea, and not for the purposes of frivolous or prurient entertainment. They differ from the popular play of amorous escapade and half expressed indecency, as a cold mountain torrent differs from a fetid pool iridescent with the

phosphorescence of decay. Strindberg's plays do not present that play-time of passion, the dalliance hour of sex, but depict with an awful completeness the inferno of those who degrade and misuse its power. Strindberg is misunderstood by many—even sometimes by himself in uninspired moments—because all his work is so deeply coloured by his own personality. He formulated a law of human growth, and embodied it in a detail of personal history. We see in Strindberg a chapter in the history of the soul-development of a prophet. It is the stage in which the light of great genius is dimmed by rebellion, bitterness and ill-adjustment, but these are the first dark steps upon the path that leads to the mount of Wisdom, and the crown of Compassion.

Helen M. Stark

IDEALISM

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

[An Address given at one of the Sunday morning meetings at the Theosophical Society's Headquarters in London. The Address was preceded by the reading of the first chapter of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa's little book, *In His Name*.]

I HAVE read you this morning a very beautiful piece of writing. But it is also one which, being highly pregnant with meaning, is somewhat difficult, perhaps, to understand at first hearing. I wish, therefore, in the few minutes at my disposal, to try to explain a little of what this chapter seems to me to mean.

You will remember that the little book from which it was taken is addressed to an aspirant for discipleship, and that this aspirant is spoken of as already occupying a kind of middle ground between the ordinary life of the world and that of the pledged servant of the Master; you will recollect, moreover, that the name given to this intermediate stage was that of "Idealism". The would-be disciple is already an "Idealist".

It is the meaning of these words, as they are presented in this chapter, that I wish to study this morning.

If we were asked which is the more real, what a thing *is*, or what we think about that thing, we should probably say the former. And ordinarily we should be

right. When we speak of the sun "rising" in the morning, for example, we need only be a little instructed to realise that this motion of the sun is only apparent, and that the real motion observed is that of the earth. Here our thought is less "real" than the fact of the case. But there is a certain type of thought which is more real than fact: and this type of thought we speak of as an "ideal".

What do we mean by the word "ideal" in this sense? A complete answer to this question would need many volumes; but I think that we shall be safe in saying that, in every use of the word "ideal," as representing a higher reality than that of fact, there is a certain great world-theory involved; the theory, namely, that what are called ideas are, in the order of creation, prior to, and so more real than, phenomena: in other words, that the creative impulse of God, which brought the worlds into being, passed, as it descended into matter, first through the plane of Ideas or Archetypes, and only afterwards reached this lower world of physical things. The theory would maintain, therefore, that all forms and objects in this latter world are merely imperfect copies, or embodiments, of those archetypal Ideas, or Ideals; and that, in this sense, the Ideal is literally more real than so-called facts.¹

The person who perceives this superior reality is the "Idealist". And this is what was meant by that word, in the present chapter, when it was said: "For an Idealist, material forms exist only to body forth Ideas."

¹ The reader will, of course, recognise in this the famous Platonic theory of Ideas, the parent of all western Idealism. In the great controversy between the Nominalists and the Realists, which divided the thought of the Middle Ages, the Realists were those who maintained the view of the substantial reality of Ideas.

Idealism is thus, from this point of view, a truer form of thought; and it is in this sense that it may be thought of as an intermediate stage between the thought of the ordinary world and that of the real world of the Masters; for the Idealist is one who is beginning to see, through the outer form, the deeper truth and life of which the form is only an imperfect copy or representation. And the student will see that this is one way, at least, of expressing Viveka, the first of the specific qualifications for discipleship.

But the Idealist is the truer thinker in another, and very important, sense. For it will be seen that he is doing, in his thought, exactly what the evolutionary process itself is doing. He is not only going *back*, through the copy, to the original; he is also going *forward* to that which, in the course of time, is to be.

All evolution consists in the revealing of God's thought in and through matter. Thus, as a man evolves, more and more of the Ideal Man shows through him; more and more (as an Idealist would say) of the Idea, of which the outer man is the expression, finds embodiment and articulation in him.

To idealise, therefore, is to think along the lines of natural growth, to see the flower in the seed.

In the sense, then, that every moment in growth negates all moments that have gone before by the asserting of a fuller reality, the Idealist is here again the truer thinker. And it is, perhaps, particularly easy to see, from this point of view, why, in the judgment of the writer of this little book, Idealism stands as an intermediate stage between the life of the world and the life of the disciple.

The reason is that the disciple is the apprentice World-Helper; and the whole work of world-helping consists in smoothing the way for, and bringing nearer, that which each thing in nature is destined to become; in other words, in drawing the future of things into their present. We can see this readily in respect of every kind of self-improvement; for, clearly, all effort at a higher way of living and thinking is the affirmation of the truth of what we shall be against the inferior reality of what we are at the moment. We assert the future against the present. And so it is with the helping of the world also. The Idealist is, by virtue of his Idealism, the embryo World-Helper, simply because his mode of thought represents one of the essential pre-conditions of such helping. By passing out of the thought which builds upon the present to the thought which builds upon the future, he has already set himself on the side of Those whose whole purpose and function presupposes this changed outlook.

What, then, does he need in order to become the accredited World-Helper, to pass out of the intermediate stage which he occupies into the stage of actual discipleship?

This little book tells us.

Although, we are told, we must continually dream of the higher, yet "we must be true in our measurements of the lower". We must be Idealists, but we must base our Idealism on facts.

What does this mean?

The secret of it is, I think, contained in the thought of a few moments ago: That Idealism is, from one point of view, a thinking along the natural lines of growth.

We have to recognise that, although the ideal be a higher thing, in one sense, than the fact, yet that an ideal can only be approached *via* facts, and, further, that the two terms, if we examine them, are fluid, and melt readily the one into the other. Thus, that which to-day we look upon as a fact was yesterday an ideal. That which to-day we regard as an ideal will, we hope, to-morrow become a fact. The whole of History, indeed, consists in the melting of ideals into facts, and the careful thinker will have no difficulty in seeing, therefore, that—taking the evolutionary process as a whole—we can no more disregard the passing fact than we can disregard the ultimate ideal. The two are inseparable, and truth in thought will thus consist in seeing not merely the goal at the end of the journey, *but every step of the road which leads up to it.*

This is the higher stage of Idealism, which belongs to the world of discipleship and of the Masters.

The uninstructed Idealist, not yet ready for discipleship, will be tempted to see only the goal and to ignore the steps between; and so he becomes the impatient dreamer, the visionary, the sentimentalist, and fails to be of much practical use to the world. It is true, of course, that it is in many ways better to be a man of ideals and to disregard facts, than to be a man of facts only and to disregard ideals. But best of all it is to be both: to see the ideal, and to recognise it as the real, and yet to recognise, and allow for, every step on the way to it. That is the third stage, according to my reading of this chapter, which, in the opinion of the writer, brings the Idealist right into the real World-Service and makes him a disciple.

We shall see this more clearly if we try to think, for a moment, how necessary is this dual vision. Think how it would fare with us, for example, with all our imperfections, if those great Ones, to whom we look for help, were to see only the goal and not the necessary steps which lead to it! We cannot but assume that Their vision extends to heights of growth and unfolding far beyond anything that our loftiest imagination can reach; or that our highest "Ideals" are far below the level of Their "facts". Ill, therefore, would it fare with us if the long evolutionary process of the transmuting of ideals into facts—which is the evolutionary path before us—were not recognised by Them as necessary. The help we crave is that which will enable us to take the several steps as they come; we know full well that we cannot leap to the goal.

And it is Theirs, by virtue of Their office as World-Helpers, to accede to this demand: to give us the next truth that we need, to help us over the next difficulty, to wed the acceptance of our lower facts to the higher wisdom of Their ideals.

This, then, is the task of the true Idealist: to realise both facts and ideals, means and ends, at once. In the words of the writer: "The Disciple must live consciously in two worlds all the time."

It is his task, and it is also his burden; and it is perhaps because the burden is so heavy, that this stage is seen as a higher stage than the other. For it is easy to dream dreams of perfection. It is very difficult to follow out patiently, one by one, the steps by which perfection is to be attained.

Perhaps there is only one thing that can make such a dual vision easy, and that is love; for it is the peculiar

mark of love that imperfections do not chill it but rather inflame it. And, viewed in this way, the highest Idealism and the truest thought work out as vision informed by love. To think lovingly is to think truly. To love is to see the ideal through the fact. To combine the fact with the ideal is the practical work of love.

The disciple is thus the one who, while holding to the ideal, can love the actual. And this is the third stage, in which the two former are gathered up.

That to think lovingly is to think truly, is not a new doctrine. It is one which has always been taught. But I do not think that the basic, the *ultima ratio* of it, has often been more strikingly or more beautifully expressed than in the concluding words of the chapter that I have read.

Loving thought is true thought, because Love is the expression of Unity, and Unity is the final, the basic truth of all. The doctrine of an ultimate Unity has often been expressed as an abstract philosophical formula. The striking feature about the concluding words of this chapter is that they express the Unity not as a dead philosophical abstraction, but in terms which make it leap and vibrate with life:

"There is in the Cosmos but One Person, and we live but to discover Him."

"He is yourself, for you are an expression of Him. But you cannot see Him as He is; His light would blind you and make you dumb. That is why for love of you He moderates His light, and looks at you through the faces of those you love; you love them for His

¹ I have always considered this sentence one of the most impressive single sentences with which I am acquainted.—E. A. W.

beauty in them. He helps you to discover the lovable in them that you may know of His love for you.

"More of Himself He shows in those castles you build in your ideal moods; more still of Himself He will show you in your Master. That is why as you grow in Idealism you shall always find your Master, for the Master it is who will guide you out of the unreal world into the real."

E. A. Wodehouse

ON A ROCK-BOUND COAST

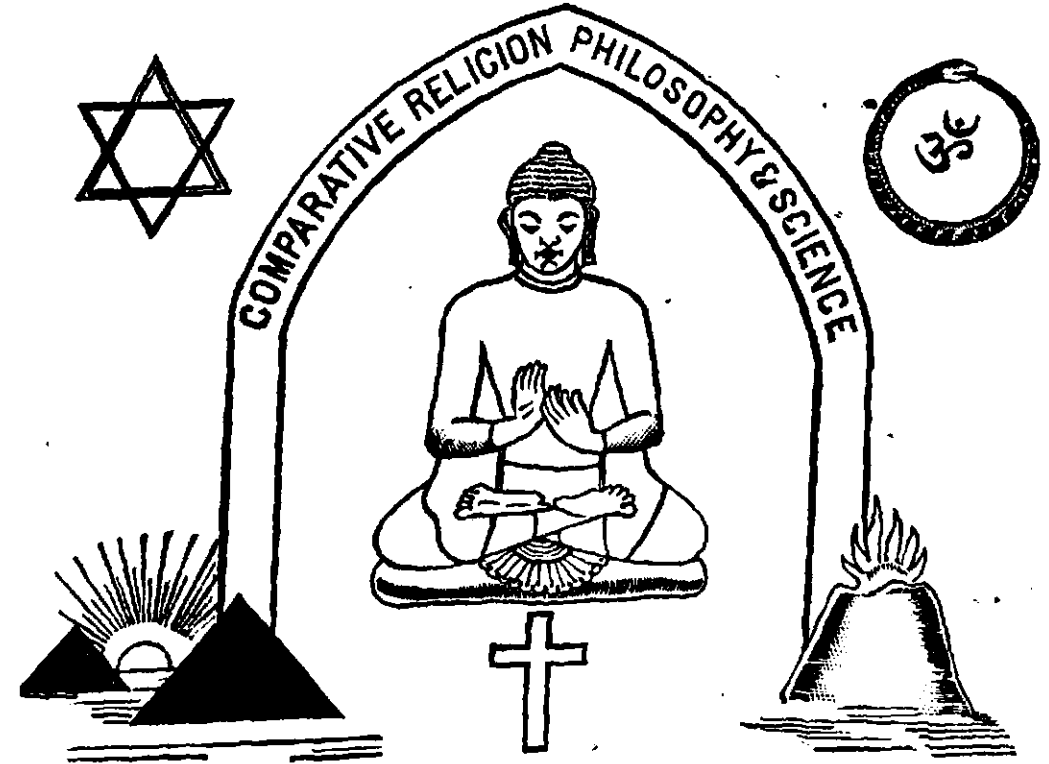
O wind-swept Silences !
In age-long rest
Ye seem to brood apart, inviolate,
The fretted life of man
Your passing guest
While of some guarded realm ye stand, the Gate.

O Majesties, rock-throned
In palaces
Built by Time's lean myrmidons of years
That knew no resting-place;
Your solaces
Succour and save those whom Life's terror sears.

O Presences, revealed
Within the shrine
Of amethyst and lazuli and pearl
Lit by all Heaven's lamps,
Whose thurifers entwine
Gold chains of stars whereon night's censers twirl.

O Mighty Hands of God,
Artificer
Of sea-bound shores remote and desolate,
Man feels Your moulding too
And, if he err,
Knows YOU outstretched to clasp him soon or late.

E. M. G.



THE POET VILLIPUTTŪRĀR

By V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

IT will be acknowledged by every student of Tamil literary history that a good deal of attention was bestowed by the ancient and mediæval poets on the translation and popularising of the classical works of Samskrit in the Tamil land; and in almost every treatise the translation has been so skilful and so ingenious that it has ceased to be a mere translation, and risen to the

dignity of an original classic. But of the numerous examples of such achievements, two will always remain, as they have hitherto remained, in the minds of scholars, the very acme of literary triumph. These are the *Rāmāyaṇa* of Kamba and the *Mahābhārata* of Villiputtūrār. Kamba was perhaps a greater genius, but in depicting character, in describing scenery, in the delineation of pathos, in exuberance of fancy, Villiputtūrār is not inferior to the great translator of the *Rāmāyaṇa*. As a scholar he was perhaps even superior. The *Rāmāyaṇa* is like a natural and magnificent stream, noisy and voluminous, with full floods and surging waters; while the *Mahābhārata* is like a beautiful but artificial water-course, calm, smooth, easy-flowing and picturesque. The one dazzles us, excites our admiration; the other charms us, pleases us. In the one we find the impulsive brilliance of a genius, in the other the classic dignity of a man of culture. Both were ideal translators and successful restorers of Samskrit influence in the Tamil land and in the Tamil language; but while Kamba owed his extraordinary powers to his natural genius, Villiputtūrār seems to have acquired them by his application.

As in the case of the majority of Tamil worthies, we are unable to say when exactly Villiputtūrār lived; but a number of evidences, internal and external, enable us to arrive at an approximate estimation of his time. In my article on the Irattayar, I have pointed out how Villiputtūrār was their contemporary, on the one hand, and of Aruṇagirinātha on the other; and how, as the twin-poets lived in the time of Rājanārāyaṇa Sāmbava Rāya (1337-60) and Aruṇagirinātha in the time of Praudha Deva Rāya II (1422-49), all these writers should be

attributed to the period between 1350 and 1430; and I showed how this conclusion was confirmed by the fact that Kālamēhappulavar, who was a personal acquaintance of the Irattayar, had for his patron Tiṇṇai Rāya, the son of Sāluva Goppa, the Viceroy of North Arcot, about 1430. It will be concluded from this that Villiputtūrār belonged approximately to the same period. He had, like the Irattayar, the Chief of Vakkapāhai for his patron, though curiously enough he does not mention them at all. He was, however, a rival and afterwards the admirer of Aruṇagirinātha; but he does not make any definite reference either to Sambandha Āṇḍān or to Kālamēhappulavar who, as we have seen from other sources, belonged to the same age. It is this almost complete absence of mutual references among these writers that makes the dates of their existence problems and themes of controversy. In the case of Villiputtūrār, particularly, we should be interested to know the details of his life; whether, for instance, he was younger—as he probably was—than the Irattayar and, if so, how much younger; whether he lived after the death of Aruṇagirinātha or not; whether he ever met Kālamēha at all; and so on. But the desire will probably remain eternally unrealised. The late Pandit Satakopa-Ramanujachariar says that one of the contemporary chiefs of Villiputtūrār was a certain Vīra-Pāṇḍya; but a reference to epigraphy shows that, between 1360 and 1500, there were a number of Vīra-Pāṇḍyas. Mr. Sewell points out,¹ from a Ramnāḍ inscription, that a Vīra-Pāṇḍya ruled about 1383. Dr. Caldwell² mentions two

¹ Sewell's *Antiquities*, i, 302. The inscription is in the Tiruttarakōṣamangai temple, 8 miles S. W. of Rannad. It is dated S. 1305, *Rudhīrōtkāri*.

² See his *Tinnevely*. From two inscriptions at Shri-Vaikuṇṭham in Tinnevely and from Mack. MSS.

Vīra-Pāṇḍyas as having respectively ruled in 1437 and 1475-90, while Dr. Kielhorn mentions¹ a Vīra-Pāṇḍya Māravarman whose inscriptions are found at Tenkāsi, Kālayār-Kōil and Tiruvāḍi, who came to the throne, according to his calculation, between March and July, 1443, and ruled at least till 1457, and who was the contemporary of the celebrated Arikēsari Parākrama² (1422-65) of the Tenkāsi dynasty. It is difficult to say which of these Vīra-Pāṇḍyas was the contemporary of the poet, though the sovereign that ruled about 1383 is the most probable person. It will now be clear that all that we can definitely say about the date of the poet is that, like his famous contemporaries, he lived between 1360 and 1450. A more exact demarcation is possible only with the discovery of further materials.

