

Q11 m2, M80  
NIS.36.1  
190993



THE

# THEOSOPHIST

A MAGAZINE OF

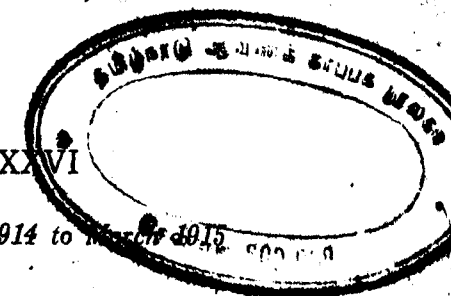
Brotherhood, Oriental Philosophy  
Art, Literature and Occultism

EDITED BY

ANNIE BESANT, P.T.S.

Vol. XXXVI

PART I. October 1914 to March 1915



THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

1915

3L  
 QM-2, M80  
 N15-36-1

190953

## INDEX

|                                                                                  | PAGE         |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Aftermath of Joy, The, by M. Roche ...                                           | 128          |
| Apperception in Education, by Syed<br>Mahomed Hafiz, B.A., L.T. ...              | 394          |
| Āryan Mythology, by Isabelle M. Pagan...                                         | 31, 131      |
| Castle of Vajda Hunyad, The ...                                                  | 72           |
| Chosen One, The, by M. Roche ...                                                 | 548          |
| Cloak of Invisibility, The, by C. A.<br>Dawson Scott ...                         | 445          |
| Correspondence ...                                                               | 87, 275, 562 |
| "Dhammapada" and Its Message to<br>Modern India, The, by Kenneth<br>Saunders ... | 337          |
| Dream Experience Verified, A ...                                                 | 362          |
| Ghost of Hiram-Barker, The, by F. Had-<br>land Davis ...                         | 550          |
| Good-Friday Ceremonial, by the Rev.<br>F. G. Montagu Powell, M.A. ...            | 243          |
| Grail-Glimpses, by E. M. Green ...                                               | 364, 458     |
| Healing of the Nations, The, by G. ...                                           | 315          |
| Heirs of Prometheus—August Strind-<br>berg, by Lily Nightingale ...              | 110          |
| Hospital Work in France ...                                                      | 377          |
| How We Remember Our Past Lives,<br>by C. Jinarajadasa, M.A. ...                  | 173          |

|                                                             | PAGE           |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| ILLUSTRATIONS:                                              |                |
| Castle of Vajda Hunyad, The ...                             | to face 72, 75 |
| "    The Chapel ...                                         | 87             |
| "    The Gate-Tower ...                                     | 78             |
| "    The Golden House ...                                   | 58             |
| "    Ground Plan of the ...                                 | 74             |
| "    Inner Court ...                                        | 84             |
| "    Interior of Knights' Hall ...                          | 80             |
| "    The Knights' Hall ...                                  | 81             |
| "    The Knights' Hall and Gate-Tower ...                   | 81             |
| "    Loggia ...                                             | 80             |
| "    Oriel Window ...                                       | 78             |
| Hindu Trinity, The ...                                      | 136            |
| Scandinavian Trinity, The ...                               | 135            |
| Immortality, by W. D. S. Brown ...                          | 49             |
| Incarnation of Pan, The, by F. Hadland Davis ...            | 183            |
| Inner Side of the War, The, by F. Hallett ...               | 533            |
| Inspirations, through Maud Mann (Maud MacCarthy) ...        | 55             |
| Islām, by Moulvi Darwesh Peer ...                           | 510            |
| Letter from a Neutral, by A. Verhage ...                    | 495            |
| My Vision Splendid, by A. Server ...                        | 465            |
| New Hopes in Education, by Marie Louise de Rigny ...        | 295            |
| Nietzsche, by M. Matthews ...                               | 389            |
| Occultist and the Mystic, The, by E. A. Wodehouse, M.A. ... | 247, 343, 421  |
| Outline of Essenism, An, by Dr. Raimond van Marle ...       | 43, 154, 227   |
| Pillai Perumāl Aiyangār, Professor V. Rangachari, M.A. ...  | 501            |

## POEMS:

|                                                                      | PAGE |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Buddha's Daily Life, The, by F. L. Woodward, M.A. ...                | 105  |
| Freedom in Bondage, by Eva M. Martin ...                             | 256  |
| Lilies (Poem), by D. M. Codd ...                                     | 500  |
| Love-Feast, The, by F. Gordon Pearce ...                             | 402  |
| Sachal, A Waif of Battle, by Eric Mackay ...                         | 420  |
| To A. B., by T. L. C. ...                                            | 71   |
| Politics and Theosophy, by T. H. Martyn ...                          | 257  |
| Prahlāda, the Herald of an Avatār, by P. Soondararaja Iyer ...       | 411  |
| Qabālāh, The, by Elias Gewürz ...                                    | 168  |
| Reality of Knowledge, The, by Charles J. Whitby, M. D. (Cantab.) ... | 323  |
| Religion of Richard Wagner, The, by Clement Antrobus Harris... ..    | 201  |

## REVIEWS:

| Anglo-Catholicism, by A. E. Manning-Foster ...                                  | 473 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Architecture, by Mrs. Arthur Bell ...                                           | 474 |
| Bacteriology, by W. E. Carnegie Dickson, M.D. ...                               | 471 |
| Cult of the Passing Moment, The, by Arthur Chandler, Bishop of Bloomfontein ... | 92  |
| Fresh Voyages on Unfrequented Waters, by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D. Litt. ...    | 469 |
| Greek Literature, by H. J. W. Tillyard... ..                                    | 94  |
| Industrial Revolution, The, by Arthur Jones, M.A. ...                           | 94  |
| Kashmir Shaivism, by J. C. Chatterji, B.A. (Cantab.) ...                        | 277 |
| Land Industry and Taxation, by Frederick Verinder ...                           | 94  |
| Luther and the Reformation, by Leonard D. Agate, M.A. ...                       | 473 |
| Mind at Work, The, edited by Geoffrey Rhodes ...                                | 469 |
| Patanjali for Western Readers, by Daniel R. Stephen, M.A. ...                   | 566 |

|                                                                                                      | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Progress of Sydney Lawrence, The, by Miles Wanliss' ...                                              | 567  |
| Secret Doctrine of Israel: A Study of the Zohar and Its Connections, The, by Arthur Edward Waite ... | 89   |
| Spirit Psychometry, through a Welsh-woman and Dr. T. D'Aute-Hooper ...                               | 91   |
| Teachings from the Arcane Science, written down by Edward Clarence Farnsworth ...                    | 470  |
| Tolstoy, by L. Winstanley, M.A. ...                                                                  | 93   |
| True Mystic, The, by the Rev. Holden E. Sampson ...                                                  | 566  |
| Unfolding of Personality as the Chief Aim in Education, The, by H. Thiselton Mark, M.A., B.Sc. ...   | 92   |
| Varieties of Psychism, by J. I. Wedgwood ...                                                         | 565  |
| What We Shall Teach, by C. Jinarajadasa ...                                                          | 564  |
| Wild Flowers, by Macgregor Skene, B.Sc. ...                                                          | 472  |
| Round Table, The ...                                                                                 | 374  |
| S. Bernard of Clairvaux, by E. A. Wodehouse, M.A. ...                                                | 9    |
| Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, by F. Hadland Davis ...                                              | 403  |
| Spirit of Theosophy, The, by L. W. Rogers ...                                                        | 215  |

## SUPPLEMENT :

|                                                          |                    |
|----------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Convention of 1914, The ...                              | i                  |
| Financial Statement, T. S. ...                           | iii, iv, vi, ix, x |
| New Lodges ...                                           | ii, xi             |
| Olcott Pañchama Free Schools: Financial Statement ...    | ii, v, vii, ix     |
| South Indian Convention and E. S. Conference, Adyar. ... | viii               |
| Theosophy and Modern Education, by Helen F. R. Veale ... | 122                |
| Theosophy and Politics, by F. C. Adney ...               | 370                |
| Theosophy, Beauty and Art, by Alice E. Adair ...         | 483                |

|                                                        | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Time and Space, by Fritz Kunz, M.A. ...                | 525  |
| War, The, by L. Haden Guest ...                        | 28   |
| War and the Great Peace, by James L. McBeth Bain... .. | 266  |
| Watch Tower, On the 1, 97, 193, 287, 381, 475          |      |

VOL. XXXVI



# THE THEOSOPHIST

---

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IN this sudden and tremendous war, in which five of the Great Powers of Europe are engaged, while two of the Balkan States—Servia and Montenegro—are fighting on the side of the Triple Entente; in which Portugal has declared that she will follow the direction of England, and Italy hangs in the balance, the people on one side and the Government on the other, the people clamouring for war; in which only States of insignificant power, comparatively, Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania, Spain, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, stand neutral; in which Japan and India have stepped to the side of Great Britain, and all the Self-Governing Colonies have risen in her support; in this huge war, enveloping the world in its flames, what is the position of the Theosophical Society? We see our comrades everywhere, amid the warring and the neutral nations; our French General Secretary has gone to his regiment; one of his sisters, a certificated nurse, has joined an Ambulance Corps, while the second is organising groups

of women for work; our Scottish General Secretary has volunteered for Home Defence—he is a Captain in a well-trained Scottish band; we have very many members both in the Army and the Navy as well as on the Reserve; Major Peacocke has volunteered for the front; a pill has joined the Flying Corps; Mr. Smith is gazetted for the Second Army. Dr. Haden Guest, our English General Secretary, has organised a Red Cross Ambulance Contingent in charge of Dr. Armstrong Smith and another doctor, to serve under the French War Office; our good worker, Mr. Herbert Whyte and several other Fellows of the T.S. go with it. Mrs. Whyte, so well known to Indians in London as the Hon. Secretary of the Friends of India Society, will have all our sympathy in the sacrifice she is making. Dr. Haden Guest has also organised and equipped a hospital of 100 beds in London, and it has been accepted by the Red Cross Society. Our Austrian and Bohemian General Secretaries are not yet called to the colours, but we may hear any day that they, and another, Professor Penzig, a nationalised Italian, have gone. Nor have we heard whether our German General Secretary has been swept up into the war-torrent; nor has news come from our Belgian brother, who was in Brussels. Our duty clearly is to draw our bonds with each other closer, and to remember our unity, despite warring nationalities. Let our thoughts of peace and love mingle in the mental atmosphere with the thoughts of hatred that fill it, and while doing our national duties fearlessly and fully, let us remember the spiritual world where all is peace.

\*  
\*  
\*

A most beautiful story, one of those exquisite examples of the Divine in man, that shine out from time to time in the world's history, comes to us from the French frontier. The German said in the official report of the bombardment, by one of the Kaiser's sons, "it was unfortified and undefended; the inhabitants took refuge in their cellars, and when the Germans entered, these were shot at. One of the persons murdered was the wife of the Mayor, M. Benoit. A French force was approaching, and the Germans left. On the following day, a French patrol brought in a German prisoner, and the furious population sought to drag him from his captors to murder him. The Mayor threw himself between the mob and the prisoner, and he, made a widower only the day before by the comrades of the German, calmed the fury of the people and saved the man from injury. Praise of such nobility would be unseemly. Let it suffice to say that the President of the Republic and his Ministers have given to M. Benoit, as sign of their profound admiration, the knighthood of the Legion of Honour "for heroic behaviour". The warrant declares that he is admitted to the Legion because "his wife having been assassinated and his house burned, he continued to discharge his duties with cool devotion, and also saved the life of a prisoner threatened by the just wrath of the inhabitants, giving thus a magnificent example of energy and greatness of soul. M. Benoit will live in history. His action will light up one of the most inspiring pages in the record of the war." Truly of M. Benoit it may be said that the Divine Spirit, dwelling in every human heart, has shone out in him with glorious

effulgence, pardoning the most awful wrong, returning life for death.

\*\*\*

Profoundly interesting is this world of conflict to those who see in it a necessary preparation, a clearing of the ground, for the Coming of the World-Teacher and for the New Civilisation. Already from many sides is arising the idea that this war must usher in a settled peace, and that the States of Europe must form a definite Council, in which the representative of each Nation shall find his place, and the Concert shall be recognised as the highest Power, to which each autonomous country must bow as to the supreme authority. The terrible lesson now being taught, the widespread suffering, the devastation by sword and fire, the poverty caused by the dislocation of trade, the tension, the bankruptcies—verily, it seems as though those who die by swift stroke of shot or bayonet-thrust on the battle-field have the happiest fate. But through this Armageddon the world will pass into a realm of peace, of brotherhood, of co-operation, and will forget the darkness and the terrors of the night in the joy that cometh in the morning.

\*\*\*

One great good is coming from the war; Great Britain is seeing India as she is, and the two mighty Nations have joined hands in a clasp which will never be forgotten by either. For so many, many years some of us have worked to draw them nearer to each other, and now, as by a lightning flash, they are fused into one. India's place in the Empire is secure; she is bearing the responsibilities of it before she is enjoying the

privileges, but England will be an honest debtor, and act as generously as India has done. The good day of union, real union, is dawning upon us, and details will be easily arranged when principles are acknowledged.

\*\*\*

In common with all other magazines, THE THEOSOPHIST is bound to suffer in its circulation during the war. We have sent out a notice to Continental subscribers that we will hold their copies for them unless we hear to the contrary, for mails are uncertain, and, in the welter of war, magazines are hardly likely to be delivered. Under the difficult circumstances, we have decided to temporarily reduce the bulk of the magazine, which we have increased from time to time since it came into our hands, and we know that our readers will not grudge this lightening of the burden which we, in common with all others, have to bear. *The Adyar Bulletin* will remain unchanged. *The Young Citizen* we do not propose to carry on after the present year expires; its programme has been most admirably taken up by *The Herald of the Star*, and it is enough to have one journal for that programme; in fact, I should have stopped it last December, when *The Herald* decided on the wider work, but for some wishes expressed for its continuance. So far as India is concerned, the programme is covered by *The Commonweal* and *New India*, and, outside India, *The Herald* can do all that is needed.

\*\*\*

We welcome our good colleague, Mr. A. P. Warrington, on his re-election as General Secretary of the T. S. in the United States of America; his earnest devotion to the cause serves as an inspiration to our

members there, and we hope that his coming term of office will be full of work and success.

\* \* \*

A friend in London sends me some articles from *The Electrical Review* which criticise M. Bachelet's "flying train". It complains that the press has grossly exaggerated its reports in dealing with what *The Review* terms "a scientific toy". M. Bachelet, it says, has only combined old ideas: the levitation of a body—often shown in the lecture-room—and the propulsion of a car by solenoids. Many experiments have been made on similar lines, but none have succeeded, and *The Review* thinks that M. Bachelet is doomed to suffer disappointment. The cost of installing such a system as he proposes would be prohibitory, and the resistance of air is forgotten when a speed of 300 miles an hour is suggested. Nor, as said, are the ideas new; Professor Thomson, in 1887, put forward the laws of electrical repulsion, and experiments were shown of bodies supported in the air by means thereof. No claim has been made by M. Bachelet, so far as we know, to the discovery of electrical repulsion; he has utilised the knowledge, not discovered it.

\* \* \*

We have before drawn attention to the remarkably able work which is being carried on in Kashmir by Mr. J. C. Chatterji, B.A. (Cantab.) Viḍyāvāridhi. He has made the Research Department of the Kashmir State a reality, and the most favourable criticisms of his work have come from well-known Orientalists. His researches into Kashmir Shaivism are practically unique, and the wealth of material present in the great northern Indian State has been utilised by him in the

most able and painstaking fashion. It may be remembered by some of our readers that Mr. Jagadish Chandra Chatterji's degree at Cambridge was a Research degree, and the admirable thesis by which he won it drew forth, at the time, warm encomiums from the world of scholars. That it was not merely a thesis written to win a degree has been proved by his devotion since to the work of original research. The kingdom of Kashmir is very fortunate in having the services of a scholar so able, who brings to it credit in the outer world, and the Theosophical Society profits by one of its Fellows doing such excellent work.

\* \* \*

*Kashmir Shaivism* is the title of the volume just issued, and it is the second of the series. It is described as "a brief introduction to the history, literature and doctrines of the Advaita Shaiva Philosophy of Kashmir, specifically called the Trika System". The first volume, was reviewed by Dr. Schröder in our pages, and this second volume will also find fitting tribute from his pen next month. Meanwhile, we chronicle its issue here. The *Shiva Sūtras* formed the first volume, alluded to above, of the "Kashmir Series of Texts and Studies," of which *Kashmir Shaivism* is the second. Mr. Chatterji remarks that: "The peculiarity of the Trika consists in the fact that, as a system of Philosophy, it is a type of idealistic Monism (Advaita), and as such differs in fundamental principles from other forms of Shaiva Philosophy; for instance, from what is described under the name of the Shaiva Darshana in the *Sarva-Darshana Saṅgraha* of Mādhavācharya". This form of Shaivism only appeared in Kashmir towards the end

of the eighth century of the Christian era, or the beginning of the ninth, but it may be regarded in its essence as being of unknown antiquity, as part of eternal truth. There is a most important Shaiva literature in Kashmir, which, for the western Orientalist, is practically an unexplored mine of treasures; it is from this mine that our scholar has dug out the gems which he is presenting to the outside world. H. H. the Mahārājāh of Kashmir should feel proud that his kingdom's ancient store of precious literature is being thus studied and published, for a monarch always gains glory by research which sheds lustre on his reign. The book is written in a very interesting style, which makes it attractive to the ordinary serious reader; we leave the Director of the Adyar Library to estimate its value from the standpoint of the scholar.

\* \*

We may expect a record attendance at our Convention this year, for the Indian National Congress is also being held in Madras, and very many of our Fellows are Congressmen. I have asked Mr. C. Jināradāsā to deliver the four Convention lectures, as it is well that these should, when possible, bring the ablest of our younger generation to the front. I shall myself give two lectures, one the day before the first day of the four regular days of the meeting, and one on the fifth day. This was the arrangement followed in the memorable Convention of 1910, when Mr. Arundale was our lecturer. We shall revert to the early morning for the lectures on this occasion, as in the days of Colonel Olcott.



S. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXV, Part II, p. 790)

**T**HE Kingdom of Jerusalem and the neighbouring principalities and counties, which had been established in the Holy Land at the conclusion of the First Crusade in 1099, had become much weakened during the half-century which had elapsed. Jealousies and contentions had arisen amongst the Christian rulers, and they had become more interested in attacking each other than in consolidating their hardly won possessions. Meanwhile the Muhammadan world had been silently growing strong and united, and the appearance of a new and vigorous leader, in the person of Zenghis, Emir of Mossul, became the signal for a great and concerted effort against the alien invaders. In 1145 the news reached Europe that the great stronghold of Edessa, the key of the Frankish dominion, had been taken, lost, and finally retaken by the followers of the Prophet.

Louis VII was celebrating Christmas in high state at Bourges, when this appalling news arrived, and it at once occurred to him that here was an opportunity of absolving his conscience of one or two sins (particularly the burning of a church at the siege of Vitry, when thirteen hundred souls had perished in the flames), which had for some time been weighing heavily upon it. He determined to go to the Holy Land to the assistance of the Christian cause, and, having determined, sent to Clairvaux for the one man whom he could profitably consult on such a matter. Bernard answered that it was for the Holy Father to advise in a case like this, whereupon Louis despatched a messenger to Eugenius III—a Cistercian and disciple of Bernard—who now occupied the Papal throne. Eugenius replied approving warmly of Louis' pious resolution, and assigned to "his spiritual father, Bernard" the task of preaching the Second Crusade. (A. D. 1146.)

"Fifty-five years of age," writes Morrison, "and old for his years was Bernard at this period. The last fifteen years had been full of heavy labour and gnawing care. Eight years of worry about the schism, three journeys to Italy, the controversy with Abelard, the recent vexations arising out of the quarrel between Count Theobald and the King, and finally 'that which cometh daily, the care of all the churches,' had well-nigh broken down the feeble body, in spite of the strong spirit which supported it." And yet, when the summons came, he threw himself into the task with that almost superhuman energy of which he seemed ever capable. At Vezelai, whither, at Easter time, a huge concourse of people had flocked at the invitation of the Pope and the King, his burning words aroused an

enthusiasm comparable only to that historic outburst which, half a century earlier, had greeted the oration of Pope Urban at Clermont. But this time, instead of the cry of *Dieu le veult, Dieu le veult*, it was a shout of *Crosses, Crosses*, which rent the air; and Bernard was at length compelled to cut off pieces from his monkish robes to make crosses for those who clamoured for them. At Chartres, later in the year, the Abbot of Clairvaux was enthusiastically elected commander-in-chief of the crusading army, but wrote to the Pope begging to be excused from that office. The Pontiff accepted his excuses and set him, instead, to preach the Crusade in Germany and North-Eastern France.

The story of Bernard's mission to Germany is one of unbroken and astonishing success. "Fribourg, Basle, Constance, Spire, Cologne, Frankfort, Mayence, and numerous other towns of North-Western Germany, were visited and preached in by him. A daily repetition took place of the same phenomena—Bernard's appearance in a district; the simultaneous rush and tumult of the whole population to see and hear him; and then, the assumption of the cross by the greater portion of the able-bodied male inhabitants. Bernard himself says that scarcely one man was left to seven women."

Only with the Emperor, Conrad III, did Bernard experience a temporary check. Conrad was out of sympathy with the Crusade, whereas his co-operation was essential for its success. The difficulty vanished with the same miraculous suddenness which years before had marked the overcoming of the resistance, at Liège, of Conrad's predecessor on the imperial throne. An impassioned sermon by Bernard, in the Cathedral of

Spires, drew from Conrad a sudden proclamation of his adherence to the cause, and, amid the shouts of an enthusiastic multitude, the Emperor was invested by the Abbot of Clairvaux, on the steps of the high altar, with the sword and banner which he was to carry at the head of the crusading army of Germany into the Holy Land.

The story of the Second Crusade belongs to history, and it is unnecessary to go into the causes which made it the tragic failure that it was destined to be. Suffice it that in 1149, when Louis returned from Palestine with an escort of 200 or 300 knights—the sole remnant of that great army with which, a little more than two years before, he had set forth—the awful truth became known to Europe, that the great enterprise, for which the redoubtable man of God had prophesied so certain a triumph, had ended in complete disaster.

Bernard had not been idle during those years while the army was away. Once again the dreaded growth of heresy had called him from his retreat. In 1147 it is a monk of Perigueux, named Pontius, who is the source of danger; later in the same year, it is Henry the Cluniac who is corrupting Languedoc; still later it is the Bishop of Poitiers, Gilbert de la Poirée. Appealed to by terrified churchmen, Bernard had responded and, although his health and strength were now visibly failing, had met each movement in turn and prevailed against it. He had travelled through the affected districts of Perigueux and Languedoc, undoing by his eloquence, and by the still more convincing evidence of miracles, the work of Pontius and Henry; and he had sustained the whole burden of the Council at Rheims, which had led to the condemnation of Gilbert. He had

thus kept his record of success unbroken up to the very point when the news of his one great and overwhelming failure was published to the world.

An inevitable reaction followed. A great wave of anger and indignation broke upon Bernard from all over Europe. All who had lost fathers and brothers and sons in Palestine, all who had their hopes of a great Christian triumph shattered, laid their misfortunes to the account of the Abbot of Clairvaux. He had prophesied success, and there had been one disaster after another; he had shown signs and wonders in support of the Crusade, and now it had failed.

It was a dark and trying time for Bernard; but he bore it with his accustomed humility and serenity. Frankly, he could not explain to himself why the enterprise had failed. It may, he thought, have been due to the sins of the Crusaders: or it may have been only one of the great, inexplicable judgments of God. That it could have been in any way the result of a lack of discipline, of cohesion between the leaders, and of generalship and organisation, was not a theory which could commend itself to that age, in explanation of the failure of a Holy War.

Bernard found relief and occupation, during this period of darkness, in writing for his pupil, Pope Eugenius, the five books, entitled *De Consideratione*, in which he advises him on the right discharge of his papal duties and warns him against certain tendencies of the time—notably against excessive centralisation of the pontifical authority, and against the worldly and covetous spirit which was, even now, beginning to creep into the Church. But the health of the Abbot of Clairvaux was now rapidly failing, and soon he took to his bed.

He could neither eat nor sleep, and he found himself unable to use his feet. Yet, as though the fates had conspired never to allow him any rest, it was in this condition that he was suddenly visited by the Archbishop of Cleves, who came to beg him to settle a great dispute which had arisen between the citizens of Metz and the nobles of the surrounding district. This had already led to bloodshed, and the Archbishop could do nothing. Indomitable, Bernard dragged himself from his bed, travelled with the Archbishop to the banks of the Moselle, reconciled the warring parties, and returned to his bed of sickness at Clairvaux.

The end was now near at hand. He still continued his correspondence, so far as his strength permitted, and the last letter he wrote is dated only a few days before his death. But slowly his interest in outer things faded, the worn-out frame grew weaker and weaker; and at last, surrounded by his weeping friends and disciples—in the sixty-third year of his age—he died.

Twenty-two years later the Church set her official seal upon the life of the Abbot of Clairvaux; for in the year 1174 he was canonised by Pope Alexander III.

The foregoing sketch, meagre though it is, will have given some idea of the activities of this remarkable life. But it has been far from telling all. It has simply related, in the order in which they occurred, those more public happenings which link on the Abbot of Clairvaux to the outer history of his times. Behind this pageant of imposing incident, however, there was another world of labour and of care which, though it contributed little

to secular history, must have been none the less arduous and perhaps even more exacting, for it was continuous. To this belonged the management of the monastery of Clairvaux, no light task in a sphere of life where everything depended upon the incessant attention and the personality of the ruler; and there was, in addition to this, the regular business of the Order, of whose Chapter Bernard, as an abbot, was an *ex-officio* member. Still more arduous, for Bernard as an individual, was the care of that whole army of monasteries and nunneries which, in the course of his career, he was personally instrumental in founding. Of these there were no less than one hundred and nineteen in England alone,<sup>1</sup> and, at the time of his death, it is computed that there were in different parts of Europe one hundred and sixty of such institutions under his auspices and supervision. Nor was this supervision a merely nominal one; for there is ample documentary evidence to show that he kept himself actively in touch with, and interested in, the affairs and fortunes of these scattered dependencies.

When to all this we add the labours already recorded, together with the letters and the treatises and the sermons, and over and above these, in turn, the care of the host of individual souls who, in that age, from Popes and Kings down to humble monks and peasants, looked for their spiritual direction to the Abbot of Clairvaux, we marvel that any single mind could have attended to so much, and we are conscious of being face to face with a phenomenon, which—in its blending of

<sup>1</sup> Nineteen of these were in Yorkshire. The first Cistercian monastery established in England was that of Waverley in Surrey, founded in 1128; the second, that of Rievaulx, near Helmsley in Yorkshire, founded in 1131. The latter contained 300 monks. Perhaps the best known of Bernard's foundations in England is Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, now a magnificent ruin.

public and private, of spiritual and secular, activities, and of things greatest and smallest—can be paralleled, perhaps, only once in history.

The truth is that such a phenomenon only becomes possible when to a great soul, already superbly gifted, there is added the compelling and sublimating force of a single dominant ideal. Only when every energy of the nature is fused in one mighty aim and purpose, can there be that astonishing fecundity and variety of work achieved, which is the mark of the master-spirits of the race.

In Bernard's case we have not far to seek for such an ideal. Through the whole of his stupendous life of diversified labour there runs but a single aim, and that is the glory of God in, and through, His Church; and it is only in so far as we relate all his actions to this great ideal that we shall interpret them aright.

It was an aim which appealed to him in two capacities—as the statesman, and as the mystical idealist. As the practical statesman, whose business it was to deal with facts, he saw clearly enough that for the Europe of his day there was only one salvation; and that lay in the possession of a great and powerful Church, feared and revered not only in the person of its Head but in the person of the humblest of its representatives, and strong enough to impose, as no other agency could then impose, some kind of restraint upon the turbulence and savagery of the age. The Church was the one abode of sweetness and light, the last stronghold of the ethical sanction, the ultimate hope of discipline, humanity and civilisation, in the midst of that wild and predatory animal life which made up, for the most part, the secular Europe of the twelfth century.

Practical *Welt-Politik*, therefore, demanded that the Church should be strengthened.

But, as a Mystic and Idealist, Bernard saw in this exaltation of the spiritual power something more than a mere guarantee of civilised security. It meant for him, if perfectly achieved, the realisation, in the concrete world of men, of that great corporate Christ-life, that "Kingdom of God upon Earth," which was, for the Mystic, the ideal possibility behind the Holy Apostolic Church. The Church on earth was but a body: behind it was a Soul; and to Bernard this Soul was a felt reality, a living, organic concept, hovering as yet in a divine world of ideas above the stir and conflict of human life, but near and ready to descend, and needing only the right conditions in order to objectify itself, in all its transcendent majesty, in the world of everyday.

And so it was to the bringing about of these right conditions that he devoted every energy of his being; and the conditions which he sought to realise were, by an instinctive wisdom, those which, in an age of biology, we know to belong to all healthy organic life. For he saw that, if the Church were to become the vehicle of that loftier Ideal—if that hovering Soul were really to descend upon it, take possession of it, and transform it—it must first of all, as a body, become *organic*; for only an organic body can ever be made the vehicle of a higher life. Consequently, it is this conception of an *organic Church* which, sensed rather than formulated by Bernard himself, yet determines, with the utmost precision, the whole policy of his life. It is the one unifying principle which enables us to co-ordinate the bewildering chaos of his activities; and it explains, in the light of an inner consistency, some of those passages

in his life which have most commonly puzzled his admirers.

Thus when we find him exhorting his disciple, Eugenius, in one place to uphold with all his strength the dignity and authority of the Papacy, while in another he warns him not to centralise that authority too much; when he defends one Pope against the King of France, while he rebukes another on behalf of the French bishops—these are not, as they might seem to be, the marks of a shifting and inconsistent policy. The explanation is rather, that he has, at the back of his mind, through all these changing circumstances, that ideal of organic authority, which works out, in practice, in a hierarchical system. It is true that all authority must flow from above; the Pope must be, in the truest sense, an autocrat: but it is equally true that it must also, by a system of graded distribution and delegation, permeate the whole body, so that every officer of the Church, in his own place and within the limits of his office, shall wield the authority of the whole. For only an authority of this kind is truly organic.

Similarly, when, as he does so frequently, he takes up arms in the cause of ecclesiastical morals; when he inveighs against the election to the bishopric of Langres of a man of whom rumour has breathed an ill report; when he writes sternly to a brother abbot about an unchaste monk; when he thunders against the luxuries of Cluny—it is not the voice of the censorious which is here raised. It is the voice of one who realises that, in an organic body, the health of the whole body depends literally on the health of each of its parts, and that the man who, in his own person, introduces

unhealth into that larger life, is guilty of a sin out of all proportion to the mere quality of his private offence. And that is why, through all his life, Bernard is so uncompromising as to the grounds upon which admission to ecclesiastical office should be allowed. One of the last letters which the Abbot of Clairvaux ever wrote is worth quoting here, as illustrating, very admirably, his attitude on this point. Theobald, Count of Champagne, Bernard's lifelong benefactor and protector, and one of the greatest nobles of his time, had written asking him to procure ecclesiastical preferment for one of his sons, who was still an infant. "Bernard," writes his biographer, "firmly but courteously refused. 'I consider,' he said, 'that ecclesiastical honours are only due to those who can and will, by God's help, worthily fill them. For either you or me to procure such for your little son by means of our prayers, I consider, would be an act of injustice in you, and of imprudence in me. If this appears a hard saying to you, and you are still bent on carrying out your intention, you must be so good as to excuse me. I doubt not but that your other friends will be able to obtain what you wish. Truly I wish well in all respects to our little William; but God above all things: that is the reason why I am unwilling he should have aught against God's law, lest, by so doing, he may not have God himself.'"

So too, when we come to deal with what is, to us, the least sympathetic aspect of Bernard's life-work—the part, namely, which he plays as the great opponent of heresy in that age—we shall think more truly of it, in relation to his personal character, if we dissociate it largely from other manifestations of the kind in later

Church history, and consider it rather in connection with that great organic ideal which was the real secret impulse of his life. Bernard was not illiberal; he was not cruel; nor was he a "heresy-hunter" in the ordinary sense of the term—that is to say, his opposition was not based on selfish fear. He was simply the apostle of a great organic spiritual life which, in his opinion, could only be realised "whole" or not at all. The Abelards, the Gilberts, of his time were not his personal enemies: they were merely the men who, for the sake of a selfish and (to Bernard) mistaken craving for intellectual autonomy, were ready to render for ever impracticable his great impersonal dream for men. They and their views were alien and unassimilable elements in the great organism of the Church and, as such, potential causes of disease. In a word, they were toxins, of which, for its health's sake, the body must needs be purged.

It is hard, of course, in the twentieth century, to claim sympathy for any man, however eminent, who has opposed the passage of free thought; and perhaps it is too much to hope it for Bernard. But let us at least, remember (what, in dealing with so developed nature it is sometimes easy to forget) that it was in the twelfth century, and not in the twentieth, that Bernard lived; that, before the birth of the idea of a perpetual "becoming," which the discovery of the law of evolution brought with it, there was really every excuse for a static conception of religious truth; and that Bernard himself was the man who, when Europe was still ringing with the echoes of the great controversy, was ready to "make it up" with Abelard, and who, while preaching the Crusade in Germany, stepped, at the imminent risk

of his life, something which that age thought nothing of at all—namely, an organised religious massacre of the Jews.

The mention of the Crusade suggests the further reflection that we shall do well to observe the same historical perspective in dealing with this portion also of the work of Bernard's life. The fact that a Crusade would no longer be possible to-day is no reason for condemning it eight hundred years ago. Every age has its own way of wedding the martial and the spiritual impulses, its own form of "battle for God"; and in the Europe of the twelfth century this took the natural shape of a Crusade. Nor need we feel that Bernard himself, saint though he was, must have been troubled, when faced by this kind of spiritual blood-thirst, with any of those qualms and scruples which might reasonably assail the saint of later times. Every man, no matter how saintly, is, nine-tenths of him, the child of his age; and there are two particular reasons for supposing that the fiery eloquence of Bernard's exhortations, as he passed through Europe preaching the Holy War, was no disguise of his true sentiments, but was an index of his own enthusiasm.

The first is, that a war between the Crescent and the Cross forced, as nothing else could, that organic and self-conscious unity upon the Church which was the ideal of Bernard's life; and Bernard must have realised this.

The second is that it is hard to read Bernard's life and not to see in the man, from first to last, the very type of the warrior spirit. He was a soul who loved battling for its own sake. At school, at Chatillon, it is "a vigorous rivalry with his fellows in verses and

repartees": a little later begins the sterner battle with himself; and later still, when the poor "self" has been so mauled and vanquished that there is nothing left of it, it is the great and stirring battle with all the serried forces of the world, into which he plunges with a passionate zeal which cannot but have in it something of joy. When we see him tearing up his monkish robes to make crosses for the soldiers of Christ; when he is formulating for the Templars the statutes of their Order, and unfolding to them, in sonorous language, the stern ideal of the *sæculare bellum* which it is their office to wage—we are conscious, on such occasions, of something germane and congenial, of the touch of the born fighter, who warms at the hint of battle, and to whom a conflict is not a disagreeable necessity but a delight.

This then, for the student, is the key to Bernard's public life—the dream of a Kingdom of God upon earth, to be realised in, and through, a great and organic Church; the dream which, having its birth in the secret heart of the Mystic, gave a policy to the far-sighted statesman, to the carrying out of which he devoted himself, throughout his career, with a consistency the more notable by reason of the variety of its manifestation.

So much, then, for the publicist. But what of the man himself? How shall we account for the extraordinary spell, which the Abbot of Clairvaux cast over the mind of his age? What was the secret of that wonderful personal ascendancy, to which not merely the unanimous record of his contemporaries but the solid evidence of facts bears witness?—for it is written in flaming letters over the whole story of his career.

What qualities were these in the character and make-up of this monk of an obscure and newly founded Order to lift him, within a few short years, into the position of, beyond all question, the foremost man in the Europe of his day?

First of all, there were his natural endowments. He had a great brain, and he was naturally gifted with eloquence: he had, too, that indefinable quality, called "magnetism," which carries victory locked up within itself. Many of his achievements seem to have depended largely upon this: he came, he saw, he conquered. But, in Bernard's case, all this was enormously enhanced by a number of other qualities which definitely compelled the wonder and the reverence of his age.

To begin with, he was absolutely fearless. With only a single companion he sets forth to tackle the formidable Count of Aquitaine, famous for his cruel ferocity even in that ferocious age; at Liège he confronts an Emperor without a tremor; and at Mayence he faces with intrepid courage an enraged and bloodthirsty mob. The result is that all give way before him, as though quelled by some mysterious influence. The Count of Aquitaine falls speechless at his feet, grovelling and foaming at the mouth; the Emperor does public homage to Innocent; and in the case of the mob we read that "the jury of the men of Mayence was hushed into calm submission when met by the holiness of the Abbot of Clairvaux".

Then, in addition to his fearlessness, there was his complete sincerity and his disinterestedness. There was no monk in his monastery who did not know that he practised, in his own person, austerities harsher than he would ever demand of a younger brother;

while all men knew that the Abbot of Clairvaux had successively declined three archbishoprics—those of Milan, Genoa and Rheims.

And lastly there was that more than earthly sanctity, which set him apart from ordinary mortals and gave him—in the sight of an age which, in spite of its savagery, yet knew how to be docile in the presence of holiness—an authority all his own. And the proof of that sanctity was afforded to his contemporaries in the manner which, all through the spiritual history of the ages, has ever been regarded by the great majority of mankind as the most convincing; that is to say, by miracles. Of Bernard's miracles there is overwhelmingly ample evidence. They began when he was still a young abbot, newly established at Clairvaux. Even then he could cure blindness and ulcers and fever, either at a touch or by prayer. Later on such wonders became continual, the constant accompaniment of his daily life. During the crusading tour in Germany he would work as many as twenty or thirty miraculous cures a day. But perhaps the greatest of his miracles was the way in which he could force a physical body, utterly wrecked by the fierce austerities of his early monastic life, to do the work of ten men. Indeed so ghastly was his pallor, so attenuated his frame, that, says an old chronicler, "the mere sight of him was sufficient to persuade one, even before he spake," and thus what, in one sense, was a terrible handicap, became in another, an asset. But it is a fact that, for the last forty years of his life, Bernard was never well. All his work had to be done in despite of a frail and tortured physical vehicle, and the several grave illnesses which prostrated him from time to time were not so

much breaks between periods of health as accentuations of a condition of suffering which was always there.

A man with such sovereignty over frailty will always win respect. When to this faculty of utter self-mastery are added the other qualities, which we have mentioned, and to them that wonderful natural endowment which gave a splendour and a magic to all the rest—it is little wonder that Bernard of Clairvaux has come down to us as one of the most magnetic personal forces which have swayed the imagination and the destinies of mankind.

There is one other Bernard, to whom we must make reference before we close; and that is the Bernard of private life, the more intimate Bernard, whom his friends and associates knew.

How different is he, at first glance, from the Bernard of the Council chamber and the market-place!—A recluse so utterly detached from his surroundings that, in his absorption, he can travel all day long by the banks of Lake Geneva and yet, when in the evening his comrades speak of the lake which they have passed, does not know to what they refer; and who can live a whole year in the monastery of Citeaux without noticing that the chapel has a curious roof: a stay-at-home who makes a resolution that, except on the business of the Order, he will never set foot out of Clairvaux, and is then flung about all over Europe by a cynical Destiny, in despite of his resolve: a man so modest and diffident by nature that, as he himself often confessed, "he never lifted up his voice in any company, however humble, without a feeling of awe and fear coming over him".

But the Bernard of private life is, before all else, a man of friendships. Not only are many of the most

eminent men of his time his friends and write to him, or visit him, repeatedly—such men, for example, as William of Champeaux, the celebrated logician; the famous Abbot Suger, Louis VII's chief minister of State; Theobald of Champagne, who has already been mentioned so frequently; Malachi, Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland, afterwards canonised as S. Malachi; William, Abbot of S. Thierry, Bernard's adoring devotee and biographer; and many others—but he is equally ready to open his heart to a humble monk or disciple. "As a mother loves her only son," he writes to an absent friend, a young disciple and abbot, "even so did I love you, when you came to my side, and rejoiced my heart. And now I will love you when far from me, lest I should appear to have loved my own comfort in you, and not you yourself." William of S. Thierry has the good fortune, on a visit to Clairvaux, to be taken ill at the same time that Bernard is stretched upon a bed of sickness, and afterwards writes ecstatically of those days. "Gracious God," he writes, "what good did not that illness, those feast days, that holiday, do for me! For it happened that during the whole of my sickness *he* also was ill, and thus we two, laid up together, passed the whole day in sweet converse concerning the soul's spiritual physic, and the medicines which virtue affords against the weakness of vice."

One last personal touch. A few pages back we had occasion to speak of Bernard's miracles. Let us hear what Bernard himself thought of them. "I cannot think," he says, "what these miracles mean, or why God has thought fit to work them through such a one as I. I do not remember to have read, even in Scripture, of anything more wonderful. Signs and

wonders have been wrought by holy men and by deceivers. I feel conscious neither of holiness nor deceit." And he concludes: "These miracles, therefore, have nothing to do with me; for I know that they are owing rather to the extent of my fame than to my excellency of life. They are not meant to honour me, but to admonish others." . . .

With these words in our ears let us take leave of Bernard of Clairvaux. May it not be, perchance, that, in the time which is before us, that great and noble soul who, eight centuries ago, laboured so untiringly for the Kingdom of God upon earth—returning from his long rest—will take up once more his labours and, in the splendour of his wondrous power, be not amongst the least of those who, in the great world-movement that is upon us, will prepare the way of the Lord?

E. A. Wodehouse

## THE WAR

[The following has been issued by our General Secretary in England.]

### TO THE FELLOWS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AND WALES

Stand by ready to help. Become a strong centre of calm and helpfulness. That is the need of the present moment. Distress is inevitable, disease and great suffering among the masses of the population very probable. Distribution of relief, organisation of emergency hospitals and refuge camps, these and many other duties may come before us in our own localities. Many men may be needed in active military operations. Let those incapable of discharging active military duties be ready to replace those who can in their ordinary occupations. Many things men ordinarily do women might well do. Let each one think what he can do, think what help he can bring.

A meeting of the Lodge, Centre or Group of Theosophical friends (as the case may be) should be immediately called to discuss ways and means of helping in each separate locality. Try also to understand the meaning of the war. All wars are conflicts of interest. This great war is terrible because it is a conflict of such gigantic interests. Our western civilisation is the outcome of the intensification of that side of man's nature we call

1914

THE WAR

29

the concrete and scientific mind. That mind has poured gifts in profusion into the lap of the nations. And the gifts have been used for selfish ends.

On the basis of scientific inventions the great structure of our production, of our commerce, is reared. The towering fabric of credit is based on our modern type of industry. And the structure is rotten through and through because it puts "business," "profits," and a hundred other things first and the well-being of mankind second.

The great structures of industry and credit created by the mind are like the monsters of a Frankenstein—it is they who war the one against the other; the men of the nations are only their slaves.

We have to learn to make mind serve man, we have to understand that the inventions and the science of man's mind are to be used as servants of all mankind, and that human considerations must always come first in the plans of statesmen.

And we have to learn the lesson of human solidarity. Already the collapse of the credit system of the world demonstrates our solidarity with grim emphasis. We must build a new civilisation on the recognition of that solidarity, of the oneness of Humanity, when the war is over.

The shattering blows the world civilisation is receiving are striking away much that is evil as well as some good. Let us be glad for the evil gone and mourn not for the good which can be built up again.

But let us be ready when this war is over to help build up our civilisation on a new basis. The needs of man must come first, the fact of human solidarity come first. Science, invention, business, commerce, these

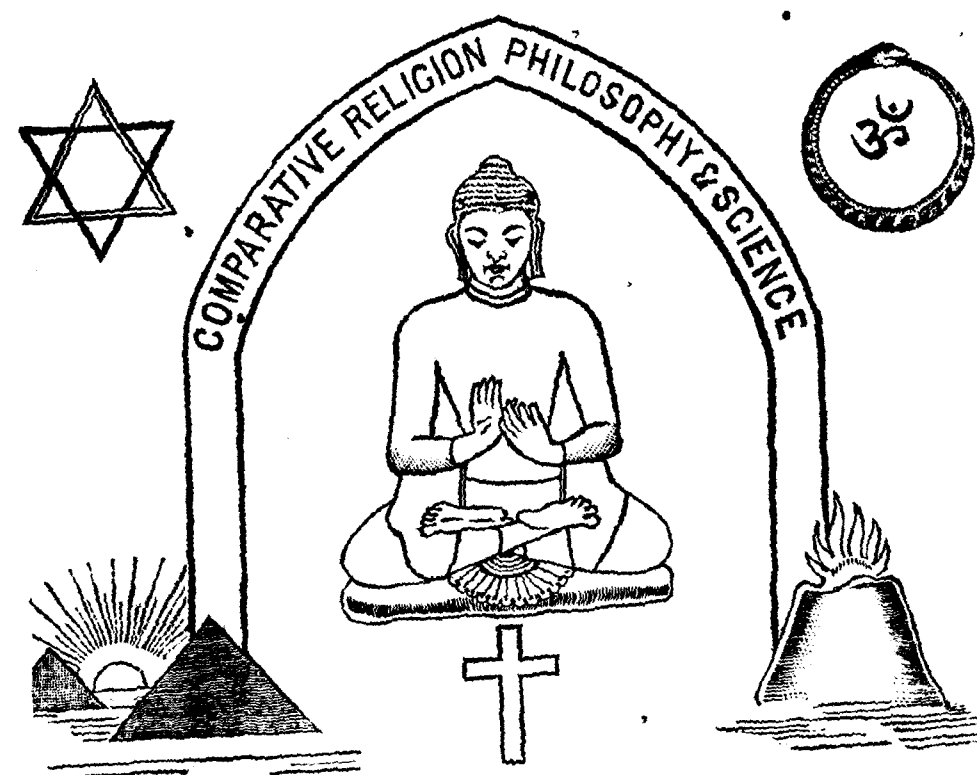
are only instruments to be used for the service of human needs.

We have put mankind second, the brotherhood of man second; the result is this war—war which may teach all men the need of brotherhood. How far the collapse of our civilisation may go we cannot tell. Let us then as a Theosophical Society keep close together. Let each Lodge, Centre or Group appoint a leader, let that leader write to me once a week, or report to me once a week, what is being done to help. It is help that is needed, help in the place where we are. The order of the day is "Stand By!"

If any large number of members can be used by the Government in any special way—in the staffing of a Field Hospital, for instance—I will communicate with you at once. Meanwhile call the meetings, steep yourselves in a calm common sense, be ready with plans of help, be ready to act if called upon, search out what needs doing in your own localities, and let all who have suggestions write to me at once. For the moment Stand By!

L. HADEN GUEST

19 Tavistock Square, W.C.



## ĀRYAN MYTHOLOGY

(WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ITS NORTHERN FORM)

By ISABELLE M. PAGAN

THE borderland where myth and fairy-tale meet is a happy hunting ground for the childish imagination, and educationalists, both of our own and of preceding generations, have used the classic allegories of Greece and Rome, simply told in English prose, as "Books for the Bairns"; realising that the memorising of such lore

generally requires the minimum of effort at the kindergarten stage, and that if Hercules and Hermes and other great personifications have had their turn as nursery favourites, the student who has to spell his way through their adventures in alien tongue later on will find his labours considerably lightened. More recently, good work has also been done in popularising Keltic legends; and Miss Keary's book *The Heroes of Asgard*<sup>1</sup> has familiarised many of our little folks with the Scandinavian version of the fairy-tale of fairy-tales, the story of the beginning and middle and end of the drama of manifestation. But few of the teachers into whose hands these books have been put realise the full significance of the teaching they are called upon to expound, and even the most intuitive among the compilers themselves is apt to leave the Theosophical reader with a feeling that the author has failed to get to the heart of the matter, for lack of the key to the symbology which lies ready to the hand of the student of *The Secret Doctrine*. Careful comparison of the form as well as of the teaching is of immense value, and our leaders have given us a splendid starting point for such a study, by pointing out the recurrent presentation which we should be prepared to recognise.

The evolution of the race is the underlying theme in most scriptures, as well as the basis of most ethical codes; and the stages of that evolution are generally represented racially, as in the wanderings of the children of Israel, though sometimes individually, as in the journeyings of Ulysses. The steps in the pilgrim's progress, the stages on the path, are recorded everywhere for those who have eyes to see. Fundamental

<sup>1</sup> An excellent sketch of Scandinavian Mythology, often used in schools. Published by Macmillan.

principles are also universal. The three essential Qualities—the Guṇas of India—meet the student in many a myth, and their four modes of manifesting give him the twelve great Beings—Thrones, Gods, Devas, Archangels—which astrologers recognise as underlying the symbology of the Zodiac, and the names of which vary according to the scale on which they are conceived, and the language in which they are uttered. Realising this, let us examine some of the ancient allegories in the sacred books of the world, and see how far the gates of our understanding can be opened by the application of an old astrological key.

“In the beginning,” says the old Voluspa Edda, the most ancient of the sacred writings of the North, “were three things:—Fire, and Frost, and the All-shaping Wisdom.” Here we have the three essential qualities of the Astrologer aforesaid—the sacred Trinity in a fundamental form. Fire symbolises the outgoing energy or force, motion or *Rajas*, and is not infrequently the metaphor used to express spirit. Frost suggests stillness, solidity, condensation—inertia or *Tamas*, and is thus a fitting symbol for matter. The all-shaping wisdom may be associated with the third Guṇa, *Sattva*, the vibratory or rhythmic activity, which blends, combines and harmonises the two others, producing the Cosmos out of Chaos. In addition to this descriptive rendering of the three, we find a still more vivid word-picture of them in the North in a more elaborate presentation as (a) the fiery kingdom of *Muspellheim*, guarded by Surt of the flaming sword; (b) the kingdom of *Niflheim*, a region all darkness and cold, whose slow poisonous streams freeze as they flow; and (c) the great abyss between, *Ginnunga-gap*, the space in which the universe

is destined to be built, through the interaction of the forces of the two kingdoms already mentioned. The radiating positive force of the fiery kingdom sends forth heat, which melts the ice piled up on the outer edge of Niflheim, and the drops, flowing from it into Ginnunga-gap, become endowed with life, and assume the gigantic form of the first giant, Ymir, also called Augelmir, the Ancient Mass, or Chaos. He is nourished by the four rivers of milk flowing from the udder of the great cow, Audhumla, who is sent forth by the power of Surt; and from the drops of sweat<sup>1</sup> that fall from under his left arm, are born the first founders of the race of the frost giants; after which he is slain, and his huge body carried into the middle of Ginnunga-gap, to be used as the material out of which the Gods are to build the world as we know it. The emergence of these Creative Forces or Gods is also ascribed to the energy associated with the sacred and mysterious Cow, which once more wanders across our stage at this juncture, licking the salt icicles from off the rocky stones, disclosing, after three days, a colossal form like that of a man,<sup>2</sup> very powerful, and of comely countenance. His name is Buri, or the producer; and his son Bōr—the produced—is the father of the personified Trinity, Odin, Vilje, and Vê, who, working together, fashion all things, giving birth to the lesser Gods, and creating men, dividing the kingdoms of day and night, establishing the order and place of the various lights in the heavens, and giving the winds their several regions; in short carrying on all *constructive* processes and activities. The race of the frost giants, on the other hand, is held

<sup>1</sup> This imagery of the sweat-born is familiar to us in *The Secret Doctrine*.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the Old Testament assertion that man was created in the image of God.

responsible for the *negative* and *destructive* work; consequently, in spite of a close kinship between them and the Gods, there is war between the two great orders; and they are naturally, in the minds of men, regarded as heading the opposing forces of good and evil.

The heroes among men are, we are told, always upon the side of the Gods. That is to say, the work of man is, in the main, constructive, or, if destructive, should be a conscious preparation for constructive work in the future.

It may, perhaps, clear the mind of the student to range the Christian, Scandinavian, Classical and Hindū names of the older conceptions alongside of each other in tabular form.

|                 |   |              |     |     |                                   |
|-----------------|---|--------------|-----|-----|-----------------------------------|
| Christian       | { | Chaos        | ... | ... | The Holy Ghost and Regenerator.   |
|                 |   | The Infinite | ... | ... | Christ, the Saviour.              |
|                 |   | The Eternal  | ... | ... | God, the Father.                  |
| Scandinavian... | { | Ymir         | ... | ... | Vilje, or Lodur.                  |
|                 |   | Buri         | ... | ... | Ve, or Honer.                     |
|                 |   | Bor          | ... | ... | Odin, the All-Father.             |
| Latin           | { | ?            |     |     | Pluto, the Judge.                 |
|                 |   | Coelus       | ... | ... | Neptune, the Saviour.             |
|                 |   | Saturn       | ... | ... | Jupiter, the All-Father.          |
| Greek           | { | Chaos        | ... | ... | Hades, the Judge.                 |
|                 |   | Ouranos      | ... | ... | Poseidon, the Saviour.            |
|                 |   | Chronos      | ... | ... | Zeus, the All-Father.             |
| Hindū           | { | Yoga-Māyā?   | ... | ... | Shiva, Destroyer and Regenerator. |
|                 |   | Varuṇa       | ... | ... | Vishnu, the Preserver.            |
|                 |   | Īshvara      | ... | ... | Brahmā, the Creator.              |

Grouped in this way, it is easy to see the similarity of the fundamental forms of expression in these various faiths. Misconceptions and misunderstandings are more apt to arise when the later stages of manifestation are described; for then the aspects of deity are more definitely differentiated, and the element of local colouring is always apt to creep in. Many

scholars in the past have contented themselves with reducing all prominent figures in mythology to expressions of one class of natural phenomenon, and seem to feel that the last word has been said when they have once more reached the phrase "a solar myth"; while, in discussing minor personifications, they not infrequently descend to mere talk about the weather. The average theologian dismisses all dramatic imagery as rank superstition, and turns from it as from something unworthy of serious consideration.

Nothing is better calculated to preserve the student from errors of that kind than the attempt to classify for himself, in any system of mythology, the deities of the different planes, according to their attributes, special note being taken of the family to which they belong, and of the parts they play in the myths in which they appear; and by far the simplest and most helpful key to such a classification is the astrological one, dividing the Powers according to the elements or realms in which they manifest most clearly—a method which gives us four very distinct groups.

(a) Those Powers or aspects of deity revealed in the laws or principles which can be most easily recognised through their working on the physical plane, symbolically described as the *Kingdom of Earth*.

(b) Aspects more easily identified or sensed through the exercise of the feelings, as principles at work on the emotional or astral plane, symbolically described as the *World of Waters*.

(c) Aspects most easily apprehended through the exercise of the reason, as functioning in the realm of thought or mental plane, symbolically described as the *Kingdom of Air*.

(d) Aspects intuitively guessed or perceived, especially in moments when the consciousness is quickened or extended beyond the normal, on a plane beyond the mental, i.e., the spiritual realm, symbolically referred to as the *Circle or Kingdom of Fire*. To this plane belong our happiest inspirations and most brilliant strokes of genius in science or art,—our most perfect and complete moments of manifestation. For though interaction never ceases, and all our faculties are awake at such times, it is the Spirit that dominates, and makes itself most clearly felt.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water. After all, the quaint old classification is simple enough, and belongs to our every-day speech as well as to all that is finest in literature. The man who is said to be *of the earth, earthy*, is concentrating his energies too much on the physical plane, and allowing many beautiful opportunities of experience to pass him by. He who is always *in the clouds* is also too closely confined to one plane of activity—the mental—to the exclusion of the others. The *waters* of the emotional or astral plane are familiar to us in the poetic imagery of all lands. Yet another elemental kingdom—using the word 'elemental' in this special sense, as connected with four astrological elements—we associate with the things of the Spirit. A man is fired by enthusiasm, ardent in his work, burning with zeal for a cause. True he may also burn with resentment and be aflame with desire. But if the symbol of fire is correctly used at all, there will be some sort of outward manifestation of inward energy, for good or evil—spirit dominating matter and altering material conditions, for better or worse.

What then should we expect to find in the works of the prophets and poets and dramatic writers who attempt

to place the action and interaction of the different types of divine powers simply and clearly before the people? Surely something in the way of religious drama; a large number of personages, or personified aspects, grouped in families or clans, having in the beginning one common origin, coming by degrees into a state of warfare as the struggle for more complete manifestation goes forward on every plane; and further, some sort of classification or differentiation of these personages or deities, according to the planes on which they manifest most easily. As a matter of fact that is what we do find all through the great Āryan religions. The warfare placed before us in these wonderful poems is not perpetual. The deities of the astral plane—the world of waters—allow themselves their times of truce with the deities of earth and air. The Fire-God is sometimes kept in chains in the physical realm, or underworld, but at other times is found communing freely and on equal terms with the dwellers above the clouds. Once get the symbology clearly into our heads, and half the difficulty<sup>1</sup> disappears. Above all, let us realise that the wondrous warfare with its rhythmic recurrence of peace is going on here and *now*.

In such a classification the Earthy Gods—the deities of the under-world or physical plane—will naturally be the sternest, the most rigid and implacable. The physical plane is associated with the struggle for existence, with the survival of the fittest, with discipline, disease and death. It is Satan<sup>2</sup> in the book of Job who

<sup>1</sup> The most unsatisfactory of all the many muddled ways of treating the subject is that which tries to sort out the deities as a long procession of passing fashions in theology with which man has occupied his imagination in successive seasons of his childhood.

<sup>2</sup> Another expression met within the Bible is the *Prince of this world*. The Devil promises to our Lord *all the kingdoms of the world* if he will fall down and worship him.

is described as going to and fro *in the Earth*, and walking up and down upon it. The Recording Angel, the Lords of Karma, are other expressions for the same power viewed from a different angle. As a rule no temples are reared to this aspect of deity, and no worship or adoration is given. Propitiation and penance, the kissing of the rod or the bearing of the cross are all that can be done; for when once a thing is physically worked out on the plane of action, it has reached its limit, and there is nothing for it but for those involved to take the consequences, and do better next time. Yet the Gods of the under-world, if severe, are just; and although they give us all the ills we have deserved, they also bestow upon us all the good that we have earned. Hence we find them also functioning as the Gods of wealth and of wordly success. They insist that by the sweat of a man's brow he shall eat bread; but arduous toil will be rewarded by them, in due time, by a plenteous harvest.

The earth in itself is dry and barren—an arid wilderness, a desert, and a place of exile. When well watered it becomes a fertile ground; consequently we shall find close interaction between the physical and astral planes suitably typified by the rising of springs, the breaking forth of waters from the rocks, the flowing of healing or purifying streams; and the multiplying of physical forms is also associated with the union of the emotional and physical elements in nature. When overdone, this fertilising has its dangers too. The swamps that grow the rice also breed malaria; and we all know the sloughs of despond and of discontent that arise from the sudden and excessive watering of an arid environment by a passionate desire for betterment of some kind. Interaction between the astral and the

mental, will be found expressed by equally striking metaphors. An old Norwegian folk-tale describes mental depression as a dense, dark fog, blinding and choking, thus indicating the union of water, earth, and air. In mythology such inter-communication is described as the inter-visiting or intermarrying of the minor deities, or by their temporary association, as when two of the Gods who usually work apart, undertake the same piece of work—generally exploration, or warfare of some kind.

The deities and devas of the mental plane are easily recognised. They dwell upon the mountain peaks in the clear upper air, ride upon the clouds, wear winged<sup>1</sup> sandals or the plumage of birds, are served by winged messengers, or mounted on winged steeds; and in the Āryan race, which is working especially at the evolution of mentality, they are usually exalted in poetry and legend as the highest and the greatest and the best, their ruler being the All-Father, or Father in Heaven, the personification of the Divine Creative Mind.

The deities of the fire are found functioning on all the planes; in dense smoke and glowing coal on the earth, dancing as the will-o'-the-wisp above the marshes, gleaming through the colours of the rainbow, shining as the pillar of fire that rises from the crater of the volcano, or lighting up the region of air as the circle of flames that guard the sacred mount.

<sup>1</sup> The wing symbol is given a very large place in Christian poetry and art, though its significance is rarely grasped. The aspiration expressed in the refrain of the children's hymn:

Oh that I had wings of angels  
Here to spread and Heavenward fly!

is the symbolic expression of the natural human longing for increased mental ability, enabling one to rise to higher levels of thought, and ultimately to those planes of higher consciousness described as being *beyond the starry sky*. We Westerns make a glib use of Eastern imagery, but how seldom do we really appreciate it at its true value!

We have only to turn to an ordinary biblical concordance to realise the importance of this fire imagery in our own religion. Cruden gives four long closely printed columns with reference to fire and flame, and classifies the various uses of the element by the sacred writers. Moses is described as having a vision of the angel of the Lord as a flame of fire, in *a bush which burned but was not consumed*; a vision granted mentally, as Dr. Steiner has pointed out, to the devout student of organic chemistry in modern days, who observes that in connection with the miracle of growth in plants there is always present the process of chemical combustion and the destruction of waste tissue. That is part of the beneficent work of the Spirit in its aspect of the life-force. Wherever it touches something that is useless or obsolete, wherever it comes up against a form too rigid, which cramps or hinders its operation, the obstruction is swept away, but the life goes on. The bush burns with an inward fire, but it is not consumed; only the useless particles or portions die from day to day, and for them the Lord God is a consuming fire. The purging away of dross and the purification of metal is another constantly recurring illustration, and the ungovernable fury of the element when it gets beyond control, and the intense suffering with which it is then associated, have given rise to a great deal of theological imagery, formerly fairly effective as a deterrent, but too often also a mental torture to imaginative souls, especially of the humble-minded type. In these latter days it is proving absolutely ineffective; for the robust type of sinner simply takes refuge in a comfortable scepticism. Rightly understood, the symbol of the ordeal by fire is a very impressive one,

and plays a large part in religious teaching all over the world.

The evolution of forms is a gradual process, and even those that are inefficient have their value. Experiment is necessary, although it may involve an advance in a wrong direction now and then. Hence, though the Spirit must never be quenched, its impatience must sometimes be curbed in order that temporary aspects may have full justice. Therefore it is that Prometheus, who stole the fire from heaven is chained and bound by Zeus; for Mind must come into its kingdom and reign, before the fires of intuition can be allowed free scope. Yet the gift of the fire—the Spirit—once given to man can never be wholly taken away again, and its work will go on till the energies of all the planes are synthesised, and brought into harmony at last. In Theosophical literature we are told that the buddhic plane—Dante's *circle of fire*—is reflected in the astral; and hints of this are often to be found in the symbology of the sacred writers. We see it in the *Sea of glass mingled with fire* in the *Revelation of S. John*; a wondrous vision, suggesting the translucent waters of the purified emotions, refined to clearest crystal, through which the Spirit gleams.

Isabelle M. Pagan

(To be continued)

## AN OUTLINE OF ESSENISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

(Continued from Vol. XXXV, Part II, p. 827)

### V. ORGANISATION

JOSEPHUS and Philo are in agreement that the Essenes lived in isolation. They separated themselves from public life and did not wish to be mixed up with it. They were an association of themselves—as Lucius says, a state within a state, a church within a church. Josephus is assured that they lived outside of towns, because they were afraid that if they mixed with ordinary citizens, spiritual pollution, by reason of the wickedness of town dwellers, might ensue. We find, however, in other passages that Essenes did live in towns, and there was, of course, the Essenes Gate<sup>1</sup> in Jerusalem, named after them.

It may very well be that the members of the sect who observed the strict rules (*i.e.*, the non-married ones) lived in isolation, but that the free members had no special place of living. This may explain the difference between two pieces of information which have come down to us regarding the number of the Essenes. One gives the number as 4,000, while another puts it at

<sup>1</sup> Though this fact is often given as a proof of the fact that the Essenes must have lived in Jerusalem, it seems possible to me that this gate was so called because it led from the town towards the place where the Essenes had their dwelling place.

many thousands. It is quite possible there may have been many thousands of free Essenes, while the number of those who observed all the ascetic rules—forming as it were a sort of inner section—may not have exceeded 4,000. These latter lived apart from the rest of the world, and what we know of the organisation and regulations of the Essenes probably refers to them.

The separate communities of the Essenes rarely counted more than one hundred members; and although in administration they were distinct, yet the members of the different communities did not regard each other as strangers. On the contrary we find that they visited among themselves very frequently. Essenes, who had never previously met, behaved, even on first acquaintance, as if they had known each other a long time, and an Essene visiting a community had at once equal rights with the permanent members. As property was held entirely in common, a visitor need not bring any luggage with him; we find that special functionaries were detailed off to take care of visitors. This great hospitality is a direct consequence of the fact that the Essenes in reality formed one great association or family. No member of it had any private property. On entering the sect they gave up all their belongings to the community for the common good, and it is stated that none of them might consider even his dwelling place as his own. Into the common treasury were put the earnings and the products of their work, and from it were distributed the necessities for each person—food, clothes,<sup>1</sup> as well as benefits given to sick or old persons. The same

<sup>1</sup> Besides the white linen garment, worn at meals and on the Sabbath, they had a special working dress. In winter this was a cloak made of hair; in summer, a thin covering without sleeves. These garments were not renewed until entirely worn out.

rule of life was applicable to all members. The day began, as we saw before, with a common prayer before sunrise, after which each went to his daily work; no difference was made because of the weather, and an overseer detailed to each his daily task. At the fifth hour, they met again, changed their garments and partook of a common meal, after which they repaired to their work again, finishing the day with a second meal in common. The nature of their occupation was any peaceful manual work, which had no connection with commerce, trade or navigation, as these were supposed to awaken covetousness. They might not make weapons of war,<sup>2</sup> and their work consisted chiefly in agriculture, cattle breeding, rearing of bees, and handicrafts. In the *Talmud* it is said by Rabbi Jehudi the Nasi that it is good that one should learn manual work, and also in *Ecclesiasticus*<sup>3</sup> there is a reference to this matter. Their activities seem to have been divided into three parts: the study of their doctrines, prayer, and manual work. Some say that winter time was devoted to the study of doctrine, while manual work occupied the summer.<sup>3</sup>

There was no slavery among the Essenes. All were free, and helped one another as much as possible. They held the opinion that the connection between master and servant is unjust, because it corrupts the principle of equality, and impious, because it destroys the order which nature has given to man. This order is absolute equality and brotherhood—not merely in name but in reality and truth, because nature does not

<sup>1</sup> They were allowed to travel armed, for the sake of safety.

<sup>2</sup> *Eccleus.*, ix, 9.

<sup>3</sup> Weinstein, p. 69.

distinguish between one man and another when bringing them forth. Weinstein remarks that in *Leviticus*<sup>1</sup> it is even said that no Levite might ever be sold as a slave, and comments quite rightly that people who observed a law of purity so rigid that a touch from a member of a lower degree necessitated purification by a bath, would be constantly subjected to pollution if they were surrounded by slaves.

Somewhat in disharmony with the endeavour for the principle of equality seems the very pronounced and severe hierarchical order which was observed.<sup>2</sup> The highest officials were the priests, and it is more or less in accord with the idea of equality to learn that they were elected by the whole community, and that it was not a question of descent, as amongst the Jews. Those priests it was who acted as stewards and curators, and in their charge was the direction of the whole community.<sup>3</sup> They assigned the daily work to each member, and they received the product of his work; they took care of the visitors and brought sacrifices of food. The grace and prayers at the beginning and termination of a meal were recited by them; the food<sup>4</sup> eaten was prepared by special cooks and bakers. The curators commanded implicit obedience, but they all met together when any important matters regarding the members of the sect had to be decided.

<sup>1</sup> *Leviticus*, xxv, 39.

<sup>2</sup> Zeller thinks this question of the Hierarchy to be one of purity: at the religious gathering which took place on the Sabbath in the Synagogue the Essenes sat in order according to age.

<sup>3</sup> We do not know for how long they were elected.

<sup>4</sup> Joseph. in *Antiq.*, xviii, 1, 5, says that priests and good people had to look after the food. From several passages it seems as though the aged people had also a certain authority; in any case they were much respected. Joseph. *Bel. Jud.*, ii, 8, 7, states that it was considered a good thing to obey ancient people.

It is said that members of the sect had a certain liberty in giving assistance to those in need, and in works of compassion; but it is added that they may not give anything to their relations without authorisation from the curators, and as we know already that the curators decided everything regarding the expenses and income of the sect, I do not see very well how this supposed liberty was carried into practice.

To become a member of the sect, the candidate must have attained a certain age—reached his full growth; he must have developed a sound character and be possessed of a healthy and undamaged body. He must not be approaching old age. We have seen already that, in a special section, children were admitted.

The candidate had to pass a few years of probation before he was definitely accepted. He had to live three years out of the community, however, observing very carefully the rules according to which the members of the sect lived. After one year of probation—if satisfactorily passed through—the candidate received the little spade, the white apron, and the white garment already referred to. He then came into a closer contact with the real members, and might take part in the common bath of purifying water. Only two years later could he become a real member of the sect, living with the other members, and partaking of the same food. But before this was allowed, he had to take the oath in which he promised to strive after the ideals of the Essenes.<sup>1</sup>

An Essene, who had committed any very serious sin, was excluded from the community. This was done by a court of justice, composed of over a hundred Essenes,

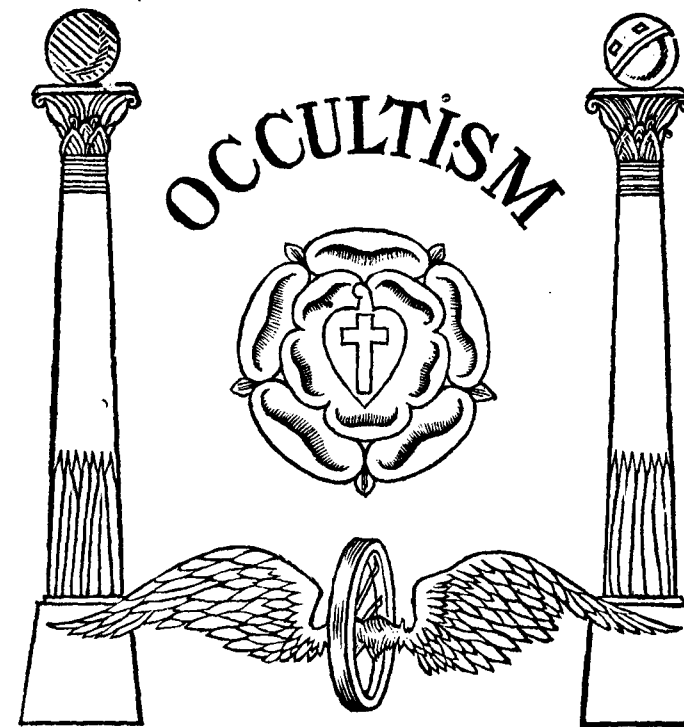
<sup>1</sup> For contents of oath, see foot-note to Chapter III.

whose decisions were final. We do not find any indications as to the connection of Essenean justice and that of the official court, or as to how far the official court interfered with the decisions of the Essenes. Some of the decisions of this court were very important, for we learn that the death penalty was awarded to those who spoke disrespectfully of God, Moses, or the Law.

Those who were excluded from the sect sometimes died in misery, because not being allowed, as we have already seen, to eat anything that was not prepared by Essenes, they had to live on grass and food of that nature. However sometimes before actual starvation it happened that the excluded member was readmitted, if the community thought that he had sufficiently expiated his offence.

Raimond van Marle

*(To be continued)*



IMMORTALITY

By W. D. S. BROWN

BY immortality most people probably mean survival of the death of the physical body. In fact at the zenith of the recent materialistic wave the possibility of such survival was so mercilessly challenged that even this bare belief called for no ordinary exercise of faith. The result was that the phenomenon of death diverted attention from the nature of the life beyond. It was assumed that, if only that apparent end of all things could be tided over, there would remain no question of a future dissolution. On the other hand the information regarding the next world that came from spiritualistic sources, though comforting to many in positive doubt, failed to attract the larger number of spiritually minded

people, to whom the glowing accounts of a Summerland appeared to be anything but final satisfaction.

At first sight also the Theosophical teaching of re-birth often seems to make matters worse for such people, so that one continually hears the objection: "But I don't want to come back." And yet on further reflection this teaching really brings home the conception of immortality to an experience possible in the physical body amid all the changes of physical surroundings.

But, it will be said, if we do not remember past lives, how can we know that we are immortal? The obvious answer is to point to that future stage of development at which past lives can be remembered. To some, however, this may appear still a long way off; so I venture to suggest a philosophical sense in which immortality may be experienced here and now, a condition of mind which may be the prelude to development of the causal consciousness, but which in any case is a source of great peace and power in itself.

Probably at the root of the desire for immortality is the fear of consciously coming to an end, though the prospect of going on for ever is almost equally alarming when approached by the brain consciousness. But in this case, as ever, fear results from a want of logic, because if we could really cease to exist we could not be aware of such cessation, still less could we find it unpleasant. We do not fear to fall asleep, simply because we are used to it and remember nothing unpleasant on waking, yet we certainly cease to exist for a time as far as our physical consciousness is concerned. In the case of death, the absence of any reliable information regarding the future state generally causes a certain reluctance to leave a state of

comparative comfort for one containing possibilities of serious inconvenience; but, alas, to some the present conditions of life are so intolerable that they are ready to welcome relief in any form, even if it be annihilation. But is not the very fact of their enduring such conditions in itself a witness to the immortal nature beneath?

I do not believe that a preponderance of trouble is necessary to a realisation of that independence of outward circumstance which is the outcome of matured experience. But fairly constant change of some kind is necessary at our present stage, and change involves the sense of worse as well as of better. Hence we can regard outer changes as in accordance with a beneficent cosmic order, for it is only in survival of change that we can recognise the changeless element of our being. In one sense, therefore, Bergson is justified in regarding change as the measure of life, but we have to go deeper and see it as the antithesis of the real life, the phenomenal perpetually declaring the noumenal.

The root of all our trouble is that we have always been trying to find permanence at the wrong end of the scale, in the phenomenal. For sooner or later, either the form is snatched away from us while we are still clinging to it, or else it persists after we have tired of it; and, instead of welcoming a new form as revealing a further aspect of life, we either resent it or attach ourselves to it again.

Hence the stress laid in Buddhism on the impermanence of all phenomena. To some, especially in the West, this appears to be sheer pessimism, or at least a very negative gospel. But Buddhists were not told to despise or disregard phenomena, but to use them rightly and so learn from them. In Hindūism, again,

the word "avidyā," though commonly translated "ignorance," is not confined to the grosser forms of human ignorance, but extends right up to the first differentiation of primordial substance. It is therefore no sacrilege to say that the universe came into being through avidyā, as might be imagined if the word ignorance were used; it is merely the statement that conditions ever latent within the Boundless or Unconditioned became manifest or active.

Similarly the word "māyā," or illusion, is applied to every condition up to the highest, and any state of consciousness subject to the māyā, or illusion, of condition is spoken of as avidyā. But we must remember that every form of māyā is real on its own plane and conforms to the One Law; so we are not justified in pronouncing any phenomenon to be illusory in relation to our consciousness until we are consciously able to master it. But the knowledge of having mastered even one phenomenon carries with it the promise of ability to master all, and the acceptance of a belief in the inseparability of the phenomenal and noumenal on all planes of manifestation emboldens us to sever the Gordian knot here and now, by seeing the true nature of life as super-phenomenal.

It is this true nature of life that is referred to by the world's teachers as eternal life or immortality, in contradistinction to the apparent life of the senses which is of the nature of change, and which "ceases" or is "annihilated" to the spiritual perception when once the true nature of life is realised. Therefore I suggest that any man, woman, or child, who can appreciate the value of a crisis when first faced with it, has consciously or unconsciously succeeded in reaching this vantage ground of the Spirit that is immortality. It is to stand at the

centre of the wheel of life, and see orient and occident, zenith and nadir, as the mystic cross within the circle.

But it is not merely in the sense of time that change throws us off our balance. The sense of space or extent is also inseparable from the ravages of change. For instance, it is well known that sudden access of prosperity may sometimes prove as disastrous as a sudden plunge into adversity; the unwonted expansion of pleasure may deceive as much, as the resented contraction of pain. The remedy for this condition lies in getting beyond that sense of separateness which is the great illusion of space, as the sense of impermanence is the great illusion of time. For to one who has discerned, if only intellectually, his identity with the Source of all life, the phases of the personal consciousness assume a subordinate value when related to his unlimited capacity for beneficent influence and response to all around him. Every time we perform an effective act of service, or respond to the true and beautiful in the world around us, an exchange of life has taken place that confirms the intuition of our own immanence. To empty ourselves, as the Christian Mystics put it, is to expand ourselves to the point which is everywhere because it is nowhere.

But, it will be said, it is easy enough to identify oneself with the true and beautiful, when it is seen; but how can one identify oneself with the false and ugly, of which there is far more to be seen; and is it even to be recommended? Now I do not intend to open up the vexed problem of evil, that is closely involved in such a question. I only suggest that everything that we call evil has within it the potentiality of good, if it can be re-directed or reversed. "Demon est Deus inversus,"

is the key to regeneration for the practical Occultist; and here we come to the most important sense of all in which immortality may be realised—or rather practised, for it is the active aspect which arises out of the passive aspect that has been so far stated. I remember hearing a Theosophical lecturer say: “If you want to know you are immortal, act as immortal beings.” This seems to me to express the spiritual life in a nutshell. Having found the “Deus,” we have to re-invert the “demon”. And so the sight of evil, whether in ourselves or elsewhere, no longer repels us, but summons us to put forth our inner powers. A thankless task it may seem, so far as outer results go, for it requires an immortal patience; but when we give up trying to do everything all at once and in our own little way, we fall back on the irresistible cosmic forces that are ever making for progress, and know that their strength is working through us. I have heard it said that Theosophists are always thinking too much of the future and not enough of the present; but the spiritually minded man does not dwell on what is going to happen to him personally, but on that which eternally inheres on the boundless plane of duration, from which he endeavours to shower down all that he can on to the planes of time and change. To the Theosophist it is the Great Plan, a portion of which has been indicated to him, and in accomplishing which he finds his true Self as a thread on the loom of life stretching from eternity to eternity.

Blessed is he who has become an embodiment of truth and loving-kindness. He conquers, although he may be wounded; he is happy and glorious, although he may suffer; he is strong, although he may break down under the burden of his work; he is immortal, although he may die. The essence of his being is immortality.

W. D. S. Brown

## INSPIRATIONS<sup>1</sup>

THROUGH MAUD MANN (MAUD MACCARTHY)

[These breathings of a higher life—of a Deva-life—through an instrument of rare delicacy, are full of suggestive ideas, and will, we hope, prove useful and helpful to many.—ED.]

ALL machines, inventions, musical instruments, and externalisations of human powers are the preliminaries to acquiring their several functions *in the human nature itself*.

The singers of ancient India sang with the ascetic head-breath. Tell people about the head-breath, but say no more; they will realise how to use it when the Master comes. The long breaths of the old Indian singers were obtained by filling the lungs with ether, not with air. The ethers could only be obtained from the upper portion of the body. This is only the beginning of breathing. When the etheric breath becomes normal, the astral etheric breath will begin to awaken, and so on.

The breaths of the astral and mental planes [bodies?] will awaken quicker than the etheric breath; the turning point [*i.e.*, the change from gross physical to etheric] is the difficulty. None of you must work along the old lines.<sup>2</sup> They belong to the Pravṛtti

<sup>1</sup> Throughout these inspirations square brackets indicate words or passages of which I was not quite certain, or explanations. Words italicised were given with especial force.

<sup>2</sup> The meaning here seemed to be that we could work at the old music but not by the same method.

Mārga. If you are to do anything, you must be content to learn the ABC of the arts on the Nivṛṭti Mārga. You must not depend on the physical body at all; it must be controlled from within. In practising art, carry this out in detail. *Do not talk about it, but do it.* You must sing with your etheric breath, and play with your etheric fingers. You ask "how to begin to stimulate the etheric breath". Reach up [out] to the Ideal.<sup>1</sup>

In the music of the future the same instruments will be used, and the main groundwork of technique [of to-day] is correct, but to this [? these] will be added the etheric, etc. As for harmony, there has been too much individualism in the last 500 [?] years, and much of that will have to be relinquished. The development however, has not been without the merit of achieving manipulative skill in sound-combinations. We will keep the skill, and throw aside many of the combinations. You must return to the modes. None of you know what the modes really are.<sup>2</sup> The existing Indian modes are only survivals. The Greek Church, and Western Folk-modes are likewise imperfect. The modes, as they exist in the world, are dim reflections of the principles of sound from which the spheres depend; hence the persistence of these types of melody in all parts of the world. They belong to the cosmic consciousness in the Race. If you are going to combine these modes as they are combined in that consciousness, and so produce the only true harmony, which is the harmony of the spheres—you may follow either of two ways, according to your temperament. Both ways are

<sup>1</sup> Each one's ideal is different, but only union with that, as it were, frees the inner forces.

<sup>2</sup> The sense of this was, that we do not know the pure modes, but only degenerate forms.

equally certain of leading to success. The first is the way that the folk-song collectors<sup>1</sup> are following: *i.e.*, becoming thoroughly familiar with all the modal music you can get hold of. By brooding upon it, the harmonies of combined modes will dawn upon you. The other way is to ignore the outer, and to enter into the consciousness in which modal harmony exists in its purity. You will take as long to reach the goal one way as the other.

Do not learn modern harmony, or teach it. Learn and teach modes and modal harmony. The message to India is that she is not to embrace all the harmony, but the harmonic principles of the West, and to Europe that she is not to embrace all the modes, but the modal principles of the East.

All forms are beautiful; the art of man synthesises these beauties in order that *more* of the Beauty of God may become manifest. *We* mean something more by "artist" than you do [mean]. There are forms on all planes. The Master-Artist works on and with causal forms as well as with the lesser forms [astral, etc.]. He prepares these, helps them to form themselves into great basic ideas—in sound, in "form," in picture. The true artist who worships the Master simply endeavours to bring his works, *already there in the inner worlds*, out into the physical. It is a hierarchy. The reason that true art is always "before its time" is because the forms which the Master makes are for the instruction and uplifting of humanity. He makes other forms too, for other types of Being [Deva, etc. ?].

The ritual of the new religion will bring the artistry of its High Priest through more perfectly than has hitherto been done. In ancient times there were no

<sup>1</sup> Cécil Sharpe and others.

"artists," but only priests and priestesses. When religious ceremonial was no longer performed by *these* artists, it lost its power. They wandered out into the world; but what could they do, divorced from religion? Ever since they lost their function in the temples, they have drifted miserably between the anguish and despair of unsatisfied natures, and the shame of prostituting their art to worldliness. The time is come when they must resume their ancient function.

I have told you that you must re-establish the priesthood. I cannot work without it. Since priestcraft has been separated from art it has become hypocrisy. An artist cannot be an hypocrite. If he or she *is*, there will be no power in the art. No wonder that bad priests denounced art—it would have discovered their wickedness had they tried to follow it!

Do not trouble because you cannot piece the fragments of the Tradition together on the outer plane. Study them, I will put the material together for you. *Give me the rough material*—that is your whole duty, and I will build.

#### RULES FOR HEALTH<sup>1</sup>

1. Give up sensuousness, physical and spiritual.
2. Make the body, emotions and mind a *vacuum* for the inwelling of the Spirit.

<sup>1</sup> This came at about 8.40 a.m., when A. B. must have just received a letter from me asking some definite questions. It was preceded by a sense of physical warmth spreading rapidly all over my body (which had been cold before) and by a sense of exquisite interior harmony. Possibly it may have come from A. B.'s thought.

These rules were evidently for the writer, and might not apply in other cases. It is important for students to realise that in things psychic, as in things physical, "one man's meat" may be "another man's poison". Thus, spiritual "sensuousness"—the tendency to dream, and to enjoy meditation just for one's own inner gratification—while a grievous error for one person, might be a potent means of development for another. It might draw him on

3. Make the centres of action to be within.

4. Proceed with what work you can do from this standpoint. Leave the rest.

When singing, produce voice through centre in the forehead. With each breath, offer the forces of lower centres<sup>1</sup> previously gathered at base of neck<sup>2</sup> to the Power over top of head.<sup>3</sup> Now you see why utter purification is necessary.<sup>4</sup> Every breath, by degrees, should become such an offering and such an outpouring.<sup>5</sup>

This breath, flowing out of the centre of the forehead—which cannot be made without the offering afore-mentioned—is the Purifying Breath. Ordinary lower physical breath, with air, is sufficient to keep comparatively pure the bodies of comparatively insensitive people.<sup>6</sup> This higher breath, *with ether*, is indispensable to purify the physical bodies of highly developed people.

to contemplate the divine beauty, where otherwise he might remain inert. It would be time enough to strike away this means of unfoldment, when the realisation of the divine beauty had become his one object in life. So also, to make the bodies "a vacuum" might stop growth for people of certain stages. And nobody—even if its owner is temperamentally inclined that way—is ready to be made "a vacuum" until there is a strong, clearly defined character to be offered out of it. The Master does not want an inert body, but one stilled through its own very intensity of nature. The centres of action, again, must be built without, before they can be made to be within.

<sup>1</sup> This refers to nerve centres and chakrams below that at base of brain.

<sup>2</sup> This does not mean that the lower powers should be gathered there before the time of offering—though this also should be done—but that they should be offered at all times in preparation for this sacrificial practice.

<sup>3</sup> "The Power over top of head"—the light, the spiritual centre, consciousness, call it what you will, of which the sensitive person gradually becomes aware as being focussed above the head, and raying down its force upon the man who dwells in the body physical.

<sup>4</sup> According as he is able, by the sacrificial aspiration which is based primarily on purity, to draw it down upon his brain and nervous system.

<sup>5</sup> When bringing this inspiration through I experienced a definite circular or rather elliptic action of the breath—the rushing up of force in the indrawing, and the pouring out and down of the reinforced breath in the outsending. The last stage was like a kind of prāṇic renewal, but depended for its efficacy on the intensity and efficacy of the first stage.

<sup>6</sup> That is, persons who do not definitely recognise and to some extent practise Occultism.

When food is taken into the body, it either becomes impure through contact with impurity, or it gives of its natural grosser<sup>1</sup> physical qualities to a body ready—by natural grosser breathing,<sup>2</sup> etc.—to assimilate them. Or it is transmuted into its etheric components (bases?), mainly by a body which is vibrating through sacrificial breathing at the proper rate to do this.

Here is the secret of Biblical sacrifice. *Burning up*. Ethers burn up. The body built out of finer matter consumes and transmutes poisons and waste-products. The body of the high Yogī is extraordinarily pure, and cannot disintegrate. Hence the eternal youth of the Masters. The smoke of Their sacrifice never returns upon the sacrificial altar—the physical body—but ascends into that region whence the destroying and regenerating flame is evoked. *Spiritual* regeneration is only possible through *physical* regeneration. “As above, so below.” Purifying Breath burns up, literally. Remember the Hindū musical theory about the vital airs—ethers, Theosophists would say—producing *heat*, and then *rising up*, producing sound.

But when food goes into the highly organised body,<sup>3</sup> in which the sacrificial breath is not being practised, an aggravated state of putrefaction is set up, because (a) there is no strong lower breathing to aid assimilation, etc.—for such a body cannot normally breathe lower breath<sup>4</sup> without exhaustion; (b) contact with the impurity thus set up, and absence of purifying breath, causes further unpleasant complications.

<sup>1</sup> Solid, liquid and gaseous constitute the grosser physical qualities. The finer are the four ethers beyond.

<sup>2</sup> Ordinary breathing without ether.

<sup>3</sup> This referred to the writer's body.

<sup>4</sup> That is, air-breath without ether.

Purifying breath will, through internal impurities, rise to the surface. When indulged in, careful bathing, exercise,<sup>1</sup> and diet are essential. There must be conformity of life, or there can be no cure.

The state of the modern “neurotic” body is not one of inherent disharmony, but of transition. The reason that most cures fail is that they use old helps for requirements which are beyond such helps. Massage, for instance, is merely irritating to some persons.<sup>2</sup> So also is “feeding-up”. In this last connection, it is recognised that more force is needed for the nerves, but then that can only be wisely put into the body in proportion to the inner force—soul, call it what we will—which is already there, and able to assimilate it, to use it.

We must always “die” in that part of our being, which is not in subjection to the life of the Spirit. That is the law of life—death for all that goes against the soul.

Remember that there must be no forcing and straining for healing by the purifying breath. The Spirit deals gently, like a mother who takes her sorrowing child to her breast, and soothes his tears away with her own sweet song, and gives him rest and confidence. Mother is God to the little child. God is mother to us. We are apt to forget the motherhood of God.

We are not worthy to be healed, unless we ourselves would heal others. Let us in turn help those who are nearest to us to realise the motherhood of God. While the mother feeds her child, her busy mind plans

<sup>1</sup> But never to the point of fatigue.

<sup>2</sup> To be massaged by one who is temperamentally sympathetic and who has the necessary etheric particles to give is of course delightful. But how few fulfil these requirements.

also how to help him to grow in activity and in vigour. Let our healing be active as well as passive.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now the Sybils were not women: they were *Devis*. They were incarnated in order to further the work of the great Deva kingdoms among men, and their respective Devas<sup>1</sup> influenced and spoke through them. Thus it was that the Sybils had to be kept apart from all worldly contacts. They lived half in the next world, and all their affinities, their "ties," were in that world. Notice how one Sybil was the consort of a *Karma Deva*, speaking through her to men of fate, *karma*, events past and to come, warning and guiding them. Another would illuminate the arts—music or poetry—and so forth.

The tragedy of the Sybils lay in the ties they made with earth. Some of them broke away from—for the time being forgot—their Lords, under the strong attraction of human passions. They fell under the law of human karma. They wandered for centuries, reaping the harvests of their sowing. . . . They will return, through pain, to their true affinities, their own people. Each Deva will claim his Devī at last, however long she has wandered from him, providing only that she has not entirely renounced her Devī nature. One touch of that will bring her back again to her Lord.

The ecstasy of the Sybils—half, or wholly entranced—was very great<sup>2</sup>. . . . It was and is the ecstasy of creation in the Deva region of the universe. They saw, they

<sup>1</sup> There is no such thing as a Deva or Devī who works alone; they always work in pairs, on all planes.

<sup>2</sup> There were long pauses between the words of this sentence. I was 'bathed' in an extraordinary atmosphere of warm yet unearthly joy. I was almost asleep, only awake enough to physical things to be able to write.

made, they became, and mankind felt the truths they proclaimed; the life of the Devas<sup>3</sup> thrilled through the Sybils to humanity, and humanity was strengthened and blest. It flowed like milk from a mother's breast. It enfolded all who came near. They knew truth *by contact*, through the mediumship of the Sybils.

The real life of the Brotherhood of Arts must be centred in a veritable *Temple-service*<sup>4</sup> as of old. No need for much external formula<sup>5</sup>—just this: all conditions which subserve the gaining of *inspiration*—and a constant access to the source of inspiration—a controlled activity in *trance* or *semi-trance*—must be fostered. . . . This is X's work. X belongs to this Temple.<sup>6</sup> You know the conditions: quiet, purity, harmony, dedication. *And I am with you.*

If you follow all this, your life will adjust itself.<sup>7</sup>

[After this I talked to X for awhile and was lying on my couch in the deepening twilight; and we fell to dreaming together. Waking dreams. Then silence came, and soon I began to feel so far away—yet conscious that X was there—and I began to tell her the

<sup>1</sup> This inspiration came with tremendous force. I had been seeing my Deva (for A.B. tells me He is a Deva) during most of that day. The room was pervaded with him. At about 7.30 p.m. I began to feel "drowsy". X sat with me. I asked for pen and paper and wrote this down myself. X was almost overcome. She was drowsy for the rest of the evening. The terrific force affected my heart and I nearly slipped out of the body at one moment. Each word brought a 'vision' with it. The words 'Temple-service'—to give one instance—brought the very atmosphere of some ancient and holy temple. For the moment I *became* or lived through each event or subject alluded to. From the standpoint of forcefulness and 'atmosphere' it was about the strongest inspiration I have ever had.

<sup>2</sup> This, in answer to a mental question: how can such a 'service' proceed under conditions of modern life?

<sup>3</sup> Not, in this case, a temple built with hands, but the Temple of the life, common daily life, in this case the life of the writer.

<sup>4</sup> This in answer to difficulties of the writer's karmic ties and obligations, which came into her mind whilst writing the preceding paragraph.

following, which, when I had finished, I wrote down. I described it much more fully in speaking.]

I can see a valley—two rather high steep hills—a long valley, opening wide at one end. About half way into the valley, a little way up one of the hills—a Temple—heavy, square, stone-low—the whole Temple does not appear on the surface of the ground. It is mainly subterranean, built, I think, into rock. Inside—far in—small rooms, filled with ethereal colours and lights, *self-luminous*—not lamps or fires—varying in intensity, shimmering, dazzling and changing. . . . Deep down underground, a large round room, dome-topped. The dome is cut out of the rock. Here people congregate—chosen people. Here, from time to time, a very great One appears. (I think He appears with flame, I cannot see clearly.) I seem to see—but I am not quite certain—a stream of water coming up from this room into the Temple. Perhaps it is healing water? The people who come from afar to the Temple—pilgrims—never go to the inner rooms. Men in flowing golden brown garments pass to and fro, carrying messages. . . . The people within have the power to perform *real* ceremonial. There is hardly any paraphernalia of ritual, the colours, lights, etc., are somehow *projected*. The place is filled with beautiful beings other than human. It is a centre of terrific psychic activity, pure, spiritual, dedicated to service.

Outside the hills are dark with very dark groves, pines or firs, I think. I see no people about, no houses. It is all so quiet. . . . The air is cool, not cold. . . . It is in Greece!

The bodies of the Sybils were, so to say, *projections*, into the mundane sphere, of Deva matter. *They* (the Sybils) *could not live* if not linked with their counterparts (their respective Devas) in the heavenly sphere . . . only the ether breathed by him (the Deva) was breathable by his consort; the food taken by him, she could consume with benefit to her organism, and none other. Hence the custom of offering food—especially important—vitally so—in the case of the Sybils. Food was offered, magnetised by the Deva, and then only was it fit for her consumption.

The Sybils lived on milk, wheat products, and fruit.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is your duty to personally<sup>1</sup> inspire all the chief officers of the Movement.<sup>2</sup> Bring them into touch with me through the appointed channel—music. Your music is to be used to inspire all the other arts. It will have the effect of vivifying bodies. Your most important teaching in the Guilds (teach all the Guilds, not only musicians) will be given through music, not through words.

As for words: cultivate your gift. The Master is the Chief of the Movement. He has formulated a great plan, of which the first part is to bring Deva-life to play upon the artists of the world, *and through them* to spread down through crafts to industries. This partially accomplished, He will come Himself to teach. His plan includes the educational system to be evolved for the Sixth Root Race. But that cannot be forwarded until the preliminary work of attuning the artists

<sup>1</sup> Not in the sense of gaining personal influence over them, but of sharing inspiration with them.

<sup>2</sup> Brotherhood of Arts.

has been done. (Here the writer was disturbed, and the inspiration abruptly ended).

Z's work is organisation. But it is organisation under *my* direction, and therefore closely linked with my plan. That is why she is with you. V's work is along lines of inner co-ordination. X must be near you physically. She is a natural healer.

Each Deva is summoned in a special way. Every art has within it the power to summon a special Deva or to evoke some answer in Deva consciousness, and most crafts are connected with the elemental kingdoms.

Music calls the Devas of the air; painting, those of water; sculpture, those of earth; poetry, of fire. But since these elements have corresponding planes in the cosmic order, music is of the higher mental; painting, astral; sculpture physical (and ātmic), and poetry buddhic. (Poetry is the language of love, and love is fire.) Music is of the nature of harmony, and harmony is order, proportion, which is the clear working of the pure mind. The ordered mind produces true music. Not the mind which from the lower planes seems to *know* a lot; but the mind which in its internal relations, is harmonious, and which refers all phenomena to this internal order of its own nature—that is the mind which is music. That mind *is* music.

You can summon your Deva by song. You can summon any Deva, if you know his song. You can bring to your aid the whole celestial choir of Gandharvas if you call them to you. Remember that if properly summoned (by true, pure, dedicated arts) the Devas **MUST** come. It is the call of their own "flesh". The

<sup>1</sup> A rather curious 'coincidence' is the following. Z, who had not heard of this inspiration which was written at about 10 p.m. dreamed, the next morning, of creating fire in some kind of ceremonial dance. Z is a poet.

arts are, literally, their earthly bodies. When they do not shine through the arts, it is because artists are not true, pure, and holy enough.

Rāga is a survival of the idea of a melody-form which has power to summon a Deva or Devī. All rāgas and rāginis are personified in Hindū music.

Now every part of music has some correspondence in the physical body of the singer, and if the singer uses one "rāga," or type of melody (summoning thereby one Gandharva only), the effect will be to strain that part of the body of the singer which is played upon by the life flowing through the Gandharva. Avoid this strain by getting into touch with many Gandharvas, thus *harmonising* their interacting lives in your body.

The Devas who rule the arts are Beings of splendid intelligence. Their own art is going on around us all the time, albeit we perceive it not. The life of the LOGOS pours like waves upon the shores of humanity through the ocean-life of the Devas. The holy Masters are like boats coming to take humanity out upon that ocean.

#### THE DANCING OF THE FUTURE

This inspiration followed a dance which was suggested very strongly to the writer. The movement was confined within a small space. It was slow, except for occasional movements of the hands and arms; it suggested motion connected with ritual. It is noteworthy that in Z's dream of the same morning (see note on page 66) . . . performed some kind of ceremonial dance. A few hours afterwards . . . ! *actually* did so, and wrote this inspiration.

The dancing of the future will suggest the action of various forces, Beings, etc., outside the physical body of the dancer (on the inner planes). Thus, for instance,

a dance might suggest the effect of its music upon the aura of the dancer, and so on; movement being thus used to stimulate in the beholder the sense of the real activity going on in subtler matter. The Apsaras will help dancers who work on these lines.

That Temple is His Temple who is the High Priest spoken of before. Nothing goes out from that Temple which is not of the Divine order of the Cosmos<sup>1</sup> consecrated through Him to the uplifting of the worlds. The great Devas serve Him in lowly obedience, for the will of the Lord of Lords Himself is His. It is perfect, it is their highest joy (to do that will). Even now,<sup>2</sup> as the great spheres roll in space, can you not hear the shouting of the voices of the Angels, can you not see the mighty globes of colour, mist, and fire, dancing in the space which is His breath, glorying in the glory of His life, who shall presently draw space into His Being again to dwell there in the consummation of Nothingness? Where the Breath<sup>3</sup> flows forth from the Mighty One, the Lord of Lords, there is the Temple of your High Priest, of whom all ye<sup>4</sup> who worship Him as Beauty are the followers.

And I who tell you these things am one of the servants in that Temple.<sup>5</sup> You have heard my name,

<sup>1</sup> "Divine order of the Cosmos." This seemed to have some reference to Deva-life, great natural hierarchies, and so on.

<sup>2</sup> At this point, the speaker saw, and also seemed to dimly hear, what she was describing. There was a sense of infinitude. From this forward, it would be impossible to describe the feeling, the realisation, which prompted the words of the inspiration. These words are mere indications.

<sup>3</sup> At this point there was a dim vision of a Universal Form, a glorified human form, the God of whom man is made in the image and likeness.

<sup>4</sup> The attention was here directed to the world of artists and art-workers of all kinds, from the humblest to the highest.

<sup>5</sup> These sentences came in answer to the question in the mind of the speaker: "Who is speaking to me, what is his name?" The name referred to is a melodic sequence and a chord which had become known to the speaker under peculiar circumstances, and which, at the outset of this inspiration, she had recalled and sung intuitively, not realising why.

though at the time you knew it not. Always by that name call me, as I spoke it to you to-night.

I live in a realm of gold,<sup>1</sup> bright gold, golden seas, golden sun, golden sunsets, in all-pervading pure fire, that fire which consumes all who are not pure enough to bear it. Purity is fire: fire cannot consume fire.<sup>2</sup>

The Lord Christ cannot speak but through our<sup>3</sup> voices. Out of the notes, the chords which are our being, He maketh the supreme melody. We are the Golden Harp which He holds in His hands. Even now, His fingers strike the chords of our being, and the echo, reaching down into the deep gloom of earth's valleys, you hear. Only an echo. You could not live and hear His music. Our bodies temper the Divine pitch. All true Church music is an echo of His music.<sup>4</sup>

You have been singing music which He is making even now for the race that is to come. He has marked you with His Cross, which is a Cross of White Flame.

<sup>1</sup> Here there was a splendid vision of golden worlds. It seemed as if the whole Being of Him who spoke manifested itself in gold, and shed golden light on all around it.

<sup>2</sup> At this point there was a long pause, and some change seemed to be going on in the Being who was speaking through M.M. It seemed as if some greater Being were about to descend into His, as if he in turn were preparing himself to be inspired. At this point M.M. asked W.M., who was writing down the inspiration, to put out the light, and he wrote most of the remainder in the dark. M.M. sang. (It seemed to M.M. as if the music she sang were a song-language, with words more of liquid song than ordinary words, and after each song-sentence M.M. translated it into the earth-words in which the inspiration is written. One had a wonderful feeling of some Being speaking in a celestial tongue.) M.M.: The music which came at this point was not that with which I am ordinarily 'inspired'. It seemed as if my inspirer were himself possessed by a mightier Being, and the song became an extraordinary melodic synthesis. It suggested at points what I may term, for want of a better expression, the celestial root of mediæval church music. (W.M.: It seemed to me what one might call in German "Urmusik".) D.L., who was listening in the next room, also had this impression of Church and Urmusik, and of what she called "Golden music".

<sup>3</sup> "Our"—Devas. Here M.M. seemed to be drawn into the very essence of—to become—some mighty Being, who in turn spoke as if in the consciousness of His fellow-beings in some exalted state.

<sup>4</sup> The singing was here frequently accompanied by, or intoned upon, the word "Iriou" (pronounced EE-ree-OH-oo). This word seemed to have great potency and suggestiveness.

Did you not see it to-night, before I spoke? <sup>1</sup> This is the music of the Cross of White Flame; and when you make the Temple for Me on earth, let the Sign of my Cross of White Flame be in that Temple. A White Temple for White souls, radiant with my Whiteness.

Do not fear to tell my words to all men, for they are hungering, and I send my children to feed the hungry, and my Spirit will speak to you through their Spirit, and my peace will come to you through their peace. Lead them into the vast Nothingness which is the vastest fullness. Escape sin by standing beside sin. Escape the little self by becoming the Christ-Self. The little self is the Christ-Self.

---

<sup>1</sup> Before the words of the inspiration began to come through, I had seen, or rather dimly apprehended, a vast White Cross, the ends of which faded away into nothingness. To D. L. it seemed as if the sound of instruments came through the singing, and the sound as of a great organ, and also a 'golden' sound.

(The remarks contributed by W. M. and D. L. were put in quite independently.)

TO A. B.

October 1st 1914

Lady, God gave thee once a priceless gift,  
The gift of speech, and through the ages down  
It hath been told of thee to thy renown  
That thou hast ever used it to uplift  
From out the darkness countless souls that drift,  
Clouded with doubt, their earlier faiths outgrown,  
Failing to make the larger truth their own,  
Striving to find within those clouds some rift.

Then with thy message thou did'st come to cheer,  
Thy voice hath charmed their restlessness away,  
Thy hope dispersed the clouds so dull and grey,  
Thy truth dispelled their half-acknowledged fear.  
The gift that once upon thy lips was laid  
Thou hast indeed a thousandfold repaid.

Lady, some incense we would burn to-day,  
To bear to thee within its perfume sweet  
Our love and gratitude, for it were meet  
To tender thee what poor return we may;  
Greatly adventuring we dare to lay  
Our simple offerings humbly at thy feet,  
Bidding the flowered garlands to repeat,  
With their rich fragrance all that we would say.

Lady, for many ages in thy hands,  
(With tireless steps, and still more tireless love)  
The torch of truth, with eloquence to prove  
Thy message, thou hast borne to many lands.  
The gift that once upon thy lips was laid  
More than a thousandfold thou hast repaid.

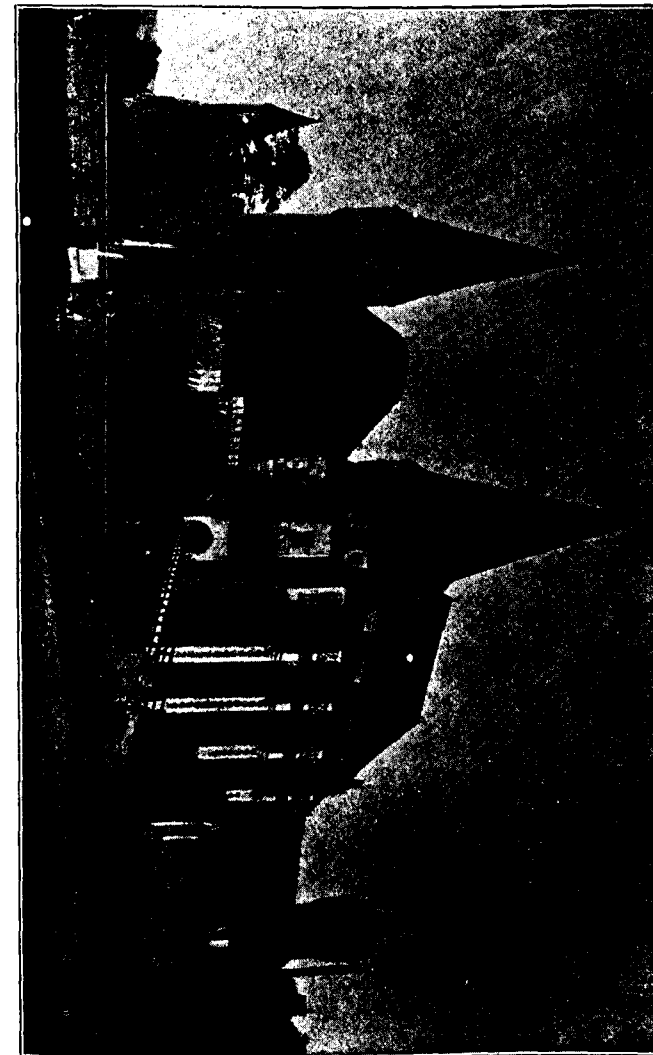
T. L. C.

### THE CASTLE OF VAJDA HUNYAD

THE history of the castle of Vajda Hunyad takes us back into the so-called dark mediæval times, and perhaps it will sound paradoxical to say that those were nevertheless bright times for Hungary. If we judge mediæval times by the many wars, the unrest, and the consequent uncertainty to life and estate only, they seem indeed dark, especially to those old-fashioned people who regard history merely as a record of wars, and of the rise and fall of kingdoms; those, however, who take note of other signs of the times, and especially those who can appreciate the wonderful beauties of architecture, may not look upon them as so dark. They will ask in surprise: Where did the mediæval architects find that leisure which is indispensable to the thinking out of works of such dimensions. In the early Middle Ages there was quiet and leisure to be found in the monasteries, the indwellers of which were busy workers and spreaders of education and art; later discoveries tend, it is true, to disprove the idea that mediæval architecture was entirely in the hands of the monks, and seem to point to the fact that even in the early Middle Ages there were also laymen who were masters of the art.

In any case it is undeniable that the Christian monasteries of the Middle Ages, as a source of culture, can only be compared with the Roman Empire and its attitude towards education and art.

THE CASTLE.



These facts however are lost sight of in the old-fashioned way of teaching history, the result of which is that the student gets the impression that in the Middle Ages nothing happened but one war after another, although both architecture and manufactures are witnesses to the fact that the progress of a deep-seated culture had already begun in the ancient times in the monasteries, and somewhat later on in the guilds.

One of the finest specimens of the later mediæval style of architecture in Hungary is the castle-fortress of Vajda Hunyad, and not even on Austrian territory is there anything that can be compared to it.

The conditions of those parts of the kingdom beyond the Kiralyhago mountains in Transylvania in those times were not favourable to the building of lordly castles, and there were more of the primitive peasant fortresses, many of which still exist in some parts of Transylvania. The monarchs too, kept a jealous guard that the rich lords should not make themselves too powerful by building castles. For example Endre II, in 1291, ordered some castles which seemed dangerous to the peace of the country to be pulled down, and this was done with the consent of his parliament. The permission to build was generally given to some officer of the King's court, and these castles were looked upon, not so much as the private property of the builder; but the view taken was rather that the permission to build for the King and in defence of the country was a mark of distinction and trust.

One of the staunchest supporters of King Sigismund was Serbe the *kenes* (lord of the manor), the founder of the Hunyadi family, to whom the King gave the castle

and manor of Vajda Hunyad, not then accounted of much worth.

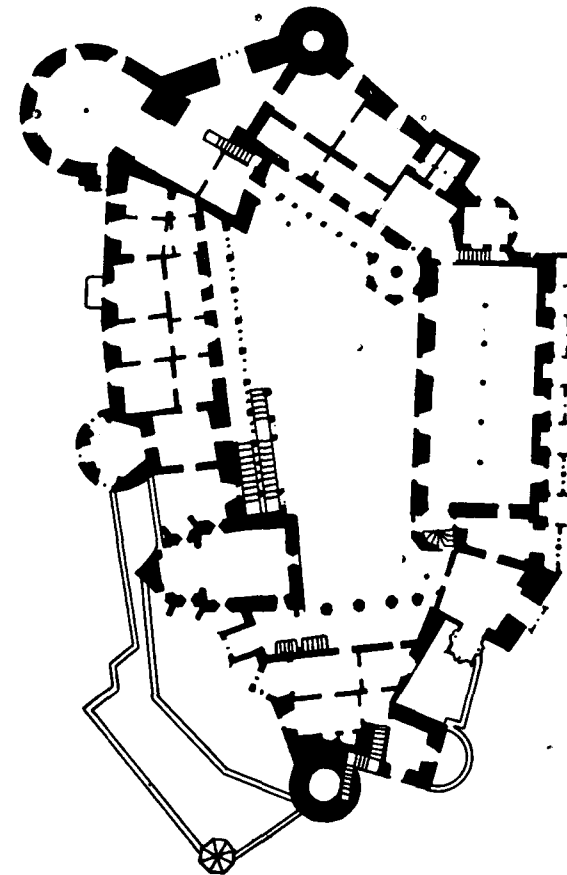
The people of Transylvania, before the Tartar invasion, were Bulgarians and Magyars; after the Tartar invasion Albanians and Wallachians from the Balkans, a nomad people, wandered in, mixed with the original inhabitants, and settled on the different manors.

The son of the above-mentioned Serbe, the *kenez*, whose name was Vojk, took as wife Elisabeth Morsinai, a lady of good family from Moldavia, whose eldest son was the great Hunyadi János, the scourge of the Turks. The career of Hunyadi János is remarkable, in that although born the son of a simple *kenez* he rose to be a Magyar nobleman and married a lady of high rank, Elisabeth Szilágyi. In 1439, King Albert made him Ban of Szörényi, that is, raised him to the peerage; in 1446, he was raised to the dignity of Governor of Hungary, without opposition from the powerful Magyar nobles, and, in 1453, King Laszló V made him Generalissimo of the army, and put the royal revenues into his hands, with the sole condition that he should account yearly for twenty-four thousand golden guldens.

This brilliant career, which met with no opposition from the proud Hungarian nobles, and also the fact that the second son of Vojk and Elisabeth Morsinai was also called János, seems to strengthen the idea that Hunyadi was in reality a natural son of King Sigismund and Elisabeth Morsinai, and this is also the opinion of several Hungarian historians.

That Hunyadi János was a powerful leader and a far-seeing statesman we know from his brilliant deeds; that he had a mind awake to the advantages of culture and art is shown by the beauties of the buildings he

GROUND PLAN OF CASTLE.



raised ; and all these noble qualities were inherited by his son Matthias, later King of Hungary.

Hunyadi was a traveller too, inasmuch as he accompanied the Hungarian King, and later the Roman German Emperor Sigismund, on his journey through Europe, which lasted several years, and which formed a very interesting part of King Sigismund's long reign. In 1414, the King set out with four thousand Hungarian horsemen and gentlemen of repute, in order to have himself crowned at Aachen as King of Rome, and to open the Conference at Constance for the purpose of putting an end to the religious disputes then rife. Amongst the gentlemen in the King's retinue we find the names of Garai, Marcali, Stibor, Csáki, Ujlaki, Laczfy, Perényi, Hédervári, Tar, Szécsi, Rozgonyi, Csapi, Barlai, Dersfi, Somkerekí, and others, and also that of Hunyadi János, who was at that time from twenty-eight to thirty years old. During this journey, which lasted till 1419, the Magyar knights and squires learned much of western art and culture, and it no doubt had a great effect on the plastic mind of Hunyadi. The journey led through Salzburg, the Tyrol, and Switzerland to Strasburg, from thence by way of Speyer, Nürnberg, Heilbronn and Mainz to Aachen, where the coronation took place, and at last to Constance, the seat of the Council. After the imprisonment of Pope John, King Sigismund went by way of Savoy to the south of France, in order to control the movements of Benedict XIII, the rival Pope. Charles VI, King of France, took advantage of his presence there to secure his help in smoothing out the difficulties between himself and Henry V of England, and Sigismund went to Paris at his invitation, either by way of the central plateau, or along the banks of the Loire, which

gave Hunyadi an opportunity of seeing and admiring the beautiful French châteaux, and it is probable that he won the inspiration for his own castle from them.<sup>1</sup>

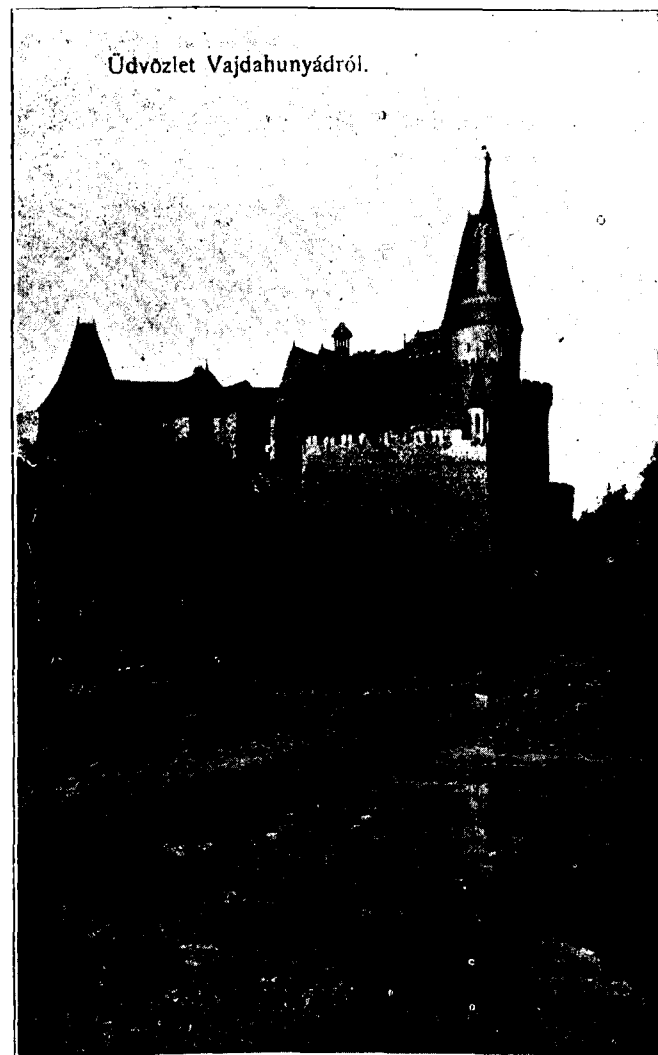
From Paris, Sigismund went over to England, to Canterbury, and on his way probably passed the Duc d'Orléans' castle of Pierrefont, then in process of building (the beauties of which Montrelet cannot praise highly enough); also the town of Amiens, with its celebrated cathedral.

Let us try to picture to ourselves the mode of travelling then in vogue. One travelled on horseback, on roads not too well kept, by short stages, taking on the way castles or monasteries where one could be received for the night, so that many stoppages had to be made, and travellers saw much more of the country through which they passed, and obtained much more lasting impressions of what they saw, than travellers of the present day.

The traces of the impressions gained on this journey by Hunyadi are to be found in the buildings at Vajda Hunyad, some parts of which resemble the castle at Amiens so much that it is probable that the architect employed by Hunyadi was of the school of Amiens.

The Kings of Merovingia followed the custom of the Roman nobles in building for themselves villas and châteaux in pleasant spots outside the towns, especially as summer residences. These summer places were only

<sup>1</sup> It is most probable that in Paris the King was a guest in the royal palace, for we find an interesting account left by Christine de Pisan, not it is true of this visit, but of a visit of his predecessor, Karoly IV, Emperor of Rome, to King Charles V of France: "Lors, fist le roy lever l'empereur a tout sa chayer, et, contremont les degrez portez en sa chambre et alloit le roy, d'un costé et menoit le roy des Romains a sa senestre main, et ainssy le convoia en sa chambre de bois d'Irlande, qui regarde sus les jardins et vers la sainte Chapelle, qu'il avoit fait richement appareiller, et toutes les autres chambres derrieres, laissa pour l'empereur et son fils; et il fu logies es chambres et galatois que son pere le roy Jehan fist faire."



THE CASTLE.

in part fortresses, and as the dwelling of the sovereign or suzerain the most important part of such a place was the basilica, a hall which served as council chamber, hall of justice, and banqueting hall, and this was the origin of the knights' halls of the Middle Ages with their promenades. Besides this there was need of dwelling rooms, a treasury, a room for the archives, a chapel, dwelling houses for the soldiery and servants, and of course the usual offices, kitchen, bakery, etc.

As early as the time of Béla IV we hear of the castle of Vajda Hunyad, situated where the river Gerna and the Zelesa brook join, as of a border fortress presented to Serbe by King Sigismund. The castle which Hunyadi inherited from his father Vojk, was a fortress of small dimensions, the part between the Gate Tower and the Chapel forming the nucleus of the present castle, and there being neither Knights' Hall nor Chapel. These two important buildings were added to the castle by Hunyadi János during the time of his Governorship, when he was endued with almost sovereign powers, and it is for this reason that the Knights' Hall which he built is known as the Parliament House.

The small fortress was thus enlarged by the addition of the Knights' Hall and the Chapel and perhaps also the Gate-tower which Hunyadi built; the rest of the land belonging to the castle was merely a courtyard surrounded by bastioned walls. The buildings previous to Hunyadi's time can be traced in the old walls, and it can be seen that, for example, the outer wall of the old fortress falls under the pillars of the Knights' Hall, and that the so-called Mace-tower was originally square, its present round form having been given it in Hunyadi's time.

At Hunyadi's death in 1456 the castle went to his widow, Elisabeth Szilágyi, who had the so-called Matthias-loggia built and decorated with wall paintings.

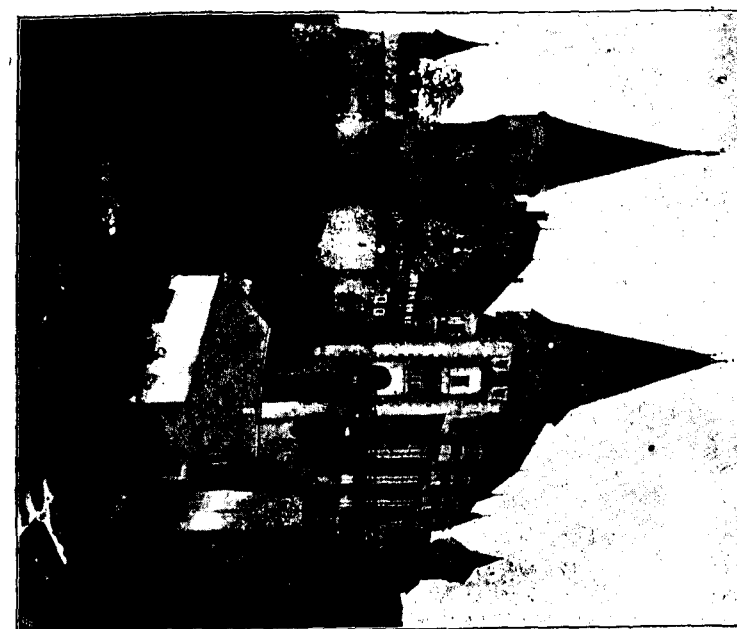
The next owner was Janos Corvin, natural son of King Matthias, who was made Count of Hunyad in 1481, and who built the bastion between the Gate-tower and the Mace-tower. Seeing that there is a balcony on the Gate-tower looking towards the tower built by Corvin, the view from which is blocked out by the latter, we may conclude that the Gate-tower is the work of an earlier builder, probably Hunyadi.

After Corvin's death the fortress went to his widow, and at her death to her second husband, George, Duke of Brandenburg, and at last in 1526 to the Torok family, in whose possession it remained until 1618; the two last mentioned owners, however, made hardly any changes in the building.

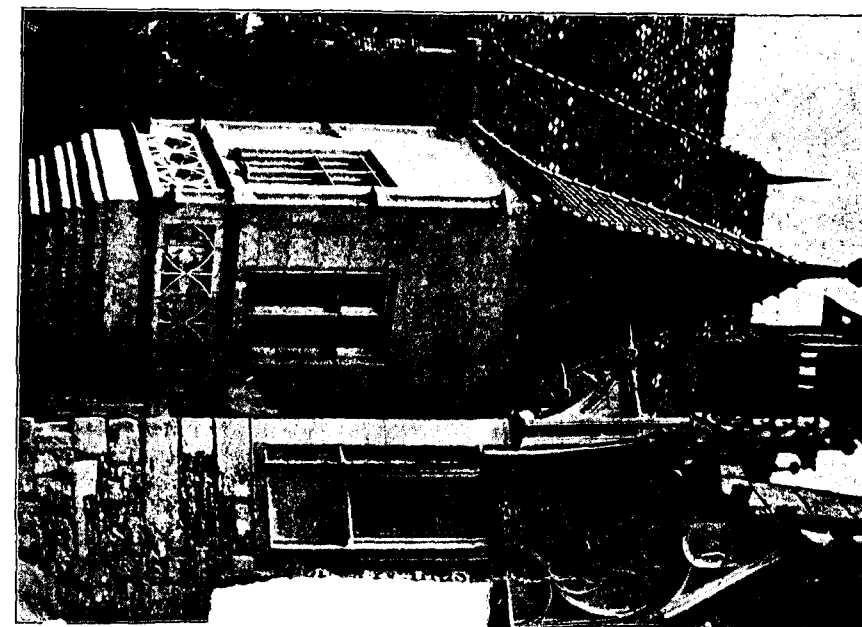
From 1618 to 1624, Gabriel Bethlen, Prince of Transylvania, was lord of the castle, and during this time the wing parallel with the Knights' Hall was built, and the Knights' Hall and the Chapel were renovated. The new building extended from the Chapel to the bastion beyond the Lily or Yanka-tower; it included the decorated tower, the row of living rooms beyond it, the King's-tower (which was probably the barbican bastion which guarded the courtyard gateway), and lastly the old Gate-tower renovated.

The alterations in the Chapel consisted in the changing of the space above the arched roof, which was originally used for purposes of defence, into living rooms, the so-called Women's House; the roof of the Chapel being lowered so that a passage could be made from the second story of the Gold House to the new

THE GATE-TOWER.



ORIEL WINDOW.



rooms. The alterations in the Knights' Hall consisted in the dividing of the upper hall into several smaller rooms.

It was therefore in Gabriel Bethlen's time that the second important series of alterations in the castle was made, which gave the castle the form of a U, so that the courtyard was free on one side only, where it was protected by bastioned walls.

After Gabriel Bethlen's death the castle remained in the Bethlen family until 1648, when it came into the possession of the daughter of Stephen Bethlen, who had married David Zolyomi, and from whom the Zolyomi family inherited it. This is the third era in the architecture of the castle, as at this time the wing was built which closed in the courtyard, the so-called King's House, reaching from the King's-tower to the Kapistran-tower; and here again the number of living rooms was considerably increased.

After the Zolyomi family, George Rákóczi, Prince of Transylvania, took the castle by force, and after him first Michael Apaffy and then Imre Tököly; it is from this period (1681) that the very interesting inventory dates which was compiled by John Bajomi, and which as we go from room to room calls our attention not only to the furniture, but also to the chief points of interest in the architecture.

The last private owner of the castle was Kata Apaffy, and in 1724 it devolved on the State, in whose possession it has been ever since. Until its restoration, it was used as offices of the Treasury. In 1854 it became a prey to the flames, which devoured the whole of the roof and did great damage to the walls. In 1867, Louis Aranyi, in a profusely illustrated book, called the

attention of society and the government to the sad condition of this national monument, and as a consequence the restoration of the castle was decided on, with the idea of presenting it to the Crown Prince Rudolf as a hunting lodge. The work of restoration was begun in 1868 under Francis Schultz, and he discovered the walled-in pillars in the upper hall and the stones of the vaulted roof which had fallen in, so that the restoration to its original form presented no difficulties.

In 1870, the restoration was continued under the guidance of Imre Steindl, and the Bethlen wing lost much of its original form. The finishing of the work was undertaken by Joseph Piatsek, and afterwards by Count Kun-Héderváry, while at the present time Stephen Möller, architect to the Committee for the preservation of National Monuments, is superintending the work of restoration, and is also making studies of the different aspects of the building at different periods.

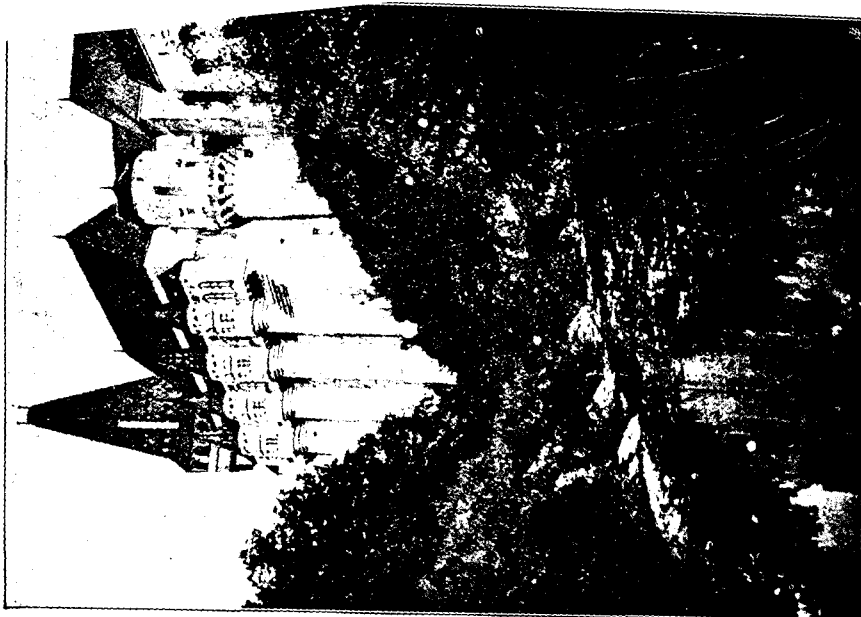
The Bethlen and Zolyomi wings are in Renaissance style, the older parts in Gothic; the restoration is carried out mostly in the latter style. The most beautiful and at the same time the most interesting part of the castle is the Parliament House, or Knights' Hall built by Hunyadi.

The road to the inner part of the castle leads over the bridge which crosses the Zelesa brook, between the two magnificently balconied gate towers; to the left lies the most ancient part of the fortress, the Golden House, where it is said King Matthias lodged, with the Matthias loggia built by Elisabeth Szilagyi. On the walls of this loggia a very interesting fresco was found, the restoration of which was entrusted to the painter Székely. The outlines of the Golden House are

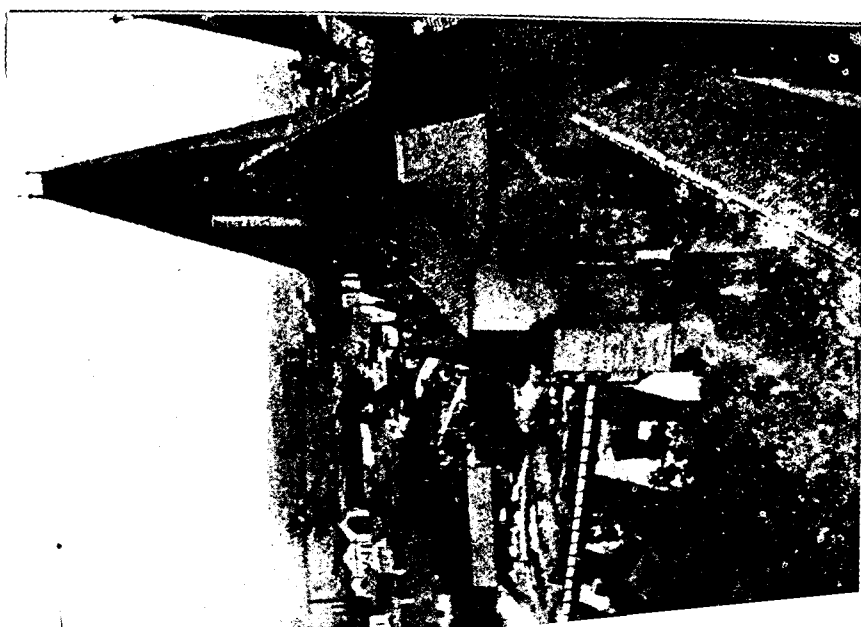


INTERIOR OF KNIGHTS' HALL.





THE KNIGHTS' HALL.



THE KNIGHTS' HALL AND GATE-TOWER

built according to the rules of mediæval fortress architecture, and the Mace-tower, formerly square, but now round in form, also originally followed those lines. Beside the Golden House, Hunyadi János built the Chapel in 1442—1446, the sharply cornered apse of which follows the lines of the fortress; it was also used for purposes of defence, as is shown by the loopholes in the upper part, which remained until Gabriel Bethlen altered it. On the right of the Gate-tower stands the Parliament House, with its two-storied and pillared halls, built by Hunyadi.

The hall on the ground-floor is of noble proportions, its arched roof resting on five octagonal red marble pillars; here Hunyadi János, during the time of his governorship, held his councils, so that at that time the castle of Vajda Hunyad was in truth a parliament.

The upper hall has a Gothic vaulted roof, also with five pillars. On the north side of this hall there is a row of beautifully carved, closed-in balconies, which form nine small rooms. Of these rooms four are built over the outside supporting pillars of the lower hall, with alternately semi-circular and semi-octagonal terminations, the others, which constitute the narrower and connecting portions, rest on projecting stone supports; the latter have cross-vaulted, and the former star-vaulted, ceilings. This suite of rooms formed the dwelling of the Governor, and it is probable that the great hall behind them was also divided by heavy curtains into several compartments. The walls of this hall were originally decorated with paintings in Renaissance style, of heads in round frames.

This beautiful row of balconies had its origin in the mediæval modes of defence. In the early Middle

Ages, before the use of cannon and fire-arms, the defenders of the castle had to protect themselves against a rain of arrows, against battering-rams, fire-brands, etc. They were protected from the arrows of the besiegers by the battlements, and the inflammable parts of the fortress were protected with fresh hides. It was found however that arrows shot from the upper loopholes did not reach those of the besiegers who succeeded in getting close to the walls, and to remedy this the so-called machicolation was invented, which consisted of passages and balconies, built out from the walls and provided with holes in the floors. In this way the foot of the wall could also be defended—that is for a time—until the invention of the tortoise, a little house on wheels, under cover of which the besiegers could come close up to the walls. By means of the tortoise the besiegers were enabled to fill up the moat, so that the wooden towers, from which the enemy could reach the top of the castle wall, could be rolled up close to the walls. At Vajda Hunyad the narrower balconies, which rest on stone supports, are the remains of the machicolation, but are no longer meant as a means of defence, as since the invention of fire-arms the science of siege and defence has totally changed.

The origin of the balconies already mentioned may also be traced to a mediæval means of defence. It was remarked that the defenders had, through the loopholes, but a small field of vision, and that only straight in front of them, while if they showed themselves on the walls, they became a mark for the arrows of the besiegers. To remedy this they built, especially near the gateways, balconies on the embrasured walls; these are called in French, *échaugettes*, which in mediæval French

signified a spy, or watch. These balconies built on the bastioned walls were therefore originally a protection for the sentinels; later on their decorative properties were recognised, and they were built simply as a decoration, without reference to their original use. These modifications are often found in the developments of architecture.

Beside the Knights' Hall stands the wing built by Kata Zolyomi, on the inner side the King's-tower and the King's-loggia, and on the outer side the Kapistrán-tower; beyond this a covered corridor supported on pillars and arches, and provided with loopholes, meets the fortress wall and is connected with it by a drawbridge. This corridor is also connected with the Nye-bojsza-(Fear-not) tower, which lies outside, and is separate from the fortress; it consists of four stories, the rooms of which could be used as a last refuge for the inhabitants of the fortress in time of danger. It is interesting to note that the remains of the original mechanism of the drawbridge show that the bridge could be raised either on the castle side, or on the tower side, its builders evidently intending to be ready for all emergencies.

The traces of several other watch-towers were found outside the castle, on the side of the Nye-bojsza-tower towards the Peter Hill, on the top of which was found the most distant, situated in such a position as to command the country for some distance.

The wing built by Kata Zolyomi ends in a round bastioned tower, the Lily or Janka-tower. The inner corner of this wing joins the wall of an older, second Gate-tower, and it was here that the second gateway to the courtyard stood, which served as an entrance for farm carts, etc. The remains of the pillars of the

bridge which led to this gateway are still traceable, and it seems as if the King's-tower, which stands before it, was originally the bastion defending this gateway, like the French barbican towers. Over this Gate-tower were the soldiers' dormitories and beside it the great kitchen.

The Bethlen wing has now a row of rooms, according to Steindl's plans, which were to have served as living rooms for the Crown Prince Rudolf. The loggia overlooking the courtyard is also new, and designed by Steindl; it was not originally there. At the end of this row of rooms is the round decorated tower; beyond that towards the Chapel, a little outside courtyard, in which is an old walled well with a Turkish inscription, and it is probable that the Turkish prisoners brought the water necessary for the castle from this well.

On the south and south-east sides of the castle may be seen several lines of earthworks, as well as on the west side, so that the opinion of some historians, that Vajda Hunyad was one of the so-called pleasure castles, is not tenable, as it was well fortified and supplied with every means of defence, well-defined traces of which are, it is true, somewhat hidden by the subsequent enlargements, but may yet be followed clearly and with sureness.

The castle is rich in architectural ornament; the row of bays on the Knights' Hall with their beautiful Gothic window frames (mullions), and the oriels on the Gate-tower and on the south side of the Golden House, give a richness and variety to the late Gothic style of the buildings.

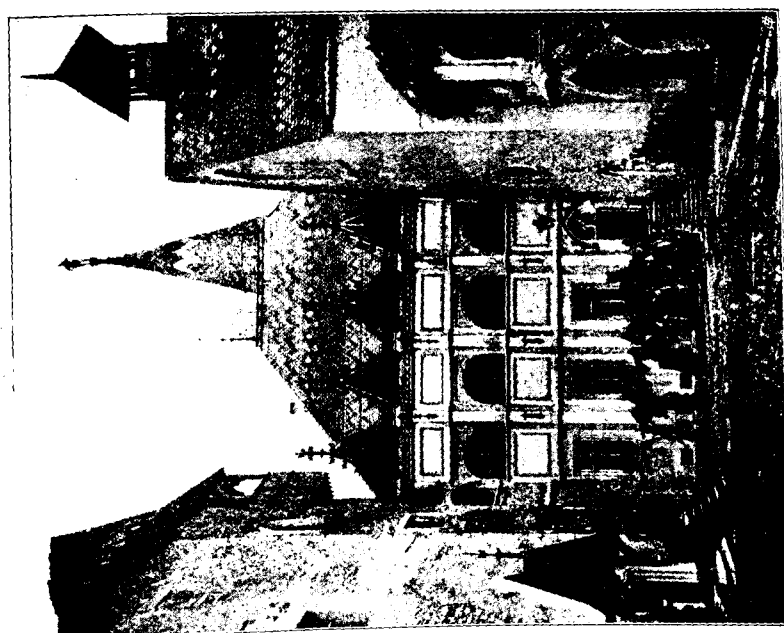
The castle courtyard too is most picturesque, with its three loggias, in marked contrast to the heavier and more serious exterior of the Knights' Hall and the



INNER COURT



THE CHAPEL.  
and  
it,  
like  
ver  
eat



THE GOLDEN HOUSE.

Chapel. Especially beautiful are the stairway doors of the Golden House, the Chapel and the Knights' Hall, above the last of which may be seen the arms of Hunyadi enlarged, the so-called Count of Besztereze arms, which had been presented to him with much pomp and ceremony by Ladislaus V.<sup>1</sup>

The treatment of the border leaves of this door reminds one especially of the patterns at Amiens; the rest of the details are also rather French than German, and it would seem that the influence of the Viennese "Bauhütte" was no more prevalent in Hungary than in Bohemia, where too the influence of French architects may be observed.

From the times of Bethlen and Zolyomi Kata there are also interesting remains in Renaissance style. In Italy this style was noticeable already at the beginning of the XVth century; in all other countries, with the exception of Hungary, it appeared much later, so that in France we find the first traces of it in the Chateau of Chenonceau in 1515; in England, in Henry VIII's Chapel at Westminster in 1519; and, on German territory, in the Hradzsin at Prague in 1534, whilst in Hungary traces of it are to be found in the architecture of King Matthias' palace in Buda, as early as 1467—the beauties of the Renaissance style which Bonfini cannot praise highly enough. To what heights might not Hungarian art have soared, had it not been for the Osman oppression and the neglect of Europe in the face of that menacing danger.

The art of painting was not left out either in the decoration of the old castles; on the outside wall

<sup>1</sup> Pope Michael V offered Hunyadi the title of Prince, as a mark of distinction, but the latter did not use it.

of the Decorated tower, of the Kapistran and Mace towers, there are remains of coloured decorations, tessellations, painted embrasures and painted balconies. Inside, on the walls of the long vestibule is the great siege painting, which puts one in mind of the Wartburg tapestry, and represents the besieged and the besiegers hurling bombs of flowers, and tilting at each other with lances, the ends of which are tipped with blossoms. On the walls of King Matthias' loggia there is a series of figures, surrounded by hunting scenes and ornaments.

The castle of Vajda Hunyad is one of Hungary's greatest historical monuments, not only from an artistic point of view, but also because of its important historical associations with that brilliant leader of men Hunyadi János, his companion in arms John Kapistran; with Elisabeth Szilágyi and her renowned son King Matthias; with Valentine Pörök, the heroic mayor of Buda, and Sebastien Tinódy, the sweet-voiced minstrel, who lived there in the service of his lord.

And, just as the most brilliant parts of the castle are the work of Hunyadi, so his name shines out in the list of those powerful men, whose chivalrous deeds are mentioned with wonder by Pope Clement XIII, in the decree in which he gives the title of "apostolic" to the King of Hungary.

## "RIGHT OF WAY"

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Probably there are few, if any, of the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST who will not feel regret at the decision arrived at by our President in 'The Watch-Tower' of the September number, as they realise—possibly for the first time—that should the new restriction be adhered to, the life of the paper would be gone, and with it, the chief pleasure of many in its perusal.

That this will seriously affect its circulation may not concern us, but the fact that its readers will be deprived of the personal touch with the President which means so much, is not to be lightly accepted. Most readers undoubtedly devour these pages first and eagerly, finding their chief interest therein. The rest of the journal may or may not be read, according to leisure, subject, and writer, but the news of the President's doings and her remarks on passing events make the fascination of the paper, and the reason why we must see it every month.

Graciously and intimately has our President "chatted" with us every month, allowing the thousands who have never seen her, as well as the thousands who long to see more of her, to follow her doings, and, still more kindly, to glimpse her point of view on some of the subjects of the day, through those first pages which though so easily written give hints and suggestions according to our power of receptiveness, and above all link us strongly in thought with our Leader.

It is as if a "right-of-way" through our President's heart were threatened; and we would seek to pull down the barrier rail by Mr. Kirby and Mr. Van Manen, and ask again that which was so freely granted. To be silent now will be to allow the

reservation, while to object to be made to suffer for the temporary indisposition of our two critics may have the double result of giving expression to our grateful appreciation of the President's kindness to us, and to keep open this right-of-way which we value too highly to lightly see it closed.

The two who have brought about the danger are either resident in, or closely in touch with Adyar, so that not on them will the punishment fall, but on the thousands of distant members.

One who sees further than his fellows must inevitably lack their sympathetic understanding, though he may compel their trust. He is working for a future which might even be conceivably undesirable at the present, for the Pioneer has ever his eyes on the distant. We feel sure that our President understands that we grow breathless sometimes and that few, if any, can quite keep up with the terrific pace now set. We therefore confidently ask her to restore to us our Right-of-Way.

M. ROCKE

[I shall continue to "chat" in as friendly a fashion as before; it is only the question of touching on questions on which international differences of opinion arise.—ED.]

## REVIEWS

*The Secret Doctrine of Israel: A Study of the Zohar and Its Connections*, by Arthur Edward Waite. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d.)

The author gives us in this book a critical study of the *Zohar* as a whole. The *Sepher Ha Zohar*, or the Book of Splendour, was translated for the first time into a European language (French) by Jean de Pauly in 1906-1911. The *Zohar* forms the basis of the *Kabala*. The later Kabalists, Isaac de Loria, Abraham Cohen Iria, etc., added mainly their personal musings to that great text. The *Zohar* is supposed to be an account of discourses between Rabbi Simeon Ben Jochai and other masters of the mystic understanding of the Law and the Prophets, of whom he was leader and chief. Rabbi Simeon belongs by tradition to the first century of the Christian era or the period of the destruction of Jerusalem by Vespasian, A. D. 70. Embedded in the *Zohar* we find various texts and extracts or fragments of texts, which have little or no relation to that which precedes and comes after. They form parts of a lost work, which is thus partly preserved, and called *Sepher Ha Bahir*, Book of Brightness. Some scholars believe that the text major was invented at the end of the 13th century by Moses de Leon. In *The Doctrine and Literature of the Kabbalah* the author gives full consideration to the questions of date and authority in respect of the *Zohar*. The present study approaches the whole question of the Zoharic tradition from another point of view. It is a work of critical analysis and collation for the exposition of Zoharic doctrine with the specific purpose of proving that behind its teaching there lies a single radical and essential thesis which is spoken of in general terms as "The Mystery of Faith". *The Secret Doctrine in Israel* is part of a long series undertaken by the author with one object in view, namely the demonstration of a great experiment, which has been always in the world, but has assumed particular forms during the Christian centuries—the literature of the Holy Grail, the texts of Hermetic Art, the pageant of the Rosy Cross, the symbolism and ceremonies of Masonry.

The *Zohar* does not represent an ordered system, it is a medley. It represents not only the conflicting views developed in the course of a symposium, and the occasional harmonies established between them as the discussion draws to its term, but at different stages of the text many irreconcilable points emerge into prominence; and it cannot be said that the Sons of the Doctrine are left at the close of all in exact unanimity with themselves, much less with one another. The work is a development of secret doctrine, but the root-matter of that doctrine is presumed to be familiar throughout to the interlocutors. They are talking among themselves as initiated therein, and not for the elucidation of the subject before an assembly unversed therein. While the Secret Doctrine may therefore be found in the *Zohar*, it is so accidentally rather than systematically. The teaching of Zoharic Kabalism upon a given doctrinal matter can only be ascertained by the collation of every reference thereto, occurring throughout the texts.

We are therefore extremely thankful to the author for the minute care with which he has performed the task he has set before him, and for the clear exposition of the Secret Doctrine of Israel he gives us in this book. For students of the Secret Doctrine, the *Zohar* is a storehouse of secret teaching which casts new light upon other forms of secret traditions in earlier and more recent writings. The *Zohar* is one of the great books of the world, one which stands alone, is comparable to nothing save itself. But as it contains in the French translation about 1,250,000 words, distributed through six volumes, for the ordinary reader it is frankly unreadable, vexatious and irritating to the last degree. The writer gives us here an account of its essence on the great subjects of its concern—things which a careful collation has lifted out of the mass of material. In the 324 pages of his book he explains the Kabalistic view of Cosmology, the Myth of Earthly Paradise, the Fall of Man, the Soul, the Resurrection, the Occult Sciences, Later Kabalism, Christian Kabalism. One and all they give us a clear and precise exposition of Jewish Theosophy.

M. C. V. G.

*Spirit Psychometry*, through a Welshwoman and Dr. T. D'Aute-Hooper. (William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book, presumably written down by a certain Mr. Jaybee, a *nom de guerre*, gives the accounts of the psychometrising of various articles, chiefly by the Welshwoman—who does not psychometrise in the ordinary way of mind pictures conjured up by the articles in question, but receives the impressions from spirits. This points at once to there being two methods of producing this phenomenon.

The first two accounts—one of a piece of crock, the other of a pre-glacial “flint-core”—are interesting, especially the latter, as the complete ignorance of the psychometer precludes the idea that she can merely be recalling vague and fragmentary bits of early lessons in geology. This cannot be said of Dr. T. D'Aute-Hooper who also psychometrises this same “flint-core,” but who disclaims any previous knowledge of geology! Surely no one who is a “Doctor” can have *no* knowledge of geology, however rudimentary.

The later visions under trance conditions seem to us to be futile and uninteresting, like the majority of spirit communications; there is nothing of real value; they do not add one iota to our knowledge. Apparently spirits who have time for this sort of “control” work are of the illiterate class, who, finding themselves on the astral plane fully conscious, are tremendously anxious to communicate with those still on the physical, and so take every opportunity of doing so afforded by such mediums. They have nothing of value or interest to tell; we cannot see why their trivial sayings should be recorded in book form merely because they have lost their physical bodies.

In so far as the book points out several cases of impressions received from spirits which were obviously false, the articles psychometrised being imitations, it adds a useful signpost of danger to the traveller along these roads. But no doubt the volume will find space on the spiritualist's library shelf, and it may help in proving to the materialist that there is something beyond what he can see and touch. The book is clearly written, in good type, and there are several interesting illustrations.

G. J.

*The Cult of the Passing Moment*, by Arthur Chandler, Bishop of Bloomfontein. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book is a very clear statement of "a theory of the spiritual life". The author, in the first four chapters, affirms his belief that an essential characteristic of the spiritual life is communion of the whole personality with God, each moment waiting upon Him for guidance and inspiration, "instead of solidifying and stereotyping such messages as we think we have received from Him in the past". To obtain this attitude moral and spiritual self-discipline must be practised, "which must not only accompany but interpenetrate belief". The fifth chapter 'Christianity as a Mystery Cult,' is one of the most interesting in the book, dealing with the Christian sacramental system as a means of bringing the soul into this living actual contact with God. The Bishop here traces the almost universal instinct for sacramental worship, approaching God through rites and ceremonies. From the earliest stages of primitive man and his vague and often terrifying religion, through the Greek and Oriental Mysteries, he shows how sacraments in various forms have been the vehicles of divine life, channels of supernatural grace, leading up to the great Sacraments of the Christian Church.

The author, of course, writes from the more or less orthodox Christian standpoint, but in his book urges with such plainness and with such a broadminded clearness of vision his point of view, that it can be studied with profit by one of any religion.

M. D. G.

*The Unfolding of Personality as the Chief Aim in Education*, by H. Thiselton Mark, M. A., B.Sc. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 1s.)

There is in each child of man a certain primary nucleus, a something "given," an "I" that is presupposed in all experience, even the most elementary, which constitutes his "personality". That this should develop, unfold, by a process analogous to the process of growth, and come to perfection is the aim of education. What are the characteristics of this

primary nucleus, what the possibilities enfolded within it, what the methods by which it may be quickened and brought to perfection, these questions it is the author's purpose to answer in this book.

In the first two chapters he analyses this original nucleus of personality, and discusses the possibility of reconciling changes in it with self-identity. With chapter III begins the more strictly practical psychology and suggestions for the application of the results of psychological study to teaching. The subject is divided into two parts: Man's instructive tendencies, and the mental process. The balance is wonderfully well kept between the philosophical and everyday practical interest. The value of the book for students is very much increased by the "suggestions and illustrations" with which each chapter closes. Here the author gives in concise paragraphs important points in connection with the subject under consideration, referring the reader at the same time to useful passages in the works of other writers of authority. There is a somewhat detailed reference to self-determination, as one of the distinctive forms of the activity that belongs to the developing personality. The book ends with a chapter on the intuitional and supra-rational elements in experience.

A. de L.

*The Peoples Books.*<sup>1</sup> (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

*Tolstoy*, by L. Winstanley, M.A.

This brief sketch of the life, writings and contemporaries of Leo Tolstoy should be read by all who are not already familiar with his life and works. The book is well and sympathetically written, the first few chapters being concerned with an account of Tolstoy's life, and going on to a survey of his writings and books, his ideals and opinions, and ending with a summing up of the great and growing influence of Tolstoy in Europe. The author, while not blind to the limitations of the great man, realises his colossal power, and recognises in him one of the most powerful forces in favour of social reform and justice in Europe.

M. D. G.

<sup>1</sup> This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

*The Industrial Revolution*, by Arthur Jones, M.A.

The above title given by the writer is evidently a mistake, for the book hardly mentions industrial matters. What mention there is, gives one the impression that economic and industrial changes followed on political and parliamentary changes, whereas the reverse is the case. It is, however, a remarkably clear and concise description of the important political and parliamentary revolutions that took place from 1688 till 1832.

*Land Industry and Taxation*, by Frederick Verinder.

It is improbable that any fair-minded person would object to the land being taxed on its valuation instead of on its improvements, whether in the direction of building, or skilled cultivation. And if, as Mr. Verinder asserts, the financial result would warrant the abolition of the iniquitous "breakfast table duties"—may the reform come soon!

H.R.G.

*Greek Literature*, by H. J. W. Tillyard.

The writer has truly said that "the study of Greek literature is a proper element in a liberal education". Nowadays it is possible to get such magnificent translations of the Greek masterpieces that the study of its ancient literature is practically within the reach of all. Of course no translation ever can come up to the original—but the thoughts of the poets and sages of Greece may yet be transcribed into a "barbarous" tongue. Mr. Tillyard starts of course with "Homer and the Epic"; he then treats of elegiac and iambic poetry, giving short sketches of the chief writers. Tragedy and Comedy next engage his attention, and consideration is given to the plays of the three great tragedians. It is here we begin to feel keenly the inadequacy of a small book on Greek Literature. All we can say is that Mr. Tillyard has performed his task as well as it could have been performed, and has infused his book to a certain extent with the spirit of the country with whose literature he deals.

T. L. C.

VOL. XXXVI

No. 2

# THE THEOSOPHIST

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ALL the world over is the tumult of War; the lurid light of devastated homes blazes out from the burning towns of Belgium; the relics of past ages in Louvain and Rheims and Dinant have been hammered into pieces by the new hammer of Thor; hundreds of thousands of men, killed or wounded, strew the fields that should have been yellowing for the sickle; all the fair peaceful industries of common life are whelmed in one red ruin.

\* \* \*

And for what is all this pain, this agony of wrenched muscles and shattered limbs, this blasting of bright young lives, this destruction of glowing hopes? In the pictures of the killed that appear in the illustrated papers, there are so many faces glad with the sunshine of life, bright faces of young manhood, dawning into virility, faces that mothers must have loved so dearly, must have kissed so passionately as they sent them forth. As one looks at them, one sees them trampled into crimson mud, shattered by bursting shell, riven by cut of sabre, and is glad that the earth should hide the horror of what was once so fair. Clear eyes, looking

out so brightly upon joyous life, that have gazed unflinchingly into the eyes of death. Lips, still showing the gracious curves of youth, that hardened in the battle-crash, to relax again only in the peace of death.

\* \* \*

And all for what? For what the broken hearts in all the homes in which these gallant lads were light and joy? For what the anguish of the widows of these other men, beyond the first flush of youth, who left behind them their life's treasure, with the children who shall watch for their fathers' coming, useless watching, for homeward he will never come again? For what the myriads of darkened homes, whose breadwinners, husbands and sons, fathers and lovers, find no record in the pictured pages, though dear to the hearts that love them as are the noble and the wealthy who thereon have their place? For what the world's great anguish, mourning over her slaughtered sons? For what?

\* \* \*

There have been wars begun for transient objects, for the conquest of a piece of land, for the weakening of a rival, for the gaining of added power, begun because of ambition, of greed, of jealousy, of insult. In such wars, lives are flung away for trifles, though the men who suffer in them or who die, win out of their own anguish added strength and beauty of character, full reward for the pain endured; for they return with the spoils of victory into new avenues of ascending life, and with them it is very well. Such wars are evil in their origin, however much the divine alchemy may transmute the base into fine gold.

\* \* \*

But this War is none of these. In this War mighty Principles are battling for the Mastery. Ideas are locked in deadly combat. The direction of the march of our present civilisation, upwards or downwards, depends on the issue of the struggle. Two Ideals of World-Empire are balanced on the scales of the future. That is what raises this War above all others known in the brief history of the West; it is the latest of the pivots on which, in successive ages, the immediate future of the world has turned. To die, battling for the Right, is the gladdest fate that can befall the youth in the joy of his dawning manhood, the man in the pride of his strength, the elder in the wisdom of his maturity, aye, and the aged in the rich splendour of his whitened head. To be wounded in this War is to be enrolled in the ranks of Humanity's Warriors, to have felt the stroke of the sacrificial knife, to bear in the mortal body the glorious scars of an immortal struggle.

\* \* \*

Of the two possible World-Empires, that of Great Britain and that of Germany, one is already far advanced in the making and shows its quality, with Dominions and Colonies, with India at its side. The other is but in embryo, but can be judged by its theories, with the small examples available as to the fashion of their outworking in the few Colonies that it is founding, the outlining of the unborn embryo.

\* \* \*

The first embodies—though as yet but partially realised—the Ideal of Freedom; of ever-increasing Self-Government; of Peoples rising into power and self-development along their own lines; of a Supreme Government “broad-based upon the People's Will”; of

fair and just treatment of undeveloped races, aiding not enslaving them; it embodies the embryo of the splendid Democracy of the Future; of the New Civilisation, co-operative, peaceful, progressive, artistic, just, and free—a Brotherhood of Nations, whether the Nations be inside or outside the World-Empire. This is the Ideal; and that Great Britain has set her feet in the path which leads to it is proved, not only by her past interior history with its struggles towards Liberty, but also by her granting of autonomy to her Colonies, her formation of the beginnings of Self-Government in India, her constantly improving attitude towards the undeveloped races—as in using the Salvation Army to civilise the criminal tribes in India—all promising advances towards the Ideal. Moreover, she has ever sheltered the oppressed exiles, flying to her shores for refuge against their tyrants—the names of Kossuth, Mazzini, Kropotkin, shine out gloriously as witnesses in her favour; she has fought against the slave-trade and wellnigh abolished it. And at the present moment she is fighting in defence of keeping faith with those too small to exact it; in defence of Treaty obligations and the sanctity of a Nation's pledged word; in defence of National Honour, of Justice to the weak, of that Law, obedience to which by the strong States is the only guarantee of future Peace, the only safeguard of Society against the tyranny of brute Strength. For all this England is fighting, when she might have stood aside, selfish and at ease, watching her neighbours tearing each other into pieces, waiting until their exhaustion made it possible for her to impose her will. Instead of thus remaining, she has sprung forward, knight-errant of Liberty, servant of Duty. With possible danger of Civil War behind her, with

supposed possible revolt in South Africa and India, with shameful bribes offered for her standing aside, she spurned all lower reasonings, and, springing to her feet, sent out a lion's roar of defiance to the breakers of treaties, uttered a ringing shout for help to her peoples, flung her little army to the front—a veritable David against Goliath—to gain time, time, that the hosts might gather, to hold the enemy back at all costs, let die who might of her children; called for men to her standard, men from the nobles, from the professions, from the trades, men from the plough, from the forge, from the mine, from the furnace; and this not for gain—she has naught to gain from the War—but because she loved Liberty, Honour, Justice, Law, better than life or treasure, that she counted glorious Death a thousandfold more desirable than shameful existence bought by cowardly ease. For this, the Nations bless her; for this, her dying Sons adore her; for this, History shall applaud her; for this, shall the World-Empire be hers with the consent of all Free Peoples, and she shall be the Protector, not the Tyrant, of Humanity.

\*\*

The second claimant of World-Empire embodies the Ideal of Autocracy founded on Force. The candidate proclaims himself the War-Lord, and in his realm no Master save himself; he declares to his army, as he flings his sword into the scales of War:

Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, on me, as German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His Vicegerent. Woe to the disobedient. Death to cowards and unbelievers.

The thinkers, the teachers of his people, have formulated the theory of the World-Empire; it recognises no law in dealing with States save that of Strength,

190993  
Qm m2, m80  
36.1

no arbitrament save War. Its own self-interest is declared to be its only motive; its morality is based on the increase of the Power of its Empire; the weak have no rights; the conquered nations must be "left only eyes to weep with"; woe to the conquered! woe to the weak! woe to the helpless! all religions save the Religion of Force are superstitious, their morality is outgrown. Murder, robbery, arson—all are permissible, nay, praiseworthy, in invading hosts. Mercy is contemptible. Chivalry is an anachronism. Compassion is feebleness. Art and Literature have no sanctity. The women, the children, the aged—they are all weak; why should not strong men use them as they will? All undeveloped races are the prey of the "civilised". And we are not left without signs of the application of the theory. Herr Schlettwein instructs the German Reichstag on the "principles of colonisation":

The Hereros must be compelled to work, and to work without compensation and in return for their food only. Forced labour for years is only a just punishment, and at the same time it is the best method of training them. The feelings of Christianity and philanthropy, with which the missionaries work, must for the present be repudiated with all energy.

General von Trotha, tired even of enslaving them, proclaims:

The Herero people must now leave the land. If it refuses I shall compel it with the gun. Within the German frontier every Herero, with or without weapon, with or without cattle, will be shot. I shall take charge of no more women and children, but shall drive them back to their people or let them be shot at.

The proclamation was carried out; thousands were shot; thousands were "driven into a waterless desert, where they perished of hunger and thirst". On this sample, we refuse the goods offered. Moreover,

we have seen the Empire at work, carrying out in Belgium its theories of murder, rape, and loot. The "chosen people of the [German] God" stink in the nostrils of Europe. This embryo-Empire of the bottomless Pit, conceived of Hatred and shaped in the womb of Ambition, must never come to the birth. It is the New Barbarism; it is the antithesis of all that is noble, compassionate, and humane. Humanity knows the ways of Goths, Vandals and Huns, the Berserker rage of the Vikings; it refuses to bow down before the Idol of Force, the Negation of Law, of Freedom, of Justice and of Peace. They that make the sword the arbitrament shall perish by the sword. The War Germany has provoked, as her road to Empire, shall crush her Militarism, free her people, and usher in the reign of Peace.

\* \* \*

Because these things are so, because the fate of the next Age of the World turns on the choice made now by the Nations, I call on all who are pledged to Universal Brotherhood, all Theosophists the world over, to stand for Right against Might, Law against Force, Freedom against Slavery, Brotherhood against Tyranny.

\* \* \*

Very good work is being done in England by our members. We may note, especially, the starting of a workroom for women, by Mrs. Charles Kerr; Dr. Haden Guest's organisation of an ambulance with a number of Theosophical nurses and bearers; Miss Grey's Employment Bureau for Women affected by the War, which has now expanded into the Mayoress' of Southampton's Committee under the Queen's Work for

Women Fund, which has the following remarkable composition :

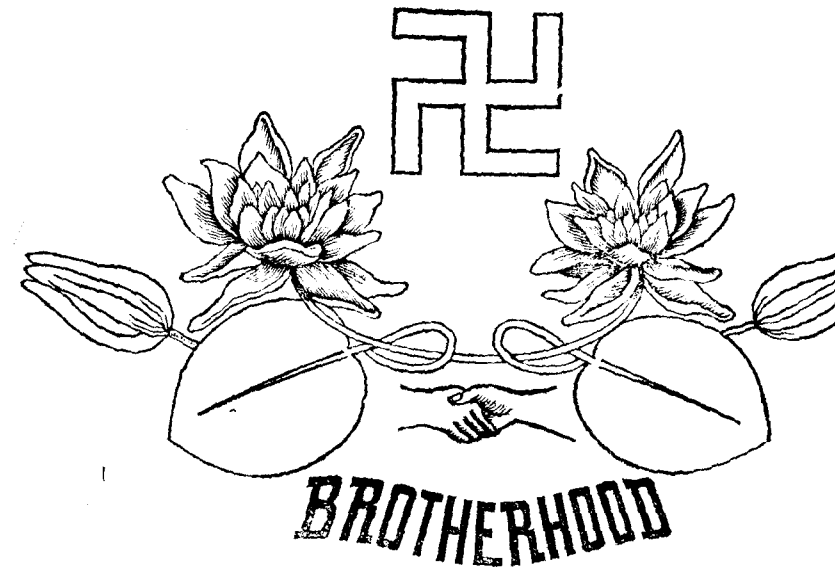
*Chairman* : President of the local Theosophical Lodge.

*Hon. Sec.* : Lecturer, Higher Thought Centre.

*Hon. Treas.* : Church of England, Parish worker. Rest of Members from the following organisations :

|               |     |                                           |       |
|---------------|-----|-------------------------------------------|-------|
| Economic ...  | ... | Board of Guardians                        | [tion |
|               |     | Trade's Council                           |       |
|               |     | Labour Bureau                             |       |
|               |     | Women's Co-op. Guild                      |       |
|               |     | Charity Organisation                      |       |
|               |     | Watch Committee                           |       |
| Religious ... | ... | Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Associa- | tion  |
|               |     | Church of England (Clergy)                |       |
|               |     | Roman Catholic                            |       |
|               |     | Free Churches                             |       |
|               |     | Salvation Army                            |       |
| Political ... | ... | United Temperance Councils                | tion  |
|               |     | Conservative                              |       |
|               |     | Liberal Unionist                          |       |
|               |     | Independent Labour Party                  |       |
|               |     | Women's Suffrage Societies                | tion  |

Miss Bothwell Gosse is appointed Medical Officer, with a Red Cross Detachment, to a large district lying north of Plymouth.



### THE BUDDHA'S DAILY LIFE<sup>1</sup>

By F. L. WOODWARD, M. A.

Ah ! When the Lord of the World went forth to beg,  
 The gentle winds made smooth the ways before Him,  
 The clouds poured down their waters on the dust  
 And from the sun's hot rays protected Him.  
 The breezes wafted flowers to His path,  
 Raised were the ruts and hollows of the road,  
 Smoothed the rough places, and where'er the Lord  
 Trod, even was the ground and soft ; thereon  
 Sprang lotus-flowers to receive His feet.  
 No sooner had He reached the city-gates  
 Than all the six-rayed brilliance<sup>2</sup> of His form  
 Raced here and there o'er palaces and shrines  
 And decked them as with yellow sheen of gold  
 Or with a painter's colours. Then the beasts,

<sup>1</sup> Being a literal and metrical version of Buddhaghosa's *Sumangala-Vitasini*, (I.45) or Commentary on the Digha Nikāya of Sutta Pitaka.

<sup>2</sup> The *Buddha-Vanna*—or Buddha-aura—whose colours are *nila*, *pīta*, *lohita*, *manjettho*, *pabhassaro*, blue, yellow, crimson, white, orange, radiant.

Birds, elephants and horses, one and all,  
Gave forth melodious sounds, and all the folk  
Crashed loud the 'drums; lutes twanged and instru-  
ments

Of divers sounds; tinkled the women's jewels:  
And by these tokens did the people know  
"The Blessed One has entered now for alms."  
So donning their best robes and finery  
And taking perfumes, flowers and offerings  
They issued from their houses to the street,  
And worshipping the Blessed One therewith  
Some said "Lord! Give us ten monks for to feed,"  
And some "Give twenty," some "Lord! Give a  
hundred!"

And then they took His bowl, prepared a seat,  
And eagerly their reverence displayed  
By placing choicest food within the bowl.

Now when the meal was done, the Blessed Lord  
With nice discrimination of their minds  
And dispositions, taught each one the Doctrine.  
Thus, some were stablished in the Refuges,  
Some in the Precepts Five, some reached the Stream.  
While others would attain the Second Path,  
And some the Path of No-Return, and some  
Became established in the Highest Fruit,  
Were Arahans and left the world. Thus showing  
Such kindness to the folk the Lord would rise;  
Back to His dwelling-place would wend His way.  
And there when He arrived He sat Him down  
On a fair Buddha-mat they spread for Him,  
And waited till the monks their meal had eaten.  
This done, the body-servant told the Lord,

And to the scented chamber He retired.  
Such were the duties of the morning meal.

These duties done, in the scented chamber sitting  
On a seat made ready, He would wash His feet.  
Then, standing on the jewelled stairs that led  
Unto the scented chamber, He would teach  
The gathering of monks and thus would say:  
"O monks! Apply yourselves with diligence!  
For rarely comes a Buddha in the world,  
And rarely beings come to birth as men;  
Rare the propitious moment and the chance  
To leave the world and hear the Doctrine true!"

Thereat some one would ask the Blessed One  
For meditation-lessons, which He gave  
Fit for each man's peculiar bent of mind.  
Then all would do obeisance and depart  
To places where they spent the night or day;  
Some to the forest, some to the foot of trees,  
Some to the hills, some to the heavens where rule  
The Four Great Kings,<sup>1</sup> or Vasivatti's heaven.<sup>2</sup>  
Then going to His room, the Blessed One  
Would lay Him down and rest there for a while,  
Mindful and conscious, on His right side lying,  
Like a lion; till, His body now refreshed,  
He rose and gazed forth over all the world.  
Then came the folk of village or of town  
Near which He might be staying, they who gave  
The morning meal, garbed in their best, and brought  
Their offerings of flowers and scents. The Lord,

<sup>1</sup> The Four Mahārājas.

<sup>2</sup> Vasivatti—a name of Māra—the Archangel of Evil—who rules the highest of the six Kāmaḍevalokas (domains of sense) along with Sakka (Indra).

His audience, thus assembled, would approach  
 In such miraculous fashion as was fit;  
 And sitting in the lecture-hall prepared  
 On the fair Buddha-mat they spread for Him,  
 He taught the Doctrine fit for time and season,  
 And seasonably bade the people go.  
 Then all would do obeisance and depart.  
 Such were the duties of the afternoon.