Villiputtūr was a native of the Magadai Nāḍu or "the middle country" of tradition, practically identical with the northern part of the Trichinopoly and the southern part of South Arcot districts. His father was a Vaishṇava Brāhmaṇa of the name of Vīra Rāghava. Early in life, Villiputtūr, it is said, established a name as an all-round scholar and a genuine poet, capable of singing all the five types of poetry with equal felicity. For some unknown reason he left, in course of time, his native village,³ and settled at a place called Saniyūr in the same district. To his great grief, the eminent scholar saw very many unripe

¹ *Ep. Ind.* vii. See also *Indian Antiquary*, February 1914, p. 35, where I have summarised all the epigraphical discoveries regarding the Pāṇḍyan dynasty.

² *Ibid.*, 35-6.

³ According to the *Tamil Ency.* he was born in this place. Still another version is that he was a native of Shrivilliputtūr which, I think, is incorrect and based on a wrong interpretation of his name. Mr. Purnalingam Pillai says that Panayūr has also been said to be the poet's birthplace, but I am not aware of any such tradition.

scholars and giftless versifiers posing as great literary luminaries, and wandering unchallenged and in haughty insolence throughout the country. Inspired by the desire to exterminate this odious race and to purify literature, he undertook, on his own initiative, a severe, if not terrifying form of censorship. Going on a tour to different places, he used to engage scholars in controversy and punish the defeated by depriving them of an ear. In the course of this cruel pilgrimage he came to Conjiveram, where he met a Vaishṇava scholar of the name of Anantabhaṭṭa, and challenged him to a disputation. The two scholars then prepared themselves for a tough battle. Each of them held a sharp instrument attached to the other's ear so that the least hesitation on the part of one to explain the poetic utterance of the other might be promptly chastised by mutilation. In this attitude they tried each other. Anantabhaṭṭa was eventually defeated, and was about to be chastised in accordance with the agreement when, it is said, he cleverly pointed out to his victorious opponent that, in trying to cut off the ear of an Ananta, an earless being, he was making an impossible attempt. The astute scholar meant that Ananta (*i.e.*, the serpent) had no ear and that the attempt to cut off a thing which did not exist was a feat open to ridicule. Villiputtūr, it is said, was satisfied by the timely pun, and chivalrously left the vanquished uninjured.

Villiputtūr then came to Tiruvaṇṇāmalai, where he is said to have engaged the celebrated Aruṇagirinātha in similar controversy. This time, the proud and insolent scholar was about to be made the victim of his own vow. For, while Aruṇagirinātha composed a series of alliterative verses on Skāndha and asked his

opponent to explain them the moment each of them was uttered, Villiputtūrār was puzzled in regard to the 55th verse and asked for it a second time. The astute Shaiva scholar pointed out that that was not a term of their mutual agreement; and Villiputtūrār, unable to answer, had to yield himself to punishment. But the noble generosity of the victor, we are informed, saved the shame of the victim and, we may add, the honour of the scholastic world in general. For he waived the right of taking away Villiputtūrār's ear on exacting a promise from him to the effect that he would assume the same attitude towards his vanquished opponents in future. Villiputtūrār, for his part, showed his gratitude and his reverence by staying to completely hear the poem and compose the commentary on it.

After his defeat at the hands of Aruṇagirinātha, Villiputtūrār went to the courts of various princes, and showed his scholarly skill, receiving ample riches in reward. With these he returned to Saniyūr and led there a calm and quiet life of ease and honour. While so engaged, the King of the Magadai Nāḍu, Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān,¹ who, as we have already seen, was a great patron of literature, approached Villiputtūrār with the request that he should give an enduring name to the country of their birth by translating the *Mahābhārata* into Tamil verse. A great scholar both in Tamil and in Samskrit, Villiputtūrār readily undertook the task, and completed it in a monumental poem of 6,000 stanzas. The most remarkable feature of this truly grand epic is the unusual extent to which the mixture of Samskrit and Tamil vocabulary has been

¹ The *Tam. Ency.* calls him the King of Vakkapāhai Nāḍu, and says that he belonged to the Koṅgu line, and that he was called Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān Chēran.

carried. In no other Tamil poet do we find such a large number of Tamilised Samskrit words. Not only in the number of such words but in the remarkable skill with which they have been transformed, amended, or altered, so as to suit Tamil grammar and Tamil harmony, Villiputtūrār has no rival. In the history of the languages of South India, of the relation between Samskrit and Tamil, therefore, he will always occupy a foremost place. He has proved in an unmistakable manner that the Samskritisation of Tamil is essentially for the good of the latter, that the holy tongue imparts to the other a dignity and a rhythm which it can otherwise hardly possess. As regards the poem itself, the unique merit of which has reaped the reward of immortality, it is enough to mention that it is not merely a translation, but a condensation, of the *Mahābhārata*. It is therefore a more proportionate, symmetrical and artistic production than the original, so much so that by itself it seems to be an original work. From one standpoint it is an amplification; for it is an expansion of the old classic, the *Mahābhārata* of Perundēvanār. From another standpoint it was itself a condensation, a condensation not of the Samskrit *Mahābhārata* alone, but from the 18th century onward of a more extensive and complete Tamil work by Nallā-Pillai² of Madalampēḍu.

A number of anecdotes are current in the country as to the immediate circumstances under which Villiputtūrār performed his work. One story is that while engaged in disputation with Aruṇagirinātha he, in his fanatical orthodoxy,³ refused to see his opponent in

² I hope to give an account of this writer later on in THE THEOSOPHIST.

³ Satagopa Ramanujachariar; *Tam. Ency.* does not mention it.

person as he was a Shaivite; that the latter in consequence cursed him to become blind; and that Villiputtūrār composed the *Mahābhārata* as a propitiatory offering to the Lord for the recovery of his sight. Another story is that, while coming from an extensive pilgrimage, he happened to go by way of Kālahasti;¹ that, reluctant to even look at the hill of Shiva, he avoided its sight by using his umbrella as the screen; that in consequence he was struck blind; and that, at the instance of Aruṇagirinātha, he sang this poem with the object of recovering his sight. A third story says that Villiputtūrār was a greedy miser who refused to give his brother his share of ancestral property; that the latter brought the fact before the King's notice; that the King, aware of the poet's weakness, made him compose the *Mahābhārata* with a view to teach him an indirect lesson, and that he gained his object; for when Villiputtūrār completed his work and was expounding that part of it which related to Duryōdhana's refusal to give a share to the Pāṇḍavas on the occasion of Shri Krishna's embassy (Udyōga Parva), his brother came to the learned audience and taunted Villiputtūrār, in their presence, with his own behaviour. The poet had to save himself from disgrace by the observance of greater equity towards his brother. A fourth version says that Villiputtūrār and his brother were very great friends, that the well-directed efforts of the King to induce Villiputtūrār to come to his court and sing the *Mahābhārata* failed, and that he sent an old woman, as much advanced in diplomacy as in age, who managed to make herself a servant or member of the family,

¹ *Tam. Ency.* says that it took place in Tiruvannāmalai immediately after his defeat at the hands of Aruṇagirinātha.

cleverly set intrigue afoot, and caused a misunderstanding, through the women, between the brothers, as a result of which Villiputtūrār parted with his brother, and came to the court. The King, of course, then managed to gain his object. Still another version gives a commercial ground for the whole undertaking. It is to the effect that Villiputtūrār was a debtor to Varapati; that the latter agreed to receive, in place of money, a translation of the *Mahābhārata*, each stanza carrying a certain value; that Villiputtūrār composed the whole work, but finding the king miserly in his calculations, vindictively tore away the latter portion of his MS., saying that the remaining part would, even by a most vigorous calculation, more than cover the debt.

It is difficult to say how far these versions are true, and how far they are myths. The first two of them trace the necessity to write on the part of the poet to his alleged fanaticism, the third to his greed, the next to his domestic unhappiness, and the last to his poverty. Unfortunately we possess no materials regarding the life of the great poet which enable us to make a definite pronouncement about his religious prejudices or his worldly prospects, his spiritual ideals or his material resources. But from the fact that his name is always combined, in a manner of course not favourable, with Aruṇagirinātha's, and from the scrupulous toleration which pervades the poem, many are evidently inclined to believe in the earlier rigidity and the later toleration of the great scholar-poet. As regards the story of his domestic unhappiness, it is impossible to say anything definite; but it seems that the poet was not endowed with the virtues and merits requisite in the responsible head of

a joint family. Indeed, he seems to have loved his books better than his people, and sacrificed affection at the altar of scholarship. A curious and, many will think, an incredible story gives an insight into this aspect of his character, into the extreme censoriousness he displayed in literary matters at the expense of his own paternal affection. The story concerns his son Varadāchārya, the well-known Varandaruvār of Tamil literature, who wrote a preface of twenty-five verses to his father's classic work, which remains to-day one of the biographical materials of the poet. While Varadāchārya was a boy and learning under his father's tuition, he displayed so much originality and independence, it is said, that the father mistook it for impertinence, and asked him not to darken his doors again by his presence! The sensitive boy resorted to another less illustrious, but more tolerant, teacher, and under his guidance, rose to the distinction of a sound scholar. Later on, while Villiputtūrār was first rehearsing his poem before a learned audience for the stamp of public approval and the audience expressed dissatisfaction at his omission of a verse of prayer to Vināyaka Deva—the poet's orthodoxy had avoided Vināyaka and invoked the Lord's grace in a broad and unsectarian manner—Varadāchārya, who was present on the occasion, rescued his father from embarrassment by composing a verse on the spot, and saying, with excusable effrontery, that his father had already composed it, and that he had not mentioned it as, in his opinion, a verse of a more cosmopolitan spirit would suit better a mixed audience like the one before him! The poet, we may be sure, was ashamed of the way in which he was rescued, but his gratitude welcomed back again his long-lost son to his

home. The whole incident illustrates perhaps the grim seriousness of the scholar which defied every natural feeling. However it might be, I think we can hardly put much faith in the theory that Villiputtūrār was a debtor and that he composed the poem in lieu of discharging the debt. We can hardly believe that the King was a creditor to one of his subjects in the position of Villiputtūrār, nor can we believe that he was so very particular and miserly in his dealings. The story is perhaps an invention purporting to give a rational explanation for the incomplete nature of Villiputtūrār's work.

Nothing is known of the later life of Villiputtūrār. It is believed by some that he renounced the world, left the court of Varapati, and spent his days in devotion and meditation at Shrīraṅgam. But as such a retired and secluded life is assigned by others to the period previous to his distinguished career in the Koṅgu court, we are unable to say whether he renounced the world in the last days of his life; it is very probable that he did.

V. Rangachari

THE HOLY GHOST OR THE PARACLETE

By A. GOVINDACHARYA SVAMIN, C.E., M.R.A.S.

(Concluded from p. 486)

IT is thus that Jesus Christ's utterances, such as "I am in my Father," "I and my Father are one," have to be understood. So understood, it is possible to bring about a reconciliation between Trinitarianism and Unitarianism. In Hindūism, God is manifest in five ways, of which Anṭaryāmin or the Inner Guide, Avatāra or Incarnation, and Archā the worshipable Form, are three. The Inner Guide, Anṭaryāmin, has three forms;—one already indwelling in the soul, which corresponds to the idea of the Holy Ghost being the active Divine Principle in nature (Sattādhāraka); the second the Holy Ghost re-entering the soul (Anupravesha) corresponding to such passages as *Acts*, ii, 1-4, "And suddenly there came a sound," etc., "and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost," etc.; and a third form, (*i.e.*, Anṭaryāmin) having a beatific presence of its own kind, and bursting before the mental gaze of the contemplating devotee—a Divine Epiphany, so to say. The Avatāra, or Incarnation, is a most essential and vital doctrine of Hindūism as well as of Christianity. Without it Hindūism is not Hindūism. The Avatāra is Spirit Incarnate, or the

Word become Flesh. Hence such passages as: "Nārāyaṇa took flesh as Rāma," and the eternal Word "Veda put on Rāmāyaṇa as its garb," *i.e.*, Rāma is the eternal principle of Holiness appearing as a Persona or Person; and the whole *Rāmāyaṇa* is the story of Śiṭā, Shrī, or Christ, *i.e.*, the story of how Grace operates on mankind to save it; how love can sacrifice and suffer. Without love there is no sacrifice. Sacrifice is by suffering. The key therefore of suffering is love, and the key of love is suffering. I shall revert to this later.

In the preceding paragraph the word "Nārāyaṇa" has occurred. It will be interesting to Christians to know that the etymological meaning of this word "Nārāyaṇa" is "He who rests on waters," Nārā, meaning water, corresponding with *Genesis*, i, 2, that "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters". "Waters" in the Vedānta signifies the material stuff of creation—which is thus the plastic or passive stuff over which and in which Spirit, or the active principle, works, according to the Vedic passage: "As the spider spins out of itself, so the Spirit brings forth the material out of itself." Hence the question: Whence came the materials of creation? and the Indian Sages answered:

He, Spirit, created the waters [material stuff] out of Itself [out of its own substance], and placed Its seed therein. Until a resisting medium is improvised, no force can manifest.

In the second sense conveyed in these passages, the Greek notion of God is made manifest, to which, if the Latin or Roman notion of God, as evident in *Genesis*, i, 2, (quoted above), be joined, the whole sense etymologically imported by the word "Nārāyaṇa" is brought out, giving a sense for the Godhead as both

out of and in Nature. Hence the Upaniṣaṭ passage: "Nārāyaṇa pervades all, both in and outside," i.e., He is the full Divine Principle, intra- as well as extra-cosmically, pervading. This Nārāyaṇa is thus the Cosmos-sustaining (*saṭtādhāraka*) Principle with which is coupled Grace, which is Shri, Christ—in other words, Love. Prajāpati, or the Lord of Creation, acting by the medium of Vāch, or the Sacred Word, as occurring in the *Rgveda* conveys the same Shri-Nārāyaṇa sense. Grace is thus an inalienable principle, property, or auspicious attribute, ever dwelling with the Divine Principle; it is also Divinity in the abstract manifested in the concrete, figuratively the "Word made flesh" (*John*, i, 14).

Viewed in another way, Divinity is made up of a Father and a Mother Principle, one yet twain. Shri or Christ, is the Mother-Love sent into the world, for according to *John*, iii, 16, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son" to save it. "Bride" in the place of "Son" answers equally well. The Nārāyaṇa idea and the Bride-Grace- or Love-idea are both evident in I. *John*, iv, 16: "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." The idea of Father and Son, and the latter begotten of the Father for the salvation of souls, is an ancient one. For example, *Mahābhārata*, Udyoga-parva 48, tells us that the One Existence split Itself into two, Nārāyaṇa and Nara: and in Baḍarī-Nārāyaṇ, in the Himālayas Nārāyaṇa becomes the Teacher, and Nara the Disciple. The idea of sacrifice (or crucifixion) of the Son is evident from the Puruṣa-Sūkṭa hymn (*Rgveda*, x, 90).

The third way in which God manifests Himself to His devotees is through symbols or consecrated Images (Archā). The conception of God's Presence in Images will appeal to the intelligence of Christians, if they will ponder over the facts of consubstantiation and transubstantiation in their Scriptures. Consubstantiation means the union in one substance, i.e., the substantial presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the bread and wine, in what is appropriately called the Eucharist, for Charis, as I have already shown, is Grace, or Shri. And transubstantiation means conversion of one substance into another; hence the substantial change of the Eucharistic bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. With regard to the Holy Images, both these theories are advanced in Hindū Scriptures. The Image, or symbol, is praṭika, or the material base, in which the Spirit is present as consubstantiate, or the material of the Image itself is transformed into what may be called a spiritual substance as in transubstantiation. The Image is the kernel of the Church; it is a representation of it. As the Holy Ghost dwells in the Church, so does the Spirit dwell in the Image.

There are, above all these, three divine manifestations, or hypostates, as they are called, the medium, *Ācharya*, or the Saviour, of whom God makes use. This is the real Epiphany, inasmuch as the foregoing manifestations, which are of a theophanous character, are direct, whereas a vehicle is employed in the *Ācharya* form. In what way this is distinguished from the rest, and how efficiently and effectively the work of Salvation is effected by its means, is exhaustively treated in the spiritual work I have already mentioned, viz., the *Shri-Vāchana-Bhūṣhana*.

Now the idea of Holy Ghost as Comforter has also its primal parallel in the Vedānta system, in the expression, Hārḍa-puruṣha. (See *Brahma-Sūtra*, IV, ii, 16.) Hārḍa is also Love-Grace corresponding with I. *John*, iv, 16, already quoted.