These things all done, He left the Buddha-seat,  
 Entering the bath-house, if He wished to bathe  
 And cool His limbs with water there prepared  
 By His body-servant, who fetched the Buddha-seat  
 And spread it in the scented room. The Lord,  
 Donning His double-tunic orange-hued  
 And binding on His girdle, threw His robe  
 O'er the right shoulder and thither went and sat  
 And stayed retired, in meditation plunged.  
 Then came the monks from this side and from that  
 And waited on the Blessed One. Some asked  
 The solving of their doubts, and some would beg  
 For meditation-lessons, others a sermon.  
 Thus answering, teaching, preaching, would the Lord  
 Spend the first night-watch, granting their desires.  
 Such were the duties of the first night-watch.

When the duties of the first night-watch were done,  
 The monks would do obeisance and depart.  
 Then came the Gods of the ten thousand worlds,  
 Seizing the chance of questioning the Lord,  
 Were it but single words of letters four.  
 He, answering those questions, passed the night.  
 Such were the duties of the middle watch.

Into three parts the last watch He divided;  
 And forasmuch as, since the morning sitting,  
 His body would be tired, He spent one part  
 In pacing up and down to ease His limbs.  
 Then going to the scented room the Lord  
 Would lay Him down and rest there for a while,  
 Mindful and conscious, on His right side lying,  
 Like a lion. But in the third He rose and sat,  
 Gazing with Buddha-eye o'er all the world,  
 To see if any man, by giving alms,  
 Keeping the Precepts, or by deeds of worth,  
 Under some former Buddha took the vow<sup>1</sup>  
 Himself to be a Saviour of the world.  
 Such were His habits of the last night-watch.

F. L. Woodward

<sup>1</sup> *Panidhana* (Bodhāya panidhim akā) the aspiration for Buddhahood, one of the ten *Parāmitas* or Perfections, by fulfilling which a man becomes a Buddha.

## HEIRS OF PROMETHEUS

AUGUST STRINDBERG

FROM CYNIC TO SEER

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

I remember Prometheus who storms at the Gods while the vulture gnaws his liver. And at last the rebel is admitted to the circle of the Olympians without making an open recantation.

THE above is a characteristically Strindbergian paraphrase of "the Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force". In *The Growth of a Soul* the same idea is elaborated, this time with a no less characteristic introduction of grim satire, bordering on cynicism :

The ancient poet is psychologically correct in representing Prometheus as having his liver gnawed by a vulture. Prometheus was the revolutionary who wished to spread mental illumination among men. Whether he did it from altruistic motives, or from the selfish one of wishing to breathe a purer mental atmosphere, may be left undecided. John was aware of a pain which resembled anxiety, and a perpetual boring toothache in the liver . . . . Was Prometheus then a liver patient who confusedly ascribed his pain to causes outside himself? Probably not! But he was certainly embittered when he saw that the world is a lunatic asylum in which the idiots go about as they like, and the few who preserve reason are watched as though dangerous to public safety.

As specimens of the type Titanic, Auguste Rodin and August Strindberg in their respective work (for the work of a man of genius represents his true individuality, the ego in manifestation) present two interestingly

antithetical variations—Rodin on the ascending, Strindberg on the descending arc. Rodin "raises the stone," thereby freeing the fiery spirit imprisoned there, whereas Strindberg's autobiographical records are so many shadows "of a soul on fire"; the body of this death was a prison to the mighty Spirit, and the conflict between genius and mortal instrument many a time dragged the man to the borderland of madness. The Song of Strindberg is a *De Profundis*, fraught with variations of cataclysmic significance. Even at the last, when the soul was above-ground, having won emergence through struggle, still the "lava" element is felt hissing below in the volcanic strata of his mind.

The most deeply individual work, that in which the mystic consciousness (*i.e.*, the suffusion of mental and spiritual) will be found in fullest working manifestation, is *A Blue Book*<sup>1</sup> which contains the essence of Strindberg's philosophy, and the most truly catholic interpretation of the spirit of his teaching; for much of his work was didactic, being concerned with the spiritualisation of ethics.

The earnestness of the man is in proportion to his greatness, following Carlyle's aphorism, that sincerity is the touchstone of genius, if it be colossal, not merely intense. We read in one of his autobiographical records :

At present I write a work called *The Island of the Dead*. In it, I describe the awakening after death, and what follows. But I hesitate, for I am frightened at the boundless misery of mere life. Lately I burned a drama; it was so sincere, that I shuddered at it. What I do not understand is this: ought one to hide the misery, and flatter men? I wish to write cheerfully and beautifully, but ought not and cannot. I conceive it as a terrible duty to be truthful, and life is indescribably hideous.

<sup>1</sup> Published 1907-8.

This phase of scorification of the sensibilities by the process of disillusion, comes to every idealist, sooner or later, and Strindberg was fundamentally an idealist, though at this period something of a cynic and more of a pessimist. He was in the grip of *Welt-Schmerz*, the traces whereof remained, though the grasp relaxed, before death; and the record of the ordeal will be found in *The Inferno*, perhaps the most poignant portrayal of mental torture revealed in literature. Parts are over the borderland of that which most psychologists would agree divides sanity from insanity. From a literary point of view its self-justification is complete, for the inferno-atmosphere is sustained throughout: it is a document of *infernal* lucidity; we feel the iron entering the soul; searing the brain; almost the writer persuades himself and the reader, that there is no hope for the over-tortured save the defeat that finds refuge in unconsciousness. It is an orgy of fiends, their cavern of revelry, Strindberg's mind. *The Inferno* is a book for students of morbid psychology, and is full of interest as a record of the truth that "all pains the immortal Spirit can endure," but it is not a book for those who suffer from timidity, nor for the hypersensitive, whose emotions overbalance intellectual interest in a document of human scorification.

What a victory for the Titan that can write after such an ordeal;

The ground must be harrowed, broken, and rolled, in order to be able to yield a crop; gold must be refined in the fire, and flax be steeped in water. The cross points upwards, downwards, sideways, to the four quarters of heaven at once; it is a completion of the compass. Suffering burns up the rubbish of the Soul. . . . Pain, unlike Pleasure, wears no mask. There are times when Sorrow seems to me to be the only truth. The secret of life is suffering.

This sentence is no hypothetical philosophy, but the utterance of one, saved indeed, but "so as by fire". Strindberg trod the way of fire, and before the end of the ordeal realised that the Lord of the Burning-ground is the Lord of earth-life. He saw, too, that delusions are dispersed, illusions broken, but that ideals are invulnerable: he is an example of the truth that extremes meet, for the mystic seer met and conquered the cynic in Strindberg. In common with many intense natures, his mind is more remarkable for depth than breadth; he could look up and down, but not all round, which is only to say that he had *les défauts de ses qualités*. He passed not only *through* Gehenna and its torments (none who read *The Inferno* can doubt that) but he passed *out* and *on*. A chastened worship of sorrow was the sacrifice of the agnostic to the seer in Strindberg. Elsewhere he says, in effect, that we escape from the tyranny of pain only by the endurance of utmost agony. Cowper, who endured torments of doubt and depression, conquered by fortitude and resignation, as Strindberg by courage and fighting with his daemonic furies, voices the same truth in a couplet of that didactic rhymed prose accepted as poetry by his compeers:

The path of Sorrow and that path alone,  
Leads to a land where Sorrow is unknown.

Among his dramatic works, the most significant, from a psychological point of view, is *The Dream Play*, wherein the lion and the lamb, if they do not precisely lie down together, execute some creditably mutual gambols. The play presents a sardonic sketch of the conditions of earth-life, as viewed from the perspective of cosmic deva-consciousness. A daughter of Indra

descends to earth via the seventh Sign, Libra. Indra (Jupiter) thus addresses her:

You have withdrawn yourself to enter soon  
The vapoury circle of the earth. For mark  
The seventh house you take. It's Libra called:  
There stands the day-star in the balanced hour  
When Fall gives equal weight to night and day.

The daughter objects to the smoke and steam, and the sultry stench that assails her as she nears our sphere, remarking with colloquial directness: "Indeed, the best of worlds is not the third." Her father replies with Olympian impartiality:

The best I cannot call it, nor the worst,  
Its name is Dust; and like them all, it rolls:  
And therefore dizzy sometimes grows the race,  
And seems to be half foolish and half mad—  
Take courage, child—a trial, that is all.

Whereupon the daughter descends, and goes through a cycle of half serious, wholly fantastic adventures; the *mise-en-scène* includes a castle that grew two yards where it was manured and put out a wing on the sunny side! A glazier, a portress, and various minor characters are concerned in the working-out of her earth experience. Finally, a "twisting" lawyer (who remarks "I twist" at varying intervals of extreme inconvenience to the "twisted") and a ghastly "pasting lady" (who spends her existence pasting strips of paper over every available aperture where air or light might enter) drive the Goddess to desperation, and she escapes from "cabbages, washing-day and paste," to Fingall's Cave, in company with a Poet, the link between heaven and earth. In the cave, she interprets the voice of the Elements to the Poet, thus:

It was we, the winds,  
Offspring of the air,  
Who learned how to grieve  
Within human breasts

Through which we passed. . . . .  
We waves, that are rocking the winds to rest—  
Green cradles. . . . Wet are we, and salt;  
Leap like flames of fire—  
Wet flames are we:  
Burning, extinguishing;  
Cleansing, replenishing;  
Bearing, engendering.  
We, we waves  
That are rocking the winds  
To rest.

But the twisting lawyer (her husband!) and the remainder of her earth-companions surround her again; this becomes insupportable, even for "a trial, that is all," and she re-ascends, her last farewell to the Poet:

Thou dreaming child of man,  
Thou singer, who alone knowest how to live!  
When from thy winged flight alove the earth  
At times thou sleepest downward to the dust  
It is to touch it only, not to stay

Farewell! To all thy fellow-men make known  
That where I go I shall forget them not;  
And in thy name their guidance shall be placed  
Before the throne—Farewell!

The play ends here, with the poetic stage direction:

The background is lit up by the burning castle, and reveals a wall of human faces, questioning, grieving, despairing. As the castle breaks into flames, the bud on the roof opens into a gigantic chrysanthemum.

*The Dream Play* is bathed in an atmosphere of mystic reality, the elements so thoroughly suffused that the unities are observed, and in the midst of all apparent incongruities, we feel that "it happened, and just like that".

*The Dance of Death* is an example of a transition-period play.<sup>1</sup> An extraordinary and appalling drama, so "realistic" in style that it is more a clear literary

<sup>1</sup> 1901.

photograph than a work of art, yet tinged with a macabre and sombre mysticism, reminiscent of the Gothic Age: these flashes are only momentary, and the recurrent note is one of acrid realism. The force (both constructive and dynamic) of *The Dance of Death* is undeniable, but as a whole it lacks the simplicity and unity that distinguish the purely tragic from the pseudo-melodramatic. The principal character says: "It looks to me as if life were a tremendous hoax played on us all." We hear the rattle of the bones, as the skeletons perform their grim acrobatics. Yet hints are not wanting that there may be a purpose in it all, that the dance itself is perchance a prelude to "more Life and fuller," not an epilogue.

There is a taint of neurosis in the conception of this play, though the structural craftsmanship is sane and sound throughout. The morbid streak, which at times "sicklies o'er" his genius, with its "pale cast of thought," was yet a valuable element in his psychic education. Never was there more eloquent testimony to the necessity for the cathartic process of pain in the development of spiritual self-consciousness, the true *raison d'être* for all individualisation of life, than that recorded in the utterance: "Suffering burns up the rubbish of the soul."

The story of the surrender of the agnostic to the affirmative consciousness in Strindberg is the story of the triumph of that magnanimity of perspective inherent in all great souls. Towards the end of his *magnum opus*<sup>1</sup> he speaks of the rejuvenescence experienced with the dawning of spiritual self-consciousness.

<sup>1</sup> *The Blue Book.*

One does not feel old age to be the beginning of an end but the introduction to something new, i.e., when one has recovered the belief or assurance that there is a life on the other side. One feels as though one were preparing for an examination by doing preliminary exercises, and one becomes literally young again... Great hopes mingled with dreams of the future.

*This*, towards the end of a life so tortured and harassed by the perpetual threatening of mental obscuration in the blind alley of madness, and *this*, written many years ago, of one of his *dramatis personæ* (but one has not to become an adept in reading between lines, to discover that most of Strindberg's *dramatis personæ* are "voices of the wandering wind" of his own consciousness). That was the secret of his life, that he could not admire anything, could not hold to anything, could not live for anything; that he was too wide awake to suffer from illusions. Life was a form of suffering which could only be alleviated by removing as many obstacles as possible from the path of one's will.<sup>1</sup> And again, we note a stage in the same human document wherein it seems that the Elemental Kingdom is before the human in evolution, and that even in the many inventions that man has sought out "there is nothing new under the sun," that even they are but parodies of the ways of beasts and birds.

Birds use the wind for their progress... Beavers the pressure of the stream in constructing their dams. Are not the wings of the falcon and the fly more perfect means of locomotion than railways and steamers?

But, in the same book, we see a faint rainbow prophecy of "light in darkness". His philosophical friend comforted him, through a saying of La Bruyère.

Don't be angry because men are stupid and bad, or you will be angry because a stone falls; both are subject to the same laws; one must be stupid, and the other fall. "That is all very

<sup>1</sup> *From The Growth of a Soul.*

well," said John, "but think of having to be a bird and live in a ditch! Air! Light! I cannot breathe or see. . . I suffocate." *He began to habituate himself forcibly to doubt in order to be patient and not explode.*

The beginning of patience was the transition chord in the Strindbergian symphony, though in the beginning he himself knew it not.

With poet, scientist, dramatist, philosopher, man of action, striving together under one roof, it is no matter for surprise that philosophy, ethics and æsthetics raged furiously together. The Titan in him had stolen fire; what if the fire should burn out, the red and blue flames gradually pale, and the end of a God's rebellion be written in dust—*dust and ashes*? If that were all? But no! Dust and Ashes, the epitaph of identification with earth-consciousness, is not foredoomed to be written above any Titan's tomb. "Then shall the dust return to dust, and the Spirit to God who gave it." On wings of shining fire the phoenix mounts to the sun. The God emerged from the gnomic bondage of earth, the divine butterfly from the worm. We can see the process at work, the redemption of matter by Spirit, by the alembic of the thinker, in the following significant fragment, wherein scientist, poet and philosopher begin to work together. One evening he found the chrysalis of a cockchafer in his study. He put it under his lamp, and "it began to click and make small movements". Under the influence of warmth, "the half-fluid mass . . . possessed the capacity of movement". This train of thought was followed up by opening a butterfly-chrysalis.

On a clear yellow background of fluid matter there was sketched as it were the outline of the future butterfly, in half-shadow, without as yet any bodily organisation. That is called "necrobiosis" or the dying off of living tissue. And the deliquescence of the chrysalis in slime is termed *histolysis*.

This is "not far from the kingdom" of reincarnation, and Strindberg's next remark shows that he felt the trend of investigation pointed in this direction. "Sometimes I see on a gravestone within a church-wall this symbol: caterpillar, chrysalis, and butterfly."

Theosophy had a mental fascination for Strindberg. He alludes to it in many of his works, but shows that its spiritual doctrines had not permeated his consciousness, for he persists in regarding it as a kind of "atheistic Occultism," an extraordinarily contradictory jumble! It seems as if the solitary taint of the materialistic cynicism of former years, lay in the direction of considering as "human nature" all that is evil in man. The following is an amusing example of his quasi-cynical, quasi-condescending attitude:

The Theosophists, who really at a terrible period of the "black illumination" sought to penetrate behind phenomena and dug up useful fragments of Ancient Wisdom, were however hostile to Christianity. They went so far as to send one of their prophets to India to warn the natives against the missionaries. But in course of time they began to investigate Christianity again; they were now provided with a proper means for understanding the mysteries of Christ's incarnation and atoning death, of sacraments and miracles. . . Their latest prophetess has written a book to explain and defend Christianity! All roads seem to lead to Christ. No one has done such good service to Christianity as the materialistic Occultists and the atheistic Theosophists.<sup>1</sup>

We trust no Theosophist will find himself "so hardened and forsook" as not to be able to enjoy this summing-up of Theosophy, as seen through Strindberg's powerful if distorted lens. This is not all however; we obtain kinder notice later.

Theosophists say that we can create thought-forms which assume life and reality. . . It is as though one let loose demons. . . It is dangerous merely to think evil of men; one may do them harm thereby. But what a supernatural effort

<sup>1</sup> From *The Blue Book* headed 'The Black Illuminate'.

is necessary always, to see good when so little is to be found! And when we try our best we find that we have played the hypocrite. It is almost hopeless to hold the balance level when it is matter of judging men justly, for human nature is evil and cannot be altered.

Astrological students will have discovered that Saturn was Strindberg's planetary Spirit. Yet this is not the last testament of the philosopher, in whom fortitude won a sombre yet sufficient victory over suffering. "At eventide it shall be light," and it was so with this great brave genius. As the shadows of mortal life grew longer the fires of immortality glowed with golden intensity, and the "still small voice" spoke from the white heart of Genius triumphant—such sentences as "Music. . . the recollection of a condition which every man in his best moments longs for. And that very longing shows a vague consciousness of having lost something which one has formerly possessed," shows that the poet in him was *muse-led* (mystic) and would not be denied. The record of an imprisoned "son of the fire," feeling the torment of the descent into matter has left impression, fiery if fugitive, in:

All the elements which conjointly constitute the universe are nothing else than fallen divinities, which, through the stone, plant, animal, human, and angelic kingdoms, climb up to heaven, only to fall down again.

What a life-time of Promethean pain is here epitomised!

The following analogy is a remarkable instance of perspicuity and acquiescence mingled, and recalls Job's "though he slay me yet will I trust in him". Strindberg is writing of Huysman's *En Route*, the reading of which marked one of the epochs in his spiritual journey home:

Why did not this confession of an Occultist fall into my hands before? Because it was necessary that two analogous destinies should be developed on parallel lines, so that one might be strengthened by the other. It is the history of an over-curious man, who challenges the Sphinx and is devoured by her, that his soul may be delivered at the foot of the Cross.

The Sphinx and the Cross. The Mystery of the knowledge of good and evil, guarding the entrance to the Path. Here let us leave Strindberg, one of the greatest Spirits of modern times.

"How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning!"

True. But as deeply as thou hast fallen into generation, so viewless shall be thy flight, when the aether of air and fire shall receive thee out of men's vision.

Hear the genius and mortal instrument, in wondrous reconciliation united for a brief instant of experience in time, ere the moment eternal for which creation is but the prelude:

Pray, *but* work; suffer, *but* hope; keeping both the earth and the stars in view. Do not try and settle permanently, for it is a place of pilgrimage; not a home, but a halting place. Seek truth, for it is to be found, but only in one place, with Him who Himself is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Lily Nightingale

## THEOSOPHY AND MODERN EDUCATION

By HELEN F. R. VEALE

THEOSOPHISTS have recently had their attention urgently called to educational ideals, as set forth in *Education as Service*, and other publications of the Theosophical press. In the zeal with which we respond to this key-note, I feel there is some danger lest we fail to make ourselves familiar with actual conditions around us, and the extent to which our ideals have already been formulated and practised. Without any depreciation, we may remember that the writers on this subject have generally had in mind eastern rather than western conditions, and though the ideal to be aimed at be alike for West and East, the obstacles in the way of attainment may vary considerably and present different points of attack. To work effectively, we must make ourselves thoroughly familiar with the weak points of the present position, alienate no sympathy by using our heavy artillery against an already conceded fort, but rather concentrate on that next to be won.

Those who have had no recent personal knowledge of our State schools in England can hardly realise the extent to which they have changed within the last twenty years; and the change is a very radical one, based on the recognition of the principle that the attitude of the teacher to the child must be that of love,

sympathy and understanding. That this principle is now fully recognised, anyone must admit who will take the trouble to visit one of our Training Colleges, or read a modern psychological handbook for teachers. Then, if an earnest seeker for truth, he will make the round of the elementary and secondary schools in his neighbourhood, to satisfy himself how far the teachers respond to their training.

Having had some experience, directly and through a Training College, of different types of London schools, I feel able to predict with some confidence the results of his inquiry. The average elementary child does not regard the average teacher with fear or dislike, or associate school with unhappiness and pain. This mild statement of merely negative virtue is perhaps all that can be claimed for the average; but in proportion to the poverty of the neighbourhood does the school stand out conspicuously as a place of sunshine and happiness, and students of the Training College I knew used to love best to be sent for their practice to either of two available "slum" schools, where joy prevailed astonishingly over hard conditions. Indeed, it is fully recognised among teachers that the most damaging criticism an inspector can make is that the "atmosphere" of a certain class is not happy. So far has this been carried that an accompanying danger is not always avoided—the danger of a mawkish sentimentality and indeed want of sincerity; for obviously the Training College can only work on material to hand, and in its two or three years' course cannot instil into all who pass through it the genuine teacher's breadth of love and sympathy. But this is only a transitional defect and will pass as the nobility of the teacher's work

becomes more recognised, and its call is heard by nobler minds.

It may be objected that corporal punishment is still allowed in elementary schools. This is true, and must be disapproved in principle by Theosophists, yet in practice it is becoming increasingly rare, and personally I feel it hard to condemn those who believe its total abolition would at present be harmful. We have to bear in mind the material with which these teachers have to work, and the necessity that often arises of protecting weaker children in a large class from some few of brutal, and even criminal, propensities, who are not easily influenced by gentle means, and to whose regeneration a teacher has no time exclusively to devote himself. It is significant how far more easily the newer methods of education make way in infant schools than in the senior departments. In all cases that I have known, the infant school has been a place of happy and contented work, on the right lines, with the admirable Dale system of teaching to read, and any amount of manual work, free self-expression, story-telling and dramatising, and real love between teachers and children. But after seven the poor child quickly hardens, and we find correspondingly as we travel up the school, the teacher's voice becoming more strident and rasping, and conditions altogether much further from being satisfactory.

Partly, no doubt, this may be attributed to the fact that these older children suffer more from injurious home conditions. An average hard-working mother will find time for tenderness to the baby and ex-baby, but too soon comes the time when soft indulgence gives place to slaps and threats, with all their hardening results. This too is gradually improving, and parental

tenderness is certainly on the increase; but meanwhile is it not conceivably better that schools, while maintaining a good lead, should not leap forward so fast as to be out of sight of the child's home educators? A good response depends on mutual understanding of the point of view, and a teacher who is too refined and gentle for a class may be despised as a weakling, whereas a coarse good-humoured despot, who wields arbitrary powers impartially, wins real liking as well as respect. These friendly relations, I maintain, are the rule, and not the exception, in our schools, and no less in the elementary schools, where corporal punishment is still allowed, than in the secondary, where the principle that control must be by love rather than by fear is still more recognised.

Having tried to defend our present educational system from the most serious charge that can be brought against it, that its methods are still those of brutality, I must yet concede that it is very vulnerable to attack on another side. An ordinary elementary education does not fit a child of the people to meet life's demands upon him, to take up his heritage of work and responsibility and acquit himself creditably.

It is not difficult to see that the reason why our schools are out of touch with the life of the nation is largely the uniformity of our educational system, imposing a common standard over areas of very different capacities and needs. It has all been "of a piece" with other blunders made by a young democracy and must be rectified with them now that some discretion is being reached. When the great extension of the suffrage, in 1867 gave force to the demands for popular education, pioneers in the good work were already,

without ostentation, experimenting along right lines in certain model schools, where the needs of the village were specially served, and technical training predominated over intellectual. But this did not satisfy the more democratic, whose demand now was that the poor man's child should have whatever had been considered beneficial to the richer man's child.

So, however admirable in some ways the work done by the School Boards, and later by Education Committees, the results from the first have failed to give satisfaction, because the expenditure has been on wrong lines. The chief middle class models were of the type of Grammar Schools, dating from the Revival of Classical Learning in the Sixteenth Century, and still fast bound in the meshes of a pernicious tradition. The only modifications introduced into the classical system had been such as were urged by the commercial needs of the nation, and the average product of such a school was, at best, fitted to be a clerk. The movement for the higher education of girls considerably raised the standard of literary culture, even in boys' schools, but still the old models were followed, and mediæval scholars, or their modern followers among erudite Professors, were still prescribing for the children of a living present. In the Middle Ages it was only the exceptional man who preferred the pursuit of letters to the bolder attractions of life; yet something approaching his standard of literary taste and style must now be required of each wretched youngster who would pass creditably a school-leaving examination at sixteen!

How easily could the promoters of National Education in 1870 have avoided these mistakes, if they had started the consideration of the problem before them at

the other end, namely, at the actual present needs of the children of England, locally and temporarily, instead of at an abstract, conventional thought-form of the thing called Education, hitherto monopolised by the well-to-do, now to be administered whole to the masses!

It should be conceded that here, too, advanced opinion is urging reform along the right lines, in the establishment of trade schools, technical institutes, and vocational classes; and Theosophical workers have their way clearly marked out for them. Local Education Committees must be strengthened and encouraged to work on individual lines, responsible to the Central Board only for the children's general well-being, mental, moral and physical, instead of for their attainment to a uniform standard of knowledge.

So we are led to the broader political question, and may look forward to a day when the details of administration shall have devolved upon District Councils, autonomous within their own spheres of action, instead of clogging the works of a single, central administrative machine, which labours under the additional disadvantage of being alternately worked by rival parties, with mutually destructive ends in view.

But it is only an uneducated England that would tolerate our present misrule by party-government. Once the Nation has learnt Self-government within restricted areas, by dealing with local problems of administration, it will demand, and know how to secure better service in its Parliament and Council, and nothing is at present so urgently needed as enlightened and independent work in County and District Councils, and Education Committees.

Helen F. R. Veale

## THE AFTERMATH OF JOY

By M. ROCKE

**I**N this time of universal war, when men's hearts fail for fear, and the anguished sob shakes the bravest; when the groan of the tortured, the agony of the wounded, the terror of the threatened, the suspense of friends, the desolation of survivors, are felt on all sides, to think of Joy would seem as cruel mockery.

But JOY cometh: a JOY such as rarely is with men. After the storm, the sun; after the plough, the harvest; after the pain, the peace; in due proportion each to each, except that there is always more joy than sorrow in this world of ours.

Are we ready? Events are breathlessly rapid, the world is being set in order, nations are being proven, heroes being formed, character being tested, precipitated, moulded, at lightning speed: the noise of the Preparation is terrible. Are we ready?

If the warring world only knew! Knew that which is to follow, knew the JOY that waits, it would smile through its tears of blood, and even welcome that which hastens the Day when man's Saviour shall again be in its midst.

The ploughing ere the sowing and the harvest. The plough cuts deeply into the stale soil, and turns it anew with face upward to its lovers, the clouds and sun.

1914

THE AFTERMATH OF JOY

129

Flowers are crushed in the furrows, but to spring again the better on the new-made earth.

How could He come to man who was everywhere rigid, stubborn, set in his own little ways and thoughts and beliefs? Man, limited, fenced in, bound about. The Truth is a living fire and sets free, but the flame cannot burn under lid and cover, shut away from God's free air into cramped compartments labelled orthodoxy.

Man must be shaken out of his grooves, his habits of thought, his superstitions, his blasphemous fears, his arthritic conventions, before he can answer to the Living Truth. It is so strong, so tender, so sane, that man could not credit it, and raised instead his own crude and cruel conceptions, setting up bogies wherewith to frighten the dear timid suppliants, till they dare not think for themselves and are slaves to conscience.

A terrible price to pay! Yes, but as naught to the result. The storm rages and bears down before its blast the withered leaf, the worm-eaten twig, the hollow trunk, the shallow-rooted sapling, as well as the tree in its prime. But after the storm, the still small voice and the GARDENER is here. He can work now, in the loosened soil and the softened earth.

God is Love, and He brings about the war? Yes: but all mankind is in His consciousness; a very part of Him, Himself.

As a man diving is shut out from light and air, and pressed on all sides by a weight of water which obscures his vision, his speech, his hearing, and occupies all his faculties in the bare struggle back to air, so does the God-substance dive deeply down into matter, and after groping there, blindly, unwittingly,

begin its return struggle upwards to its natural sphere, which ends in Godhead. And the diver, as he turns upwards, is called man.

This war, as well as this single little life—out of many that he is now living—is less than a drop in that ocean of experience through which man passes; and even the mighty Joy of the Lord's coming, which shall surely follow in the peace purchased by the war, has been known to him before on his long journey Home.

Nor need he think sadly of those whose physical bodies have been struck away, leaving them in their subtler ones just at this time of times when imprisonment on earth will be most welcome; for man's Great Lover comes to him in all worlds equally, and none who will shall miss this opportunity of the ages so soon now to be vouchsafed.

May we decide to be ready.

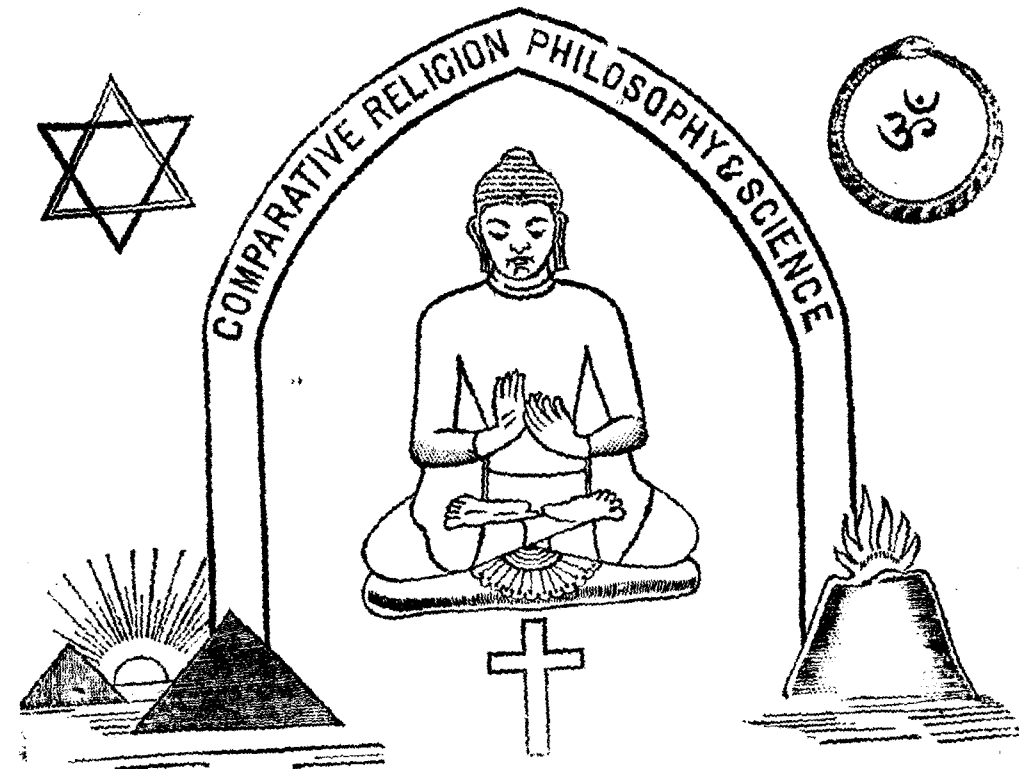
I, thyself, worship Thee, Thyself:

I, myself, worship Thee, Myself:

I, the one, worship Thee, the ONE.

AUM

M. Rocke



### ĀRYAN MYTHOLOGY

(WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ITS NORTHERN FORM)

By ISABELLE M. PAGAN

(Concluded from p. 43.)

AND now returning to the genealogical table of deities given above, let us examine the Scandinavian representatives a little more carefully. Ymir begat Buri, and Buri begat Bōr, and Bōr begat the wondrous Three known as Odin, Vilje and Vē—otherwise the All-Father, Lodur and Hōnir—who together made the world and all that therein is. The first of all these, Ymir, the great-great-grandfather of the lesser Gods, is the *Chaos*<sup>1</sup> of the Grecian scriptures and of our own, and

<sup>1</sup> This stage is perhaps the *Yoga-Māyā* of the Hindū description.

needs no comment. In the stately stanzas of Dzyan, or in the less detailed account given in the first chapter of Genesis, the words referring to his kingdom arrest the imagination, giving us the subtle thrill of expectancy. In the time "when darkness alone filled the boundless all," and "the earth was without form and void," everything was latent and potential. The body of what was to be the universe was slowly gathering itself together in space. Therefore it is that the Scandinavian Gods are described as carrying the body of Ymir—this Giant whom they themselves had slain—into Ginnungagap, the great abyss. Of his flesh they formed the earth, and of his bones the mountains. The blood that flowed from his wounds formed the ocean, and of his huge skull the vault of heaven was built; and then the Three adorned it with the sparks and glowing cinders that showered from Muspellheim—the glorious Kingdom of the Fire—so establishing the starry hosts in their courses. In yet earlier times, before these activities were possible, the All-Father was, we are told *still among the frost giants*; an interesting assertion, showing how firmly the old poets had grasped the fact that all the Divine Powers are essentially One.<sup>1</sup>

Between Chaos, or Ymir, and the activities of the personified Trinity, we find two steps—the emergence of Buri, and the birth of Bōr. Buri is easily identified with the Latin Coelus, the Greek Ouranos, *God of infinite space* of our Christian definition. The sacred name of the Hindū God Varuṇa, suggests by its lovely vowel music the same type of wondering worship as that accorded to Ouranos, who was regarded with too much reverence by the Greek poets for much to be said about

<sup>1</sup> Hindū mythological names often suggest these truths. Thus Brahman, representing an earlier stage of manifestation, includes Brahmā.

him. He is too great for the mind of man to conceive, and so far as we know, no artist in either Greece or Rome, ever attempted to portray him. In the same way in the North, Buri does little, in the old myth, beyond giving birth to Bōr, of whom it is easier to begin to form some conception. He is the Chronos of Greece, the Saturn of Rome, the Ancient of Days of the Hebrew, the Old Father Time of our modern speech, converted by our little ones into the beloved Father Christmas, who brings them with rhythmic regularity the festival of festivals.<sup>1</sup> Rhythm, or vibration, is the essential element in Time, and if we meditate deeply on this aspect we are face to face with the cyclic laws that govern all manifestation. The wondrous conception summed up for our Hindū brothers in the name of Īshvara has something of the same character.

In classical mythology the three great sons of Chronos divide his kingdom among them; and, despite occasional discord, they are represented as together forwarding the work of creation. Their northern counterparts are said, in the old *Edda*, to have made man from the two trees, Ask and Embla, which they found upon the shore—a very suggestive phrase. *On the shore*—that is to say, between sea and land, where two different elements meet. Here are united two distinct lines of evolution—the astral and the physical—expressed by the roots of these symbolic trees, thus producing in mankind the curious dual nature, and giving him the task of uniting the two. The physical and astral bodies had already evolved in the animal kingdom, the mental was still undeveloped, and with its awakening came changes in the astral and physical as well. So the three Gods are represented as all working together on

<sup>1</sup> Christmas-tide was the Saturnalia of Rome.

the transformation. Odin, the All-Father, gives the *breath*, Hönir or Vê the *sense*, Lodur or Vilje the *blood and fair colouring*. The blood is the life, says the New Testament; and it is life that is poured into us through the action of the Holy Spirit, life which manifests in the Will—Vilje—to live. A strong and somewhat stern deity this God of the Will, the administrator of the kârmic law and therefore of Justice on the physical plane. This is the Hades or Pluto of classical myth, the recording angel of the Christian, Muhammadan and Jew.

From Hönir comes the sense, says the *Edda*. We should rather have expected the senses; but after all, they are mere instruments, and this saying goes beneath the surface. Through the experience gathered by means of the senses we acquire both sense and sensibility. Alternations of pleasure and pain,<sup>1</sup> and the ceaseless attempt to attain the former and avoid the latter drive us forward, and the lessons that are lasting come chiefly through pain. It is therefore not surprising that Hönir's second title is Vê or, in English, Woe.

In ancient Greece the All-Father is represented as the youngest-born of the three brethren, and rightly so, for the mental body is organised later than the physical and astral; but so important is his Upper-world, or Kingdom of Air, at this our present stage of evolution as members of the fifth Root Race, that all pure-blooded Āryans, and especially those of the fifth sub-race, tend to exalt this aspect of deity. Accordingly we find the Scandinavians placing the throne of Odin high above the heights, where he sits with his dark blue mantle spangled with stars draped all around him—the Father

<sup>1</sup> It is the Second Person who is universally represented as incarnating on earth to help humanity. In Christian teaching he becomes the man of sorrows acquainted with grief. The passion is the suffering or woe of the Christ.

in Heaven reigning *above the bright blue sky*, as described in the familiar Christian hymn. It is noteworthy that this exaltation of the Father above the other persons in the Trinity has been a frequent form of heresy, and one bitterly persecuted in the Christian Church; and yet the moment the inspired artist begins to differentiate the aspects either pictorially or in verse, it is a heresy in which he is all but certain to be entangled. Our Theosophical teachers are constantly reminding us that the planes interpenetrate, and are *not* placed one above another like flats in a modern street. But once start weaving them into a fairy tale, and the magic seed is planted, which growing ever upward, leads us higher and higher to the wondrous land above the clouds, where the strains of the magic harp are heard.

In Thorpe's *Northern Mythology* (now out of print)

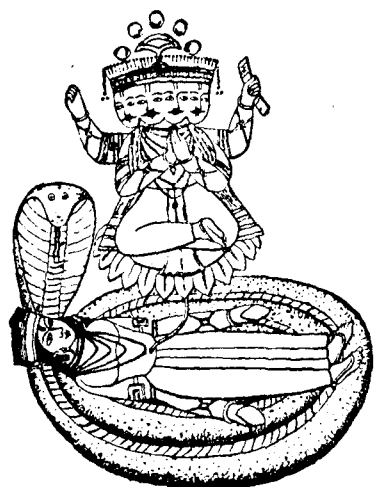


THE SCANDINAVIAN TRINITY.

King Gylfi before the Three Thrones; on which are seated the *High*, on the lowest; the *Equally High* on the next, and the *Third*, highest of all. The original is in an old MS. of Snorri's *Edda*.

the frontispiece shows a quaint old Scandinavian drawing of *The Three Thrones*, and although those who sit thereon are described in words as *the High, the Equally High, and the Third*, they are all drawn on different levels! Similarly, in Hindū pictures of the Trinity, Brahmā is seen enthroned upon the sacred lotus which blossoms in the Kingdom of the Air, his four heads suggesting the four spiritual planes above the mental; Viṣṇu lies in the waters, which rest upon the solid earth beneath, around which is coiled Shiva, the

third person, in the form of a serpent. A wonderfully



THE HINDŪ TRINITY

Brahmā on the sacred Lotus in the Kingdom of Air, Vishnu from whom it springs lying in the waters, Shiva coiled as a serpent around both.

compact piece of symbolism that!—and one to which we shall return later on. Taking it as a fresh point of departure, let us dig right down to the foundations of the elemental kingdoms and try to get our bewildering array of deities and semi-deities and super-deities into something like order, so that to whatever scheme of presentation we turn, North, South, East or West, we may appreciate something of the beauty of the teaching behind the ancient allegory.

In a seafaring race such as the Scandinavians, we might expect the world of waters and the deities appertaining thereto to be given a specially important place, and certainly sea-going adventures among the Northern Gods do abound; but it is noteworthy that when the personified Trinity is mentioned, the astral deity, Hönir or Vê, generally comes third instead of second; a sidelight on the characteristics of a race which represses emotion, and gives great prominence to mental and physical achievement. In one myth, Thor, who is of the Asa Gods, or mental deities, attempts to drink up the whole of the ocean in three Gargantuan gulps, and actually succeeds in temporarily diminishing it, so as to cause the neap tides! This myth possibly embodies a typical northern conviction that the cure for

excessive emotion is hard practical work; for the heroic Thor is a very Hercules for exploits of the most arduous kind.

The most generalised expression for the ruler of the emotional plane is the deity known as the Aegir, the God of the great deep; and the water-folk who belong to him are all of the race of the Vanir or Vans.<sup>1</sup> Among them two of the male deities especially come to the fore, suggesting, by their respective characteristics, the two contrasting aspects of the Sea-God in the South, where Poseidon (or Neptune) is sometimes represented as furiously raging, and at other times as quietly asleep. So in the North, we find both the gentle Hönir and energetic Njord—the latter a delightfully refreshing personification, the father of the great waves, who makes things so lively for the Asa Gods when he pays them a friendly visit, that they invite him to stay on for a bit, sending back the sleepy Hönir to take his place in the kingdom of the Aegir! So Hönir goes to the great deep; but is nevertheless to be met with in other forms far inland as well. It is probably the rivers that give him his quaintest title, that of Long-shanks, and the dreary stretches of bog and quagmire in Denmark and Sweden provide him with a kingdom that is neither earth nor water, but a mixture of both, over which he reigns as *the Marsh King*. In this character he is sluggish and lazy and of ill repute; and his treacherous territory claims many victims, including the fair young Princess from the land of Egypt—the daughter of the River Nile—who flies over sea and land in the plumage of a swan, seeking the flower that is to bring health to her royal father on his bed of sickness. Alighting on the

<sup>1</sup> Vand is Norse for water.

edge of the Marsh, she throws aside the feathery dress that has borne her through the air—the realm of thought—and rests on the old tree-trunk that lies on the margin of the dark waters looking so safe a seat. There her own sisters cruelly forsake her, tearing her white plumage—her mental equipment—to tatters as they go, and the treacherous log rolls over, stretching out slimy arm-branches that draw her down into the oozy depths. Not till after many days does the stem that springs from this strange and sorrowful union press upwards to the surface, bearing the bud that is to expand into the lovely lily, in the heart of which lies the babe that shares the nature of both parents; who, when the lower nature is conquered, is destined to bring peace to the suffering monarch in his palace by the Nile. It is Hans C. Andersen who tells us the tale. He got it “from the storks,” so he says; from the storks—who are *the birds of Hönir*—and “who have been telling that story to their own little ones for countless generations”; but as we read it, the dream-like Orient rises before us, and we see again the wonderful symbolic drawing described above, the picture of Vishṇu, lying in the depths of the muddy waters, with Shiva coiled as a serpent around him, and the Lotus flower slowly rising upwards, to form the sacred seat of Brahmā himself. And so the dusky child of India and the blue-eyed Dane, meeting in the fairy-land of fancy, clasp hands across the barriers built by difference of language and environment, and understand that at heart they are one.

The Marsh King's daughter of actual Scandinavian mythology is Frigg or Fricka, who reigns over the fertile meadow-lands that lie around the marshes, and the great King to whom she proves a helpmeet is the

All-Father Odin himself. Like Hera, Juno, and Sarasvatī she is the Goddess of the social order and of the marriage contract. When souls are ready to incarnate they are said to drop as ripe fruit on to Fricka's territory, from the tree of life. Thence they are carried by Hönir's storks to those women “who are longing for the caressing touch of baby fingers”—a very poetic way of putting the fact that through the medium of desire, the watery element, acting on the physical plane, the phenomenon of physical birth takes place; and to this day mothers in Germany teach their children that it is storks who bring the baby sisters and brothers, although few or none realise that they are thus perpetuating an allegorical teaching belonging to the faith of their forefathers.

Another identification may perhaps make my readers smile, but most of them will admit that there is a good deal to be said in favour of it. In Scandinavian and Teutonic literature we find a good many references to the Swan Mothers, and we have already seen that plumage of any kind is to be interpreted in terms of the upper world of air, the mental plane. In England, France, Belgium and other countries we have a nursery favourite in the person of dear old Mother Goose, whose quaint title has puzzled the etymologists and even set them solemnly to work to explain it away by converting *Mère d'Oie* into *Mère de Loi*. Naturally enough too; for she has much wisdom, and no connection whatever with the barn-yard waddler! possibly the arrow-shaped flight of the wild geese, with its suggestion of the sacred triangle, had stirred some Sage of ancient days to a reverent interest in the power that guides these evolutions of flight in far-away cloudland. Anyhow it is there

that this old Mother lives, and the soft grey and white clouds are her feather beds. When in frosty weather, she warms herself by an extra special bout of "tidying up," she gives the said feathers such a vigorous shaking, that down they come in the form of snow-flakes! A capable housewife this!—with a dash of the fairy God-mother about her too; for she wears a scarlet cloak and a conical black hat, and comes sailing out of the sky, mounted on the snow-white goose—her 'Vāhañ'!<sup>1</sup>—which gives her the right to her title. She comes to teach the human mothers the nursery jingles they sing to their babies, and to tell all the best of the fairy-tales—including Cinderella, the Blue-bird, and countless other lovely allegories—to the older children. Here we probably have some ancient deity of the mental plane, possibly Fricka in her gentlest aspect, the patroness of early education, who develops later into the guardian of the kindergarten and the school, and finally into the Alma Mater of the University—by which time she has become something of a stickler for custom and tradition, and a devout believer in established law, severe at times, no doubt, but the great wise Mother<sup>2</sup> of the race through it all, understanding very thoroughly what is best for the majority.

In the case of Fricka we have an example of a deity who expresses the overlapping or interaction of the kingdoms. She is the child of the Marsh—of

<sup>1</sup> In India every deity has his or her *Vāhan*, the bird or animal mounted by preference. Shiva as an Earthy deity has a snow-white bull; others, more mental, have birds.

<sup>2</sup> Protestant Christianity has lost sight of the Mother element in theology, and concentrates all its devotion on the aspects described as the Father and the Son; but the Church of Rome has preserved her worship in the honours paid to the Madonna, who is referred to as the Great Earth-Mother, the Star of the Sea, and the Queen of Heaven—very potent, and to be adored on all three planes.

earth and water and is incomplete till wedded to the King of Heaven, the Overlord of the upper air. The earth and water mixture is a perilous one left to itself, and the Nixie and the Water-kelpie and the Sirens and the Lorelei—all associated with shipwreck or loss of life—are symbols of the dangers attending impure emotion of any kind. Frey and Freya on the other hand are children of the Sea-God in a very different aspect, when he is hailed as Njord, and strikes us as being as much a son of the winds as of the waters. The flying clouds over which the Valkyrie ride, the rain that fertilises the seed, the great billows leaping towards the stars, yield us a wealth of poetic imagery of which the old skalds took full advantage. The waves—great surges of emotion—representing big joys and big sorrows, are all alike the children of Njord. In Greece it is from the crown and crest of them, the snowy foam that is airiest of all—that the Goddess of Love is born, and her birth is attributed to the generative power of Ouranos, the Lord of the firmament and of infinite space. She is the Lakṣhmī of India, the Venus of Rome, the Freya of the North, where, belonging as much to the Asa Gods as to the Vanir, she takes her place in Asgard, along with her brother Frey, whose refreshing showers seem to suggest the tears connected with mirth or with the gentler emotions—tears which relieve the heart and are shed without bitterness. When we raise our thoughts to this level, and higher yet to the rainbow bridge of *Bi-frost*, which carries us into the sacred halls of Valhalla itself, it is time to realise that we have imperceptibly crossed a boundary, and are already in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Once again, the symbolism of this upper world, with its moments on the mount and its soaring aspirations, is very familiar to us; not only through the works of the great poets, but also in our own daily speech; for we are all prone to *building castles in the air*; and even if in many cases the architecture leaves a good deal to be desired, the exercise is in itself favourable to the growth of faculty. Most of us keep to the lower or *rūpa* levels, *the region of the clouds*, those vapoury symbols of such thoughts as are largely affected by the emotions of the moment; but there is also the realm of abstract thought *above the clouds*, where a clear view of the lower planes can always be obtained, and where fundamental laws can be examined and apprehended. Therefore the prophet and the lawgiver must ascend the mountain<sup>1</sup> to receive the teaching, before again descending to the level on which it can be given forth in concrete and thoroughly practical form. The God of Israel rests as a cloud upon the Mercy-seat, and in time of tribulation goes before his people as a pillar of cloud—a great mental ideal—by day, and a pillar of fire by night; and the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire are one, though revealed in different stages or states of consciousness. Their close connection is symbolically represented both in Greece and Scandinavia, for Zeus holds in his right hand the thunderbolt, forged by Hephaistos (or Vulcan), the smith among the Gods, whose very breath makes the fiery furnace glow; and Odin carries a spear, the gift of Loki, sometimes described

<sup>1</sup> The Christ taught his disciples on the Mount, and the common people by the seashore. His message, as spread abroad by his followers, has hitherto made its chief appeal to the hearts of men, missionary exhortation being largely emotional rather than intellectual. When He comes again, we are told, it will be in the clouds; i.e., bringing with him a teaching that will appeal more definitely to the reason. Our scientists may be the priests of the new era!

as his half-brother, the strange many-sided deity of the leaping flame.

High above all the seats of the lesser Gods is the throne of the All-Father, and from that eminence he looks benevolently down upon the children of men. The all-seeing eye of Odin is the Sun, and his mantle is the blue vault of heaven. We might describe him as the *thought* aspect of the Solar Logos, and all forms of mental energy come under his sway. In Greece he is described with special reverence, and Homer speaks very beautifully of *prayers* being among his children. That is the aspect of deity which the Christian Scientists and Mental Scientists of to-day are putting so earnestly before the public that they sometimes seem to limit the conception of deity to the Divine Mind alone, ignoring all other aspects in a way that would have horrified the founders of these older faiths. Still, if they are succeeding in driving home the lesson of the Fatherhood of God, and its essential corollary the Brotherhood of man, to a race still greatly in want of such teaching, they are doing a tremendous piece of work, and one that forms a very important part of our Āryan revelation.

To the Early Fathers of the Church, who accepted the Jewish Scriptures as the basis of Christian teaching, the chief objection to the Āryan religions which they sought to displace was the immorality of the Gods whom the people were taught to worship, and who might therefore be regarded as examples to be followed; and there is certainly something to be said for that point of view. The unimaginative mind, incapable of thinking in metaphor, may find a presentment of the Powers given in terms of family relationships, as something that hinders rather than helps the understanding.

Once embark upon metaphor however, and the ordinary standards of morality, affecting the welfare of evolving humanity, have to be set aside. The Powers are all akin—and very nearly akin. They have their positive and negative—their male and female—aspects; and in the great work of creative evolution the various elements intermingle, producing new elements, which react upon the progenitors and again receive fresh impulses from them. The morality of the chemical laboratory would play sad havoc with our social system as far as family life is concerned. Each chemical combines with the most attractive mate available at any given stage in the course of an experiment, and such combination may be entirely broken up by the introduction of a new element at a later stage, after which other influences may combine to make the earlier attraction dominate once more. And so it is with the warring and conflicting elements brought into relation with each other in the building of a universe. At every stage the Great Architect who plans the whole is called upon for fresh direction and a fresh outpouring of energy; and the particular form of activity stirred to productiveness by any such stimulus is presented to us in the symbolic drama of Aryan mythology as one whom the Father has loved or wed. Greece gives Zeus seven mates, the seven mothers of his many children, and the most important of them all, Hera, is daughter as well as spouse to her husband. Like Fricka in the North, she is jealous of her rivals, and would fain confine her husband's efforts to her own department of established and customary procedure. In most Aryan races she is patroness of education and of the right discipline of the young, a very wise deity, who knows

right well what is good for the majority; and her children in Scandinavia are many and wonderful, including Baldur the beautiful—the Northern Bacchus—and the heroic Thor. Students of Comparative Mythology have often been hampered in the work of identification by the diverse descriptions of the outer personalities of the Gods, which naturally vary with race and climate and the stage of civilisation attained. In the strenuous North every God is a warrior, even the All-Father himself, and the heroes whom he rewards are warriors too. Indeed the very daughters of Odin, the nine Valkyrie, with whom Wagner has made us familiar, are warrior-maidens with the courage and something of the semblance of men. As they gallop past on their flying steeds, bearing heavenwards the gloriously slain, they are so far removed from their Grecian sisters that we scarcely recognise them, until we remember that the Nine Muses, the daughters of Zeus, whose mother is Mnemosyne or Memory, also gallop over the clouds on the winged steed known as Pegasus, and carry men heavenward by conferring upon them the wider vision and fuller consciousness associated with the gift of genius in science or in art. Further, in Greece we find the best beloved of all the daughters of Zeus in Pallas Athene (Minerva) who springs from her father's forehead, fully armed, and is defined by Plato as *Moral Intelligence*. She reveals the will of the God to men, and may easily be identified with the Scandinavian Brynhilda, the first-born daughter of Odin, who has imparted her martial characteristics to all her sisters, and whose wondrous steed, Grane, plays a part in many an ancient Saga.

In the South, Apollo leads the Muses. In the North when we look for him among the patrons of art and literature, we find Bragi, the Bright or Shining One, the poet God of Valhalla, doing part of his work, while Baldur does the rest. The Sun-God is doomed to long banishment in the frozen North, and men have to strengthen their hearts and develop their powers of endurance, by concentrating their minds on other, and often less harmonious, aspects. It is the wondrous water-power of Norway, coming down from the eternal snows, and generating heat and electricity, that seems likely to give that land a prominent place among the nations in years to come; and there are signs that the descendants of the Vikings are ceasing to weep<sup>1</sup> for Baldur, as they light up the darkness of their long winter, and busy themselves in learning better than ever before to wield the hammer of Thor. As a matter of fact the latter God has always been the favourite with this fifth sub-race, Scandinavian and Teutonic, which appreciates practical hard work and successful wrestling<sup>fresh</sup> with the powers of nature more than either art or eloquence. The name of Bragi, the skald of Valhalla, has degenerated among us into the curt little monosyllable 'brag'—a word of scant repute—and even to the present day we revel in the exploits of Thor, actually preserved to us in the good old nursery stories of Jack the Giant Killer, and Jack and the Beanstalk. Indeed, amazing as it may sound, the original of the valiant Hop-o'-my-Thumb is probably Thor too; for was it not that hero who, in the course of one of his most perilous expeditions, crept wearily into what he

<sup>1</sup> The depressing influence of the long winter has always been a problem in the North—driving many to alcoholism.

fancied was the hall of a huge castle, and only discovered next morning that it was merely the thumb of an enormous glove dropped by the particular giant he had set forth to fight!—which things are, as usual, an allegory. How many a great engineering feat has been underestimated at the time when first undertaken?—and how often has the enterprising spirit had to sleep over it, before the dream became actual fact! The descendants of those who exalted the name of Thor—or Donner, as the Teutons call him—are carrying railways across great ravines and up high mountains and over trackless deserts all the world over—a warfare more glorious, and in some cases more costly in human life, than many minor campaigns due to the squabbles of the nations for place and power.

Only a Mystic can realise all that is implied in the imagery of ancient mythology, and only an Occultist can synthesise, while clearly differentiating, the various activities personified by the poets and philosophers; but, as we have tried to show, even the man in the street can gather something inspiring and helpful from such symbolism, if he will only put himself as much as possible in the place of these gifted seers of old and endeavour to share their point of view. To them the Earth was not merely "a lump of dead matter," as we have heard a modern materialist describe her, but a living creature, pulsating with divine life, *the oldest of the Gods*—according to Plato—and our tender and loving nurse. As every man is the centre of consciousness in his own universe, his Mother Earth is naturally the starting point of all observations for him; and long after he has realised that she is only one small planet in a solar system which is a mere atom in a stupendous

whole, he will still continue to think and reason in terms of earth experience; which gives us yet another light on Fricka and her still greater Mother,<sup>1</sup> Erda or Jord.

Besides all these great northern deities and their children, we have vast numbers of their helpers or subjects, corresponding to the lesser angels, or, if engaged on destructive work, to the *demons* of Fire, Air, Earth, and Water respectively. And again the interaction is seen when we find these elementals engaged in strife or active in co-operation. Thus the alfer or elves and the dwarfs or gnomes in the Sagas of the North are all quite appropriately referred to as *the helpers of Odin*; for although many of them are concerned mainly in physical plane activities, they are carrying out the scheme of the divine creative mind. Wonderful workers too, these craftsmen of primeval days!—the makers of the crystals and precious metals, the cunning smiths who, with their unceasing industry, produce the jewelled ornaments that deck the Gods, or show their skill as nature-spirits in clothing Mother Earth herself in the lovely hues of the varying seasons! Theosophical writers describe them as wearing etheric bodies, easily perceived by races that possess etheric sight; and there is much quaint detail about them in the folk-lore of all nations. In Scotland and Ireland they are *the wee folk* or *the good people*, and the home-loving English Brownie is one of their kindred. In the frozen North their task is a hard one, and their tiny hammers resound in our ears again and again throughout Wagner's great drama of

<sup>1</sup> This deity is known as Rhea in Greece and Vesta in Rome. In the *Book of Revelation* she is *the woman clothed with the sun, having the moon—her satellite—under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars—the rulers of the signs of the Zodiac; i.e., the twelve Archangels of the Hebrew religion.*

*The Ring*; for these are the Niflung or Nibelung, the dwarf inhabitants of the kingdom of Niflheim. The name of which carries us back to an earlier paragraph and gives us an important identification at once.

The remote ancestor of all these busy creatures is Ivalde, whose union with a giantess produces three sons, Valand, Egil, and Slagfinn; and at this early stage, when the mineral kingdom is evolving, it is Valand, the smith of his generation, that takes the lead, and his realm that is the important one. Professor Rydberg identifies him with Tjasse, who kept Iduna of the golden apples a prisoner, much as Pluto kept Proserpine; so that again we find a link that helps us to classify the characters in our drama; Pluto or Hades is the great Lord of Karma on the plane of action, the deity manifesting in unerring physical law.

There are aspects of this stern ruler of the underworld which are curiously suggestive, reminding us that, although we may recognise him through the laws affecting matter, it is the life behind the matter that we are asked to reverence. Modern writers recognise it as *the Life-Force*, that enthralled the attention of so many of our biologists and sociologists. In India we have seen this aspect represented as the Serpent coiled around the mud—that fertile mixture of earth and water—out of which the Lotus rises upwards. In Scandinavian legend we find the Mid-Gard serpent encircling the whole world, and holding his tail in his mouth. Generation and regeneration are ideas often found associated with the serpent symbol, and the dissolution of all things is connected with the day when he will break the circle, releasing his tail; and then the

*Twilight of the Gods* is to come, the world and all that therein is, passing into the darkness of the unknown. In the Hebrew Scriptures it is the serpent that tempts Adam and Eve; in other words it is the Life-Force that draws them downward into physical incarnation, after their creation on the higher planes; and their assumption of coats of skin is interpreted by Madame Blavatsky as the taking on of physical bodies. This period corresponds to the stage when the reign of Valand is over, and Lodur has come to the front, with his gift of *blood and fair colouring*, Lodur who is also Vilje, the God of the iron Will that drives us forward in the struggle for existence; and a terrible struggle it is—so terrible that in many myths we are given to understand that the nether regions or hell of these ancients was actually part of the underworld or physical plane—a teaching Mr. Bernard Shaw has insisted on in the fourth act of his *Man and Superman*. The descent into hell has been the experience of many on earth besides Dante. But although the classical writers associate the idea of suffering for sin chiefly with this lowest realm, we must remember that it is not the only plane on which suffering is possible. Nor is our time here below necessarily all misery. A man can make life a physical hell upon earth for himself, but even when his bodily conditions are satisfactory, there are emotional and mental hells to be endured; and conversely it is possible to arrive at a condition of consciousness which is practically heaven upon earth. All along the line of evolution the hell condition of hate and separation and rebellion can be converted into the purgatorial condition of acceptance of the discipline and experiences we have earned, either through a change of heart or an alteration in the point of view.

And here we have come to another boundary and entered the Kingdom of the Fire. For all through both purgatory and hell the flames persist. The Spirit writhes in torment, yet rises ever upward, as it burns its way through all barriers, subduing matter to its own will, consuming the chaff—the outward form—as it becomes useless, darkening the realm of air with smoke and strewing the earth with ashes. Then, rising to the higher levels it flames forth clear and pure, as the burning and shining light that is capable of showing others the better way. When describing the lowest stages in the strange and eventful process, our more sensitive poets and prophets employ an imagery that is positively cruel in its intensity. The devils are chained and tortured in hell. Prometheus is bound to a rock, with an eagle tearing at his heart. Loki in the imaginative North has a punishment more awful still. In an evil moment he has been instrumental in causing the death of Baldur the Beautiful; for the work of the Spirit has terrible results at times. The Asa Gods, whose business it is to forward the evolution of fair and efficient forms through the action of the creative mind, are full of wrath; and the tale of the Fire-God's efforts to escape their vengeance is very striking in its symbolism. To begin with he builds himself a house with four aspects—a window looking each way; and there he weaves the first net ever shaped; and though he throws it into the fire when he sees them coming, and dives deep into the waters, the net is not altogether consumed and the Asa Gods learn from it how to make a net of their own, with which they set forth to catch him as gleams through the water in the shape of a great silvery salmon. Loki swims fast, and the net is drawn up

empty. Then the meshes are made finer still, and the net cast into the very deepest pools—thought fathoming the mystery of deep emotion, and striving to catch the reflection of the Spirit there. Again Loki evades capture, rising swiftly to the surface, and swimming first towards the sea, and then inland. But Thor wades far out into the waters with the net, and Loki leaping into the air to evade it, is caught in the mighty hand of the Asa—with so sure a grip that even to this day the tails of all salmon are delicately pointed! Once caught, the Fire-god has to resume his own shape, and submit to the stern decree of the All-Father. Only the Spirit, however, can bind the Spirit; so the chains that bind Loki are of his own getting. In times gone by he has brought forth a strange and terrible progeny, and now two of his sons, having changed themselves into wolves, through the indulgence of their evil passions, have torn each other in pieces; and from their sinews are made the ropes that bind their father; stretched on four great stones he lies on a rocky eminence that overlooks the river, and from the rock above his head a venomous snake peers down at him, dropping poison upon his brow. His faithful wife, moved to compassion, stands ever by his side, holding a cup to catch the drops; but from time to time it brims over, and while she empties it the God writhes in anguish, “shaking the earth with terrible earthquakes”. The imprisoned Spirit, in its vain efforts to free itself, brings about many a disaster, and the suffering must go on so long as this age shall endure. But the great day will come when Loki’s progeny shall arise, and the fiery element hold full sway, drying up the waters and dispersing the clouds, devouring and destroying the world and all that therein is, with the

Sun, Moon and Stars, even the throne of the All-Father himself. In that great and terrible Day of the Lord, the heavens and the earth shall pass away, and there shall be no more sea. Surt of the flaming sword shall issue forth from the gates of the kingdom of Muspellheim, leading the Sons of the Flame, and as the shadows fade away, the glory and splendour of the age of things spiritual will begin.

Further than this it is hard to see, but the old *Edda*, like all great Scriptures, has a hint in it of the huge heart-beat that makes all things of which man can form a conception rhythmic in their action. Even Pralaya—the Rest of the Lord—is only an interlude. The passing away is predestined, but the time of rebirth is predestined too, and the vision ends with the prophecy of the renewal of all things, and the promise of a brighter, fairer dawn than any that has yet been known.

Isabelle M. Pagan

---

## AN OUTLINE OF ESSENISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

*(Continued from p. 48)*

## VI. ESSENISM AND JUDAISM

A CONSIDERATION of the connection between these two forms of religious thought is not only important in the examination of the history of the Essenean movement—a movement which, as we shall see, came often into conflict with orthodox Judaism—but also because it sheds a light on the genesis of Essenism. But the information we have at our disposal is unfortunately too incomplete for us ever to arrive at a definite conclusion as to whether or not Essenism is a direct descendant of Judaism. Both systems seem to have held certain similar convictions and Essenism laid special stress—for some reason not clear to us—upon many points it had in common with Judaism. The reason why these particular points were specially emphasised by the Essenes, while other features of orthodox Judaism were neglected, is certainly connected with their hidden teachings; but of these we can never get any certain information from the documents now at our disposal.

Most divergent opinions as to the origin of the Essenes have been held, as we remarked in the chapter dealing with their history—but the majority of students now admit that the Essenes were, at the time of their foundation at least, a part of the Jewish nation.

Philo and Josephus were quite definite on this point. Ritschl and Hilgenfeld incline to think that the Essenes were a purely Jewish sect, although the former authority is of the opinion that they considered themselves to be priests, after the principle of general priesthood mentioned in *Exodus*. Ewald supposes that they were a set of persons who objected to the superficiality and despotism of the Pharisees. Frankel, Graetz, and Jost hold that the whole movement originated from the conflict between the Pharisean principles and the Levitical laws for purity. They agree on the thoroughly Jewish genesis of the Essenes, and see a connection between them and the ancient Jewish asceticism. Schürer sees in Essenism an exaggeration of Pharisaism, but Zeller thinks that both found their common origin in Judaism and that there was a certain rivalry between them. He objects to Ritschl's theory of a general priesthood, remarking that the sacred meals and white garments—upon which Ritschl founds arguments for his theory—were customs too widely spread in other religions to prove any definite conclusion; so also with the frequent bath. Their asceticism tends to point to the effort of coming into personal contact with God without the intermediary of a priest; also, if each member of the community had been a priest, they would most likely have tried to form individual communities and not have retired into isolation. Marriage, sacrifice, and oil-unctions would not have been rejected; the purity ascribed to priests, however, may have influenced the Essenes.

Hilgenfeld sees in the Essenean sect a school for prophets—and for this, asceticism would be necessary; but Zeller finds nothing to prove this hypothesis, since

anything of which they did not know the origin, made their close association among themselves as well as their separation from others almost a necessity. It seems that the Essenes made from their retired dwelling-places a sort of propaganda by their writings. We do not know what books they had, though Jost gives some names. It even may be that the Essenes exercised some influence on the canon of the Jewish books and several authorities admit also their influence on the Christians in the first centuries of our era. Essenism was of course considered to be a heresy by the Jews and even Ezekiel's writings were held in less respect amongst them, as they furnished some texts on which the Essenes based their secret teachings. The heresy was only admitted in later years into the Jewish School and then also studied by the Babylonian Jews; but before that time we see that the Rabbis, Simon ben Azai and Simon ben Zoma, had become ascetics and were killed; also the fall of Rabbi Elisha ben Abuja was thus caused, though Rabbi Akiba had studied it without harm. When, afterwards, the doctrines of the Essenes were accepted, we see that the Rabbis proceeded to hold the teaching that there are two ministering angels who accompany each man, and that there are also evil angels who are half human beings—an idea which is deduced from the secret teachings of the Essenes.<sup>1</sup> It has also been said—though the statement dates from later times—that already at that period Kabalistic books existed in the locality near the Dead Sea where the Essenes had lived. That the law of the Nazarenes became more severe is certainly due also to Essenean influence. This law, which tended so much towards exaggeration, found many disciples

<sup>1</sup> Tideman, 61. Jost, ii, p. 97—105. Graetz, iv, 65—107.

after the time of banishment, as, for instance, Queen Helena, and Maria of Palmyra. Frankel thinks that some of the ordinances concerning health and medicine in the *Talmud* might be of Essenean origin. Tideman thinks that Frankel is wrong when he ascribes to the Essenes the prescriptions which were supposed to save man from danger to life, but both agree that most probably those passages in the *Talmud* are of Essenean origin where we find that some men pretend to possess remedies which come from angels.

Some of the authorities seem doubtful as to whether there are references to the Essenes in the *Talmud*. Herzfeld criticises the passages which look as if they referred to the Essenes and of which some were quoted by Derenbourg and Frankel.<sup>1</sup> The difficulties in them consist in that those who are considered to be Essenes seem to be on very good terms with the Temple, a thing which is very unlikely. Tideman does not agree with Herzfeld, who finds in *Tosifta Succa*, § 3, *Tosifta Menachat*, Chap. 10, the school of Essenes. But in "The Pious" (especially as described in the *Tosifta Sota*, Chap. XV and in the *Zohar*, ii, 180a) who prayed before sunrise, and whose piety included deep knowledge, it is likely that we can trace the Essenes. Weinstein<sup>2</sup> speaks of a passage in the *Talmud* which gives a description of people who remind us in some points of the Essenes, in that they rejected wine and did not smear their bodies with oil. He points out still another passage in Rashi's comments on *Mishna Chagiga*, 16a, where an Essenean Jose ben Joe becomes the leader of a party who may all have been Essenes

<sup>1</sup> The discussion goes chiefly over Kiddushim, 71a; Demai, vi, 6. Rabbi Josue ben Levi: *Succa*, 51a. *Sota*, 49a.

<sup>2</sup> P. 23.

observing the prescription of Sabbath rest so strictly that they would not lay on hands, on that day. I quoted already some names—chiefly on Weinstein's authority—of Essenes which appear in the *Talmud*, Rabbis Pinchas ben Jair, Eleazer ben Hyrkana.

Weinstein believes in the great influence of the Essenes on the *Talmud*. A great part of the *Mishna*, from which later on the *Talmud* developed itself, was brought by Hosea from his teacher, Eleazer Hakapar, from the South. Rabbi Akiba had also lived in the South, and the 613 ordinances and prohibitions of the Jewish religion came through the Essenean, Rabbi Simlai, from the South. There was however a certain contempt for these scholars of the South; the patriarchs turned so much against them that envoys had to be sent to the South to make peace again. The South of Palestine held always a great attraction for those who wanted to learn, and many went there; Weinstein assumes that it is to them that we owe the doctrines of letters and numbers.

The great divergency between Essenes and Jews arose from the disbelief of the former in the value of the Second Temple and their respect for the traditional Halacha—law—instead of the Halacha of the Pharisees which was drawn from the Scriptures. Weinstein describes the difference in the point of view, saying that the Pharisees held the theory that as soon as a law has no connection with human life, it cannot have any thing to do with the Mosaic code. In the Halacha of the Pharisees this principle was worked out, and the second building of the Temple had as its purpose the regulation of the life of the citizen and the safeguarding of Judaism from ruin. With the Essenes the Mosaic law was not a way, but a principle of life to fulfil the divine

prescriptions. The more they took it into consideration, the less they paid attention to daily life. The Essenes traced their Halacha back to the three last prophets, Haggai, Zachariah and Malachai, but Frankel finds it very doubtful that Haggai should be considered as the founder of their Halacha.<sup>1</sup> He admits a mistaken reading of the Hebrew text, and suggests that it should be Choni, the wonder-worker, who was a contemporary of Simeon ben Schetach, living about 110 B.C. Weinstein argues that this is not possible as in the *Talmud* the Essenean Choni is known under another name. It looks as if the difference of opinion on the value of the transmitted and of the deduced Halacha was the origin of very great difficulties between the Essenes and the Pharisees. The unlearned Temple priests made attacks on the pious ascetics, separated themselves from them, and made the formation of the sect more and more definite. We have already seen how the members of the sect had to swear to adhere to the transmitted Halacha only, and to no other doctrine save that. As Weinstein remarks, the division between Essenes and Pharisees might have been still greater, if the first had not seen in the Patriarch Hillel a descendant of the race of David, against whom it was very strictly forbidden to revolt.<sup>2</sup> Rabbi Jose ben Chalafta was of Essenean origin, and devoted to the Essenes but was at the same time one of the most important disciples of Rabbi Akiba who founded, so to say, the *Talmud*, and connected all the Jewish laws with the Scriptures: Rabbi Jose held the opinion that, if the Halacha should exist for all time, it should have a criterion and be

<sup>1</sup> Frankel: *Monatschr. für Gesch u Wissensch. des Judenth.*, 1853, p. 37.

<sup>2</sup> *Shabbath*, xiv, 4.

capable of development. The Essenes did not want to have anything to do with the matter. They retired to South Palestine in self-defence from religious persecution, and here they planned an opposition against the Scriptures deduced from the Halacha and the power of the Nasi whom Rabbi Jose had proclaimed to be the representative of the authority of David. The division between Essene and Pharisee, on account of the difference in their understanding of the law, lasted till the end of the second century, as is proved by the story of Rabbi Mair, after whose death the Nasi ordered that his disciples should not be admitted to the house of learning on account of their being quarrelsome.

Rabbi Akiba proved to his teacher, who was in favour of the transmitted Halacha, that it was not reliable, and to Rabbi Tarfon he showed that he was mistaken even in his priestly Halacha. Rabbi Akiba pointed out that the transmitted Halacha ought to be justified by the deduced Halacha. The troubles came to an end when Rabbi Tarfon—whose teachings were accepted by all Israel—proclaimed this openly. But it was at the same time admitted that for the life of the Mosaic law, the derivation from the Scriptures was necessary. This peaceful solution was due to Rabbi Akiba before whose time great troubles, even manslaughter in the house of learning, had taken place.<sup>1</sup>

We will now consider the striking difference which we find between the religious practices of the orthodox Jews and the Essenes, and see whether even in some of the Jewish writings we cannot find the origin of these differences, as we have occasionally attempted in the previous chapter. I have said already that a very

<sup>1</sup> Weinstein, pp. 35-40.

important point is the disregard which the Essenes had for the Second Temple, but there are other striking facts. We find that the Essenes are opposed to animal offerings, the use of unction-oil, keeping serfs, and swearing. Then we find further that the Essenes endued water with a mystical purifying power and believed in a separate origin of the soul, which existed also apart from the body, and that they gave a much greater importance to the angels. It is certainly not orthodox Judaism to proclaim that no one was obliged to live according to the law as soon as he understood deeper things, nor, furthermore, is the Essenean conception of life after death Jewish. Many of these peculiarities are to be traced back to Jewish origins, but all the same the question remains: Why did the Essenes follow these authorities rather than those of the Temple? The understanding of these points might give us an insight into Jewish esoteric teachings, which escapes us entirely at the moment.

The disregard for the Second Temple as well as for the sacrifices performed by its priests, to which they preferred their own sacrifices, is also manifested in the *Book of Enoch*,<sup>1</sup> which does not teach that God has gone into the Second Temple neither that it is a real sanctuary of God. Enoch does not attach any importance to the sacrifices which were performed there and in this echoes the opinion of a whole party holding the same opinion, which is also expressed in some of the passages of Solomon, of the *Psalms* and Moses' Apocalypses. The doctrine which the Essenes held about the lovely place where the souls of the righteous go after death is also in accordance with *Enoch*<sup>2</sup>; the fate of the evil

<sup>1</sup> lxxxix, 58; lxxxix, 73.

<sup>2</sup> xxii, 1-3.

man who died is there to be found too,<sup>1</sup> and probably also the doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul,<sup>2</sup> a doctrine anyhow known amongst the Rabbis. The *Kohleth*<sup>3</sup> speaks also of the survival of the soul after death. In *Enoch*<sup>4</sup> as well as in the books of *Daniel* and *Job* we find a much greater importance given to the angels than in the orthodox Jewish religion, but in accord with the Essenean doctrines; the same was the case as regards the doctrine about the formation of the universe.

Though we find in *Leviticus* the commandment to bring animal sacrifices<sup>5</sup> (there we also see that the use of oil, as well as the oath, are admitted), yet all the same, there are many points in Essenism which find their equivalent and perhaps their origin in this book. To begin with we find in *Leviticus* prescriptions about purity which seem to have found in the Essenes an attentive public. Their abstinence is also explained by this law of Moses. Blood was impure according to this law, and was to be avoided. The Essenes in their vegetarianism went only a little further in observing the same principle. Wine was considered to pollute the actions of the priests; therefore, again exaggerating the same prescription, the Essenes refrained entirely from using it. The Mosaic law spoke of *effusio seminis virilis* as something impure,<sup>6</sup> and the Essenes went further than that by regarding celibacy as always preferable to marriage, while the Pharisees, on the contrary, went so far as not to give the name of human beings to unmarried people,

<sup>1</sup> xxii, 10; xxvii, 3—11.

<sup>2</sup> lxxxix, 58.

<sup>3</sup> iii, 21; xii, 7.

<sup>4</sup> vi, 6; xxi, lxxxii, 10.

<sup>5</sup> Beginning of chapters iv and v.

<sup>6</sup> *Levit*, xv, 16—18.

though they also put children as the only aim of marriage. In *Leviticus*<sup>1</sup> it is said that Jews should not have possessions of which they could not be dispossessed. The Essenes transformed this into community of goods. The Pharisees also encouraged liberal giving of goods to others, a consequence whereof is the giving up of wealth. We have already mentioned the rigid purifications observed after the performance of certain natural functions. This is in accordance with *Deuteronomy*. The severity with which the Sabbath was observed might find its origin in the school of Schammai, which was known for its strictness on this point. For the ordinary Jews much was forbidden on that day. As to the prayers said at sunrise, I have stated already that there was mention of the Sun in *Isaiah*,<sup>2</sup> as also in the *Wisdom of Solomon*,<sup>3</sup> the *Psalms*<sup>4</sup> and *Enoch*,<sup>5</sup> in which last is also mention of prayer at sunrise.<sup>6</sup> Lucius remarks further that just as the Essenes were not allowed to let the rays of the sunshine shine on their nakedness, the Jews were not allowed to expose themselves towards the Temple.

The prohibition of the use of oil unctions is said to be the consequence of the care which was taken not to come into contact with strangers, or things made by them; but I do not see why the Essenes should not have made their own oil if they had found the use of it necessary. As to the curious rule of not spitting to the right or straight before one—of which Herzfeld<sup>7</sup> found the equivalent in the

<sup>1</sup> *Levit.*, xxv, 23.

<sup>2</sup> *Isaiah*, xlv, 7.

<sup>3</sup> *Wisdom*, xvi, 28.

<sup>4</sup> *Psalms*, ii, 13-14; iv, 21; viii, 8.

<sup>5</sup> *Enoch*, lxxii, 35; x, xiii, 3.

<sup>6</sup> *Idem*, lxxxiii, 11.

<sup>7</sup> Herzfeld, iii, 389.

*Talmud*—two explanations are offered to us, both based on Jewish belief. Reville<sup>1</sup> thinks that the origin of this prohibition might be the respect for the guiding angel who is supposed—in other Rabbinic advices—to be in front or at the right hand side of a person. This is the more likely, as we have just seen that the Essenes also believed in two guiding angels. Derenbourg<sup>2</sup> sees in it a result of the Jewish habit of not sneezing before some one else in order not to disgust him, as ultimately we should have to render an account of such involuntary acts. Reville's explanation seems to me the more probable one, though of course nothing can be said with any certainty. The superphysical and perhaps magical knowledge of the Essenes may also have had a purely Jewish origin, as has already been stated. They may have known the so-called prescriptions of King Solomon; and also Jesus Sirach<sup>3</sup> has been taken into consideration. Regarding their knowledge about stones, perhaps the explanation in *Leviticus*<sup>4</sup> may have some bearing, also the suggestion that the Jewish Prophets knew how to take poison out of drinking water and food.<sup>5</sup>

A very important likeness between Judaism and Essenism is the fact that meals were taken in common by the Essenes, and we find an equivalent in the meals at which the priests of Israel sat together. Ritschl<sup>6</sup> sees in those meals of the Essenes a principal part of their ceremonies, and without any doubt they really had a religious character. Tideman<sup>7</sup> reminds us how the

<sup>1</sup> Reville, I, p. 140.

<sup>2</sup> Derenbourg, p. 170.

<sup>3</sup> Jesus Sirach, xxxiii, 1—16.

<sup>4</sup> *Leviticus*, xiv, 37-40.

<sup>5</sup> *2 Kings*, II, 19—21; v; 38—39; xx, 7—8.

<sup>6</sup> *Alt Cath. Kirche.*, p. 184.

<sup>7</sup> p. 24—6.

priests in Jerusalem took meals together, which were products of the altar or from the taxes of the tithe, so that they had a religious significance. The Pharisees arranged meals on the pattern of the Easter meals at which benedictions were said. These Pharisean repasts were found to be equivalent to the sacrifices of the altar; it was said to be the table of God, to which only certain people were admitted and the others had to remain outside. Those who had the right to come to these meals were called "Chabers" and it has been supposed that the Essenes were an association of such. Their common meals which—on the principle of the Pharisees—were equivalent to the sacrifices of the altar, entitled them to refrain from the sacrifices of the Temple. This hypothesis solves, indeed, one of the great difficulties in the understanding of the Essenic system.

As Lucius points out we do not really know enough of the common belief of the Jews to state always how far Essenism agreed with it. In some cases we know that they differ, and, though it is often possible to trace the Essenean variations back to Jewish documents, the question still remains, why the Essenees held on some matters another opinion from that of the orthodox Jews. Were they the inheritors of an old esoteric tradition, unknown to the orthodox Jews, and were the differences which we find due to their knowledge of that tradition?

In another chapter we shall consider how much religions other than Judaism may have contributed to the formation of this Essenean conviction, or at least what points of similarity may exist.

Raimond van Marle

(To be continued)

## THE QABĀLĀH

By ELIAS GEWÜRZ

THE principal textbook of the Qabālāh, the *Zohar* contains a great variety of teachings on the inner life; the most prominent among these are the three doctrines of the Unity of God and the Universe, the law of cause and effect, and the law of spiritual evolution by means of rebirth. "Man," says the *Zohar*, "represents in his constitution the whole of the Universe"; but, as the Rabbis are careful to explain, man contains in his spiritual part something which is higher than anything manifested in this Universe. This is the Divine particle undergoing evolution, for whose sake all the cosmic processes are going on. The individualised soul of man, the Qabālāh teaches, can outstrip the regular course of the Cosmos, and attain unto perfection earlier in her career, through the cycles of birth and death on the various planes. In God all souls are one, but apart from Him they are set against one another. Therefore in this world of manifestation, unless the two souls are united by one purpose which they both strive to fulfil, discord is almost inevitable whenever two people find their lots thrown together. Even when the immediate object is material gain, or physical pleasure, as in business or marriage relationships, it always smooths over the rough places if there is a spiritual tie of some sort between the partners. There are, of course, unions, by which no ideal purpose

1914

THE QABĀLĀH

169

whatever is served, as for instance in unscrupulous enterprises where the sole object is gain, or in marriages in which the motive is to raise one's social position; but all these prove sooner or later the degrading character of such a union by the consequences. The misery suffered by the participants demonstrates the inviolable character of nature's laws; therefore the Masters of the Holy Qabālāh warned their disciples "to eschew all intercourse in which no heart or love element enters". Final liberation can only be reached by union with the Highest, but as at the present the world as a whole is not yet ready for this happy consummation, the soul of the advanced disciple must be content when she finds another soul, or several other souls going in the same direction as herself, and, joining forces, they hasten their own evolution by working for those who are less advanced, as yet unfit for Union with God.

All souls are homeward bound, but all do not progress at the same pace. What most hinders a soul on her upward path is what the Indian Sages called "the heresy of separateness". "If the soul looks down to form and matter," says Rabbi Eleazar, "and believes that she can be happy while other souls suffer, then she is doomed; but if she looks up to the source of all light and prays for wings in order to lift her sister-souls heavenward, then the angels of mercy gather above her and lift her and all those she pleads for, into a place of safety." The beauty of the Zoharic teachings consists in this continual recurrence of the doctrine of Unity, and the supreme potency of love to save and to redeem. The world process, according to the Qabālāh, is going on in the mind of collective humanity; it is here that

havoc is wrought through sin and perversity, and above all through the illusion of separateness. "The children of the Gnosis, who know the Father of lights," says the author of *The Golden Gate*, "always work for peace." The gracious purposes of the Most High can only be furthered by peace and by love. On those planes where force and violence are still required for the evolution of the species, individuals are provided with whose nature this lower work is in accord, "but they too," says the Qabālāh, "should not be left in ignorance of God's mercies".