Now from the beginning when God's Breath was infused into man till that day when Christ says: "Ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you" (*John*, xiv, 20), we note the steady progress of the soul from its rudiments into a full-blown entity, divine-like, marking the course of evolution and its consummation. The universe is God's field (kṣhetra) as the *Bhagavad-Gītā* puts it; and God is the tiller (karṣhaka); and the harvest is His, viz., the crop of souls saved. The reaping is the reaping of the fruit of evolution. All the processes of culture indicate the hand of Providence in various manifestations as set forth above—these processes partaking of both the remedial and redemptive character.

Whether God satisfies the Unitarian ideal or the Trinitarian ideal matters not, so long as the principle of Salvation, or Grace is admitted. This principle may be personified as Mother, Son, Bride, or as a Vine to the Husbandman (*John*, xv, 1)—that matters not. The recognition of this principle, in whatever outward garb it is vested, is the important thing. According to I. *Corinthians*, i, 24, Christ is also the "power of God and the wisdom of God," i.e., the Word, Vāk, Shrī, as already shown. (Also see *Proverbs* about "Wisdom".)

As to such a principle in existence in nature and its mediational character, Butler says in his *Analogy*¹:

We find all living creatures are brought into the world and their infancy is preserved by the instrumentality of

¹ See *Taittiriya-Brāhmaṇa* quoted later on.

others, and every satisfaction of it, some way or other, is bestowed by the like means; so that the visible Government, which God exercises over the world is by the instrumentality and mediation of others. And how far His invisible Government be or be not so, it is impossible to determine at all by reason. There is then no sort of objection, from the light of nature, against the general notion of a mediator between God and man.

From the very dawn of Hindū religion, the fundamental idea of Hindūism has been sacrifice, which has taken ever so many forms. Shrī sacrificing herself, prompted by Mother-Love and Grace, as told in the *Rāmāyaṇa*, and Bhīṣhma's prolonged suffering or crucifixion upon the bed of arrows, as told in the *Mahābhārata*, cannot have a better parallel than the tragic sacrifice of Christ on Calvary, both illustrating the principle of vicarious suffering and vicarious redemption—the function assigned to the Holy Ghost for all time to come. This Paracletic Principle also appears as Shraddhā, or Faith, in man, personified as Shrī, the Mother of Kāma, or aspiration in man (Kāmavaṭsā, *Taittiriya-Brāhmaṇa*, iii, 12-13).

As there is no finality of opinion in the respect of the nature of God, the nature of the soul, of immortality and after-death conditions, etc., so no final word can be said about the nature of mediation, which involves atonement, sacrifice, suffering, love. We can only rest our beliefs on probabilities. Bishop Butler has said that "probability is the guide of life".

As to the various garbs in which any principle may be vested by different religions and languages, modalities and mannerisms, it is well to remember the passages:

1. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.—II. *Timothy*, iii, 16.

2. God who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways.—*Acts*, xiv, 16.

3. It is far easier and far more amusing for shallow critics to point out what is absurd and ridiculous in the religion and philosophy of the ancient world than for the earnest student to discover truth and wisdom under strange disguises.—SCHOPENHAUER.

4. We laugh at the extraordinary costumes of a generation ago, just as the next generation will laugh at us for the absurd way in which by our style of dress, we disguise the natural grace and beauty of the human form divine... so too the forms and fashions of our faith... Yet, under all the idiosyncracies and peculiarities of creed and ritual, the essential elements of faith are the same.—C. J. STREET, M.A., in *The Underlying Varieties of Religion*.

The Holy Ghost is the Anupravesha of Hindūism.
So speak the Scriptures:

Anena jīvan ātmanānupravishya.

He is the Comforter (Hārḍa) and Generator of all Graces, as summed up in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*:

Dadāmi buddhiyogam tam
Yena Māmupayānti te

and He abides with us, wherever we may be, in hell, earth or heaven. It matters not whether this Principle, the Holy Ghost, is Itself God, or part of God, or an attribute of God, or an emanation from God direct, or a combined product of Father and Son, or a procession from the Father through the Son. What is of paramount importance for us is to know that the Holy Ghost abides in us, and that we have to realise it in its fulness and glory one of these days; and without fail, every soul is to be participant thereof. In the Holy Ghost, God "left not himself without witness". (*Acts*, xiv, 17.)

As Dante sings in his *Paradiso*:

In Persons three eterne believe, and these
One essence I believe, so one and trine
They bear conjunction both with *sunt* and *est*.

And a passage from *Taittiriya-Brahmana*,¹ iii, 12, 3, 1, coincides with these ideas—thus:

Brahman, the Self-Existent is austerity. It is Son, Father, Mother. Austerity became first the sacrifice. God enjoys Godship by virtue of Shraddhā, [*i.e.*, Shri, or Christ, or Holy Ghost—the Vicar]. Shraddhā, the Divine Mother, is the basis (or the stability) of the Universe.

The Vedic Vāk, the Greek Logos (Lakṣhmī), and the "Word" of the Gospel of S. John, will give points of interesting comparisons to a student of religious philosophy.

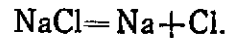
The Logos, or the Word, becomes flesh, *i.e.*, becomes incarnate. In this connection the *Brhadā-ranyaka-Upaniṣad*, VII, i, 1, is worth study, along with the fact in embryology of a chromosome splitting away from the cellular nucleus, and reproducing at the centrosomic centres, daughter cells, which are perfect editions of the parent cell—a full incarnation in religious language, of the prototypic original. It is also interesting to compare with the above Upaniṣadic passage, Constantine's favouring the Homocousians, or those who held that Christ was of the same essence with the Father in the Nicene Council, A.D. 325.²

Apart from the question of deriving a Trinity from a Unity, or resolving back a Trinity into Unity, the question of a God co-operating with a Paraclete Principle in the work of salvation, is a Duality which is seen in full evidence in nature, in support of which Bishop Butler was cited, and we might now seek for its scientific support. Take chemistry. Every atom has been demonstrated as possessing polarities, *vis.*,

¹ Referred to; (see also *Rigveda*, x, 151).

² (See further on about Homocousis).

positive and negative natures. In philosophical language these are the active and passive principles, elaborated in the Sāṅkhya system. They co-operate and produce all the phenomena. By means of electrolysis, sodium chloride (salt), the formula of which is NaCl can be decomposed into the elements Sodium and Chlorine. What happens is this. Sodium, or Na, is found to be composed of what are called radicals united to positive charges of electricity technically termed an-ions, and Chlorine, or Cl, composed of radicals united to negative charges of electricity technically termed kat-ions. This is called the process of ionisation, represented by dots and dashes, as shown in the formula :



In Vedānta, according to the *Taiṭṭirīya-Upaniṣat* already cited, Puruṣha, Puruṣhoṭtama or Nārāyaṇa, i.e., God transcendental *cum* immanent represents the universal active principle, and Shrī the Paraclete, the passive principle. Popularly, or in religious language, the Unit Godhead is constituted of the Mother and Father principles or aspects. The expression "Blessed God" which is equivalent to Shrīman Nārāyaṇa, means that the predicate Shrī, or Blessed, indicating the blessedness of the Deity, constitutes the Paraclete Principle, coeval and co-ordinate with that Deity. The same idea is most prominently brought forward in the *Quran*, no chapter of which opens without invoking the Deity as the "All-Merciful". The idea of the Son, Christ, being the Mirror of God the Father, is explained much more significantly by the expression Nara-Nārāyaṇa, already referred to. The Mother-Father Principle has also a most wonderful analogy in what are known as gametes

(i.e., cells married together), viz., the female sex-nucleus, the ovum, a cell which is passive, having a preponderance of anabolic or constructive character, and the male sex-nucleus the spermatozoon, which is active, having a preponderance of katabolic or disruptive character. Both rush together and compose the gametes. You frequently hear of marriages between Devas and Devīs celebrated in Hindū Temples. It is symbolic of the fundamental fact in nature, of the Paraclete working in union with God, the Universal Spirit.

In fine the Paraclete, or Puruṣhakāra, Principle is the Principle of mediation pervading nature. In all its departments we are aware of metabolism, or transmutation of things from one state into another, like the cellular metamorphoses, or from one form of energy into another. Whether it is in the passing from one state into another, or from one form of energy into another, the transitional processes between, connote mediation; otherwise or without the mediatorial process, it is impossible to conceive how one state or one energy has passed into another. Hence mediation is an inevitable law in the universe, both physical and metaphysical. In the regions of the latter, the necessity of human language clothes this idea of mediation with all kinds of figurative and linguistic expressions, Shrī, Christ, Holy Ghost, Grace. For example the Persian Mithraic cult appeared in Rome as early as 67 B.C. This Mithra was the personification of mediation, through whom order in nature was maintained, and through whom victory was attained between the ultimate powers of good and evil. This is the Christ Principle of Christianity. In the economy

of nature, the female is preponderatingly anabolic, while the male is katabolic. The anabolic property is that of construction, and as such is the mother-function, which is mediatorial, and is the function ascribed in theology to the Paraclete, or *Puruṣhakāra*.¹

Thus the dichotomy of passive and active principles working together is a universal law springing from God and percolating all nature which proceeds from Him. Were it not for this passive or anabolic factor, the cosmos would have no coherent principle, and without coherency it would crumble into chaos. In such a predicament there would be no talk about such topics as salvation, bliss, or the kingdom of God. The loom of God, therefore, consists of Himself, the Primary, as the warp, and the Paraclete, the Secondary, as the woof—from which, in rhythmic oscillations, are woven and spun forth countless spirit-forms each to fulfil its own unique destiny, by going forth as a fragment, and returning as a whole.

In all this process, is it a gladiatorial combat that is evinced, according to the Darwinian dicta of natural selection and the survival of the fittest—implying struggle and hate? In this verdict, we have had for some years

¹ Thomas Graham, the pioneer worker on the chemistry of the colloids says that (1) colloids and (2) crystalloids in juxtaposition produce all life processes; and the colloid is the dynamic state of matter, and the crystalloid its statical condition, where the connecting link between these lies is the mediatory principle. Taking another illustration from physiological psychology, there are two kinds of neurones or nerve cells, the sensory and the motor. Before the impressions received by the sensory are transmitted to the motor, there is a point of junction called a synapse, which is judged to be a psycho-physical substance. This mediatory layer answers to our Paraclete. Philosophically viewed, we have the real world and the ideal world; or the world of phenomena, and the world (so to say) of the noumenon. These are and must be linked, somewhere and somehow, though where the exact link is evades our knowledge. Wherever and however it is, what we are concerned with is that it is and must be. This connecting principle—a principle connecting the spiritual (or inner) and the material (or outer) existence—is the intermediate or mediatory principle, the Paraclete.

a glamour cast over us to make us forget that God is Love, and in that Love-aspect He is the Paraclete, the Mother, the Son, the Saviour; and what is seemingly struggle is but a cloak hiding love, and what seems to be a struggle is but the sacrifice that all love demands. Only the mother who has borne the child in pain knows what mother-love is. In the Paraclete, the Mother, the Son, the Saviour, God sacrifices Himself, as described in the *Puruṣha-Sūkta* of the *Veḍas* (already cited); and if the sacrifice is willing and self-motivated, what is it but Divine Love? The motive power of struggle is love. If not, how would any struggle come about at all? The beginning is love, the end is love, between them is what passes for struggle. The process of struggle is the process of growth, accelerated by the process of salvation, embodied in the Paraclete. The great apostle of evolution, Darwin, who strikes one at the threshold as a pessimist in view of his struggle-for-existence theory, has himself spoken—it is refreshing to know—optimistically in this wise:

Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such slow progress [*i.e.*, evolution]. To those who fully admit the immortality of the human soul, the destruction of our world will not appear so dreadful.

Finally, nature is full of triplets, or trinities. Those who have studied Hegel are familiar with these relations. The mystery of the Trinity, *viz.*, God, and the Soul, and the Paraclete (or Vicarate) between, is enshrined in the holy symbol, AUM—consisting as it does of the three letters A, U, M, signifying these three entities. It is left to earnest students to pursue this study further in literature that is extant in Samskr̥t

and Tamil. The great fact, however, intended to be proved in this paper may be summed up as follows :

We cannot even conceive of God without attributing trinity to Him. An absolute unity would be non-existence. God, if thought of as real and active, involves an antithesis, which may be formulated as God [A] and world [M], or *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*, or in some other way. This antithesis implies already the trinity-conception. When we think of God not only as that which is eternal and immutable in existence [*i.e.*, Sat], but also as that which changes, grows and evolves [tyat], we cannot escape the result, and we must progress to a triune God-idea. The conception of a God-Man, of a Saviour, [U, or Shri], of God revealed in evolution, brings but the antithesis of God-Father, and God-Son [or Bride], and the very conception of this relation [*i.e.*, Puruṣhakāra, or Paraclete] implies God the Spirit that proceeds from both.—PAUL CARUS. *Primer of Philosophy*, p. 101.

To the procrustean bed of metaphor characterising the conditions of our language on earth, we are compelled to shape our spiritual ideals. God is Love (*i.e.*, ānanda or rasa); and His Love can only be love when it sacrifices and suffers; and this aspect of love is of the paracletic nature. God's Love does not suffer God to remain alone in insular solitude. Hence the Vedāntic dictum: "Alone, He finds no joy." Hence He resolves: "I become many," or "I multiply Myself."

God as Absolute (Para) remains unconditioned. The aspect of Him as Love becomes the incarnational aspect (Vibhava, etc.). In this aspect He has sympathy with all human attributes; hence, of Rāma, one of the Divine Incarnations, it is written in the *Rāmāyaṇa*: "God is more agonised with human suffering." A parallel idea is to be found in *Isaiah*, lxiii, 9: "In all their affliction he was afflicted." Either God is not Love; or, if Love, He must be immanent in His Cosmos and Creation, sharing with it all events, so that

thus He may save it incessantly and inevitably, so as to make it become similar to Himself, *i.e.*, Homoiousis, or Paramam-Sāmyam.

Symbology plays a great part in depicting these spiritual ideals. By necessity again of our concrete existence, we have to reduce all such ideals to procrustean dimensions. Taking God as the Father, He has a Bride, and the Bride is the Mother of the Son who proceeds from that duality or union (mithuna).¹ Love is symbolised as the Mother, as shown above. And it is conceived again in three sub-aspects as Shri (celestial Spouse), Bhū (terrestrial) and Nīlā (one's own home, or heart). Shri, in the exercise of her mediatorial function, appeals to her Husband or Bridegroom, God, thus: "Lord! is there a single creature who is sinless?" Bhū improves upon this by submitting to the Lord: "Be there sin, but where is thy forgiveness?" Nīlā reaches the climax by saying: "Lord! absorbed in thy Beauty, canst thou think of anything at all and sin the least?"²

The idea of God as the Husband and the soul as the Wife, or Spouse, of this Husband, is so familiar in Christianity, that Christians will readily grasp the character of Shri, or the Paraclete, portrayed above as the Spouse; and the Spouse again considered in a threefold prismatic aspect symbolised as Shri, Bhū and Nīlā, or the operation of Grace in the triune regions of the Cosmos, *i.e.*, the spiritual (Shri), the material (Bhū) and the individual (Nīlā).

¹ cf. Hence the clause of the Athanasian Creed: "God, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds: And Man of the substance of his Mother, born in the world." This is also symbolic of the soul related on the one hand to nature, and on the other to nature's God.

² Read my *Lives of Azhvārs* (Āṇḍāl).

The keynote of the Council of Nicosia is that the Son is "of one substance (essence) with the Father". According to God viewed as transcendental (Para), as incarnational (Vibhaya), and immanential (Antaryāmin), which in Christian terminology correspond to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, respectively, the Nicene Creed is justified of its declaration and at the same time, it admits of being viewed as Trinitarian in about the same way as Shrī, Bhū and Nīlā, inasmuch as Father, the transcendental (Para) is the Primary of substance, whereas, Son, the incarnational (Vibhaya) and Holy Ghost, the immanential (Antaryāmin), bear a derivative, character, though of the same substance. Thus can Unitarian and Trinitarian views be harmoniously reconciled.

The most ancient of scriptural records that humanity possesses, the *Rgveda*, voiced the principle of mediation or intercession, discernible in nature. It is enough for the present to call the reader's attention to the note made by Griffith under *Rgveda*, X, lxxi, 1, "Voice, or Speech, or Sacred Word".

In *John*, i, 18, it is written "the Son which is in the bosom of the Father". So does Shrī ever reside in the bosom of Viṣṇu, the All-Pervading, and therefore Immanent, God.

A. Govindacharya Svamin

THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE ART

By U. B. NAIR

IT has been well observed that the average cultivated European student or critic of Eastern Art, who seeks to appraise the æsthetic value of the vast, bewildering mass of unfamiliar material unfolded to his wondering gaze, finds himself thrown into a new world. With Graeco-Roman sculpture, the art of the Italian Renaissance and of early Greece, with Gothic architecture and Byzantine carvings, with the masterpieces of classic Christian art, and even perhaps with such decorative bric-à-brac as a few Chinese lacquers and porcelains, he is no doubt fairly *au fait*: but the strangeness and multiplicity of the wonders of Oriental art in all its phases puzzles and amazes him. Feeling and manual skill are the criteria of the highest productions of creative art. When the stone, metal, or pigment is completely reformed, so that it can never fail to convey unerringly the author's meaning to the simple onlooker, when the re-created material proclaims his message appealingly and entrancingly to all who have eyes to see, it is then that we call it a work of art. This can only be achieved with the aid of the Divine afflatus in the artist—"the ardour of the blood," as the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson happily phrased it. Subjected to this test, many a creation of

Eastern art—Japanese chirography and screen decorations, Chinese landscapes of the Sung period, the figure drawings on Persian pottery and illuminated work, the sculptures of India, Java and Ceylon, the ivories, bronzes and textiles of early Muslim craftsmen—comes under this category, and has to be accepted as a great and noble expression of human feeling.

Some of these, it may be objected to, are fantastic and unreal. But likeness to natural appearances, after all, is not to be taken as the main or only criterion of value. This is true even of early Italian or Gothic art, and especially has Oriental art to be regarded from this point of view. The fact that eastern artistic forms do not always conform to the European standard of representation, prevents their methods of expression being fully grasped by the amateur European observer. Thus the Japanese idea of perspective is altogether foreign to European art. The Japanese painter not only does not draw in perspective, but he also rejects light and shade as appertaining mainly to the sister art of sculpture. It should not be supposed that these peculiarities detract from his merit as an artist by tending in any very great degree to diminish his expression, or deviate from the visual appearance of the scene he pictures. This is because Japanese art is, in reality, far more visual than the art of the West—a statement which may appear paradoxical at first thought. Prior to the fifteenth century, when Europe discovered the laws of perspective, European artists were even more vague in this respect than Japanese artists. The discovery explains that it is possible for the actual retinal image to be reproduced much more faithfully in a typical modern European picture than, let us say, in a

thirteenth century masterpiece by Keion, wherein he delineates, with consummate realism, the turbulent vehemence of the armed crowds in the civil war which gave birth to Japan's new feudalism.

Mr. Roger E. Fry, the well-known art-critic and joint-editor of the *Burlington Magazine*, considers Japanese art as more perceptual, less conceptual. In it, he thinks, "the actual vision of appearances is clearer, more precise, more rapid, and above all, less distorted by intellectual preoccupations". Art, however impressionist, cannot be purely perceptual: it is bound to be—it may be to a very limited extent—decorative and conceptual at the same time. Writes Mr. Fry:

The graphic arts would seem to result from a compromise and fusion of three elements, one the desire to symbolise concepts, one the desire to make records of appearances, and finally, modifying and controlling these, the love of order and variety, the decorative instinct. In different races and at different periods the harmony of these elements results from their fusion in different proportions. Even with the utmost determination to do so, the artist cannot altogether suppress any of these elements of design.

Japanese art, again, is more perceptual than European. And its recognition of the visual whole enables the narrative artist to display his actors spread out on the ground in their familiar aspect. In European narrative composition, on the other hand, many of the imaginative effects of the story due to space relations is sacrificed to the perversity with which the main actors are made to hide inconspicuously in the background.

The Japanese had a natural instinct for noting the general relations of objects in space, and, though he never developed this instinct in our scientific manner, he never went as far from visual appearance as the early artists of Europe. No doubt he imagined himself to see his figures from

a height, and not, as we do, on the level of an ordinary spectator; but here he was guided by a sound instinct, for the normal low perspective horizon which we Europeans adopt is singularly unsuited to the purpose of narrative design, as any one who has tried to compose a scene with many figures will have found:

"In other words, the artists of the Far East succeeded in obtaining purity, unity, and completeness of expression, but at the expense of a loss of intensity and depth. And although in giving pictorial expression to their thoughts they made no use of light and shade, their method of rendering certain broad effects of lighted and shaded atmosphere—of mist, of night, and of twilight—has been the envy and admiration of modern Europe.

Now, Japan is typical of the whole art philosophy of the Orient. She is still a museum of Asiatic civilisation, and yet more than a museum. It has been, according to the late Mr. Kakasu Okakura, "the William Morris of Japan," the sole privilege of his native Nippon to realise the unity-in-complexity of eastern art ideals like no other Asiatic nation. She mirrors to-day the whole of Asiatic consciousness, and remains the real repository of the trust of Asiatic thought and culture. But what is it, it may be asked, that accounts for the artistic taste inborn in the son of the gay Land of the Chrysanthemum? The peculiar beauty of her natural scenery, her singular geographical configuration, the witchery of her climate—qualities which have cast her art in its own distinctive mould.

The waters of the waving ricefields, the variegated contour of the archipelago, so conducive to individuality, the constant play of its soft tinted seasons, the shimmer of its silver air, the verdure of its cascaded hills, and the voice of the ocean echoing about its pine-girt shores—of all these was born that tender simplicity, that romantic purity, which so tempers

the soul of Japanese art, differentiating it at once from the leaning to monotonous breadth of the Chinese, and from the tendency to overburdened richness of Indian art.

The subtle and ingenious author, of *The Ideals of the East with special reference to the Art of Japan*, above quoted, has argued in that brilliant work that the historic wealth of Asiatic culture can be consecutively studied through the treasured specimen of Japan, and Japan alone. The Imperial collection, the Shinto temples, and the opened dolmens, reveal the subtle curves of Hang workmanship. The temples of Nara, on the other hand, are rich in representation of Tang culture, and of classic Indian art, then in its hey-day of splendour. The treasure-stores of the daimyos abound in works of art belonging to the Sung and Mongol dynasties. But as in India, so somewhat in Japan, "the scorching drought of modern vulgarity is parching the throat of life and art". But the rock of Japan's race-pride and organic union has stood firm throughout the ages. She was not swept off by the mighty billows that surged upon her from India and China. The national genius has never been overwhelmed. Imitation has never taken the place of a free creativeness. Yet even Japan, such as she is, finds herself perplexed with the great mass of western thought and western ideals. This was the clarion note sounded twelve years ago by Mr. Okakura: and this is the message conveyed in the newest of new books on the subject by Mr. Yone Noguchi, a Japanese poet and artist now resident in London, issued by John Murray (who published Mr. Okakura's *Ideals of the East*) as a volume in "The Wisdom of the East" series, under the title which forms the heading of this article.

That last great master of the Kano School, Gaho Hashimoto, Hōgai Kano, another great modern artist, and Okakura, according to Mr. Noguchi, were the "true life-restorers of Japanese art". The history of this remarkable trio is the history of the renaissance of art in Nippon in recent times. Their efforts were directed to a strong re-nationalising of art on national lines in the great Island Empire in the Far East, in opposition to that pseudo-Europeanising tendency that has for the last half-century been so fashionable throughout Asia. Mr. Okakura was a member of the Imperial Art Commission sent out by Japan at the dawn of this century to study the art history and movements of Europe and the United States. He only found his appreciation of Asiatic art deepened and intensified by his travels, and he always looked askance at the waves of so-called Europeanism that, following political changes, so often beat on the Imperial Art School at Tokyo, of which he was sometime director. Mr. Okakura soon resigned, and six months later, thirty-nine of the strongest young artists in Japan grouped themselves about him, and they opened the Nippon Bijitsu, or Hall of Fine Arts, at Yanaka, in the suburbs of Tokyo. In this Institute, which was a sort of Japanese Merton Abbey, were carried on various decorative arts, such as lacquer and metal work, bronze casting and porcelain, not to speak of painting and sculpture. While entertaining a deep sympathy for and possessing a thorough understanding of all that is best in the contemporary art movements of the West, the members aimed withal at conserving and extending their national inspiration. But, as Mr. Noguchi tells us, the Institute had soon to be closed:

When the Tokyo School of Art was founded (22nd year of Meiji) Gaho was first made warden of the school, and then its director. And he was appointed professor when his investigation bureau happened to close up. However, he voluntarily resigned his professorship when Mr. Okakura, then the president of the school, was obliged to resign his office. Gaho took the principal's chair of the Nippon Bijitsu when Okakura established it afterwards; but this school soon became a story of the past.

Japanese art, according to Mr. Noguchi, has again been cast down from its high pedestal. The invasion of western art spelt the end of real old indigenous art. It "laughed at the indecision of æsthetic judgment and uncertainty of realism of Japanese art". The present Japanese art is, therefore, a lost art: its only lesson for us is that of its sad failure. Unlike the old art of idealistic exaltation, it explains nothing but the general condition of life. It has been driven bag and baggage out of its stronghold of subjectivity, and at too great a cost, for its gain in the objectivity of the West is trifling indeed. A visit to any art exhibition in Japan to-day will show how the minds of present day artists have become unsettled by the western influence which they reluctantly accepted; how under the mingled tempest of Oriental and Occidental, they have lost unity and simplicity, poetry and atmosphere.

When I say [writes Mr. Noguchi] that I received almost no impression from the annual Government Exhibition of Japanese Art in the last five or six years, I have a sort of same feeling with the tired month of May when the season, in fact, having no strength left from the last glory of bloom (what a glorious old Japanese art!), still vainly attempts to look ambitious. Although it may sound unsympathetic, I must declare that the present Japanese art, speaking of it as a whole, with no reference to separate works or individual artists, suffers from nervous debility. Now, is it not the exact condition of the Japanese life at present? Here it is the art following after the life of modern Japan, vain, shallow, imitative, and thoughtless, which makes us pessimistic; the

best possible course such an art can follow in the time of its nervous debility might be that of imitation.

At the same time, Mr. Noguchi is convinced that the influence of western art on modern Japan has not been all evil. The Japanese works of western art, he admits, are sometimes beautiful, although they are more often marred by effort and pretence. Nature imitates art, said Oscar Wilde. Is not the nature of Japan, asks Mr. Noguchi, imitating the poor work of the western method? Western art, he thinks, may however help to rouse Japan from her present stagnation in feeling and thought. It has powerfully tended to bring the difference in element home to the Japanese mind. It has opened their eyes to the mysteries of perspective and of the accurate perception of colours. And above all, it has served as a useful protest against the Japanese art of the old school. The prospect of western art becoming popular in Japan, however, is very remote. "It may be far away yet, but such an art, if a combination of the east and west, is bound to come," writes Mr. Noguchi.

From speculation as regards the evolution of a "Western Art Japonised," let us now turn to the splendours of classical Japanese art, and seek some sort of general understanding of its general movements and conceptions and the development of its various schools. The bulk of Mr. Noguchi's little volume of 114 pages is devoted to giving his readers a foretaste of the idealism of its different epochs, to helping them realise the humanity and love of the old Japanese masters, and evoking in them a vague and mysterious appreciation of the beauty and significance of their work. Mr. Noguchi lays

special stress on what must be a most surprising fact to most people, namely, the definitely religious origin of Japanese painting, and he describes how it shows a passionate and disinterested contemplation of nature, and adumbrates, with power and precision, "the strangest and most mystical intimations of spiritual existence. This is the outstanding feature of the Ashikaga period (1335-1573). This period corresponds with that of the Renaissance in Europe, and is based on a conscious revival of classical Chinese models. Sesshu and Sesson, whose work can be seen to-day in the new wing of the British Museum, are the best representatives of the period. They sat, in Mr. Noguchi's words, "before the inextinguishable lamp of faith, and sought their salvation by the road of silence". Their studies were in the Buddhist temple, luminous with the symbols of all beauty of nature and heaven.

And their artistic work was a sort of prayer-making, to satisfy their own imagination, not a thing to show to a critic whose attempt at arguing and denying is only a nuisance in the world of higher art; they drew pictures to create absolute beauty and grandeur, that made their own human world look almost trifling, and directly joined themselves with eternity. Art for them was not a question of mere reality in expression, but the question of Faith. Therefore they never troubled their minds with the matter of subjects or the size of the canvas; indeed, the mere reality of the external world had ceased to be a standard for them, who lived in the temple studios.

The branch of Japanese art most admired in the West is the alluring one which has made style in expressive decoration its own. Koyetsu and Korin were the leaders of this school. Of the former, Mr. Noguchi writes with unrestrained admiration. He was the prince of Japanese calligraphers; and on one of his much-admired hangings—designed, no doubt, for some famous tea-master of four centuries ago, who was wont to bury

himself in a little abode of fancy with a boiling tea-kettle beside him—were inscribed the lines:

Where's cherry-blossom?
The trace of the garden's spring breeze is seen no more.
I will point, if I am asked,
To my fancy snow upon the ground.

"What a yearning of poetic soul!" exclaims Mr. Noguchi, who moralises:

Praised be the touch of your newly awakened soul which can turn the fallen petals to the beauty of snow: there is nothing that will deny the yearning of your poetic soul. It is not superstition to say that the poet's life is worthier than any other . . . But I am thankful for Koyetsu to-day. How to reach my own poetry seems clearly defined in my thought; it will be by the twilight road of imagination born out of reality and the senses—the road of idealism baptised by the pain of death.

Koyetsu's was a remarkable personality. He realised the age of artistic heroism that cares not for the future, for money or fame. His touch breathed a real art into anything from a porcelain bowl to the design on a lacquer box. Mr. Noguchi relates the following characteristic story of him:

Once he was asked by Sambiakuin Konoye, a high nobleman of the Kyoto Court, the question who was the best penman of the day; it is said he replied, after a slight hesitation: "Well, then, the second best would be you, my Lord; and Shokado would be the third best." The somewhat disappointed calligraphist of high rank in the Court pressed Koyetsu: "Speak out, who is the first? There is nothing of 'well, then' about it." Koyetsu replied: "This humble self is that first."

Utamaro, Hiroshige, Kyosai and Busho Haro are some of the other representative masters, whose art Mr. Noguchi discusses with such fine appreciation. Those who have looked at the reproductions in Mr. Laurence Binyon's *Painting in the Far East* will be familiar with the power and originality of Matabei, the originator of the Ukiyoe School of designers, famous

for their marvellous ingenuity in colour printing. But Mr. Noguchi, who devotes two chapters to their work and has much to say of Shunsho Katsukawa, Yoshitoshi Tsukioka and other artists of this School, curiously enough dismisses Matabei, that great master of genre, in a few words! He does not indeed regard him, but Moronobu, as the founder of Ukiyoe art! and this, albeit the fact that in him, in the opinion of Fry, Binyon and others, the purely national art of Japan rises to a height only equalled by Kleion. Nor of the latter's name even does Mr. Noguchi make mention, although he is justly enthusiastic over Sotatsu, Kleion's contemporary and a great master of flower design.

Mr. Noguchi, as we have said, is a poet; and he sees in Utamaro's ladies, "whether with no soul or myriad souls (certainly ladies, be they courtesans or geishas, who never bartered their own songs and beauty away), the rich-soft passionate odour of rare old roses". They appear to him more subtle than Rosetti's Lilith, the women drawn by lines, or by the absence of lines, with such eyes as only opened to see love. Then he describes in verse, thus:

Too common to say she is the beauty of line,
However, the line old, spiritualised into odour,
(The odour soared into an everlasting ghost from life
and death.)
As a gossamer, the handiwork of a dream,
'Tis left free as it flaps:
The lady of Utamaro's art is the beauty of zephyr flow.
I say again, the line with the breath of love,
Enwrapping my heart to be a happy prey:
Sensuous? To some so she may appear,
But her sensuousness divinised into the word of love.

Of Utamaro's art itself, he indulges in the following conceit:

She is an art (let me call her so)
 Hung, as a web, in the air of perfume,
 Soft yet vivid, she sways in music :
 (But what sadness in her saturation of life !)
 Her music lives in intensity of a moment and then dies ;
 To her, suggestion is her life.
 She is the moth-light playing on reality's dusk,
 Soon to die as a savage prey of the moment ;
 She is a creation of surprise (let me say so)
 Dancing gold on the wire of impulse.

The Japanese spirit of art aimed at poetry and atmosphere, not mere style and purpose. And it holds a great inner lesson for us moderns. We will let Mr. Noguchi proclaim it in his own words :

To look at some of the modern work is too trying, mainly from the fact that it lacks, to use the word of Zen Buddhism, the meaning of silence ; it seems to me that some modern artists work only to tax people's minds. In Nature we find peacefulness and silence ; we derive from it a feeling of comfort and restfulness ; and again from it we receive vigour and life. I think so great art should be. Many modern artists cannot place themselves in unison with their art ; in one word, they do not know how to follow the law or *michi*, that Mother Nature gladly evolves.

And the ultimate lesson of Oriental art for all humanity is contained in the two words "prayer and silence" : or as Mr. Noguchi beautifully expressss it : "There is nothing more petty, even vulgar, in the grey world of art and poetry, than to have a too close attachment to life and physical luxuries ; if our Orientalism may not tell you anything much, I think it will teach you at least to soar out of your trivialism." We heartily echo the same cry.