The object of life in the manifested worlds is to prepare the essence of light and to weave the glorious garments of the Supreme Sovereign of all the worlds. Such is the teaching of the Qabālāh. The immortal merit of the Qabālistic writings is their freedom from dogma and from all sorts of limitations in regard to race, creed, or colour; their antiquity is proved by the greatest scholars to antedate the most ancient teachings of the East, and shows how the Wisdom Religion was really never absent, though not commonly known. Primitive humanity was not deprived of teachers, and to our earliest ancestors the doctrine of Unity was proclaimed. It was only owing to the exigencies of the inexorable "iron age" that these beautiful teachings have been forgotten, and have lost all their practical significance.

The stumbling-block in the way of the lower mind, preventing it from perceiving the Oneness of the human race and the sacred character of human life, is the limitation of its perspective to the present existence.

Life is one continuous whole without a break and without a definite line of demarcation. This truth was

known to the august Masters of the Qabālāh who taught "that the very fact that the wisdom of God is not perceived by the ungodly is itself a provision of that wisdom". "Like the ultra-violet and infra-red rays of the spectrum, which escape the naked eye, so does the effulgent light of God escape the lower mind of man," says one of the disciples of Rabbi Simeon Ben Jochai.

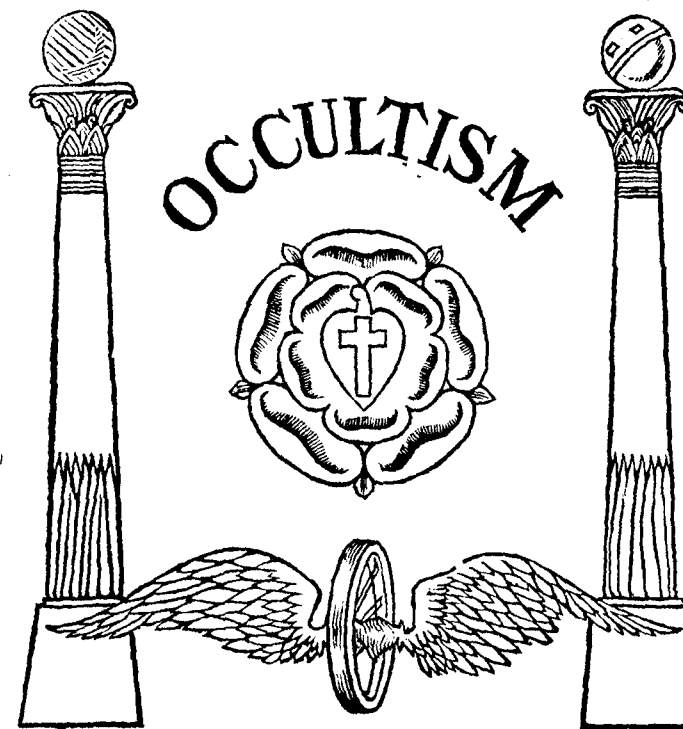
At the present time the teachings of the Qabālāh deserve special attention; the critical period in the world's history through which we are passing will be better understood, if we know the foundations of the Wisdom Religion and the precepts of the Genius which presided over them, when they were delivered to the eager pupils in order to be handed down to future generations. It is, of course, impossible to give here more than a brief outline of what the Qabālāh is, but those sincerely interested in Theosophy should *study* the Qabālāh at its source.

The process of crystallisation going on at the present moment in the higher strata of thought, and the gradual emergence of a new type in which the excrescences of the cold and frozen intellectualism of the eighteenth century has disappeared, had been foreseen by the old Qabālists; they often spoke of the "*dualised*" mind-principle, which not only knows, but loves as well. This new type can be distinguished by many signs, and it seems to me that of all the spiritual movements afoot in the world the Theosophical Society has among its members the greatest number of souls of this type; but in the Society itself this process of natural selection is still going on. In fact I believe that all the storms the Society has passed through were destined to try and test the quality of this new type.

To my mind the Theosophical Society is the natural heir of the Wisdom of the Ages; its members are the guardians and stewards of this precious heritage, and they are responsible for the safe-keeping and profitable investment of the treasures in their charge. What was once known to the few as the Holy Qabālāh is now proclaimed far and wide as Theosophy; it is all the same teaching and emanates from the same source. The object of the old Qabālists was to warn people against the misuse of the higher forces and to urge them to consecrate them to "the Lords of the White Face"; the mission of the Theosophical Society is just the same.

The great confusion consequent upon the inrush of occult powers which the world is now experiencing can only be lessened by obedience to the teachings of the Holy Qabālāh which are the same as the Theosophical ones. Consecration to the service of mankind, purity of life, gentleness and humility, and, above all, devotion to the Holy Ones, were the precepts of the Rabbis in the Schools of the Qabālāh. There is nothing to add to these when equipping ourselves for the treading of the path. We need nothing more, and nothing less will do. More important than the vision is obedience to it. Most of us can see, but few have the strength to obey. Let us ponder over these sublime things of the ancients, and try once more whether we can be humble servants of the merciful Lords; and while performing our duties to them we may perchance find that peace, which we failed to find in any other way.

Elias Gewürz



## HOW WE REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A.

(Continued from Vol. XXXV, Part II, p. 682)

WE have so far been considering the manifestations of an individual's emotional nature, and it is obvious that because of his own experiences he will be able to understand the emotions of others, so long as such emotions are in the main of like nature. But what of those individuals who thoroughly understand such experiences as have not come to them? Shakespeare understands the working of a woman's heart and mind, and, too, all the intricate mental and emotional

processes of the traitor; Dickens knows how the murderer feels after committing the crime.

Furthermore, some gifted men and women, experiencing emotions, generalise from them to what is experienced by all, while one not so gifted, though once "bitten," is not twice "shy," nor is made appreciably wiser by the same experience coming to him over and over again. The gifted few, on the other hand, will fathom the universal quality in a single experience, and from it will anticipate many of like nature; for themselves, and sometimes for others too, they will state their experiences reduced to algebraic formulæ, as it were, each formula including in one general statement all particular cases. Their thoughts and feelings are like aphorisms, with the transformation of many experiences into one Experience.

Now to generalise from our particular emotions is as rare a gift as to originate a philosophy from the particular thoughts we gain about things. Yet it is this generalisation from particular emotions that is characteristic of a poet, and the more universal are his generalisations the greater is he as poet. Why then should an individual here and there have this wonderful ability of seeing particular men as representatives of types, and particular emotions as expressions of universal emotions? We say that such a man is a genius, but the word genius merely describes and does not explain. There are geniuses in every department of life—religion, poetry, art, music, statesmanship, the drama, generalship in war and in commerce, and in many other phases of life. These geniuses are characterised by many abnormal qualities; they are always men of the future and not of their day, and each genius

is a lawgiver to future generations in his own department of activity; and above all, they live emotionally and mentally in wide generalisations. Whence comes this wonderful ability?

One explanation offered is Heredity. But how far does heredity really explain genius? According to the hitherto accepted theory of heredity, each generation adds a little to a quality brought from the generation before, and then transmits it to the next; this in turn adds a little, and passes on the total of what it has received plus its own contribution; and so on generation after generation, till we arrive at a particular generation, and one individual of it, in whom the special quality in some mysterious way gets concentrated, and that individual is thereby a genius. According to this popular theory, some remote ancestor of Shakespeare had a fraction of Shakespeare's genius, which he transmitted through heredity to his offspring; this offspring then, keeping intact what was given him by his parent, added to the stock from his own experiences, and then passed on both to his child; and so on in successive generations, each generation treasuring what is given to it from all previous generations, and adding something of its own before transmitting it to the next. Shakespeare then is as the torrent from a reservoir that has slowly been dammed up, but bursts its sides when the pressure has passed beyond a certain point.

Such a conception of heredity is based upon the assumption that what an individual acquires of faculty as the result of adaptability to his environment is passed on to his offspring. Such is indeed the conclusion that the Darwinian school of biologists came to from their analysis of what happens in nature. But biological

research during the last twenty-five years has been largely directed to testing the validity of the theory of the transmission of acquired characteristics, and not only has not one indisputable instance yet been found, all experiments in breeding and crossing on the other hand accumulate proofs to the contrary.

The new school of biologists known as the Mendelians have therefore come to theories about heredity that are not only novel but startling. According to them, structural characteristics, upon which must depend the mental and moral capacities of an individual, existed in *every* ancestor in their fullness; and further they must all have been in the first speck of living matter. Nothing has been *added* by evolution to this original stock of capacities in protoplasm, and every genius the world has known or will know existed potentially in it, though he had to wait millions of years before there arose the appropriate arrangement of the "genetic factors" to enable him to appear as a genius on the evolutionary stage. Nature has not evolved the complex brain structure of Shakespeare out of the rudimentary brains of the mammals; that complexity existed in a pin-head of protoplasm. Nature has not evolved the genius; she has merely *released* him from the fetters that bound him in the primordial protoplasm, by eliminating, generation after generation, such genetic factors as inhibited his manifestation. Bateson sums up these modern theories when he says: "I have confidence that the artistic gifts of mankind will prove to be 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. They are almost beyond doubt to be looked upon as *releases* of powers

normally suppressed. The instrument is there, but it is 'stopped down'."<sup>1</sup>

Time alone will show how far the Mendelian conception will need to be modified by later discoveries; but it is fairly certain already that the older Darwinian conception of heredity is untenable, and that if a man is a genius he owes very little to the intellectual and emotional achievements of his ancestors. If however we admit with the Mendelians that a genius is "released" merely by the removal of inhibiting factors, and is not the result of slow accumulations, we have still the original mystery unsolved, and that is to explain the synthetic ability of the genius. We are therefore no nearer really explaining the nature of genius along Mendelian theories than along the Darwinian; the theories of science merely tell us under what conditions genius will or will not manifest, but nothing more.

The only rational theory of genius, that accepts scientific facts as to heredity and also explains what genius is, comes from the conception of reincarnation. If we hold that an individual is a soul, that is, an imperishable and evolving ego, and manifests through a body appropriate to his stage of growth and to a work he is to do in that body, then we see that his emotional and mental attributes are the results of experiences he has gained in past lives; but since he can express them only through a suitable body and brain, these then must be of such a kind as nature has by heredity selected for such use. The manifestation of any capacity then depends on two indispensable factors, first an ego or consciousness who has developed that capacity by

<sup>1</sup> Presidential Address, British Association, 1914.

repeated experiments in past lives, and second, a suitable instrument, a physical body, of such a nature structurally as makes possible the expression of that capacity. When therefore we consider genius, if on the one hand a particular genius has not a body fashioned out of genetic factors that do not inhibit his genius, he is "stopped down," to use Bateson's simile, and his genius is unreleased; but if on the other hand nature were to produce a thousand bodies that were not "stopped down," we should not *ipso facto* have a thousand geniuses. Two lines of evolution must therefore converge before there can manifest any quality that is not purely functional, the first being that of the evolution of an indestructible consciousness that continually experiments with life and slowly becomes expert thereby, and the second the evolution of a physical structure, that by heredity is selected to respond to a given stimulus from within.

If, with this clue as to what is happening in nature, we examine the various geniuses the world has produced, we shall see that they are remembering their past lives as they exhibit their genius. Take for instance such a genius as the young violinist Mischa Elman, who a few years ago began his musical career; he was then but a lad, and yet even at that age he manifested marvellous technical ability. Now we may perhaps legitimately account for this technical ability along Mendelian lines, as being due to a rare confluence of genetic factors; but by no theory of physical heredity can we explain what surprised the most exacting of musical critics—Mischa Elman's *interpretation* of music. For it is just in this interpretation that a music lover can see the soul of the performer, whether that

soul is a big one or a little, whether the performer has known of life superficially or has touched life's core. Now Elman's interpretation, absolutely spontaneous as it was, and unimitated from a teacher, was that of a man and not that of a boy. Little wonder that many a critic was puzzled, or that the musical critic of the *London Telegraph* should write as follows:

Rain beat noisily upon the roof and thunder roared and rattled, but Mischa Elman went calmly on with his prescribed Paganini and Bach and Wieniawski. Calmly is the word, be it noted, not stolidly. We have had stolid wonder-children on our musical platforms; Mischa is not of them. Upon his face, as he plies the bow, rests a great peace, and only now and then, with a more decided expression, does he lower his cheek upon the instrument, as though he would receive from it the impulse of its vibrations and to it communicate his own soul beats. The marvel of this boy does not lie in his execution of difficult passages. If it did, perhaps we should award it but perfunctory notice, seeing that among the children of our generation there are so many who play with difficult passages much as their predecessors did with marbles. We have gone beyond mere dexterity in bowing and fingering, and can say, in the spirit of one of old time, that from the babe and suckling comes now the perfection of such praise as lies within the compass of a violin.

Asked to account for this—to explain why Mischa Elman, laying cheek to wood, reveals the insight and feeling of a man who has risen to the heights and plumbed the depths of human life—we simply acknowledge that the matter is beyond us. We can do no more than speculate, and, perhaps, hope for a day in which the all-embracing science of an age more advanced than our own shall discover the particular brain formation, or adjustment, to which infants owe the powers that men and women vainly seek. Those powers may be the Wordsworthian "clouds of glory," brought from another world. If so, what a brilliant birth must that of Mischa Elman have been! The boy was heard in a work by Paganini and another by Wieniawski, both good things of their meretricious kind, and both irradiated, as we could not but fancy, by the unconscious genius which shines alike on the evil and the good, making the best of both. Upon the mere execution of these works we do not dwell, preferring the charm of the moments in which the music lent itself to the mysterious emotion of the youthful player, and showed, not the painted visage of a mountebank, but the face of an angel!

If along lines of reincarnation we suppose that Mischa Elman is a soul who in his past lives has in truth "risen to the heights and plumbed the depths of human life," then we have a reasonable explanation for his genius; in each interpretation there is reflected the summing up of his past experiences, and he can through his music tell us of a man's sorrow or a man's joy because as a man in past lives he has experienced both, and retains their memory in emotional and intellectual generalisations. This explanation further joins hands with science, because the reincarnation theory of genius implies the need of the musical soul, of a body with a musical heredity, that has been "selected" by evolution and has been built up by appropriate genetic factors.

Reincarnation alone explains another genius who must remain a puzzle according to all other theories. Keats is known in English poetry as the most "Greek" of all England's poets; he possessed naturally that unique feeling for life that was the treasure of the Greek temperament. If he had been a Greek scholar and steeped in the traditions of Greek culture, we might account for this "*anima naturaliter Graeca* of the Greekless Keats". But when we consider that Keats had "little Latin and less Greek," and began life as a surgeon's apprentice and a medical student, we may well wonder why he sings not as a Christian poet should do, but as some Greek shepherd born on the slopes of Mount Etna. The wonder however at once ceases if we presume that Keats is the reincarnation of a Greek poet, and is remembering his past lives as he reverts to Greek ways of thought and feeling.

With reincarnation as a clue it is interesting to see how a little analysis enables us to say where in the

past an individual must have lived. In the culture of the West, there are three main types of "reversion," to Rome, to Greece, and to India. Any one who has studied Roman institutions and the Roman conception of life finds little difficulty in noting how the English temperament is largely that of ancient Rome in a modern garb; the values, for instance in history, of such historians as Gibbon, Macaulay, Hume, are practically the same as those of Roman historians, Sallust, Tacitus, Livy, and the rest; whereas if we were to take French historians we shall find them scarcely at all Roman in temperament, and far more akin to the Greek. The equation Tennyson=Vergil is certainly not far-fetched to those that know the quality of both poets.

The reversion to Greece we find very clear in such writers as Goethe, Schiller, Lessing. Why should these writers have proclaimed to Germany with unbounded enthusiasm the message of "back to Greece," but that they knew from their own experience in past lives what Greek culture had still for men? For what is enthusiasm but the spring forward of the soul to experience a freshness and delight in life that it has known elsewhere and whose call it recognises again? These men of enthusiasm, the pioneers of the future, are as sports or freaks in nature otherwise; let us but think of them as reincarnated souls remembering in their enthusiasm their past lives, and they become not sports but the first-fruits of a glorious humanity that is to be.

Who that has studied Platonism has not been reminded of Platonic conceptions when reading Emerson? Though Emerson has not the originality nor the daring of Plato, yet is he truly "Greek"; it does not require such a great flight of the imagination to see him

as some Alexandrian follower of Plato. How natural then too that Emerson should enter the ministry to give his message, but should find himself unable to do it as a *Christian* minister, and should strike out a path for himself as an essayist to speak of the World-Soul! And who that has studied Indian philosophies does not recognise old Vedāntin philosophers in Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and a Buddhist philosopher in Schopenhauer, all reverting to their philosophic interests of past lives, and uttering their ancient convictions more brilliantly than ever before? Wherever the deeper layers of a man's being are offered to the world in some creation through philosophy, literature, art, or science, there may we note tendencies started in past lives; for the pageant of a man's life is not planned and achieved in the few brief years that begin with his birth, and he that knows of reincarnation may note readily enough where the parts of that pageant were composed.

C. Jinarajadasa

(*To be concluded*)

## THE INCARNATION OF PAN

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of *Father of Flowers*, *The Land of the Yellow Spring*, etc.)

ONE summer day I had spent many hours in a Devonshire wood. A thousand sights and sounds had delighted me. I had taken a book out with me. But who can read the printed page when everywhere the trees and flowers are telling tales more wonderful than those written in books?

It was nearly ten o'clock in the evening when I rose to go. I walked slowly, loath to leave that charmed spot. I had often on such occasions looked with a certain amount of curiosity at an old house on the outskirts of the wood. There were strange stories about the present owner. Tales told in country inns over a tankard of brown ale by rustics who, like the owners of the old house, added a bit here and a bit there with each additional telling. I had listened to these stories with incredulous amusement. From all accounts the present owner was in league with the Devil. So many people who choose a way out of the general running are said to be in league with the Devil.

That particular night I stood looking at the house longer than usual. The blinds were not drawn down in

a lower room, and the bright light and wide-open window enabled me to see the interior with remarkable clearness. I saw, sitting in a chair, the most remarkable-looking man I have ever seen. On the hearth-rug in front of him were strewn a number of flowers, and on either side of the chair were piles of books. He was reading with extraordinary eagerness and rapidity. Sometimes one finger would race along a line, stop, and then go on again. Sometimes he would give a low, haunting laugh, and at other times he would bang the open book with his fist. Now he closed the book, rose, and lifted from the hearth-rug a number of flowers, as many as he could hold in both arms. He buried his face in them and talked to them in a soft caressing way. Then he laid them gently down again and walked briskly to the open window and looked out. Our eyes met. There was something eerie in that look of his. Then he smiled, with almost the same effect as when a dog shows his teeth. It was a malignant smile, and yet for all that irresistible.

He stretched forth his arm and beckoned to me.

I drew closer. There might have been cords to that beckoning finger of his. I could do no other than obey his silent summons.

"Well, Stranger," he said, in a curiously musical voice, "so my doings interest you?"

"I must apologise for intruding upon your privacy," I said. "Your doings certainly did interest me, and I hope that will be sufficient excuse for my looking into your charming room. You have a love of flowers?"

"I love Nature," he replied simply. "You walk abroad rather late in the evening, Stranger? The birds have rolled themselves into feathered balls for many

hours now. I keep late hours, too. *So much happens in a wood at night!*"

When he mentioned the word "wood," I saw a strange expression flit across his face. It was the expression of a lover who has suddenly discovered something of what Love may mean.

"Stranger, the hour is late, and perhaps you have far to go, but if you will come in for a little while I may be able to entertain you after my own fashion."

I readily accepted the invitation. A moment later I was sitting in a chair opposite to this extraordinary man.

"Few people come to this wood," said my host, "but I often see a little bald man with a green butterfly-net. He races round trees; he tramples down flowers; he falls into the brook, but nothing matters so long as he catches butterflies. The small coloured creatures, blossoms that have learnt to fly, get into his net sometimes, and the bald-headed man smiles as he drops them into his poison-bottle. Oh, that abominable poison-bottle! It takes so long to kill. I know that old man goes home and sets his specimens out on a cork with pins and strips of paper. Presently he will transfer them to his collection, when they might have been drinking honey from the flowers. I should like to put that man into a big poison-bottle and pin down those fat, eager legs and arms of his!"

My host spoke with grim earnestness. Then he went on with even more vigour:

"I once saw a man who has a mania for collecting the green-brown eggs of blackbirds and the blue-brown eggs of thrushes. He has hundreds of them in large drawers. All those eggs came from the love-making

of birds, Stranger. Ah! when spring comes there are such happy marriages in birdland, such joy in building homes. And then the eggs come. Spring-time is calling, calling in the woods, but the birds sit so patiently upon their eggs. They know why they keep them warm, and they sing little snatches of song for very joy of keeping them warm. Then comes a heavy foot-fall, and cruel fingers dive into the nest. The treasures of coloured shell, with life and song for many a golden spring are taken away, pierced and blown. Oh, Stranger, I weep when I think of that man's collection of eggs and of all the sweet and wonderful song lost for ever to the world!"

My friend lifted again the flowers as I had seen him do, when watching him from the wood. Once more he spoke to them in a strange language I could not understand, and it seemed that the flowers answered him. He smiled at what they said.

"You play?" I queried, looking at a piano in one corner of the room. "Perhaps you will favour me with something from Chopin?"

"I will play," said he, "but my music is not like the music of musicians or of composers such as you name. They thunder in the bass, trill in the treble, juggle with sharps and flats, and all the time their music comes from innumerable hammers inside their instruments! My music comes from yonder wood, from distant caves by the sea, from great mountains shrouded in mist. Listen!"

He rose and went to the piano and rested his long fingers on the keys. He did not strike the notes. He caressed them. I find it difficult to describe what followed. For some time I was too utterly surprised to

appreciate fully what I heard. When the feeling of surprise lessened I leant forward and listened intently, afraid lest the slightest sound should escape me.

I heard the music of the wood. Words seem dull and cold to describe my impressions. I heard the soft wash of the sea upon the shingle, the quick gurgling rush as it swept between the rocks and then lay still in pools. I heard the breaking of little waves, the fall of those blue-white water-curls. I heard the song of trees, the rustle of dry autumn leaves, the soft fall of rain, and then the sound of raging forests, lashed and twisted by the fierce wind. "I will take you by force," the wind seemed to say. "I will lay you low, O stately ones of long standing! I will hurl you down. I will tear out your secrets. I will hurt you in your hidden places under the earth." And the forests answered back with thunderous voice: "Lay your strong cold arms about us, and twist our hair and make our bodies rub together. We are full of the joy of battle, O wind!" Thus was the war waged between the forests and the wind. Then came the soft falling of leaves and the jubilant song of birds, and last of all came the gentle sea-song of the trees.

My host still sat at the piano, his head a little bent. I thought there was nothing more to come till I felt the most wonderful charm of all—the silence of woods. It was the silence of awakening life, the mad uprush of sap, the preparing of colour and perfume.

Then my friend rose with a gentle laugh. "Little children cannot be taught that music. No hitting of fingers, no laborious counting aloud, no practising of

five-finger exercises will teach that music. No man with shaggy hair, with small conservatories rearing the red-rimmed eyes can write about its technique. It is the oldest music in the world and the sweetest. What think you, Stranger?"

But he gave me no time to answer him, no time even to thank him. He was sitting once more in the chair opposite to me.

"What a pity it is," said he, "that so many scientists run in grooves and fly round with labels and paste whenever they want to chronicle a fact. I don't care who or what the man is, if he is going to be really great, he must have a keen imagination, in other words he must have a sense of poetry. The analytical is good in its way, but it is the long way and not the short way to knowledge. Darwin proved that mankind descended from monkeys, but he did not prove the missing link question. He left out of consideration the half-human stage, the satyrs, for instance, of ancient Greece. He called them myths. Myths are very often missing links"

"Your suggestion," I said, "is very ingenious, but you see nothing has ever been found to prove your theory. One skeleton of the upper part of a man and the lower part of a goat——."

I stopped suddenly. My host had quickly brushed back his hair from his forehead. I stared, leant forward, and then drew back with a sharp cry.

"Well, Stranger, what is it? Why don't you go on? What were your thoughts just then?"

"I thought," I said, my voice shaking a little "how much you resemble Pan. The thought was a foolish one, for Thamus, when sailing near Paxos, was

commanded by a mighty voice to proclaim, 'Pan is dead.'"

"Pan died in Arcadia, my Stranger," he replied, rising to his full height and showing his teeth in a malign and horrible smile. "Pan lives again to-night. *I am the great God Pan!*"

Days and weeks went by since my first visit to this strange man. I found myself constantly thinking about him. Sometimes I regarded him as a fanatic, a hopeless madman who had gone mad through loving Nature too well. At other times I was half inclined to believe his assertion. He certainly had abnormal powers, and, moreover, he bore a striking likeness to Pan as we popularly picture that God. But Pan of old was a sportsman and delighted in the chase. This new Pan wept over stolen eggs and babbled tenderly to flowers. My interest in the matter became so keen, that I eventually resolved to spend a night in the wood in the hope that I might see him.

On the night chosen I concealed myself between two boulders in such a way that I could see a certain clearing in the wood, and yet at the same time was not likely to be observed.

I sat hidden in this place for about two hours when I heard the sound of voices. Then I saw Pan slowly walking along with his arm round a slight, dark woman. Here was a comedy I had not bargained for! Pan in love with a Devonshire maid! Surely that would correct his madness, or, if you wish to be cynical, lead his madness into a more human and more easily understood channel.

They sat down against a tree, and I must confess I played the part of eavesdropper without very much shame.

There was a look of distress upon Pan's face. The woman caressed his hands and looked up at him with a smile from time to time.

"You tell me," the woman was saying, "that you love me and yet cannot, if you would, marry me."

"Even so, little one. You see you do not understand. There are voices calling me that you do not hear. There are people you cannot see waiting for me to play to them. Oh, the call of the woods and the caves and the mountains! Cannot you hear their voices? Now, now listen!"

"Dear dreamer, there is no sound save the wind and the cracking of twigs and the sound of running water."

"Ah!" exclaimed Pan with a long-drawn sigh. "You must try to forgive these vagaries. Draw close. Perhaps I may forget, shut out their voices, and only hear yours!"

Pan bent down and pressed the woman's face between his hands and kissed her on the mouth.

"Oh," said the woman softly, "what a night this is! You will put away your dreams and your fancies? I will serve you and make you always happy. I will bring sick birds for you to make well again. I shall be like a stream wandering through your life. It shall be there always for your refreshment. Drink deep at all times. You can never exhaust my love for you!"

Pan did not speak. I saw tears run down his cheeks. Twice his right hand went to his breast. The third time he drew out something and put it to his lips. I heard music sweeter than the song of birds. And all the time Pan wept—tears that fell into his pipes and made the notes tremulous.

I saw the woman quickly loose her hold. A look of intense fear came into her great eyes. Something strange and wonderful was happening. The woman watched it all, her body swaying to and fro. Then she uttered a shrill, piercing cry and rushed, as if possessed, through the trees and out of sight, one word ever upon her lips, shrieked out in awful terror—"Pan!"

It was Pan indeed. He had undergone a change. I saw his goat-beard swaying in the wind and horns jutting out from his forehead. His bare skin was hard and red, and the lower part of him was like a goat. Still he played, and the sound of his music became more sweet. And through the wood there echoed the wild mad cry of "Pan"; the woman shrieking the name with a darkened brain. And all the time Pan wept.

F. Hadland Davis

# SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT

### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th August, 1914, to 10th October, 1914, are acknowledged with thanks:

#### ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

|                                                                                | Rs.   | A. | P. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|----|----|
| Mr. E. Streunn, Germany ... ..                                                 | 14    | 10 | 0  |
| Burma Federation, for 1914 ... ..                                              | 100   | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. Francisco Sevilla of Manila, for 1914 ... ..                               | 7     | 8  | 0  |
| Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, for 1914-15 ... ..                                        | 15    | 0  | 0  |
| Miss Ella Jewet, Hermes Lodge, Greece, for 1914<br>and 1915, £1 6s. 3d. ... .. | 19    | 11 | 0  |
| Miss Athalia Wernigg, for 1914-15 ... ..                                       | 18    | 12 | 0  |
| Indian Section, T. S., part payment for 1914 ... ..                            | 1,800 | 0  | 0  |

#### DONATIONS

|                                                                             |           |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|---|---|
| Mr. V. A. Mogee, Bombay ... ..                                              | 5         | 0 | 0 |
| Indian Section, T. S., Contribution to Adyar<br>Library, for 1913-14 ... .. | 100       | 0 | 0 |
|                                                                             | Rs. 2,080 | 9 | 0 |

A. SCHWARZ,

ADYAR, 10th October, 1914.

Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

Printer: Annie Besant: Vasanā Press, Adyar, Madras.  
Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

VOL. XXXVI

No. 3

# THE THEOSOPHIST

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IT is very difficult to satisfy everybody, as people have found since the day of the old man, his son and the donkey. If I remember rightly, the old man finally carried the donkey, after having tried successive changes in deference to the views of successive advisers. Having agreed to exclude my views on social and political questions from the pages of THE THEOSOPHIST, because they might hurt the susceptibilities of some readers, remonstrances come in, urging that I am depriving my readers of "light and leading," and saying that it is one of my duties to throw the light of Occultism on the puzzling conditions of present-day problems. But, readers mine, the light of Occultism dazzles as well as illuminates, and even the illumination is not always welcome. Mr. Olifent says, wisely and bravely, that I have hurt him, and probably will hurt him in the future, in some things I have said, and probably will say, about Australia, but that he prefers the hurting with the outspokenness. That is a sensible and rational way of looking at things, for people who are hurt when others disagree with them betray

thereby a lurking doubt as to the accuracy of their own views. There are many things in the life of Nations that need changing, and those who see these things must speak out, and so put themselves as a force towards the bringing about of the necessary and coming changes. Hence, I am working hard for certain changes, which are necessary to prepare the world for the coming of the Great Teacher. But it is not necessary to press the political and social side of these changes in THE THEOSOPHIST, as there are other agencies I can use for the special local matters on which prejudices so easily arise.

\* \*

Ever since 1893, many of my good European friends have blamed me severely for my love for India, and have urged me to devote myself to Europe rather than to India, declaring that my love made my views biassed and unfair. They thought that I pressed too strongly India's grievances, urged too rashly her right to a place on equal terms in the Empire, laid too much stress on her claims, took too high a view of her character and of her possibilities of greatness. It may be that some will now see that the love was justified, and will realise that the generosity which could cast all grievances aside in the hour of Britain's need, and could stand by England for the sake of her great Ideals of Liberty—which here she has disregarded—shows a loftiness of national character and an insight unblinded by suffering, which stand out to India's undying glory. She feels keenly that Britain has not met her love as she should have done; that while a Tsar has promised AdPoland constitutional freedom, no such promise has reached her longing ears from Britain's lips. But

India is as patient as she is strong, and she knows that, in this great world-quarrel, Britain stands for Right, for Freedom, for Justice, for Public Faith, for Honour. Therefore she stands by her with her whole loyal loving heart, and will so continue to stand.

\* \*

Knowing that she will have her place in the Empire, and it being part of my work to urge her rights both here and in England, and to proclaim that in union between the two great Nations lay the salvation of both and the possibility of the World-Empire—I found it natural to point to an Empire consisting of a Federation of Free States, years before the idea was formulated in the outer world. So also, the view that Home Rule for Ireland was only desirable if Home Rule for England and Scotland went with it. A study of the "Great Plan," which is followed by evolution, inevitably throws light on coming changes in the outer world. When these touch matters of National pride and rivalry, they naturally jar. Should the Theosophist overcome this feeling, or should he, like ordinary people of the world, feel hurt?

\* \*

How delighted our Russian H. P. Blavatsky would have been over the events of the last few months; how proud of her beloved country, how jubilant over her Tsar, and all the victories of her people. The intense patriotism was striking in so thorough a cosmopolitan. She had great dreams of the Russia of the future, far-reaching hopes. And she longed passionately that England and Russia should understand each other and clasp hands. Her dream has come true.

\* \*

The end of this month will see Madras in a whirl of Annual Meetings. Our own Annual Convention, the 39th, begins on Saturday, December 26th, with a lecture at 8 a.m. by myself, on "The Work of the Theosophical Society". The General Council meets at 10, but it has very little to do. No important questions are before it, and as all the National Societies are in the full swing of their peaceful activities, and each is autonomous, there is practically nothing for the Central Council to do beyond registering the year's work. The flexible Constitution of the T.S., giving to each National Society its own complete liberty to develop along its own lines, and to suit its work to the country in which it labours, gives the central body no special business when all is working well. It receives and records the work done, but its duty of harmonising and adjusting is only called for when any National Society oversteps its own boundaries and interferes with others, or tries to limit the liberty guaranteed to every member by the General Constitution. We had one instance of this in the German aggression of two years ago, and we had to meet in miniature the campaign of falsehood and treachery that Germany is now and was then, it seems, carrying on on a world-scale. Then, as now, the campaign was directed against England, but we did not then know that it was a part of a world-wide organisation, intended to destroy the Island Empire. There was an outburst of hatred, following on a subtle invasion of other countries which had been going on for years, the founding of special groups in each for the propagation of a peculiar German form of Theosophy; when the signal was given by the German Secretary, all these groups—in America, France, Eng-

land, Italy, Switzerland—burst out into furious denunciation of the President, and there followed a series of attacks, falsification of documents, misrepresentations of facts, insulting messages cabled, so as to publish them to the world. The time was well chosen, just in the midst of the attacks carried on here, so that the falsehoods, sent all over India, could be utilised, as they were utilised, in the missionary slanders. The object of it all was to make Germany dominant in the T.S., and to force upon the whole Society the peculiar form of Steinerian Theosophy. While maintaining for all Steinerians their perfect liberty to hold and teach this, I had opposed the restriction of liberty imposed in Germany on those who did not share these peculiar opinions, the refusal of charters by the German Secretary to Lodges who did not accept his views, and had maintained, as was my duty, the equal liberty of all views within the T.S. This support of our fundamental principle of liberty of thought brought down on me the avalanche of German hatred; the General Council supported me in maintaining our liberty, and the German National Society transformed itself into an independent organisation, carefully prepared some time before. The completeness of the falsification deceived a few, like the French writer, M. Levy; it would have taken so much time and trouble to expose, that I did nothing in the way of answer, but went on with my work, believing that good work is the best answer to slander. Now, looking back, in the light of the German methods revealed by the war, I realise that the long continued efforts to capture the Theosophical organisation, and put a German at its head, the anger against myself for foiling those efforts, the complaint that I had spoken of

the late King Edward VII as the Protector of the Peace of Europe, instead of giving that honour to the Kaiser, was all part of the widespread campaign against England, and that the missionaries were tools skilfully used by the German agents here to further their plans. If they could have turned the T.S. in India, with the large number in it of Government servants, into a weapon against British Rule, and have taught it to look to Germany for spiritual leadership, instead of standing, as it has ever done, for the equal union of two Free Nations, it might gradually have become a channel for poison in India. To do this it was first necessary to destroy its President, known to stand for union between the two Peoples during the last twenty years.

\* \* \*

Mr. C. Jinarajadasa is working hard here, and his varied and wide knowledge makes him peculiarly useful. He gave an address on Nov. 27th to a students' gathering on University life abroad, which interested the young men immensely, and he was lecturing a few days before at the Pachaiyappa's College on "The Philosophy of Buddhism." Earlier in the month he lectured in the Presidency College, and, going down to Madanapalle, he opened there the King George V Coronation Club and Reading Room, which had been completed by the efforts of the leaders of the Theosophical Trust School in that place. Mr. Ernest Wood has made that School a great success, crowning the long work of a good Theosophist there, Mr. Giri Rau. Mr. Wood has raised fine buildings there, in a way all his own, with Laboratory, Hostel and new class-rooms. With the help of the Local Lodge, and one of our C.H.C. professors, now Principal of the

School, he has settled a free Primary School in the old Lodge building. Further, he has established a Pañchama colony on land belonging to the Trust, whence they cannot be ejected, and has started there a School for their children. So on the whole, Madanapalle owes a good deal to Mr. Wood and the Trust.

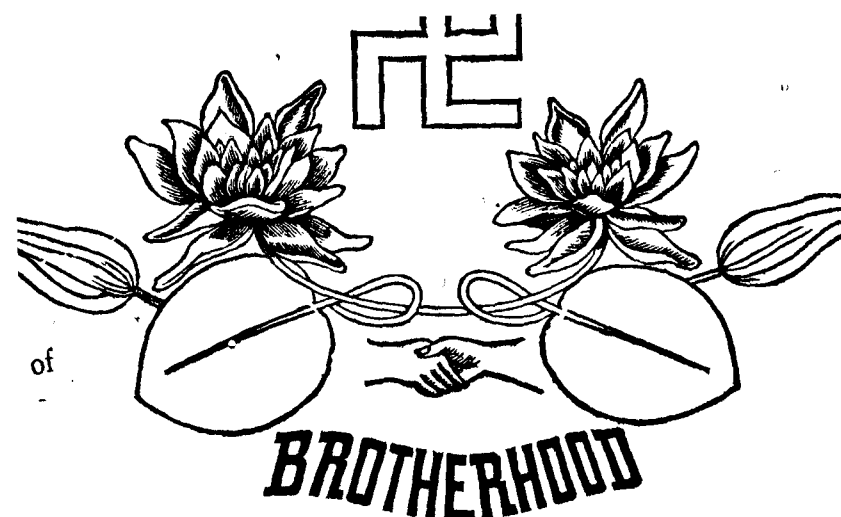
\* \* \*

M. Gistugci, a Judge at Sousse, in the Province of Tunis, gives some interesting details about a mysterious light which is seen in Bocagnano, a Corsican village, some 40 kilometres from Ajaccio. It suddenly disappears when an observer comes within about 600 yards, so the exact spot has not been fixed, and is said, by village tradition, to have been seen for some hundreds of years. One thinks at once of some will-o'-the-wisp, but there is no marsh nor stagnant water in the neighbourhood, and some engineers, who tried to examine it, found no reason for its existence. The villagers like to believe the traditional account of its origin: There was a wicked Count, a tyrant, proud and bad. The priest waited for his return from hunting one day, and as he came not he began the benediction service. The Count arrived just after he began, and furious that he had not waited for his arrival, drew his sword and cut him down. Thunder and lightning followed the sacrilegious act, and the earth opened her mouth in an earthquake and swallowed up the evil-doer. But the light, never burning in the sanctuary, remained "to remind successive generations of the Justice of God" and sub-old-world tale may not attract many believers to-day, but as the local peasant would say: "Sir, there is the light."

Dr. Haden Guest and his band of workers are doing splendidly with the Red Cross; four more hospitals will, ere this, be in France, making six in all. Now has been formed the Anglo-French Hospitals Committee; in this wise was it born: "The scheme had to be submitted to a high official. He read it, and wrote: 'I fully concur,' and said: 'Form your Committee this afternoon'... and we did." Mr. Davies, whom many in Ing will remember, has gone off to Serbia, on Red Cross work—poor gallant little Serbia, in danger of being crushed by the Austrians.

\* \*

It is very doubtful whether the Theosophical World-Congress, which was to be held in Paris in 1915, will take place, as all arrangements—which have to be made far in advance—have necessarily been stopped by the War. So also it is doubtful if delegates can be found, in the East and in the Continent of Europe, to travel to San Francisco for the proposed Conference on Religious Philosophies. It is certain that we shall not be able to gather any delegates from India, Burma, and Ceylon for such a journey. Every one, who is not very rich, is straitened in circumstances by the War, and will scarcely be able to afford the heavy expense of a journey to San Francisco. We doubt the wisdom of trying to hold an International Congress on Religious Philosophies, as the representatives of the great eastern faiths cannot possibly have met, and the gathering would be confined to variants of western thought alone. Representatives of these might very usefully foregather, but the rest of us must look forward to calmer times, ere we can hope to meet on the great American Continent.



## THE RELIGION OF RICHARD WAGNER

By CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS

THE drama in its beginnings was in all countries serious and usually semi-religious in tone. In the Miracle Play and "Mystery," the mediæval equivalent of the drama—in which, as in its Greek prototype, music often played an important part—this religious element was even more pronounced. But in later times from both the spoken drama and the opera—a new type, the germ of which was the Greek music-drama—this serious element had for the most part disappeared.

The poet-musician Richard Wagner charged himself as a life-mission with the restoring of this semi-religious character. As a result, his works are familiar not only to lovers of music and the drama over half the world, but to students of ethics and religion. It is not a theatrical critic but a Doctor of Divinity and Principal of a Theological College who says: "We [English] have

no sort of idea either of the vast religious thoughts underlying his [Wagner's] creative work, or of the religious mission which finally came to dominate his amazing activity.<sup>1</sup>"

It is, of course, the religious message contained in his operas, rather than the creed of the composer himself, which is of importance to the world at large. Despite his twelve volumes of letterpress containing, in the opinion of Nietzsche, pages which are among the finest prose in the German language, there is probably not one student who reads his dramas to a hundred thousand who witness them.

But though Wagner attached an importance unprecedented in the history of opera to the text of his works, he and his commentators are never tired of proclaiming that their deepest significance and innermost meaning are only to be learned from the music. He believed that Art—poetry, painting, but above all, music—was a truer interpreter of the soul than the State<sup>2</sup> could ever be, and that it could penetrate beyond the reaches of dogma.

One might say that where religion becomes artificial, it is reserved for Art to save the spirit of Religion by recognising the figurative value of the mythic symbols which the former would have us believe in their literal sense, and [by] revealing their deep and hidden truth through an ideal representative.<sup>3</sup>

Music reveals the inmost essence of the Christian religion with definition unapproached. Music stops all strife between reason and feeling.

But, above all possibility of concrete thought, the Tone-Poet-Seer [Wagner is especially referring to Beethoven and his last four symphonies] reveals to us the Inexpressible: we divine, nay, feel and see that this insistent world of will is also but a state that vanishes before the One: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Forsyth, *Religion in Recent Art*.

<sup>2</sup> He is dealing with State Establishment of Churches.

<sup>3</sup> Introduction to Chap. I of *Religion and Art*. Ellis' translation.

<sup>4</sup> *Religion and Art*, Chap. III.

Nevertheless Art is as dependent on Religion as Religion on Art. The "ideally creative force" of the plastic art "diminished in exact proportion as it withdrew from contact with religion".

Wagner was far too creative, too independent a man to be content with mere negations and carpings at other peoples' conception of Religion. He tells us distinctly what was his own. "Religion's basis," he maintains, "is a feeling of the unblessedness of human being, of the State's profound inadequacy to still the purely human need. Its inmost kernel is denial of the world—i.e., recognition of the world as a fleeting and dream-like state reposing merely on illusion—and struggle for Redemption from it." "The artist, too, may say of himself 'My kingdom is not of this world'—and I may say this of myself."

The outstanding characteristic of the poet-musician's religion is its abstract or metaphysical quality. Extremes meet. And this man who would have united all arts—nay, almost all human activities—in that theatre which the Puritan mind regarded as the sink of iniquity, was singularly at one with the Puritan mind in its distrust of the formal element in religion. But he carried his distrust further, for he applied it to dogma, and in some respects to what is now known as the "historicity" of the gospels. His objection to dogma, however, is less a denial of a doctrine itself than a keen sense of the utter inadequacy of words to convey religious truth. One or two examples of his treatment of Christian doctrine will explain this:

Belief devised the necessary miracle of the Saviour's birth by a mother who, not herself a goddess, became divine through her virginal conception of a son without human

of  
of

contact, against the laws of nature. A thought of infinite depth, expressed in form of miracle . . . the mystery of motherhood without natural fecundation can only be traced to the greater miracle, the birth of the God Himself: for in this the Denial-of-the-World is revealed by a life prefiguratively offered up for its redemption.

Or take his view of the Crucifixion:

The very shape of the Divine had presented itself in anthropomorphic guise; it was the body of the quintessence of all-pitying Love, stretched out upon the cross of pain and suffering . . . In this, and its effect upon the human heart, lies all the spell whereby the Church soon made the Graeco-Roman world her own.

A metaphysical interpretation does not mean that religion is impractical.

Life is earnest, and has always been. In every age . . . this life and world have spurred great hearts and spacious minds to seek for possibility of its bettering.

The truly religious knows he cannot really impart to the world on a theoretic path, forsooth through argument and controversy, his inner beatific vision, and thus persuade it of that vision's truth: he can do this only . . . through *example*—through the deed of renunciation, of sacrifice.

This most austere of all lessons, the necessity for renunciation—a favourite one of the Buddha—meets us even in Wagner's only "comic" opera, the *Meistersingers*, where it is typified in Hans Sachs: so impossible was it for the master to free himself from his ingrained seriousness of purpose!

It may be objected—and often has been—that Wagner's own example was not free from grave blemishes. He was wholly without the modesty proverbially characteristic of genius, and singularly ungrateful. Despite his anti-militarism, he is said to have simply gloated over the appalling sufferings of the Parisians in 1870—they having, for political reasons, hissed his *Tannhauser* off the stage in 1861. He wrote to Liszt: "It seems as if the whole German war were made merely to assist me to my goal."

He has often been taunted too with his claim that to create works of imagination he must live in luxury. But as with others of his maxims, Wagner the man is the best refutation of Wagner the theorist. His first step off the path of conventionality, *The Flying Dutchman* was due to his seeking consolation from dire poverty and despair by giving vent to his soul's aspiration without a hope, almost without a wish, for its success. The title page of the score bears the inscription: "In darkness and adversity. Per aspera ad astra. God grant it. R. W." Physical comfort was neither behind him nor before. *The Ring* was written under much the same despair of so vast a work ever being produced. Of the refusal of Wigand even to print it, Wagner wrote Uhlig: "May God be praised! He is wiser than I." An exclamation not more devout than prophetic, for the refusal proved to be a blessing in disguise. And if he fell short, even far short, of his own ideal, is there any gospel, all of whose preachers would be well-advised to cast the first stone?

Nor does the metaphysical character of Wagner's religion preclude the dominance of certain ideas, or even their coagulation into doctrines. The most prominent of these is the need of the world for redemption. It meets us again and again both in his books and in his operas.

"We recognise," he says, "as our basis the fall and corruption of historical humanity as well as the necessity of its regeneration. We believe in the possibility of this regeneration, and we devote ourselves to carrying it out in every way." "The deepest foundation of every true religion is to be found in its expression of

the world's corruption, and the way it points to release from the same. To bear this in upon the dense, natural man requires a superhuman effort, in which respect we discern the sublimest feature of Christianity with its deepest truth of salvation revealed to the poor in spirit."

In a letter to Liszt, December, 1854, he writes of his hero Schopenhauer's "fundamental idea, the ultimate negation of the Will to Life," as "of terrible gravity, but solely redemptive". In the "Programmatic Elucidation" to the overture of his first characteristic opera he wrote:

The Flying Dutchman's dreadful ship scours along storm-driven; it makes for the land and lays to where its master has been promised to find salvation and redemption. We hear the pitying strains of this annunciation of salvation, which sounds to us like prayer and lament. He . . . is doomed to rove the ocean desert for treasures that afford him no satisfaction, and never to find what alone could redeem him. . . . From the depth of his misery he calls for redemption.

The overture to his next opera, *Tannhauser*, portrays mankind "redeemed from the curse of unholiness; . . . thus move and leap all the pulses of life to the song of redemption".

The Buddhist legend, which in 1856 was so suggestive to him that he had to repress his desire to take it up that he might finish the *Nibelungen*, was *Die Sieger*, (The Victors) which he interprets as meaning "supreme redemption".

Wagner's way of accounting for the degeneration of the human race will be found in Chapter II of his *Religion and Art*, and will strike many as grotesque. He acquired a Buddhistic sense of the sacredness of all life, animal as well as human. And he attributes the Fall from a higher to a lower state to changed physical

conditions having obliged mankind to resort to the slaying of animals for food. As a consequence, while retaining his love for the Fatherland and regarding his art as largely a national mission, he abandoned patriotism in the conventional, aggressive sense; became strongly anti-militarist,<sup>1</sup> vegetarian, and anti-vivisectionist. He suggests that a vegetarian principle underlay Christ's instruction to His disciples to remember Him only in Bread and Wine.

In regard to the means of Redemption, Wagner declares that "the regeneration of the Race can take root only in the deep soil of a genuine religion". As to what this religion must be, he would seem at one time to agree with the orthodox Christian theologian:

The Founder of Christianity was no sage; He was divine. . . . . to hope for Redemption was to seek union with Him.

At another time he seems to have in his mind an amalgam of Buddhism and Christianity:

When I was obliged to recognise. . . . . an escape from this life, through self-annihilation, as the Redeemer, I reached the fountain-head of all modern conceptions of this condition, namely the human Jesus of Nazareth. . . . I endeavoured to give vent to my stirred frame of mind, with the sketch of a drama, *Jesus of Nazareth*.<sup>2</sup>

This was in 1848. The work was to have been a spoken drama; feeling that his true vocation was musical, and for other reasons, the drama was never completed, but parts were subsequently incorporated in *Parsifal*.

<sup>1</sup> An evolutionary development, for, as a youth, he showed a keen zest in duelling. And as late as in his thirty-sixth year he is said by some to have actually fought at the barriers on the revolutionary side in the rising of May, 1849, but of this there is some doubt. It was for his share—chiefly fiery speeches and pamphlets—in this movement that he was exiled for over eleven years.

<sup>2</sup> Published by Breitkopf und Haertel, 1838.

Despite this somewhat nebulous frame of mind, one idea dominates Wagner's whole conception of the means of Redemption. This is Love, the "Great Thing" he calls it. "Everything else is not worth a brass farthing, no matter how high and sublime it may call itself." In regard to nothing is he so insistent and persistent, throughout both his books and his dramas. "The lovelessness of the world," he once wrote, "is its real sorrow."

In the earlier operas the redeeming factor is a human love. The Flying Dutchman will be redeemed if he can find a woman willing to sacrifice love and life to save one lost soul. Senta proves to be such, and achieves her end. Tannhauser typifies the struggle of a soul through a tempest of sensual passion to ideal love. But the agent of this love is a human one—Elizabeth, an ideal of womanly purity, etherealism, and selfless devotion. In *Lohengrin* the relative position of the sexes is reversed, but though more subtle than *Tannhauser*, and without its presentation of grosser elements, the lesson is essentially the same. Elsa loses the mysterious Spouse who has come to her from a higher sphere, through imperfection of love. Under the evil influence of the temptress Ortrud she breaks her promise not to ask her husband's name and lineage. The lesson intended is plain enough. But the illustration given is not convincing. Personally the present writer always feels that Elsa has been unfairly treated. If perfect trust, as implied, is a condition of perfect love, *Lohengrin* violated this fundamental principle as much in withholding his name and lineage from his spouse as she afterwards did in breaking her promise never to ask him whence he came. Wagner blames her for asking

the question "Whence," equivalent to the eternal "Why," which thinking minds apply to all phenomena. But why shouldn't a woman ask it as much as a man? See *Music of the Future*, p. 40.

In *The Ring* it is realised that in neither Man nor Woman alone is perfect human love attained, but only in their union. Writing to Rockl in 1854, Wagner says:

Even Siegfried alone [the man alone] is not the perfect Human Being: he is merely the half, and only with Brunhilde does he become the Redeemer . . . and suffering, self-sacrificing Woman becomes finally the true, conscious Redeemer; for Love is really "the Eternal Feminine" itself.

Of all the ethical questions in *The Ring*—the most stupendous music-drama in existence, comparable only to the Greek Trilogies—it is impossible to speak in the short space of an article. It may be said at once that the conception in it of God, "The All-Father," is that of the Scandinavian sages on which the poem is founded. Personified in Wotan it is crude in the extreme, and at times repulsive. Herein it is, however, but another example of the strange fact that, in their anthropomorphic endeavours to conceive the Supreme Being, men have shown themselves prone to draw upon the more carnal rather than spiritual attributes found in themselves! Wotan is not even faithful to his Goddess-wife, Fricka, and the only God-like quality in him is his superhuman control over the elements. Physical power and courage are the highest goal to which Gods and men can aspire!

Objection has not unnaturally been taken to the union between Siegmund and Sieglinde—brother and sister, parents of Siegfried. But it is to be remembered that they were not human beings, and that other and

classical mythologies are open to the same objection. So, indeed, is the Mosaic account of the origin of human life on the earth. Moreover Wagner, in one of his letters, explains that Wotan decrees the death of Siegmund "for morality's sake".

Wagner devotes page on page of his letters to elucidation of the more subtle contents of the huge work. His meaning is, he says, "the Representation of Reality"; "the whole poem shows how to acknowledge and yield to Necessity, Change, Variation, Multiplicity, and the eternal freshness of Reality and Life"; "Love is the only Divinity"; "the accursed Ring, forged from the Rhine-Gold, is preserved as the symbol of Love"; "we must learn to die. . . . fear of the end is only generated where Love itself is already waning".

It will surprise many readers to learn that it was before, not after, Wagner came under the influence of Schopenhauer that he wrote *The Ring*. That influence was due to the strange affinity which the great composer recognised between himself and the philosopher of pessimism. The latter expressed in words what the former had endeavoured to express in music. It has been said that one might pass from reading *The Ring* to Schopenhauer and find oneself "in a world familiar down to the catchwords of the system"<sup>1</sup>.

It was otherwise with *Tristan and Isolde*. That is to say, Wagner himself admits that it was "the serious mood created by Schopenhauer. . . . that inspired the conception of a Tristan and Isolde". It is a very serious mood indeed, and one cannot call it a very wholesome one. As occasionally occurs in actual life, the hero and heroine seek to solve the problem of what

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Forsyth, *Religion in Recent Art*.

on earth seems a hopeless love by drinking a death-potion. Their dialogue is said to be based on a Hindū conception of life and duty, and certainly is despairing enough. To a prosaic mind the chief lesson to be learned is not that primarily intended, but the work-a-day one, that exaggerated respect for social ineligibilities and morbid secretiveness in regard to love, may easily lead to utter ruin.

That the redemptive love which Wagner had in mind so constantly was spiritual and eternal rather than carnal and temporal is shown by its realisation taking place only on the threshold of the life to come. *The Dutchman*, *Tannhauser*, *The Ring*, and *Tristan*, all end with the death of the hero and heroine; and *Lohengrin* with their temporal severance. The idea of Redemption clearly underwent an evolution in Wagner's mind, becoming stronger and, despite an ebb and flow, more and more spiritual in character. "I have got hold," he wrote to Liszt, "of two marvellous subjects. . . . Tristan and Isolde—and then—the Victory—the Crowning Sacrament—Salvation full and complete." The reference is to *Parsifal*. In this, his last and most distinctly sacred opera, this redemptive love becomes, if not Divine, at least extremely ethereal in quality.

After comparing all versions of the legend on which the work is based, Wagner chose the most spiritual, and these, as was customary with him, he still further refined. The hero, who, though himself capable of error, "to save men was selected," redeems himself, and breaks the evil spell which binds Kundry and the Knights, by a life of compassion, and especially by passing unscathed through the fierce appeal to sensuality

offered by the "Flower Maidens"—a scene drawn from the Buddhistic source already mentioned—"The Victors". Hence the somewhat enigmatic couplet with which the drama ends:

Wondrous work of mercy:  
Salvation to the Saviour.

There is no appeal to the individual love of man for woman: there is no heroine. The extraordinary Temptress Kundry, "She-Lucifer, Rbse of Hades, Herodias," is largely a creation of Wagner's. In the third Act she becomes the penitent Magdalene, with features added from the legendary Salome and Ahasuerus. Her frequent change of character is said to represent the Buddhistic doctrine of reincarnation. The "Flower-Maidens" of the Second Act, in whom temptation reaches its climax, do not occur in the original at all but are also taken from "The Victors".

The story of the Grail (the Cup used by Christ at the Last Supper, with which is associated the Spear used when His side was pierced) is told early in the first act; and Christian doctrines, sacraments, and associations appear throughout. Thus, sprinkling her with water, Parsifal christens Kundry:

I first fulfil my duty thus:  
Be thou baptised,  
And trust in the Redeemer.

Again:

The Holy Supper duly  
Prepare we day by day.

The doctrine of the Knights is, of course, that of pre-reformation Christianity, though, unlike Tannhauser, no prayer to the Blessed Virgin occurs:

Trouble not this morn the Master,  
Who once did free all men from hell  
When bare of defence He bled for us. . . . .  
In works for Him thy guilt efface.

O thou [Titurel] who now in heavenly heights  
Dost behold the Saviour's self. . . .  
Cry now my words to Him:  
"Redeemer! give to my son release!"

The sign of the Cross crowns the most dramatic climax in the drama—that in which the Spear thrown by the evil-spirited Klingsor floats in the air over Parsifal's head instead of striking him. He seizes it, and tracing the sacred symbol in the air, declares: "This sign I make, and ban thy cursed Magic."

Wolfgang Golther, in his *Richard Wagner as Poet*, pronounces *Parsifal* Christian in its setting, Buddhistic in its ethics. It would be truer, I think, to say that the drama is Christian with a tincture of Buddhism, particularly in its final aspect of salvation. As to Wagner's own views there need be no discussion, for his programmatic Elucidation of "The Prelude" to it is clear enough. Its two chief themes he calls "Love" and "Faith".

Faith declares itself firmly and pithily increased, willing even in suffering. . . . occupying the human heart more and more largely and fully. . . . And now once more the plaint of loving compassion rises. The fear, the holy agony of the Mount of Olives, the divine sorrow of Golgotha . . . and now begins to shine the heavenly blissful glow in the cup, pouring out over all the lives and suffers the joy of the divine grace of the redemption by love.

In addition to this main theme of redemption by Love there is throughout Wagner's opera a frequent reference to other experiences of the religious consciousness. Of these perhaps the most oft-recurring is Repentance, especially in *Tannhauser* and *Parsifal*.

Biblical allusions are frequent. Indeed in the very form of the word "Parsifal" one cannot but be reminded of S. Paul's frequent teaching that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God," and the African Section of

were "fools for Christ's sake" (1. *Cor.*, iii, 19; iv, 10), and of the Scripture teaching as to the pure-heartedness of children. For Wagner preferred and adopted the Persian derivation of the name, *Parsi*-pure, *fal*-fool—Pure-Fool. Hence the words spoken from the Grail as instruction to the Knights:

By pity 'lightened  
A guileless Fool:  
Wait for him  
My chosen tool.

It may be objected that the utterances of the characters in an opera are no clue to the personal views of the composer. In general this may be granted. But when the composer is also the author of the text; when, with an openly avowed object, he invariably selects a certain class of subject, and uniformly treats these subjects in a given way—for instance, etherealising it—such a rule can hardly be said to apply. And this was conspicuously the case with Wagner.

Probably no term is more elusive of exact definition than Religion. But if it may be interpreted as a sense of the need for Redemption, the attainment of this by Divine Love, and Denial-of-the-World; a deep reverence for Life; and aspiration towards the Ideal—the Divine Art has had few more consistent exponents than Richard Wagner.

Clement Antrobus Harris

## THE SPIRIT OF THEOSOPHY<sup>1</sup>

By L. W. ROGERS

THE world of the physical senses is a world of delusion, and our civilisation contrives to increase the delusions that bewilder us. All our early education and training put undue emphasis upon material things. To secure a lucrative position, to accumulate a fortune, or to achieve fame, is the ideal held before youth. And the religious teaching is as bad as the rest of the teaching. It makes heaven a far-away thing like extreme old age, and gives no hint that the present life is not the highest expression of reality. Probably nothing would sound more startling to the person of orthodox religious belief than the assertion that the physical life, compared to the life beyond it, is like a dream compared to waking consciousness; that this is not the more actual and practical life but the less so, and that beyond this life lies the reality, just as business life lies beyond the school life of the child.

It is to the comprehension of this vital fact—that the physical life is but an adjunct of the real life—that the evolving Theosophist slowly awakens. In the greatest book that has been published in many years a high spiritual authority says there are only two kinds of people in all the world—those who know and those

<sup>1</sup> A lecture before the Annual Convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society, at Washington, D.C., August 28, 1914.

who do not know, and that this knowledge, the knowledge of the divine plan of man's evolution, is the thing which matters; that this it is that finally leads them from the unreal to the real. Whatever else he may lack the Theosophist at least has that priceless knowledge, but his great difficulty is fully to comprehend *what* that reality beyond the physical life is.

It first slowly dawns upon him that there is something more important than material success; that material things are related closely to the lower nature, and that the accumulation of more than is necessary to meet physical needs is a species of slavery that degrades him.

Gradually, as he studies the problem of life, he realises that the law and order that are obvious in visible nature extend also to invisible nature; that a gradation of intelligences stretches upward through the vast universe; that this physical existence, with all of its multitudinous activities, is but a small part of a mighty whole and that Superman directs the evolution of man, as certainly as Courts administer legal affairs, or Governments rule a Nation. With increasing clearness he grasps the inherent reasonableness of the idea that, if evolution is a fact at all, there must be higher products of evolution than the human family. He sees that these Supermen are at an evolutionary height as far above man as we are above animals, and that, while the life they live is the real life, it is as incomprehensible to us as our life is to the horse. But that a thing is incomprehensible to a certain grade of intelligence is no evidence that it is not real and practical. What does your horse know of your life, albeit he lives even in the same world? He sees you come and go,

but he comprehends nothing of your business activities, or your social and intellectual life. What you know as the real and practical would be impracticable and visionary to him. His conception of the practical is that line of effort that produces oats and hay, and constructs comfortable stables. To him all else is impracticable. He knows nothing of the author's joy of intellectual creation, of the statesman's triumph in diplomacy, of the philanthropist's pleasure in helping, of the jurist's satisfaction in awarding justice, of the hand-clasps of friends, of the love of comrades, of the joys of the family fireside, and all the complex activities and relationships that make the sum total of human life. To you they are realities. To him they are utterly incomprehensible.

Just so it is in the difference between men and Supermen, those higher products of evolution that have gone beyond the need of bodies composed of physical matter. They must have their activities of intelligence and compassion, their far-reaching plans, their colossal duties, their gigantic achievements, their profound studies of higher spheres, their bliss of deathless friendships. That life is the reality. But to the human consciousness limited by matter and focussed on material life, it seems unreal simply because it is incomprehensible. As in the consciousness of the horse, lack of development makes the real appear to it as the unreal, and the practical as the visionary.

With the awakening of the human soul to the fact that this is but the approach to the real life comes some realisation of the vast sweep of evolution. He sees that as the earth, compared to the universe, is but a grain of sand on an endless shore, so his present life is

the merest fragment of his real life. He perceives the inter-relation of physical and spiritual things. He sees that this vast evolution, which goes on chiefly beyond the ken of the physical senses, has its agencies and methods in the material world, and that those who are marshalled within the membership of a Society like this are playing the role of a great band of servers to the race. With increasing knowledge, loyalty to that sublime ideal grows, and devotion deepens. The purpose of life has dawned. From the comprehension of that purpose the true spirit of Theosophy is born. It is the spirit of sacrifice, but it involves neither pain nor loss. It is merely the willingness to sacrifice the temporary for the permanent.

It is one thing to have a theoretical knowledge of the purpose of life but quite another thing to carry that purpose out. Our great difficulty is to put this principle, of sacrificing the immediate for the remote, into practice and shape the physical plane activities by it. It seems to be a characteristic of the limited consciousness that the plane on which it functions is, to it, the only reality—which is perhaps a necessary evil arising from the need of concentration upon the evolutionary work of the hour.

From the viewpoint of the material world it seems perfectly obvious that the heaven-world existence is superior to that of the astral region. But evidently it does not seem so to the consciousness when functioning in the latter. We have been warned of the snares and delusions of the emotional world and told that coiled serpents lie beneath its seductive blossoms. Apparently one of the dangers consists in yielding to the pleasures of a life so superior to the physical. Now, is it not true

that precisely the same illusion inheres in physical plane life?—an illusion that turns energies chiefly toward providing material superabundance. The illusions of the work-a-day world are none the less subtle because of their material character. The desire for wealth and all that it signifies is perhaps the commonest. How often do we see men who could really be very useful to the world, and who realise it and who fully intend some day to be of service, so absorbed in the folly of useless accumulation that they live and die a slave to that desire! But never for a moment do they believe that that will be their fate, so completely are they the victims of illusion. They confidently look forward to the time when they shall be free for service—an indefinite time to be sure, but nevertheless a time. But that time never arrives. Mammon is an artful master. Success in his service strengthens the desire to possess. The more that is conquered, the greater is the empire that remains to be conquered, because the desire grows with possession, and desire alone creates the field for conquest. The very strength of the lower nature contributes to its danger, and the separative intellect looks proudly upon its possessions bought at the fearful cost of misdirected energy. Such a man has, of course, missed his opportunities. Either the real purpose of life has eluded him or, when perceived, has been carried out.

Human experience proves that good intentions about the distant years are of very little value. The one who coined the phrase, "Do it now," must have been a student of human nature. He saw that one will perform an action worth more than ninety-nine per cent. of good intentions. Frequently you hear the

person of good intentions speak optimistically of the money he will sometime give to Theosophical work. He is investing a few hundred dollars in real estate where he is sure there is to be a rapid rise of prices, or is putting a few thousand dollars into mining, and when he makes a million he will give half of it to the good work! "Don't mind the slow progress and present hardships," he says cheerfully, "because when I win there will be money to burn!" It does not occur to him to give a little now. He is saving it all for the distant time when we shall not need any money! Such a man is exhibiting one phase of the great physical plane illusion. There are multiplied thousands like him who spend the whole incarnation in accumulations for which they have no possible use, and which they leave practically untouched when they pass on. Does the difficulty not arise wholly from the failure to grasp the reality of any other plane than that on which the consciousness is functioning? While immersed in the physical world it is nearly impossible to make any other existence seem real. But when he reaches the astral life, will it not be more difficult to make the physical seem real, and to comprehend why, when here, he could have been so blind to the purpose of life? And as he moves gradually on toward reality the physical life must come as <sup>that</sup> <sup>superior</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>real</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>dream</sup>, with the folly of having it doasted time and energy on useless accumulations in <sup>the</sup> <sup>world</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>great</sup> <sup>problem</sup>. To resist the seductive illusions of the one of physical plane, to realise the importance of our work a life and to do it, to direct all energies as true to the purpose of life as the compass' needle is true to the polar star,

is to exhibit the spirit of Theosophy that characterises the true server of the race.

The value of our short time on the physical plane is so great that it is a pity any of it should be lost through our illusions. Every day is priceless. Think of the difficulty of arriving at the point in each incarnation where we can make our efforts effective! A fourth or a third of the incarnation is spent in training and educating the vehicle of consciousness. With most of us many other years after maturity are spent in various lessons of life, before the Theosophical view of existence dawns upon us. Between middle life and its close the time is short even for the most fortunate. If we look backward for ten years we realise how short that period has been and how little is its accomplishment. As we grow older, time flies faster. The next twenty years will seem little longer than the last ten. Those of us who would make a Theosophical success of this incarnation must look well to our remaining days. Our time is limited, but it is also propitious. Before us is the splendid opportunity of putting forth energy that will count for many times more than at any other time in the history of our civilisation. Those who have the true spirit of Theosophy will be equal to the occasion.

We live in an era of things colossal. Mighty events are upon us. Earthquakes of passion shake the race. Thrones are tottering and the huge structure of armed and irresponsible authority is swaying to its fall. It is the beginning of the end—the crumbling of outgrown forms, the clearing of the way. As storm precedes the calm, the chaos of war will usher in the reign of peace, in which the Teacher of the

World can do His mighty work on human heart and brain.

The immediate years that lie ahead present an opportunity, not of a single incarnation but perhaps of a hundred. How can we make the most of it? How shall the servers serve?

We, Theosophists of America, are in charge of a most important portion of the world. There can be no doubt of the tremendous importance of preparing it for the new era. With voice and pen, before the people and through the press, with united effort and ceaseless energy, we should spread the Theosophic truths, until they are familiar to the whole of the American people.

The press is one of the greatest avenues for our energies. The public prints should be much better utilised, while of course a nearer duty is the maintenance of our own magazine. It does a special work that cannot be done through the press. It is our silent lecturer. It enters the home, carrying the priceless truths of nature to those who never have an opportunity to hear a lecture. It penetrates remote corners of the country. It reaches the otherwise unreachable. It should have the support of every member without an exception, for every name on its list adds to its strength and permanence. The magazine also forms an excellent avenue for the energies of the member who feels that very few lines of work are open to him. He can subscribe for it, read it, and pass it on to some one whom he thinks is seeking the light. But the least he can do is personally to support it, for it would be a standing reproach to our loyalty if the largest Theosophical organisation on the western continent permitted the

failure of its literary representative in the intellectual world.

The public press represents a great but neglected opportunity. There are literally hundreds of newspapers, some of them reaching enormous numbers of people, that will print acceptably written articles on the great problems of life with which Theosophy deals. With an organised system we should utilise that powerful engine of propaganda, supplying all the material that will be taken, simply and clearly teaching the elementary truths and endeavouring always to show the inherent reasonableness of the Theosophical hypothesis.

A tremendously important line of work is the organising of new centres in territory where Theosophy is not yet represented, for we thus open new doors to the flood of spiritual force that is sweeping over the world. We have in the United States nineteen cities of more than one hundred thousand population, with no Theosophical centre. We have sixty-nine other cities with from forty thousand to one hundred thousand people, where Theosophy has never been proclaimed. There is a still larger number of cities of from twenty thousand to forty thousand people, left without Theosophical knowledge. Think of the opportunity we have in preparing the field for coming events! Think of the increased force that could pour through the new centres we can make! Every rightly constituted Lodge is an instrument in the hands of the great Spiritual Hierarchy. We do not work alone. The more doors we open to the divine influence the easier becomes the remaining work. That work, the conquest of material America, is more important than any undertaking of any physical army. We should enter upon this conquest of America

as a General plans a campaign, and city after city should be added to the Theosophical forces until not a single community remains in ignorance of our purposes and our principles. Does it seem like a great task? We can do it! Nearly five thousand people marshalled for a common purpose, and united in the holy cause of service to the human race, cannot fail.

But to accomplish this great work we must have the true spirit of Theosophy—the spirit of sacrifice that makes all real successes possible. We serve the race and our motives should be high. A soldier serves only his country, but think of the sacrifice he makes! He leaves home and wife and children to endure hardship and face death. He has months or years of awful life, of marches through field and forest and swamp, of battle where human beings become blood-frenzied fiends, and engines of war tear bodies to fragments; or perhaps he goes to a prison where disease and famine unite to finish the work of torture, while those he left at home wait and watch, and listen for the footsteps that will never come! And he does all this for a lesser cause than ours.

There is a significance about action that no close student of the Occult can fail to comprehend. Only when we put an ideal into action does it really exist on the physical plane. The greatest souls that have visibly touched our earth, the Buddha and the Christ, have actively spread the light while making greater sacrifice than we can comprehend. The Buddha's life was a continuous sacrifice to the enlightenment of the people. These are exalted examples for us to follow. The student life is useful and necessary but the present special period is a time for action. Never have we had the

attention of the public as we have it to-day. Never has the press been so favourably disposed. Never has the drama been so filled with the Occult, and never has such a torrential tide of spiritual energy flowed toward the goal of our high desire. It is the time of times for action. We face that tide "which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune". Beside these present great events past things grow small. Our country was once called the cradle of Liberty. But now it may well be called the cradle of the Coming Race. Our achievements should bear some relationship to that august fact. We should lead the world in Lodges, in work, in enthusiasm, in devotion, and in the high purpose of building in America a Theosophical organisation worthy the sublime destiny of our country.

We need much of the spirit that distinguished the two founders of our Society. They knew none of the remarkable advantages that we now enjoy. They began their work in an era of materialism—of darkness and doubt. Modern science had lighted a torch, but its light did little more than reveal the unsubstantial basis of dogmatic belief. The reaction from blind and unreasoning faith had begun. Like all reactions it went too far in the opposite direction. The intellect became the only arbiter. Intuition was rejected. Faith became a jest. Science had grasped half a truth and was following it into the wilderness of materialism. Men found themselves without a rational belief in a future life. Hope fled, and the shadow of Despair fell upon the western world.

It was then that a heroic soul came forth with a new declaration of forgotten truth, and bravely faced the taunts and jeers and calumnies with which the

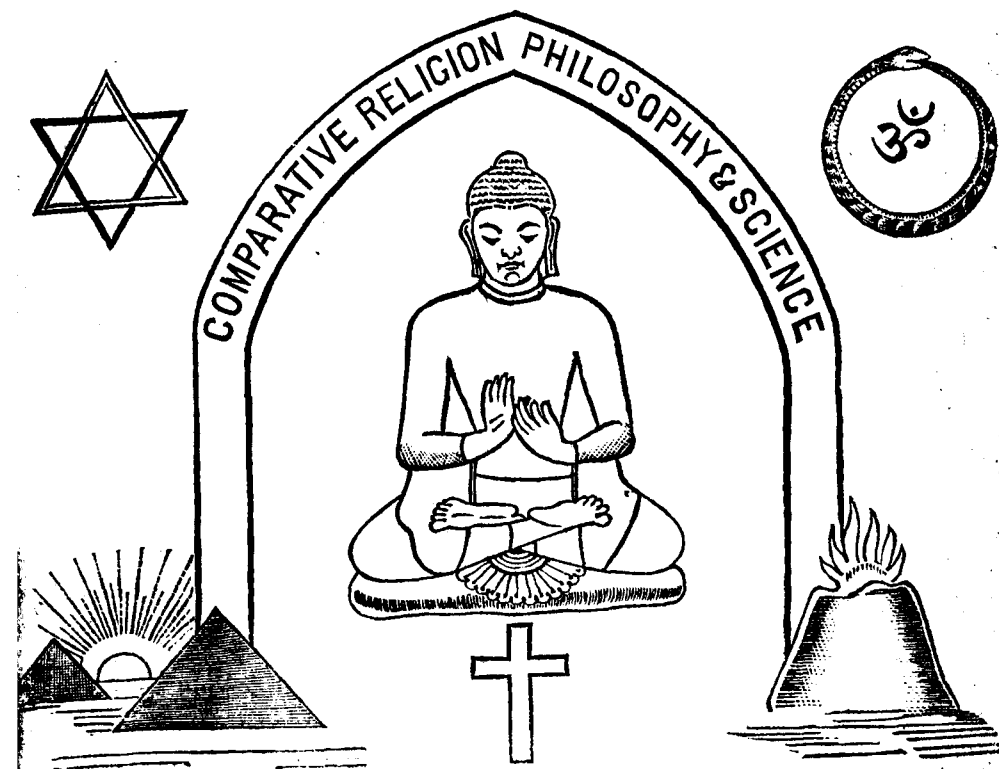
world is wont to receive its most priceless gifts. She found the people who were not materialists hugging delusive idols to their hearts and, great iconoclast that she was, she shattered these to bits, and beneath the hope of immortality she placed the firm foundation of science, reason and the law.

Linked to her life and work was that of another great soul. He was born upon our own soil. Full of the alert life and energy characteristic of our people, he was admirably fitted for the rôle of organiser and builder of the Society's material vehicle. With tireless energy and a statesman's craft he laboured a third of a century at his task and ceased only at the summons of Death.

Together these co-workers supplied both wick and flame to light the western world upon its upward way. Through long years of weary labour, years of hardship, poverty and pain, years of sturdy conflict, years of heroic battle, they reproclaimed the deathless truth of man's immortal life.

Their lives give us a splendid example of the true spirit of Theosophy—the spirit of unfaltering sacrifice and constant devotion. So must our own lives be spent, that the purpose for which we came shall be fulfilled. We came only to build and teach, to toil and die. But from our lives and work will grow a light that shall banish the last doubt and fear of the human race and fill the world with peace and joy.

L. W. Rogers



## AN OUTLINE OF ESSENISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

(Continued from p. 167)

### VII. ESSENISM AND OTHER RELIGIONS

**H**ILGENFELD thought he saw a connection between Buddhism and Essenism. Among the Buddhist monks as well as in the Essenean communities there existed a common sharing of goods, an abnegation from possessions, celibacy, abstinence from wine and prohibition of animal sacrifice and the killing of animals, also

of the use of oil for unction. In both we find the same love for humanity and the recognition of the equality of all its members. But, as Zeller remarks, the differences are very great, too great to enable one to see any striking resemblance between the two on account of the few points they have in common—which points are also to be found in the Greek Schools of Philosophy, partly in the Orphic and Pythagorean, partly in the Stoic and Cynic Schools. The chief differences are: that the Buddhists were begging monks, doing no manual work, while the Essenes worked all day long, and the Buddhist monks knew nothing of the very strict rules for purity enforced by the latter—the regulations with regard to food and to frequent baths—on the contrary they ate what was given to them, even meat. The confession which was prescribed twice monthly to the Buddhists was unknown to the Essenes, while the common meals which had a ceremonial character among the Essenes had no existence with the Buddhists, neither had the Sabbath. The Nirvāṇa of Buddha is very different from the idea of the bliss which the Spirit will enjoy after its separation from the body held by the Essenes. Again, the Buddhist theory of sorrow in all forms of existence is on the whole very different from the optimistic Essenean view of life; the latter taught self-development and encouraged high hopes for the future.

Creuzer believes strongly in a Persian influence on Essenism, and Tideman, too, is more or less of his opinion. They remark how Persia revived Judaism and how the Jews remained for a long time dependent upon the Persian satrap. The prescriptions with regard to purity and the doctrines concerning Satan and angels

may very well have crept into Judaism from the Persian religion and hence into Essenism. Also the connection between the sun and their prayers may be of Persian origin, as well as the magical therapeutics. Hilgenfeld was in favour of this last theory, but subsequently changed his opinion. Zeller notes, again, that the points Parseeism and Essenism have in common—bathing, rules regarding truthfulness, the doctrine about angels—are quite as much Pythagorean as Persian. The teachings on abstinence from wine and on animal food or animal offerings were not only oriental but were also known in Greece in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries. Sun-worship was as much Greek as oriental, and Zeller considers the books on magic were too common to attribute to them with certainty any particular origin.

Even if there are points in common between Essenism, Buddhism and Parseeism, they are certainly not essential. What was most important for the one was not so for the other, and the general tendencies were certainly different. The two spiritual schools which need serious consideration as having close connection with Essenism are the Therapeuts and the Neo-Pythagoreans.

If we admit that the Therapeuts existed—which is very probable, though Philo, who is the only source of information about them, has been severely criticised on this point—we shall certainly be struck by the points in which they resemble the Essenes. Zeller has noticed that Essenism cannot have been derived from the Therapeuts because the Platonic-Pythagorean speculative system was not yet prominent enough among the Alexandrian Jews to have formed a sect. Zeller

thinks that Essenism came into existence contemporaneously with the Alexandrian Jewish Mysticism and was not an offshoot of it, while Tideman believes in the influence of the Therapeuts upon the Essenes, as described by Philo in *De Vita Contemplativa*. Graetz sees in the Therapeuts Gnostic Christians and, in connection with that idea, does not believe in the genuineness of this book. Tideman contradicts many instances in which Graetz thinks Christian elements are to be found.

The points common to Therapeuts and Essenes were: both practised simplicity, abstained from animal food and wine, wore white garments, and were in sympathy with celibacy. The Essenes as well as the Therapeutæ made allegorical comments on the scriptures, held common meals which had a religious character, and regulated their morning prayers by the sun.

In their differences we find, curiously enough, that the Therapeuts held an exaggerated form of Essenism,—as the Essenes of Pharisaism. In their dualistic doctrines the Therapeuts were more speculative than the Essenes. They were also more contemplative, lived in absolute separateness and seem not to have led the common life of members of one order. Marriage was altogether rejected and the women amongst the Therapeuts were to remain chaste. While the Essenes had all their possessions in common, the Therapeuts had no possessions at all; and while the Essenes retired from the world from preference, the Therapeuts were prohibited from living in a town. More severe than the daily religious duties of the Essenes were those of the Therapeuts, who did not work at all but concentrated themselves continually on God. At

sunrise they asked for a good day during which their Spirit should be enlightened by heavenly light. At sunset they prayed that their souls should be delivered from the pressure of sense-perceptions and find the traces of truth in the innermost sanctuary. From morning till evening they were occupied with asceticism. The abstentions of the Essenes became, in the case of the Therapeuts, fasts lasting sometimes six hours; to the weak were given bread, salt and hyssop. Food was considered by them as something belonging to the kingdom of darkness. Tideman concludes that the Therapeuts were Alexandrian Essenes.

Josephus declared the Essenes to be Pythagoreans, a pronouncement to which his desire to hellenise may perhaps have pushed him. His view is, however, shared by many modern scholars.<sup>1</sup>

To resume Zeller's arguments, which are the most convincing on behalf of a connection between Essenism and Neo-Pythagorism, we will first mention that the general characteristics of the two are the same. Then as to particulars we find that both are dualistic, that both believe that that which belongs to the sense is impure and desires are to be killed out; asceticism and abstinence are the consequences of this belief. Great similarities are to be seen in the relations which they both admit to exist between God and matter, soul and body. Both hoped to progress through asceticism to higher spiritual development. They both rejected on that account the use of meat and wine, warm baths, unction, and animal sacrifice. They both preferred celibacy to marriage, and marriage might only exist for

<sup>1</sup> Gfrörer, Baur, Dahne, Lutterbeck, Zeller, Thierub, Hase, Uhlhorn, Herzfeld, Mangold, Pressence, Bellermann, Holtzmann. Against this, Ewald, Ritschl, Hilgenfeld, Graetz and Lucius.

the purpose of propagation of the race. They both wore white garments and considered linen purer than wool. They both lived in communities, practised communism of goods and accepted a hierarchy to which absolute obedience was due. In both communities, new members were accepted only after some years of probation. The unworthy were excluded, strict secrecy prescribed and the highest consideration given to any person was to see in him an instrument of God. Both used symbols and found divine power in the elements. The beliefs of both were connected with the sun and each strove to hide anything impure from its rays. In their oaths there was also a great likeness, and in both systems there existed some middle being between God and the world. In Essenism as well as in Neo-Pythagorism magic was accepted. They saw the climax of wisdom in their prophets, who were, in both sects, esteemed the best members. A great resemblance exists in what the two doctrines say about the origin of the soul, the relation of the soul to the body, and life after death.

Differences are to be found in that the doctrine of metempsychosis, accepted by the Neo-Pythagoreans, was absent from Essenism and the science of numbers was not the same in each system. Zeller attributes the change to the transplanting of Hellenic wisdom to Jewish soil. The relation between Essenism and Neo-Pythagorism was the opposite of that which existed between the Essenes and the Therapeuts, because the Essenes may have often practised what the Neo-Pythagoreans held as ideals, for instance, celibacy and purity. The abolition of slavery was first put into effect by Essenes, though Greek philosophers had talked of the equal rights of all men.

Zeller does not wish to answer the questions whether we are to believe that Essenism was derived from Neo-Pythagorism, or whether the contrary was the case, or whether both were derived from a common source. For the last theory we have no argument; older examples of the same set of doctrines are not known to us, these peculiar teachings can be traced much further back in Neo-Pythagorism than in Essenism, and we find no Jewish elements in the first, but many Greek elements in the last. Zeller assumes, all the same, a great Neo-Pythagorean influence on Essenism. Tideman<sup>1</sup> argues that this influence can only have been felt after the year 50 B.C.; but Zeller sees the possibility of a much earlier connection. In the beginning of the third century many Hellenistic influences were at work in Palestine—as well through the Greek philosophers as through the Mysteries. Pythagorean ascetics might have existed there and flourished about that time. The Hasideans<sup>2</sup> then represented all those who were religious and consequently opposed to the indifferent Greeks. Zeller sees also the possibility of these Hasideans being Essenes.