U. B. Nair



AN INSTANCE OF PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT

By C. W. LEADBEATER

PSYCHIC development of all kinds is wonderfully quickened just now by the great inrush of spiritual force which is preparing the world for the Coming of its Teacher ; and naturally the opportunities for such development offer themselves most readily to those who put themselves directly in the way of that mighty current of force by working in connection with the expected Advent. I gave recently an instance of

the abnormally rapid unfoldment of the buddhic faculty by means of the power of love; now another case comes before me belonging to a different line, for this time it is the faculty of the causal body which is aroused through the mental vehicle by putting an undue strain upon the physical brain. But I cannot say to our readers in this case, as in the other: "Go thou and do likewise"; for the mental strain is a serious danger. It happened for once to lead to psychic development; but far more often it results in nervous breakdown of the gravest character, or even in brain lesion and insanity. The account sent to me is as follows:

"When I was at College (about 1910) I took up the study of the Calculus, which, as you know, is the mathematics of variable quantities, the study of moving bodies and the like. From a variety of causes I was unable to do justice to the work day by day, and toward the end of the second term, when the day of examination in this was approaching, I was told by the lecturer that my work had been so unsatisfactory that unless I performed some miracle in the forthcoming examination he could not recommend me for a pass in the subject. I fully realised that he was quite right, and set about finding out how I could possibly score a high grade in the examination in order to offset the bad work during the year. I soon found that it would be impossible in the few days left to me really to understand the ground covered, and that the only hope would lie in memorising the formulæ and applying them in a mechanical fashion to problems given in the examination. I therefore set to work, first to understand the definitions used in the textbooks, and second to

learn by rote all the important formulæ. I worked very hard, far into the night, neglected other subjects, in which I felt sure of myself in any case, and resorted to all sorts of devices to gain time and keep awake. Bit by bit I covered all the important ground, but only by memorising, sometimes even visualising the *appearance* of a page or paragraph. The day of the examination I was utterly weary physically, but extraordinarily vivid mentally. I duly appeared, applied my crammed-up facts to the examination, and, as I subsequently found, wrote a paper with only one small mistake in arithmetical computation, or something like that. This was the unexpected performance that the lecturer demanded, and he duly gave me a pass.

"Now the point of this episode comes in the sequel. I found in a few days, as usual in such cases, that all the material which I had stuffed into my head was a rapidly-vanishing jumble; but as it disappeared, and as I resumed my physical norm (chiefly by long hours of sleep), I discovered that I had actually done something, either damage or benefit, to my mental machinery, and that my ability to picture things in my mind was tremendously enlarged. I now found that if I turned my mind upon something I had seen or experienced even years before, the image returned to me, not in the ordinary vague way, but with the most extraordinary clarity in detail, with accompanying attributes of all sorts. For instance, if I was recalling a scene in a wood, I could actually *smell* the damp earth or the burning fire! This amused me very much, as it was quite possible to get back into the past in momentary flashes of the utmost brilliancy.

After a time, however, the power of commanding this strange faculty wore off, and I had to be content with spontaneous outbursts which arose now and then through association. By the sight of a colour or some passing odour this latent power would suddenly put me into another time and place. Fortunately I could always banish the mental image, even though I could not call it up.

"Well, after a time this gradually wore away into a lesser degree of brilliancy, and I was only occasionally edified by this annihilation of time and space.

"But now, just lately, there has been a return, in a new phase, of the old thing. I have had to learn, during the last year or so, the Government regulations of a business which I am carrying on. This had to be accomplished quickly, and I find that with this effort there is a return of the result which followed the previous effort, and, it is pleasant to note, with two new aspects, first that I am much more able to command and sustain any image that arises, and second that I can *magnify* the scene to a certain extent. Thus, if the picture includes a wall in the distance I can occasionally magnify it until the crannies are visible. And, what astonished me exceedingly, if there is a perfume, say, of flowers present, the same microscopic power can be turned on! Now the result is not intensification of the perfume, as one might hastily conclude, but a *roughening* of it. I mean by this that instead of getting *thicker*, in the sense that a heavy oil is thicker than water, the smell loses its smoothness and becomes (if one could feel it) like woollen cloth, or a basin of sand. For some reason I cannot perform this same enlarging trick with sound. At present there is no sign of any diminution

of this curious phase of memory, but I have no doubt that it will fade away in large part, as I am too busy to undertake its cultivation."

What is happening in this case is obvious to anyone who has had experience in the use of the higher faculties. Instead of using his memory in the ordinary way, the student is coming into touch with the Records; and that means that he is to a certain extent employing the faculties of his causal body. We are far from certain as to the exact method of ordinary memory, for the subject has not yet been investigated; but it is clear that a vibration in the mental body is part of what occurs, and that the causal body is not in any way involved. In the reading of the Records it is precisely this latter sheath through which the work is done, and the mental body vibrates only in response to the activity of the causal. For that reason no satisfactory or reliable reading of the Records can be done without definite development of the vehicle of the ego.

From the description which our student gives it is clear that he was using his causal body in the glimpses of the past which he relates. It is also evident that that vehicle was aroused by the undue pressure put upon the mind by his reckless overwork. Most men would have ruined their health for life if they had pushed the strain as far as he did; he happens to be the one in a million who managed to do this thing and survive. The result is that his steady persistence in keeping up high mental undulations has stirred his causal body into activity, and thus endued him with a faculty different from any which he has before possessed.

So far it seems to waken only when he turns his thoughts to the past, and only in connection with scenes already familiar to him; but it is probable that he will soon find that he can extend its working in various ways. When a scene is clearly in mind it might be possible to move backwards or forwards from it, and so recover detailed memory of large sections of early life. Perhaps one could in this way push back recollection into childhood—back to birth itself, and even beyond; there have been those who in this manner have attained full knowledge of previous incarnations. Practice makes perfect; and it is encouraging that the power is much more under control now than formerly. The faculty of magnification is another conclusive proof that it is the causal body which is being used; this feature also might by degrees be largely increased, and when fully at the student's disposal might be used (for example) to undertake researches into occult chemistry.

The description of the "roughening" of the smell is most characteristic. The actual process of magnifying consists not in increasing the size of the object examined, but in lessening the psychic lens through which that object is seen. In ancient Scriptures it is said that the operator makes himself as small as he will, and so the organ of vision which he is using becomes commensurate with the microscopic size of that at which he looks. Consequently the tiny physical particles which call into action the sense of smell become separately appreciable, like the grains upon sand-paper, and so the sense of roughness is produced. It is a thing difficult to put into words, but any one who has used the higher faculty will at once recognise our student's attempt to express it.

He is much to be congratulated upon his result, though we certainly cannot recommend his method for imitation by others. Such development will come easily and naturally when, in the course of human evolution, the mind has grown more nearly to the limit of its capabilities; but at our present stage such pressure is distinctly dangerous. That even this partial unfoldment should have been safely achieved is a sign of the times—a sign of the strength of the spiritual outpouring which even now is flooding the world.

C. W. Leadbeater

AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA: III¹

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

I HAVE now to give a very brief description of the general course of discipline to be followed by those who become members of the Organisation, particularly during the early stages.

The first step a candidate has to take is the making of the promises and pledging himself to keep them, as shown in the Appendix to my last article. At the time this is done, the person admitting the candidate, may dispense with the taking of the hand. This is invariably the case when the candidate is a female. In such instances a *Yogaḍaṇḍa* is handed to the candidate to be held over his or her head touching it during the ceremony. After taking the pledge, he has daily to meditate on the meaning of six stately *Samskr̥t* sentences which are communicated to him. These six make two sets. The first set involves meditation upon *Ātma*, the Self, in its threefold aspect; namely, as unembodied, or *Nirupādhikam*; as embodied, or *Sopādhikam*; and thirdly, as negating its identity with all embodiments. This last aspect is the one expressed in the *Mahāvākya* of the *Atharvaṇa-Veda*, "*Aham-Ētaṭ-Na*,"

¹ Copies of this article and the previous one—No. II—may be obtained on application to Ramalinga Mudali, Beach House, Elliott's Road, Mylapore, Madras. The application should be accompanied by a remittance of Rs. 2, which includes postage.

I-This-Not, the most comprehensive of all *Mahāvākyas*. It is necessary to draw pointed attention to the real meaning of the term "*Ētaṭ*" in this *Mahāvākya*. Now the word "*Aham*" in it, of course, refers not to any individualised self, but to the source of all such selves, namely *Paramātmā*. Consequently "*Ētaṭ*" which stands in opposition to it should also be taken not as the definite vehicle of any individualised self, but to the root of all such vehicles. In short it means the "*mūla*" of all matter, *i.e.*, *mūlaprakṛti* in its most abstract sense. As "*Aham*" stands for the first of the three ultimate constituents of Para Brahman, represented in the *Pramāṇa* by "*A*," so does "*Ētaṭ*" stand for the second constituent, represented therein by "*U*". It is the idea of something other than Himself posited by *Paramātmā* by way of hypothesis, as it were, and simultaneously negated by Him. No doubt it is not easy for us to understand how there can be an affirmation and a negation without the least interval of time between them. But such is the final teaching and, considering that this has reference not to the *Vyvahāra* but the *Paramārtha* state, there is nothing unintelligible about it. And it has to be remembered that the self-realisation—*Svarūpa-jñāna*—of *Paramātmā* is utterly uninterrupted and eternal by reason of His omniscience. Of course it is different with reference to every other entity subject to the limitations of space and time. In this latter case the affirmation and negation must necessarily take place and do take place only in succession. Hence in all *Samsāra* the necessary order is *Pravṛtti* (Path of Forthgoing) first and *Nivṛtti* (Path of Return) next. Meditation under this first head is, as must be evident, entirely based upon the *Praṇava*, the highest symbol of

Para Brahman according to all the Hindū Scriptures. The syllable "A" stands in the first Samskr̥t sentence for the Self, pure and simple. The syllable "U" stands in the second sentence for the Self in Its embodied state; and in the third sentence a syllable corresponding to "M" stands for the Self negating Its identity with all embodiments. The second set of three sentences prescribe meditation upon the Shakti aspect of Para-Brahman as Jñāna-Shakti, Ichchhā-Shakti and Kriyā-Shakti. There is a significant variation in the terminations of the sentences constituting the first set and those constituting the second. In the former the term is "Upāsē"—I sit near, I contemplate. In the second the phrase is "Sharaṇamaham prapāḍye"—I make surrender.

Meditation thus prescribed has to go on for a very considerable period before the next step is taken. Assuming the candidate is able to devote one hour a day for each of these six forms of meditation, he would not be ready for the next step until the expiry of three months. It is only after that he will be given the form of meditation special to him if he proves himself fit for it. For reasons due to the candidates themselves the giving of instruction as to the special form of meditation has had to be deferred in many cases for so considerable a period as one, two, or even three years. This special form will have to be added to the six already mentioned. Thenceforward the Anuṣṭhāna will consist of what is called Yoga-Saṇḍhyā and Yoga-Gāyatrī Japa, both of which must be performed daily before sunrise, it being open to the candidate to devote as much time as he can spare during the rest of the day, for meditation upon the seven items mentioned above. The Saṇḍhyā and

Japa are ceremonials that will not take more than five minutes each.

The statement in my first article, as to twenty-four years constituting an entire course of training, requires a slight explanation. The minimum amount of time which every member is expected to devote to meditation in a single day is two hours and twenty-four minutes. That amount of meditation is taken as one day's full work. It is thus possible and open to any member to shorten the term of discipline by devoting to meditation more than the prescribed minimum.

Every member is required to keep a diary in which he should record instructions received by him and all other matters connected with the practice of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā, including any phenomena which may occur within his experience.

Before proceeding to notice a few other points connected with the daily routine to be observed by a member, I wish to state the substance of an explanation given in the *Chandrikā* as to the term Rāja-Yoga—an explanation which is quite original. This explanation is put into the mouth of Hamsa Yogī, to whom I alluded in my last article. Next to Nārāyaṇa, Nara and Yoga Devī, this Hamsa Yogī appears to be the most important character in the Assembly of Sages in Baḍarī. He is stated to be a special favourite of the Devī and is in the habit of offering worship to her daily in the lotus tank and imbibing the nectar of Wisdom flowing from the Lotus on which she is seated. The name Hamsa indicates his real identity with Seboua, the gardener, in *The Idyll of the White Lotus*. In short, he stands for intuition and as, in the fable, the bird Hamsa separates the water from the milk, so this Yogī is ever able to

distinguish the false from the true in the immense quantity of dogma current in the world and likewise unearth the gold that lies buried in the ore of Esotericism. He himself in one place says that he is a manifestation of Viveka-Shakti, one of the five aspects of the Shakti of Yoga-Devī, the names of the other four being: Aviveka (non-discriminating) Shakti, Samuchchita (correlating) Shakti, Akhaṇḍa (pervasive) Shakti, and Svasvarūpa (innate) Shakti.¹

Now as to his explanation of Rāja-Yoga, Hamsa Yogī says it was vouchsafed to him by the Devī Herself, and that he would not have accepted it even from so great a source but for the high authority of Shruti by which it was supported. Hamsa Yogī points out that the manner in which the very important term in question is explained by Patañjali and others is more or less open to question. Putting it briefly, his own explanation is as follows: Astrologers mean by the term Rāja-Yoga, a state of affluence and power like that of a King. It is in a sense quite similar to this that the term in question is used in Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam. The object of the discipline prescribed by the Maṇḍalam is to ensure to Ātmā in the human body—the King in the city of nine gates—his inherent royal prerogatives. Normally in the present state of man's evolution that King is only so in name, being in fact a prisoner within his own city. The term Rāja-Yoga in the present case is peculiarly appropriate in letter as well as in spirit. For Rāja comes from a root which means to shine and Rāja-Yoga with reference to Ātmā, the very nature of which

¹ The English equivalents are hardly adequate. The terms themselves are fully explained in the book.

is Light, is to remove the curtains which shut out and prevent that Light streaming forth in all directions. It is the securing of this royal state to Ātmā in the body that the discipline of the Maṇḍalam intends to accomplish. The attempt to free the Ātmā from bondage by elaborate and tedious ceremonials, or by practices which involve the torture of the body, is like holding the coronation festival of a King who continues to be kept in confinement in his city. Whereas the method of the Maṇḍalam is easy, pleasant and most effective. The excellence of the method consists first in combining meditation on the Ātmā aspect of Para Brahman, with that on Its Shakti aspect. For the uniform teaching of all Shāstra from Sāmaveda downward is that the whole work of cosmic procession belongs to the latter aspect. For example, the opening stanza of *Saundaryalahari*, ascribed to Shaṅkara, puts this quaintly thus: "Without Shakti, Paramashiva Himself is not able to move even a tiny piece of straw." In another place Shakti is spoken of as the body of Shambhu. And the great Sages in the hymns to Her call her World-Mother, the boundless ocean of compassion, tenderness and love. And be it also noted, to meditate on the one hand on the nature of the Self, as indicated in the first set of sentences, and on the other hand to make at the same time surrender in thought to the Supreme Power, and to do this day after day throughout life is surely the most infallible way of developing oneself along the path of knowledge and that of devotion simultaneously. Right knowledge coupled with right desire and devotion necessarily lead to right activity. Hence the importance and value of the combination mentioned above.

The second very special feature of the system consists in the use of mystic syllables, or Bijākṣharas, in connection with meditation. They constitute, in the figurative language of Hamsa Yogī, the stalks on which the fruit of Brahm ripens for the Yogī to gather. Another simile of the Yogī in respect to them is that they are like the nipple in the mother's breast through which flows the milk needed for the sustenance of the child. Much detailed information is given about these syllables which, however, it is not possible for me to enter into here. Whether and how far these syllables are in the nature of those "Words of Power" which Initiates are said to receive at each of the four great Initiations, it is idle for me to speculate upon. But this much seems to be fairly certain: that the constant and prolonged use of the syllables during the daily meditation produces vibrations which powerfully affect the different Koshas, or vehicles, of the would-be Yogī. The cause of such vibrations and effects is discussed at length. The discussion is highly instructive and is illumined by apt quotations from Shruti. The gist of the discussion, in one aspect of it, may be stated thus. By reason of the very peculiar formation of the letter sounds of the Samskr̥t alphabet, their mere utterance *ipso facto* acts upon the matter of one or other of the different planes of our world-system and produces certain definite atomic and molecular changes in such matter. This is the case whether the utterance is in the Parā, Pashyanī, Maḍhyamā or Vaikharī stage. The potency of the utterance is heightened when it is enforced by the will of the utterer and directed towards a particular object. It follows that such utterance equally affects the upādhis of the utterer,

which of course are composed of the matter of those planes. The potency of these letter sounds is but a manifestation of the Mātrkā-Shakti, one of the six great microcosmic powers.¹

Now entering a little into detail, let me first take the nine vowel sounds of the alphabet. Their potency, as well as that of the thirty-three consonants, extends even to the Anupāḍaka, or Mahaṭ, plane, the second in our system. It is also on this plane that the Amsha of Ishvara, or the divine fragment which on the Ādi, or the first plane, constitutes the unembodied human spirit, finds the rudimentary vehicle which is to serve as the basis for its future evolution in the fivefold universe, beginning with the ākāshic plane, the third. Of the vowels referred to, the utterance of the first serves as a channel for the expression of the embodied Spirit as an independent entity, or a Jīvātma. The utterance of the remaining eight vowels serves as a channel for the expression of certain of the attributes or powers of such Jīvātma.