I think we may conclude that Essenism stands on Jewish bases, that it has probably taken its form under Neo-Pythagorean influence and was closely connected with the Therapeuts.

#### VIII. THE CONNECTION OF ESSENISM WITH MESSIANIC TEACHING, CHRISTIANITY AND JESUS

The connection between Essenism and apocalyptic teaching gave rise to the question whether there was

<sup>1</sup> Tideman, p. 53.

<sup>2</sup> Of whom is question in *I Maccabaeus*, vi, 13.

any such bond with Messianic teaching—a hypothesis admitted by Tideman, Hausrath, Oehler and Hilgenfeld. They assign as a reason, that asceticism might be a preparation for prophecy,<sup>1</sup> and that the prophets were bound to have known the important events about to happen. All the same the arguments given in the *Apocalypse* and the *Psalms* are found to exercise an influence on the attitude of the Essenes to the outer world, viz., that the actual condition of things, both civil and religious was intolerable, and that those who ought to set the example in piety were corrupted.<sup>2</sup> Thus arises the longing for the day of judgment.<sup>3</sup> In accordance with the view held by the Essenes on the Second Temple, combined with that held as regards future changes, is a passage in *Enoch*<sup>4</sup> in which mention is made of a day on which God will do away with all the temples in Jerusalem in which He has ceased to live.

The only thing which man can do to hasten this day, on which great changes will take place and the Messianic Kingdom be established, is to live after the manner of the laws of God—the Jewish belief being that the Lord remained away only on account of the imperfections of man. Now we certainly find in the attitude of the Essenes much to make us think that, actuated by such motive, they endeavoured to live up to a high standard; often too, in later times, such effort to live up to the standard of divine prescriptions has been due to, and the result of, Messianic expectations.

<sup>1</sup> As in *Daniel*, i, 8; x, 2, 3. *Enoch*, lxxxiii, 2; lxxxv, 3. *Talmud Sota*, ix, 9.

<sup>2</sup> *Enoch*, iii, 12; iv, 3. *Psalms*, iv, xii.

<sup>3</sup> *Psalms*, xvii.

<sup>4</sup> *Enoch*, xc, 29.

These fragments of information are not, perhaps, very convincing, yet they open up for us a possible theory against which little can be said.

An attempt has been made to place S. John the Baptist as a member of the Essene community. The characteristics in his life which have led some to this idea are: his separateness of life, his purity, his celibacy; even the cloak which he is said to have worn is reminiscent of the winter cloak prescribed in winter for the Essenes. This is, however, quite insufficient evidence to warrant such a conclusion, and the facts that S. John ate locusts and mixed freely with all sorts and conditions of men, can be brought up irrefutably to disprove such an idea.

We shall now consider whether there are any passages in the Christian Scriptures which show a probable trace of Essenean influences. In *Romans*<sup>1</sup> we see that the idea of abstinence from animal food and wine at least was already in existence at that time. In *Corinthians*<sup>2</sup> a recommendation to celibacy may be found; in *Colossians*<sup>3</sup> purity is advocated and Angels are spoken of. In *Revelations*<sup>4</sup>, where also celibacy is encouraged, we find several features which occur in the Essenean doctrines; there also the promise is given that the New Jerusalem will not be a Temple<sup>5</sup>, and the poverty which is equal to riches<sup>6</sup> is spoken of. *Acts*, again, refer to communism of goods<sup>7</sup> and S. James<sup>8</sup> prohibits swearing, but for other reasons than the Essenes give.

<sup>1</sup> *Romans*, xiv, 21.

<sup>2</sup> *I. Cor.*, vii, 8, 9, 28, 36.

<sup>3</sup> *Coloss.*, ii, 11.

<sup>4</sup> *idem*, ii, 18.

<sup>5</sup> *Revelations*, xiv, 4; xxi, 27.

<sup>6</sup> *idem*, xi, 1-2; xxi, 22.

<sup>7</sup> *idem*, ii, 8.

<sup>8</sup> *Acts*, ii, 45; iv, 32-37.

<sup>9</sup> *James*, v, 12.

A document of Jewish-Christian origin in which we find questions raised similar to the Essenean is the Pseudo-Clementine *Recognitiones* and *Homilies*; for instance, is the eating of blood a sin?<sup>1</sup> is the Temple not a sacred place?<sup>2</sup> What is said in the *Recognitiones* and *Homilies*<sup>3</sup> about the way in which the heathen joined the Jewish Christians also has many Essenean elements. In order to be accepted the applicant had to pass through three degrees like the Essenean aspirant; before his baptism, the candidate had to wear a white dress which must be kept unstained; of the highest degree nothing is said. Taking blood is regarded as equally sinful as eating what has been killed. Baptism seems to have been considered in the Essenean way. When married, restriction in sexual intercourse was prescribed, and afterwards, as in all actions which could pollute, washing was necessary. We find also in Clement's *Anagorisms* that excess is the result of a dualistic conception dividing the material (not-lasting-evil) from the spiritual (eternal-good). In that book it is recommended that one should have no earthly possessions, have but one set of clothing and live on water and bread, give one's earnings as a duty of the pious (believing) and not appear naked before the All-Seeing Eye. Marriage, however, was not discouraged, but, on the contrary, encouraged.

The *Philosophoumena* again gives us information about the Elkasites who wrought a change in Jewish Christianity at the beginning of the third century. The chief feature in their religious practices was the taking of 40 baths a week; it was as essential as Baptism. Epiphanius,<sup>4</sup> tells us of prophetesses who had also the

<sup>1</sup> *Recog.*, i, 28, 29.

<sup>2</sup> *idem*, i, 36, 38, 64.

<sup>3</sup> *Recog.*, iv-vii, *Homil.*, vii-xi.

<sup>4</sup> Epiphanius, *Refut. omn. Haeres.*, ix, 15-16.

power of healing the sick. They had a book of prophecy; its secrets were only revealed to those who gave a certain oath. They abstained from all animal food and objected to sacrifice, altars and fire.

The small resemblances between some facts concerning the Apostles and Essenism are unimportant and not worth enumerating: Tideman says the same with regard to Justin Martyr and the Pastor of Hermas. Some of the greater authorities on the history of Christianity admit the possibility of a fusion of Essenism and Christianity in later years. Duchesne, for instance, is of this opinion.<sup>1</sup>

We come now to the very important question whether there is any historical foundation for the fact that Jesus was an Essene or that he had any connection with the Essenes. It is a theory which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was held by Theologians, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Theists and Freemasons believed and proclaimed it. Voltaire, Montfaucon, Standlin, Wachter, Bahrdt, Venturini, and the representatives of the Jewish School (Salvador, Gratz, Cohen) and Free-Thinkers like Reynaud, Hennell and Clemens have held the same opinion. Frankel also thought that the hidden side of Essenism might have played an important part in the formation of Christian doctrines. Wegern, Hemlin, Nicolas, Klein, Réville, Hilgenfeld, Tideman, Holtzmann, Delaimay, and Demmler declared themselves against this theory. Graetz sees in S. John the Baptist an Essenean announcing the approaching of the Kingdom of Heaven, a belief shared by the Essenes. S. John preached

<sup>1</sup> Quant aux Esseniens ils vecurent a cote du Christianisme et s'ils se joignerent a lui ce ne fut que tardivement. Duchesne, *Hist. ancienne de l'Eglise*. (5th ed., Paris, 1911.) i, p. 13.

Essenean asceticism for those who wished to prepare for this Kingdom. All this is in the nature of hypothesis and not many confirmatory arguments are to be found. Graetz also says that judging by externals S. John seemed not to belong to the Essenean Sect. He adds that Jesus was a disciple of S. John who continued his work and led Essenism, in new ways. Graetz traces a great similarity between the life of Jesus and the Essenean doctrine—the voluntary poverty, the contempt for riches, dislike for marriage and the sharing of goods amongst disciples. Jesus prohibited the use of the oath as did the Essenes, and in common with the latter he exorcised demons. We find Hegesypes calls James an Essene and a brother of Jesus. Graetz admits that Jesus did not conform to the outward signs and rules of the Essenes, but he followed their teachings. Tideman has many objections to this hypothesis of Graetz. He remarks that the contact of S. John with Jesus was of very short duration and that owing to some analogous teachings of Jesus and the Essenes a certain sympathy might be assumed, but this is not a proof that he was an Essene. Again, Jesus lived on gifts of charity, his poverty differed from that of the Essenes, they lived by means of their manual work. Jesus did not preach general poverty and in the case of the rich young man who was told to sell his goods<sup>1</sup> we have an isolated case; besides he was not told to give the price of his belongings to the Essenean community but to the poor. We see in *Mark*<sup>2</sup> that Jesus travelled through a country where Essenes lived and we find that he speaks there

<sup>1</sup> *S. Matt*, xix, 16-22.

<sup>2</sup> *S. Mark*, x, 1. *S. Matt.*, iv, 25; xix, 1.

twice about marriage. There is no question in the teachings of Jesus of the separation of husband and wife;<sup>3</sup> he calls marriage a union made by God. The beginning of the nineteenth chapter of *S. Matthew* is an encouragement to marriage without any restrictions. The Apostles were not married, but that is possibly because it is desirable that those who would devote all their time to the teaching of the doctrines of Christ should have no other ties or worldly cares.

It is true that the Jews as well as the Essenes prohibited swearing. The Essenes, however, admitted one oath, the Jews none at all, though once given they considered an oath to be binding. The exorcisms of the Essenes, like those of many others, were done with the help of magical formulæ and talismans. Neither Jesus nor the Essenes attach much importance to Temples or Temple sacrifices; Jesus because he considers charity and the love of humanity of far higher value than any offerings, the Essenes because of the impurity of the priests of the Second Temple. Prayer is for Jesus an act to be performed in secret and alone, for the Essenes prayers were to be in common. The greatest difference of opinion expressed in the teachings of the Essenes and of Jesus concerns purity. Jesus says that nothing exterior can pollute a man<sup>4</sup> and in several places in the Gospels we find that he acts according to this prescription which is quite opposed to the opinion held by the Essenes.

The whole tendency of his teachings is different. It is very noticeable in a passage where he says that fasts have no importance<sup>5</sup> and strict observance of the

<sup>3</sup> Except in the case of adultery.

<sup>4</sup> *S. Mark*, vii, 18-19.

<sup>5</sup> *S. Matt.*, xi, 19.

Sabbath was not practised by him.<sup>1</sup> Jesus certainly did not want to found a sect but rather to compel those who followed his teachings to a life of love and piety.<sup>2</sup> It is, however, quite natural that there should be many points of similarity between the Essenes and the disciples of Jesus.

The opinion of the leading scholars is nowadays quite decidedly against the hypothesis that Jesus was associated with the Essenes. A pronouncement has been made quite recently by E. C. Dewick in his Hulsean Prize Essay as follows: "The attempts to prove that our Lord was connected with this (Essenean) sect are now admitted on all hands to be mere flights of the imagination. In apostolic and sub-apostolic times, Essenean influence may perhaps be traced, but not in the Gospels."<sup>3</sup> Of the same opinion are Réville,<sup>4</sup> Zeller,<sup>5</sup> Guignebert,<sup>6</sup> Uhlhorn<sup>7</sup> and others who all rule this theory entirely out of consideration; they are equally decided in the opinion that the Gospels and the origins of Christianity have no connection with Essenism.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> S. Mark, ii, 23-28.

<sup>2</sup> S. Matt., xx, 25-29.

<sup>3</sup> E. C. Dewick. *Primitive Christian Eschatology*, p. 213. Cambridge, 1912.

<sup>4</sup> Réville. *Jesus de Nazareth*, I, pp. 150-1. *Ce qu'on peut affirmer c'est que l'Evangile n'a rien à faire avec l'Essénisme. Rien de plus faux que d'assigner à l'enseignement de Jésus pour berceau cette petite communauté monastique sans rayonnement.*

<sup>5</sup> Zeller. *Philosophie der Griechen*, III, p. 550.

<sup>6</sup> Guignebert. *Manuel de l'Hist. Ancienne du Christianisme* p. 66, Paris, 1907. This professor of the Sorbonne of Paris admits however (pp. 420, 452) the possibility of a later influence of the Essenes on the Christians.

<sup>7</sup> Uhlhorn in Herzog's *Real Encyclopædie für Protest. Theol. u. Kirche*, V, p. 528, 1898, states that such a theory belongs to the realm of unfounded hypothesis.

<sup>8</sup> As we have already seen it is very difficult to find any striking resemblance between the Essenean teachings and those of the Gospels and it is not easy to understand M. Schure's contention that the esotericism of Christianity is illumined by the Essenean and Gnostic traditions (*Les grands Initiés*, Introduction, p. xvii) M. Schure also claims that Jesus lived some years with this sect (*ibid.*, p. 475).

During the last century, although historical criticism rejected the hypothesis entirely, from other sources a connection between Essenism and Jesus has been claimed. This tradition began with Bahrdt's writings<sup>1</sup> at the end of the eighteenth century. He was followed by Venturini,<sup>2</sup> both classified by Schweitzer<sup>3</sup> as romantic biographers of Jesus. Later, Gfrörer<sup>4</sup> favoured the hypothesis, as also Hennel,<sup>5</sup> who pretended to quote from genuine documents which were in reality but a plagiarism of the passages on the Essenes quoted by Venturini. Von der Alm,<sup>6</sup> who wrote a new and somewhat romantic biography of the Lord, believes that Jesus was an Essene. This belief is shared by many others, and recently a biography of Jesus has been published, claiming to be founded on information drawn from Essenic traditions.<sup>7</sup>

In Theosophical literature we find that clairvoyant investigation is in agreement with those biographies of Jesus which are termed "romantic". H. P. Blavatsky does not say much on the matter, but in the *Theosophical Glossary* she admits the possibility of a connection

<sup>1</sup> Bahrdt. *Briefe über die Bibel im Volkston*, 1782. *Briefe an Wahrheit-suchende Leser*, 1784-92. *Die sämtlichen Reden Jesu aus den Evangelisten ausgezogen*, 1786.

<sup>2</sup> Venturini. *Natürliche Geschichte des grossen Propheten von Nazareth* (4 Volumes), Kopenhagen, 1800-2, 2nd. ed., 1806.

<sup>3</sup> Schweitzer. *Geschichte der Leben Jesu Forschung*, 1913.

<sup>4</sup> A. F. Gfrörer. *Kritische Geschichte des Urchristentums*, 1835-38.

<sup>5</sup> Hennel. *Untersuchungen über den Ursprung des Christentums*, 1840, which had appeared in 1838 in English followed by *Wichtige Enthüllungen über die wirkliche Todesart Jesu. Nach einem alten zu Alexandria gefundenen Manuscripte von einem Zeitgenossen Jesu aus den heiligen Orden der Essäer*, 5th ed. 1849, also translated. A continuation hereof was: *Historische Enthüllung über die wirklichen Ereignisse der Geburt und Jugend Jesus als Fortsetzung der zu Alexandria aufgefundenen allen Urkunden aus dem Essäer Order*, 2 ed., 1849.

<sup>6</sup> R. v. d. Alm (Ghilany) *Theologische Briefe an den Gebildeten der Deutsche Nation*. 3 volumes 1863.

<sup>7</sup> E. P. Berg. *The Spiritual Biography of Jesus Christ according to the Saintly Essenes*.

between Christianity and the Essenean sect, and in *Isis Unveiled* she speaks of the fusion of Christianity and Essenism. Mrs. Besant<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Leadbeater<sup>2</sup> agree that Jesus received his education among the Essenes, Mr. Leadbeater adding that Jesus instructed for a certain period the heads of the Essene Community.<sup>3</sup>

Before concluding this series of articles on Essenism, I wish to draw attention to the important statement (referred to above) made by Madame Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled*.<sup>4</sup>

The Gnostics entertained many of the Essenean ideas, and the Essenes had their "greater" and "minor" Mysteries at least two centuries before our era. They were the *Isarim* or *Initiates*, the descendants of the Egyptian hierophants, in whose country they had been settled for several centuries before they were converted to Buddhistic monasticism by the missionaries of King Asoka, and amalgamated later with the earliest Christians; and they existed, probably, before the old Egyptian temples were desecrated and ruined in the incessant invasions of Persians, Greeks, and other conquering hordes.

Raimond van Marle

<sup>1</sup> Annie Besant. *Esoteric Christianity*.

<sup>2</sup> C. W. Leadbeater. *The Inner Life*, Vol. I, Chapter on Christianity.

<sup>3</sup> C. W. Leadbeater. *The Christian Creed*, p. 15.

<sup>4</sup> *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, p. 42—reprinted in *The Secret Doctrine* Vol. III, p. 273, note 1.

## GOOD FRIDAY CEREMONIAL

By THE REV. F. G. MONTAGU POWELL, M.A.

THE Prophet Ezekiel is charged by Jehovah (*Ezek.* viii, 14) to observe with horror the abominations practised by the people of Israel, singling out for especial reprehension "women weeping for Tammuz".

Now Tammuz, or Thammuz, is, as we know from Dr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, no other than Attis, or Adonis, and we know from other sources that, as early at least as the fifth century B.C., his death by the wild boar on Mount Lebanon was lamented by the Greeks, who had borrowed the story from the Semitic people with whom it was an almost prehistoric cult. At Byblus the death of Adonis was annually mourned with weeping, wailing and beating of the breast; but next day he was believed to come to life again and ascend up to Heaven in the presence of his worshippers. This Festival took place in the Spring, for its date was determined by the discolouration of the river Adonis, the waters of which were reddened by the earth washed down from the mountains at that season, or assumably by the blood of Adonis. In the Babylonian legend, the Goddess Ishtar (Astarte, Easter) descends to Hades to fetch the water of life, with which to restore to life the dead Tammuz; and it appears that water was thrown over an image of Tammuz, *i.e.*, Adonis, at a great mourning ceremony where men and women stood round the funeral pyre of Tammuz lamenting. (Frazer, *Golden Bough*, i, 287.)

Thus far the so-called heathen ceremonial. But in what, I would ask you, does it differ from the

'Devotion of the Three Hours' on Good Friday, at which, in our Anglican churches, women attend dressed in black, while at three o'clock, on the close of the service, a bell is tolled, to signify that Jesus the Christ (or Adonis, a name signifying the Lord) is dead?

Then on Easter (or Ishtar's) morning, all is changed for a scene of rejoicing, and with spring flowers we decorate our churches, for "Jesus Christ is risen indeed".

I am not seeking in any way to belittle our, ceremonial but rather to enhance its importance, nor indeed to relegate our Gospel story to the category of myth or legend, but rather to show how much older Christianity is than the Christ of the Gospels or than A.D. 1. To re-affirm, in a word, the utterance of the Master Himself: "Before Abraham was, I am." In this sense, can we not see the Spirit of the Kosmic Christ indwelling in the Human Race, and prompting all these ceremonials of Death and Rebirth (so well put forward by Dean Inge in his sermon at St. Paul's on Easter Day), wherever they may be found, and thus, if you will, making ready the way for this last Avatāra or manifestation, in the Person and Work of Jesus of Nazareth.

For it is obvious that the vernal equinox takes precedence of all other seasons, even of that of the winter solstice. At that time the Sun, the solar presentment of our Divine Guide, returns from his long sojourn in the South, and crossing the Equator (thus forming the Sign of the Cross of our Redemption) gladdens our hearts and brings life and light on the physical plane to us, themselves the symbols of Life and Light Eternal. So from the past, remote beyond conception, has our solar system been so framed as to illuminate man's deepest promptings and highest aspirations, nay, his most intimate ani-

personal experiences as well. For as the sun passes at the autumnal equinox into the shorter and darker days, indicating man's deep descent into the death of the material environment, so at the winter solstice, man's nadir as it were, does he emerge into longer and brighter days, precursors of that unique, that celestial, experience when he finally crosses the Equator which bounds him from the Divine, and thus enters on his spiritual adventure, to be crowned and consummated by union with his Divine Source at the longest, brightest day of the summer solstice.

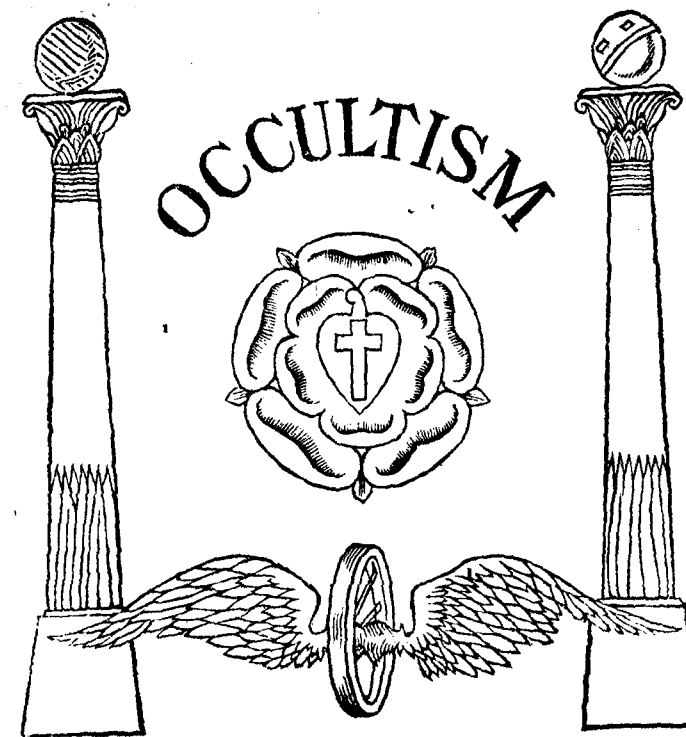
How sacred then is the trust which we western people have received, to keep pure and unalloyed a heritage from so remote a past, and indicating a goal and a destiny whose splendour no words can describe.

In the ceremonial of the Greek Church, which from its intense conservatism is often more "true to type" than even the Roman Catholic, spring flowers are not, as with us, used to decorate the churches, but the worshippers who frequent them. Thus in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, youths are stationed outside the church doors with bunches of hyacinths, which they present to the devout. The hyacinth, you will remember, is said to have sprung from the blood of Adonis, and, as you are aware, there is one variety which has AI AI marked on its petals, to signify the weeping for the dead God. The scarlet anemone, so familiar in the Riviera, is also connected by its colour with the same tragedy.

But you may say, if the Prophet thundered at the "women weeping for Tammuz," and other like ceremonial, will he not thunder at us for our observances, however differently we may allocate them? I think not. You will always notice how "anathemas" are hurled

almost promiscuously at the older worship as it gradually melts into the newer form, how in fact the neophytes do their best endeavour to destroy all traces of that from which indeed their religion sprang. This is one of the great hindrances in the way of the student of comparative religion. It may be that, now and at the present moment, a reaction is setting in, or rather I would say, a feeling that we have reached, or are reaching, a stage beyond the signs and symbols of such outward observance; hence possibly among our own people a dislike to the taking over by many, or by some of us, of practices clearly Roman, but without the sanction or authority of the Roman Congregation of Rites. The Prophets of old thundered at idolatrous practices, not I believe because they were wrong in themselves, but because they wanted to shift their people on to a higher stage, a more highly evolved religion. So with us. Is this reaction, or instinctive feeling of dislike of Ceremonial, not only harmless in itself but positively necessary to the Race at one stage, due to a sort of instinctive feeling that we are moving on to the confines of a still higher form of worship, in which the old will not be abrogated, but taken up and assimilated? Such we may see has been the case in the history of all great religions, following the lines of a spiritual evolution, a spiritual renaissance, in which we shall finally dispossess the obsessing idea of the Sovereignty of a God *without* us, and attain to that to which so many finger-posts are pointing us to-day, namely a God *within* us, an immanent God, whose continual Presence can make real to us the Master's Words: "The Kingdom of God is *within* you."

F. G. Montagu Powell



## THE OCCULTIST AND THE MYSTIC

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

### I

ONE of the Theosophical problems which have not been fully elucidated in our literature is that of the Occultist and the Mystic. It is true that in the March THEOSOPHIST the President has a brief paragraph on the subject, in which she mentions certain broad differences of character, aim and method between the two; but this, pregnant and illuminating though it is, is rather a description than a definition. What so many students have sought, in connection with this particular antithesis, has

been, first of all, a clear definition of the precise point of differentiation and, secondly, some account of how and when the distinction comes into being in relation with the evolving individual. These two questions are, I believe, at present almost unanswered, at least in our exoteric Theosophical writings.

It is not difficult to understand the importance of the problem in the eyes of the aspirant to the higher life. He is aware of the existence of these twin goals of spiritual attainment, both of them, as he knows, held in equal reverence by those who have knowledge—both, in the words of the paragraph which I have just mentioned, “blessed, holy, and necessary”—and he naturally wishes to discover which of the two he, as an individual, ought to pursue. For this purpose, it is very necessary that he should know, in the first place, the exact nature of the two goals; and, in the second place, that he should ascertain whether or no the choice between the two is still open to him. It is possible that it may have been determined ages ago by Nature herself, either at the moment of individualisation or even earlier, at the birth of the Monad; or again that he may himself have made the critical choice in some earlier incarnation. On the other hand, it is possible that it still lies ahead of him, and in that case he would like to have some direction as to how to make it and what it involves. Thus the question is a thoroughly practical one, and it is largely because of its practical character that it has aroused so much interest. There are few problems more frequently discussed where Theosophists are gathered together; yet it would be hard to name any problem, so often considered by students, on which there is to be found so little certainty or unanimity of thought.

The commonest idea as to the distinction between the Occultist and the Mystic would appear to be that it is one of generic types; that is to say, that the Mystics and the Occultists of the world constitute two great spiritual families sprung from separate roots and evolving along separate lines. Whether or no an individual belongs to one of those families rather than the other, becomes, therefore, a matter over which he has no control, since it has been settled once and for all by Nature herself; and the business of the aspirant is not to decide which line to select, but merely to discover to which of the two he already belongs.

A little reflection on this theory of generically separate types will, however, reveal its inherent difficulties. Occultism recognises only seven fundamental, or original, types of this kind in our System, *i.e.*, those which it speaks of as the Seven Rays. If, then, we admit the Occultist and the Mystic, as representing generic types in this far-reaching sense, we are confronted by three possible alternatives: (1) We have here two new types, which must be added to the seven already recognised; that is to say, the previous list was incomplete; or (2) we must identify the Occultist and the Mystic, specifically, with two out of the Seven Rays; or finally (3) we must look upon the two types as a more ultimate classification than that of Rays, *i.e.*, as a dualism into which the Seven Rays can themselves be resolved. Since, moreover, the septenary classification of Rays is one which is not merely confined to humanity, but which strikes down through all the Kingdoms of Nature, the dualism of the Mystic and the Occultist must, if it is to include the Rays, strike deep and constitute an ultimate bisection not merely of

the human race but of all manifested life in our System.

Of these three alternatives it will suffice to say that we have certainly no grounds for accepting the first—the septenary classification being, we are given to understand, that which prevails in our Solar System; the second is clearly put out of court by the fact that it is known that Occultists, at least, are to be found on all the Rays, and it is to be presumed that this must be true of Mystics also; while a clear comprehension of what the word “Ray” means (*i.e.*, a stream of life coming out through one of the seven great Planetary Logoi) will show that the only way of resolving such Rays into a more ultimate dualism would be by positing, between the Solar Logos and the Planetary Logoi, two intermediate Logoi—a daring piece of speculation for which we have no warrant.

There is, however, one other possibility, which, if true, would involve a certain generic separation of type: and that is, that the differentiation of Mystic and Occultist dates, if not from the very beginnings of manifestation in our system, at least from the moment of individualisation into the human Kingdom. It is well known to students that occult investigation has revealed a broad classification of egos into types, according to the particular manner in which they happen to have been individualised out of the animal Kingdom into humanity; and this classification seems to have been concrete enough and well enough defined to make a difference not merely in the psychology of the classes of egos concerned, but in their subsequent lines of unfoldment, and in the method of their manipulation by the Powers in control of the evolutionary process.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I refer, of course, to the “boat-loads,” in so far as the manner of individualisation seems to have been a determining factor in the formation of these.

One of the classes thus formed—that to which the name of “Servers” has been given—appears, in some ways, to be capable of identification with the Occultists of the race, since it is from the ranks of the Servers that, we are given to understand, the Occult Hierarchy is recruited through the ages. If, then, there is, as this might appear to indicate, an occult class, determined in the first instance by method of individualisation (all so-called “Servers” having individualised through one form of Devotion or another) then there may also be, on the same principle, a mystic class; and the distinction of Mystic and Occultist may thus be still, in a certain sense, one of origins, although not of an origin so remote as that of Rays. Considered in relation to our Earth-chain, at least—to go no farther back—the distinction could be thought of as genuine, and the two classes regarded as family types.

As against this identification of the Servers with a special occult class, and the deduction from it of the possibility of a corresponding mystic class, there are, however, two arguments worthy of note. (1) Mystics are also Servers. Mrs. Besant speaks of the Occultist and the Mystic, in the passage already mentioned, as “the two Hands of the One LOGOS in His helping of His universe”; (2) In the same passage, she states that the Mystics tend to become the Nirmāṇakāyas. But in other places in our literature the line of the Nirmāṇakāyas is mentioned as one of the seven Paths which open out before the Occultist who has risen, grade by grade, through the Hierarchy to the Asekha level. If, then, we regard, the Nirmāṇakāya as the apotheosis of the Mystic, it becomes possible—putting these two statements together—to say that the Occultist may, if

he will, become a Mystic, which at once breaks through any attempted construction of air-tight compartments. The fusion and intermingling of the two lines is, indeed, definitely emphasised by the President. Not only, in her words, do "the concrete individuals shade off into each other" in ordinary cases, but in the Perfect Man, apparently in virtue of His perfection, the two are necessarily synthesised and inverted: "The perfected Occultist gradually includes the Mystic; the perfected Mystic finally includes the Occultist."

Thus the hypothesis of a fundamental differentiation of type, rooted in a difference of origin—whether monadic or having to do with the mode of individualisation of the ego—appears to be somewhat difficult to maintain. There remains, then, the only other alternative, and that is to look upon the antithesis as one which has "grown up," and upon Mystics and Occultists as differentiations from a common stock.

This means that we have to discard altogether the hypothesis of separate families, marked out by Nature from the very beginning as the future Occultists and Mystics of humanity, and to substitute for this concrete dualism one of abstract principles. We have to posit, in other words, the existence of two antithetical, or at least dissimilar principles in human nature, to which, for the purposes of our argument, we may give the names of the mystical and the occult principle respectively. These principles, like every other in the make-up of man, can, we must imagine, be either cultivated or left alone; or, if from their nature they form an indispensable element in human life, can be cultivated either equally or unequally. If, then, as may happen, one of them is developed in a special degree, to the comparative neglect of

the other, that principle will come to be looked upon, after a while, as specially characteristic of the man. He will, as time goes on, tend more and more definitely to stand for it in a kind of representative way, until a point is reached when he may, for convenience sake, be called by the name of the principle thus emphasised, and become the Occultist or the Mystic as the case may be. Such a long-continued emphasis, moreover, will through the gathering impetus of habit tend, from the psychological point of view, towards a crystallisation into type; and after a few lives may come to have, for the reincarnating ego, all the force of a distinction of origins such as we were discussing above. But, seeing that the only method by which such crystallisation can be accomplished is by deliberate and resolute specialisation, it is also clear that it must be of the nature of an exception, and that the normal condition of things, which we shall expect to find in most cases, will be an intermingling of the two principles rather than the exclusive cultivation of one at the expense of the other. The undiluted Occultist and the undiluted Mystic will, in other words, be rarities, if they are not indeed actual impossibilities, and this is in line both with the words of Mrs. Besant, already quoted, and with our own common experience which tells us that undiluted types, of any sort, are the exception and not the rule in our world.

Having posited an occult and a mystical principle of this kind, it obviously now remains for us to see whether it be possible in human nature, as we know it, to discover two principles which fit in with our hypothesis—which, that is to say, if cultivated in an exclusive and special way will produce, respectively, the contrasted

types of spiritual individuality which we ordinarily speak of as the Occultist and the Mystic.

A little reflection will show that the principles, thus sought, may be of three kinds. They may be : (1) two amongst a number of other principles in human nature (intellectual, emotional, æsthetic), and so to be classed with these, and on a level with them, as merely two out of many modes in which man's life may function ; or (2) they may be something deeper than this and stand, in some way, for an ultimate dualism in human life, *i.e.*, as two principles into which every activity of man can somehow be resolved. And if they are found, as a matter of fact, to constitute an ultimate dualism, of this kind, then there is still a further possibility. The dualism, ultimate though it may be in respect of human nature, may be confined to human nature ; or (3) it may be one which is applicable not merely to man but to the whole of manifested life. What we speak of as the mystical and occult principles may, in short, turn out to be fundamental principles of Nature herself, existing and operating in all her worlds.

To the metaphysician, it need hardly be said, the antithesis of the Mystic and the Occultist will become the more interesting, the more deeply it can be shown to pierce into the heart of Being ; and nothing would please him more, therefore, than for this view to be the true one. It will provide him, indeed, with a striking generalisation, if he can find the whole of Nature to be built up, from one point of view, by the interplay of the mystical and occult principles. It is noteworthy, therefore, for him, that, in one of the few pieces of authoritative writing on the subject in our literature—the paragraph of Mrs. Besant's to which reference has already

more than once been made—there is a hint, even though only a hint, that such a generalisation may be possible. For in the concluding sentence of that paragraph Mrs. Besant, speaking of the functions of the Occultist and the Mystic in the worlds of Nature, uses a symbol which seems to imply that these two terms, taken together, stand for an exhaustive classification of the spiritual life—since she describes them as “the two Hands of the one LOGOS in His helping of His universe”. If, then, we are to take this phrase as accurate and as implying what it appears to imply—namely, that into one or other of these classes all God's helping of His manifested worlds must necessarily fall, it follows that the dualism of the occult and the mystical principles in Nature must be one, in reality, far profounder than is ordinarily suspected and one which, when we have grasped it, we shall find to be capable of application to the whole of manifested life. For the whole of life is, as we know, one, and that which we call the “spiritual” life is only an extension and a further unfoldment of life as it exists at lower levels. Consequently a formula which provides an exhaustive classification, in respect of the spiritual life, will necessarily be ultimate and all-inclusive at other levels also.

The student, thus encouraged, will adventure, then, on his quest for a formula, which, while maintaining unimpaired all that we ordinarily know of the Mystic and the Occultist in concrete human experience, will at the same time show these two types to have come into being gradually by the specialisation upon one or other of two alternative principles in human nature ; these principles, in their turn, not being confined to human nature, but standing for an ultimate dualism of nature herself.

Is it possible to find a formula of this kind?

There is one line of thought which, in the opinion of the present writer, may lead us to such a formula.

E. A. Wodehouse

*(To be continued)*

#### FREEDOM IN BONDAGE

My soul, refreshed with life, all the day long  
 Sings sweetly to my heart, and shines and glows;  
 For chains grow lax and far from me it goes  
 When Sleep's cool kisses on my eyelids throng.  
 Returning, it makes pure my flesh with fire,  
 Having been free, save for one sacred tie,  
 To spread its everlasting wings and fly  
 E'en to the uttermost Heaven. Yet entire  
 Freedom it cannot know until the day  
 When soul from body shall be torn apart  
 And every chain be broken. . . . O my heart,  
 Beat softly lest the time draw near! . . . And may  
 Ere then so frail have grown earth's prison-seal  
 That soul nor body shall the parting feel.

EVA M. MARTIN

#### POLITICS AND THEOSOPHY

By T. H. MARTYN

IT may be taken for granted that much interest will be felt by many members of the Theosophical Society in the problem made prominent in the articles on this subject by Messrs. Kirby, Jinarajadasa and Van Manen. The former states the case from one point of view, Mr. Jinarajadasa replies from another and Mr. Van Manen judicially reviews and analyses, but seems to find no answer though apparently he is looking for one. It is possible that there is no solution that can be expressed, and that in wrestling with Mr. Kirby's difficulty we are in the position of the geometrician who strives to work out the proportion of the diameter to its circumference, or of the schoolboy who for the first time stumbles across the recurring decimal. Personally I am inclined to think that we are face to face with some such complex position in another realm when we attempt to work out to any logical conclusion the status, powers, limitations, of a President of the T.S. We have a Constitution, of course, and three Objects. The latter are stated in a comprehensive way, and that means that little attempt, if any, is made to define them.

The President, or any member, enjoys the privilege of a very wide range of interpretation, and in passing it

may be noted that everything which Mrs. Besant has done in the political arena *may* be claimed to be covered by the first Object. That by the way however; whether it is or is not, it may some day be proposed that the Constitution be amended so as to define the powers and activities of a President of the T.S., or a set of Rules and Bye-laws be framed for the same purpose. How should we fare in that case? I say unequivocally we should make things worse rather than better. Human skill is not equal to thinking out, much less writing out, a Constitution that is perfect, or that cannot be shown to be incomplete if not inconsistent. The same applies generally to any set of Rules, Regulations or Articles of Association or Bye-laws that may be formulated to interpret and regulate any Constitution. Indeed very little that we do on the physical plane seems to be free from the suspicion of semi-failure if anything like a really critical eye is cast on it.

A genius designs and constructs a beautiful cathedral, but before the last spire point is burnished, the polished marble of the base is already commencing to suffer from the ravages of time. A mechanical device is cast in metal and perfect equilibrium secured, only to be modified by wearing parts from the moment it is set in motion. Laws thought out by the wisest brains are devised to meet certain conditions of lawlessness, and in their operation penalise the innocent, as well as the guilty; and so on in every department of life.

May I suggest that this is as much a law and has to be taken into consideration and provided for as explicitly as other laws which are self-evident, as, for instance, that food is necessary to maintain life, and that water rises to its own level. Those who are fond of

symbols can perhaps trace a 'correspondence between such a law and that mystery of incompleteness already mentioned, the relation of diameter to circumference, which no process known in mathematics will enable us to work out, though in the line and the circle, the 1 and the 0, we have the first and last figures of the numeral system which in turn supports or expresses all our laws of proportion in the only language man knows, and which he uses to interpret the orderliness of nature and to measure her distances.

When we are young we like to work out the sum in decimals for ourselves to make sure! With more mature years we have discovered that this is but one of many, very many, proportions that cannot be squared, and that face us with their evidence of incompleteness like a saucepan without a lid.

What is the application to current events? This: that the Constitution of the Theosophical Society, sacred as it may be in the eyes of members, is of necessity incomplete and if altered in any way it will still be imperfect.

Shall we add to it to make it better? Alas if we try, we shall probably add to its restrictions. Shall we subtract from it to make it broader and more comprehensive? By doing so we place ourselves more entirely in the hands of those who constitute themselves its interpreters.

One of the hardest things in the world is to draw up an agreement between an employer, and an employee acting at a distance and away from control, wherein the powers of the latter have to be defined. Try it and see. The same thing applies to comprehensive powers given to others by any document; the trouble is that

either too little is given, or too much, as the giver suspects or trusts. If caution and suspicion be the prompting influence behind the making of a constitution, rules and regulations galore will be scheduled on its index—inspectors or inquisitors or spies will be required to see that these are observed, that breaches are punished; and good-bye to individual freedom and liberty; on the other hand if generosity and confidence are the leading factors, then broad principles will be laid down, and as few restrictions placed upon their interpretation as possible; but that involves almost unlimited power.

In visiting Venice once the writer was led to study the history of this interesting State; that history would be an education to many a modern politician. Vigorous and enterprising traders, the Venetians sprang into virile national prominence when the Turks were supreme in Eastern Europe, and Venice records a long line of rulers in the persons of the Doges (Dukes) who influenced her destinies. The relationship of the State to its Doges over many centuries surely covers the whole gamut of possible constitutional procedure.

There were stern periods, when democracy, austere and morose, "safeguarded" itself against personal ambition, love of power, and autocratic decrees, when its Doge was robbed of every scrap of authority and made clearly to understand that Demos was his master; in fact at one time, if memory plays me no trick, the office and person of the Doge were so hedged in with "safeguards" that no suitable candidate was forthcoming for the vacant Dukeship when it occurred. Then further laws were developed, making it compulsory for any person appointed to the office to act or, failing to do so, to forfeit property, rank, and citizenship. At another time,

humbled by defeat at the hand of powerful enemies, democracy lost confidence in itself, and there arose a successful general or admiral, who shook off a foreign yoke, and in their gratitude and joy the people passed all sorts of new laws, delegating their erstwhile democratic "safeguards" to the dustheap, and forcing supreme and autocratic power upon the popular saviour.

Again there was a period when neither democracy nor autocracy satisfied the public will, and the Council of Ten came into existence, to guard the sacred liberties of the people from tyrants and demagogues alike. Its methods were secret and sleuth-like, and a man's nearest relative might be a spy, employed by the Council and rewarded at so much per head for troublesome critics, whose conviction could be secured for some crime against the State, fancied or real.

Which all goes to remind one of Carlyle's contention that every form of political constitution, called by any name, republican, democratic, autocratic or anything else, is the expression of an effort to dig out a leader, no, not a mere leader but the *best* leader.

At this stage may I excuse this apparent discursiveness by saying that it is studied and intentional, and to me seems to point a moral in the case of the President of the T.S.

The Theosophical Society has a Constitution which apart from its three Objects is delightfully indefinite. Indefinite, for instance, in regard to any statement of the powers of its President. A hundred different members may put a hundred different interpretations on the Constitution in this particular matter. Which, if any, of the hundred is right? which, if any, wrong? There

as desirable to be more explicit or to add to or alter the Constitution, each of this hundred members may hold different views as to the precise nature of the desired alteration, and whatever one of those was ultimately chosen, the remaining ninety-nine would be able to find points of view from which it was liable to cause trouble.

No need for me to go again over the ground so exhaustively thought out by Mr. Van Manen (Theosophists and Politics). His final conclusions may be claimed to support the contention herein contained. He says:

A definite and final answer is beyond me. Most likely no verbal answer will be found so very soon. Most likely, again, history, that is the course of events, actual happening, will bring at the same time the answer to, and the elimination of, the question through the arising of a new problem out of changed circumstances.

Because circumstances are always changing, it is futile, to quote the ruling of a past President, on a question of expediency to-day, just as it would be folly to attempt to-day to provide for conditions that might arise ten years hence, that is, when the case in point is not clearly provided for in the Constitution itself.

Happily the Society has at the moment a very able President, one who is admittedly "great," quite apart from the office she holds, in fact one whose admission to the ranks of the Society was hailed as an event of consequence, because of the following she already had and her reputation for unselfish and disinterested philanthropy. The Society was made greater in popular estimation when Mrs. Besant joined it; it has grown greater still because of the wonderful skill with which she has made known its message. In turn, it surely cannot be claimed that it has made Mrs. Besant any greater in the eyes of the world, than she was before; rather otherwise, I would suggest.

If the conduct of the Society were a business affair and its members shareholders, they would strive to *increase* the powers of such a manager because of past successes, and *congratulate* themselves on every new departure or new opening availed of, in the sure and certain hope that larger dividends would be forthcoming.

Most members of the Theosophical Society, to judge by the late vote, clearly take this view of things, and go to their day's work happy in the confidence that their affairs are in good hands.

Surely what we *most need* to be particular about is the maintenance of the spirit of tolerance in our ranks. We seem to have succeeded in learning to work together without worrying about one another's religion, and we have escaped the temptation to establish an orthodoxy even in unorthodoxy; have we not also to extend our good will to make it cover divergent "political" opinions, creeds and *work*. If our universal brotherliness will not stand the strain of politics, then who is to determine what is political, and what not?—who to distinguish between politics and social injustice, say, that should call for the championship of any passer-by be he a Theosophist or Samaritan.

If it be claimed that the answer to that is that a President is in a different position to a mere member, because the public identify the office with the person, one would reply that it would be self-evident folly to lose the effectiveness of the greatest amongst us because the public are slow to understand. We did not study public prejudices in popularising Reincarnation, the facts of Telepathy and Clairvoyance and the existence of Supermen; why is it necessary to assume that an

active participation in what is described as politics is outside our sphere for *that* particular reason? It may or may not be inexpedient for other reasons, but the tenderness of public prejudice has never hitherto troubled the T.S. from the times of H.P.B. even unto the present day.

If our mission as a Society has to be interpreted according to changing conditions, who, so qualified to decide its policy as the member we from time to time place at its head?

In conclusion, attention may be called to the "changing circumstances," as now disclosed. The War and the new chapter that is to follow. After the War what then? Will it be possible to dissociate Theosophy from Politics? That question may take the place of Mr. Kirby's courteously expressed doubt, as to whether it is not expedient to dissociate them?

I do not wish to contend either that our esteemed President in the case in point, editing *The Commonweal* and dealing therein with political problems, is acting wisely or unwisely. As an ordinary member, I am not acquainted with the motives or reasons that prompt her, and it does not seem to me necessary to form any definite opinion at all on the subject, one way or the other. To me it seems to be her business not mine, and as such sacrosanct; not because it is the work of a "great spiritual leader," or a teacher, or of one greater than I, but because it is the brave self-appointed task of a fellow member striving to promote the objects which I have, rightly or wrongly, always understood the T.S. was founded to promote. The moral to other members seems to be that there are also many other fields in many other countries in which they can plough

and sow and reap in such manner as seemeth best to them. Surely now if ever, is the time to petition:

God give us men! A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honour—men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue,  
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty, and in private thinking,  
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,  
Their large professions and their little deeds,  
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

If the T.S. gets blame for any such work now, it will later on get credit; for credit in the end there will assuredly be for all disinterested labour, and if the toilers find themselves able to state the world problems of to-day with the clarity and force of some of the articles in *The Commonweal*, many of us who are looking for some light on dark places will be thankful to them. Whether individual members agree or not with *Commonweal* ideals, they can certainly learn a lot by reading it—a final statement which of course is beside the point.

T. H. Martyn

## WAR AND THE GREAT PEACE

By JAMES L. MCBETH BAIN

**B**EFORE we can fulfil the service of the Peace of God for our world-soul in her present need, we must see well to it that Love and only Love for every soul possesses our whole nature, for then, and then only, will it be possible for the Great Peace to dwell in us, and then, and then only, will it be possible for us to channel the Peace of God.

That the Great Peace, even the Peace of God, may, in these present days, be brought forth into actual manifestation on the outermost plane of our human activity is surely the one great desire and labour of every soul who has come into any degree, how feeble soever that degree may be, of the consciousness of the Healing Christ as an ever-present, never-failing, Power of Blessing in the soul and body of the human kind.

And we, who do profess to belong to the communion of the Great Brotherhood of Healers, who work the good works of the Will of Compassion, Mercy and Love in the realms invisible and visible of our human cosmos, are conscious of nothing aworking and energising more persistently and more potently in our whole nature during these days than this same desire.

Howsoever we are occupied physically or mentally it matters not. This one labour of our soul is incessant,

urgent, never passing from us night nor day. And we cannot otherwise.

And why cannot we, who do belong to the Body effective of the Great Healing Christ, do otherwise?

Because, if we are in the Christ consciousness, we do love every creature with our whole heart, soul and mind.

And it follows from this that we must love all these warring peoples equally and well. We feel that they all belong in their true or essential nature to the great Christ-body of Humanity, and that in very reality they are of our own very substance, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, soul of our soul, life of our life, love of our love.

And inasmuch as we truly feel this to be so, in so much shall we suffer equally in the sufferings of "the aliens" and in the sufferings of "our own" nation.

And again I repeat it, we cannot otherwise. This is our place and our only place of activity, and certainly of effectivity.

For our only place of abiding is in that realm wherein the personal or national is entirely transcended. No more can we function spiritually in the degree of the limited affections.

We do not say that this narrower service is impossible, nor do we in any way criticise it. Far from that, we acknowledge its good use and recognise its place and its power. We simply say that we are not there, and never again can be there.

Therefore it is that in our daily meetings for silent concentration towards the coming peace of the world, we can only will this good, and as much for our German as for our French brothers and sisters in the present tribulation of their life-forces.

And therefore it is, that, even at the risk of being considered disloyal, we cannot join in the prayers of the Churches for the dead and wounded of our Army and Navy, to the exclusion of, or even in preference to, those of Germany.

Also, in so far as we are in the Wisdom of Christ, we know that they are all our brothers in life, and that all our interests are one. We know that what is loss to them is loss to us, and what is gain to us is gain to them. We know that the present law of possession being all a delusion, and in the falsity of Greed, is the cause of this strife.

This knowledge is a sure fruit of the Wisdom of God in every soul who has been so enlightened, and they can never deny it. It stands in their deepest nature, firm, sure, and steadfast, an abiding consciousness, sane and sanctifying, however much in their superficialities other thoughts or feelings may at times arise to appearance.

Now the mission of Great Britain—and I speak of Great Britain because she is the mother of the many English-speaking peoples, American and other, who are equally called to this great world service—is to be the bearer and forth-bringer of this Holy Thing to the peoples of the earth.

And that she has been called of Heaven and set apart for this great world-service is evident from many facts of her existence as an Empire, among which we name only these few. How conscious we are of her falling short of this great trust we cannot tell. Surely in our love of her we are not blind to her failings, nor is it in us to compare invidiously or boastfully our people with these other peoples.

Yet for these and other reasons the fact remains with us that she is ordained so to serve:

(1) Through her sympathy with the natives, her tact, her perseverance, her righteous legislation, she is the most successful coloniser of all the nations. For she has, on a whole, relied more on the powers of good fellowship with these peoples than on the use of force and fear.

(2) She responds, before all the old nations of Europe, to the more generous impulses of humanity, and has been looked to generally as the defender of the rights of the feeble and the champion of liberty.

(3) She has enshrined, manifested by unnumbered examples of great heroism, and kept alive in her national genius the primal Christ doctrine of self-sacrifice, and to-day, among the English-speaking peoples, the most erudite and advanced minds and souls are, at least students of the doctrines of the great Christ, who is the Love of God.

Now, if only she will be true and faithful to this, the best genius of her soul, doing the Will of God in denying all greed, by freely sharing her world-wide dominions with these brother peoples, who also need and have a right equal with her right to their share of these lands, she will live to do her great work for the redemption of the whole earth.

Yes, if only she will do the will of Love, and so fulfil the holy law of her true being, she will become in very truth the leader of the peoples, the honoured of heaven and earth, the Queen-Mother of the nations. She will realise her high destiny.

But there is the great risk that the virus of Greed may even yet, notwithstanding her hard lessons of its

baneful fruit in the past, so poison her mind and soul that she shall again fail of her heavenly mission.

This we can say with the understanding of an unbiassed judgment.

For we have not failed, when there was need, to speak and write, and in as public a mode as was possible to us, a rebuke of her iniquities.

And we affirm that, if, through any psychic infirmity, she falls now from her God-ordained mission, assuredly she shall fall as a nation; she shall not stand as the leader of the peoples in God.

Again we say—and we would that this word could be heard throughout our beloved Empire—only by fulfilling her Divine mission, only by doing now what to her is the will of God, can she stand firm and strong, can she long endure as a power of Righteousness on this earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

That she will thus stand, I doubt not. That even now the true national genius of the enduring spiritual kernel of our people is Christly in tone and in hidden potentiality, I am glad, glad to recognise.

For in these days I have gone much among various groups and Societies of working men, and I have noticed that, sure as the note of Brotherhood has been clearly and well-sounded by the speaker, so surely have these men responded with a hearty cheer. And in that British cheer my heart has leapt for very joy, for I have heard in it the sound of the voice of the new Humanity, the note we have so long listened for, agonised for, yearned for, ay, the fore-uttering of the word of the Christ who is to be.

From the same groups, whence only twelve years ago arose the cries of hate and the yells of vengeance, now

arises the willing recognition of their fellowship with their German brothers, and even a hearty response to the call for their outstretched hand towards these their comrades in life. Surely, surely this is the coming of the Christ of God in new power among us, and surely, surely it means, to all who can read the future, that it is well, well, well with our beloved land, and well with our earth.

I will overthrow, overthrow, overthrow,  
And behold, I make all things new.

THE SONG of the REDEMPTION of the WORLD-SOUL from all her iniquities through the POWER of the GREAT LOVE.

“When you see these things come upon the earth, then lift up your heads and be glad, for your redemption draweth nigh.”—Jesus Christ.

We cannot do otherwise than sing the Song of Salvation, because in God we do love all these combat-ing peoples equally and well, and we know that through all this tribulation their redemption, surely, is coming.

In great times, verily, we are living, and right glad are we to be incarnate on this earth now, even in these bodies and souls of suffering.

So glad are we, in the innermost deep of our being, even while the heart of the outer nature is hourly pierced with sorrow and wellnigh torn unto death in the pains of our world-anguish, that we cannot but sing once more, as we sang in our early youth, the Song of our Great Redemption from the powers of death:

In These she labours groaning deep  
And silent for the coming morn;  
And Thou the tears of Love dost weep  
Over the ages newly born.

So sang we over thirty years ago in the Prologue to *The Opening of the Gates*, and so sing we now, and the note of our vision is to us, at least, more clear and sure than it was then.

For these days are great with the burden of the coming Day. Our times are heavy with the child of the future. And this child is the new Humanity, the Son of Man, the fruit of the love of the universal man, the higher type of our race, to whom the brotherhood of man will be as natural a fact of its most ordinary existence as will be its simple joy in the breaths of the sun and the airs of heaven.

And strange though it may seem for us to say so, yet do we know well, that the world-wide struggle of our womanhood for the liberation of her great wealth in the powers of the very services we most need in these times, and the present terrible conflict of Europe for her emancipation from the bondage of materialism, manifest to us most poignantly in these days as militarism (and in this bondage, no nation can point the finger of rebuke at another), arise from the same holy daimonic urge of the great Genius of our race, and are essentially one in aim, in labour, in power, and in sure triumph and issue.

For even while we sing our Song of the Ages, She, the Holy Christ-Mother, labours in the travail of God for the birth of the era of Peace. She, the Soul of the Divine Compassion, She, the Love of God, agonises in the bringing forth of the new day of the Son of God, the strong Saviour, the Redeemer of our world-soul from hoary death and the powers of hell.

For Divine though she be, yet is she also human, even our Earth-Mother in God.

And we know She labours in God, we know She weeps the tears of the agony of the Great Love over the age now being born into our world-consciousness.

For we, even we, her little children, have ceased not, ay, ceased not day nor night, to labour in her travail, to agonise in the throes of her struggle, to weep in her weeping the tears of the hidden soul.

Yes, long years have we wept with her these tears, seen of no one, seen only of the All-seeing Eye.

And so we know that we weep with her. And so we know that we shall soon, even before many days, rejoice with her, for that a beautiful One has been born into our degree and unto our need.

Yes, One beautiful in God, One great in the ageless Divinity of the future, One strong in the new Love, mighty to bear the burden of man, on whom is already laid the load of our infirmity, even One, as sang our well-beloved in the past ages, "mighty to save".

\* \* \* \* \*

And you, my sister in Life, and you my brother in God, can even now help the Christ-Mother of our Earth to bring forth the beautiful One.

Yes, I tell you, my fellow in service, my comrade in the tribulation of the soul of the Great Compassionate, you can help in this present deliverance of the ages.

And now we will tell you how you can thus work with God.

(1) By jealously keeping the great Peace of God in your Heart-centre, and willing ever, and evermore willing, peace to every soul.

(2) By carefully guarding the Holy Love of God in your soul, and so, persisting in loving all souls equally

and well—even Germán as Briton, black skin as white, alien as your nearest kindred.

(3) By fighting in the silent deep of your own hidden nature, daily, hourly, ay, it may be of need, momentarily, this good fight of a true faith in the unlimited blessedness of the God-Love, even at this time when it seems to be the last thing our human soul could produce, or our earth-nature realise. For this is the none other than the fight of God, and thus do we fight with God in the good fight of Life. Thus you do actually aid in the great work of the Good Mother of our Days. And you do so now. I tell you I know this is so, and further, I do not believe it to be too much for our Faith to say, that by so possessing your God-Peace in your soul now, you do your part even to advance the realisation of the great work of the Holy Love. You, in a way, hasten the coming of the Christ who is to be, by thus keeping open the way of life to the Blessed in your own heart.

And even as we all work together for this end, you in me and I in you, and the Christ of the Ages of our Race in us all, and we all in the Holy One of our Blessedness, so are we crying continually out of the soundless deep of our humanity: Even so, come quickly; even so come, O Lord, our Christ, our God, we await Thy Coming.

J. L. McBeth Bain

## CORRESPONDENCE

### TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The point of view of another is always more or less difficult to compass—generally more! So frequently it is impossible—as, for instance, in the September "Watch-Tower" notes when we read the Editor's rather alarming statement, "I think that my entire willingness that anyone should think as he pleases, and speak as he pleases on all public matters, is an idiosyncrasy. . . ." Thank heaven for that dear "idiosyncrasy"—(which most decidedly it is *not*, but the personality's response to a high conception of duty, splendidly spontaneous and self-revealing). If Theosophical teachers and Editors do not stand for that then let us alter our Society's motto and reduce the altitude of our ideals. The freedom of speech on the part of the Editor has made the Watch-Tower notes the most eagerly-read part of THE THEOSOPHIST. Her point of view, whether we can compass it or not, what it means to us! To limit its expression is to rob us of something we value more highly than our personal feelings. Surely, Mr. Van Manen raised a very unsubstantial bogey, when he pleaded tender political feelings as a reason for restraining the perfect freedom of Presidential utterances. Indeed, his Kruger-Chamberlain illustration was most unfortunate, as subsequent events have amply proved. Mr. Van Manen's "nasty taste" was begotten by deliberate influence, which was neither British nor Dutch, and so far as he and those who were misled with him are concerned that influence seems admirably to have achieved its purpose. But what of the people most concerned—the Boers themselves? Their action in connection with the present war is no uncertain rejoinder to slanders of an earlier day.

Surely, *because* THE THEOSOPHIST is international the political susceptibilities of its readers are not to deter any individual from expressing things honestly believed. A fig for such pandering to weakness in character!—for is it anything less? I speak feelingly. I am a most ardent lover of Australia, and the Editor has upon occasion said things of Australian political expediency which have hurt my susceptibilities most deeply. Probably she will repeat them again and again in the future, and if so those same susceptibilities will be hurt more than ever. They are not going to be hurt any the less because I quite expect the rod to fall. Do then I wish the Editor to be prevented from saying those inevitably painful things? Not a bit of it? It is more to me that she should freely express herself than that national “prejudice” should be respected. If we cannot in the pages of our own leading magazine apply Theosophy and Occultism to the solution of political problems which arise in particular nations, then we have been long making claims which we are not prepared to live up to. In her determination to remain silent about subjects on which nationality will influence the point of view taken, I believe, with all due respect, the Editor is (a) deferring to a very inconsiderable minority in the Society, and (b) robbing the magazine and its readers of valued matter. Ideal citizenship and the higher patriotism loom very large in Theosophical thought just now, and in this trying transitional period the views and opinions of one who has drawn clear of the “rock,” are of particular value to us. Personally I am a very touchy individual where national susceptibilities are concerned, but I offer those feelings to the Editor as Sir Walter Raleigh offered his cloak to Queen Elizabeth. And I am sure the great majority of readers of THE THEOSOPHIST in every country are as ready as I to do the same—Mr. Van Manen’s bogey notwithstanding!

HAROLD G. OLIFENT

Adelaide, S. Australia

## REVIEWS

*Kashmir Shaivism*, by J. C. Chatterji, B.A. (Cantab.), Vidyāvāridhi. (The Kashmir Series of Texts and Studies, Vol. II, Fasciculus 1.) Srinagar, 1914.<sup>1</sup> (Price Rs. 1-10)

This is the first part of a book, by Mr. J. C. Chatterji (Director of the Research Department, Jammu and Kashmir State), on the system of philosophy peculiar to Kashmir, and the book is the first ever written on the subject.

The volume before us falls into two sections, the first (pp. 1-40) dealing with the history and literature, and the second (pp. 41-166) with the metaphysics of the system. The ethics seems to be reserved for the second part of the work, which has not yet appeared.

Scholars will specially welcome the first section. For, although the existence of the Trika literature and many particulars on it have been known since the days of Buhler, great uncertainty has obtained until now with regard to the date and mutual relationship of the authors concerned. The principal error was (and Buhler is responsible for it) that the Spanda and Pratyabhijñā Shāstras are to be regarded as two different systems. It is now clear, thanks to Mr. Chatterji, that there is no fundamental difference between the two (such as, e.g., the atheism and theism, respectively, of the two Sāmkhya systems) but that they are merely two aspects of one and the same system, the Spanda Shāstra being, so to speak, the theological, and the Pratyabhijñā Shāstra the philosophical exposition of the Shiva Sūtras of Vasugupta. Already before Vasugupta, who lived in the ninth century A.D., there was a Shaiva literature in Kashmir, namely the Shaiva Tantras, but these taught for the most part a dualist doctrine or were at least interpreted in this sense, and it was just to replace this dualism by an idealistic monism that the Shiva Sūtras are said to have been revealed to Vasugupta. Vasugupta, as pointed out, was followed by two lines of disciples: on the one hand Kallaṭa,

<sup>1</sup> Obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

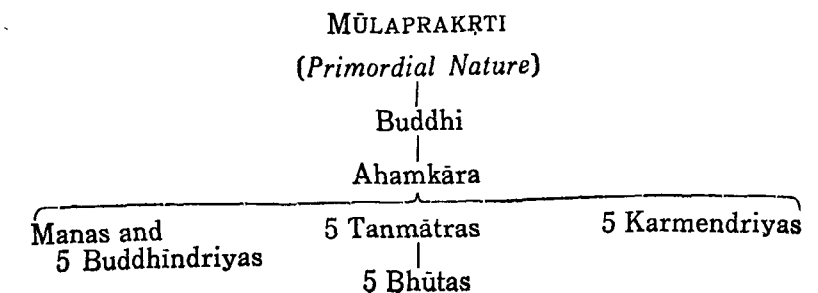
the author of the Spanda Sūtras, and his successors (Utpala Vaiṣṇava, Rāmakāṇṭha); on the other hand Somānanda, the author of Shivadr̥ṣṭi (of which now fragments only are available), and his followers (Utpala, Lakṣmaṇa, Abhinavagupta); until finally the two lines were united, as it were, by the activity of Kṣhemarāja, the pupil of Abhinavagupta, who contributed to both the Spanda and the Pratyabhijñā Shāstra, all subsequent writers adopting more or less the Pratyabhijñā method. The monistic idealism of Vasugupta, although in reality opposed to that of the Tantras, was not believed to be so by his followers who, on the contrary, wrote commentaries on some of them from the idealistic point of view. Hence the Shaiva Tantras came to be included in the Trika literature and reckoned, together with the Shiva Sūtras, as the Āgama Shāstra, or revealed portion of that literature, as distinguished from the Spanda and Pratyabhijñā Shāstras, both of which comprise only works of human authorship. The name Trika (triad), however, by which this whole literature is understood, does not refer to the three "Shāstras" of which it is composed, but appears to have been coined with reference to that metaphysical triad taught by all Shaiva systems, namely, the individual (*pāshu*), the principle of bondage (*pāsha*), and the redeeming principle (*shiva*).

Mr. Chatterji has resisted the temptation to trace the history of Shaivism before the time of Vasugupta, and he has also refrained from discussing the mutual relationship of the several Shaiva systems. But though the book is a mere outline, a few hints on those questions are no doubt expected by most readers. It appears that the Shaiva Tantras are the common source of all those systems. But, while some of them, such as the Mrgendra, are familiar to both the Kashmiri and the South Indian Shaivas, others often mentioned on the one side are conspicuous by their absence on the other. Possibly this has something to do with the more dualistic or more monistic character, respectively, of the several Tantras. It has been asserted that the Shaiva Siddhānta of the South is a mere copy of the Kashmir philosophy, but also the opposite view has been advanced. So far as we can see, there is no stringent reason for doubting that the two systems have originated independently, viz., from the Āgama Shāstra as their common source.

The second section of our book deals with the main doctrines of the Trika philosophy. This is again a very lucid exposition, similar in plan and execution to the theoretical part of *Hindu Realism*. The one formal mistake which has been committed is the omission of a heading on page 141; the resume of the whole system, which here begins, appearing erroneously as a part of the chapter (8th) on the Principles of Materiality (pp. 129 *et seq.*).

The philosophy of the Trika, like that of the other Shaiva systems, is a synthesis of those renowned two older systems which have exercised such a powerful influence all over India: the realist Sāṃkhya and the idealistic Vedānta. But while the Sāṃkhya has been taken over almost unchanged, the Vedāntic storey which has been added to it shows a remarkable alteration and a real progress of philosophical thought. We will have a look successively at the two storeys, beginning, however, not with the higher one, as Mr. Chatterji does, but with the lower one, because it seems to be more convenient to proceed from the known to the unknown and from the natural to the supernatural.

The Sāṃkhya philosophy is a metaphysical realism in that it asserts that Nature (*prakṛti*) is a real and independent principle by the side of Spirit (*puruṣa*); epistemologically, however, it teaches idealism, because it derives the whole of the individual world, subject and object, from the "I-maker" (*aḥamkāra*), the principle of the ego, which is a product not of the Spirit but of Primordial Nature, the only role of the Spirit being to endow with consciousness what is in itself unconscious, i.e., to "illuminate" Nature. The picture of evolution, according to the Sāṃkhya, looks as follows:



These, together with the Puruṣha (Spirit), who makes creation possible by "shining" on Nature but is otherwise a mere "spectator," are the renowned 25 Sāṃkhya principles so often mentioned in Indian literature. From Buddhi downwards, *i.e.*, so far as the "Manifest Nature" (*vyakta*) is concerned, these are practically the same in the Trika as in the Sāṃkhya, for which reason Mr. Chatterji has chosen to base his account of these 23 principles on both the Sāṃkhya and the Trika literature. This detailed account (pp. 93 to 141) is decidedly ingenious and of great value to students of the two systems, but we cannot get rid of the impression that the author's imagination has played too great a part in it. For instance, the supposed parallelism between the Tanmātras and the Karmendriyas (for which, moreover, not a single reference is adduced) seems to us highly artificial. There is undoubtedly a connection between sound and speech and also between feeling (touch) and the power to handle, but the connection of sight (to the exclusion of other senses) with the power of locomotion is less palpable, and one fails altogether to understand why flavour should produce a tendency to discard (rather than one to enjoy), and odour a tendency to enjoy (rather than one to discard). In the classical Sāṃkhya, so far as we remember, the Tanmātras are connected with the Buddhindriyas but not with the Karmendriyas. It was a happy idea to compare the two classes of Indriyas (Buddhindriyas and Karmendriyas), in reference to their physical manifestations, with the sensory and motor nervous systems, and also the rendering of *śabda-tanmātra* by "sound-as-such," *rūpa-tanmātra* by "colour-as-such," etc., is quite acceptable.<sup>1</sup> Special attention has been devoted, and rightly so, to the explanation of the several functions of Buddhi, Ahamkāra, and Manas, constituting the so-called "Inner Organ". The principal operation of the Manas is the cutting of an image out of the manifold given by some sense-perception, that of the Ahamkāra the substantiation of that image (which is, before that act, two-dimensional only) by relating it to one's self and one's experiences, and that of the Buddhi the referring of the image thus substantiated to a general class such as cow, tree, house, etc. The *raison d'être* of these three

<sup>1</sup> "Feel-as-such," however, is perhaps, a little too vague.

organs is that, just as the perceptions are mediated by the senses, so those three classes of physical operations are also rendered possible by corresponding instruments.<sup>1</sup> The Tanmātras or primary elements of perception are said to be the general notions of (undifferentiated) sound, colour, etc., which arise inevitably together with the Indriyas of perception, and which must be different from the generals of the Buddhi because in regard to the latter they are only particulars (*e.g.*, of the general notions cow, tree, etc.). It would seem, then, that the generals of the Buddhi do not cover all abstract ideas, and that consequently the usual definition of Buddhi as "the power to form abstract ideas" is too comprehensive. The last step in the process of evolution is what Mr. Chatterji calls the "Materialisation of the Soul," *i.e.*, the rise of variety within the several primary elements, *e.g.*, of a variety of sounds within the uniform "Sound-as-such," and, at the same time and from the same source, of the five so-called gross elements,<sup>2</sup> which are in reality nothing but experiences necessarily accompanying that of the said variety, namely the experience of "ethereality," "aeriality," "formativity," "liquidity," and "solidity" (to use Mr. Chatterji's translations of those terms). Here again the parallelism (though of Vaidic authority) is of a somewhat questionable nature, and Mr. Chatterji's explanation rather fanciful.

Now, in order to make of this system a suitable groundwork for the intended Vedāntic superstructure, two stones in it had to be altered, namely the two foundation-stones called Puruṣha and Prakṛti. The Sāṃkhya philosophy does not recognize any higher principle than these two, and it accounts for the world-process by their co-operation, which is likened to that of the lame man and the blind man. But, while there is only one Prakṛti, there are innumerable Puruṣhas; and

<sup>1</sup> This, of course does not explain why there must be a special instrument for each of the three classes.

<sup>2</sup> According to Mr. Chatterji the name Bhūtas is to be explained as "the ever 'Have Beens,' and never 'Ares,' or the Ghosts, namely, of the Real," and he refers for texts bearing on them to one of his unpublished Appendices. Whatever the Trika explanation of *Bhūta* may be, the original meaning of the term and that accepted by the Sāṃkhya is undoubtedly "become, produced," the Bhūtas being called so as the ultimate and most tangible product of Prakṛti.

while the Absolute of Vedāntism has been banished from that system, still Its attributes have been transferred to the Puruṣhas all of whom are omnipresent, unchangeable, unaffected by nature, etc. This dualism, then, is made to pass into monism, in the Trika, by the statement that both Prakṛti and the Puruṣhas are products of a force of obsuration called Māyā; that the Puruṣhas are not *vibhu* (omnipresent) but *anu* (atomic), non-spatial points as it were;<sup>1</sup> that they are subject to time and other limitations; and that there is not one Prakṛti but many, one, indeed, for each Puruṣha.<sup>2</sup>

We are now coming to the doctrines which are peculiar to the Shaiva systems or to the Trika alone.

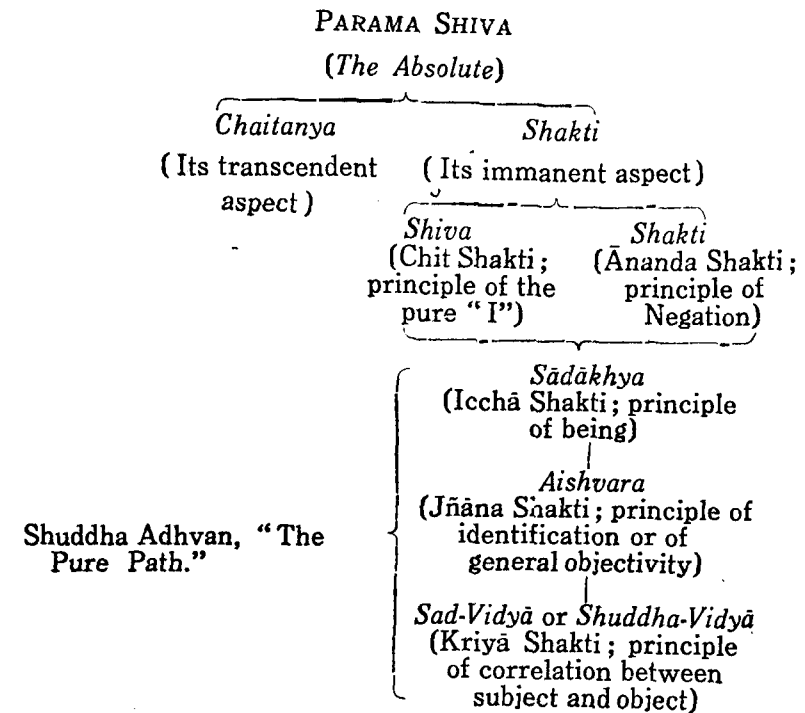
The doctrine of the five or, including Māyā, six Kañchukas "enwrapping" the Soul so as to make it the individual limited being known as Puruṣha, is common to the Shaiva systems. The five limitations are easily understood in the way Mr. Chatterji has explained them, namely, as the counterpart of five perfections attributed to the Spirit (God) before it becomes limited. These perfections and their counterparts are; (1) Eternity, and Time (*kāla*); (2) All-pervasiveness, and Restriction (*niyati*), viz., in regard to presence in space; (3) All-interestedness, All-satisfaction (lit. : "Fullness"), and Limited Interest (*rāga*); (4) All-consciousness, Omniscience, and Limited Consciousness (*vidyā*); (5) All-authorship, and Limited Authorship (*kalā*).

So far we have dealt with what is technically called the "Impure Path" (*ashuddha adhvan*) of creation, i.e., with that part of the system of evolution which deals with the Limited Individual Experience. There remains the higher part which is engaged in the Universal Experience. These very first and loftiest beginnings of the manifestation of life lie, it must be remembered, before the origination of time, which comes into existence with Māyā only. That is to say: they are not really what we call a process and cannot, properly speaking, be described at all. Still the Trika holds that we can obtain some

<sup>1</sup> Because the omnipresent something of which it is a limitation (see below) is itself non-spatial.

<sup>2</sup> In pre-classical Sāmkhya also (which may not have been used by the Trika) the Puruṣhas were believed to be *anu*, according to Professor Garbe's conjecture.

idea of them, vague though it be, by picturing this first stage or these first stages in about the following way:



The meaning of this is that Parama Shiva, the innermost and true Self of every being and everything, reveals Himself as the Universe by means of the five principal aspects of His Shakti or power of Self-Revelation. Only after Sad-Vidyā has emerged, the Universal Spirit becomes limited by the influence of Māyā, the obscuring Force. All the preceding stages, therefore, represent, so to speak, the awakening of a consciousness, in the Experiencer, of macrocosmic existence; and they can be formularised, according to Mr. Chatterji, in the following manner: whereas Shiva has the experience of merely the "I," and Shakti of merely the "am," Sādākhya denotes the consciousness "I am," i.e., "I am this," and it is followed by the Aishvara consciousness. "This am I" and the latter by the Sad-Vidyā experience: "I am this and all-this is mine as part and parcel of myself."

<sup>1</sup> Though the name Parama Shiva is masculine, the principle referred to is in reality "neither He, She, nor It" (p. 42).

The Sādākhyā and Aishvara Tattvas differ in that in the former the attention is drawn chiefly to the "I"-side and in the latter chiefly to the "this"-side, a true comparison between the two aspects, *i.e.*, a fully conscious antithesis of subject and object, being possible in the Sad-Vidyā state only.

Shiva and Shakti are not included in the Shuddha Adhvan, because "they do not disappear in Pralaya but remain in the bosom of Parama Shiva as the seed of the Universe to come". Shiva is the pure I "without even a trace of the notion or feeling of a Universe in the experience"; Shakti (sometimes omitted, because inseparable from and rather one with Shiva) is that aspect of the Divine (Highest) Shakti which, as the "Principle of Restraint," "negatives the supremely ideal Universe".

Mr. Chatterji has not made it quite clear what he understands by "the supremely ideal Universe" which is the object of Parā Samvit, "the Supreme Experience," *i.e.*, Parama Shiva. It would seem that we cannot speak of a Universe where there is no plurality, and much less where even the duality of Shiva-Shakti is not felt as such. Still, evidently nothing else can be meant by the said expression (for which there seems to be no Samskrit equivalent) than the Divine Shakti with its latent duality of Shiva-Shakti as the eternal root of the infinite series of Universes.

Another item about which we are left in the dark is whence the Force of obscuration called Māyā originates. We learn that it comes into play after the appearance of Sad-Vidyā, but does it spring from Sad-Vidyā, and what is its connection with the Shaktis?

The 36 principles or Tattvas up to Shiva-Shakti (reckoned as two) are common to the Shaiva systems, though there is some difference among them as to the explanation of Shiva-Shakti and the Shuddha Adhvan.

Only by ascending to "that which is beyond the Tattvas" (tattvātita), do we arrive at last at the real, fundamental difference of the Kashmir Trika system from its relatives. This difference consists in the theory of Ābhāsa, which has here taken the place of the Vivarta of the Advaita Vedānta. As a matter of fact the Trika is the only one of the Shaiva systems which can

be rightly called an idealistic monism. For it is the only Shaiva school which teaches not only that the world is an "appearance" (*ābhāsa*), in God, of delusive plurality (*bheda*), but also that the soul, in Liberation, becomes actually one with God (recognises itself as God). But, unlike Shankarāchārya and his followers, the teachers of the Ābhāsa process hold that the appearances (declared by the former to be neither real nor unreal) are real in a certain sense, namely, as representatives, in our consciousness, of the experience of the Real, *i.e.*, Parama Shiva. By *ābhāsa* or "shining out" is meant "a process which, while bringing the product into existence, leaves the source of the product unchanged". Mr. Chatterji cleverly points out quite a number of phenomena (such as the reproduction of life in the process of generation), showing that such a process, though indeed beyond our grasp, is not unknown to science. He also calls attention, in this connection, to the well-known *Shānti Pūrṇam adah pūrṇam idam*, etc., from which it is evident that the knowledge of God being both transcendent and immanent is older than any of the classical systems.

To return to the connecting link between the two storeys of the Trika, *viz.*, the Kañchukas, it must be admitted to our author that they betray a considerable philosophical insight, their place in the Trika being much the same as that of "the forms of perception and conception" in the philosophy of Kant. But Mr. Chatterji evidently goes too far in stating that they agree with the latter "not only in essence but, to a great extent, in details also". The only real agreement, so far as we can see, is that between Kāla and Kant's Category of Time. Nor do we think that the theory of the Kañchukas gives us the slightest right to belittle the discovery of Kant, as Mr. Chatterji does in his long sigh on p. 161. On the contrary, considering that the 36 Tattvas (including the Kañchukas) are of Āgamic, *i.e.*, superhuman origin, we must the more admire the man who alone of mortals found by strict logical thinking the very same truth, and who alone was able to give it that truly philosophical expression without which it would have remained as unnoticed in Europe as the Trika has been in India.

There is one more point in this connection—the linking together of the two storeys—which calls for special attention, *viz.*, the position of the Buddhi. The Buddhi of the

Trika is something more than that of the Sāṃkhya: it is not an absolutely first experience, but rather "the memory of the Universal 'All-this' which formed the Experience of the Shuddha-Vidyā, but afterwards changed into a dim and indefinite 'Something' in the Puruṣha-Prakṛti stage" (p. 105); it is "a glorious vision of ideas" (p. 106).

It is not quite easy to judge the merit of a book like the present one where the original texts on which it is based are referred to but occasionally, most references being reserved for the many appendices which have not appeared yet. We confess that we do not like this method of giving first the results and then, at a later date, the materials on which they are based. Standard works on Indian philosophy, such as Deussen's *System of the Vedānta*, show that it is quite possible and decidedly more profitable to incorporate in the book itself all references of some importance. However, from what we know about Mr. Chatterji's works, we have every reason to believe that the favourable impression we have obtained of his new book will remain unaltered by the publication of the appendices.

Before concluding, we cannot help mentioning one little objection we have to the title of the book. The word "Shaivism" has as little chance of ever meeting with general approval as have for instance "Bauddhaism" and "Jainaism," if somebody should try to introduce them. In Sanskrit we have *buddha* and the corresponding adjective *bauddha* ("referring to the Buddha, Buddhist, Buddhism"), and similarly *jina* and *jaina*, *shiva* and *shaiva*, *viṣṇu* and *vaishṇava*. In English, consequently, we should form either Buddhism, Jinism, Shivism, Viṣṇuism, or (rather) Bauddhism, Jainism, Shaivism, Vaiṣṇavism. Two only of these eight forms, viz. Buddhism and Jainism, may now be regarded as definitively accepted by the language, and so may be considered the adjectives Buddhist and Jain; as to the rest, however (Viṣṇuism, Viṣṇuism, Viṣṇuite, Vaiṣṇavite, Shivaism, Shivaite, Shaivite, etc.), no agreement has so far been reached, but the best would undoubtedly be to follow the example of Jainism and Jain (Jaina), i.e., to give preference henceforth to the substantives Vaiṣṇavism and Shaivism and the adjectives Vaiṣṇava and Shaiva.

F. O. S.

# THE THEOSOPHIST

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE New Year is upon us, and upon us in the midst of War. Terrible has been the record written by the year that closes just as we issue our first number for 1915, a record of battling Nations, of tottering thrones, of an exiled people, and a devastated land. The thunder of the batteries drowned the chiming of Christmas bells; the whining of shells hushed the voices of peace; the moaning of the wounded broke into the carols of Christmas-tide. A strange sad Christmas for all Christian Nations; a carnival of hate replacing a carnival of love.

\* \* \*

Yet amid the tumult and the carnage, there is a still small voice that whispers consolation, for we have read that in the past the uprising of evil ever preceded the descending, the Avatāra, of good. And albeit He for whom we look has not yet ascended to the sublime height from which an Avatāra comes down, yet the greater cycles are reproduced in the smaller, and the retarding forces which delay evolution—for its helping in the end

—must be gathered together for powerful manifestation, ere the Coming of a Great Teacher may bring new life to the world. In the huge reconstruction that must follow the ending of the War, the United States of Europe will be constituted, and a settled peace descend upon the shattered Continent. How should such a reconstruction become possible without a breaking into pieces of the rocks of custom and the barriers of prejudice?

\* \*

A remarkable prediction was made by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, regarding "the Federation of Nations," and published in March, 1910, in THE THEOSOPHIST. He wrote: "Europe seems to be a Confederation with a kind of Reichstag, to which all countries send representatives. This central body adjusts matters, and the Kings of the various countries are Presidents of the Confederation in rotation." He states that the man who shapes the new order of things is Julius Cæsar reincarnated, and that he works with the assistance of other great individualities of the past, such as Napoleon, Scipio Africanus, Akbar and others, and he traces the steps by which huge sums spent on armaments are turned to social improvements, until "armies and navies have disappeared, or are only represented by a kind of small force, used for police purposes. Poverty also has practically disappeared from civilised lands". To the non-Theosophist, the view that great men of the past return for greater work in the present may seem quaint and dreamy. Let that pass. Men of commanding genius will be needed to shape the United States of Europe, and they will be there, be they whom they may. Napoleon was Napoleon to Europe; that he

had fought, triumphed, and failed before, under the name of Hannibal, was unknown to the Europe he dominated, and made no difference to the crowd.

\* \*

It is obvious that a work so mighty as this reconstruction of Europe cannot be achieved at once at the end of the War. The War is the preparation for it; the actualisation will take years to accomplish. Mr. Leadbeater says that the work is largely made possible by the Coming of the World-Teacher. A noteworthy minor point in the prediction is: "All necessities of life are controlled, so that there can be no serious fluctuations in their price. All sorts of luxuries and unnecessary things are still left in the hands of private trade—objects of art and things of that kind."