Passing to the consonants, the effect of their utterance becomes patent only in the fivefold universe. Twenty-five of these consonants make up five groups. The five consonants constituting the first, or the *ka* group when uttered act upon the matter of the ākāshic plane. The five letters of the second, or the *cha* group act upon the matter the vāyu plane. The five letters of the third, or the *ta*, group act upon the matter of the agni plane. The five letters of the fourth, or the *ṣa* group act upon the matter of the ap plane and the five letters of the last, or the *pa* group act upon the matter of the pṛthivi

¹ For a brief description of these, see the late Mr. T. Subba Rao's paper on "The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac" in his *Esoteric Writings*, pp. 7-8.

plane. Again when one of the eight vowels is combined with one or other of the consonants in the five groups, such combination will serve as a channel for the manifestation of an *avasthā*, or state of consciousness, of the *Jīva*. This *avasthā* partakes of the character of *Pravṛtti*. When, however, one of those vowels is combined with one or other of the remaining eight consonants in the alphabet, that combination will serve as a channel for the manifestation of an *avasthā*, or state of consciousness, partaking of *Nivṛtti* character. It is these sixteen states of consciousness that are classified under the four main divisions of *jāgrat*, *svapna*, *sūshupti* and *ṭuriya*, each such division being similarly subdivided. As for example *jāgrat-jāgrat*, *jāgrat-svapna*, *jāgrat-sūshupti* and *jāgrat-ṭuriya*, and so on. Apart from the said sixteen combinations there are innumerable other combinations of vowels and consonants which serve as channels for the manifestation of the action and reaction of spirit and matter upon each other during their long evolutionary journey in the fivefold universe.

Now this subject of the effect of utterances of the alphabet sounds and their combinations has for ages been investigated by Adepts, with the result that the Hierarchy is in possession of a body of knowledge of the very highest value to humanity. And the use of *Bījākṣaras* as a part of the course of training in the organisation is to enable those undergoing the training to avail themselves of such portion of that knowledge as will conduce to their progress in yoga. Putting it very generally, the main advantage that will ultimately attend the use of these syllables is the power to pass at will from vehicle to vehicle and consciously

to function in any one of them, and to work in the plane corresponding to the vehicle in which one is functioning for the time being. What more could we wish than to be able at pleasure to get away from the prison-house of this physical body, to come into direct contact with the Great Ones, who are ever busy in the higher worlds in carrying out the will of *Ishvara*, and to learn from Them the mighty truths which They hold in trust for all who wish to become the true servers of the human race. Those who have had such a communion even for a single moment will never more think of their own personal salvation or the experiencing of the bliss which awaits them who touch the *buddhic*, or *vāyu*, plane and become capable of using their *Ānandamaya-Kosha*. The only prayer that will escape from their lips will be: "Make us Your humble servants. We seek nothing, we hope nothing, we ask nothing for the separated self."

Turning now to another advantage connected with the use of the syllables in question, it is that they form effective symbols to meditate upon. Of them all the most important is the "Om" sound. Next to it come the three letters which go to make up that sound. These four are symbols of Brahman Itself and consequently meditation with their aid is invaluable to him who is on the Path. For his great work on that path is, if I may be allowed such an expression, the disidentification of himself with those *upādhis* which he had been laboriously constructing for his use in gathering experience during the time he was treading the path of *Pravṛtti*. And such work of disidentification is facilitated in every way by the fact that the system of meditation he has to follow compels him to keep his

thought ever fixed on the Self in the heart, the Self in all hearts and in all nature.

What has been so far said, of course, touches but the fringe of the interesting and important subject of mystic syllables. Leaving on one side their occult significance, it has been possible only to refer to two or three obvious matters connected with them. Nevertheless enough has surely been said to show that the eulogy of Hamsa Yogī of the use of them is not a mere flight of fancy but rests on a basis of truth and fact, which anyone inclined to do so may verify for himself by following the system of meditation so highly commended by the Yogī.

By way of confirming the sound character of the explanation given by him as to the meaning of Rāja-Yoga and summarised above, the Yogī draws pointed attention to the scriptural passages mentioned by Yoga-Devī when She instructed him on the point. Those passages form part of the sixth chapter of the *Taittirīya Upaniṣhat*, which purports to contain the instruction imparted by a teacher to a pupil. The sentences relevant here are :

Through it, the meditation on the Self in the heart, self-government, mental control, are acquired. Thence follow lordship of sight, hearing, speech and knowledge.

It remains now to notice only a few more important matters connected with the daily routine to be observed by the person under discipline. On waking he is told to feel that he hears the voice of a Teacher telling him to pray for the welfare of all the worlds, and it is through such welfare that the best can happen to himself. He sends up a prayer accordingly. Next he offers salutation to Yoga-Devī and prays for illumination from Her with reference to whatever he

has to do during the whole day. Then he repeats the following five precepts which are called the Upadeśha-pañchakam :

1. अभेदानन्दं सच्चिद्रं परं ब्रह्म वेद सः ।
2. योऽव्ययात्मा समचित्तरजः
3. देवीं कल्याणशक्तिं प्रपद्य सर्वं प्रविशति
4. अमृतोऽहं लोकेभ्यः सुखमेधताम् ।
5.

Undivided Bliss, Truth Its Form, Supreme Brahman.

He who thus knows, possessed of perfect understanding, with a mind which is the playground of equability, and devoted to the Devī, the wondrous Power, enters all.

Immortal am I. May the worlds attain Bliss.

The disciple is then required to take a certain amount of exercise before his bath. And after ablutions he goes through the Sandhyā, etc., already mentioned. The reason for requiring their performance before sunrise is that the part of the day best adapted for such rites and meditation is between 2 a.m. and sunrise, when the influence of Sarasvatī-Shakti is predominant. Advice as to diet and recreation very similar to what is contained in the *Bhagavad-Gītā* is found in this *Chandrikā* also. The faithful and honest performance of every duty connected with one's family, profession or business is commanded. The study of the Upaniṣhats, *Bhagavad-Gītā* and some of the Purāṇas is recommended, care being taken by the student that he understands the esoteric teachings in them with the aid of explanations to be found in *Kāṇḍarahasyam*, the treatise referred to in my last article.

Finally it may be observed that this work appears to be a fairly large treatise containing some forty

thousand shloka-measures. There seems to be no obstacle in the way of publication of this treatise, as one might expect on the ground that it is private and confidential and thus inaccessible to the general public. Nevertheless, there does not seem to be much chance of anyone undertaking the task. The circumstances of the Organisation preclude it in more than one way from undertaking the publication. Nor is it likely that private enterprise will be attracted to it in the immediate future. It is to be hoped, however, that this book will some day see the light, and contribute to elucidate many myths and statements in the Hindū sacred writings which now baffle all attempts to unravel them.

S. Subramania Iyer

WHAT IS DEATH ?

By M. L. HALL

IN this time of widespread sorrow one of the subjects of chief interest to us, affecting so many of our lives most closely, is that of Death. For the way in which we regard Death may either bring or spare us untold suffering. Is it not worth while, then, to look into this subject very carefully, and to see if we cannot arrive at a more definite conclusion concerning it than is usually arrived at ? For it is the unknown that man dreads ; it is the uncertainty connected with Death that makes him fear it. It is not too much to say that if the *truth* about Death were known, it would be feared far less than many a thing that can happen to us in this life.

Now the Church, with all its splendid teachings about Death, leaves one fact out of account ; and that is the very fact which would be of most comfort to us now, besides being one of the most real and evident in the life beyond the veil. It is that on "dying" we are not suddenly cut off from the earth and all we love on it ; our affections, our thoughts, our aspirations are not transferred in a moment of time to a totally different sphere. When one comes to think of it, that never happens in Nature ; or when a swift and apparently complete change does take place, there is always a strong tendency to react, after a time, back to the former

state. Now study of life reveals one truth beyond all others: the presence of all-pervading law. In no corner of the visible universe can one find a lawless condition of things prevailing. Think for a moment what it would mean if one could. All science, all industry, all inventions, all agriculture, would be rendered useless; the universe itself would be unstable. And further study of life, study of deeper, more hidden things, reveals another fact, equally undeniable, equally unchanging: the great truth "as above so below"—as in the phenomenal so in the unphenomenal worlds. What does that mean? Simply that we can know the invisible *by* the visible. If a law holds good to our senses—sight, touch, hearing—the same law holds good in a region beyond our senses. Otherwise it would not be a law.

Therefore, as no sudden stable change takes place in what we call "Nature," why should we expect it to take place at what we call "death"? Evolution misses no tiniest stage; the smallest link in form cannot be withdrawn without rendering the goal which is being laboured for unattainable; so with the Spirit there can be no quick transition; each experience or state recalls the last, resembles the last, while preparing for the next. The intermediate world, or paradise, is not separated from this world by a great gulf; just as the mammals are not separated from the reptiles in the history of the globe. The intermediate world is all around us, touching us; had we but the eyes to see it, and the ears to hear its sounds. Those we call "dead" are with us still.

Could we really believe this, how much it would do for us! Instead of mourning over the shattering

of the form which enclosed him we loved, we would know that the Spirit, the real man, was still near us, indeed in closer communion than was possible before. For form always limits and fetters. The more form is cast aside, the freer is the Spirit within. The destruction of the body is like opening the doors of a prison.

Why should we sorrow, then, for our dead? For they are happier than when they lived in the visible world; they would not return to the body again if they could. One thing, however, troubles them—our grief for them. For they do not watch us dispassionately from the skies; they stand beside us, speak to us, try to cheer us. The link of love which bound them to us when on earth is not broken; they cannot be perfectly happy while we are in sorrow. Love, the strongest force there is and the most eternal, keeps them at our side vainly endeavouring to console us. Should we cease to grieve, they would be free to explore the wonderful world in which they find themselves, with delights and marvels surpassing any on earth. How can they seek delights when they see our tears?

And there is nothing sad about death, nothing to make one grieve. If this be true under ordinary circumstances, much more is it so when death is met in a noble manner. Again we learn from the visible universe: a certain cause produces a certain result. It is an immutable law. Alter the cause in the slightest degree, and the result will be altered in proportion. All our actions, as well as all our thoughts and feelings, are causes producing their definite results. There is no causeless thing in existence. All that happens to us had its beginning, or birth, in some action, or feeling, or thought of ours. Therefore the more nobly we act and

feel and think the better will be the results for us. Death in a noble cause produces very high results for the one who "dies". Very few things, to put it baldly, are so remunerative; for it is one of the greatest sacrifices there are; and the greater the sacrifice the higher the reward. Is not to be killed in battle, then, to be regarded as a priceless opportunity rather than as a tragedy?

But the good results do not react only on those who give their earthly life. Sacrifice in any form brings blessing, and those who have—apparently to them—parted with their dear ones in their country's need, share in the great reward. As they experienced the pain of parting together so will they share its resultant happiness. Their mutual self-forgetfulness has formed a bond uniting them, as side by side they climb upwards through the ages. For this one short life of ours is but the tiniest day in the glorious evolution that awaits us, the glory and the strength of which are built on love in sacrifice.

M. L. Hall

THE YOUNG SOUL

A man lay sleeping by a woman to whom he was bound
for life,
Suddenly he awoke and remembered the day
And the past days in their ugliness.
And he looked into the void of the days to be.
He said: "How can I love her, for her soul is hideous?
Whatever love I have can only be for her body, and
is no avail to her or to me."
Like vampires his thoughts destroyed him; and drank away
his joy in life.
They were black and glutted with his heart's blood, they
fed upon him and were gorged.
Many, many nights he suffered this.
But then, one night, the moon shone, and it seemed that
on the bed,
The soul of the woman came, and sat between them.
It laughed very softly and mocked to itself
Tenderly, and with little sobs between.
"Why do you laugh?" asked the man, for he knew
this frail thing was the soul of his wife.
The ghostly one answered: "I am young,
I am weak, I am foolish, and have no great self,
And my true life is apart from me yet,
As the soul of a flower is apart from the flower.
I grope and am dazed.
But I laugh because you have said
That you cannot love her, this woman, my image.
You, the lover of forests, of oaks and of roses,
You who tend saplings, and do not despise them.
Yet the forests you plant you will never enjoy save in
visions,
Seen from another zone.
You do not go sighing along your rose garden in April,
Because your roses of June are not yet in blossom.
In May you have faith for July,
And to-day for to-morrow,
So be to this woman, for I, her soul, will grow as the oak
grows,

And you, in a future, will see me
 As a tree that is strong, and a red rose that has
 blossomed,
 When my time has unfolded, then I too shall be of the
 angels.
 But now is only my March month.
 You shall see my beauty, though I have long waiting
 before me.
 But love me, and love her who is my wonderful image,
 Fix your eyes on my morning
 When I'll reach to the glory beyond and the wisdom
 above me."
 Then the soul, like a mist, was no more,
 And the moon, from the window,
 Looked like milk in the skies.
 The man turned and slept, but his morrows
 Were deepened by love and by vision.

VIOLET CLIFTON

THE STREET OF THE GEISHA

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of "The Coming of Fizo," "The Peony of
 Pao-Yu," "The Land of the Yellow Spring,"
 "Myths and Legends of Japan," etc.)

TOZO, an old Buddhist priest, lost in profound thought, had the misfortune to take a wrong turning and to find himself in the Street of the Geisha. When he had discovered his mistake he was for retracing his steps, but instead of doing so he chuckled to himself, and thought how great was the difference between the Street of the Geisha and the Noble Eightfold Path of the Buddha.

It was a very narrow street, gay with flickering lanterns. Tozo gazed upon them with disapproval. On one he read, "*Kinoya: uchi O-Kata*" ("The House of Gold wherein O-Kata dwells"), and on another, "*Niyotsuru*" ("The Stork Magnificently Existing").

"Ah!" exclaimed Tozo, "what lights for the moths of wickedness! How these dancing-girls minister to those things that are not seemly to contemplate. Muhammad knew what he was talking about when he

said: 'O assembly of women, give alms, although it be of your gold and silver ornaments; for verily ye are mostly of Hell on the Day of Resurrection!'"

A merry peal of laughter came from one of the houses, followed by the sound of girls talking rapidly together. "O fools of a moment's mirth," said Tozo hotly, "make you a pilgrimage to Ise, and pray that the Gods may show you the wisdom of silence and the folly of babbling tongues!"

Tozo moved on again, eager to tread a more respectable thoroughfare. The many-shaped lanterns danced in two long lines before him, but by fingering his beads and murmuring a fragment of a sūtra, the old man was able to set aside all mundane matters. He was about to leave the Street of the Geisha when he met his friend Akira.

"You here!" exclaimed Akira. "Have you not called this street 'The Street of Don't Go Down'? Surely you should be in your temple, either fast asleep or in a doze over your devotions."

Tozo laughed. "My friend," said he, "it is better to find a priest who has strayed by accident into this deplorable street, than one who, like yourself, comes here for a set purpose. Akira, believe me, nearly all the tribulations of this world may justly be placed at a woman's door. When she beckons, when she calls, pay no heed to her importunities. As for the geisha, flee from her bright eyes and chattering tongue, from her little hand that for ever pours out wine, from her seductive dances, for such things are of the Evil One and lead to destruction. Be not moved by a snow-white arm that peeps from a big silk sleeve, nor by lips red as a poppy but pernicious as opium. Rather than

contemplate such things, study and master the Lotus of the Law, for it has been truly said of women—"

Akira touched the old man's hand. "Look," he said, "how dry the skin is. 'Tis ink rather than blood that runs beneath such parchment. You are an estimable priest, Tozo, but allow me to say that you do not show the toleration of your Master toward women. You are bitter and narrow where a woman is concerned, and all because, my dear friend, you have been dead but not buried for quite a long time. *Sayonara*, O pilgrim in the Street of the Geisha!"

"*Sayonara*," replied Tozo gravely. "When you have discovered the futility of human desire, and above all when you have had your heart crushed by a woman, come to me and I will show you the Way of Peace."

Akira stood for a moment watching the receding figure of the priest. He pitied the old man, but he did not know that Tozo pitied him and wept. "Well," said Akira gaily, "it is fortunate for this world that we are not all priests, otherwise there would be no Street of the Geisha."

Akira stopped outside a house where the lantern was shaped like the egg of some fabulous bird. He looked at the characters inscribed upon it, and read: "Flower-Bud of Ten Thousand Dreams." When he had perused the inscription several times, he pushed open the slide of a door that set a gong-bell ringing.

Nishimura, the teacher and mistress of the house, came forward. "Ah!" she exclaimed, recognising Akira, "be honourably pleased to enter my miserable dwelling. All the girls are out at present attending various festivities in the town."

"All are out?" murmured Akira dejectedly.

"That is to say all except Kohana." Nishimura laughed knowingly. "Can it be that you wish to see Kohana?"

"Nishimura," replied Akira, laughing, "be pleased to show me Kohana."

"So?" said Nishimura. "Many have called here for a similar purpose. Many have expressed the desire to marry Kohana, and all have offered to pay me liberally for the privilege, but Kohana only laughs. She finds life so funny. Oh! Kohana is a deep one!"

Nishimura invited Akira to follow her. She pressed back a sliding screen, bade him enter a small apartment, took a handful of coin with profuse thanks, and left him.

When Akira sat down the light from the andon was so dim that at first he fancied he was alone. In a moment or two, however, he discovered Kohana peeping at him from behind her fan. She was dressed in a kimono the colour of a mountain dove, and the lovely grey background was relieved here and there with sprays of silk-worked cherry-blossom.

"Kohana," said Akira eagerly, "you see I could not keep away from you for long. Ever since I saw you in my father's house I have loved you."