\* \*

Turning from world-topics to Theosophical events, we may here chronicle the success of our Annual Convention, both in the numbers attending it and the harmony which prevailed. Our visitors from outside India were less numerous than usual, on account of the War, though Miss Horne from New Zealand, Miss Ware and Mr. Studd from Australia, Mr. Udny, Mrs. Larmuth, Miss Larmuth, Miss Codd and Miss Parsons from England, Mrs. Higgins and Mr. Frei from Ceylon, and a party from Burma and Java arrived shortly before the Convention. But from all parts of India brethren flocked in, and we were particularly glad to welcome for a day and a half Mr. Motilal Ghosh of Calcutta, who had been initiated into the Society by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky. A unique feature was the coming of many Congress delegates to

pay a visit to Adyar, and it was interesting to hear expressed their surprise and pleasure over its extent and beauty, and its noble library. The President of the National Congress came to our social gathering, and sat beside me in the photograph. So many F.T.S. are good workers for the National Cause, that Congress visitors felt quite at home in the T.S. International Headquarters.

\* \* \*

Mr. C. Jinarajadasa's Convention lectures will rank among the best series ever delivered from our platform. Arrangements are being made to redeliver the first of them, on "Heredity in the Light of Theosophy" in Pachaiyappa's College—the famous Hindū College of Madras. Our Sinhalese brother is taking a very high place among us for his learning and his culture—the gentle culture of the WISDOM, not the Kultur of Germany.

\* \* \*

The following paragraphs have appeared in *The Adyar Bulletin*, but I reprint them here, that they may reach a larger circle, for they touch on vital matters:

There are two views of Theosophical work, one narrow and one wide, which are current in the Theosophical Society, and on which members should make up their minds, and having done so, should act accordingly. The first is the view that the Divine Wisdom consists in the teaching of a certain body of doctrines, whether by writing or by speech; to write articles, to give lectures, on Reincarnation and Karma, on the Life after Death, on Yoga and Interpretation of Symbols, on the Planes, Rounds and Races—this is Theosophical,

and this is the only proper work of the Theosophical Society. A certain application of these teachings to the conditions of the day is perhaps allowable, but such application tends to stray into forbidden fields, and is of doubtful desirability. The other view is that the Divine Wisdom, "sweetly and mightily ordering all things," exists in the world for the world's helping, and that nothing is alien from it which is of service to Humanity. The chief work of those who profess themselves its votaries will therefore be the work which is most needed at the time, and the pioneer work along the lines which will shape the coming pathway of the world. At one time, when the great truths of religion have been forgotten and when materialism is strong, it will be its chief work to spread the forgotten truths and to assert the predominant value of spirituality. At another, when a people is to be prepared for the Lord, educational methods and improvements will claim its earnest attention. At another, it will be called to work for social reformation along lines laid down by Occultism. At yet another, to throw its energies into political effort. For those who take this wider view, the country they are living in, the circumstances which surround them, must largely condition the form of their activities. And since the T. S. is international, it can only suggest great principles, and leave its members to apply them for themselves. It can lay down Brotherhood, but whether that shall be cultivated and made practical by Individualism or Socialism, by Toryism, Liberalism or Radicalism, by Monarchy or Republicanism, by Autocracy, Aristocracy or Democracy—on all this the T. S. pronounces no opinions. It can only say: "Son, go and work for

Brotherhood: think out the best way for yourself, and act."

\* \* \*

It is obvious that since I entered the T. S. I have encouraged the wider view, and while I have done my fair share in spreading Theosophical teachings all the world over, I have also worked vigorously in outside matters, for education, and for many social reforms, as, in India, the abolition of child-marriage and the reform of the caste-system, and in England for the abolition of vivisection, for reforms in penology, for justice to coloured races, for the introduction of federalism into the Empire, and of a system of electorates which should weigh heads as well as count them. Since elected to the Presidency, I have endeavoured to organise the many activities of those who agreed with me in Theosophising public life, so that no activity should compromise the neutrality of the T. S., while members should remain perfectly free to work in any of them; and the result has been a great influx into the T. S. of energetic workers, and especially of young workers, who find their inspiration in Theosophical teachings, and their happiness in translating them into practice.

\* \* \*

Both these lines of thought, the exclusive and the inclusive, have their place in the T. S., and it is eminently desirable that both should be present in the Society. The first ensures the steady propagation of Theosophical teachings, and the permeation of all religions with them—the Theosophising of religions: the second ensures the application of those teachings to public work, the permeation of all public activities with them—the

Theosophising of life. While the T. S. was small in numbers and its environment was hostile, the first demanded all the energies of the little band of Theosophists. Now that the T. S. is large, and its environment fairly friendly, the second is necessary for the growth of its influence. The first prepares for the new form of religion—the second for the new form of civilisation. They are complementary, not hostile. But let neither depreciate the other, nor minimise its value. Let each do its work, and recognise that the other has also its place and its work.

\* \* \*

My thought was turned specially in this direction by some criticism which reached me of our French General Secretary going to the front to help his country in her bitter need, of prominent lady Theosophists in France doing ambulance work instead of holding E. S. classes, of the English General Secretary organising hospital work, of the Scotch General Secretary training Territorials whom he is to lead on active service to the front. Such criticisms are untheosophical in spirit, and utterly uninformed from the standpoint of Occultism. In times of need, some men are called to do the hero's work; let us be glad and proud that the leaders of the Society in England, Scotland and France are among them, and that local leaders in smaller areas are among the most active workers in relief, and that the rank and file are gallantly supporting them. Let others take up the work the usual leaders have to drop, and be glad to have the opportunity of supplying their places, setting them free for their more urgent duties. Truly would the T. S. have been disgraced if none among its members had answered to the cry: "La Patrie en danger," and

every one who can help at such a crisis ought to help, and if our special teaching propaganda suffers for the time, let it suffer. Peace will return, and with peace its duties. Unless the war-duties are attended to now, the chief Theosophical countries in Europe will be crushed, and there will be but little room for propaganda afterwards.

\* \* \*

My ever-honoured colleague, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, is doing splendid work in Australia, and I have consented to the urgent request of the Australian brethren, that he may remain there for some time longer, to help in their propaganda work. I hope that he will, despite his hard work, find time to write for our THEOSOPHIST in the coming year.



## NEW HOPES IN EDUCATION

By MARIE LOUISE DE RIGNY

I

### BELIEVERS AND NON-BELIEVERS IN EDUCATION

EVERYWHERE are to be found large numbers of men and women who have never given a serious thought to the subject of education, and who go about the world careless of the way in which their influence is felt, either for good or evil! Even among those who call themselves educators, or whose work is done in educational quarters, there are many who do not believe in education.

There are various reasons for this scepticism. It may be due to the presence of the mercantile spirit, in place of an instructor's spirit. He who loves the young and is burning with a desire to help them to grow into

fine flowers of humanity can never fail altogether in his efforts, and he will retain his faith in the value of education in spite, it may be, of occasional disappointment. But he who remains blindly attached to doctrines, or even principles, which may have been good in their time or when applied by those who first formulated them as a result of personal experience, he who dares not adapt himself to new circumstances and admit new conclusions, arising from new experiments, such an educator is bound to fail in the majority of cases, if not always. Not long ago I was talking with a high official of public instruction in France, also well known as the director of a widely spread Review of education—a clever and a good man—who was in the attitude of heart and mind of one whose faith has not been strong enough to resist trials and misfortune, and who finds nothing but discomfort in what seems to him a harsh, sad reality. He was willing enough to listen while I did my best to impart a little of my own enthusiasm, and in such a case one might succeed, provided previous discouragement had not destroyed for ever the wish to study and capability of studying all questions of education practically.

A short time after that conversation had taken place, a friend of mine sent to the Review incidentally mentioned an article in which was related a series of interesting and satisfactory experiments made by him in a class of boys. What happened? He was told that "though his article was written in clear and elegant French it was of too technical a nature to be printed in the Review". The Committee evidently supposed that its readers required something not too closely connected with real life and its difficult problems,

something for which imagination is answerable rather than observation, and which may entertain them in the pleasant belief that all is for the best in school and nursery, and that therefore no endeavour need be made to alter anything.

However, I persist in thinking that there are in the world at present, a certain number of parents and teachers, who are willing to come out of dream-land, who are conscious of the pressing need of the times! To them I would have us say by pen and mouth: Turn your attention *not* especially to theorists and their manuals but to the children themselves who are to be brought up; *they* must become your study, and then you will learn day by day how to improve for their sake your knowledge of mankind, as reflected in them and in yourself; thus you will discover the laws which preside over the development of your and their faculties. As to writers on education, we should invite them to consider with care all recent experiments, whatever may be the amount of success with which they meet, for failure is sometimes due to the deficiency of the surroundings, in spite of the talent of the experimenter or the adequacy of his methods. When strikingly good results have been registered, as has happened in a majority of the Montessori schools, all the more is it worth while to study every factor by means of which they have been obtained—material arrangement of the schoolroom, didactic apparatus, method, personal qualities of intellect and character in the teacher—these, though last mentioned not least important assuredly.

We who advocate new methods, do not mean to say that the methods previously used are bad; they

certainly were good, when first applied, because answering the need of the moment and better adapted to the growing humanity for which they were devised than those which were supplanted by them. We have no right to ignore methods that have rendered great services in the past; their propounders were no doubt enlightened lovers of their fellow-creatures, and to them we should remain eternally thankful.

## II

### WE ARE FACING AN OLD PROBLEM SET IN NEW TERMS

If we consider human history, we perceive that slow changes are constantly taking place in the depth of being, manifesting new powers which tend also to transform gradually the outward side of things and their relations with one another. But there are periods when forms, which had hitherto appeared as an adequate expression of the life within, suddenly become insufficient. Under the pressure of new life-forces that are poured into them, as it were, from other spheres, a kind of distortion takes place. Such a period is characterised by want of stability in Society and lack of balance in individuals, resulting in much feverish excitement and a great deal of suffering.

How can the conditions necessary to peace and happiness be partly restored to the following generation? This is a problem for which it belongs mostly to educators to find a solution, as certain and as rapid as possible. The very problem which is facing us to-day is therefore an old one, which has been set to the world of parents and teachers, over and over again at the

beginning of every new era of our psychological evolution. Terms only are changed each time we reach the zenith of a great civilisation, when we perceive the first dawning rays of a new and higher one. A certain stage of development having been reached in one direction, what we have to do is to afford our infants, children and youths, an easy opportunity of development in other directions, not pretending to suppress any natural tendency, but putting it to the best possible use. No stifling, but still more air, more space, so to say, so that the latent powers, far from becoming producers of evil under compression, may unfold freely, so that we may be conscious all round of a sense of gratitude for the increase of beauty and sympathy and enjoyment brought into the lives of future men and women. As to the means and methods to be employed, they can only be discovered in the course of an attentive and sincere study of our children and of ourselves.

In an age of unrest not dissimilar to our own, Socrates repeated unceasingly to his disciples: "If you would gain control over yourself and others, you must first come to know others and yourself."

Before another shifting of the scenes on the world's stage, the great Stoics of the end of the Roman Empire insisted that men must withdraw their attention from the shadows of the outside world, and turn it towards the inner man, in whom alone resided possibilities of lasting happiness. Nearer to us, as the Middle Ages closed, on the eve of the blossoming of a new flower of Intelligence, I mean our modern civilisation, Descartes declared that thought and personal determination being the principle of existence, we must therefore seek inwardly for a source of knowledge which should

enable us to increase our capacity for producing happiness in ourselves and in others. "If man wants to *help himself*, let him *know himself*," said those great philosophers. I do not think this means only: know himself in the abstract, or such as he was in the past and may have been explained in a century preceding ours, by some great student of humanity. Nay! but also such as he is now.

If a master therefore, really intends to help his pupils, and will not risk hindering them instead, removing obstacles from their way, let him find out what sort of men and women they are capable of becoming; let him endeavour also, as soon as possible, to awake in them the same sort of self-consciousness, enabling them to co-operate with him in his work of education. If that happens, they will have reached the high moral level at which begins self-education.

To sum up what precedes, we must agree that, from a new development, spring new needs and new aspirations in the children. Hence, to be sure, new difficulties arise for the educator, but also new hopes in the hearts of those, whose eyes are not constantly fixed upon the earth, but can already contemplate the distant and for them illumined horizon of the future.

### III

#### THE IDEAL EDUCATOR

To me this problem of education appears as the greatest and most comprehensive of all problems, which the world, either to-day, or at any time, may be occupied in solving, and the general view of education that I have just exposed shows clearly enough that the ideal educator

ought to be a man with the deepest knowledge of heart and soul. He ought to be endowed with the spirit of the true scientist, and capable of the devotion of an apostle. I may add that he must also be a powerful artist, in order to collaborate with spiritual forces and with the individual soul, as soon as it has reached a sufficient degree of consciousness, in the moulding of the coarsest as well as the subtlest material of which evolving growing humanity is formed.

Is this a new conception?—Yes for the many, for the world at large, but the story of arts and literature and the religious scriptures of the world, bear witness to the fact that there have always been men who were capable and willing thus to discharge the highest functions in the State—highest from its importance, be it or not so acknowledged—that of the teacher.

Not choosing to name here great founders and reformers of religions, may I be allowed to mention two of the finest, noblest, most lovable characters in fiction, yet not purely fictitious? I mean the hero of the Greek legend, Prometheus, who suffered for having set the human mind on fire with a spark divine, and Prospero, the wise duke who cared for knowledge, not for the sake of power, but for the sake of helping his fellow-men to purge themselves of the dross under which the precious diamond, the Higher Self, remained concealed. These are two figures of the ideal teacher, to whom your Shelley and Shakespeare lent new life, painting them in glowing colours on the wall of the temple where poetical genius stores its best treasures, for the consolation, enjoyment and inspiration of the past, present and future generations.

## IV

TO DIFFERENT PERIODS OF EVOLUTION  
CORRESPOND NATURALLY DIFFERENT PRACTICES  
IN THE WORLD OF EDUCATORS

1. *Growing in Sub-consciousness*

During the first stages of the evolution of a race or of a nation, the mass of the people are unconscious of the influences to which they are submitted. That people's health may, however, be sound and the ebb of civilisation constantly rising. At such a period, education means nurturing of the young by the old, of the ignorant by the cultured and refined, of the foolish by the wise. If any one speaks of good-breeding, he intends that good examples ought to be given, the practice of what is right made easy, and temptations to do wrong kept out of the way as much as possible. The aim pursued is to facilitate the acquisitions of good habits, building into the body, into the heart and mind of the unconscious pupils, a wall which egoism may not easily ~~overleap~~, and thus maintaining a high moral standard, that is to say establishing a balance of interest between individuals and the community. For this is the condition of a certain order without which there could be no peace, and no possibility of duration for any society. This applies to nations in their youth, and it is also true in a measure, with regard to babies up to three or four years of age, for the different stages in the life of humanity are reproduced in the life of each individual.

2. *Appeal to Intellect and the Conscious Faculties*

We enter another stage when conscious and more powerful individualities are becoming numerous and it

is found advisable—using Dr. Johnson's expressions—not only “to educate by use” as before, but also “to instruct by precept”. As it becomes more and more difficult to make people do things, those entrusted with the work of education, formulate rules of conduct for their own and other people's benefit, taking much trouble to explain them, and to show clearly the reasons why these rules should be followed by their pupils and by all citizens.

These two conceptions of education we find succeeding one another with every unfolding civilisation, and also existing side by side, the former continuing to be maintained, not without cause, while the latter has already been adopted by large numbers of teachers. Sometimes one may see two schools of educationists, each representing in some degree one of these tendencies. For instance in France, the clerical school of educationists and the lay school are often opposed the one to the other and not far from considering themselves reciprocally as adversaries, on account of the differences in their methods, in spite of the identity of their object. This antagonism is in every way to be deplored; and it rests on no psychological ground, but, to me, seems the result of a sad misunderstanding.

Both methods are good, provided they are applied by a kind-hearted, high-minded teacher. To some children the one may be better fitted than the other, according to age and temperament; but in most cases they might be used simultaneously with profit, one correcting and supplementing the other, the appeal to logic and reason being made every time that there is a chance for it to be heard, and confidence being placed in good mental and emotional and physical habits for

other cases. Of course, in every circumstance, the motives of actions, be they offered openly or merely suggested by the educator, must always be as high and as pure as possible.

### 3. *Appearance of the Creative Faculty*

There comes a moment in the course of evolution, when the methods already defined are insufficient; their use fails to afford to the new generations the help which they have a right to expect from their elders. This is so, when many children come into the world with a certain amount of conscious will-power in them, when individuals have become, so to speak, larger channels for the life-forces, which cannot therefore any longer be easily dammed up, or so directed from the outside, as to prevent every damage to the person educated and to those around.

At the first appearance of the marvellous creative faculty in personalities and communities, educators are naturally inclined to look upon it as dangerous, because it was unexpected, and because it raises obstacles in the way of obedience which is not any more obtained so easily. They try their utmost to oppose and reduce to naught its manifestations. They do not know that it is the very soul of the child, the budding individual Higher Self, which they would prevent from unfolding, thus committing, in their ignorance the greatest of crimes against God and Man!

After Hard and Seguin, two French doctors who devoted their lives to experiments in education on new lines at the end of the 18th century, Froebel was one of the first to attract the world's attention to the fact that too much outward control, too many detailed instructions,

which cannot always be adapted to the individual need, are baneful to growing humanity. Froebel, who lived at a later and less troubled period than that of the French Revolution, was happier than my above-named compatriots; he succeeded better in his efforts to convince teachers of a most real peril. Essential it was to the orderly progress of mankind that this warning should not be heard too late. In Germany and in many countries of the north of Europe and America, where educators have carried into practice to some extent the Froebelian principle of encouraging the *free play of the faculties*, we often meet with great wealth of individual powers, and with a widely-spread aspiration towards self-respect and self-control. Herein is the true discipline which insures true liberty, defending us both from outward and inward tyrants, I mean other people's caprice and one's own passions.

The merit of Froebel is great: he knew the need of his time, which is still in many countries a need of ours, and he set to work at once and with the utmost devotion to answer it. He pointed out to us the danger of forcing the same habits on all children, proved that the young children at least should be afforded opportunities to discover things and ideas for themselves, since true learning is always gathered from experience.

### V

#### DR. MONTESSORI'S WORK—THE TRAINING OF THE SENSES AS A PREPARATION TO INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL TRAINING

Still more had to be done. Froebel could not have warned us too much against the danger of explaining

or against the early abuse of abstraction and of the reasoning faculty. Methods of teaching by which theory was constantly considered before practice flourished after Froebel's time, and gave their worst or fairest fruit as you choose to call it, in the Latin countries, where an exclusive intellectual tendency predominated.

It was reserved for Maria Montessori and her disciples to show both by demonstration and experiment that intellectual education does not merely consist in offering our children ready-made ideas, nor moral education in imposing upon them ready-made conceptions of their own relation with nature and their fellow-men.

She has told us that the education of the senses, methodically conducted by a wise and devoted friend of the child, is the safest foundation for the building of character and the unfolding of the mental faculties.

She understood, like Froebel, that the child must learn like the man, from experience, self-acquired, in an atmosphere of freedom. She saw that well chosen material might be placed at the disposal of the child, which he could use at leisure either by himself or with the help of a friend, according to circumstances and the degree of development of the child concerned. Children must not be constantly invited to do some special kind of work which the master thinks profitable; they must have leisure to devise experiments if they choose, and that will often happen, if they have not been previously spoiled by too frequent interference. The object of the Montessori didactic apparatus is precisely to help the child in the work of comparison and classification, so that, whilst avoiding compulsion, his experience may be orderly. It is based on the knowledge of general mental rules of development, and its presence

in the schoolroom enables the child to profit better by all subsequent experiments, excluding none, but lending to all greater interest and signification. Dr. Montessori's practical work in education is proof that she was endowed like Froebel, with the natural gifts of an artist in the matter. In her, moreover, we find an expression of the scientific spirit of this century when we consider the careful and logical way in which her experiments were conducted, the independence from all mental and moral prejudices, the love of truth for its own sake, the rigour of her deductions, and the clearness of the conclusions to which they lead.

## VI

### WIDENING OF THE HORIZON

#### 1. *New Light, New Hopes*

Before I met Dr. Montessori, I had long been worried by the necessity, to me obvious, of finding an answer to this question:

Whence comes the social and personal discomfort of the present hour? Over and over again, indications had come to me that much of the evil, if not all, had its origin in a state of confusion which cannot but exist in society, as long as its component parts, individuals, are incapable of realising harmony within themselves.

Nowadays, many a man, woman and child, even of those whom nature has endowed with great wealth of heart or mind, or both, stands as the battle-field of forces which overrule him from outside; he is either too ignorant or too weak to subdue them to a purpose, he cannot be the master in his own house of flesh, nor the possessor of his own soul. I felt that all the efforts,

of all who are interested by psychology and its applications ought to tend to finding the means of drawing the new generation out of this chaotic condition.

Many notes of alarm have been sounded all over the world, and I was still under the painful impression produced by Dr. G. Le Bon's pathetic warning in his book *The Psychology of Education*, when I heard Dr. Montessori's faithful message. It was to me a joyous sound, telling of new hopes, hopes that will be realised provided there are found workers enough, truly sincere and persevering.

After experimenting for nearly four years with the new methods, as a result of patient observation and constant reflection, the following is a short summing up of my personal conclusions.

Individual attention must be paid to each child; there is no general rule that can be applied to all—especially during the first years—no kind of recipe as for good confectionery.

The director or directress must be capable of drawing a careful diagnosis. If the child has enjoyed so far a fair all-round development, what we have to do is to assure the continuance of it. If otherwise, we must find what is in excess and what is deficient, and use the qualities already existing as a layer of stones on which to build our wall, or, to employ another, but similar, metaphor, as a rich ground in which to cultivate the new plants—I mean the faculties which had remained latent hitherto, for want of circumstances favourable to their expression.

Physical and mental health will no doubt be more easily restored and maintained in healthy surroundings,

which it depends upon the director to provide. Yet we must remember that the conditions of health are not the same for all. To give but one instance: some children are over-sensitive and require to be dealt with gently, so that they shall not shrink from outward contacts, as would certainly happen if these were rough, until they gradually acquire more confidence and strength. Others, on the contrary have a surplus of energy, which will make them boisterous unless we supply them with a field of activity in which it may be spent usefully, in the service of the community. The resulting sensation of wholesome pleasure will establish a link between such a boy or girl and those weaker than himself; thus he will learn to feel for them and with them, acting as a friend and protector instead of as a bully and a tyrant.

We must not remain under the illusion that one faculty may be isolated, and cultivated apart from the others; that physical education is one thing, intellectual education another thing and moral education yet another; that different directors may be appointed to take care of each of these supposed departments for the same little child; that is a mistake of the past that ought to be done away with. No one would think of taking three architects for the same house, especially if they were strangers to one another, or if they were known to hold different conceptions of their art. However, many families are foolish enough—on the continent at least it is so, and perhaps it also happens in England—to behave in this way when the building of their child's character is concerned.

What can the result be? The same no doubt, as everybody could foresee in the case of a house; some

construction monstrous from its heterogeneity will be obtained, without particular style, only striking in its utter want of harmony.

In the realm of education, let us cease to imagine disconnected departments, which cannot exist in reality. In the south of Europe, we shall do well to follow the example of Anglo-Saxon countries, where so much importance is attached to the culture of will-power, without which there is no permanent individual consciousness. For the sake of it we shall make it easy for our children to acquire safe habits of attention, observation and reflection. They will learn, like yours, not to shrink from effort, but rather to find in it enjoyment, since it brings along with it more and more independence as a gratification to the individual, and the sense of responsibility, as a kind of insurance for the preservation of its rights, to society.

In your turn, you may gain something by the imitation of the Latin nations who have reached such a degree of perfection in their purely mental activities. It is evidently their fineness of discrimination, rapidity in conception and appreciation and sureness of judgment, as far at least as the concrete world is concerned, that give the French workmen the special skill which is nowhere denied them; it is also this faculty for comparing and classifying, applied in other domains, that becomes the faculty of abstraction and generalisation, which has enabled so many of my compatriots to make discoveries, which other nations have known how to use to improve their material conditions even before the French themselves.

To other races, perhaps to the eastern, we shall all turn for an inducement at once to enlarge and refine

our sensibility. When we understand the importance of that, we shall not wish to bring up our children apart from other people's children; we shall be more willing to send them early to school, to good, well-chosen schools of course! There can be developed what some call the social instinct—a personal realisation of solidarity as a fact. More and more the child will learn to find himself again in others, until he becomes really incapable of acting under the delusion of being separate, altogether distinct, from the rest. In such ground is sown the living germ of deep religious feeling, or as some (who wrongly may believe themselves to be atheists) would prefer to call it—the altruistic tendency.

I have enumerated and examined very rapidly these aspects of development in the child and in the man; I repeat that attention must be paid to them all simultaneously, if some sort of balance is to be consciously realised. Let us always remember that on harmony between the parts depends the beauty of the whole.

In harmony alone stability and motion may be reconciled. Our aim is not to stop the flowing of life's current, but to make it orderly. Balance is, indeed, the way to liberty and discipline, which are not contradictory notions as many would imagine, except perhaps in the earlier stages, when the individual has not yet attained to a certain degree of individual self-consciousness.

## 2. *The Way to Liberty and Discipline through Work*

How shall we lead the child from passivity and subjection to liberty and discipline? I do not hesitate to say with Dr. Montessori, through work—work appropriate to the faculties of each individual.

This, as a theory, has already been expounded with great talent by the founder of a well-known modern school of philosophy. Many will be ready to object, that when it came into practice, it proved a dire failure. True it is, but the mistake was in trying with men, instead of beginning with children.

Those men were not the pure products of natural and divine forces; they had been moulded by the random influences of an imperfectly organised society; they had undergone deformations of all kinds, which made them unfit to reform those very conditions of which they were partly the outcome.

Our hopes, therefore, lie in the education of the young, education, perhaps by such methods as we propose to you, superior to others, I dare say, only because they come later in time. Are we not bound to be wiser than our predecessors, under pain of being unworthy of being their successors? And in order to be really faithful to them, ought we not to profit by their experience to which might be added our own?

### 3. *A New Experimental Philosophy of Education*

The greatest novelty of our educational work and for me the beauty of it, is due to this: Far from being content with bringing psychology down into the realm of physics, as if there were no reality except from the point of view of matter, we do (may I say) almost the reverse. We carry the methods of investigation which have only been applied so far to the study of the material world, into the realm of feeling, thought and volition. They are devices of man's intellect which he uses to get better acquainted with the outer world; there is no reason why they should not give satisfactory

results, if we retain them when turning our attention towards the spiritual, inner world, of which these methods are the products. We invite you to study the activities of the soul and spirit, not in books only, nor as dreamland philosophy, but as being the expression of forces that have a bearing on human life, as real and as permanent as those of the physical world. As long as we do not know them well, as long as we do not make it our pursuit to awaken in our pupils a clear consciousness of their workings, we shall remain slaves.

### 4. *Self-Education for Every Child—An Ideal towards which We may Tend.*

For the adult, self-education may mean that he knows the laws to which his growth is submitted, and that he is forwarding it consciously by appropriate methods which have been taught him, or which he has discovered for himself. With the child it can only be so exceptionally, but in every case, his friend and director must bear in mind that there is a possibility of such liberation for the child also, sooner or later, and he must consider it, as the ideal goal towards which all his efforts are tending in his work as an educator.

And, were this ideal of self-imposed discipline, which is a confirmation of liberty, to be largely realised, what would it produce? It would mean balance in the individual and order in society, therefore—happiness all round.

## VII

### HARMONY IS OUR WATCHWORD: SHALL IT NOT BE YOURS?

With a few words now I will conclude: just as we do not believe in permanent isolation of a faculty to

cultivate it the better; we do not think that the child, whose destiny it is to live as a member of Society, can be better educated alone, away from his like.

If we would obtain balance, we must never forget that in spite of its various aspects, the man's soul, the child's soul, is one.

Though we must not master it, dominate it, we ought to direct it, so that it may, as early as possible, realise its own unity. Neither must we neglect to afford him opportunities to notice that this very Self, being one, is also a component part of various groups to which it belongs—family, school, country, race, mankind; for the laws of action and reaction will remind him of it through suffering, if he ever feels inclined to ignore it in practice, for any length of time.

The sooner we awaken in him the personal consciousness of this reality, the better.

Right expansion of consciousness will produce harmony.

*Harmony* is our watchword! Shall it not be yours, readers! and if it is, shall you not speak in favour of it, and of the schools where a genuine attempt is made to realise it on the spot? Will you not use your influence to hasten the moment when the world may reap the benefits of truly rational as well as religious education, given to all children, for the sake of Harmony!

Marie Louise de Rigny

---

## THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS

By G.

And I beheld, and lo! the great Angels of God walked visibly with men, and the by-ways and foul places of earth knew their passing and were cleansed. It was given to me to look upon their Faces, and the shadow of their mighty stature fell upon me as they went. The great Angels of God, the two Wings of His Overshadowing of the Nations, the Glory from the Shekinah of His Presence! Pain was the name of the first Angel; His robes were grey and on His brow burned a circlet of unquenchable fire; His eyes were bound with a band blood-red so that he might not see. Only His mouth, stern, beautiful, and tender with the secret God gave to Him to keep, was eloquent of Infinite Knowledge as He walked, led ever by His great Brother, Love. Of Him it is not given to me to speak in open speech, nor might I look long upon His Face, the beauty of the Christhood of God lay upon Him as a veil, the seven lamps of the Eternal Purpose shone round him like Stars; the white Silence wherein God whispers to the souls of men went before Him like a Herald. Only I saw His Eyes as they watched while Pain bent to lay a live coal upon the hearts of men; and I saw the little life of man and the Uttermost Life of God meet and fuse in the deathless Passion of that look.

HOW is it possible to write of the world as it is today; of Europe in the hour of her passion, when she is wrestling with the hosts of evil, seen and unseen, while the peoples of the Sister Continents watch with quick-beating hearts, and hands outstretched to her with gifts of money, life and love. How can any pen trace in letters or written characters, the legends of agony and glory, of pathos and of pain, of grim, gaunt suffering and God-like compassion, of strong service and

silent self-sacrifice that are graven in letters of blood and fire across the pages of history to-day. The wheels of God's inexorable machinery are turning, and the nations are laid upon the tables of steel beneath those awful revolutions. Swiftly and silently the mighty blades work on; paring away the human exterior, the trivial husk of the petty self, the artificial veneer of our boasted civilisation, the hollow cases of our so-called religions, till, at length, the indwelling Majesty of Divinity shines out and Man *knows* the God within.

The world is so full of the keen cleansing breath of Reality to-day that the soul feels it like a strong clean wind blowing from the north. Some souls there are that dare not feel its sting, and draw closer the thin coverings of artificiality that have so long done duty for a cloak; but these are few in number, and to most men and women to-day the call to fling aside the draperies of convention and be themselves comes as a ringing challenge to the best within. Four wonderful months! and the standard of values changed beyond recognition. Pain, Loss, Sacrifice, walking the streets and peaceful lanes of the land as familiar residents; Life, Money, Time, Personal Ease, heaped up to be used free of cost by those who need. And the War Pictures! What Cinema but one of God's preparing can show them to His World? What Hand but His can steady the leaping pulses that thrill to the knowledge that men and women *can* be so great, so unutterably immeasurably great; what touch but His can still the weeping of hearts so full of pride and pain, of anguish and of joy inexpressible, as the heroic spirit of our people flames exultantly to heaven. Writing from S—, the one great Open Door of England,

whence all troops set forth, to which all broken gleanings from those awful harvest-fields return, it is impossible to over-estimate the passion and the crucifixion of the War. There, as in no other place in England, the grim Drama plays itself out day by day and night by night; there the films of the Cinema change from hour to hour, and the scrolls beneath them are written in words plain enough for all to read. There, as men go about the daily task, from hour to hour the boom of the deep siren sounds across the sunlit waters set in their autumn frame of russet and gold; the last farewell of some great troopship with its load of men and officers; another output of the best of England's youth, manhood and pride, given so ungrudgingly, going so light-heartedly, ready to die so simply just "for England". Or, that deep booming note has another tale to tell, one with which, during these latter days, our hearts and brains have become all too familiar; and we pause in the occupation of the moment to bend in silent homage before the glory of that other freight, that shattered multitude of our Wounded, returning to us with the insignia of nobility for ever stamped upon their brows. The Wounded! What words are there for them, what tribute save the tears that coursed down the cheeks of even a veteran Warrior, such as our loved and honoured Lord Roberts a day or two before he laid aside the old age which hampered him and "changed his world". Those who tend them speak rarely of what they see; but the pictures are there and sometimes we are given a passing glimpse—a glimpse that shows us that which is like a scorching breath from the burning circlet of the grey Angel Pain, and which no man might bear unless upheld by that Twin Presence of Immortal Love.

One such shows us a woman, refined and cultured, in time of Peace a leader in her social set, proficient in the then realities of life, neurotic possibly, and very busily idle. We see her now; a shed in the Docks the background, and the foreground—human agony. Three ship-loads of Belgian Wounded are there; and they have been brought across by ordinary vessels, no Red Cross steamers are available. She kneels beside a stretcher to which she has been summoned by a sign from the surgeon. From a chain around her neck a crucifix is hanging which has been blessed by the late Pope. She is not a Catholic but a Theosophist, yet she wears it always. Two Belgian priests cross and re-cross with the transports, but they cannot be everywhere at once, and she says simply: "I find they die peacefully if they have kissed it." To-day there has been no time to unfasten the chain; half of the soldier's face is shot away, and he is going very fast, but is not unconscious. The stench from his undressed wounds and filthy clothes is terrible; he has been picked up on the battle-field by an ambulance and put on board at once, and there are no appliances for dressing wounds on the transport. All in the shed are in the same condition, their comfort will be seen to on the Red Cross train, but many are dying first.

The woman kneels on, and the Great Angels are with her; Pain draws away, while Love Immortal stoops and from the broken casket draws the pearl.

Or, it is a still November afternoon; the waters of the bay are like silvered oil, the black silhouette of the Docks is clear against a sad, pale sky of lemon and of gold. The woods outside the great Army Hospital stand very still; they have changed daily with the

changing War Pictures, but their utter motionlessness to-day speaks of their silent acquiescence in the fate that will touch them to-morrow with the sleep of Death, while the world-drama goes on to its appointed end.

It is the Indian Wounded we have come to see; four hundred of them in this Hospital alone. Our hearts are full, for to us the brown skin, worn in so many lives by us, is more akin than the white. How universal is the speech of love! *How* they speak it to us and we to them. As we approach, an officer's wife with kindly intention, but the Anglo-Indian manner, is distributing fruit very much as she would to a class of school-children. "It's not for *you*, give some to *him*," we hear her say in loud English, and the dark eyes that watch her have a touch of doubt in them. In ten minutes her end of the long stone corridor is deserted.

We are surrounded by a happy, excited crowd; we cannot speak to them except in isolated words, culled carefully from various sources beforehand. But we have numberless picture-cards of the King and Queen, and we manage to convey to the Indians that those Exalted Personages are grateful to them for fighting for England. Their joy is extreme, and they crowd round for the gift. We also give them pencils and letter-cards, and they invariably ask: "India?" and point, as they have been told not to write post-cards home. We are told that they do not get sugar enough with their rations, and ask the young Bengali Law Student, who is acting as Doctor in one of their wards after six weeks' emergency training, to tell them that we will come again soon and bring them some. An old Mussulmān with a long beard makes a fervent speech, and the young Doctor tells us it is to the effect that if *we* will come it

will not matter about the sugar, as they want to see us. One Sikh, who is very severely wounded, is weeping for his wife and children, and the Doctor asks us to go and see him. We can only bend over his bed and repeat such words as Glory—King—Grateful—but he seems quite happy when we leave him with a portrait of Queen Mary in Court Robes, propped against his pillow. "Mahārānee," he murmurs, and tries vainly to salute.

And ever the Great Angels go with us; and the Veiled Eyes of the One see only by the aid of the piercing Vision of the Other.

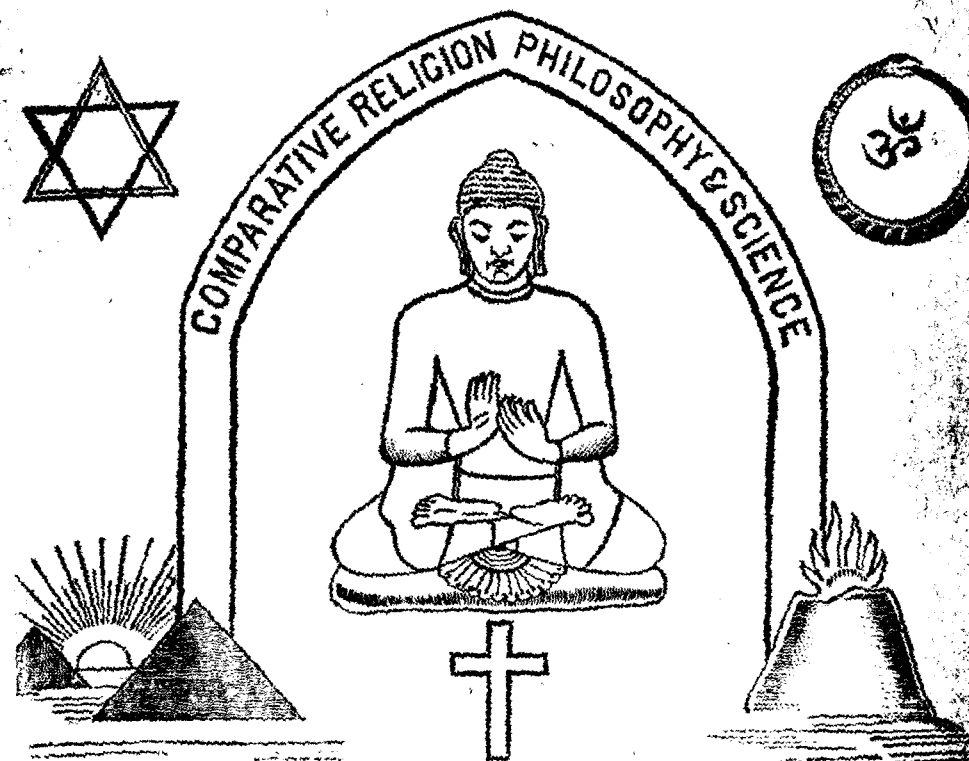
Another picture; in which the tender scintillating colours, shot through with arrowy shafts of crimson glory and the purple of greatness, change and harden somewhat: and the dull earth-tints of human hate and strife clash sorely with this newly-redeemed world where the Angels walk. The Indian Wards are left, we have visited the Belgians and left with them *châpelets*, *scapulaires*, and little books of prayer in French and Flemish; also *petits bouquets de violettes* which rejoice their emotional Latin temperaments. And we are standing at a section where the long stone corridors cross in three directions, talking with Private B— of the South Staffordshire Regiment, of his home in lovely Dovedale, which we know well. Suddenly there is a heavy tramp of feet, the monotonous sound of a file of men marching as convicts march, sullenly, reluctantly. In an instant the word flies from Ward to Ward. *Les Allemands—Shermins*—the Germans, the devils! and we are in the midst of a small excited crowd of Belgians, Indians and "Tomnies". Slowly, and under escort, they file past us. Suddenly there is a sound of quick padding feet, and towards us,

up the wide stairway, we see two oddly-matched figures approaching. A tall emaciated Mussulmān with green turban and grey beard, and a little wiry Gurkha, his boyish face reflecting the fanatical glare of hate that set the muscles of the elder man in tense rigidity. Swiftly they come on, and the watching crowd grows silent. The dreary file of German convalescents are a little distance away now, marching down the eastern corridor. The Indians make as if to follow, but our friend Private B— and another English soldier intervene. They seize the two fierce warriors as if they were children, and after a brief struggle, good-humoured on the one side and silent and fierce as a panther's on the other, they persuade them to desist from their purpose. Our last vision of them is as the centre of an admiring crowd of Belgians to whom they repeat the words *Shermins* and *Allemins* alternately, making gestures of stabbing, while the old man spits in furious impotency upon the floor. A talk held subsequently with the gallant young corporal of the—Lancers, wounded by treachery at Mons, makes us doubt the wisdom of the policy which places German Wounded in such close proximity with the Wounded of the Allies. The homeward drive along the coast, the Whistler monotones of blue, black and silver, caused by the universal veiling of all lamps against Zeppelin attack; the suggestion of sinister mystery and secrecy in the Docks, closed to civilians, and to all mercantile traffic, yet seen from this shore to be full of strange craft, and alert with the great traffic in human life; the town already beginning at six o'clock its more terrible traffic in the sacred things that belong to personality; the devil's game of which drink and disease are the dice, and human souls the coin in which the

losers pay. Pictures, pictures, always pictures! The Cinema Palaces, with the flaring lights inside contrasting with the mediæval dusk of the streets, are open as we pass; and of a truth the Great Cinema is open also, and the films are ever new. Of the New World we can but touch in these few pictures the War side as it affects our soldiers and sailors and those whose daily life is sucked into the maelström of the world's greatest War. But civilian pictures are there also, pictures that stand out in the psychic atmosphere and melt the cold shell of the smaller self, and lift and exalt and consecrate the life.

For up and down the cities, in among rich and poor alike, the two great Angels go; and the Baptism of Fire wherewith the One baptises is turned by the Other to the healing of the Nations.

G.



### THE REALITY OF KNOWLEDGE

By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D. (CANTAB.)

IT seems to be high time that the presumption of philosophers, on the one hand, and, on the other, the mock-modesty of men of science were seriously called to account. For the efforts of both are being in great measure wasted through the lack of a common understanding as to the main object in view. That object is, of course, just knowledge; but what precisely do we mean by the word? Is it, as the philosophers seem to

demand, to be limited to such results as are absolutely impeccable in regard to mere form? Are such results as are not in this respect what Cæsar's wife was to be in respect of virtue to be ruled out of court? Or may we be satisfied with a more moderate and humanly-attainable degree of certitude, such, for example, as that of the uniformity of nature, upon which Mill based his Canons of Induction, and all empirical science depends? Is knowledge limited as to its content to mere appearance, or may it claim reality so far as it goes? These are some of the questions which urgently need answering, and in such a way as may satisfy the sane majority of representatives both of common and uncommon sense.

Far be it from me to blame the philosophers because in regard to knowledge they are and always have been great sticklers for form. The formal element of cognition is one of their chief and most legitimate interests: even those men of science who almost foam at the mouth at the mention of metaphysics can often be got to admit that philosophy has done useful work in this field. So thoroughly, indeed, have the formal imperfections of empirical science, and its dependence upon a number of unproved and, in the strict sense, unprovable assumptions, been exposed by modern epistemology that the affectation of what seems to me an exaggerated scepticism with regard to the validity of their main conceptions is now almost *de rigueur* among up-to-date scientists. So we find Professor Karl Pearson apparently at one with Bishop Berkeley in regarding the very existence of an outer world of objective reality as a mere inference, and a dubious one at that. Or, what comes to much the same thing, he

is at immense pains in his *Grammar of Science* to convince us that "force" is a mere mathematical expression, symbolising an unknown and unknowable something of which the least said the soonest mended; that scientific "laws" are not laws at all but shorthand expressions for certain observed uniformities of experience; that "necessity" is a notion applicable only to the relations of conceptual symbols (*e.g.*, the truths of pure geometry), and having no legitimate jurisdiction in the sphere of objective reality; that the aim of science must for ever be limited to the elaboration of a phantasmal hypothesis, which, albeit the best available guide through the labyrinth of unknown and unknowable reality, may for all that have no ultimate resemblance to the original which it aspires to copy. The term "science," as applied to our scheme or working hypothesis of things in general, appears, according to this view to be a misnomer, inasmuch as it denotes knowledge; and knowledge we cannot hope to attain. We can make our scheme more and more self-consistent, more and more helpful as a guide to action in the present and prediction of the future, more and more satisfying as a living picture of the universe; and, with every fresh proof added to the innumerable instances of the trustworthiness of science, the temptation to regard it as a facsimile of nature, and not a mere invention, grows more and more irresistible. But this inevitable conclusion we are forbidden by the pedantry of scientific agnosticism to embrace. "We simply know nothing of objective reality," the pedants assure us. It all depends upon what one understands by the word "know". But as between the two views, the view that science merely symbolises reality, in the

sense that an algebraic formula may symbolise a geometrical figure, and the view that 1. (imperfectly, of course, yet directly and, so far, truly) *depicts* reality, the latter is in my opinion infinitely the more probable and rational supposition. The scientist's objection to it rests ultimately on his irrational hostility to metaphysic: it is metaphysical conclusion, and therefore, he holds, inadmissible, and unworthy even of consideration. But this, of course, is mere prejudice: a rational inference may not be shirked on the ground that one dislikes the department of thought to which it belongs; if we wish to make our world-conception as coherent and complete as the present state of knowledge admits—and it is our bounden duty so to do—the aid of philosophy *must* be invoked to supplement the deficiencies of positive science. There is no choice, and no alternative. The fact is, that, as Schopenhauer demonstrated,<sup>1</sup> perception is nothing else than the intuitive reference of a change of consciousness to its *cause*.

To be aware of such a change does not amount to a perception; one must be aware of it as an *effect*—the effect of something real within or without oneself. This act of interpretation is not ratiocinative—even animals perceive things—but it is in a sense metaphysical for all that. It assumes the reality of the causal nexus; and it does so in virtue of an inborn sense of causality, genetically related, no doubt, to the muscular sense, but distinct from and higher than that. And since the reliance of perception upon its own intuitive basis (the sense of causality) has been justified by innumerable experiences, it has, not indeed formal certitude—nothing whatever has *that*—but a degree of probability in its

<sup>1</sup> Vide his *Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason*.

favour which is underrated as infinity to one. Since, too, every single stone of the scientific edifice rests ultimately on the appeal to experience (through perception), if perception be regarded as metaphysical, then science has metaphysical foundations. And why on earth not; or what on earth is there in so simple a fact for science to be ashamed of? The trustworthiness of an inference, such as that which confirms the intuitive belief in causality, does not depend upon the question whether it be metaphysical or not, but whether the balance of probability be for or against it.

In attempting to discredit perception, great stress is often laid on the physiological fact that the brain is not in direct contact with the objects of consciousness. In its relation to the outer world the mind is compared with a telephone operator absolutely confined to his office and therefore dependent, so far as knowledge of external events is concerned, upon the more or less trustworthy messages that reach him from without. In a recently published work<sup>1</sup> I have dealt with the fallacies that underlie this, at first sight, plausible objection to the validity of perception. Its full discussion would carry us too far afield: I will therefore content myself with a brief indication of the reasons for which I consider the objection untenable. It is not scientific to concentrate attention upon the occluded condition of the mature brain, overlooking the fact that *both* brain and nerves are developmental derivatives of the outer layer of cells (epiblast) of the embryo. It is not philosophic to base one's view of perception upon the assumed finality of its analysis (upon psycho-physiological grounds, and

<sup>1</sup> *The Open Secret: Intuitions of Life and Reality*, by C. J. Whitby, M.D. (Rider).

for purposes of convenience) into abstract component factors, *e.g.*, sensation, sense-impression, mental assimilation. Perception is an integral act of the mind, not a mere sum of independent units. Genetically, it is no doubt the end-product in evolution of the simple act of intuition by which a single cell (such as the fertilised ovum) responds to the impact of environmental stimuli. It is every whit as legitimate (even obligatory) to regard the fertilised ovum as the germ of the mature mind as of the mature body. Here we have the germ of mind in, so to speak, naked contact with reality, and our instinctive reliance upon perception is in my opinion justified and explained by this fact. One is tempted to call it a case of unconscious (that is to say, organic) memory.

The subject-matter of science is not then mere appearance but reality; and every addition to our knowledge of the uniformities underlying and conditioning phenomena is a contribution to our understanding of the universe, that is to say, of "the thing in itself".

The dualism upon which men of science are so fond of insisting with a sort of arrogant humility, when they dilate upon the impassable gulf between appearance and reality, between science and its object, is a delusion, or, as Bacon phrased it, an *eidolon theatri*. No such impassable gulf exists. What we know we know *about* reality; but that we know it imperfectly and, at best, inaccurately is indisputable, nevertheless. It is in the form and not in the substance of all knowledge that the flaw of human imperfection persists. Formally perfect, knowledge is an ideal to which we can and do constantly approximate; but to which we never in any respect attain.

It may be claimed that an exception should be made on behalf of pure mathematics, but this I cannot allow. The claim has, of course, been made often enough. "Necessity," says Professor Pearson, "belongs not to the field of perception but to that of conception." He claims for the "truths" of "pure" mathematics—for example, that the three angles of a triangle are always equal to two right angles—an order of verity superior to that of all other departments of science. But the claim cannot be conceded, for the geometrical proposition cited rests on the unverified assumption that a certain conception of space (the Euclidean) is necessarily correct. We only know that it is at least approximately correct. Real space may not correspond with our intuitive presuppositions: it may be curvilinear, for aught we know. It is a case for measurement. Pure geometry is pure hypothesis; and its "necessary truths" are not necessarily true. A necessity that is purely formal is not worthy of the name. We value mathematics not because it forms a self-consistent system, but because by its aid we are enabled to construe reality with ever-increasing confidence and success. That is, on account of its *empirical* validity, not of its abstract necessity, so-called. If, some fine day, a discrepancy however trifling were to be discovered between Euclidean and real space, the doom of so called "pure" geometry would from that day be sealed. In the long run men will not devote their lives to the manipulation of hypotheses which they know to be untrue. However willing and ready we should be to surrender our dearest assumptions, once they are disproved, it is a psychological condition of successful research that we take them seriously so long and so far

as they hold good. Whatever metaphysicians and grammarians of science may say to the contrary, there can be no doubt that scientific laws are discovered by men who have, and feel that they have, a power of imaginative self-identification with nature—men of objective insight. And it would be a bad day for science on which the view that nothing more intimate than a shorthand summary of certain uniform sequences of sense-impression was thereby attainable, became universal among its votaries. They would not be votaries long. In every department of life it is a condition of success that men must be prepared to risk something: in science we must be prepared to take some risk of being wrong. For nothing whatsoever can be proved beyond possibility, or say conceivability, of refutation. It is a question of weighing probabilities, first, last, and all the time. With regard to the best ascertained fact of astronomy, the elliptical path of planets, Mr. Westaway says truly "all that we can do is to show that the orbit of an unperturbed planet approaches *very nearly* to the form of an ellipse, and more nearly the more accurately our observations are made . . . . . We could never prove the existence of a perfectly circular or parabolic movement, even if it existed".<sup>1</sup> In the same work the author sets forth very clearly the true state of affairs, in regard to the limitations of science and the provisional character of its results.

He tells us :

We seldom realise what great assumptions we make in scientific investigation, and how our knowledge must be largely of a hypothetical and merely approximate character. We base calculations upon the assumed existence of inflexible bars, inextensible lines, heavy points,

<sup>1</sup> *Scientific Method*, by F. W. Westaway, p. 285.

homogeneous substances, perfect fluids and gases; but as probably none of these things have any real existence, we cannot say that our problems are ever finally solved. And even the very best of the instruments with which we perform our measurements are imperfect. . . . .<sup>1</sup> Even the pendulum—our most perfect instrument—is not theoretically perfect except for infinitely small vibrations. . . . . We may in fact look upon the existence of error in all measurements as the normal state of things.<sup>2</sup>

The moral of all this is not, however, that we are to place no reliance upon science, still less that we should regard the fact that experience proves its immense utility as a guide through the labyrinth of unknown and unknowable reality as of the nature of a happy accident. It is that, while we are perfectly justified in regarding hypotheses as true so long as and to the extent that they are confirmed by experience, we must always hold ourselves in readiness to surrender them if and when they break down; and to adopt a new and better in their stead. This is, in fact, what all reasonable people do, not only where matters of science are concerned but also in regard to everyday affairs. And it holds good also where inferences of a metaphysical purport are concerned—such, for example, as that of the objectivity of space, the validity of perception, the reality of movement and force. In practice we all make these assumptions at every moment of our lives, and we are justified in doing so by the fact that they imbue experience with a substance and meaning which it would otherwise lack. I am, of course, not forgetting that, on careful analysis, incongruities appear, as between the conceptual world of pure mathematics on the one hand and the sphere of real perception on the other. In conception, only geometrically limited bodies or

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 286.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 289—290.

mathematical points can be thought of as the subjects of movement; in the perceptual world neither the one nor the other, so far as we know, exists. The conclusion I draw is not that actual movement is a delusion, but that the world of pure mathematics is an abstraction, and, as such, *imperfectly* representative of the concrete and the real. The gap between the two must be bridged by *intuition*; we must constantly grasp the fact that the "pure" space of mathematical imagination is one thing, real space (extension, rather, for space is adjectival) another and presumably different thing. So too with mathematical as opposed to real force, mathematical time as opposed to real duration: the former are approximately representative depictions of the latter, under necessarily abstract and, to that extent, fallacious modes. They are the scaffoldings by the aid of which the synthesising imagination builds up its House of Life. They are the points laboriously "plotted out," which we take as our basis in the production of Life's perfect curve. They are the separate items of a cinematographic film, between which, as they pass before our inward eye, constructive imagination supplies the missing links. As to their errors and incongruities, we must perforce put up with them, until such time as science in general and mathematics in particular shall have outgrown the limitation of their present abstract method and form. A synthetic science, a science of the concrete, will, sooner or later, emerge from the ontological gropings that at present suggest its need. In the acquisition of new knowledge we are forced to proceed analytically, to consider in isolation this or that aspect of reality, leaving the others out of account. But the new items of knowledge thus acquired, in the form of "laws" or

what not, are not permanently maintained by any mind, however "scientific," in their original abstract form. That remains on record, so to speak: it is always recoverable, and available for purposes of reference, or when the work of investigation is resumed. But by a process analogous to digestion, a process of mental assimilation, these items are absorbed into the living picture of the universe whose contents it is the main function of science to supply. If it were possible for a single human being so to assimilate all the known facts and laws of all the sciences, the harmonised result would be something far other and more than a mere collection of "laws" or "shorthand summaries"; it would probably be an impressive philosophy, but certainly a stupendous work of art. If we could look into such a mind we should see the world-process, not merely as it seems, but in a great measure as it *is*. In the meantime every mind of scientific erudition has access to its own corner of the vast composite vision of reality which the sciences are engaged in building up. For which, at any rate, they supply the building material, as well as the broad features of an architectural design.

Not that I would suggest for a moment that the conception of Reality which results merely from the articulation of the established results of empirical science is to be regarded as complete or final. In such a naïve positivism it is to me unthinkable that the human intellect can ultimately find the satisfaction of its needs, or, rather, legitimate demands. To insist upon the objectivity of Science (that is the reality, as to substance, of knowledge), is not by any means to ignore the fact that there are *degrees* of reality; or that Science points beyond herself to unexplored, though not

necessarily inaccessible, domains. What Science reveals, to-day, is the *ground-plan* of a building suggestive rather of a temple than a market-place or an emporium. Suggestive, I say; for it would be presumptuous to claim that even for the provisional completion of the edifice, we have demonstrative information at our disposal. As to the character, even the existence, of the divinity that may be enshrined by the completed building, we must be content with dim surmises, based upon such hints as Nature, History and the depths of our own being afford. One such hint may be found in that invincible predilection for symmetry on the part of natural forms, inorganic as well as organic, of which innumerable instances abound. It seems a far cry to-day to the mystical view of Plotinus, that formal beauty and intelligence are in essence one; yet there is no doubt that the profusion of exquisite forms in Nature spontaneously evokes at least a suspicion of the existence of some occult well-spring of ideality. Despite all that has been or may be advanced to the contrary, the very possibility of Science, the fact that reason finds itself to a considerable extent at home in the universe—as it were in the deciphering of a real or fictitious cryptogram—will always revive a presumption, if not perhaps of the rationality, at least of the psychic affinity (or psycheity) of Nature. As to what this may be taken to imply, I will merely add this, that those who regard the emergence of Man with all his powers and aspirations from the bosom of Nature as a mere happy accident should carry off the palm in any contest of credulity. Again, from the point of view of universal history, the life-process reveals itself as a self-augmenting process; for it is not merely to the

gradual unfolding and realisation of a given collective purpose that its records bear witness, but also to the simultaneously-progressive increment of its emotional purport and the qualitative enrichment of its ideal content. Finally, the self-consciousness of Mankind, as revealed in Art, Religion, Philosophy, shows conclusively that the more we are baffled and thwarted in our efforts to conform actuality to our ideals, the more firmly we entrench ourselves in the inward appropriation and enjoyment of those ideals, the assumption that they have transcendent reality, and the determination that they shall somehow prevail. In brief, I am convinced that scientific thought is tending—at present, dubiously and reluctantly, yet, in fact, irresistibly and irrevocably—in the direction of an emanistic view of reality and causation.<sup>1</sup> It may therefore be anticipated that leaders of thought and action will more and more confidently base their lives on this vivifying assumption; and that Science will follow suit. Why not, indeed? <sup>if</sup> <sup>y</sup> will only be one assumption the more; an assumption making all the difference between the absolute worth and the sheer futility, not merely of Science itself, but of all forms of human endeavour. An assumption, too, that while in no way invalidating the findings of research in regard to its present limited field of investigation, will consign these to their true grade in the sphere of *derivative* being. The point of view will be shifted, but the fact will remain that the object of Science is not and never was mere appearance, but, on the contrary, just the *elimination* of the merely phenomenal or illusory

<sup>1</sup> But not in its old rigid form, which is at bottom the same as the mechanical view.

elements of experience. Theoretically, this assumption will have the further advantage of overcoming the dualism of the psychological and cosmological points of view by recognition of the intensive unity of subject and object. Science will become philosophical, and Philosophy scientific.

Charles J. Whitby

#### SIR OLIVER LODGE AND AFTER LIFE

"I say it, because I know that certain friends of mine still exist, because I have talked to them. Communication is possible. One must obey the laws, find out the conditions. I do not say it is easy, but I say it is possible, and I have conversed with them as I could converse with anyone in this audience now. Being scientific men they have given proof that it is real, not impersonation, not something emanating from myself. They have given definite proofs. Some of them are being published, many are being withheld for a time, but will be published later.

"I tell you with all the strength of conviction which I can muster that the fact is so, that we do persist, that these people still take an interest in what is going on, that they still help us and know far more about things than we do, and that they are able from time to time to communicate. I know this is a tremendous statement—a tremendous conclusion. I don't think any of us, I don't think I myself realise how great a conclusion it is.

"It is not for everybody to investigate everything, but if persons give 30 or 40 years of their life in this investigation they are entitled to state results which they have arrived at. You must have evidence, of course. The evidence—such as we have got—is recorded in the volumes of a scientific society, and there will be much more evidence. The evidence is not a matter for casual conversation; it is a matter for serious study, and the conclusions that may be arrived at may be delayed."

#### THE "DHAMMAPADA" AND ITS MESSAGE TO MODERN INDIA

By KENNETH SAUNDERS

I AM very glad to accept the invitation of the Editor and write a brief article upon the *Dhammapada*. For this ancient anthology breathes the very spirit of the greatest of India's sons, and he has still a message of cheer and exhortation to give to his Motherland. The India of the sixth century B.C. was not very different from the India of to-day: there was the same toiling multitude with the same hunger and thirst for the Unseen and the Eternal in their breasts, and but little time to devote to the Quest; then as now, <sup>it is</sup> though we read in the ancient Buddhist books of over six hundred different schools of philosophy, the great bulk of the people were not philosophers, but were busy with just the same things as occupy the Indians of to-day: merchandise and farming, marrying and begetting children, making war upon neighbouring clans or more usually upon the dread forces of nature or disease.

We cannot doubt that the imagination of the young Indian patriot Siddhārtha was deeply stirred and his mighty heart strongly moved as he looked upon all these brave men, and patient women and beautiful little children. Even we aliens who live in this great land cannot but yearn for the coming of a brighter and freer and more abundant life. As the waters are being

brought into the deserts of the Panjab and transforming them into a garden of peace and prosperity, so we long for the coming of that Life into this land; and everywhere—in a new national consciousness, in a new spirit of social service, in a new hopefulness—the signs of its presence are to be felt, and men are seeking after character and reality as never before.

At such a time in India's history, twenty-five centuries ago Gautama the Buddha arose, and did a mighty work in calling men away from the pursuit of shadows to the only reality—holiness: and it was just in this that the genius of the Buddhist Reformation lay—that it had for all alike a message of cheer and encouragement; that it taught that the way of happiness was the way of holiness, and that in the words of King Asoka, "great bliss may be won by any man, however small he be".

We can, in fact, largely reconstruct the Society of Gautama's day from the scenes of the *Dhammapada*; Brahmin, sacrificing priest, ascetic and philosopher, household and recluse, merchant and warrior, throng before us, and all alike are seen as sick souls who desperately need the physician—even the surgeon! Such are some of the metaphors Gautama employed to describe his work: or again he looked out as upon a great desert which he the farmer should turn into a rich and fruitful farm.

That we may the better understand whose is the spirit that breathes from the pithy sayings of the *Dhammapada*, I venture to give a verse-translation of a passage in the "Sutta Nipata" which tells how graciously and humorously he replied to a Brahmin who chid him with battenning upon the toil of other men:

"I, O recluse, plough and sow and thereafter do I eat:  
So shouldst thou also plough and sow in order  
to eat."

"I do indeed plough and sow and reap the  
harvest, O Brahmin," answered the Blessed  
One, to whom the Brahmin replied:

Recluse, if farmer thou,  
As thou declarest,  
How is it that we see no plough?  
Come, boaster, show us how  
The field for harvest thou preparest!

A farmer I, indeed!  
True faith is my seed,  
The rain that waters it is discipline.  
Wisdom my yoke and plough,  
(Dost take my meaning now?)  
The pole is modesty  
And mind is the axle-tree  
Alertness is my goad and ploughshare keen!  
Guarded in act, in thought and speech,  
With truth I weed the ground,  
And in gentleness is found  
The salvation I preach.  
My ox is endeavour  
And he beareth me ever  
Where grief cometh never,  
To Nirvana the goal I shall reach.  
Such, O Brahmin, is my farming,  
And it bears ambrosial crops:  
Whoso follows in my footsteps  
Straight for him all sorrow stops.

Then the Brahmin, convinced by these words,  
poured rice-milk into a golden bowl and opened it to the  
Blessed One, saying:

A Farmer thou in very sooth;  
Ambrosial is thy crop of Truth!  
Take the rice-milk, Sir, I pray thee,  
Gladly do I now obey thee.

Such was the Teacher, and his kindly words may  
be studied in concise attractive form in the *Dhamma-  
pada*. What were the lessons he gave to the India of

his day which are still "seasoned with salt" and still applicable?

To the man obsessed with the things of this world he speaks words of solemn warning which inevitably remind us of another Teacher: "One is the road leading to riches, another is that leading to Nirvāṇa" (75). If we would adapt this to modern needs we might point to such splendid asceticism and voluntary poverty as that of the Poona patriots, and say: "One is the road leading to riches, another is that leading to Higher Bliss," for it is "the faithful, upright man who is endowed with the true fame and wealth" (303). To the man enthralled by the family life, Gauṭama cries: "Not mother or father, not kith and kin, can so benefit a man as a mind attentive to the right" (43); and does not India need men who set duty above pleasure, and for the sake of the Motherland will forego even the sacred ties of family?

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,  
Yes, without stay of father or of son,  
Lone on the land, and homeless on the water,  
Pass I in patience till the work be done.

There is no superior sanctity in the ascetic life—but India to-day does indeed need "heroes of the solitary way". Yet the great Teacher knew that such claims are easily misunderstood and he hastens to show that in itself the hard, solitary life of the "religious" is of no value:

Not by shaven crown is a man made a 'religious' who is intemperate and dishonest. How can he be a 'religious' who is full of lust and greed? He who puts off altogether great sins and small faults—by such true religion is a man known as 'religious' (264-5).

And to the Brahmin ascetic he speaks these memorable words:

Not matted hair nor heritage of birth  
Can make a man a Brahmin—only worth  
And truthfulness and purity.  
What boots your sackcloth and your twisted hair?  
On outward things ye lavish care.  
Ye who are rotting, rotting inwardly. (393-4.)

India has always had great warriors, and Gauṭama reminds her that at all times men need a "moral equivalent for war": "Not by worrying living beings is a man great as a warrior, but by kindness and harmlessness" (270); and that we all of us can achieve a nobler conquest than that of the battle-field: "Greater is he who conquers himself than the hero of a thousand fields" (103).

India is listening wistfully as she looks for social reform to another voice which seems at her very doors:

Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom  
prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I  
was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger,  
and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye  
visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

And He, too, teaches that the way of Bliss is the way of Righteousness: and that the greatest is the self-controlled and the servant of all.

To the young orator of to-day the Buddha would say with kindly humour:

Better than a thousand empty words is one pregnant word which brings the hearer peace. Neither is a man wise by much speaking: he is called wise who is forgiving, kindly and without fear. (150: 258.)

And Christ, too, would approve the spirit of silent service that is awakening in the students of India: "Not they who say unto me Lord, Lord, but they that do the will of my Father in Heaven. . . ."

And, lastly, whilst there is in the *Dhammapada* counsel and exhortation to press on towards the new, there is much that India needs of learning not to forsake the old—not to let modern materialism, for instance, crush out the contemplative life—to remember that being is after all more than doing:

From meditation springs wisdom: from neglect of it the loss of wisdom. (282.)

And we all need in an age of luxury and self-indulgence these rallying cries that ring out again and again in the *Dhammapada* to “play the man” and to endure hardness, as another early Buddhist sings:

Too cold for work, too hot, too late it is!  
Men think and lose their opportunities.  
But some of heat and cold make light  
And work away in their despite:  
Come, seek we jungle-solitude  
And cultivate the strenuous mood!

Above all in importance is the teaching that “from within are the issues of life”:

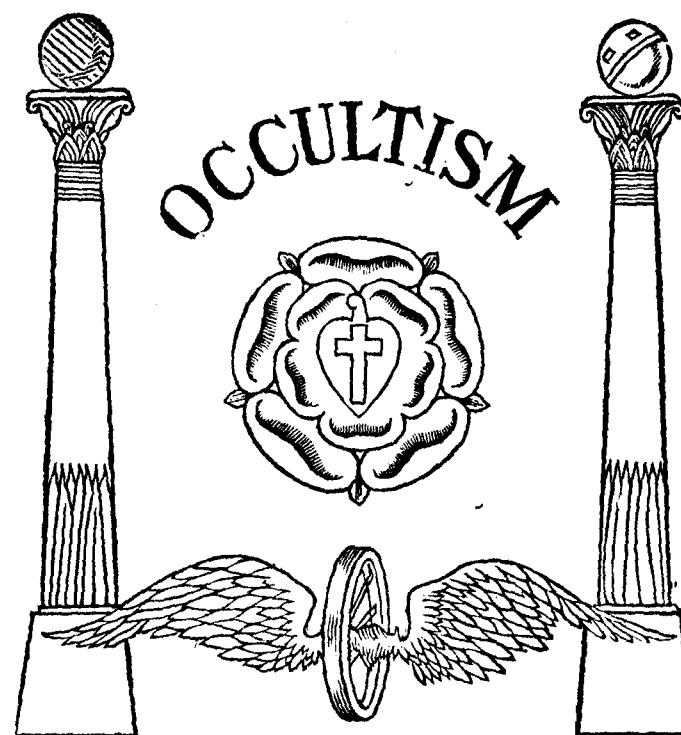
Know this, O man: evil is the undisciplined mind! See to it that greed and lawlessness bring not upon thee long suffering. (248.)

For

All that we are by mind is wrought  
Fathered and fashioned by our thought. (1.)

To whom shall India turn to achieve this greatest of all victories—the control of the inward fastnesses of thought? And what is the motive so constraining as to make real the brotherly spirit of which these stanzas are so full?

Kenneth Saunders



## THE OCCULTIST AND THE MYSTIC

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

(Continued from p. 256)

### II

HOWEVER we may conceive of the Divine Nature, we who are Theosophists will probably agree in thinking of God as existing, in relation to a manifested universe at least, in two great primal modes. There is, first of all, that portion of His life which is at work within the limits of such an area of manifestation; in

the second place, there is that far mightier part of Him which dwells altogether above and beyond that area. God, in other words, is in the Theosophical view both immanent and transcendent; and this is equally true whether we use the term "God" to denote the Ruler of a solar system, or of a universe, or of a universe of universes. Whatever be our "universe of discourse," the famous old text still holds good of its Ruler: "Having permeated this whole universe with one fragment of Myself, I remain."

This, then, is a fundamental dualism, inherent in the very nature of all divine manifestation; and since all life is in its essence one and undivided, this duality in the Divine must of necessity reflect itself in the manifested universe which is the embodiment of the Divine. Every particle of life in such a universe, that is to say, must be related equally to God immanent and God transcendent;—to God immanent, since it is itself the product and expression of that part of God; to God transcendent, since, limited and shut in though it be by form, it has yet its roots in that deeper Life beyond manifestation. And this dual relationship will, by a necessary process, set up a dual movement in the life: for it is ever of the nature of life, which is divine, to seek union with the Divine from which it comes. Of such union the duality of the Divine Nature will provide two methods—the one with God immanent, the other with God transcendent: and these two methods will show themselves as two contrary tendencies or impulses at work at the heart of all embodied life and drawing it in opposite directions.

That the directions will be opposite becomes at once clear, when we ask the question: What is a

manifested universe in the light of these two modes of the Divine, taken severally?

What, for example, is such a universe in the light of God transcendent? Obviously nothing but an obscuration and a limitation of the Divine Life imprisoned within it. Whatever we may predicate of that pure life—be it Reality, or Freedom, or Bliss—suffers, within the region of manifestation, diminution and distortion. The Reality is veiled in *māyā*; the Freedom is lost in constraint; the Bliss is exchanged for pain. In a word, all manifestation is but negation.

What, on the other hand, is it in the light of God immanent? It is the theatre of a mighty, beneficent work. Such a universe is seen as the necessary setting for a Process whereby, through limitations voluntarily taken on, countless hosts of new lives are for ever being generated by the Divine Father and unfolded by ordered stages into the fullness of His own perfection. It is, in its origin, the product of a Divine Sacrifice; it is sustained and guided by the Divine Love. As for its manifold limitations, they exist only because through them, and them alone, can the purposed end be achieved. They are the indispensable conditions of the work that has to be done.

What, then, becomes the logical reaction upon these two aspects of a universe?

In the first case, clearly, to break away, to escape; to get back out of the illusion, the pain, and the cramping fetters of life within the worlds into the Reality, the Bliss and the Freedom of God transcendent.

In the second case, to remain within the manifested worlds, in order to help in that mighty work; to press outward with that informing and sustaining life to the

utmost limits of its manifestation, in order to share in its sacrifice and its burden; and to throw every energy into the service of God immanent.

There are logical and necessary reactions, arising naturally out of the dual relationship which links all manifested life to the Divine. Wherever, therefore, we have embodied life, we must have at work deep down within it—on the one hand, an impulse which is ever seeking to withdraw it out of manifestation back into God transcendent, and, on the other hand, an impulse which is ever pressing it outwards into co-operation with God immanent. All embodied life must, at every moment and at every point in space, be seeking union with the Divine in these two ways. We must see in these impulses, therefore, the two primary movements out of which all the rest are built up—the two threads out of which is woven the infinitely complex web of existence within the manifested worlds.

In order to define these impulses, and their manner of working, a little more precisely, let us translate them into terms of what we, as Theosophists, take to be the basic conditions of all manifested worlds—those conditions, namely, which we sum up as “bodies” and “planes”.

It is clear that the conditions just mentioned must apply necessarily to all life within a given area of manifestation, in the sense that all life within that area will have perforce to use the vehicles, and to dwell within the planes, which have been provided for it by the Logos of its system. Thus, no matter how eager the life may be to obey the impulse of escape from manifestation, it will only be able to do so *via* the planes and bodies of the system to which it belongs—each higher

plane and subtler vehicle being, from this point of view, considered as a stage towards ultimate liberation. It need not tarry, necessarily, on any of these planes, nor need it make full use of the bodies; but at least it must pass through them. There can be no road to liberation, in other words, independent of the established conditions on which a manifested world depends. To put it colloquially, there can be no “short cut”. Similarly, in the case of the opposite principle—the impulse outwards into manifestation, for the purpose of co-operation with God immanent, will be an impulse pressing the life, of necessity, down into the vehicles, and through them out into the worlds, in which His work is being carried on.

This gives us a formula which enables us to make our definition of the two impulses both more precise and easier to handle. We may now say, that, wherever manifested life exists, there are necessarily at work within it two fundamental movements or impulses, relating that life respectively to the two great modes of the Divine Being with which it seeks union; that one of these—that, namely, which relates it to God transcendent—will work as a constant force of attraction, tending to draw the embodied life out of lower on to higher planes, and out of denser into subtler vehicles, in order that it may come nearer to final liberation and, since this is its object, tending to make each such plane and body something to be merely passed through rather than to be dwelt in and explored, in the one case, or organised and used, in the other. The other impulse—that, namely, which seeks union with God immanent—will follow the general movement of the Divine Life at work in the worlds of manifestation and will act as a constant

downward pressure, forcing the life through subtler down into denser vehicles, and from higher into lower planes of being; at the same time—again in consonance with the Divine Movement in manifestation—urging it to dwell in and explore to the full all the worlds, and to use and develop to the full all the bodies, which the scheme of things, within which it dwells, has provided for its experience and expression.

The fuller definition, thus arrived at, will make clear to the Theosophical reader the significance of the two impulses referred to above, in relation to the subject of this article. For it is, in the writer's opinion, in these two basic impulses or movements at work throughout the whole of manifested life, that we must seek the true ground of that distinction between the Occultist and the Mystic which has puzzled so many students. The Mystic, in his view, stands for the impulse which is the reaction of all embodied life upon its relationship with God transcendent; the Occultist, for that impulse which is the reaction of all embodied life upon its relation with God immanent. Taken together they stand, in this way, for the two great movements out of which, as has been already remarked, the whole of manifested life is built up. They are thus, in the profoundest sense, representative; for they embody the world-process itself. We begin to see why the President could speak of them as "the two Hands of One LOGOS in His helping of His universe".

If this be true, then there has been revealed for the dualism of the Mystic and the Occultist a foundation as deep as any metaphysician could desire. We have now to ask by what process the two impersonal impulses, defined in the foregoing pages, flower eventually into

the two great representative spiritual types, which we speak of as the Occultist and the Mystic.

Our answer to this will consist in suggesting, very rapidly, a number of ideas, which the Theosophical student will readily recognise as involved in the Theosophical conception of evolution—rather than in working out in detail a subject far too vast for the scope of a single article.

The simplest way of suggesting the process by which the two fundamental impulses at work at the heart of all manifested life—drawing it into union with the one or the other of the two great modes of the Divine Being, as the case may be—emerge eventually, in human embodiment, as the two representative spiritual types which we know as the Mystic and the Occultist, is to separate off this process of gradual transmutation into a number of clearly marked stages and to note what changes have taken place with each of these.

(1) The earliest stage will be that in which the two movements operate, so to speak, blindly and mechanically, governed simply by Natural Law. In this primal form they provide what may be called the "setting" of the world-process, their rhythmic interplay giving the broad general conditions within which the drama of evolution is to be worked out. The general scheme here is that of a number of lesser swings of the pendulum taking place within a greater swing and a number of these greater swings being included, in their turn, in one still greater—the greatest of all being that mighty movement which is sometimes spoken of as the out-breathing and inbreathing of the Great Breath, which creates and destroys the worlds. This, in any world-system,

is the most imposing and at the same time the simplest exemplar of the two impulses which we are considering, for it is the immediate reflection, in the form of a movement in Time and Space, of the primal duality of God immanent and God transcendent; the first half of the movement, the out-breathing, being, clearly, in the direction of union with God immanent; the second half, the inbreathing, in that of union with God transcendent. Within this greatest of cosmic swings (so far as our system is concerned) we have others which reflect it and which, albeit on a diminishing scale as regards both Time and Space, are nevertheless just as immediately related, as it is, to the two great aspects of the Divine, and are just as much, in their essence, efforts at the twofold union with God. Such, to be brief, are the great cyclic movements which make up the life of Chains and Rounds; the descents and re-ascents of the Ego through its long series of incarnations, with the downputtings and withdrawals of the various Group Souls in the animal and vegetable Kingdoms; finally, within the limits of the single life, the universal phenomena of birth and death, growth and decay, as well as all that ebb and flow of the life-forces which is associated with activity and relaxation, waking and sleeping, and with the facts of nutriment and reproduction. All these, so far as they are merely natural phenomena, tend to work by a law of rhythmical periodicity. Taken together they make up, as has been said, the permanent and general conditions of the evolutionary process. We have now to look forward and see what changes are introduced into them by the unfolding, within their midst, of that monadic life the development of which they are designed to subserve.

(2) The first clearly recognisable change that takes place is the emergence of the outward-going impulse (*i.e.*, that towards union with God immanent) into a kind of consciousness, in the form of desire or attraction, and that of the in-drawing impulse (*i.e.*, that towards union with God transcendent) in the form of repulsion. At what precise point in the evolutionary process this emergence takes place is not of importance for present purposes: suffice it that for a long and important stretch of evolution—covering at all events most of the animal kingdom and about half of the human—it is under these guises that the great struggle of the two primitive impulses is carried on. The important point to note—for this is the real change introduced at this stage—is that the unfolding monadic life is now beginning to identify itself with, and to lend its own reinforcing strength to, the hitherto mechanical workings of Nature. For as soon as any kind of *conscious* attraction or repulsion dawns within the unfolding life—no matter how feeble such consciousness may be—the process has already begun whereby the two impersonal impulses are destined to be gradually taken over and “personalised” by that life in the sense of being wrought, in an ever fuller degree, into the fabric of its own psychological experience. The culmination of this process will be when the life of Nature and the life of the Individual become one, and Natural Law itself is taken over and becomes the self-initiated working of the perfected Individual Will.

With regard to the stage with which we are dealing for the moment—*i.e.*, that where the two impulses first come to consciousness in the shape of desire and repulsion—we should note that, for a long time, the

interplay of these two tends to preserve the rhythm and the periodicity which characterised them in the earlier mechanical stage. With the animal, for example, the reproductive impulse is purely periodic; and it seems to remain so through the earliest stages of human evolution—so long, in point of fact, as it is permitted to rest entirely under the control of Nature. The student of Natural History will be able to trace numbers of similar periodicities in the life of the animal kingdom, having to do with the various natural functions of animal life—all of them analysable, under various forms, into the outputting and withdrawal of vital force, *i.e.*, into the two impulses with which we are concerned. Such instances are at all events sufficiently numerous to enable us to take as a general axiom that the impulses of outgoing and withdrawal, in all their myriad manifestations, tend, during this earlier stage of evolution, to show a certain regular rhythm. It is only when we come to the later stages that we begin to find Nature's order seriously interfered with, in this as in other important ways.

(3) This stage is marked by the entrance upon the scene of two great disturbing agencies in the shape of that developing mentality and that dawning freedom of the will which begin to be factors, which have to be seriously reckoned with, after (roughly) the first quarter of the human evolutionary process. The first effect of these upon the two impulses which we are considering is found in the marked intensification of the outgoing impulse and the curbing, or diminishing, of the (normally) rhythmic recoil. The outrushing of desire, in other words, ceases to be a periodic movement and becomes not only more vigorous, enhanced as it now is by

the play of memory and anticipation, but more frequent. Similarly, the period of withdrawal, which is the natural expression of the satiety supervening upon the fruition of desire, is no longer allowed to run its course. We have thus a strong bias beginning to be set up on the side of the outgoing impulse, due to the definite selection of this impulse, and the deliberate associating of itself with it, by the unfolding life by virtue of its growing power of choice: and this bias, is likely to develop with time, as will be easily seen, into a kind of specialisation. It may indeed be said—summing up that great stage of evolution at which the nascent forces of mentality and of free volition begin to play upon the outward-going impulse, clothed in the form of desire or attraction—that this stage is, generally speaking, devoted to the specialisation upon that impulse, the result being that the whole trend of the life-forces, during this period, is to flow vigorously and, as far as possible, continuously outward and downward along the line of God immanent.

(4) With the gradual shifting of the centre of the unfolding life, however, from the astral to the mental level, a new disturbance enters in. While such a shifting of the centre may, on the one hand, result only in a still further intensification of the outgoing impulse, making the grip upon the objects of desire all the more pertinacious and the output of the life-forces into the physical world all the more aggressive and vigorous, by reason of the enhanced mental life, it may, on the other hand, have quite an opposite effect, tending to restrain, and even atrophy, many of the old desire outrushes and to withdraw much of the life-energy from physical things to the things of the intellect. It is at this stage

that we begin to find the familiar distinction taking shape, between the "man of action" and the "man of thought".

The appearance of this distinction means that specialisation on the one or the other of the two impulses, as the case may be, is becoming a habit; and with the crystallisation into habit comes also, as a natural result, the commencement of definite "types". For the impetus thus set up will be carried over by the Ego into its future incarnations, and will become a powerful pre-determining influence in the moulding of the personality. We have thus, at this stage, arrived at the important point where the unfolding monadic life is beginning, very gradually, to divide itself into two streams, due to the growing habit of self-identification with the impulse of out-going or withdrawal, as the case may be. We should note, however, that this identification is, at this stage, only rudimentary, being, for the most part, little more than a growing emphasis on the one impulse rather than the other; that its true meaning and significance are not yet recognised; and that the determining factor in the choice is still merely inclination, "what comes naturally to a man"—and is far from being a matter of deliberate choice, of an act of will from *within*.

(5) Before the last-mentioned changes can begin to occur, a further stage has to be passed through. This stage may be regarded as a critical period in the evolutionary cycle, marking as it does the turning of the unfolding life from the downward to the upward arc, or, as it is sometimes called, from the Pravṛtti to the Nivṛtti Mārga. At this turning-point the whole weight of Nature is shifted from the outgoing impulse to the impulse

of withdrawal, and the effect upon the individual life is seen in a corresponding shifting of the centre of gravity, in a kind of psychological changing of gear. Henceforward the impulse away from manifestation is the "natural" one, and therefore in many ways the most easily followed, as the impulse outward into manifestation was the natural one during the downward arc. This is the period of that inner condition of consciousness which is often spoken of as *vairāgya*—a transitional phase, signalling the transference of the emphasis of Nature from the one impulse to the other. While this period lasts, the movement of withdrawal is just as dominant, for the time being, as the outgoing movement had been during the stage which we have numbered (2). We must not imagine, however, that the broad dualism of type, whose beginnings we noted in stage number (3) has therefore faded away, or that the specialisation upon the two impulses, there noted, was merely temporary. We must rather look upon it as existing just as much as ever, but as temporarily obscured or submerged during the inner revolution of the *vairāgya* period, and destined to reappear on the surface as soon as that critical period is over. That is, in fact, what happens. For we have only to look on to the next stage to find the two lines of specialisation more clearly marked than ever and constituting the basis of a still more striking antithesis of type. The dualism is called out of abeyance; the "man of thought" and the "man of action" appear once more on the further side of the turning-point, but they appear, in many respects, profoundly changed: for we have entered upon the region broadly covered by the name of the "spiritual life".

(6) Students of the spiritual life in all countries and in all ages have observed, in the representatives of that life, two great types so opposite in aim and character that it would seem at first sight very difficult to find any point of reconciliation between them, yet both of which the common instinct of mankind has always vaguely recognised as spiritual. The one rushes forth with a frenzy of self-abandonment to take upon itself the whole burden of the world, revelling in that constriction of the life within the form which works out as the world's sorrow and suffering, finding no weight too great for it to bear, no form so foul or so fettered that it should refuse to pour forth its life-energies into it, in the shape of understanding and of love. The other, with equal abandonment, spurns the whole phantasmagoria of the universe and presses ever inward and upward that it may escape out of it into that pure state of Being which is, for it, the one Reality. The types are so familiar in spiritual history that it is unnecessary to illustrate them: suffice it that all those whom mankind has recognised as saints may, roughly speaking, be classified as belonging to the one or the other, although, in all but extreme cases, there will always be a good deal of mixture.