Kohana laughed merrily. "I do not think I like your love-making very much. Baishu was here last night, and Baishu said quite a number of charming things to me. Let me see, what did he say? Oh yes! He said, 'Kohana'—and he made the word sound as if it were running water—'my heart was like a dark pool before I met you. Now it is like a lake made glad by the sun by day and by the shadow of the moon and stars when the night comes.' Was that not a pretty speech?"

"I do not care for it," said Akira moodily.

"Would you not like to hear what my other suitors said?"

"No," replied Akira.

"Now you're cross, Akira, just because you think I have as many lovers as Kimiko, or the Lady Kaguya herself! I see two ugly lines on your forehead. Shall I sing? Shall I dance? Shall I make tea for you?"

"No, Kohana."

"No, Kohana," replied the dancing-girl in an exact imitation of his tone. "What shall I do for your entertainment? Come, Akira, you are dull company to-night. I have been sitting here all the evening ever so lonely, and now your visit makes me still more miserable. Be honourably pleased to let that strong mouth break into a smile. There, there, it comes now! Quite a nice smile, too. Thank you, Akira."

"You make it so hard for me to speak," said Akira with a tremor in his voice. "You are a sweet bright-winged butterfly for ever sipping the honey of the world's flowers—"

"Akira, how splendid! Did you really get that out of your own head?"

"There is just one flower in that big garden," went on Akira, "that keeps on looking out for you, keeps on wanting you. There is just one flower, Kohana, that would possess you always, that never wants you to go away to other flowers any more. Do you understand?"

"Perhaps," said Kohana evasively. She took up a beautiful ornamented mirror and from a lacquered box withdrew various toilet articles. She added a shade more colour to her lips, a touch of powder to her

little chin. Then she looked for a long time into the mirror.

"Akira," she said, a little wistfully, "the wings of your butterfly will not always be beautiful. They will become faded, torn, old—Oh yes, they will! You do not know the vanity of that butterfly, my poor Akira. The honey of admiration must come from many flowers yet."

"And then?" said Akira, leaning forward and looking eagerly into her face.

"Oh! do not count on afterwards, my dear friend. When the butterfly can no longer fly from flower to flower, it will just settle down on the dusty road and never wake up again."

"Is such a sad end worth while?"

"Yes, because the getting there is so splendid!"

"Kohana, I cannot live without you. I want you to become my wife. I will go on waiting for you to come to me."

"My poor Akira, I see you suffer. I like you better than others who have sought my hand. Please do not forget that I am a dancing-girl, and although many of us marry, I shall never do so. Let it be good-bye. I shall not change my mind."

Akira looked at her tenderly. "We are not always wise when we love," he said simply, "for love has flood-gates that, when once open, sweep reason aside. I cannot say good-bye, give up hope yet. I must come again and again."

"It will be a sword in your heart, Akira, this coming. Oh! go away and try to forget!"

Akira took the hand that peeped out of the grey and pink sleeve. He caressed it for a moment, then

suddenly he rubbed the fingers against his cheek and went out of the room without a word.

For many weeks Akira came to see Kohana. He found her, as he had always found her, sweet, coquettish, but firm in her resolve. There was a hint of deeper and truer things beneath the merry laughter and her apparently artless but well-studied pleasantries. He wanted the woman, and she always gave him the geisha.

One night Kohana said to her lover: "Akira, if you love me, go away and bury your love in some lovers' cemetery by the sea. It is not only useless for you to continue your wooing, but it is becoming really painful to me. Your pale worn face, your eyes that have seen so many sleepless nights, come between me and the sunshine. You are making grey days for me, and how can a butterfly be happy when the sky is clouded and the wind of sorrow is cold? I fly in the Street of the Geisha. I shall always fly there, Akira, always."

There were tears in Kohana's eyes. Akira had never seen tears in her eyes before, and he was deeply moved. "Because you wish it," he said gently, "I shall go away and never return again. I shall bury the lonely dream which you cannot dream too, you who are called 'The Flower-Bud of Ten Thousand Dreams'. I go, Kohana, without a shade of bitterness in my heart. May the Gods be good to you always, and may you never know, as I know, what *mono no aware wo shiru* ('the Ah-ness of things') means."

Once more Akira pressed back a silk sleeve and very slowly caressed Kohana's arm. "Shut your eyes," he whispered. "It would never do for a joyous butterfly to look upon anything that is sad."

Kohana closed her eyes. When she opened them again she found that Akira had gone. "It is better so," she said, looking into her mirror, "and yet—" tears filled her eyes again. The pretty reflection in the mirror became blurred. She flung the dainty disc aside and leant forward with her forehead pressed against her extended hands. The grey and pink sleeves rested on the matting. A butterfly was fluttering near the flower of sorrow, and finding in those red petals the flower of love.

In the meantime Akira walked slowly down the Street of the Geisha and entered the temple where Tozo lived.

"Well," said the old priest, looking closely at his friend, "have you come to call me a fool, to tell me that the Street of the Geisha is the best street in all the world, the one place where love is and rare enchantment?"

"No," replied Akira wearily, "I have come to find the Way of Peace. Help me to find it, friend."

If Tozo could be sarcastic, he could also be gentle and sympathetic. He uttered never a word of reproach. "Do not fear," said he, "the wound in your heart will heal. By the most blessed teaching of the Lord Buddha you shall indeed find peace. Blot out for ever the Street of the Geisha and set aside all the snares and delusions of this world, thus shall you destroy the power of Karma and finally attain Nirvāṇa."

In due time Akira, having successfully passed through his noviciate, became a Buddhist priest, and taking upon himself all the solemn vows of his calling, entered a temple at Kamakura. He was regarded as a zealous teacher, a faithful friend to the poor, and most

especially was he gentle to all those whose sorrow was the sorrow of unrequited love.

Akira had found peace at last, and the Street of the Geisha became to him as a shadowy street in a half-remembered dream. He loved the great towering figure of the Daibutsu, and whenever he passed that way he looked with joy and gratitude upon that serene face. To Akira it was not a gigantic image of bronze, but it seemed to him, especially in the early morning and in the twilight of evening, that the Lord Buddha himself was sitting there. Often he would prostrate himself before that figure and imagine that he was floating up into the Paradise of Incense, or down below the shining waves of the sea into the Paradise of Perfect Happiness. It was always when his spiritual joy was at its height that he prayed most ardently for a quiet, sure strength, that would be proof against the most subtle temptations of the world.

Once, before the figure of Amida-Buddha, he saw a boy wantonly try to kill a bird. The creature's wing was bruised. He picked it up and held it gently in his hand. "Seek not to destroy life," said Akira to the boy, "for all life is sacred to the Lord Buddha." And Akira went away, nursed the bird for a day or two, and, when it had recovered, set it free with no little joy in his heart. It sped on through a burnished sky of gold, settled on a *torii*, and began to sing.

One day in the spring, when Akira was sitting in the outer court of the temple, watching children play about him, he was surprised to see a woman advance toward him, her face hidden behind a thick veil.

"Akira!" said the woman softly.

"*Anata?*" ("Thou?") replied the priest. He recognised the voice of Kohana, and the sound of that voice had lost none of its sweetness.

"Why do you come?" said Akira presently.

"Because," replied Kohana, withdrawing the veil, "from the moment you left me I learnt that love had come into my heart. I tried to stifle it. I went on living in the Street of the Geisha, thinking that the diversions of my calling would in time check my passion. But my love grew greater every day until at last I obtained leave of absence and resolved to come and find you. Only when I reached Kamakura did I learn that you had become a priest. Perhaps, having made that discovery, I ought to have gone back, but I did not go back. I, a poor little butterfly, flutter at your heart in vain now."

"In vain now," murmured Akira. "O Kohana, you have come too late. I have given all to the Lord Buddha, and there is nothing left for you. Return, little one, not to the Street of the Geisha, but somewhere where you may lead a more useful life."

Kohana resented these words. She could not realise that the man who sat so calmly before her was a priest and no longer her lover. It was hard to believe that hands that had once caressed her were now pressed together like the hands of a sacred image.

"Akira," she said, "then you do not remember the old days?"

"'Tis as a dream," replied the priest, drawing in his breath quickly. "Be pleased to leave me."

"Not yet," said Kohana, "not yet. O how pitifully have we changed places! Must I beg one sweet

human word from you? O Akira, tell me, is there no love in your heart for me now?"

"I cannot answer. Be pleased to go away."

"I must have your answer," persisted Kohana.

"You shall have my answer," said Akira in a strange plaintive voice. "To-night you shall have it. Do you remember that when my love gave you pain and not joy I went away and promised never to return?"

"Yes, I remember. I drove you away."

"No, you did not drive me away. It was enough that you wanted me to go. Kohana, if you love me as I loved you then, be pleased not to come back for my answer."

Kohana looked steadily at the priest. Because she was hungry for love and because it was not like the love of Akira, she said: "I do not know what you mean. I shall come back to-night for your answer."

"You will know then," replied Akira firmly, "you will know then," and such an expression of agony and appeal came into his face as he uttered these words that Kohana withdrew. "He is thinking," she said softly, "how my heart will ache when he tells me that he loves me not. Oh! he's a good cold man!"

Shortly before midnight Kohana came again to the temple. She found Akira sitting in the moonlit courtyard with a strange smile on his face.

"Veil yourself," he said in a tense whisper. "We will make a short journey together. Come, give me your hand."

"Your hand is trembling," said Kohana, as they walked rapidly away from the temple.

The priest did not reply. He looked wistfully up at the Daibutsu in passing and noticed once again the serene smile on that face. When Akira whispered, "Forgive," too softly for Kohana to hear him, it seemed that the smile grew more tender, more full of boundless mercy. They left Amida-Buddha sitting in the moonlight, the moonlight that shone upon the dusty road and on the great clouds of cherry-blossom.

When they reached a small *torii*, near Enoshima, Akira told Kohana that here she should have his answer. "Go," he said, "and sit down by that pine tree. Still veil your face, and I beg that you will also close your eyes."

When Kohana had obeyed, Akira collected a number of stones and made a small tower of them under the *torii*. Then he threw a rope over one of the cross-beams of the gateway, made a noose at the other end and slipped it round his neck. For a moment he stood with the rope fairly taut. Then looking toward Kohana, he kicked away some of the stones. A wind, full of the petals of cherry-blossom, suddenly sprang up, and swayed the body of the dead priest to and fro while the sea made music on the shore.

"May I look now?" said Kohana. "Please, speak to me. I do not understand all these mysteries, Akira?"

There was no reply except the great song of the sea and the rush of the wind playing with countless pink and white petals.

For five minutes Kohana waited with a beating heart. Then she withdrew the veil and opened her eyes. She rushed forward with a cry of horror and sank beneath the swaying figure.

"Oh! your answer," she cried, "your answer! I did not think it would be like that, but I understand!"

Kohana, unable to remove the body, hastened back to Kamakura, and when she had made known the dreadful news, she prostrated herself before the Daibutsu. "O Lord Buddha," she cried, with a ring of triumph in her voice, "Akira is mine and not yours now! He shall be mine for many existences, mine for ever!"

But when Kohana looked into the face of Amida-Buddha, she saw that on his breast rested the shining soul of Akira.

F. Hadland Davis

CORRESPONDENCE

BROTHERHOOD OR WAR?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In the "Watch-Tower" of the June THEOSOPHIST you invite discussion of your article entitled "Brotherhood and War"; so, where angels fear to tread, I, a fool, rush in. My task is simplified by the frank admission on p. 208—"War is essentially murder and torture". It is quite refreshing to find some one who recognises that German military science is only "one worse" than that hitherto accepted by the national conscience as civilised warfare. Once more I agree with the philosophical statement on p. 199—"that War is an evil, and that the problem of its existence is part of the problem of evil"; certainly, it is a very big part. But if, as is reasonable to believe, "evil is ignorance," and "ignorance is to be gradually gotten rid of by knowledge," then why go to the pains of perpetuating ignorance by dwelling on the advantages to be derived from evil?

We should not require to be reminded that the universal principle of compensation secures that pain ultimately drives its victims to seek a remedy, and that even the present carnage may bring hopeful reactions; what we do require to be told is how to replace the current ignorance by knowledge, and, if this is done at all, it will not be done by the preachers and writers who alone can be found to extol the moral value of War, its spiritual uplift, and all the other attractive phrases that have succeeded the cruder glamour of earlier days. The political argument that wars weld the nation together has ever been used by Governments fearful of the healthy instincts of the people and anxious to keep them

in ignorance; time alone will show in the present case how long the people remain welded together and how much nearer to the desirable condition of a Federation Europe will be brought by the international antagonism that is being stirred up by the press. The religious argument—that the torture or death of the body helps the soul—apparently still survives the excesses of the flagellants and the fakirs, but is denied by the very charter of the military Theosophists—the *Bhagavad-Gītā*:

Unintelligent, tormenting the aggregate elements forming the body, and *Me also*, seated in the inner body, know these demoniacal in their resolves.—xvii, 6.

We are told that, from the view-point of the Self, evolution is hastened; but, if the Self is beyond pain and grief, why this anxiety to save time? According to this view, evolution is more rapid in countries, such as the South American republics, that are continually at war, than in a country like the United States where War is at a minimum; and in this connection it is my fervent hope that the United States will continue to refuse to be goaded into bloodshed by the taunts of self-constituted judges of humanity. The injunction "Judge not" may have a wider application than is given to it in two of the letters in the June THEOSOPHIST.

Again, the claim is made on behalf of War that it has imported art into the countries it has devastated! but the same claim, when advanced on behalf of German culture, is not meeting with much recognition. The fact that nations which were but recently fighting against one another are now fighting as allies seems to me to show the artificiality of all such antagonisms, as well as their counter-alliances. If the peoples, who are the first to suffer, were told the truth about one another by their Governments, no rivalry in legitimate commerce could incite them to become parties to the crime of international murder. Tolstoy saw that the existing ignorance in which the peoples are kept by their Governments can be replaced by the knowledge that every man and woman is free to refuse to violate the elementary instincts of conscience whether in the name of plunder or culture, Empire or God. The cry of the gladiators in the Roman arena—"Ave Caesar Imperator! Morituri te salutant!"—may have been Caesar's

idea of Brotherhood! it is not good enough for the men and women of to-morrow. Brotherhood may be a fact in the realm of Spirit, but, until it has been recognised and embodied in the regions of diversity, it cannot be said to be an accomplished fact.

Because I have not identified either War or Brotherhood with a particular nation, I shall probably be dubbed a "pro-German"—the current coin of patriotic argument. If the word "pro-German" means one who prefers the German military system to the British, I leave the word for the British conscriptionist party; but, if it means one who would like to see both "Berthas" and "Queen Elizabeths" returned to the eighth sphere, then I put in a claim to the title.

London

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

BROTHERHOOD AND WAR

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

As you invite discussion on the subject of Brotherhood and War, I venture to send you some thoughts which seem to me to lead to a different conclusion from that of your article, while based on the four great Facts set forth in it.

I accept these Facts and I agree that "War is an evil, and the problem of its existence is part of the problem of the existence of evil". As you have taught us, the explanation of that problem is to be found in the conditions inseparable from manifestation in material forms—implying limitation and therefore imperfection. Going forth into manifestation separateness of conscious life ensues, because of the density of the forms through which the experiences necessary for the attainment of individuality, and ultimate mastery, must be obtained. The separated self thinks of himself as the centre of his universe, and the Fact—ever existing—of Brotherhood is for him non-existent for the time. Separateness in thought and feeling leads to selfishness, the idea of self-interest, and

all the evils which strife and greed bring in their train, till through the suffering caused by these evils the lesson is learned that the self cannot be served at the expense of his fellows. Selfishness is abjured and separateness transcended.

Every evil which we experience in a divinely ordered world, War among the rest, though brought on us by ignorant or wilful misuse of our power of choice and will, must serve our evolution, and at a stage of our development, be a means to a greater good than could have been possible without it. Is War, therefore, justifiable for us? It can only be justified while we do not know a better way—and our race has been in possession of the higher teaching for 2,500 years at least. To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. Sin comes when the separated self clings to its isolation and desire to maintain its self-centred life against the larger life, the dawning higher consciousness of its real unity with all selves in the One. Is it not this isolation, this unwillingness to trust and live in the wider consciousness of the Spirit that leads to international strife and culminates in War?

Ought War ever to be resorted to as a means of defence, in the light of the recognition of the One Life in all forms? Can War or violence ever really be a means of defence or help? It is a natural impulse to meet violence with violence, when we see those weaker than ourselves attacked, but are we not thereby failing to give the real help—should we not have learned ere this that yielding to that impulse is only prolonging the agony of the world? No doubt it is utilised to forward evolution when it comes, but that does not justify us in thinking War, preparing for War, engaging in War. The heroism, the self-sacrifice, the mutual helpfulness shown forth in War, are not the product of warfare, though War may afford special opportunities for their manifestation. War comes because we fail to realise Brotherhood, because we allow thoughts of enmity and distrust to accumulate till their interaction generates the cataclysm.