This division of type represents, in our view, the dualism of the practical and the contemplative types as it emerges once more on the further side of the critical point of *vairāgya*, and it marks, as such, another stage in the transformation of the two impulses, which we are studying, into the living, human antithesis of the Occultist and the Mystic.

The great change which is visible at this stage consists in the transference of the motive energy,

directing the impulses, from outside to within the man. While he was on the downward arc, his activities, whether along the line of the one impulse or the other, were, for the most part, reactions upon external stimulus. He was drawn forth by desire; he was driven inward by repulsion. At the critical point, however, which was mentioned a moment ago, this began very gradually to be changed, and part of that "changing of gear," which was alluded to as belonging to the turning from the *Pravṛtti* to the *Nivṛtti Mārga*, consisted in this substitution of an inner for an outer spring of action. By the time that we reach the stage of definitely spiritual life—the stage which we are now considering—the substitution is more or less complete, and the actions of the spiritually developed man now flow, no longer from the impacts of his environment, but from that self-moved life which has grown up within him.

This means that, in a profounder sense, he has gone far towards "becoming" the particular impulse with which, either habitually or for the moment, he identifies himself. It no longer pushes him, or pulls him, from without: he himself, moving voluntarily from his own centre either in the one direction or the other, goes with it. And with this deeply significant change goes also another in the character of the two impulses as they reveal themselves to his consciousness. Formerly, the outgoing impulse revealed itself as desire; the impulse of withdrawal as repulsion. Now, the former lives in his consciousness as Love, the latter as the search for Reality. That which carries the one type of saintliness out into the world, to work among men, is the love which surges within him: that which draws the other type away from the world is the

growing sense of the unreality of the phenomenal and of the deeper Reality beyond phenomena. We see how near this comes to those two alternative valuations of a manifested universe which are the logical consequence of its appraisal in the light of the two great aspects of the Divine. Such a universe, in the light of God transcendent, is as we saw some time ago, merely an illusion; in the light of God immanent it is the very pledge and token of Divine Love. The spiritual man is beginning to feel this, and according to the type to which he belongs, he will feel the one fact more vividly than the other. Let us note, however, that, as yet, he does not fully realise the ground of his feeling: and for that reason there is often a good deal of misunderstanding, of antagonism even, between the two types. To the outgoing type, conscious of the compelling force of love within him, the withdrawing type is likely to appear selfish: to the latter, the type which rushes outward in order to busy itself with the affairs of the phenomenal worlds is likely to appear deluded and unspiritual. Only in the next stage does this misunderstanding, and with it the antagonism, disappear.

(7) This stage is the final one of the process, (so far as we are here concerned) for with it the transformation which we have been tracing culminates in the finished products which we know as the Occultist and the Mystic. With this stage the process of specialisation upon the two respective impulses is carried to a high point; the Occultist becoming, to all intents, the living representative of the outgoing impulse, the Mystic the veritable embodiment of the impulse of withdrawal. And, as the specialisation becomes more complete, so also does the realisation of the true meaning and function of the types,

thus brought into being, become clearer and more definite. It is then seen that these types have been laboriously built up by Nature for a certain definite purpose—in order, namely, that in and through them the great work of Nature might become self-conscious. What has been going on, has been the gradual segregation and training up of two great bands of workers, corresponding, in the method of their work, with the two primal movements out of which the whole of manifested life has been built up. For, just as the whole of life may be seen, in one aspect, to be a web woven out of the interplay of the two great movements of outgoing and withdrawal—at work on all levels and on every scale—so, for the helping of that life, there must be prepared, as the fruit of the evolutionary process, two great hosts of unfolded lives in whom these movements shall, as it were, become incarnate, and who shall, therefore, be able to take over, and consciously wield, forces which have hitherto worked mechanically according to Nature's law. In a word, the Occultist and the Mystic emerge, in their perfected forms, as the embodiments of the mighty Ebb and Flow of Nature; and in them the old rhythmical interplay—the dovetailing, as it were, of the operations of the two impulses—which existed before the automatism of Nature had been disturbed by the incursion of the unfolding monadic life, is once more restored. Taken together, they have become, in the eloquent words of our President, "the two Hands of the One LOGOS in His helping of His universe". They stand, in our manifested worlds, as the living representatives of the fundamental duality of the Divine Nature—the Occultist of God immanent, the Worker, the Demiurgus; the

Mystic of God transcendent, the Life beyond the worlds.

The process by which the two impersonal impulses are transformed eventually into the two great representative bodies of servants of God is, therefore, that of the gradual bringing into self-consciousness of these impulses within the unfolding life, accompanied by a gradual specialisation upon one or the other by different sections of that life. The formula embodied in the process is, as will be seen, one very familiar to students of Theosophy, since it sums up what, from one point of view, is going on everywhere in Nature. For one way of describing the world-process is to say that it consists in the gradual awakening of Nature to self-consciousness; or, conversely, in the gradual taking over of the life of Nature by the monadic life unfolding within her boundaries. Every happening in Nature is, in this way, destined to be one day (and is already for some consciousness) a psychological experience; every law of Nature is destined to be the expression of a conscious act of Will. It is thus that the "dead" mechanism of a solar system becomes, in the fullness of the evolutionary cycle, a LOGOS—perfect in His self-consciousness at every point of His being, perfect in the minute and elaborate specialisation and co-ordination of His functions. H.P.B.'s parallel between a universe and an embryo is, in this connection, the profoundest truth as well as the simplest expression of the truth. All that we call Nature—the sum of the life within a universe—is, from the cosmic standpoint, in a pre-natal condition. All that is now going on is only preparatory. One day it will be born as a God.

In this transformation of Nature into conscious God all other transformations are incidents; all are contributing, in their own way and within their own special sphere, to the same stupendous consummation, and the true explanation of all of them lies in this. It is as the product of one of these great evolutionary processes, therefore—from Nature to God—that we shall best understand the Occultist and the Mystic. Once we grasp the conception of them as embodied movements in the Divine Life, and realise what these movements are, all that we know, in ordinary life, of the respective methods and ideals of the Occultist and the Mystic, and of their place and work in the world, at once falls into place. We are in possession of a formula which illuminates the whole subject and which, as we shall see, goes far to provide a principle of classification in a region where the distinctions, as we know, are apt to be somewhat blurred.

E. A. Wodehouse

*(To be concluded)*

Next morning (Monday) on opening the paper the following headlines met the eye:

19 LOST IN A WRECK

Six Hours on a Topmast

and below the story of a shipping disaster on the previous Saturday night off the Cornish coast, with a description of how "the tide began to rise and cover the vessel, and the only refuge left for the eight men on board was the jigger topmast. As the water rose the eight men climbed to the top of the mast, the lowest man being the chief officer who lashed himself to the spar and blew a small whistle in the hope of attracting assistance. He was getting exhausted for the water had almost covered him and, seeing he could do no more, he gave the whistle to a sailor with the exclamation: 'Here, mate, you can blow it better than I can.' Subsequent events showed that this act was responsible for saving the lives of the five survivors."

---

A DREAM EXPERIENCE VERIFIED

ON Sunday February 1st, a Theosophical friend came to supper with us after his lecture. As we sat talking I happened to say to him: "You sometimes remember your astral experiences, don't you, Mr. X?" "I very seldom remember anything that is likely to have been an experience," he modestly replied, "and if I do I am not in the habit of talking about it. That reminds me, however, that I had a curious dream last night, I wonder if there was any shipwreck."

He went on to relate his dream, in which he had seen what appeared to him to be the tops of four funnels standing out from the sea near the coast. He remembered thinking it must be a new kind of submarine, but when he saw these funnel-tops slowly sinking he realised that the sea would pour down them and the ship would sink. He saw with horror that it must be a cruiser of the Navy sinking, and found himself in a kind of cloud hovering about it and trying to avert the approaching disaster, but the funnel-tops disappeared. He then remembered seeing the whole ship again looking like a cruiser, with a number of "foreign-looking sailor chaps" staring at him over the gunwale or the starboard quarter. He awoke in no fright, as the ship when last seen seemed all right.

## GRAIL-GLIMPSES

## I

YOUNG MIKE—PAVEMENT-ARTIST

By E. M. GREEN

IT was a squally morning; the pale sun struggling up behind the factory chimneys gave no promise of holding his own against the driving cloud-rack, heavy with unspilt snow. The March wind tore at the sooty poplars by the canal, and flogged the oily water into motion.

The Stranger drew his grey cloak closer, and stopped before an all-night coffee-stall at the Factory gates.

The owner took his pipe from his mouth and spat. "Wawnt a mug, Guv'nor?" The Stranger bent his head.

"A cup of water, if I may," he answered.

The man looked sharply at him. "Anyfink to 'blige a gent," he said; and filling a tin mug handed it to the Stranger. "Yer bain't from these parts, be yer?" The coffee-seller was inquisitive. "A furriner, may be?"

"A Stranger here," was the reply.

"Droppin' a bit a paisteboard into ole Rule Britanyer's letter box, in a manner o' speakin'. Got any mates over 'ere?"

The tin cup was re-hung upon its nail; the cutty-clay resumed, and Ginger Joe was ready for a chat till trade should begin with the breakfast hour.

"Mates! Well, hardly that, I think!" The Stranger shook his head and smiled. "I have been long away. But I think there are some who remember me; and it may be that a few even are looking for my return."

"Well, good luck, Mister; there goes the buzzer; I shall be gettin' busy, so I'll wish yer good-day."

The great gates opened as he spoke and there poured forth a grimy throng of men and women; some of whom came to the coffee-stall, others entering a low-looking public house, or an eating-house next to it, while the larger number ate such food as they had brought with them in a shed provided for the purpose, just within the walls of the Factory.

The coffee-seller was kept busy for the next half-hour, yet from time to time he looked curiously towards the bank of the Canal where the Stranger stood apart, watching the scene before him.

"Christ!" he said, half aloud. "'E were a rum 'un; a torf, was 'e? or the Pope o' Rome, or what? Blimy, if 'e wa'nt a rum customer!"

Meanwhile, the Stranger's gaze was fixed upon a pavement artist, a wizened lad of about twenty years, or possibly less, who sat in an angle of the Factory wall, his shrunken legs drawn up beneath him upon a piece of old sacking, his box of crudely coloured chalks at his side. The three pictures on the smooth asphalt pavement before him were the subject of much comment from the Factory hands; jests, admiration and criticism being freely bandied about. The Stranger saw that several gave portions of their own meal to the boy; but no pence

or halfpence found their way into the cloth cap at his side. As the half-hour struck, the human tide turned, and ebbed away behind the great sluice gates, which presently closed upon it, leaving silence behind. The coffee-vendor shut up his stall and took his homeward way; the pavement artist leaned back against the wall and looked up at the ragged legions in the wildness of the sky. The Stranger crossed the little space of trodden grass and stood beside him.

The dark eyes, sombre beneath his unkempt hair and white, lined brow, were raised to meet the gaze downbent, and the Stranger saw that they were lit by the unquenchable fire of inner vision.

"Like to see the picshurs, Mister?" The accent was that of the London slum-dweller, poor in vowel-sounds; and contrasted oddly with the stamp of genius set upon the eyes and brow.

"I should like to, very much. You are a quick worker."

"Yus! I be smart, they sez; but I don't tike no count o' time! I just dror wot I sees."

"Have you seen a snow mountain? These are very beautiful ones!"

"No! I ain't never seed no mountings, but I knows wot they looks like from the clards! And onst a cove come by as guv me a 'int or two. But I seen the sea ven I wos down to the Convalescing 'Ome."

"I suppose you find that the people round here are not able to pay to see your pictures; could you not find a better place to paint in?"

The lad looked at his questioner sharply, almost suspiciously, but the quiet gaze that met his own disarmed him, and he answered with a shrug and smile

that half invited, half repelled any further advances. "S'pose as 'ow I *could*, Mister—but that ain't every-fink!"

"Not everything? I don't understand! Do you mean that you would not like to make a living for yourself and get on in the world?"

The boy shook his head, but did not answer; he was rubbing a stick of yellow chalk against his left thumb nail, and at some thought suggested by the Stranger's words he rubbed so fiercely that the stick snapped in his fingers. His questioner seemed to read his mind, for he went on as if answering some remark: "Ah! yes, I see; what you would really like would be to have your pictures seen by the great world, by people who would understand all that you are trying to put into them! That is what you feel, is it not? It is a pity that the police do not allow pavement painting, except at certain spots, and that the good ones are not for such as you!"

The dark eyes gleamed, as the lad flung back his head with the gesture of conscious pride in his own powers that betrays the heaven-born genius in every rank of life. "Garn! 'oo yer gettin' at?" he asked, and laughed a low full-noted sound of supreme satisfaction, a reminiscence unconscious, yet instinctive, of the regions of which his artist soul was the denizen, even while the apparent tenant of his poor frail body, with its pitiful limitations. "There ain't no other paivemen 'artiss wot can dror like young Mike—that's me, Mister, short for Mikell Angeler; and so the p'lice 'll tell you, if yer arsts 'em. Back near Chrismis 'ole Moses wot 'ad the bit of paivemen 'up to "Ido Park Corner was took to the Workus, and Sarjan' Symes up to the

p'lice stytion 'e said as 'ow I could 'ave 'is lay, as I was the best Artiss of 'em all! Is words, Guv'nor, strite!"

"Well, and what did you say; you did not accept the offer, it seems?"

Young Mike's manner changed; the momentary glory that had shone like a halo round him, marking his kinship with the immortals, had faded, and he hung his head and fingered his crayons nervously. The Stranger bent towards him, and his voice was gentle yet commanding. "I am waiting," he said, "tell me, young Mike, why do you stay here to starve when you could make a good living at Hyde Park Corner?"

The boy looked up, but not at his questioner; his gaze travelled past that waiting figure to the sluggish canal, creeping between its blackened banks, to the high walls of the Factory, and to the further banks on which a tall derrick rose spectre-like against the grey wind-riven sky. It travelled over the miles of roofs of closely packed houses, it rested on the dingy eating-house and yet more hideous public house with garish green and yellow tiles to clothe its nakedness; it took in the details of a poster which leaned against the wall, setting forth the entertainment to be had for threepence at a Saloon of Amusement close by, and then returned laden, as it were, with the fruits of its journey, to meet the look it had felt, yet avoided for so long. The two pairs of eyes held something strangely similar, as young Mike finally spoke.

"I stopped, Mister, well, yer knows, it's this wy—this 'ere lot' as *nothink*, and I sez, Mike, I sez, it's up to yew to give 'em a chawnst!"

"A chance to be better men and women, do you mean?"

"I dunno, that's *religion*, ain't it, same as they gets at the Sunday School? I s'pose it's somethink like, but my way ain't got no one hangin' on a cross, nor no Howly Mary, though the Irish gels, they do beg me to dror 'er in, wiv a blew shawl on her 'ead; I drors the picshurs I sees for 'em, to make coves stop drinkin' and swearin' and 'urtin' the wimmen and kids. I sez, if Gawd, I sez, wot made them things wot I sees, made men and wimmen, it's likely as 'E meant them to be bewtiful too; and so I shows 'em bewtiful fings and gives 'em a chawnst. See, Guv'nor, they ain't never 'ad no chawnst!"

The Stranger stooped still lower and the faint chill sunshine touched both figures with a pale radiance as he spoke.

"Thank you, young Mike, you have guessed rightly. God means men and women to be beautiful, and it is in the world as He has made it that they, each one of them, shall find his chance. Farewell for a time, little Brother!"

E. M. Green

## THEOSOPHY AND POLITICS

A CRY FROM UTAH

By F. C. ADNEY

MAY an obscure new member say six words in the absorbing "Theosophy and Politics" series now racing through THE THEOSOPHIST?

It is first desired to offer a brightly variegated nosegay to Mr. Van Manen, a nosegay of tulips. I too am Dutch; that is, French and Dutch; an American amalgam. The offering is a token of gratitude and admiration for a nimble, sprightly, genial Dutchman. We are not like that; but of course we are melting-pot Dutch.

Personally I had been one of the blissful drifters, if indeed I had not been actually ostrichy. We Dutch in America are usually so nearly perfectly impervious that the head-hiding stunt is superfluous. Having accepted, however, with considerable difficulty, Mr. Van Manen's invitation to think, I found myself quite unable to stop until some of the fruits of the process had been made manifest on the typewriter plane.

The big front of his problem, *i.e.*, the complete meaning and ultimate use in the world of the T. S., seems quite beyond the grasp of the everyday thinker. Did some one suggest leaving it up on the mountain top with the Masters? The inadequacy of Lower Manas is quite distinctly hinted by the logician who, wishing to keep T. S. strictly OUT, suggests rather outworn IN methods. In America at least the practice usually ticketed "Public Spirit" is *sentant le rance*.

And the attitude of individual members toward politics seems to trouble no one. not even our

1915

THEOSOPHY AND POLITICS

371

superiors. Since they do not seek to constrain or restrain, it seems a shade presumptuous for those who "centre" in astral or manasic matter to contemplate dictation to a buddhic or border-nirvānic consciousness.

The difficulty concerning the manifesto of our Founders might be much modified by the use of that quality which in the States is elegantly termed gump-tion. If the matter is very complex we are too uncultured to see it. In order to "mingle" over here one must commit some overt act—at the very least toss a hat into a bonfire. When, for example, Mr. Woodrow Wilson was writing rather academic essays and delivering sundry addresses on politics and economics, we did not consider that he was mingling in politics. When he became a nominee for the governorship of New Jersey, the country got a hunch that he meant to mingle. He is a Princeton man and he has continued to mingle, but not "as such". More weight may be attached to his opinion by some, less by others, because he is a Princeton man; nevertheless, Princeton is not involved. Now, if while President of the United States, he had the time, the ability and the inclination to edit a daily paper, neither the Democratic party nor the Nation would consider itself implicated, as might be thoroughly manifested at the following Presidential election.

The application is clear. How it is possible to do mental acrobatics around those simple words "mingle" and "as such" puzzles one who is neither a trained nor a natural contortionist.

Desiring to be as impersonal as Mr. Van Manen wished to be, I confess that *j' ai poussé un cri de stupéfaction* over the statement, from a Theosophist, that one could not change his skin. Indeed, if one cannot change

his skin it will be done perfectly for him. Mine was several times stripped off in tatters, to grow back sectionally, as time and circumstances ordained; but the whole hide sloughed away easily and naturally as I bathed in the Light of the Divine Wisdom. Perhaps some Theosophists have not yet shed. Others may be in the case of the central figure in the child's tale, "What Mr. Toad Did With His Old Suit". He kept a careless eye upon it until the last witness had disappeared. Then he swallowed it.

And if Mrs. Besant has given wounds from the Watch-Tower they are but skin-deep and negligible the world over. It is unthinkable that she would want to hurt; but if she did, from her altitude she could not get our range. Our range, however, is quite clearly indicated by the distorted idea that she talks Empire for Britain because she happens to be wearing an English body. Does anyone imagine that she sees America as the site for the sixth sub-race because some Americans are descendants of the English. The one supposition seems about as reasonable as the other. The obvious truth is, Mrs. Besant, being developed, sees; and she speaks and writes in order to help us become more efficient and worthy agents. And why should there be an attempt to mew her up in her Ivory Tower when, by an occasional descent, she is able to give such a gigantic hoist to the groundlings? The alliterative example of Plato and Pericles seems rather wide the mark. Pericles, perhaps, would never have been much of a philosopher; but had Plato lived through a special world crisis he might possibly have so hastened his evolution as to have grown big enough to combine statesmanship and philosophy. If Mrs. Besant were to

engage in lower matters only, we might indeed seek the sackcloth; but happily she is no less a bearer of the great white Light because she so holds it that some of its rays filter through the dust and smoke stratas and light civic affairs.

If then we become content to allow Mrs. Besant the same freedom in her own activities which she invariably and courteously accords each one of us, what of the MENACE looming in the future?

When first I drove an automobile I was the quaking prey of torturing anxieties. Whenever an obstacle was sighted, and long before I could tell whether it was coming or going, I borrowed trouble. Would it be encountered on a narrow stretch, I wondered, which would force me either to risk a ditching or else overheat my engine by crawling along behind? Would a sudden colt jump out at the unpsychological moment and upset us, breaking his legs the while? Would a third horse, tied long at the side, plunge up and paw out the wind-break or at least tear off a lamp, even if I succeeded in saving the car?

None of the dreaded things happened. Often the course of the obstacle chanced to be down a converging by-way. A reasonable amount of oil with plenty of power and a little discretion has always proved adequate for all the exigencies of the road. One learns not to race ahead to meet troubles; they so frequently turn off. Above all it is unwise to throw on the brakes with the engine running full speed just to see if the brakes are working.

Let us not be among the many who have tended to make Mrs. Besant realise the truth of Rodin's statement: "One cannot, with impunity, benefit mankind."

F. C. Adney

## THE ROUND TABLE

THIS useful organisation for training young boys and girls to lead a noble life themselves, and to help those around them, is doing remarkably good work in Australia. The Senior Knight of Australia has just sent in his report of the last year's work, and it is a notable example of useful service rendered by the young; those who thus learn to do unselfish work in boyhood and girlhood, will prove good servants of their Nation when they reach maturity. The Senior Knight says:

"Once again I have the pleasure of reporting good progress in the Order in Australia. During the year four new Tables have been formed (one in Brisbane, one in Launceston, Tasmania, one in Melbourne, and one in Murwillumbah, New South Wales), our membership list, after allowing for resignations, showing a net increase of 37 Associates and Companions and 4 Knights, making a present total of 241 (*i.e.*, 23 Knights, and 218 Associates and Companions) all pledged to the King's service, and ever striving to give help and encouragement in His Name.

"In Adelaide the four Tables have combined in work for the Creche, the Free Kindergarten, the Children's Hospital and a Home for weak-minded children; large parcels of toys, sweets, etc., being sent to the latter for the Christmas Tree last year, while a Concert was organised to raise funds on behalf of the three former Institutions. Assistance has also been given to the local T. S. Lodge, in securing funds for its new building, and since the outbreak of the war in Europe much work has been done for the Red Cross Society.

"In Brisbane the six Tables in unison have continued to support a Cot at the Sanatorium for sick children; and have also given a most successful dramatic entertainment in which all the items were rendered by members of the Order. The net receipts amounted to £12 12s. 0d., which sum has been made the nucleus of a fund for the Annie Besant Children's Library, to be established in honour of our revered Protector's birthday in connection with a children's public playground, now being formed; a further sum of £7 10s. 0d., has also been collected

towards the cost of erecting a library building. One table continues also to assist the Society for Protection from Cruelty, again donating two prizes for the best essays on that subject, and assisting in the collection of funds. Another continues with Braille work, having, with the assistance of a friend, supplied the Blind Institution with copies of *At the Feet of the Master* and *To Those who Mourn*, besides distributing many of these pamphlets. A third Table has made many garments for friendless old ladies, while a fourth, besides distributing many copies of *To Those who Mourn* has especially assisted in the work of the Creche, the Free Kindergarten, and the local T. S. Lodge.

"In Perth the two Tables assisted by the Fremantle Table, organised a Christmas Tree, at which gifts and refreshments were provided for 100 poor children, who thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment prepared for them. A box of toys was also sent to the Waifs' Home, together with 12 warm suits of boys' clothing.

"The Fremantle Table has again worked for the T. S. Lodge by cleaning the room, decorating it with flowers, and attending to the library, besides assisting the Perth Tables with a Christmas entertainment for poor children.

"In Melbourne the five Tables continue the beneficent work of sending sick lads to the country, 33 boys having thus been given an average of 25 days' holiday, during the year, at a cost of £60. The Ministering Children's League which passes on many of these lads, as being over nine years of age, and so too old for its Cottage by the Sea, in grateful recognition of the assistance rendered has made a donation of £10, and promises, for the future to donate 10s. for each lad thus passed on to the Order. Several friends and sympathisers also give assistance, as occasion requires.

"In December last, a Christmas Tree and entertainment with gifts and refreshments were again provided for, and greatly enjoyed by, the lads and their friends, to the number of 120 or more, while in commemoration of our beloved Protector's birthday, a fine set of book-shelves and dozens of little articles of clothing (all the work of our members' own hands) were presented in her name to the Free Kindergarten and Creche. One Table has also provided one poor child with all necessary clothing for the year. Another has devoted

most of its time and energy to the support of the Blue Bird Club, which concerns itself chiefly with the welfare of girls and women employed in business, and of which the membership has risen to 140, partly as a result of many favourable notices of its work in the press. A third Table has taken up Braille writing, and is engaged in supplying the Blind Institution with copies of *At the Feet of the Master* and *Theosophy* (The Peoples' Books series).

"In Sydney the three Tables have paid special attention to Theosophical and kindred activities, having donated £10, to *The Herald of the Star* besides helping in the work of the Order of the Star in the East, doing clerical work for the Sydney T. S. Lodge, and making themselves generally useful at meetings and lectures. One Table has also continued to clothe a child at the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

"Taking advantage last Easter of the Annual Convention of the Australian Section of the T. S. being held in Hobart, Tasmania, an endeavour was made to interest some of the Tasmanian delegates in the work of the Round Table, with the result that 5 Companions were formally initiated into the Order, leading to the recent formation of a Table of 6 companions and Associates in Launceston, with a nucleus of 3 members in Hobart, meeting together regularly once a month.

"After a little correspondence a Table of 6 Companions and Associates has also just been formed in Murwillumbah, New South Wales, this being the first Table to be established in a country district, quite away from the large centres of population. The first issue of a Round Table Year-Book has met with a very cordial reception at the hands of members generally, and has also received words of high praise from some who are quite outside the Order, but who appreciate the value of its altruistic work. The artistic appearance of the Year-Book, together with the inspiring nature of its contents, reflects great credit on all those responsible for its production.

"We rejoice at the signs of the ever-widening influence of the high and noble ideals of our Order, and give heartiest greetings to all our fellow Knights, Companions and Associates, throughout the World, hoping that we may, one and all, prove worthy of our place in the King's service."

## HOSPITAL WORK IN FRANCE

THE Red Cross Work started by the British General Secretary and some English F.T.S. has increased and developed in the most astonishing manner, with the result that no less than four hospitals are now in full working order, to say nothing of help that has been given to other hospitals not directly connected with the Haden Guest organisation. Paris, Limoges, Nevers and Calais are the four French towns which have been supplied with a hospital unit. Of the *Ambulance* at the Hotel Majestic in Paris, something has already been said in these pages—here the wounded soldiers are cared for in large airy rooms, which in times of peace form the restaurants of one of the finest hotels in Paris. But at Limoges the party of doctors and nurses who went there early in October did not find preparations all ready made for them; on the contrary they had to set to work and do some days of hard scrubbing before the rooms in a museum destined for the reception of "*les blesses*" were considered fit to use. Personal comforts, the luxury of baths or even of hot water, had to be dispensed with until things were got into order, but the brave little band of pioneers (among whom were some half-dozen English F.T.S.) worked night and day, and before long they were sufficiently prepared to be able to receive the eighty patients who were offered to them. They have two hundred beds, and at the time of writing they are filling up fast.

Nevers was the next Hospital set on foot, and here the preliminary work was done, under Dr. Armstrong Smith's guidance, by a French F.T.S., Mlle. Senard, who displayed a perfect genius for organisation, and who with four or five fellow workers has converted a new *Atelier* belonging to the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway Company into a nice hospital with upwards of one hundred beds. The enthusiasm of the workers seems to have infected the whole neighbourhood, so

that all Nevers is willing and proud to lend a hand in furthering the hospital, and the General of the District has expressed his very cordial approval of the undertaking.

An amusing little incident which occurred during the house-furnishing gives one some idea both of the friendliness of the neighbourhood and the resourcefulness of the workers. Chairs were required—a large quantity for a hospital of a hundred beds. Where were they to come from? It seemed waste of money to our friends to buy them, so some one proposed that two of the party should make a visiting tour round the town, and ask each of the good townsfolk to provide one chair for the hospital to be started in their midst. The idea caught on, and soon afterwards an English lady was to be seen driving through Nevers an old cart-horse and wagon in which were piled up chairs of all sorts and sizes for the use of the *Hopital Militaire Anglais*.

The workers at Nevers live in three little cottages which surround the hospital, where vegetarians and non-vegetarians can be catered for, as they prefer. One circumstance more we must mention, for of this our Nevers friends are very proud—thanks to the kindly help and co-operation of the Railway Company the trucks conveying the wounded will be run right up to the door of the Hospital, and thus the extra pain and fatigue of conveyance from the station to the Hospital will be avoided.

The other Hospital which owes its existence to the initiative and despatch of the English General Secretary is one at Calais. Inquiries had led to the discovery that help for the wounded was badly needed in this seaport, and funds to the amount of £14,000 being provided at this moment by the "Baltic and Corn Exchange" in London, it was decided to despatch a unit there immediately. On a certain Saturday in October the urgent need of Calais was made known, and within forty-eight hours, forty nurses, five surgeons, two ambulances and two motor-cars were—with the friendly co-operation of the War Office—landed in the place. The situation was saved! And Lord Knutsford, who made a visit of inspection, wrote to *The Times* that the arrangements were "amazingly perfect".

Readers of THE THEOSOPHIST may like to know what is the official position of the Hospitals which are being run by the Haden Guest Hospital Fund. Dr. Guest himself has been appointed by the British Red Cross Society as *Commissioner* and a member of the Anglo-French Committee mentioned in the following extract from *The Times*.

#### ANGLO-FRENCH HOSPITALS

"A Committee has been formed to co-ordinate the many offers of British help to the French sick and wounded. It will deal with the establishment of Anglo-French Hospitals under the British Red Cross Society and S. John Ambulance Association. Each hospital, as mobilised, will be established at such place as the French Minister of War may designate. The scheme has been submitted to the French Ambassador, who has signified his approval and expressed his thanks.

The committee will consist of:

The Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P. (Chairman, Joint Committee, British Red Cross Society and S. John Ambulance.)

The Rt. Hon. Sir Claude Macdonald, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.  
Sir Henry Norman, M.P.

Dr. Guest.

Dr. Wm. Butler (Deputy-Medical Officer of Health L.C.C.)

The Medical Department of the War Office has approved the scheme, and all offers of personal help to the French wounded should be addressed to the French Hospital Committee, 83 Pall Mall, London, S.W."

The above-mentioned Committee has since been enlarged, and now counts among its members two British Ambassadors (recalled because of the War) the wife of a well-known Statesman and Philanthropist—appointed by Queen Mary, and other prominent members of English Society.

As regards our Commissioner's position in France, we need only say that during an interview with the French Minister of War, at Bordeaux, Dr. Guest was given what one might perhaps term a "roving Commission" to inspect several of the

famous *chateaux* and colleges in different parts of France with a view to ascertaining their suitability as hospitals for wounded soldiers.

One very interesting feature of all this is that it may lead to a much greater co-ordination of efforts, made for the relief of suffering and the amelioration of conditions, by many different Societies in France and England. Who knows if we may not within a few months see instead of a "French Red Cross," and a "British Red Cross," and a "S. John's Ambulance," and a "*Secours des Blessés*," and all the countless organisations that exist in each country for the relief of our wounded soldiers—one great International Society in which distinctions of nationality are merged in the united effort to help and tend all the sufferers in the allied armies?

Do some of us dream yet bigger things? Do we dream of a time when our present "enemies" shall work also with us to provide relief for their men wounded in our country, and for soldiers of the allied armies who may be wounded in Germany or Austria? Is such a thing impossible? To the Theosophist surely not; for to him all men are brothers, however much the action of the time may set them against each other on the outer planes; and when the horrors of warfare have brought our enemies wounded to our doors, what thought can we have, but that here is a suffering tortured body through which a brother man calls out to us for aid?

VOL. XXXVI

No. 5

# THE THEOSOPHIST

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

VERY awful is the terrible struggle now waging over Europe and extending into Asia and Africa—three continents being stained with human blood. The fearful toll of the best and bravest youth of the Nations, of men also in the prime of vigorous manhood, makes one look forward to the days when the War will be over, and when millions of men, who should have been fathers, will have passed away from our earth. Who will man the factories, and till the earth, and carry on the commerce of the Nations? It seems as though the ranks of men from 20 to 50 will be desperately thinned.

\* \*

It is a heavy price to pay, and yet well paid. Comparing the France of 1870 with the France of to-day, how vast is the difference. Nothing more steadfastly heroic, more enduring, more self-controlled, has ever been seen than the soldiers of France. They have always been gallant fighters, full of dash and brilliance, but now they seem to have added British doggedness and patience to their own splendid qualities. Even the cruelties of the Germans, perpetrated on their

helpless countrymen and countrywomen, have not goaded them into unwisdom. And how brave and capable are the women, taking their share of the trouble and the danger, and slipping quietly along the trenches with coffee and fruit for the wearied troops, bright and gay as the Frenchwoman always is. France has regained her old idealism, and therein lies her strength. She has redeemed her deep plunge into materialism by the splendour of her resurrection, a resurrection in which Theosophy has played so brilliant a part. She has chosen sacrifice and suffering, the devastation of her lands and the murdering of her patient and laborious peasantry, rather than make terms with the Power which symbolises to-day all that is most opposed to Right, to Justice, and to Liberty. Cast into the furnace of agony, she comes out pure gold.

\* \* \*

The T. S. in England and Wales continues to do very well in the aid rendered to those suffering from distress caused by the War. Mr. and Mrs. Whyte are back from their ambulance work, with much new experience for growth in knowledge and usefulness. A pleasant Christmas gift of sweets to the Indian soldiers was sent out with a card attached to each packet, £83 having been collected for the purpose by Miss Hall of Cheltenham. Birmingham has been sending out mufflers, warm head-gear and socks—always socks, of which an illimitable supply is needed. Folkestone has usefully turned its Lodge into a club for Non-Commissioned Officers, and is giving them free tuition in French, ready for the front; and there is also constituted a Bureau for placing Belgian refugees. A Folkestone member has a large club for Belgian women

and children, and a playroom for the latter, with rocking-horses and toys: it was touching, a letter says, to see the joy of the children on S. Nicolas Day to find that S. Nicolas came over to England to look after them. Efforts are being made to teach the women to make some of the things hitherto obtained from Germany, such as dolls. With an admirably prompt initiative, a Maternity Home was opened at once on the arrival of the refugees, a house taken and furnished in *pro* uay—on October 9th-10th—and the first baby was born that evening. Soon four houses had been taken, and all are full. How intense must have been the relief and gratitude of these exiled women in their sorest need, to find opened for them a literal home of refuge, out of the cold misery of steamer and street. Some thirty babes were born there up to the first ten days of December, and all were healthy and strong, save one still-born child. Now the Belgian Relief Committee have taken the Homes over, and they fit into the general scheme. The Lodge has temporarily lost many of its members, military men called either to special work, or gone to the front. One of the latter, Captain I. E. S. Woodman, was mentioned in Sir John French's dispatch of October 8th, and has been given the D.S.O. for leading a gallant attack and then defending the post captured. He wrote to the Lodge for THE THEOSOPHIST and *Vahan*, and for any reports of lectures, to fill up the weary moments of waiting in the trenches.

\* \* \*

As another line of usefulness comes the Brotherhood of Arts, Crafts and Industries, which is trying to help the many artists thrown out of work by the War. It has formed a strong War Service Committee,

with the double object of helping the artists who are thrown out of employment, and also of lightening the depression which is apt to spread over the poorer people, under the tension of anxiety and the loss of their bread-winners. The Committee says:

A scheme has been inaugurated to arrange first-rate entertainments at various centres in poor districts in London and the provinces. It is universally agreed that the best music, when performed by the best artists, is warmly appreciated in such districts. As it is proposed to add to judiciously selected musical programmes, traditional and other story-telling, Folk-singing and dancing, and other forms of national recreation, the War Service Entertainments should prove very attractive.

Some of the leading artists in London are helping, as is Mr. G. B. Havell, while Mr. George Lansbury is eager to carry music and brightness to the very poor, among whom he is ever working. Concerts are arranged at Bow, Bromley, Canning Town, City Road—in the dreary grey places where the workers of the great city live.

\* \*

A cable comes to tell of the opening of the Theosophical School in Letchworth Garden City—a quiet piece of work for the future in the midst of the War turmoil. Miss Hope Rea and Mrs. Sidney Ransom are there the heart of the movement, the first offshoot of the Theosophical Educational Trust outside India, though we have a fine piece of land in the south of England, where a school may one day be built. Two of our Girls' Schools here, one at Kumbhakonam and one at Madura, are going forward very well; Miss Parsons, who has been an Inspector under the Education Department here and is now pensioned, has taken charge of the first named; and Miss Kühr, also a pensioned head mistress, goes shortly to the second. We are fortunate in having

such competent trained workers, who are also good and devoted Theosophists.

\* \* \*

I see that the Americans are going to hold their Panama Exposition this year, although few visitors are likely to go thither from the storm-swept countries of Europe. All our plans for a strong Asian contingent are shattered, for people have neither the money nor the will to travel. All thoughts are full of the War, and matters that do not bear on it win scant attention. For verily the lands are cast into the melting-pot, and none knows what may be the outpouring. Until the struggle is over, the tension is too great to turn to the ordinary affairs of life. The United States, in her safe distance from the storm of battle, may go on her peaceful way, holding Exhibitions and the like, while her sister Nations are writhing in the agony of struggle. One cannot but wonder if this isolation be not somewhat selfish, somewhat harshly indifferent, a lotus-eating in a garden of peace, while the battle storms and shrieks on the other side of the wall. How will her quiescence work on her future status among the Nations?

\* \* \*

There are some voices heard, we learn from *Current Opinion*, on the far side of the Atlantic, which are sounding a doubtful note. Says the author, John Jay Chapman:

Is the United States, after signing treaties with Germany which were to protect the rights of small nations, going to stand aside while the small nations are eaten up? We so stand to-day. Bombs thrown upon innocent women and children in Antwerp do not move us from our position of dignified neutrality. The destruction of Louvain does not move us. The violation of the treaties signed by the Germans at The Hague with us does not move us. I say, then, may God raise up

some other neutral nation that will protest in a manly way against these things. It is not size that counts, but courage.

\* \*

William Gardner Hale, LL.D., speaks equally strongly; the United States has declared with 43 other States, that "the territory of neutral Powers is inviolable".

When, then, Germany broke the law, her act did not concern England, France, Belgium and herself alone, it concerned us. It was not merely a shameful act toward a brave but weak State, it was an offence to us. And we learned by it that Germany considered not merely her treaty with England, Belgium and France a "scrap of paper," in the illuminating words of her Chancellor, but a treaty made between us and her, with other Powers, merely another scrap of paper. . . . This is no small quarrel, the fate of the world hangs upon it. That which we should some day do, we should do now—should have done already.

\* \*

Theodore Roosevelt takes up a similar parable:

It is quite indefensible to make agreements and not live up to them. The climax of absurdity is for any administration to do what the present administration during the past three months has done. Mr. Wilson's administration has shirked the duty plainly imposed on it by the obligations of the conventions already entered into; and at the same time it has sought to obtain cheap credit by entering into a couple of score of new treaties infinitely more drastic than the old ones, and quite impossible of honest fulfilment.

When the Belgian people complained of violations of the Hague Tribunal, it was a mockery, it was a timid and unworthy abandonment of duty on our part, for President Wilson to refer them back to the Hague Court, when he knew that the Hague Court was less than a shadow, unless the United States by doing its clear duty gave the Hague Court some substance. . . . The extent to which the action should go may properly be a subject for discussion. But that there should be some action is beyond discussion; unless, indeed, we ourselves are content to take the view that treaties, conventions, and international engagements and agreements of all kinds are to be treated by us and by everybody else as what they have been authoritatively declared to be, "scraps of paper," the writing on which is intended for no better purpose than temporarily to amuse the feeble-minded.

The States are practically consenting to the fatal doctrine that treaties have no binding force when they

become inconvenient. The peace of the world, if that doctrine be accepted, will thenceforth have no defence, and neutrality will be a meaningless word.

\* \*

Some, however, take the other side. President Butler, of the Columbia University, prides himself on the fact that the warring Nations wish to gain the good opinion of the United States. He says:

They can have been induced by nothing save their conviction that we are the possessors of sound political ideals and a great moral force. In other words, they do not want us to fight for them, but they do want us to approve of them. They want us to pass judgment upon the humanity and the legality of their acts, because they feel that our judgment will be the judgment of history. . . .

As a nation we have kept our word when sorely tempted to break it. We made Cuba independent, we have not exploited the Philippines, we have stood by our word as to Panama Canal tolls. In consequence we are the first moral power in the world to-day.

Germany's wish for the good opinion of the States had far more to do with copper than with morality, we fancy. *The New York World* thinks that the United States will play a dazzling part by becoming an arbiter:

As a nation we never were in a situation where our policy was more easy, more obvious, more honorable or more brilliant.

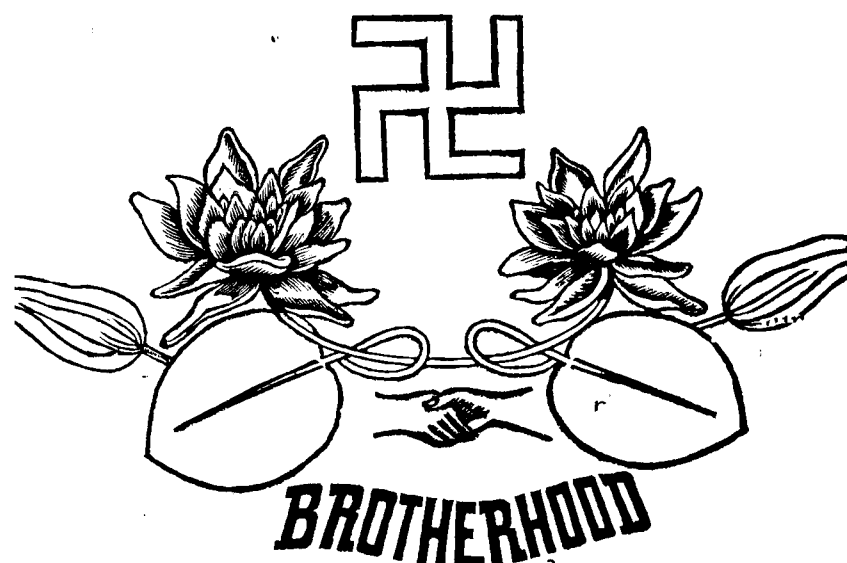
The war situation looks less and less like a decisive victory on either side; more and more like a military dead-lock, which could only be terminated by the utter financial and industrial prostration of one side or the other. But a war fought out to such a conclusion would be little less disastrous to the winners than to the losers. Such a situation, the fear of such a termination, tend peculiarly to the triumph of American mediation. But the essential requisite of a mediator is neutrality. Neither side will subject itself to the offices of a nation which has put itself on record as hostile.

Our nation is blessed with the almost unbelievable opportunity of acting, when the time is ripe, as arbiter of peace for a world at war, of winning the dazzling predominance and prestige which such an achievement would carry with it.

It is difficult to see where the dazzle comes in. The policy seems more selfish than noble. And is it likely that the proud countries of Europe will admit as counsellor a Nation which looks on at their fearful struggle with folded arms? Why should a land that bore no part of the agony, presume to speak when the clash of swords is over? Will it not be treated with disregard, as are the pleadings of the Pope? The war-stained Powers will hardly feel friendly when America steps in, calm and spotless, to adjudge the spoil of War.

\* \* \*

Has not one of her own poets declared that, from time to time, there comes to Nations, as to men, the great Day of Decision, when the stupendous choice has to be made that shapes the life for many days to come? Such a choice is before the Nations now, when Right and Wrong are battling for the mastery, and when the future of the world is hanging in the balance. To declare now for the binding force of treaties, for the safety of small Nations, for public honour, for humanity to non-combatants, for liberty of development—this is to be champion of civilisation against barbarism, to take part in the preparation for the higher Social Order that shall replace the era now setting in blood. Into this Order Asia is stepping, side by side with Europe, in the persons of India and Japan. Shall the great Republic of the West stand aside, and only step in to arbitrate when victory is declared on the side of Right? No arbitration will then be necessary, for arbitration is between parties neither of whom is victorious, neither of whom is definitely conquered. And in this struggle, the Allies have declared that they will not hold their hands, until the menace of German militarism is destroyed.



NIETZSCHE

By M. MATTHEWS

NOW that Nietzsche is being so much discussed, some thinking that his influence on German thought has been one of the main causes leading to the War, it may be as well to inquire into this assertion, to find what really were his views—the position he occupies in the world of thought.

In my own opinion he was one of the most clear-sighted thinkers of the day. He was indeed iconoclastic; "I am not a man, I am dynamite," he said; but his life-work was to help to free the soul from illusions, and illuminate humanity. Even if one does not agree with him, he is certainly a stimulus to clear thinking, and a tonic against mere flabby sentimentality. He was the great critic of moral values, wishing us to look into the

foundation of our beliefs, to re-value everything. He was opposed to all absolutism, not believing in a world of fixed, eternal truths—"truth is not to be discovered but created," he says. To him there was only the Ever-Becoming, and concepts such as Truth, Beauty, the Good, were only valuable to him as ideals by means of which the world will attain to greater heights—the great World-Will showing forth as the Will to Power.

He was the great opponent of an absolute morality, of a moral code given once for all to humanity by divine authority. He did not believe in an absolute Good or Evil; but only in good and bad in regard to particular ends. "Only he who knoweth whither he saileth knoweth which is his fair wind and which is his foul wind"—conventional morality to him being that which best suits the community that invents it; but what is thought harmful at one time often becomes helpful later on, the criminal now becoming the saviour of a future, wiser stage. These are some of his aphorisms relating to good and evil:

What is good? All that increases the feeling of power, will to power, power itself, in man.

What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness.

That *your* self be in your action as a mother is in the child, that shall be for me *your* word of virtue.

What is done from love is always done "beyond good and evil".

Nothing prohibited—except weakness.

Christianity he repudiated as tending to cultivate all that is mediocre, as leading to weakness, division in the nature, the sense of sin, weariness of life. He thought the Christian ideal did not make for the higher type of man, being opposed to fulness of life, to aristocratic morality, which is characterised by the desire to

pour out life, prodigality, ecstasy, gaiety, spontaneity. He wished to protest against the laborious heaviness of many good people. "What is good is easy; everything divine runs with light feet," he says. He seemed to think that Christians had misunderstood the teaching of Jesus, who had said he came to bring life and bring it more abundantly; but Christianity came to exalt the suffering rather than the joyful Christ, holding up ideals contrary to Life, and so, he thought, became a hindrance to man's development.

But he had before him always the ideal of human evolution. The conventional, what he called slave, morality was for the herd, but for the more enlightened souls a higher path. He considered that by developing the powers within one, by cultivating one's own individuality, one was doing better in the long run for human development than by mere "altruism". He says: "Let us not think so much of punishing, blaming or improving people. Let us endeavour rather that our influence over the future be greater than theirs." He had before him the mystic vision of the Superman, a stage of evolution beyond the human, which we should strive to bring about. In his *Zarathustra* he speaks of the three metamorphoses of the Spirit, the camel, the lion, and the child—the Superman corresponding to the last, the divine stage. He says that:

Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the Superman—a rope over an abyss. A dangerous crossing, a dangerous wayfaring, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous trembling and halting.

Intellectual honesty and moral courage  
Nietzsche's strong points, and he laid great stress  
fidelity, endurance, hardness to oneself, self-discipline  
"He who cannot command himself shall obey"

was a philosophy of strength and courage. In his *Will to Power* he says:

It is no small advantage to have a hundred swords of Damocles hanging over one; that way one learns to dance, and so one achieves freedom of movement.

And this brings one to his views on war. Nietzsche seemed to think that war was only a remedy for purifying the State when nations were growing weak, clinging to life and unable to sacrifice it—when the Money-Ideal was too prominent. A characteristic utterance of his on the subject is:

Against the deviation of the State-Ideal into a Money-Ideal . . . the only remedy is war, and once again war, in the emotions of which this at least becomes obvious, that the State is not founded upon the fear of the war demon as a protective institution for egoistic individuals, but that in love to fatherland and prince it produces an ethical impulse indicative of a much higher destiny!

But mean war for acquiring territory he would never have upheld. He was of Polish descent, and had not the slightest sympathy with German ideals, even saying that "wherever Germany spreads, she ruins culture". He hated narrow national ideals, being cosmopolitan, calling himself and all large-minded souls good "Europeans". His remarks on a "United Europe" which he advocated, are very instructive. I quote some passages:

This ridiculous condition of Europe must not last any longer. Is there a single idea behind this bovine nationalism? What positive value can there be in encouraging this arrogant conceit when everything to-day points to greater and more noninterests?—at a moment when the spiritual dependence typenationalisation, which are obvious to all, are paving the way for the reciprocal rapprochements and fertilisations make up the real value and sense of present-day culture. The economic unity of Europe must come.

Owing to the morbid estrangement which the nationality-craze has induced and still induces among the nations of Europe, owing also to the short-sighted and hasty-handed politicians who, with the help of this craze, are at present in power, and do not suspect to what extent the disintegrating policy they pursue must necessarily be only an interlude policy—owing to all this, and much else that is altogether unmentionable at present, the most unmistakable signs that Europe wishes to be one are now overlooked or arbitrarily and falsely misinterpreted.

It seems to me that Nietzsche has been misunderstood, his teaching having been taken in a material way by many, instead of spiritually. He appears to me to have been a warrior of the intellect, championing a higher wisdom than the ordinary man knows of; and the struggles of his ardent, sensitive Spirit against the stupidities of this most imperfect world finally wore him out, causing that highly-strung brain to lose its balance, the end being darkness and tragedy—but not before he had accomplished a vast amount in order to liberate the soul of man.

M. Matthews

## APPERCEPTION IN EDUCATION

By SYED MAHOMED HAFIZ, B.A., L.T.

*Theosophical School, Cawnpore*

Then if I am right, certain professors of education must be wrong when they say that they can put a knowledge into the soul which was not there before, like sight into blind eyes, . . . . . whereas, our agreement shows that the power and capacity of learning are existing in the soul already; and just as the eye was unable to turn from darkness to light without the whole body, so too the instrument of knowledge can only by the movement of the whole soul be turned from the world of becoming into that of being, and learn by degrees to endure the sight of being and of the brightest and best of being or of the good. . . . And must there not be some art which will effect conversion in the easiest and quickest manner, not implanting the faculty of sight, which exists already?

THUS spoke the great philosopher-educationist of the Greeks in the fourth century B. C. These words are so pregnant with meaning and are the outcome of so true an insight into the workings of the human mind that pedagogues, after the lapse of about 2,400 years, cannot but re-echo the same. In the phraseology of modern psychology, this teaching of Plato may be summed up as follows: Every mental act complete in itself, though seemingly an isolated entity, is in reality only a portion, and not infrequently an exceedingly small portion, of a large scheme of mental contents; and the aim of the teacher ought to be to guide this natural linking of the new acquisitions to the old accumulations in the right direction. Let us first describe and

illustrate this psychological process and then turn to its pedagogical application.

The process is known to the psychologist as "apperception"—a term, by the way, introduced by Herbart. This term, like so many other philosophical terms has had very different meanings in the history of philosophy. "Conception," "thought" and "interpretation" have one after another been proposed as its synonyms. But it is not in any of these senses that it is taken here. G. H. Lewis' term "assimilation" seems to be the best substitute. "Apperceiving mass" stands for the learner's entire psychostatical life—his character, habits, and stock of ideas—the sum total of all that is already in the mind; and the in-coming ideas and sensations are said to be apperceived by these masses. It is almost obvious that the scope of apperception is as wide as that of consciousness itself. It comprehends the domains of cognition, feeling, and volition alike. Every one of us carries with him a permanent group of ideas and volitions, passions and prejudices, opinions and views, likes and dislikes, that relate to his own interests. And his profession or calling can be at once discovered by putting to him any question that would elicit from him his most intimate interests of life. Professor Steinhall narrates an anecdote that illustrates this. A gentleman travelling in a railway carriage undertook to tell his fellow passengers—five in number—their pursuits, if they only answered an entirely disconnected question. He gave each of them the following question on separate pieces of paper: "What being destroys what it has itself brought forth?" All of them gave him different answers, namely: "Vital force"; "War"; "Kosmos"; "Revolution"; and "Boar". Therefore he

turned to them and said to the first: "You are a scientist"; to the second: "You are a soldier"; to the third: "You are a philologist"; to the fourth: "You are a politician"; and to the fifth: "You are a farmer".

The point is this that every one gave out in his answer the first thing that occurred to him—that most closely related to him. This amusing anecdote clearly illustrates that every one of us has his own group of ideas about things in general, and that the mental content of every one of us, peculiar to him alone, and different from that of others, consists of masses or circles of knowledge through which we perceive every new object. In fact all processes of perception are essentially the processes of apperception; whenever we are said to perceive any thing we really apperceive it. The perception of a thing, say a book, when analysed is found to be nothing more than a process between the image of the present book before our eyes on the one hand, and those fused images and ideas of all the other books that we have previously seen—an assimilation, that is, of two factors of which one existed before the process and was a familiar possession of the mind (the cluster of ideas or concept), while the other has just begun to be presented to the mind and is the immediately supervening factor (the sense-impression); the former assimilates the latter, the latter is assimilated by the former. Out of this assimilation, combination, or fusion arises an apperception-product, which is the actual perception—the knowledge of the present sensed object as a book. The earlier factor is thus seen in relation to the later, active and *a priori*; the supervening factor is passive and *a posteriori*. And at last we may define apperception with Professor

Steinhall, as the movement of two masses of consciousness against each other so as to produce a cognition.

These remarks, however, are not to be taken to imply that apperceiving systems are separate, independent entities capable in themselves of existing, of apperceiving others and of being apperceived by others. To admit this is to acknowledge a disintegration of the unity of the individual mind, for which there is not the slightest warrant. Doubtless, a system of knowledge incorporates into itself new ideas every moment, but this it does not do in virtue of its own spontaneous activity or any auto-genetic power, but solely because the learner, the mind as a whole, the subject, takes in the concordant fact and puts it into its place in the system.

True, in every conscious entity we seem to be moved only by the present stimulus, the immediate object, and every other consideration seems to be excluded, but this is in fact a sort of delusion. We are constantly being driven to conscious activity by the comprehensive scheme of our entire mentality, which again, in its ultimate analysis, is nothing but an elaboration of the primordial instincts of self-preservation and reproduction. A tradesman is haggling with his customer over a petty bargain; a lover is scheming to meet his *fiancée*; a pensioner is consulting a railway time-table to reach the town where he gets his pension; a girl is rejoicing to have an opportunity of nursing her sister's baby. In all these cases our conscious activities seem to be aroused by the immediate volitions which alone are vividly present and which have eclipsed for the time being all other contents of consciousness. Yet we need not be a great psychologist to discover that the ultimate

motive of all these actions is to be traced back to the fear of want in the case of the tradesman and the pensioner, and to the craving for paternity and maternity in the remaining two cases. The ultimate motive—the primordial instincts of self-conservation and reproduction—though not in the focus of the present consciousness, is nevertheless the only potent and effective agency operating through the entire scheme of one's mentality.

Enough has been said on the psychological description and analysis of the process of apperception, now let us turn to its pedagogical significance.

We have seen above that all knowledge is knowledge apperceived. Keeping this in view it is hardly reasonable to insist that the teacher ought to be careful of the apperceiving link with the knowledge of his pupils. When everything does depend upon the ways of apperception and it is an impossibility to proceed otherwise, it seems singular to indulge in such commonplace maxims. The real thing is the right guidance of apperception. It is not only possible, but actually happens in the vast majority of cases, that knowledge may be acquired without educating the mind. Things are very often apperceived in such a way as does not enlarge the mind nor deepen the insight. The only important demand is therefore the right guidance of apperception. Accordingly the following pedagogical maxims are added that may perhaps be of some use to teachers.

1. *The first point of importance in this connection for the teacher is to see that the apperceptive processes of the learner should, as far as possible, be of such a nature as demand the latter's own effort and seeking.*

If a child is allowed to remain content with what he is told, a habit of mental indolence is sure to be formed, and he will never be able to find out new apperceptions for himself. If on the contrary, he is so guided as to be able to discover apperceptive relations, he will add to his mental equipment and enlarge his intellectual horizon, which after all is the chief aim of education.

2. *Pupils should be so guided in the discovery of apperceptive relations as to ensure the minimum of disturbance to the apperceiving mass.*

Every knowledge apperceived is *ex hypothesi* a new knowledge, but the degree of novelty should not be over much, or else it would be a painful experience for the learner. And once the idea of pain is associated with the acquisition of knowledge, a novice is sure to be discouraged and this is fatal to any advance or progress. Knowledge gained through the learner's own pleasure has a sort of spontaneity about it, which every knowledge derived otherwise lacks.

3. *To prepare the learner's mind to receive new experiences under their proper head is another point for the teacher to note.*

"Every new experience," says Professor James, "must be disposed of under some old head. The great point is to find the head which has to be least altered to take it in. Certain Polynesian natives, seeing horses for the first time called them pigs, that being the nearest head . . . . . Hardly any one of us can make new heads easily when fresh experiences come. Most of us grow more and more enslaved to the stock concepts with which we have once become familiar, and less and less capable of assimilating

impressions in any but the old ways. Old-fogeyism is, in short, the inevitable terminus to which life sweeps us on." The educator cannot pay too much attention to the counteracting of this insidious malady.

4. Teachers should avoid the imparting of instruction that is too recondite, or beyond the comprehension of their pupils. If the instruction given is beyond the mental capacity of the learner, that is to say, if he has no apperceiving mass to meet it with, it would be simply wasted. Endless though the number of stimuli being forced on the doors of our senses may be, they will not be absorbed at all, unless they have already something in the mind to be linked with. Hence also the wisdom of always proceeding from the direct to the indirect, from the simple to the complex and from the known to the unknown.

5. *Last, but not least, is the teacher's capacity to correct and improve upon the children's peculiar deficiencies or defects in every particular case.*

Experimental psychology has amply demonstrated that every class of school students may be classified into four types of apperceptual mentality. The first type repeats only what has been perceived. It refers to the objective analysis and may be called the *descriptive analytic* type. The second one interprets the apperceived situation by uniting, as far as possible, the parts into a whole process. It may be called the *synthetic or connecting* type. The third one leaves what is perceived and turns to stored up knowledge. This may be called the *erudite or conceptual* type. People of this class are very good scholars, but lack in observation and are never good scientists. The fourth one interprets the apperceived

material by feelings and emotions. This may be called the *emotional or poetical* type.

Men of this class are highly imaginative but deficient in observation. They project their own subjective feelings into what they see and hear, and colour their own observations by their fantastic additions. The duty of every conscientious teacher is to try to overcome the one-sidedness of these types and to supplement each by the rest, but in no case to force his own apperceptive type on any of his pupils. Natural propensities are to be modified and corrected, but cannot be created anew or annihilated altogether. The significance of these types must be still more potent in the choice of a calling, or a profession, than in a school class, but the scope of the present paper is limited to the application of the doctrine of apperception in schools.

It is earnestly hoped that the above maxims may not be wholly unprofitable to some of those who aspire to the teacher's profession, but have had no chances of acquainting themselves with the workings of the human mind.

Syed Mahomed Hafiz

---

## THE LOVE-FEAST

I listened to the strains of Love Divine ;  
I followed Parsifal through mead and dale ;  
I saw the Cup with crimson Healing glow ;  
I drank the silvery sweetness of the Grail.

I thought I saw a table, spread anew,  
Decked for the Holy Feast with linen white,  
But, though there lacked not of the Sacred Bread,  
Empty the Cup stood before every Knight.

There came to that fair Feast full many a one  
Whose soul I knew through love in ages past ;  
Each took his place, and I among the rest,  
To offer thanks and share in that Repast.

Then wondered I how we should take the Feast  
While empty stood the Cup before us all,  
And, as I wondered, lo ! there came a Voice  
Which did in strong and silvery accents call :

"There was a time," It said, " when ye received  
The Wine of Service from My Sacrifice ;  
Ye are no longer children ; will ye shrink  
With your own life-blood now to pay the price ? "

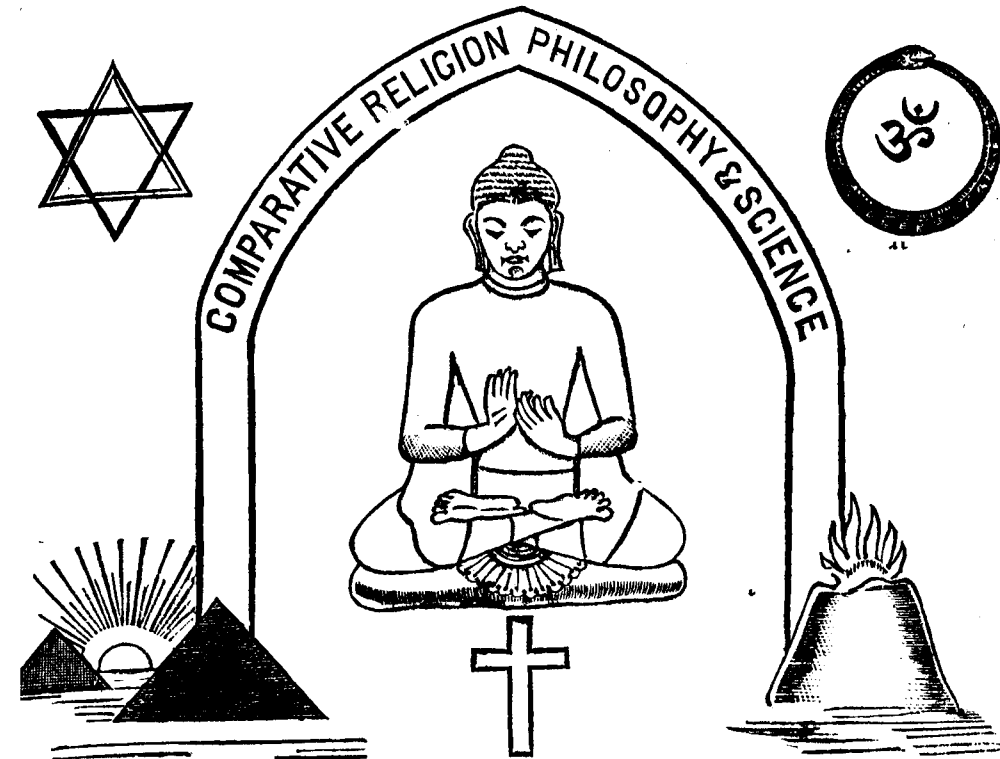
Long silence fell. Then like a zephyr crept  
Soft strains of whispering music thro' the hall ;  
With one accord we rose, and all around  
A silvery dazzling radiance seemed to fall.

With joined hands and souls upraised in Joy  
We vowed a solemn vow, that we would give  
All loves, all powers, all knighthood unto Him,  
And in His Service ever wholly live.

And as that mighty promise left our lips,  
A miracle was wrought before mine eyes ;  
From every Knight there sped a crimson beam,  
And, in the midst—the Holy Grail did rise.

Of iridescent rainbow-texture wrought,  
So radiant was It that my sight grew dim :  
I bowed my head—and lo ! before each Knight  
His sacred Cup lay—sparkling to the brim !

F. GORDON PEARCE



## SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of *The Land of the Yellow Spring,*

*Myths and Legends of Japan, The Persian Mystics, etc.*)

THERE are certain incidents recorded in the Old Testament that make an irresistible appeal to the imagination, and such an incident was the coming of the Queen of Sheba from distant Arabia into Jerusalem to see the far-famed Solomon. Even legend, often so

ingenious in filling up gaps, tells us but little of this Eastern Queen prior to her romantic visit. All we know is that her court was magnificent, and that in her own country, at any rate, she worshipped the sun and moon. Now the sun and moon are all very well as objects of worship, so far as they go; but a Queen is a woman in spite of her royal ceremonials, and when we add to that all the full-blooded romance of the East, it is not surprising to find that Queen Balkis, during the course of her worship, began to wonder if even these luminaries were half as glorious as one by the name of Solomon. The moon waxed and waned. The sun went to rest in the evening; but it seemed from all accounts that Solomon was greater than these. His fame was on the increase. A story that seemed wonderful one day was eclipsed the next by a still more remarkable one. Words of wisdom that appeared to be the climax of human understanding in the morning were wiped out by an utterance in the evening that might have wrung jealousy from the Gods. Queen Balkis probably heard of the Temple Solomon had built to Jehovah and of his famous lion throne of gold and ivory. It may be that some woman of the Court had told her, a child, with great wondering eyes, of the beauty of Solomon, of how he had control over the winds, so that at his command they carried him through the air on his carpet or throne wherever he pleased, or again that the King of Wisdom understood the language of birds and beasts. Then, perhaps, a Court magician may have told the dark Eastern Queen of Solomon's ring inscribed with the mystical Holy Name, a ring that could perform strange wonders. Queen Balkis was no doubt thrilled by all these delightful stories. She would

go and see for herself, and thus satisfy a curiosity that must have grown daily as fresh tidings of Solomon reached her ears. It meant a very lengthy journey; but a woman will take a long journey to appease her curiosity.

When the Queen of Sheba was ready to set out upon her momentous expedition, there was a great gathering of camels loaded with bricks of gold, musk, ambergris, costly balsam, and precious stones, including an undrilled pearl of considerable size and exquisite colour, and onyx drilled with a crooked hole. Legend tells us that she sent in advance of her bright-robed escort a thousand boys and girls. How they must have laughed and sung and chatted as they swung through the great deserts, eagerly awaiting a glimpse of Jerusalem and all its wonders, a peep at a King whose pomp and circumstance were far greater than even the Kings of Tyre and Egypt! Night and day, as the great caravan advanced, the hot air must have been sweetened with the perfumes of Araby. As the Queen of Sheba sat high upon her gorgeously caparisoned camel, it seems within the bounds of reason to infer that her visit was not solely due to curiosity, nor entirely to sound the wisdom of Solomon, nor to see his courts and palaces. There was in her heart, if there is any truth in the multitude of legends about her, a desire to bring that glory to her own small brown feet, a yearning that she might win the heart of Solomon, dearer to her than all his wisdom and wonderful works.

Solomon, in spite of his wisdom, kept a large number of wives and concubines. We are told in *I Kings* that he "loved many strange women, together with the daughter of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites,

Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians, and Hittites". It is not surprising under the circumstances that he should have been considerably impressed with the coming of the Queen of Sheba, and only too ready to shower his royal favours upon her. The biblical account of the incident is extremely brief, judiciously brief perhaps. Quoting again from, *I Kings* we gather that "Solomon gave unto the Queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, beside that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty. So she turned and went to her own country, she and her servants." So brief a record as this was not likely to satisfy Arabic and other romancers, and according to legend the Queen of Sheba's visit culminated in a very pretty love affair; but before turning to this love affair I quote a curious and interesting passage from the *Quran* (xxvii. The Chapter of the Ant): "And it was said to her [the Queen of Sheba], 'Enter the court'; and when she saw it, she reckoned it to be an abyss of water, and she uncovered her legs. Said he, 'Verily, it is a court paved with glass!' Said she, 'My Lord! verily, I have wronged myself, but I am resigned with Solomon to God the Lord of the worlds!'" Flaubert refers to this incident when he makes the Queen of Sheba tempt the much tried S. Anthony.

We find that the Queen of Sheba was shown Solomon's houses and vineyards, gardens and paradises. She gazed in wonder at his pools and fruit trees, at his hosts of slaves, his men-singers and women-singers. She saw Solomon dispensing justice in the pillared hall of cedar; saw the fantastic antics of wrinkled apes, and the resplendent peacocks, as they strutted about the sunlit courts or by the garden fountains. She feasted

with Solomon, and marvelled at all the delicacies he spread before her. Then on one occasion, womanlike, she resolved to test the wisdom of Solomon. Legend has certainly not been at pains to make that test very severe. Solomon showed profound common sense rather than profound wisdom; but then the Queen of Sheba's little examination, beyond being delightfully feminine, may have been easy on account of her desire to obtain the correct answer, and thus add to her ever growing admiration. It is dreadful to catch a wise man napping, especially after one has taken a long journey with the idea of discovering infallibility! The Queen of Sheba dressed a number of boys and girls in precisely the same garb, and desired Solomon to tell her which were boys and which were girls. Such an easy question must have amused the King. He could doubtless have answered her question without going through any paraphernalia; but perhaps remembering that he owed his fair visitor something to make up for the unfortunate glass floor incident, he ordered basins to be brought. The boys at once dipped their hands into the water without hesitation, while the girls demurely turned back their sleeves before attempting an ablution. Thus Solomon easily distinguished between the sexes. Then the Queen of Sheba, always with an eye to the picturesque, asked Solomon to distinguish between bouquets of real and artificial flowers. The King of Wisdom, without moving from his throne, ordered the lattice to be opened, and immediately bees came in and settled upon the real flowers. Once again Solomon solved a pretty, if none too difficult, riddle.

About three years ago M. Hugues le Roux made a very interesting discovery bearing upon the subject of

this article. When the British troops invaded Abyssinia and captured Magdala, they found under the Emperor Theodore's pillow a manuscript copy of the *Keubra Neuguest*, or "The Glory of the King". Theodore's successor, the Emperor John, urgently requested that this manuscript should be returned. His wish was granted, and the manuscript was sent back to Abyssinia with the following remarks: "This volume was returned to the King of Ethiopia by order of the trustees of the British Museum, December 14, 1872.—J. Winter Jones, Principal Librarian." This precious manuscript was carried about by the Emperor John wherever he went, and when he was killed in battle by the Mahdists, it fell into the hands of Menelik.

When M. le Roux was in Abyssinia, it was his good fortune to be escorted by a very learned man, the Tigréen Ato-Hailé-Mariam, who told the Frenchman of the existence of this sacred manuscript. Eventually permission was granted to inspect the work, consisting of sixty-four leaves. M. le Roux and Hailé-Mariam slowly translated this mysterious document, and it yielded, little by little, a literary treasure almost as romantic and beautiful as the Song of Songs itself. M. le Roux has since written an article in *La Revue Hebdomadaire* entitled, "Magda, Queen of Sheba," and it consists of extracts from this Abyssinian manuscript, owned by Kings who claim descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

These extracts revealed the Queen in a poetic and loving mood. She turned her old worship of the sun and moon to honour the glory of Solomon. She exclaimed: "I behold light in the darkness, the pearl in the sea, the morning star in the midst of the constellations,

the moon's ray in the morning." Note that her ecstasy is thoroughly Arabian, while the ecstasy of the beautiful Shulamite woman sought expression in a variety of pastoral references. After a stay of six months, the Queen of Sheba intimated her intention to depart. Solomon, however, would not hear of her going so soon. The Queen consented to remain, after getting her host to pledge that he would not violate her honour. Solomon agreed to this arrangement, but made the Queen promise that she would not touch anything that belonged to him in the palace. The King, however, soon grew tired of such an ascetic proceeding, and one day gave the Queen something that made her extremely thirsty. While in Solomon's room for the purpose of hastily drinking some water, the King sprang upon her, and accused her of having broken her oath. He refused to release her until she also waived aside his own oath. On the Queen's return journey, she gave birth to a son, who was called Bainelekhem, or "the Son of a Wise Man".

When Bainelekhem was twenty-two he set out to see his father. His visit pleased Solomon, who exclaimed: "Behold my father David as he was in the days of his youth. He has risen from the dead and returns to me!" In spite of the fact that Solomon set his son upon a throne by his side, and wished him to reign when he had been gathered to his fathers, Bainelekhem gave a salutary address of a delicate nature, and pointed out that Rehoboam was the legitimate son, and should by law sit upon the throne when Solomon's days were over. Bainelekh had, moreover, promised to return to his mother. And so it came to pass that Israel was divided into two kingdoms. Solomon reigned over the one, and his son Bainelekhem

over the other, under the title of David, King of Ethiopia.

It matters but little if this fascinating story is correct or not. It gives additional colour to the coming of the Queen of Sheba, and certainly tallies with the amorous nature of Solomon. If at the end of his life, in spite of all his magnificence, he exclaimed: "All is vanity," some of us will prefer to remember the time when the blood sang in his veins, when there rang through the East this glorious refrain from the Song of Songs:

For, lo, the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth;  
The time of the singing of birds is come,  
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;  
The fig tree ripeneth her green figs,  
And the vines are in blossom,  
They give forth their fragrance.  
Arise, my love, my fair one,  
And come away.

F. Hadland Davis

## PRAHLĀḌA, THE HERALD OF AN AVATĀR

By P. R. SOONDARARAJA IYER

MOST of the orthodox amongst the Hindūs look askance at some of the views of the leader of the Theosophical Society. The orthodox people are unwilling to believe that this changing world indicates the near appearance on our earth of a great and divinely endowed Leader—a Hero who will be a Leader alike in religion and in all the secular concerns of man. It will not, therefore, be out of place, to turn to the story of Prahlāḍa, the great disciple and saint, who came into the world at a very critical time, on the eve of the appearance of an Avatāra. The story is narrated in many Purāṇas with greater detail in some than others. *Vāyu*, *Narasimha*, *Bṛhannārāḍīya*, *Māṭṣya*, *Viṣṇu* and *Bhāgavata Purāṇas* treat of it.

The narrative of the life-history of this high disciple briefly told is this: In the far off Atlantean days there ruled over a large part of the earth a powerful Black Emperor, by name Hiraṇyakashipu. The name signifies "Golden-robed" in Sanskrit; and it is said that he was a powerful personality and succeeded in appropriating the mysterious forces of nature for his own selfish ends, to the glorification of his lower self. For this purpose he had performed "Tāpas," which here means the pursuit of the darker magic, and acquired

extraordinary powers, such as conferred on their possessors a sort of temporary immortality—ability to extend one's own life over abnormally long periods of time. The paurāṇic accounts declare that he so far succeeded in his nefarious attempts as to gain entire control of the Devas; he seized all their spheres from the mental plane downwards, and enthroning himself in the highest of their dominions, yoked them to the service of the earthly interests of himself and his followers. Firmly established in such a position of worldly power, he easily gained the co-operation of the lesser wills around him, establishing, in the words of *Man: Whence, How and Whither?* "a system of worship with himself as the centre of attraction, huge images of himself being placed in the temples, a worship which was sensuous and riotous, and which attracted and held men through the gratification of their animal passions and by the weird and unholy powers it placed within reach of its adepts". Says the *Maṭsyapurāṇa* of his nearest followers:

They were all adepts, that had attained to great powers; all that had obtained immortality (conquered death).

These and many others waited on the mighty Lord Hiraṇyakasipu—and so on.

This man seems to be none other than the mighty "Oduarpa" of *Man: Whence, How and Whither?* and the time at which the story in the Purāṇas is laid would appear to be when he had made himself master of the "City of the Golden Gate". We find in the Purāṇas a very glowing account of the splendid City, from the door-frames of houses to the fountain-stands all made of gold; the "Svarṇapura of the Daityas" (*Maṭsyapurāṇa*) it is named.

This Emperor of the Dark Face was then reigning in the plenitude of his power and his fancied immortality, and seemed to succeed in wiping out of the land all spirituality. He persecuted every attempt to attain to its purer heights, such as devotion to the Supreme, unselfish Yoga and so on. Thus speaks again the paurāṇic writing of him:

The monster persecuted all pure-minded men, and recluses and ascetics living in hermitages of their own who, devoting themselves to the pursuit of truth, led unselfish and austere lives.

Subduing the Devas in all the three worlds which he brought under his sovereignty, he abode in the highest of their spheres.

At such a time of the world's history, Prahlāda, the hero of our story, came into the world to prepare it for the Advent of the Supreme Lord. The other details of his life are too well known to need recapitulation here.

Prahlāda's story is sung in every Hindū home: how Prahlāda is put to school while quite young and how, being taught the first lessons in the national religious cult of the day—submission to the Black Emperor and worship of his image—he protested against it, condemning it as futile and degenerating, and proclaimed fearlessly the true philosophy and the existence of the true Occultism; how the faithful priests of the King, unable themselves to suppress the spirit of rebellion in the boy, report it to the King, his father, who, after trying all methods of persuasion on his child, devises and inflicts on him various forms of punishment—by fire, sword, drowning, poison and what not—all these events and more as described in the books, in all the rich imagery of the Orient, are known and sung everywhere in India to the delight of all listeners, old and young, learned and otherwise.

the world is allowed to do its best to defeat the Grand Purpose, so that the triumph of the righteous cause may be the greater, the more certain, for it than otherwise. The Divine Hierarchy stands behind every such attempt and allows the fact to be published in the most unique fashion to all the world, which only rejects it as born of a diseased imagination.

Prahlāda addressing his father says as follows, at the final moment when the Lord appeared in all the Majesty of His Power and whom he perceived as such by his inner vision :

O King, in this great Presence I see all the three worlds with Brahmā, the Manu, and minor Rulers of the various stars . . . . . Sanat Kumāra, the Great One, and all the angels, R̥shis, etc.—*Matsya-purāṇa*.

In those ancient times, as now, such words of the seers—the messengers—would not be heeded by the worldly wise.

How strikingly wonderful and full of meaning is this final vision of the disciple Prahlāda, with the great Manu in the forefront and the Lord Sanat Kumāra at the back of the whole picture. To members of the Theosophical Society who are so fortunate as to know something more on the subject than the mere exoteric religionist, how patent seems the fact that the subdual of the Black Influence referred to in the story should have been planned by the Hierarchy whose August Head was seen clairvoyantly by the Disciple. He spake thus to his father in the hope of pointing out to him the futility of further resistance, and the prudence and wisdom of resigning himself at once to the supreme authority.

The books say that the Lord, after destroying the Black Power, placed Prahlāda on the Gaddi of his father,

thereby removing the scourge of the world that the monster was, and restoring the free flow into the visible world of the purifying light of the White Lodge, that had been clouded and obscured for a time; and as though to show the modern student of Theosophy that the hand of the Guardians of humanity was in this matter, as in everything else concerning the inner government of the world, Prahlāda, the new representative of the White Influence, is made to express the following sentiment—an idea that puzzles the modern Vedāntins, and which the Theosophical Society is re-establishing in our midst. Says the *Bhāgavata Purāṇa* :

Ordinarily aspirants seek after the liberation of their own selves and take to forests and retired places and care not for their fellow beings ; I, O Lord, do not thus want to liberate myself, leaving behind these blind and less fortunate brethren of mine, etc.

Thus answers Prahlāda to the suggestion of the Lord that, having worked and suffered so much, he (the disciple, Prahlāda) might go to the Divine Worlds in order to rest in peace.

Here the idea strikes me that this Avatāra, the manifestation named Narasimha, was one of Power, as in these days we are told that the coming manifestation of the Boḍhisattva will be one of Love. Love will predominate and colour the activities of the ensuing appearance ; but in those prehistoric days Power . . . . . self and redeemed the world. And the Lord Manu then came as the Avatāra, as His Mighty Brother, the Lord Maītreya, is said to be coming in the near future. The Light of Theosophy, illuminating the rather cloudy exoteric doctrine of the world's faiths, respecting the manifestation of Avatāras, says clearly that some great Figure of the Divine Hierarchy of Sages

is at the source of every one of such appearances. In support of this idea can be adduced the fact that the Hindū books speak of Prahlāḍa as one of great Power. It is almost pointed out that he belonged to the Department of Power—the Ruling Department. The *Matsya Purāṇa* calls him: “Prahlāḍa, the Heroic soul.”

Now “Vīrya” in Samskr̥t denotes power, heroism. The Black Emperor aimed at supreme power, and was ambitious to place himself at the head of the world’s government. Humanity was then not so far removed from the animal kingdom as at the present stage of evolution. It is therefore reasonable to believe that the black magician of the present day would not try to influence mankind by violence, rough and ready methods of oppression, but rather by acting on the gentler nature of souls, the so-called virtues and subtle weaknesses of men; thus in ancient times power and kindred manifestations appear to have been necessary, and later on other aspects, of course with power also assimilated, transmuted and redeemed. The latest information in our books would seem to confirm and support this opinion. *Man: Whence, How and Whither?* speaking of this final conflict between the powers of darkness and light concludes:

After destroying the forces of the Black Emperor, Vaivasvata Manu purified the city and re-established the rule of the White Emperor, consecrating to the office a trusted servant of the Hierarchy.

May not the Prahlāḍa of the Hindū books have been this trusted servant who succeeded the mighty Oduarpa? If so, the Lord Manu must have been the man-lion, as it is said of Him that “On the Manu’s appearance the human animals, the artificial thought-elementals that formed the bodyguard of the Black Emperor, and were

such a terror to all his opponents in battle, vanished,” and the Manu destroyed all those creations of black magic. Perhaps the Lord of the White Lodge (Manu) appeared as a lion before all those artificial and human animals. Could he not under such circumstances have been called “man lion” by those writers of old, who wrote what they saw on the higher and inner planes, and never hesitated to employ any imagery that would suit their purpose, and who sometimes expressed themselves in allegory.

P. R. Soondararaja Iyer

## SACHAL

### A WAIF OF BATTLE

Lo! at my feet,  
A something pale of hue; a something sad to view;  
Dead or alive I dare not call it sweet.

Not white as snow;  
Not transient as a tear! a warrior left it here,  
It was his passport ere he met the foe.

Here is a name,  
A word upon the book; if ye but kneel to look,  
Ye'll find the letters "Sachal" on the same.

His Land to cherish,  
He died at twenty-seven. There are no wars in Heaven,  
But when he fought he gained the right to perish.

Where was he born?  
In France, at Puy le Dome. A wanderer from his home,  
He found a Fatherland beyond the morn.

'Twas France's plan;  
The cause he did not ask. His life was but a mask,  
And he upraised it, martyred at Sedan.

\* \* \* \*

A land more vast  
Than Europe's kingdoms are—a brighter, nobler star  
Than victory's fearful light—is thine at last.

And shouldst thou meet  
Yon Germans up on high—Thy foes when death was  
nigh—  
Nor thou nor they will sound the soul's retreat.

For all are just,  
Yea, all are patriots there, and thou, O Fils de Pierre!  
Hast found thy marshal's baton in the dust.

\* \* \* \*

Death leads to God.  
Death is the Sword of Fate, Death is the Golden Gate  
That opens up to glory, through the sod.

ERIC MACKAY

("Love Letters of a Violinist." Walter Scott, Ltd., London.)



## THE OCCULTIST AND THE MYSTIC

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

(Concluded from p. 361)

### III

ACCORDING to our formula, then, every movement downwards and outwards through the planes and bodies is, in its essence, an *occult* movement; every movement upwards and inwards is, in its essence, a *mystical* movement. And this is true, whether the particular movement, in question, happens to be one

down from, or up to, the sublimest spiritual heights, or merely one between (let us say) the astral and physical planes. The movement by which a desire materialises itself into action, or a thought generates a desire, is just as "occult," in this sense of the word, as that by which the loftiest spiritual intuition is objectified in the outer world. So, too, the man who wanders off into a "brown study," or who pauses from his work in order to think, is doing something just as "mystical," technically, as the man whose consciousness soars upward right away from earth to the highest heaven. It is the direction alone which determines the character of the movements.