You have taught us that the forces of separative thought—distrust, hatred, enmity—can only be obliterated when they are met by, and transmuted into, forces of an opposite nature—confidence, love, goodwill. Can violence, overwhelming violence by violence, generate peace? Would it not simply

prove to the vanquished that he had not proved strong enough, that his preparations had not been sufficiently complete, and to the victor bring confirmation of the illusion that his prowess in the field proved the justice of his cause. Neither victor nor vanquished would learn from the struggle the futility of opposing force with force, and the cycle of accumulating distrust, preparation for War, and renewed strife would recommence. How many more wars must be fought before we learn that only by ceasing to think War, and therefore in love and trust ceasing to prepare for War, can we seek Peace and ensue it?

The Master is coming again and even warfare can be utilised to help in preparing the way of the Prince of Peace. The mutual exhaustion of the opposing forces may lead to the recognition that such struggles do not settle anything. Realising the misery and destruction, the suffering and privation they cause, it may be that the possibility of the acceptance of the principle of Brotherhood in action may emerge, as the foundation of a permanent Peace. To work for disarmament, by consent of the Powers concerned, as the basis of a Peace settlement is the most truly practical policy for our time. Even if that end cannot immediately be reached by agreement between the nations, may we not hope and pray and work that at least our country may rise to the height of its opportunity by deciding to put away for ever the thought of War, counting whatever loss might ensue as greatest gain? Have we not to learn the way of the Cross as communities, as well as individually, to realise that turning the other cheek, loving the enemy, giving blessing for cursing, losing the life in sacrifice, if need be, is the only way to international Brotherhood—that our race may become consciously true children of the One Father?

There is no religion higher than Truth—can there be any true religion, any really practical policy, lower than the highest truth we are able to glimpse and strive to follow?

JAMES A. ALLAN

Glasgow

REVIEWS

The Basis of Morality, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 6d.)

The subject dealt with in this little volume is one which is of real and practical interest to the majority of thinking people. Only those whose sole aim in life is to work for and eat their bread and butter can feel indifferent to the great question of what makes right right and wrong wrong. Is it sufficient to follow our conscience, or must we seek justification for our actions in the teachings of the sages, the spiritual geniuses of the race? Should the student of the science of human relations calculate the relative utility of two courses of action before deciding on either? And if so what is his criterion of utility? What is the goal towards which he must direct his activity in order to make it "good"? All these questions are here discussed. Each of the five little essays is short, but in it the author lays bare the heart of the matter in the way so characteristic of her writings. The question is a complicated one and much vigorous discussion has raged round it from time to time through the ages. The ordinary reader finds himself bewildered in trying to follow the various arguments. But if the question interests him, let him read this little book. It will point out to him the main issues clearly and concisely, and give him a basis on which to build his further study and a guide to lead him through the tangled mazes of controversy.

A. de L.

War Articles and Notes, by Annie Besant. (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 1s.)

This little volume contains a collection of extracts from various writings of Mrs. Besant, published during the first eight months of the War. These extracts have been taken from articles which have appeared in *New India*, *The Commonwealth*, and several Theosophical journals; they have been grouped together under suitable headings, and present in turn the views of the author on the deeper issues raised by the War; Great Britain and the War; India; Germany; the Allies; America; and the Future. Mrs. Besant's views on the War are well known to our readers and, indeed, in the volume before us many quotations are made from THE THEOSOPHIST. Throughout all the book, from however many different sources the quotations have been gathered, the same main idea runs clear and defined: that the duty of the strong is to protect the weak, not to tread them down; that it is better to lose everything for "a scrap of paper" so that honour still remains. Germany stands as a retrograde force in the evolutionary progress of humanity, while the Allies represent the forward movement. The future lies before us, full of possibilities: "The old individualistic system is passing away and the Social State is beginning to glimmer through the smoke of the battle-fields." Indeed we feel that Europe may look forward, and exclaim with Browning: "The Future I may face, now I have proved the Past."

This little book should be very popular. It is well arranged, and gives many people an opportunity of reading the scattered opinions of the author, which they otherwise would not have had. As most of the passages are taken from Indian papers, it is especially useful for European readers.

T. L. C.

Contemplations. Being Studies in Christian Mysticism. By Walter Leslie Wilmshurst. (John M. Watkins, London. 1914. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Wilmshurst's name is familiar in the literary world, and one may expect anything from his pen to have interest and value. The collection of essays before us, most of them written

for the magazine of Christian Mysticism known as *The Seeker*, of which he has since become the editor, fulfil these expectations. The work of revivifying Christian teachings by mystic illumination is one that is gaining rapid ground and seems to be one of great importance, bringing back to that religion the light and inspiration which materialism had almost extinguished. Mr. Wilmshurst is not one who tries to fire his writings with his own Mysticism; he is a learned and careful student, and all his opinions are weighed and balanced. He is one of those who believe that although our Lord, an historical Jesus, stands behind the Gospel stories, His presence in the world being their inspiration and cause, yet with study "the records themselves gradually reveal less and less a historical narrative, and more and more a series of symbolical pictures imaging forth, under the guise of the biography of an individual, the drama of the soul's career, and providing for all who aimed at the knowledge of the supreme verities a prototypal and archetypal chart of man's inner life and destiny".

In many ways the essay on "The Raising of the Dead" is the most interesting of the collection. Mr. Wilmshurst takes the view which we as Theosophists hold, that of the fall of the Spirit into matter and the substitution of distorted vision for the direct perception of Reality, the raising from the dead being the reascent of the Soul towards spirituality. He also refers to the fall called by Mystics "the dark hour," and known by Occultists as the crucifixion or descent into the underworld, in both cases followed by a resurrection. He gives us many interesting interpretations and references to symbols in the Scriptures but, one might say, almost too many, so that one has often a sense of digression and a longing to unravel the particular question in hand a little more quickly. There is always that danger in dealing with mystic symbols, because they abound for reference when one begins to look below their surface meanings. None the less, taken separately, all are of value.

The most entertaining and engrossing chapter is that dealing with "S. Winefride's Well and Legend" (the Lourdes of Wales), which is reproduced from *The Occult Review*, whilst to Theosophists, the last essay of "The Superphysical World" will be of particular interest. The

author follows in theory Mr. A. J. Balfour, whom he quotes, as to the conclusions drawn by scientific thought during the last four centuries, namely, he holds that it has not been so much an epoch of discovery as of disillusionment. He traces this process of disillusionment from the first discovery of the earth's globular shape, down to the latter day discovery that the atom (that which is not further to be cut) is capable of being split, its very name being a misnomer, and there is no guarantee that we are not to be still further undeceived. But, he tells us:

Notwithstanding the shadow-play of unrealities, despite the exposed trickeries of sense and the revelation of fresh, and possibly equally fallacious, aspects of the material world, the human consciousness may stand firm and unblenched.

Truly, but we as Theosophists would not recognise in this unchanging centre of consciousness the mind of man, nor would we use the mind and Spirit interchangeably as, for instance, in the following:

Here, then, in the separation of the real from the unreal, of the infinite and eternal from the finite and temporal, is the starting-place for any exploration of the superphysical world. Mind, spirit, has vindicated its own reality: has established an independent empire of its own.

Mr. Wilmshurst recognises the existence of what he terms "the superphysical plane" where, he says, "realities themselves are present," but he makes no distinction between the psychic superphysical and the spiritual superphysical, and maybe should he be consciously removed from his physical body to the astral plane, he would find himself still undergoing "the process of disillusionment".

D. M. C.

The Spiritual Powers and the War, by A. P. Sinnett (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d. net).

Mr. Sinnett has, in the volume before us, given us his views on what may be termed "the other side of the War"—the deeper side, the War viewed from a higher standpoint. It is, in his opinion, a conflict between the powers of good and evil, and the result is certain. Good must in the end win, however terrible the struggle, and in the present crisis the Allies stand for the right. The author draws a parallel between the conditions of the present time and those obtaining in the past ages of the Atlantean civilisation. Some of the "evil

germs brought over from the Atlantean period have given rise to a new harvest of evil power, to the growth of a dark host immeasurably more dangerous to humanity than their predecessors who were dealt with in the Atlantean catastrophe". The subject of National Karma and suffering is then discussed; and despite the terrible atrocities which have been committed by Germany, the Allies are urged not to retaliate in like manner. The future the author contemplates with hope. After the War is over, Right will triumph and "there will be a joyous termination to all these horrors".

Mr. Sinnett is always interesting, and this book should be widely read, dealing as it does with the most absorbing topic of the time, in a manner which must appeal to the thoughtful.

T. L. C.

The Religions of Antiquity: As Preparatory to Christianity, by Charles Newton Scott. (Smith, Elder & Co., London. 1914. Price 2s. net.)

Some forty years ago, Mr. Scott published a book entitled *The Foregleams of Christianity*, An Essay on the Religious History of Antiquity, which was revised in 1893, and as, quoting the Preface, "during the last twenty years much new light has been shed on the ancient religions of the world by important discoveries of many kinds," he has thought fit to re-formulate his opinions in the present volume, which is intended to be a recast of the former one. He is still the staunch champion of his own religion, for which he claims paramountcy, and though Theosophical students will not see eye to eye with him in this respect, the book is none the less interesting for a student of comparative religions. It is clearly thought out, and supplemented copiously with notes of much interest and value in themselves.

For the author the Catholic Creed of Christianity is the harmonising of the elements of truth scattered in anterior religions and philosophies. These elements are severally and gradually revealed in the successive phases of Fetishism, Pantheism, Polytheism, Anthropomorphism, Dualism, Monotheism, and Theism, Christianity being the synthesis and culmination of all these. We would point out, however,

that it is valueless as an argument in favour of a religion's paramountcy to urge that it raises man "above himself, above his grovelling life and his narrow horizons," that it leads him "through patience, resignation and hope, to serenity," that it carries him "beyond temperance, purity and kindness, as far as devotedness and self-sacrifice," for no religion would be worthy the name that could not do that much for its followers, and an unbiassed investigation of the history of other religions would show that nowhere and at no epoch have men not had the inspiration of some religion so to uplift them. If Christianity alone has done this, then where Christianity has not penetrated men must only be grovelling and narrow, knowing nothing of serenity, devotedness and self-sacrifice. Equally weak is the argument that "if the voice of the Church has not been proved to be infallible for scientific or political purposes, in no period, however dark, troubled or corrupt through oppression by the world, has it failed to form saints, or, for the sincerely intent on advance in spiritual life, to be the voice of God". In what is Christianity availed? Do not even the Publicans (the other religions) so? Buddhism, Hindūism and Muhammadanism also have their saints, only Mr. Scott has not perhaps heard of them. His acquaintance with religions other than his own seems to be rather superficial, and his otherwise interesting work is detracted from by his religious bias. One does not read long before one is aware that the writer is a Roman Catholic, staunchly upholding the "True" Church and the authority of the clergy, and also affected by that gloomy teaching which has cast out loveliness and joy from many a life and home—the theory that the object of Christianity "must be rather to vanquish and gain on the world... than, for its purpose, to make it pleasanter or even better". On the whole, Mr. Scott might have made more out of those years of "important discoveries of many kinds," and he might, by putting his religious bias aside, have made the most important discovery of all—that the poor old world was not created to be a sacrifice to one particular religion, but that all religions were given it to make it "pleasanter or even better".

D. M. C.

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

Robert Louis Stevenson, by Rossaline Masson.

"Genius we are familiar with in Edinburgh, and with genius that compels personal admiration we are not unfamiliar. But with genius that inspires love?" The genius of Robert Louis Stevenson was of that rare quality which does inspire love. The author of this little *Life* feels it and her work is well calculated to infect her readers with the same feeling for R. L. S.

A. de L.

Thought Forces, by Prentice Mulford. (G. Bell & Sons, London. Price 1s.)

Among the numerous writers on "New Thought" Prentice Mulford stands out a giant among pygmies. Even through its most sentimental and flabby representatives this New Thought movement has helped many a half despairing soul out of materialism, hardness of heart, or uncertainty, into a life full of hope and aspiration; it is no wonder, then, that a man like Prentice Mulford was the salvation of thousands. Even now, when the ideas which were startlingly new to the ordinary person have spread so as to be more or less familiar to the majority, his vigorous presentation of them has lost none of its value. He is bracing, health-giving. The thirteen essays included in this volume are selected from the series known as the White Cross Library. A common theme runs through them all, as the title of the book suggests, but they are nevertheless very varied in contents. Many facts regarding the reality of thought and the enormous importance of its control and culture are brought home to the reader vigorously.

A. de L.

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

Theosophy in Scotland. Volume V. (28, Great King Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.)

Among the features of greatest value and interest in this volume are some of the editorial notes, where we find many strong and deep thoughts among the comments on passing events; particularly we have in mind the remarks written for the September, 1914, issue at the outbreak of the War in Europe, which are original, telling and illuminating. Speaking of the causes of the War, the Editor says:

But we, striving to be members of a universal brotherhood, cannot stand apart in comfortable self-righteousness and throw all responsibility on the agent through which these disturbing forces work. The cause of war is to be found in us—in the as yet imperfect humanity of which we form a part—in our ignorance, our suspicion, our distrust. . . .

The cruelty and the gentleness, the meanness and the generosity in us, are part of the same qualities we recognise when magnified by the lens of national events. These are the same indivisible qualities—we share them inevitably. Ours the blame, ours the praise—we cannot stand apart.

Also on the subject of War, there is a good article written by one, Jacques L. Buttner, M.D., while on his way to answer the call of his country. "A Vision of Battle" (reprinted from *Lucifer*), by Hume Nisbet describes the after-death experiences of a soldier killed in the battle of Salamis, presumably a memory recalled from a previous life. "The Notes on the Presidential Address to the British Association," by Jessie H. Elder, gives a few of Professor Bateson's views on Mendel's theory of heredity—that the artistic qualities of man are due "not to something added to the make-up of an ordinary man, but to the absence of factors which in the normal person inhibit the development of these gifts". Other articles of interest are: "From a Student's Notebook—Atlantean Flora," by C. N. Stewart; "The Opening Doors—A Study of Maeterlinck," by A. L. Little; "The Miracle" (being an appreciation of Algernon Blackwood's book), by C. G.; "Scriabin," by Jessie Pinkham; "*Le Sacre du Printemps*," by Margaret N. P. Bailly; and an interesting series entitled "Notes on Racial Rhythm," by Isabelle M. Pagan. On page 20 we also find a good portrait of Mrs. Annie Besant, the President of the Theosophical Society.

D. C.

BOOK NOTICES

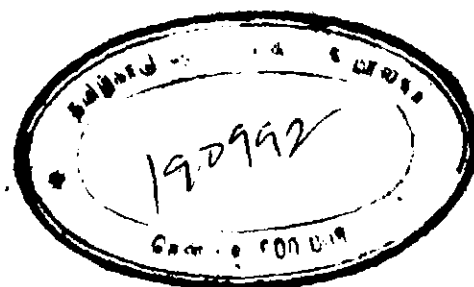
The Political Outlook, by Annie Besant. (New India Political Pamphlets, No. 2.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras.) This pamphlet consists of a complete and masterly survey of the present political status of India. Mrs. Besant points out clearly the most important political changes which Indians should strive to bring about, chief among which is that India "shall, in a common Empire, have a footing of equality with the other Self-Governing Dominions". She draws up a scheme of constructive work, touching in turn on the religious, educational and social, aspects of reform. This is the only work of such a brief nature, which will give students, both Indian and European, a complete grasp of India's political situation.

The Story of Chatta. An Incident in the Life of Lord Buddha. Translated from the Pāli, by C. Jinarājādāsa, M.A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, Price 1 Anna or 1d. or 2c.) Those who read, and loved, the story of "Chatta" in Mr. Jinarājādāsa's first, and perhaps most popular, little work *Christ and Buddha* will find additional charm and delight in this pamphlet, which gives a fuller account of Chatta's meeting with the Lord Gautama, and of his swift passing over into Devachan by virtue of the Three Refuges and Five Precepts. The translated verses are of extraordinary beauty, and Chatta's "Story" is told with simplicity and grace of style.

An Epitome of Aryan Morals. Compiled by request of the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, for the use of Aryan Youth. (Adyar Pamphlets No. 25.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.) This pamphlet consists of a collection of Samskr̥t texts, arranged in four sections—I. Principles; II. General Precepts; III. Special Precepts; IV. Conclusion. Specially interesting is the precept No. 36 from *Manu*—"Of all pure things, purity in acquiring wealth is pronounced the most important in this world. Hence the means used for gathering riches should always be pure; especially so, in the case of those public men upon whom the people have to wait for the redressal of their wrongs," etc. Going from the general to the particular,

the precepts are selected with a view first to laying a basis of philosophic principles in the mind of the student, then to guide him in his relations with life, and finally to give him practical hints for daily conduct. It will prove useful and inspiring to all English-speaking youth, whether Aryan or otherwise.

Seeing God. Personal Recognition of Divine Love, by the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D.D. (Elliot Stock, London. Price 1s. 6d. net.) This is a little book of spiritual comfort, persuading us of the "allness" of Divine Love, of the Fatherhood and Motherhood of the God within us. "Cosmic beauty is the first 'seeing' God," and by continual mental progression and expansion, we may reach a level of intuitive perception, which the author calls "God-consciousness". The little book is marked by the deep, quiet, far-seeing qualities which are the well-known characteristics of its author.



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