The life of each one of us, then, is made up of the continual, the unceasing, alternation and interplay of these two movements; and in that sense each of us is both an Occultist and a Mystic. But, in the sense in which the words are ordinarily used, we give these names to persons of some degree of spiritual unfoldment, who have specialised on the one movement or the other, to the extent of making it the characteristic, or habitual, movement of their nature. This specialisation, as we have seen, may show itself in a rudimentary fashion long before the man has become either a Mystic or an Occultist, in the ordinary sense of the words. But no matter how slight the inclination of the balance, the first hint of a habitual emphasis on the outgoing rather than the withdrawing impulse, or *vice versa*, is the first indication of the future Occultist or Mystic. For the tendency towards such emphasis is one which grows, and one which the evolving soul will carry with it on its journey towards spiritual levels. It may, of course, be deliberately checked, and the opposite emphasis cultivated; but sooner or later it is probable that every

soul must pass into the one or the other category. We begin to speak of the Occultist and the Mystic, in the more special connotation of the terms, only when this choice has been definitely made and when the selected movement has become the subject of careful and deliberate cultivation. The movement is, moreover, by this time originated from within, as an expression of the innermost nature of the man—no longer a mere response to stimulus from without; and its ultimate goal is now definitely understood and striven after. That goal is, as has been set forth in the preceding pages, the union with that aspect, or mode, of the Divine Being of which the particular movement is the expression in the worlds of manifestation. The Occultist seeks to become one with God immanent—"to act with Him, as He acts": the Mystic seeks after a full and perfect union with God transcendent, the life beyond the worlds.

If the above formula be true, then it is clear that all the distinctive features of the occult and mystic life must somehow be analysable into its terms. The relation of the Occultist and the Mystic to the bodies through which they function, their methods of training and the ideals which they set before themselves, their work, their usefulness, and their general place in the scheme of things, must all flow logically, as necessary deductions, from the simple proposition given a few lines above—namely, that every movement downwards and outwards through the planes and bodies is an occult movement, while every movement inwards and upwards is a mystical movement. This will provide a ready criterion by which, for example, to test: (a) whether a particular activity, quality, or characteristic in human

nature is occult or mystical; (b) whether a particular person is an Occultist or a Mystic—that is to say, along which line of specialisation his future is likely to lie; (c) whether a particular line of conduct, in the spiritual life, is right or wrong—the answer here depending, in most cases, entirely upon the goal toward which the individual in question happens to be moving. If it be the mystical goal, then many things will be both logical and necessary for him which would be inadmissible in the case of the Occultist, and *vice versa*; for the two goals, as we have seen, lie in opposite directions. It is obvious how much misunderstanding would be saved in this way. The knowledge that each is seeking a certain mode of union with the Divine, and seeking it precisely in the way which is made necessary by that mode, should serve to induce a wiser and more tolerant judgment. Finally, a formula like this, if true, should enable us to classify and arrange many facts in the history of the religions and the phenomena of saintship which are now obscure and confused, and to discover a reason and a method in much which has either puzzled or repelled us in the representative spiritual figures of the world.

A verification of our formula, covering the whole ground here indicated, is a task which, for reasons of space, we are naturally not in a position to undertake. The Theosophical student will be able, if interested in the matter, to do it very largely for himself. All that we can do, by way of concluding this essay, is to append two or three suggestive illustrations of the way in which the formula may be applied to what we already know of the Occultist and the Mystic from our Theosophical literature, or from our general experience.

Let us consider, first of all, the effect of the two movements upon the various bodies, or vehicles. It is clear that, by reason of their opposite directions, they will automatically generate a whole crop of divergent qualities and characteristics which, taken altogether, will produce two entirely different types of men: and these two types we could, so to speak, build up *a priori* from our simple knowledge of the nature of the movements, even if we had not (as we have) innumerable examples of them in the spiritual history of mankind.

1. The movement by which the life-forces are drawn downwards from higher to lower planes, and are sent outward through the vehicles on every plane, will have certain obvious results. The steady downward flow will keep all the bodies replenished with fresh stores of life; the sending of this life outwards will serve to exercise these bodies and to develop their faculties; while the free communication between higher and lower will gradually subordinate the latter to the former, and co-ordinate all the vehicles under the sway of the higher Will. The general effects of the movement, in relation to the vehicles, will thus be shown in efficiency, outward-turned-ness, organisation. Other effects may also be noted. The man, being turned outward towards his environment on every plane, will be under the necessity of developing as fully and as accurately as he can his whole contact with that environment; and this will involve an ever-increasing awareness, sensitiveness, alertness on every plane. Since, moreover, the deeper significance of the movement, which we are considering, is that it represents the effort of the embodied life to achieve union with that

part of the Divine Life which is at work within the manifested worlds, and since the degree to which that "union in work" is possible depends entirely upon the development of the various vehicles, every body that the man possesses will, in the light of this ideal, be looked upon as an instrument, to be perfected for use. It will be his primary object not to enjoy, or to experience, through his vehicles, but to work through them: consequently he will regulate the life-flow from above strictly with a view to such work. He will neither permit his lower vehicles to be starved for want of the higher nourishment, nor on the other hand will he allow the higher forces to flow down in such strength and volume that they overwhelm the lower vehicles and strain their power of response and resistance. His aim is to have every vehicle, so far as possible, in perfect working order, strong and responsive, with faculties outward-turned and alert for whatever work may await it on any of the planes, and completely under the control of that central Will within him which is set towards the goal of complete co-operation with the Divine.

2. The movement, on the other hand, by which the life-forces are drawn inward and upward through the planes and bodies will have effects just as easily deducible from the nature of the movement as those which we have just described. In so far as it is an upward movement, it will automatically draw off the life-energies from denser into subtler vehicles, thus tending in some measure to atrophy the former, and leading to a diminished and impoverished life on lower planes: conversely, the life on higher planes is likely to be stored up in almost superabundant excess.

In so far as it is an inward movement, it will tend to turn the consciousness away from its external surroundings on every plane and so to make its experience, in each of the vehicles within which it dwells, subjective rather than objective. Moreover such experience—not being acted upon, broken up and systematised by the vehicles—will be of the kind which psychologists call "massive," i.e., vague, undifferentiated, undetailed, without outline—and so more akin to feeling, or emotion, than to cognition. Nor will there be any desire to achieve any further definition, since, the ultimate goal of the movement being union with the Life beyond all form, to clothe experience in form will be merely to waste time and energy and to delay the attainment of the desired end. Thus the whole tendency of the movement, in the case of the individual who identifies himself with it, will be towards an intense inner, subjective, life with practically nothing to show for it on the outside—an apparent inactivity covering a real activity all the deeper and stronger because it has repudiated the limitations of form.

Other tendencies may be co-ordinated with this. The atrophy of the lower vehicles, consequent upon the withdrawal of the energising life from them, will make them incapable of standing any great strain. At the same time the superabundance of the inner, spiritual vitality cannot but exercise a constant pressure upon the vehicles at lower levels than itself, due to the universal tendency through Nature for all life to flow downwards from higher to lower planes if a channel for such a downflow happens to exist. Since every human being, by virtue of his possession of vehicles on several planes becomes *ipso facto* a link between those planes, the life so

copiously generated on higher levels is always likely, in spite of the upward-drawing movement, to rush spontaneously downward in order to seek expression through the lower vehicles. When this happens, the undeveloped lower bodies may very well break under the strain. Not having been trained in outward expression, they are likely to be overwhelmed, and then various phenomena ensue. On the physical plane, the failure of the physical brain and the physical body to cope with such a downrush will probably result in hysteria and nervous breakdown, possibly even, in extreme cases, in madness. The same failure of the vehicle to cope with the flood of life with which it is brought into contact will show itself on far higher levels in another way. The man, seeking to penetrate further and further away from earth into the life beyond manifestation, and so pressing upward into ever loftier regions of being, will break through, from time to time, into new levels of spiritual life so exalted that he has no vehicle capable of responding to its vibrations, and then what will happen will be that he will lose himself in the inundation of that marvellous life and pass into the state of what is commonly called ecstasy or trance—such a state always being due to the influx into a lower vehicle of a force too powerful for it to deal with.

It will be seen that all the various tendencies and characteristics suggested above, are, from one point of view, only so many deductions from the nature of the two movements themselves. Given the movements, and the scheme of bodies and planes outlined for us in our Theosophical teachings, all that we have mentioned follows naturally. It would have been possible to elaborate these deductions much more fully, but enough

has been done to illustrate the general principle. It has been shown how our formula may be applied.

At the same time, however, the lists of qualities and tendencies, given above, are something more than an exercise in mere formal deduction. As our readers will have recognised, they correspond very exactly to two concrete and representative types which are familiar to every student of spiritual history. On the one hand, we have the worker, eager, outward-turned, efficient, throwing himself into the life of his times, the active, dynamic, shaping force by which the world is changed. On the other hand, we have the man of contemplation, the recluse, the soul so fixed on heaven that it is unconscious of earth, taking no part in outer activities but nourishing, in the depths of his being, an intense real spiritual life. Our formula enables us to name and classify these.

The outward-going type we have no difficulty in marking off as that of the Occultist, for it corresponds to all that we know, whether by description, precept, or example, of the essentials of the occult life. In the same way, we are able, in the light of our definition of the mystical movement in Nature, to mark off the opposite type as that of the Mystic.

We have thus a precise criterion ready to hand by which to deal with the oft-recurring questions as to what is, or is not, occult or mystical in human conduct, character and life: and one can imagine an elaborate double-column being drawn up, in the light of this criterion, which might serve as a practical standard of reference. We might read, for example, on referring to it, that to mix with our fellow-men is occult, while to withdraw into seclusion is mystical; that to cultivate and care for the physical body is occult, to despise it, or neglect it,

is mystical; that to give physical expression to a thought or feeling is occult, to leave it on its own plane, unexpressed, is mystical; to be interested in the concrete, phenomenal side of life, in the "passing show," is occult, to take no interest in it is mystical; to be observant of detail is occult, to be unobservant is mystical;—and so forth—the antitheses might be extended almost *ad infinitum*. One good result of such a catalogue might be that it would lead to a cessation of unnecessary fault-finding and criticism. We should no longer have the individual of typically mystical temperament blaming the Occultist for being "worldly" and "unspiritual," because the latter fulfils the law of his being and sends all his spiritual energies outwards in practical work in our lower world. Nor, conversely, should we find the individual of occult (*i.e.*, outward-going) tendencies blaming the Mystic for the latter's physical plane inactivity, for his seclusion from the world, and for his attitude of unconcern towards the passing life of his time. And much gain would thereby result.

Finally we have now a criterion to apply to the lives of the Saints. It will enable us to understand a man like S. Bernard much better, for example, if we read him as essentially an occultist who made the mistake of regarding his physical body from a mystical point of view. Similarly we shall be able to detect that what is often called "an intellectual mystic" is really an occultist, in so far as he materialises down his spiritual intuitions on to the mental plane, clothing them in the forms of thought. Other applications of a similar nature will suggest themselves to our readers.

A very interesting study is provided by the consideration of the interplay of the mystical and occult

movements in the work of the worlds. We have always been given to understand that both Occultists and Mystics have their own special, and very important, part to play in the carrying on of the great Divine Plan; and, in the worlds which we have quoted more than once before, the co-operation of the two seems to be so vital, and of so all-embracing a scope, that the two great bodies of workers can be spoken of as the "two Hands of the One LOGOS in His helping of His universe". It is, perhaps, easy for us to recognise the Occultist as a worker, because the whole nature of what we have called the Occult movement is of a kind which we can see and appreciate, since its forces flow outwards into the world. It is not so easy, at first sight, to detect in what way the Mystic (as he is described according to our definition) can be helpful in the work of evolution. How can one, whose whole effort is to escape from manifestation altogether, be an agent for the purposes of manifestation? It is in the answer to this question that we come upon one of the most arresting, and beautiful applications of our theory.

A hint as to the respective functions of the Occultist and the Mystic in the world's work is given in one or two places in our literature, and will be familiar to readers. It is said that the Nirmāṇakāyas are the great reservoir of spiritual force which is used for the helping of the worlds, and that the Occultists of the world are the irrigating streams which draw down this force into the lower worlds. The Nirmāṇakāyas in a word, generate spiritual energy: the Occultists apply it and use it. Seeing that the Nirmāṇakāyas are spoken of by our President as the culmination of the mystic line of evolution, we have here a description, in

picturesque and intelligible terms, of that collaboration between the two great spiritual types which we are seeking to understand. What we have now to do is to study a little more definitely what this description implies and to link it on with our formula of the mystical and occult movements.

We must begin by conceiving of the life of the LOGOS as filling each of the great planes of Nature; yet, at the same time, we must think of each of these planes as separate from the other. Between plane and plane there is a dividing wall. Thus the life on any plane is not, normally, in contact with the life on those next to it: and this condition of separation we must regard as existing throughout Nature until it is disturbed by the factor to which we next come.

That factor is the evolution of life within this great theatre of separated planes: or, in technical language, the passage of the Second Life Wave through the worlds which the First Life Wave has brought into being. What happens, in consequence of this process of evolution, is, briefly, that the unfolding life, in its effort at ever fuller self-expression, presses upwards from one plane to another, gradually building for itself on each plane a body, or vehicle, of the matter of that plane. In this way there arises in nature the phenomenon of single lives expressing themselves on more than one plane at once; and these lives (on the material side, the bodies in which they are functioning) become, therefore, *links between the planes*. One outstanding result, then, of what we call "evolution," is that through it the various planes of Nature, which are originally self-contained and separate, become linked up. And this means that it is now possible for the life of a higher plane to flow through

into a lower. Every living creature which has developed vehicles on more than one plane becomes, automatically, the channel for the downflow of a higher life: and it is this enormously important fact that makes all that we speak of as progress, possible.

All progress, growth, or evolution consists, as the Theosophical student knows, in the refashioning and reorganising of the life of each lower plane in the light of a higher. For example, the story of the earlier stages of evolution is simply that of the incursion of the forces of the astral world, manifesting as desire, into the physical world, and the violent adaptation of physical conditions to respond to the demands of those forces. Later, the life of the mental world imposes itself upon that of the astral world;—and so forth, each higher world gradually subjugating the lower to its own standards and laws. All that we call "civilisation," and "enlightenment" is, in this way, only the gradual moulding of our physical life in this physical world to the laws of the mental and spiritual worlds. Every ideal is born first in a world of whose life it is the natural expression. In its own world it is not something to be striven after, it is something which *exists*, which belongs to the "Nature" of that world. But, brought down into our lower world, it becomes a powerful, remoulding force, strongly in contrast with the life into which it has been brought. Gradually, yet strenuously, it has to be "held" in our lower world until, of its own inherent energy, it shall have succeeded in subduing that lower life to its own nature. When that is done, it becomes possible to speak of the lower world as having, to that extent, "progressed," or as having made an advance in civilisation;

—and the same formula holds good of every kind of growth.

We see, then, how profoundly important a change is introduced into God's universe by the unfolding of the embodied lives within it. Not only is every such life a fresh link between the worlds, but, as it unfolds, it opens up links with higher and higher worlds, and in this way the channel is made for the forces of those worlds to flow through into the worlds below;—and this, in its turn, means swifter and swifter progress.

In the light of these facts, it is now easy to sum up in a phrase what "helping the worlds" means. There is only one possible form of helping, and that consists in placing an ever greater volume of an ever higher life at the disposal of the lower worlds. Helping is not giving something which the LOGOS has not already given. It is merely the releasing and utilisation of a store of life which, in His Divine Wisdom, He has placed out of reach, so far as the lower planes are concerned, until the other divine lives, His children, are able to reach up and draw it down. It is impossible to entertain this thought without recognising, with a thrill, something of the deeper purpose and function of Man in the world, and of the manner of his co-operation with God.

This, then, being the only way of helping the world, it follows that the functions of the Occultist and the Mystic must be somehow related to this. Both must be engaged—each in his own way—in providing this fund of higher life. What are their respective parts in this work?

The hint is given in the two words "releasing" and "utilisation" which were used a moment ago. It

is obvious that the work, in question, is twofold. The life of the higher planes has, first of all, to be liberated for use; and then, in the second place, to be brought down, distributed and applied in the lower worlds. It is at once plain that the latter duty is that of the Occultist: indeed we are repeatedly told as much. What is not so plain, however, is how the former duty—which the whole antithetical balance of things requires should belong to the Mystic—is in harmony with that definition of the essentially mystical movement to which reference has been so frequently made in these pages—*i.e.*, that it is the movement upwards and inwards through the planes and bodies.

The explanation is really simple. The Mystic, like the Occultist, is part of the scheme of Divine manifestation; he is imprisoned within the manifested worlds, *i.e.*, within the planes of our System; and consequently (as was mentioned in an earlier place) his efforts to escape from manifestation must necessarily be *via* the planes of that system. He cannot escape at once into the Unmanifest. Things have been so arranged that his path God-wards must lie *through* the manifested worlds and that, however unwilling he may be to turn himself outward on any plane, he must at least use it as a passage towards his goal. Thus, all his upward efforts away from the lower worlds lead him, not into the void, but into new worlds of manifestation—higher and subtler, it is true, but nevertheless material worlds—and the consequence is that every such upward effort is an effort *against resistance*; and, this being so, the same law holds good with which we are familiar on the physical plane—namely, that, in the case of pressure against a

resisting body, force is released *at the point of pressure* corresponding in degree to the strength of the pressure exercised. Thus the mystical movement, which is an upward pressure ever seeking (in its quest of the Unmanifest) to break through into higher regions of manifested life, automatically releases forces at the point of pressure, which then become available for use. This is the mechanical explanation of what is meant by "aspiration drawing down a response," and similar phrases with which we are familiar. The so-called "response" is the working of an automatic law of Nature; and it is upon the working of this law that the usefulness of the Mystic, in the scheme of things, ultimately rests. Nature is, indeed, so skilful in her contrivances that she is able to turn everything—no matter how unpromising—to her account; and thus it is that the very movement, which repudiates her works, is the movement which supplies the forces by which alone her purposes can be carried out. The Mystic, seeking liberation, becomes, through the very effort of that search, the provider of the working capital which is to be used in the great work of evolution. The investing and the spending of that capital is the work of the Occultist.

It should be noted here, as the subject is an interesting one, that this formula of the mystical upward effort, releasing the higher force, and the Occult movement drawing down and utilising the force that is released, is one which can be applied all through Nature. It is, in fact, the formula of the evolutionary process. What we call growth is ever an upward effort of the Divine unbodied life, followed by the operation which fixes and establishes that effort in the shape of new faculty

and new organs. The mystical upward-reaching towards sight, for example, at work in the organism long before an eye appears—releases a force which is gradually worked into an organ of sight—the building of the organ belonging, according to our definition, to the Occult movement in Nature. The formula becomes more readily recognisable when we come to the building up of the superphysical faculties and bodies. Here we have always an upward mystical effort—an aspiration, a reaching out towards something more than we are—followed by the occult registration of the effort in the various vehicles. We may generalise all this into the statement—taking the evolutionary process as a whole—that it is the mystical movement which is the motive impulse of all growth; the occult movement which gives to the growth, thus prompted, its material expression. Remembering the connection between the two movements and the two aspects of the Divine life—we may say, therefore, that it is the attractive force of God transcendent which draws the great life-stream through the worlds; the shaping force of God immanent which gives to it, at each point in that mighty process of growth, the outward expression appropriate to that point.

The two movements, then, are normally at work together in every embodied life, and its growth is the consequence of their interplay. When, however, we come to the regularly organised work of helping the worlds—the official ministry of the LOGOS—we find, as was pointed out in an earlier section—that the two departments of the work, that of the "releasing" and that of the "utilisation" of the higher forces, are in the hands of two great separate bodies of workers. The

work of releasing these forces is assigned to the Nirmāṇakāyas, the host of perfected Mystics; that of utilising them, to the Occult Hierarchy—the Great White Brotherhood.

We may thus think of the Nirmāṇakāyas as continually pressing upwards, in their mighty aspiration and meditation, into regions loftier than we can imagine, and, in this way—according to the law of Nature alluded to above—releasing vast stores of the Divine Life which would otherwise have remained far out of reach of our lower worlds. These stores of energy remain on their own plane, when released; but the fact that they have been contacted from below means that the channel has been made whereby they may be drawn down, if required. The task of drawing them down, of materialising them from plane to plane, of distributing them to the best advantage and with the utmost economy according to the needs of the various worlds, belongs to the Occult Hierarchy.

Only one further point needs to be mentioned; and that is that, for readily intelligible reasons, the stupendous forces released by the Nirmāṇakāyas is not all lavished as fast as it is generated, but that arrangements are made for storing it up, in order that there may always be a fund in reserve for the world. What those arrangements are is naturally beyond our power of conception: but it is to them that allusion is made when the Nirmāṇakāyas are spoken of as the “reservoir of spiritual force”.

It is possible to see from the forgoing how readily the definition of the occult and mystical movements harmonises with the hints contained in our Theosophical literature as to the respective functions

of the Occultist and the Mystic in the world's work. We are able, moreover, to gather some idea as to the wonderful manner in which Nature contrives to “dove-tail” the two movements, apportioning to each its share of its general task.

An even more striking instance of the neatness of Nature's arrangements may perhaps be found in another direction—and that is in the device by which she has brought it about that each of these typical workers, in the very act of doing his own work and pursuing his own goal, thereby, unconsciously and automatically as it were, does the work and draws nearer to the goal of the other. We have seen a little of this in the unconscious release of force by the Mystic in his efforts to rise out of the confines of manifested existence, and his consequent contribution to the World-Process of the very energy which is necessary for the carrying of it on. Still more striking is another arrangement, which rests upon the fact that each higher plane, through which the Mystic must rise in his escape from manifestation, is a plane of ever more perfectly realised unity. The result is, that the further he penetrates into these lofty regions the more completely is there poured into him the realisation of his oneness with all that lives, and the more thoroughly, thereby, does he become involved in its fortunes. Seeking to fly the world, he becomes the world. The nearer he draws to his union with God transcendent, the more does he realise that God immanent and God transcendent are really one God. That is the reason why the genuine Mystic, for all his withdrawing from the world, cannot really be selfish, for he withdraws, by necessity of Nature, into regions where selfishness is impossible.

So too with the Occultist. Forgoing the ideal of liberation in order to work in the manifested worlds, he draws ever nearer to liberation by the simple doing of that work. For, as he organises vehicle after vehicle, subduing it to his own higher will, he becomes self-determined, and hence free, on plane after plane. Every step in the opening up of new powers is, moreover, for him, a step which brings him nearer to the Life beyond the worlds; and the day will come, at long last, when with every power unfolded and with a vehicle perfectly organised and controlled on each of the planes of our system, he will rise in full consciousness into unity with that life.

There are probably many other ways in which this unification of opposites might be illustrated, still more remarkable than these; and it is perhaps in these, and similar, facts that we may seek the significance of the President's statement that "the perfected Occultist finally includes the Mystic; the perfected Mystic finally includes the Occultist". To many these devices of Nature bring home, with a new illumination, the wonder of the System in which we live.

Something has been said of the process by which the two great classes of workers gradually identify themselves, by specialisation, with the two respective movements in Nature. It is interesting to note, in this connection—and as an illustration of this process—how the Occultist gradually divests himself of his mystical activities and how these are taken over by other agencies.

Since it is the object of the Occultist to identify himself more and more completely with the outward-flowing life of God, we shall note that he tends, as he advances in growth, to shorten, or abolish those periods of

withdrawal which are normally necessary in life. We observe for example that the inward movement which is necessary, in order to renew his store of spiritual force, is condensed into a regular period of meditation, that this is intensified, in order that much may be done within a brief space, and that the whole of this upward effort is made subordinate to the ends for which it will ultimately be used. Meditation, in a word, is for the Occultist purely utilitarian. At a later period the opening up of the bridge between the ego and the personality provides a new economy for the latter, since there is now a steady downward flow which keeps the personality replenished with energy for its outward-going work. It is possible (though this, for the writer, is a matter of conjecture) that, until the consciousness of the ego is fully unified with that of the personality, a good deal of mystical work is carried on by the ego on its own account; this, however, need not interfere with the occult activities of the personality, but can be carried on simultaneously. The general principle here seems to be that for the Occultist, as he advances, more and more of his vehicles are being outward-turned as instruments for specifically occult work, while the higher part of him, over and above these, not yet developed enough for outward-turned work on its own plane, has still that mystical inward turn which suffices to generate spiritual forces for the use of the lower vehicles. Thus, just as the ego can "meditate" on his own plane, while the three lower vehicles of the personality are turned outwards in active work, so, we must imagine, in the case of the Adept, the Monad can pursue its own mystical activities, while the Man acts outward on all the planes of the fivefold world.

With these stray suggestions, illustrating some of the ways in which our formula may be applied, we close. The definition, given in the forgoing pages is not one which fits in with the popular conception of the Mystic and the Occultist;—indeed, in popular usage, the terms “Mystic” and “Mysticism” cover in a vague kind of way the whole field of the spiritual life, while the Occultist is (in the West at least) not understood at all. But it is a definition which, we venture to think, will commend itself to the Theosophical student, anxious to clarify his conceptions and to define his terms. The chief points about it are; (1) that it finds the basis of the distinction not in two generic types of Egos, or Monads, but in two impersonal principles; (2) that it connects these principles with the two great aspects, or modes, of the Divine Being which all manifestation involves; (3) that it shows them as coextensive in their operations with the whole of manifested life, and not only this; but (4) as the two ultimate principles out of which everything else in the manifested worlds is built up. In a word, it resolves the whole of manifested Nature into the interplay of the mystical and the occult movements. According to it, therefore, the dualism of the Mystic and the Occultist is no merely casual distinction, but is rooted deep down in the foundations of Being; and the dualism thus acquires a philosophical importance which many hints that we gather from our Theosophical teachings would lead us to expect; the Occultist and the Mystic become, in the profoundest sense of the word, representative, and fall into their appointed places in the scheme of things; they become, verily, “the two Hands of the One LOGOS in His helping of His universe”.

E. A. Wodehouse

## THE CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY

By C. A. DAWSON SCOTT

*Bismillah*

TO Stamboul came one year an English lady who had been born before her time. Nowadays it is usual for idle women to try and regenerate the world, and as each pulls in a different direction not much harm is done. Then it was an anomaly, the women being for the most part uncertain whether they themselves were not out of joint. Wealthy, handsome, childless, Elizabeth Gaunt had taken a restless soul with her when she set out upon her travels. Life unless lighted by great ideas was grey and dull, and even when thus lighted, did not seem absolutely satisfactory. She was in a reckless mood, the day Wazdi Bey, to whom her husband had an introduction, went hospitably and without suspicion to their villa.

Lady Gaunt, lounging away the late November afternoon, received him with considerable pleasure. His patriarchal beard, his grave brown eyes, his tall somewhat bent figure impressed her favourably. He struck her indeed as a peculiarly benign-looking old gentleman. Sir Albert would be in before long and meanwhile the visitor might be induced to take her a little behind the scenes of Turkish life.

The tall fair Englishwoman and the inscrutable old Turk sat facing each other in the somewhat stiff drawing-room; and to all her questions concerning mosques and khans, medressehs and mollahs, Wazdi made shrewd reply. When, however, the conversation

turned upon Turkish home life, he grew reserved. Lady Gaunt, anxious to encourage him, spoke of English girlhood; but he shook his head.

"And these maidens who catch and kick balls—when they are married, do they have many children?"

Lady Gaunt passed in review the athletic matrons of her acquaintance; but most of them were childless, and the few who had sons and daughters, were always worried about their health or nerves.

"Er—not many," she said, "but it stands to reason that such fine and healthy mothers must produce fine children."

"Ah! but do they?" said the Turk.

"The athletic woman has only been in existence for one generation and we can hardly tell," she returned evasively, "but it must be good for the race, better," and she spoke with returning confidence, "than the seclusion in which you keep your women."

"In which *we* keep them?"

"I have always heard—"

"Never, Madam, in any age of the world have women been constrained by men to do as they did not wish. It is with us as with others. Our women do what they conceive to be right."

"Do you mean to say that if your wives chose they could emerge from their seclusion?"

"My wife—but certainly—if she chose."

"I thought you always had four?"

"A man may marry outside the prohibited degrees, two, or three, or four wives, but it is written 'if you fear that you cannot be just to more than one, then one only'; and this, as a man finds it difficult to be just to more than one, is interpreted by most of us to mean monogamy."

"Dear me, how interesting, and how I should like to meet your wife. What is the custom of the country? Would she call on me?"

The Turk's benignant gaze grew a little colder but he spoke regretfully. "My wife is old-fashioned and seldom leaves the harem. It is perhaps a mistake, but I prefer that she should please herself."

Lady Gaunt was more than ever impressed with his kindliness. "I should so much have liked to see the interior of a harem."

"That is easily arranged. I should be very pleased if you would come one afternoon."

At the day and hour appointed therefore, Elizabeth Gaunt on the tiptoe of expectation drove into the Bey's courtyard. She was received by Fortunatus, who led her into the presence of his master. To his mind, her visit boded ill for the household; therefore his glance was at once bold and hostile. If it had not been for his position as trusted servant, he would have chucked her under her impertinent western chin, he being ever one who liked to square not only his own, but his master's accounts.

In the reception-room of the selamlik, Wazdi Bey received his visitor with simple hospitality; and Lady Gaunt, who had been conscious of something inimical in the atmosphere, warmed to his grave urbanity.

"I must come with you to act interpreter," he said, "the ladies do not speak any language but their own."

"Yet you speak so many?"

"A matter of business and necessity. Ladies think it waste of time to learn what would be of no use to them. A pity, perhaps, but so it is."

He led the way along a passage and up stone stairs into the divan khane,<sup>1</sup> a room which, after the severe

<sup>1</sup> Reception-room.

furnishing of the selamlık, reminded Lady Gaunt of a second-rate Paris hotel. Chairs and couches were upholstered in soiled red velvet, the wood being gilt; and over all hung an air of dust and heaviness. When Wazdi brought his first wife home, this room had been furnished to satisfy her social ambitions. She had been inordinately proud of it; but after her sudden death it had been seldom or never used. Dewara, who craved above everything to live like the hardy mountaineers from whom she sprang, preferred the ground to a chair, and would, if she had known the word, have called the sophisticated chamber—"stuffy".

She was already awaiting her guest; and Elizabeth Gaunt thought she had never seen a more barbaric figure. Dewara was tall, with lustreless black hair and eyes under luckan brows, eyes that shone with a dull fire. Above the blue of her Turkish dress, the creamy skin showed flawless. Her ornaments were unusual, consisting one and all of golden serpents. One was twisted round her hair like a fillet, the head with glittering emerald eyes rising above her low forehead. Another clasped her neck, and yet others were twisted round her wrists and ankles. Whenever she moved these latter made a sort of clashing sound, which remained in Lady Gaunt's mind as characteristic of this extraordinary woman.

Dewara was not demonstrative, but she did what she believed to be polite when she kissed Lady Gaunt on both cheeks. Then she turned and with a gesture presented her step-daughter Fatmeh, now in the bloom of her youth, and Sughra Hanem, a neighbour. To the surprise of the visitor, this latter wore a scrap of muslin over part of her face, the end of which was tucked into her mouth at the corner.

"Why that wisp of muslin?" she inquired of Wazdi, for the lady was middle-aged; moreover the muslin by no means hid what comeliness was hers.

"Sughra Hanem wears it because of me."

"But it is so—so inadequate."

"Like other conventions."

Coffee and sweetmeats were offered; and Lady Gaunt, upon whom Dewara's dark and sombre beauty had made an impression, tried to talk to her hostess. Wazdi translated for both; but it seemed to the Englishwoman that although Dewara spoke with fire, that fire was extinguished by translation. At any rate the answers given by the husband were eminently colourless.

"Tell your daughter how much I admire her lovely chestnut hair."

The Turk shook his head. "It would make her vain."

"And that's probably the only thing I can say that she would like to hear! Don't you think, now that your wife has met me, she might be induced to return my visit?" and she smiled across at Dewara, with an engaging friendliness that was not lost upon either husband or wife.

"I wish she would," said the Bey, "but it is not likely."

"You might at least ask her."

The Turk said a few words to his wife and she answered gutterally and with emphasis.

"She thanks you," translated Wazdi, "but she would rather not."

Lady Gaunt, feeling rebuffed, rose to go. It was impossible to break down the barriers of race, if those on the other side of the fence refused to help. "I'm sorry," she said.

"Not more so than I."

"And at any rate I've seen the interior of a real Turkish harem. I'd no idea it was like this."

"We are much like other people, nowadays."

That evening when Lady Gaunt was sitting with Sir Albert after dinner, she was told that an old woman wished to see her.

"Who is it, Pericles?" she asked of the Greek butler.

"She not say. Only ver' anxious to see Miladi alone."

"But can she speak English?"

"She spik French."

When the stranger was shown in, Lady Gaunt discovered her to be an old, decently clad woman of the poorer class. Not until she was assured that they could not be overheard would she disclose her errand.

"I come from Dewara, the hill-woman, whose nurse I am. You wished her to come and see you, but the Bey said not."

"She did not wish to."

"She was not asked, Effendim. You do not understand Turkish. She would have liked to come. And she has sent me that you may know the truth."

Lady Gaunt found the truth embarrassing and sat wondering what to do with it. Could it be possible that that patriarchal old man was not as guileless as he had looked? She felt angry that she should have been deceived.

"The Bey jealous," continued old Fitneh in matter-of-fact explanation. "Dewara, she born free, she made slave. Now she Ouem-el-Ouled,<sup>1</sup> mother of son, and

<sup>1</sup> Ouem-el-Ouled is the title given to a slave who has borne her master a son.

so Hanem. But is it not written: 'Woman flees the white beard as the sheep the jackal?' Dewara not happy, Effendim."

"Poor thing!" Wazdi Bey's hypocrisy had put him beyond the pale, and if the East were stretching out hands to the West, Elizabeth Gaunt was not the woman to draw back.

"Will the Hanem come and see me?"

"She no can. Coachman say where she go. Master always arrange."

"Practically the poor thing is a prisoner!" Lady Gaunt's free spirit rose in revolt. "Just as I thought—the unspeakable Turk," and it never even occurred to her that there might be two sides to the question and that Dewara was showing a singular aptitude for intrigue.

"Korban Bairam ' soon—day after to-morrow. The Hanem goes to-morrow to buy sheep. A fine flock always by S. Sophia. We buy there—early. You come."

"Certainly I will. They say the streets will be a sight. All the women and their children out shopping. What time?"

Fitneh supplied the necessary detail. She had come in order to impose upon this stranger the imperious will of her mistress. Dewara sought distraction. A woman of fierce energy, she would grasp at any shadow that gave promise of varying the monotony; and it was perhaps as well for Lady Gaunt that Wazdi Bey knew how to keep what was his.

The week before Korban Bairam, the Feast of Sacrifice, is a busy one in Muhammadan households; it is also very frequently cold, dark and wet. Fortunatus,

<sup>1</sup> The midwinter festival of Islām, equivalent to the Western Christmas.

talking to his friend the porter by the iron brazier in the courtyard, and conscious that the day of cloud was likely to end in a night of rain, had been surprised to see Fitneh, the old nurse, slip quietly past the great gates. On what errand of importance could she be bound? If Atiya or Zuleika, the two old cousins who led a meek existence in the background of the harem and made pastes and preserves, the mere mention of which caused your mouth to water, were in need of extra ingredients they would have sent a young and active servant. Certainly not old Fitneh, the body servant of the Hanem, Fitneh, who would be busy with preparations for the great event and who was a cake-maker of repute. Fortunatus' curiosity had been aroused. His small charge Mustapha, the only son of the house, was in bed and he at liberty. What more natural than that he should follow Fitneh through the chilly streets. When presently she took an arabia<sup>1</sup> he felt glad that he had done so.

In Stamboul, cabs do not go more quickly than elsewhere, and Fortunatus, young, lithe, and by no means overfed, was able to keep this particular one in sight. When he saw it stop at the villa lately taken by Sir Albert Gaunt, he scented a mystery.

To Fortunatus, the Hanem with her stormy eyes, her periods of sullen silence alternating with fits of energy, was a person for thoughtful consideration. Not understanding her, he was the more curious and watchful; and he now perceived that mischief was afoot, mischief which must, if possible, be frustrated. Why should she send a message, when she had only that day seen the lady? Even if he had been present, Fortunatus whose mind ran in the ordinary grooves, would not have

<sup>1</sup> Cab.

perceived that in the Englishwoman, Dewara Hanem fancied she had found a kindred spirit. Lady Gaunt had that free carriage of head and body which comes of long hours spent in the glens and on the slopes of mountains; her feet had carried her for many miles over the springy heather and she was as much out of place in a harem as Dewara herself. Never since the latter had been enslaved and sold had she met a woman to whom the free out-of-door life she had once enjoyed was a matter of course. Her sullen and desperate heart had warmed to the stranger with the kindly eyes. She would clasp the hand held out to her and who knew what might not come of their friendship? Perhaps even escape from the honoured bondage in which she lived, and a return to the tents of her people.

This Fortunatus could not guess, though the time was to come when Dewara's need of liberty should be indelibly impressed upon his mind. Unable at the moment to make head or tail of the matter, he ran back through the increasing rain, loitering about until he saw Fitneh slip into the courtyard. If she had not been gruff and taciturn, the old woman would hardly have been a favourite with Dewara; and Fortunatus was wondering how he could extract the information he wanted when she turned to him with a command from the Hanem. He was to have his little charge ready in good time the following morning, as Mustapha would accompany his mother on the usual Bairam shopping expedition. "And we start early," said Fitneh. "An hour earlier than usual."

Fortunatus promised a careful obedience; but on the following morning when Dewara sent for her son, it was told her that Mustapha, long since ready and

impatient to be off, had gone down the lane. The boats dressed with bunting for the festival had proved irresistible, but he would be back before long. Dewara walked up and down behind the Mashrabiye<sup>h</sup> screens, and finally sent a messenger to where the water, between the white garden walls, showed blue and golden in the sunlight. The truants, oblivious of time, were absorbed in the busy scene. On the eve of Bairam, the Bosphorous is alive with caiques and other craft and wears an unusual air of festivity. Mustapha, warm in his sheepskin coat, was loath to turn back; and when he eventually reached the harem, it transpired that he was hungry and in some unexplained way had cut his thumb.

"And in one caique," he told his attentive mother, "there was a big ram with gilded horns and another ran into it, and it fell overboard and they all got wet; the kiakji, he said things."

While Dewara saw to her son's needs, his attendant strolled into the courtyard. The middle-aged coachman was flapping his arms across his chest and complaining of the cold.

"The carriage is not wanted," Fortunatus said with an air of authority. "The Hanem is busy. It is to come back in an hour."

The result of these manoeuvres was that Lady Gaunt waiting in an arabia not far from S. Sophia, passed an interesting time but saw nothing of the person she had come to meet. Turkish ladies in feridjeh and scharchaf,<sup>1</sup> accompanied by dark-eyed children, stopped to bargain, according to their status, for fat-tailed sheep or brown goat; and, the deal made, sturdy

<sup>1</sup> Black cloak and veil.

hamals<sup>1</sup> carried off the dignified purchase. Elizabeth Gaunt looked at the eager faces when, in the heat of argument, the little veil was thrown back, but each was a stranger and preoccupied. At last, conscious that the wind was cold, she returned home—passing unawares Wazdi Bey's landau on its belated way.

That evening as she stood at her window listening to the wail of the muezzin: "Allah only is great, there is but one God and Muhammad is his Prophet. Come to prayer, come to adore, Allah is great"—a drum of Rahat-lakoum was brought to her on a salver by the Greek butler.

"I did not order this, Pericles," she said upon opening the box; but as she spoke she caught sight, under the soft sugar, of a folded paper. Drawing it out she found it to be a letter in halting French, a letter from Dewara. "Who brought it?"

"Hamal, Miladi. He gone."

"Then it is all right."

The letter set forth in short fierce phrases that Dewara had been delayed; but if her friend would write and appoint another time, she still hoped to come. It was a letter characteristic of the stormy and disappointed mood of the writer, and Lady Gaunt read it sympathetically. On the following day she wrote to Dewara very cautiously, but very kindly, asking her to spend the afternoon with her. She said that of course no men would be present and that Dewara's husband might rest assured that all the customs of his country would be carefully observed. To this a polite refusal purporting to emanate from the Hanem was presently returned; but Lady Gaunt was hardly surprised when on the following morning a basket of golden-ripe dates was brought her,

<sup>1</sup> Porters.

under the leaves of which lay one of the hill-woman's burning effusions. "It is written: 'If you are the tent-peg, have patience, if you are the mallet, strike,'" and she begged her friend to have patience and try again.

Circumstances shortly after gave Lady Gaunt another opportunity, but the result was the same. Failing in every attempt to meet Dewara, she realised before long that adverse influences must be at work. In passionate halting French the Hanem declared that it was her husband's fault, that he was jealous, suspicious and tyrannical. That she herself was something of a fire-brand was perhaps more evident; but Lady Gaunt, touched by the fervid phrases of the letters, by her outpourings of despair and longing, only thought of her as a victim, a victim as much beyond help, however, as one of the tigresses in the Zoo.

One evening the Gaunts encountered Wazdi at a function given by the English Ambassador. The old Turk was standing alone, contemplating the brilliant crowd of guests, and once more Elizabeth found herself admiring the patriarchal head and grave eyes. The man might be a tyrant, but if so his looks belied him. She glanced at him thoughtfully. "I wonder why you would not let the Hanem come and see me?"

The Turk's grave face relaxed. "Did I prevent her?" Then because he could admire a courage that was so reckless, and because the Gaunts were leaving in a few days: "You are of another race and you cannot understand."

"I understand," said Elizabeth warmly, "that she was once a free woman."

"And now, being wife and mother, she must make the best of circumstances. It was not I who stole her freedom. I bought in the market."

"But I could have been a friend to her, given her fresh interests and occupations."

"To the woman her work, to the man his," said the Turk. "To be responsible for the comfort and well-being of a great household, to have the care of children, is it not enough?"

"Not for the woman of to-day."

"By the beard of the Prophet, then, we are of yesterday. My dear lady, the woman who seeks to deceive her husband will not be more merciful to her friend. Moreover is it not written: 'Woman was made of a crooked rib. Try to straighten her and she breaks.'"

"The Hanem," said Lady Gaunt in a last attempt to carry her point, "is not happy, and I am sorry for her."

"Age has its compensations. It bestows content."

Lady Gaunt thought of the long years, the years before age should have sapped Dewara's intense vitality.

"Not content," she said sadly, "only indifference."

Then she glanced at the quiet face of the old man.

"I wonder," she murmured, "I wonder how you knew?"

"Elizabeth," interrupted Sir Albert, "it is really very late. We must be going."

"Yes, yes, dear, in a moment."

She was still looking inquiringly at the man whom she had estimated as guileless and benevolent. He bent a little forward: "It is fortunate for her," he said slowly, "that I am no longer young and that therefore I prefer gentle to harsh methods, also that she is the mother of my son. You see," and he shook Lady Gaunt's hand in kind farewell, "only a selection of the letters that were written reached you."

C. A. Dawson Scott

## GRAIL-GLIMPSES

### II

GOD'S SCAVENGER

By E. M. GREEN

SHE was sitting on one of the green chairs in the Park, a pathetic travesty of the women in the gay mid-season crowd. Every article of her clothing, from the outrageous hat upon the peroxide masses of her untidy hair to the grey suede shoes with their huge bows of soiled ribbon, proclaimed her for what she was, even in an age in which petticoats and propriety have alike been cast upon the ash-heap, and a finer sense than those of sight or hearing is needed to distinguish My Lady from Tottie of the Halls.

A book lay open on her lap, but she was not reading; with the rapt intensity of one who sees a vision of some bliss too full for words, she gazed and revelled in the passing stream of fashion and beauty. June had come in like a full-blown flower, the world was a pageant and the breeze a song; and London laughed and lazed in the joy of it all, knowing but too well how delusive such fair promise was like to be.

The Stranger took a vacant chair next her, but she did not turn her glance towards him or seem to notice his coming. The carriages and motors streamed past, or drew up at the railings to watch the stream the better, and the girl (she was no more than twenty-two

or three, though she looked forty) drank thirstily of the colour and movement, leaning forward now and again to watch some more than usually pretty débutante, or any carriages in which there were children.

She started as from a trance as the Park attendant camp up with his roll of chair tickets and paid her penny quickly, almost impatiently. The Stranger looked up as the man held a ticket towards him, and shook his head with a smile. "I have no money, friend," he said simply. The Park keeper looked in surprise, but beyond the fact that he wore a dark cloak of grey he could not get a clear impression of the speaker; the sun, or some other light, so dazzled him. He thought the gentleman was jesting, or might be a foreigner who did not understand.

He touched his cap as he spoke again rather loudly: "One penny, Sir, if you please, for the chair, Sir!" "My friend, I have said, I have no money." "Well, then, I'm afraid, Sir, I must ask you to be moving on!" "But I am weary, friend, and wish to rest—you will permit me to remain sitting, will you not?" "Sorry, Sir, but these here are not my chairs, you see! I pays a penny to the Comp'ny for every chair as is sat on." "Ah! then you will be kind and pay a penny for me, as I have no money and am weary. Is not that so?" "Look 'ere, Mister, you think you're being funny, don't you! But I've got my job to see to and can't stop 'ere all day! Either you pays, or up you gets—as for *me* payin', if I was to pay for every cove as was *weary* and 'adn't a penny, where'd I be—tell me that?" "Ah! yes! where would *you* be? Truly, that is the question. Well, since you cannot permit me to rest . . . ."

The girl on the next chair held out a penny to the custodian of chairs. "'Ere, I'll pay for the gent," she said quickly, "That's all right." "Well, Miss, that's as you please," said the man, as he put the penny into his bag. "So long, Mister, and don't lose your ticket if you moves on." He bent down to the girl and half covered his mouth with his hand, whispering audibly; "No good to put yer money on 'im, Miss; bad investment; 'e 's balmy, that's what 'e is."

The girl looked at him calmly and without resentment. "Get along," she said laconically, and returned to her occupation of staring at the stream.

After a few moments the Stranger spoke: "That was a kind action; I thank you. I thought when I sat down by you that you were not unknown to me." The girl started and turned quickly to him. "What d'you mean 'not unknown'? I—I don't know you—I haven't ever met you before, have I? I can't see you properly, the sun gets in my eyes, but I thought your voice sounded sort of familiar." "I have seen you before—that was why I came to this chair." "Oh! dry up—if I'd a known you was that sort I wouldn't have paid that there penny. It's no good, so I'll tell you straight. I ain't takin' any till the evenin.' Me afternoons is me own!" "I know that; I know why you come here every day, and why you have on that dark serge dress, and not the one you had on—last night, for instance, in the Promenade Palatial."

"Why, *you* was never in that old 'ole, was you? I tell you straight I just didn't see you there, and you don't know nothing o' what yer talkin' about. You thinks as I come 'ere to see the

torfs and p'raps to pick up a feller a cut above the sort you gets at the 'Alls; but, Lordy! You don't know a blessed thing about it."

"I think I do. Will you tell me if I am wrong when I say that you come here to see the young girls who are your sisters—and the mothers who have little children, whose mother in heart you are also?"

The girl turned her dark, joyless eyes upon the Stranger—wells of bitter waters, deep and fathomless, they seemed; no ray of the sunlight of youth had ever penetrated them, no human love had ever looked into them to warm their chill depths. But now, in answer to she knew not what of understanding, sympathy and comprehension, a far, faint wonder trembled like a star reflected on their surface. "*You—know—that?*" The words were almost a gasp.

"I know that, and more, for I know *you*: have known you from your babyhood." "Then you know 'ow crool 'ard it is for me? 'ow I 'ave 'ad to live some'ow and come to be what I am?" "Tell me—you need not fear to say what is in your heart to me—you have found life cruel, you say?"

"Crool, Sir! Why, it ain't the word. I ain't never 'ad no *life*, Sir, not as you might call it livin'. Mother, she was a dresser at the A . . . . Theayter, and me father, 'e was a gent right enough, but Mother never 'eard of 'im, after I were two year old. She was took when I were twelve, and I went to live with another of the dressers to mind the byby and do odd jobs. She kep' me till I was old enough to get on at the theayter as dresser meself—and 'er 'usband it was as made me what I am. *You* know what men are, Sir?" She paused and looked towards the Stranger, but she could not see

his face. She shivered and said with surprise: "Law, 'ow dark it's gettin', thunder, I s'pose! We shall ket it 'ere under the trees." A great sadness took her, seeming to come upon her from outside, as a sea-fog steals to engulf the too daring climber on a rocky shore. She shivered again, and a sob caught her throat. She felt very lonely. "I—I beg yer pardon, Sir," she stammered. "I never meant—".

His hand touched her arm lightly, and his voice shook the unplumbed vital parts of her. "Child! Who should know them if I do not? Who should love them if I cannot? Go on, and have no fear. This man, you say, wronged you sorely, so that you became what you are? Tell me, for I would understand, *what* are you?"

She did not wince; a new, pale dignity and awe rested upon her, the memory of that touch upon her arm, perhaps. "I'm what I was myde, Sir. You know that we are all of us bad women. I've seen most of the plays that's been put on for the last eight or nine years at the old A. . . . ; and I knows the world and life—and 'ow the decent lot as 'aven't known our life feels about immorality, as they calls it. Seems to me as 'ow the 'ole world is really thinkin' of nothin' else; and all the morrel folks is for ever tellin' the immoral ones 'ow bad they are, and pokin' round to stop 'em—'stead of stayin' where they are and showin' 'em 'ow 'appy they'd be if they was morrel too. Oh! Sir, it just makes me sick when I *knows*—none better—that it's all upside down, so to say, and they 'as got the stick by the wrong end." She paused—a carriage with two nurses and a trio of golden-haired children drew up at the railings. A fat, blue-eyed mite of two caught her look, and kissed its chubby hand to her. She kissed hers back;

a radiance as of dawn trembled in her eyes and on her lips. "It's not us women that's the ones to change; it's the men," she went on as the Stranger bent his compelling gaze upon her. "People goes on screechin' and ravin' about the White Slave traffic, as they calls it—but they'll never stop us, nor yet that there 'ell neither, till they changes the *men*! My Gawd, Sir—the women, ladies, mothers of that little child and thousands like it—*they* are the only ones as can stop the white slaves by teachin' and bringin' up their boys different. And *till* they do that, it's the poor women of the street, me and the likes of me, that 's doin' Gawd's own work and guardin' their 'omes for them. If we was not there, those other women wouldn' have a chance to keep their 'omes clean and pure. They don't know men as we do, Sir—and we don't know the father in a man." She broke off and sat brooding—her gaze upon the emptying Row—the mantle of the prophetess yet enfolding her—the inner vision lifting her beyond all self-consciousness, beyond even the meagre setting of her ego.

"I think I understand," the Stranger said, and his voice was very gentle. "You feel that you are helping to make it possible for the 'good women' to build homes, and in these homes to put purity and true manhood before their boys; is not that so?" She sighed. "Ah! Sir, if I 'ad the words as you 'ave. Yes, that's it; but more than that; you'll laugh, maybe—but I think we are kind of doin' Gawd's work, 'elpin' 'Im to put right the world 'E made, that's got into such a awful mess." "Then you believe that God made the world?" "I never seen no cause to doubt it, Sir." The Stranger drew a deep breath and murmured

something that she could not hear. "I seem to think as it's all like a play what Gawd 'as wrote; only 'E can't get the players to act right till after a' eap of re'earsils—they're all learnin', Sir—but they kick up the dust a bit and litter up the place—and then when it's late and all dark, *we* comes along, sweepers and scavengers is what we are, and cleans up the place so that they can go on re'earsin next day."

"Then do you think all the women who live as you do are God's Scavengers?"

"Sure, Sir; ain't they all makin' it possible for that there mother to live pure—for that there blossom of a byby to be born; for those young girls that 'ave drove past to-day to walk free and unmolested? They, as well as me, Sir, is cleanin' up for God; but I think as it's more *reely* cleanin' if you 'as 'Im in mind all the time."

"Then—you will have God in mind to-night—at the Palatial—and after?"

"Yes, Sir—I comes 'ere afternoons for that; it 'elps when you've got it clear in your 'ead. I bears 'Im in mind; and I looks to the time when the 'good woman' will 'ave done *their* work and made the men different, so as the bad women ain't wanted no more. Gawd won't want that kind of cleanin' up then!" Silence fell; and the shades of evening. She woke from her dream. "I beg your pardon, Sir—I've been makin' too free—you ain't like the rest and it drawed me on. You ain't offended, Sir? If I might make so bold, shall I see you again, Sir? I can't get to see your face some'ow."

"I am not offended. Yes! We shall meet again. You shall see my face to-night at the Palatial."

E. M. Green

## MY VISION SPLENDID

By A SERVER

MY sight being opened, I became vividly conscious of myself standing on the outer edge of what seemed to be an arched cave. I stood looking outwards into a soft silver grey mist, not a gloomy or frightening mist, but soft, quiet, and soothing to the eyes and senses. As I became conscious thus far of my surroundings, I felt behind me the presence of some one, almost, but not quite, touching me. I did not turn to look, but I knew this one whose nearness I felt, was one we all love and revere. Behind again, rather in the background of the cave, I felt a Presence. One stood there, in whose footsteps our Leader follows closely, and to whom she ever points as the One for us to imitate. On either side of the cave, in a line with myself, at a little distance away, I became aware of the figure of a watcher or sentinel.

As I stood there, looking outwards, power was poured into me, and this power, so poured in, I felt radiate from my body on every side. It seemed to stream outwards from my spinal column. Three times this power was applied. At the first and second application the force stopped when I reached the point of unconsciousness. The third time came, the life-forces radiated all through me; I heard myself cry out: "I can see! I

can see!" Then the pouring in of life-force ceased. Away in the distance, right in front of me, flashed through the grey mist a gigantic Figure, standing upright with arms outstretched, forming a cross. Wondrous beyond all power of telling was this Form. Waves of colour poured from His gloriole on every side; colours that our earth-bound eyes in their normal state have never seen, nay, nor ever could see, streamed from Him like living fire, pulsating and glowing. My whole being was throbbing with the awful wonder and glory of this living picture. I was lifted up out of myself. I touched a height never before felt, or ever imagined by me. I held firmly to my consciousness, for I felt that the wonder and glory of it all was overpowering me. It is not possible to convey to another the Divine perfection of that face towards which I gazed with all my quickened soul. The face was white in colour, the eyes blue, the hair was like spun gold. Everything one had ever dreamed, of love, of compassion, and of tenderness, combined with a sublime majesty, poured in living streams from those eyes, and that Figure. I *knew* this was the Christ.

As I stood, between me and this wondrous Figure, waves of silvery-white mist waved to and fro, like gossamer veils floating in the air in sunny weather; this was evidently meant to dim the glory of the vision, so that I might look on this majestic radiant Figure, and not be utterly destroyed by the splendour of His face.

I awoke in the early morning, my vision pulsating through me still; my body felt as if floating on air; I kept that feeling of lightness and elation for days, and I was able to do more work in a given time both mentally and physically than ever before in this life.

I brought back this much of the memory, the recollection, of my "Vision Splendid" with me, just as I have here stated; how much more of glory and blinding wonder my *real experience* held I am unable to state, but I am ever and always grateful for being permitted the remembrance of so much.

This vision and its after effects carried me triumphantly through four of the hardest months of my life. I have had my vision splendid; I have seen the living face of my Lord, before which all else fades into nothingness, and no one can take that *real experience* from me.

A strong impression came to me after my vision—that I must go, if possible, to the Adyar Convention, that of 1910, which Theosophical event followed shortly after this epoch in my life. I was thousands of miles away from India at this time, and with little hope of accomplishing the journey or reaching my desired goal. But I can vouch for the fact now, from my personal experience, that when intuition speaks, if the will to obey the voice of the soul be but strong enough, all barriers will be moved out of the way, and the goal be reached, the end attained.

I went to Adyar, and there I watched daily, listening carefully at each meeting, waiting ever, for some sign, some expected Divine communication, or event, for which my intuition had prepared me. It came at a meeting in the big Hall, where the voice of the Christ spoke to us through the lips of the lecturer. At the first words, I knew whose voice it must be, and to those melodious deep full sweet tones, my whole being responded, and the mental picture and vibrations of my vision returned to me, my body was in an ecstasy. Never

shall I forget that voice, and those wondrous vibrating tones. It was my Day of Pentecost.

I am thrice blessed. I have had my vision splendid in which I saw the living glorified face of my Lord. I have heard the melody, sweetness, and power, of His voice. My heart, I believe, will respond gladly when He shall appear among men, and for that appearing I watch, work, and wait.

I have been shown things in the watches of the night before and since my vision splendid, but this vision, of which I have written, surpassed all that went before, or has been shown me since.

A Server

## REVIEWS

*Fresh Voyages on Unfrequented Waters*, by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D. Litt. (Adam & Charles Black, London, 1914. Price 5s. net.)

Professor Cheyne's book may be described as a series of highly technical notes upon points of Biblical criticism. It goes without saying that whatever Dr. Cheyne writes is instinct with sound scholarship; his voyages are stormy ones, for he is no respecter of the word "orthodoxy," but he is a good seaman and enjoys the gale that disperses the mists of convention and narrowness of thought.

Not the least interesting feature of the present book is an enquiry into the meaning of familiar place-names, like Gethsemane, Golgotha, Bethlehem.

J. I. W.

*The Mind at Work. A Handbook of Applied Psychology.* Edited by Geoffrey Rhodes. (Thomas Murby & Co., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The fourteen chapters that make up this book are written by four different persons, Mr. E. J. Foley, Dr. Charles Butler, Professor L. L. Bernard and the Editor himself. No special claim is made to originality. The book is an attempt to put clearly and concisely before the beginner the generally accepted elements of science. The subject of the book is defined as the "study of personality in all its aspects". It should be a useful little manual for students, for it has been so arranged as to be easily usable for reference. A bibliography is appended and a list of the chief psychological terms with their meanings.

A. de L.

*Teachings from The Arcane Science*, written down by Edward Clarence Farnsworth. (Smith & Sale, Portland, Maine, U.S.A., 1913.)

Books such as this one foreshadow certain problems which may fairly claim some attention from the chief exponents of modern Theosophy. Theosophical teachings appeared before an astonished world with certain clearly-defined warrants of authority. The author of *Esoteric Buddhism* in the very early days of the movement bluntly termed the basic teachings "the absolute truth concerning spiritual things," and again "a mine of entirely trustworthy knowledge". Amongst the chief Theosophical writers there were occasional divergences in matters of detail, but a substratum of unanimity regarding the broad outline of essentials held. In later years, Dr. Steiner arose, claiming inspiration from the same fountain-head, but the mouthpiece of certain doctrines quite irreconcilable with the earlier presentation. Following him, Max Heindel, the author of a fascinating and really able book *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, claiming similar inspiration. To these may be added some of the instructions of the so-called "Order of 15" of America, and now the present book—all of them Theosophical in tone and all recognising H. P. Blavatsky, as a messenger from the White Lodge. Heindel's is probably the most able of these books; it sets forth a fairly rational and coherent scheme, and while certain of his points seem to invite doubt, others call forth a flash of ready recognition from the intuition, which is unmistakable. Clearly the book represents a definite occult tradition. Now we have another book which claims to carry us past another veil in the Temple of Divine Science. It is no rival, in our opinion, to Mr. Heindel's, but, like his, it touches upon many interesting points which so far have not been considered by Mrs. Besant, or Mr. Leadbeater, or Mr. Sinnett.

The great question is: What is the source of these various books, and their value in relation to our own Theosophical treatises? Are there schools of Western Occultism still existent on the physical plane, the repository, perhaps, of the Alchemy of the Rosy Cross, and wherein the Lesser Mysteries still are celebrated? Or do these teachings emanate from superphysical Lodges of Teachers

out of incarnation, who still cherish the doctrine of mediæval monastic Occultism, blended as it often was with a strong tincture of orthodox Christianity? It would be interesting and

to know!

the larger question called forth by this book, and again probably lies its chief interest to Theosophists. Turning to its more detailed study, we find the book to consist of "a series of animadversions upon various topics of Occult Science. The various expositions are rather vaguely written, by comparison with the more "essential" teaching of current Theosophical books, though from time to time statements of quite unimpeachable definiteness appear. We are told that "the scheme of the planetary chains is quite unlike that given in such works as A. P. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, but in such meagre outline is Mr. Farnsworth's scheme that no adequate comparison of the two systems is really possible. In other places the author virtually asserts that he is right and modern Theosophists wrong, but he gives us no ground whatever for accepting his perfunctorily stated theories in preference to the older. Nor does he take the reader into his confidence regarding his credentials, although he claims to supersede "by plainer speech" the veiled language used by "H. P. B. and her associate Masters".

Nevertheless there are many really suggestive fragments of thought and teaching scattered throughout the book, which preclude us from too hastily describing it as one of the many spiritualistic adventures into literature. If it is attributable to some discarnate spirit, then he is one of a superior order.

The book is certainly worthy of perusal, and in some parts of careful and sympathetic study.

J. I. W.

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

*Bacteriology*, by W. E. Carnegie Dickson, M.D.

This is a popular sketch of this fascinating Science, wonderfully comprehensive in so small a space, and forms a good introduction to the serious study of the subject: or, for the man in

<sup>1</sup> This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

the street who does not want to study, it gives a clear insight into the rudiments of the Science, and may do much good by impressing him with the necessity of hygiene in all that pertains to his daily life, though it may frighten him not a little with the long list of formidable, if invisible, foes who are constantly invading the citadel of his body; also the enormous number of bacteria which exist in ordinary everyday articles of food, especially in milk. If a scientist can write of conditions in England, how much more must they apply in India also!

Of special interest and importance is the chapter on "Organisms which produce Disease," for the sooner it is a matter of common knowledge what harm these invisible foes can do and the ease with which they are spread—such as the Tubercle bacillus in the sputum, to name the most prevalent—the better for all. The last chapter touches on what might be called the happier side of Bacteriology, its relation to plants, to the arts and industries, and lastly its commercial aspect. There is a good list of books appended for further and more complete study of this subject in all its various aspects.

G. J.

*Wild Flowers*, by Macgregor Skene, B.Sc.

The pleasure derived from the sight of a lovely woman is quickened rather than dulled by learning her name; and, if the spectator is told something further as to where and how she lives, her beauty is in no way affected, while his interest is considerably increased. Professor Skene argues that it is thus with flowers also; and therefore he has written this quite elementary and, as far as it goes, perfectly satisfactory little book, for those who love flowers for their beauty but have no technical knowledge of botany. His classification of wild flowers into *ten colour groups* affords a simple and effective system of reference. Illustrations of all flowers mentioned, and indices of English and Latin names make identification very easy. Technical terms have been avoided as far as possible, and a clear explanation of those not in everyday use is given in the introductory paragraphs.

A. E. A.

*Luther and the Reformation*, by Leonard D. Agate, M.A.

This is a sketch of the life and times of Martin Luther, and the author emphasises most rightly the truth that "all religious movements must be studied in relation to the local and temporary circumstances in which they arose". The Reformation was "an attempt to deal with certain abuses of an existing system". The corruption of the Mediæval Church is proverbial, but Mr. Agate states his case fairly and shows the temptations of the Church by reason of its enormous power. Luther, himself, had "a dark and morbid side to his character," which was probably the reason why he viewed the times with so sad a gaze. It was his life in a monastery that sowed "the seeds of his later antagonism to Catholic theology". A chapter is devoted to the question of Indulgences, possibly the most crying evil of the time. Then comes a description of the Diet of Worms. And the political problems of the time are given, followed by an excellent digest of Luther's theology. As in the case of so many reformers, Luther's zeal carried him further from the Catholic position than he would, under normal conditions, have gone:

Catholic theologians lament his apostacy among other reasons, because, had he remained within the Church, his ability and zeal for reform might have accomplished much.

A few pages on the Lutheran Church, together with a useful bibliography and an efficient index, conclude this excellent volume, which is written in an interesting and unbiased manner.

*Anglo-Catholicism*, by A. E. Manning-Foster.

Dr. Langford-James in a short introduction describes Anglo-Catholicism as "a libel on the Gospel," to Protestants, and "to the Roman Catholics a parody of Catholicism". The Anglo-Catholic Movement may be said to have received its greatest impulse from the Tractarian Movement, with its endeavour to restore within the Church of England certain doctrines and practices which, it was claimed, were ever her heritage, but which had fallen into disuse and decay. The short treatise on Anglo-Catholicism, which lies before us, is admirably planned and has chapters dealing with "The Church: Before and After Reformation," "The Bible," "Tradition," "The Sacraments". The author insists on the *Catholicity* of the Church of England and will not allow that Anglo-Catholics

represent "a party or school of thought of the Church of England, but the actual official teaching of the Church of England itself". He says:

The Oxford movement was not the commencement of a new party or school of thought. It was a return to first principles, an appeal to the Prayer Book, and to the older tradition, that the Puritans and Protestants had gradually hidden from sight.

However the question be settled as to the validity of the Anglo-Catholic claims, it is undoubted that those who agree with them have contributed largely to the growth of spirituality within the English Church. The author of this book writes with conviction and therefore in a convincing manner, but then—so did Cardinal Newman from an opposing camp.

T. L. C.

*Architecture*, by Mrs. Arthur Bell.

The authoress gives a succinct account of the development of Architecture from the earliest times in Egypt, Asia and America up till the present period. Special chapters are devoted to Greek, Roman, Early Christian, Byzantine and Saracenic, Romanesque, Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman architecture, also to Gothic and Renaissance architecture in Europe and Great Britain. What is lacking in detail of description in the letter-press is amply repaid in the copious illustrations that appear on almost every page. For anyone desiring to acquire speedily and easily accurate information upon this subject, a concentrated digest of facts as contained in this handbook will prove a most profitable investment. The matter relating to the great cathedrals of Europe is particularly interesting and covers a great deal of ground.

A. E. A.

# THE THEOSOPHIST

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IT may be remembered that in 1889, H. P. Blavatsky wrote that the early years of the next century would see many of the accounts of the Nations made up, and verily she was a true prophet in this matter. For one very clear result of the present gigantic War is to bring Asia into new relations with Europe, and to establish her in her old place of power in the shaping of the world's destinies. We sometimes forget that all the old Empires of the past were Asian, that India, Persia, Assyria, struck the key-note of civilisation for thousands of years, and that China, though she did not make so flaming a trace on the world's pages, wrote a self-contained story of rare internal progress and lofty ethics which have maintained her in her sure place among the great civilisations of the world.

\* \* \*

Asia has been for centuries a Continent to be exploited by the young and virile Nations of the West. These started on fresh lines on the younger Continent of Europe, the fourth and fifth sub-races spreading

westwards, and occupying the lands, some of which had but lately emerged from the seas. The great swamps of eastern Europe, as they dried up into habitable soil, furnished a centre for the young fifth sub-race, from which their families emigrated westwards and northwards, to found future nationalities. They naturally forgot their Asian Motherland, as generation succeeded generation, and as they developed their new type of civilisation, difficulties of communication kept the two Continents isolated from each other, unknowing their relative lines of development. Only, later on, incursions into Europe of hordes of warlike and ferocious warriors from the central parts of Asia made the names of the Huns and others names of terror in Europe.

\* \*

Then came a new impulse from Asia, which embodied itself in the Saracens, the impulse of Chivalry and Mysticism, spreading westwards and southwards from Persia. Masonry was enriched from the same source, and these all softened and refined the rougher manners of the West, while Arabia took up the tradition of Greece, enriched and developed it, and brought science to Europe, laying the foundations of the modern world. Not only in religion did Asia teach Europe, though it is true that Asia had the genius of spirituality, and that Europe merely copied and spread, but originated no great religion. In literature, philosophy, science, and art, Asia was the Mother of all progress, while as regards tolerance, that true mark of greatness, Akbar was discussing religions among wise men of different faiths, while Mary was burning Protestants and Elizabeth executing Roman Catholics. Scarcely for two centuries has Europe been taking the lead, while Asia, sated with

great achievements, slept for a while to rest, and let the reins of Empire slip from fingers tired of power.

\* \* \*

But now Asia is awakening, and Japan first raised her head, and fought her way to high position among the Nations of the world, concluding alliance with the mighty western people whose genius for colonisation and rule was laying deep and firm the foundations of a world-wide Empire. Persia stirred uneasily, feeling the breath of Liberty, and, though hardly entreated by Russia and Britain, she has her eyes fixed on a fuller National life. And China, that vast unknown land, that land of far-reaching possibilities, took her fate into her own hands, flung off her Empire, established a Republic, and is feeling her feet, intent on working out her own salvation.

\* \* \*

How could this great wave of new life sweep over Asia and leave untouched the blood in India's veins? She, mightiest, fairest, wisest of all Asian Peoples, how should she lie supine, continuing to sleep, when lesser Nations were stirring? And so has come unrest, and movements of new life, a sense of growing strength and consciousness of National Unity. Slowly she has been awaking to Self-realisation, and measuring her resources, and, quietly learning from the younger Nations methods of Self-Government, has been pursuing the new ways of modern peoples. As a Nation, she sprang to her feet at the cry for help that rang across the seas from the little northern Island that had taught her the great lesson of Liberty and that found herself confronted by a mighty foe, and she flung

her sons into the carnage of War, poured out the blood of her people and the hoarded treasures of her Princes, and proved her worth and her strength on the stricken fields of modern War in Europe. Never again can India, who has fought and died for the common Empire side by side with England, sink back into the old position of Ma-Bap, and stand with folded hands submissive to the Sahab's nod. When Britain called on India for help, she treated her as an equal, and never again can she, in fairness and in honour, treat the Indian Nation as a subject race. By her sword, drawn for England not against her, India has won her Freedom, and the chaplet of Liberty has been wrought for her on the fields of Europe, sodden with the outpoured blood of Indians and of Englishmen. Well, verily, is it for both Nations that full National Self-consciousness has flowered while the two Nations are fighting side by side. There was a time when there was a danger that it might be realised in opposition instead of in union, when South Africa strained India's patience and strength almost to the breaking-point. South African oppression did much to awaken the sense of unity in India, but, thanks to all good Powers, Lord Hardinge's sympathy and Mr. V. Gandhi's patience tided India over the danger, and turned anger into gratitude.

\* \*

All this change and the near approach of Self-Government in India is making the thoughtful feel the need for preparation, and for pressing on more rapidly the religious, educational, social and political reforms which are too interlinked and interwoven for separation. The Theosophical Society has been one of the most effective workers in the field of religious and educational reform. By emphasising the doctrines of

the great religions apart from their special *differentia* in forms and ceremonies, it has proved itself the most valuable of peacemakers; in northern India, where it is weakest, religious animosities are far stronger than in the southern parts of the great peninsula, and faiths which antagonise each other in the Panjab and the U. P. live peacefully side by side in Madras, Mysore, the Deccan and Bombay. The example of the Central Hindū College stimulated the founding of schools under National control, and the teaching of religion and ethics in schools and colleges has become widespread, partly by the examinations organised by the C. H. C., and partly by the separate examinations started by Theosophists in Bombay and elsewhere.

\* \*

Hard on the heels of this work trod the crusade against child-marriage, and that in favour of foreign travel and of close social intercourse between Indians and Europeans on a footing of perfect equality and mutual respect. And thus the good work has gone on, and Indian Nationality has drawn inspiration and hope from the labours of Theosophists, and the liberalising tolerant spirit is spreading everywhere, as a permeating influence, a spirit rather than a form.

\* \*

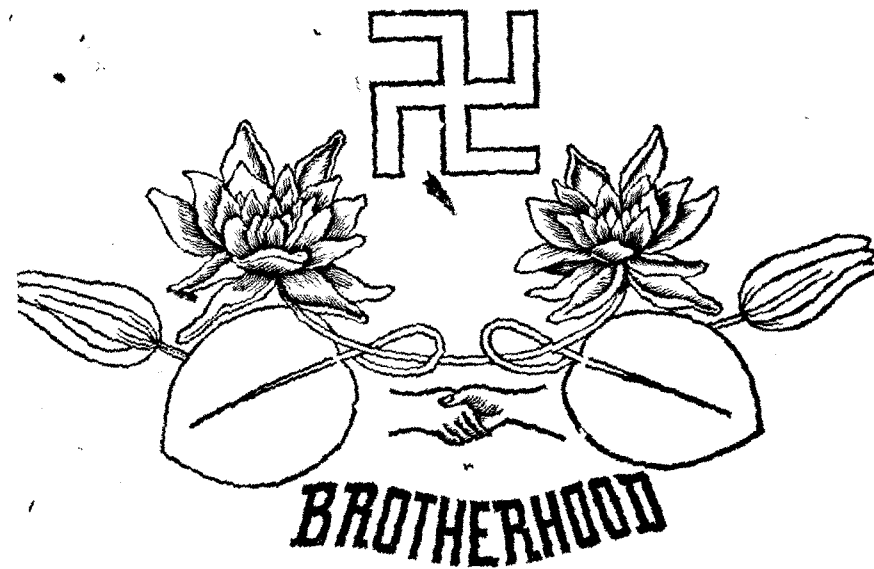
An interesting movement has begun in Madras, which aims directly at civic education, at the training of men and women in the methods and means of Self-Government, by the full and free discussion of all public questions, and the training of those who take part in it in the forms of Parliamentary procedure. A Madras Parliament has been formed, and is being joined by the leaders of public opinion of all parties, and interesting

"Mr. Herbert Brown, who had shown indefatigable energy and enthusiasm in this work, also made an appeal on the Liverpool General Exchange. A large and influential meeting was arranged under the Presidency of Lord Derby, and Dr. Guest again depicted in graphic terms the appalling suffering existing in France at the present moment and the shortage of Hospitals, the need of which could scarcely be exaggerated. The result of the appeal was that £7,000 was subscribed on the spot, and before very long this sum had been raised to £12,000, sufficient to establish another Base Hospital. The money has been handed over to the Anglo-French Committee.

"Dr. Guest has also had given to him by a private individual a sum of several thousand pounds with which yet another Hospital has been started at Nevers, Mr. Pemberton again conveying out a huge quantity of stores of all kinds."

\*\*\*

The 17th February was kept as usual at Adyar, the passing away of the President-Founder, the birthday of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, and the burning of Giordano Bruno, being all commemorated on that day. The statue of the Colonel, the picture of Mr. Leadbeater, and the bust of Bruno were all honoured with offerings of flowers, and Dr. English, Mr. Jinarajadasa and myself, all spoke a few words of love and gratitude. It is well that these gracious annual ceremonies should testify to our belief that we are all one living body, and that for us "death is but a recurring incident in an immortal life," and that deaths and births are but milestones on our way.



## THEOSOPHY, BEAUTY AND ART

By ALICE E. ADAIR

THERE is no field of human activity where the Theosophical Society might give more real help than that of Art. It has been left practically untouched in the past; and, considering the importance that is to be attached to it in the evolution of the sixth root race, this is surely a mistake. A useful movement has recently been established in England, the International Brotherhood of Arts, Crafts and Industries, but its work is directed into certain definite channels. My appeal is a less ambitious, but a more personal, one, and is made to each unit of our body, whether he may consider himself as having artistic tastes or as being totally devoid of them; for I believe that art is a universal necessity, the life-blood of the Superman, as science is

the bony structure. In its universal aspect it is as potent a factor in the uplifting of humanity, and as vital to its growth, as religion is. It kindles with its white flame the divine fire in the hearts and minds of men and women for whom religion has no message; and the history of Greece, where it was the inspiration of a nation, is sufficient proof of the splendour of its power and the enduring quality of its influence. Since that time there has been none to equal it, and very few even to approach it; yet deep-hidden in the soul of many nations burns the hope of a Greater Athens still to come; a dream ever haunts them of a nobler Parthenon that yet may be. But only as art is recognised as a living force, not as the mere perfection of external forms—as soon as an art movement becomes formal, not formative, you may know that its death knell is sounded—only as it is prized as science is prized, only as it is cherished and revered as religion is cherished and revered, shall we call to earth a reincarnation of the Spirit that was Greece, the apotheosis of Beauty in life. Is not that a goal worth winning? Is it not an end worth striving for?

Well, you may begin at once if you will; no subscription is necessary; no great expenditure of energy is required; only a little time at no settled period, a little patience, a little thought and a mental attitude of pliancy, and the miracle is worked. The reward is an access of joy in living quite incommensurate with the effort expended. The first step consists in putting some plain questions to oneself and answering them honestly; the next step is immediately to put into practice, in whatever form is most attractive, the conclusions that have been reached. There one alights

at once upon the delight of an artistic outlook on life—one does what one finds attractive. The artist does things because he loves doing them, not because he feels he ought, or because some one else thinks he ought, to do them; hence he finds joy in his work and the joy makes it beautiful.

"Is art an essential factor in the progress of the world? What do I really know about it? If I am ignorant why am I ignorant; and am I justified in so remaining when the expenditure of a small amount of effort at occasional and convenient moments will bring some enlightenment?" These are the questions I submit to you for consideration. To the second of them I believe the answer will almost invariably be: "Very little," or, "Nothing at all". And it is the purpose of this article to offer suggestions for lines of thought, rather than exhaustive replies to the others, and so to lead each person to take the first step towards "getting understanding".

To the first question: "Is art an essential factor in the progress of the world," Theosophy gives an unequivocal "Yea". It also provides a thread by means of which we may find a way through the maze of conflicting opinions and confusing statements that are rife in relation to beauty and art. Theosophy reveals the evolution of man to us as the gradual unfolding from within him of a twofold power, intellectual and emotional, and so enables us to bridge the psychological gulfs left by our western philosophers in their effort to isolate and to establish the supreme importance of the thinking principle. In this effort the significance of man's emotional nature was almost entirely obscured, and there can be little doubt that this point of view has

indirectly impeded the growth of art in Europe for many centuries.

Theosophical study also teaches the distinction between emotional and mental power; the one is related to the energising aspect of life-force, the other to its formative aspect. Desire-emotion-will energy vivifies matter; mental energy builds it into stable forms; thought gives shape to ideas; emotion colours and vitalises them. Hence, when we speak of a man of striking personality as having "colour," we mean that there is in him a large reserve of emotional life-energy; and hence, also, the more dominating influence of a fine character than of a keen intellect.

Theosophy also discloses beauty as an attribute of God made manifest in matter—a universal principle. It is omnipresent. There is beauty in the ordered revolution of the spheres, there is beauty in a dew-drop and in a grain of sand. We ascribe beauty to the beating of the wings of the eagle as it soars upward towards the sun; to the pearl that lies hidden in a shell in the depths of the ocean. The scientist finds it in his laboratory, the mathematician in the perfect relations existing in the phenomenal world, the philosopher in pure heights of abstract reasoning, the religious in the state of ecstasy, and the artist everywhere.

If one could grasp the conception of Absolute Beauty, I believe it would be by the perfect balance of these two aspects of power—intellect and emotion perfectly poised. Relative beauty results when the same state of poise is established between the two through all the ramifications of these forces in the lower planes of matter. Carrying this thought further we find that emotion is always a "moving forth," while intellectual

effort implies concentration, the drawing to a centre, steadiness. Beauty is not rigidity; beauty is not the result of correctness of form. Pure form represents truth not beauty; and whenever you have rigidity of form, you are looking at beauty's shell, not beauty's self. For beauty is that state of poise produced by the perfect harmony between a form and the life that ensouls it. The state of beauty may exist only for a moment, or it may last for longer periods, varying in extent according to the energy expended in the creative effort. The state of truth is arrived at when a perfect form is formed for an idea, beauty is added with the ensouling life.

Having seen that beauty is everywhere and that it exists as the nexus of the two currents of life-energy which are active in man through his emotional and intellectual powers, and having observed that the unfolding of these powers is part of the evolutionary scheme, we have now to note the specialisation of one or other of these aspects of energy in individuals, specialised, one may suppose, in order that the speed of their development may be accelerated. All human activity is the sum of the exercises which mould the body, the exercises which develop the intellect, and the exercises which train the emotions. In all branches of instruction, both formative and energising agencies are at work, but certain branches emphasise the relative importance of the one and certain branches the other. Science, mathematics and philosophy exalt the powers of the intellect; religion and art the powers of the emotions. Thinking along these lines we see how vital is the place of art in human life. One important point around which surges a tumult of conflicting

and confusing thought is the relation between art and religion and the relative importance of each in man's spiritual unfoldment. The purpose of this article is to arouse interest, not to dogmatise. Some people hold that art is religion, others that it has nothing to do with religion, others again that they are twin sisters. Possibly all these points of view are partially right and partially wrong. Three things are undoubtedly clear: religion and art both cultivate the emotions; each may be helpful to the other; they are often closely associated. But there is a difference in the training that each gives, and there is a subtle distinction in the effect of that difference of training. Both uphold an ideal, but in one it is the Spirit triumphant over matter, in the other it is the Spirit triumphant in matter. One emphasises the Divine Transcendence, the other the Divine Immanence. The revelations of the priest and of the artist are not antagonistic, they are complementary. The Saint realises his divinity by escaping from the limitations of form at the command of the Spirit. The artist finds his divinity in the pouring out of his Spirit into the limitations of form.

The love of beauty is in every one, but in the artist it is the dominating passion of his life. He preaches not, nor teaches, but simply expresses his joy in this love of beauty, in music, in painting or in sculpture. It carries him to heights unscaled by ordinary mortals, whence he draws the inspirational power which en-souls his masterpiece, so that the beauty revealed by a work of art is beauty of a special kind and is fully understood by the artistically educated only. The more highly developed the mind, the more refined the emotional temperament of the artist, the more difficult to

understand are his works. The Venus of Milo and the Pastoral Symphony will never arouse any high emotion in the man who has had no æsthetic training, for the æsthetic appeal to the emotions differs from that made by religion and by human relationships. The fact that an ordinary man feels pleasurable emotion regarding a lovely scene or a beautiful woman does not make him competent to judge the merits of a landscape painting, or of a statue, as he so often thinks it does. The sense of beauty is increased and cultured by art training.

There is more nonsense talked about art, especially painting and sculpture, than about any other subject, simply because people will not, perhaps cannot, or at least do not, realise that, to produce a work of art, nay, even to understand art in its higher branches, requires not so much a special training as a peculiar temperament, which is the result of this emotional development we have been discussing. Towards music and architecture a much more reasonable attitude prevails. No person, just because he can finger out a popular air on the piano, imagines he understands the music of Brahms; nor does he mind in the least admitting that he thoroughly enjoys comic opera, whilst an orchestral concert "bores him stiff". A like modesty and frankness is too often lacking with regard to the sister arts, and the amateur (decidedly amateur) painter is, in this respect, the worst sinner.

This brings us to the practical question: How are we to cultivate æsthetic tastes or, as we have hitherto expressed it, how learn to understand art so that we may all give our quota of help in this branch of the training of the emotions. Honesty is the first qualification. There must be no pretension to knowledge

that does not exist, nor to appreciation of beauty that is not felt. The thing which gives us pleasure is for us the expression of beauty, however others may regard it. Our surroundings should express our own tastes. It is because people gather round them things they think they ought to admire, rather than the things they do admire, that their rooms are often such a quaint jumble. To be perfectly natural in expressing one's tastes is a guarantee that there shall be a certain harmony, even if it be not of the highest order, in our surroundings; "for art can be second-rate yet genuine"; and a real appreciation of second, or even third, rate art is more beneficial to the individual and more helpful to the growth of art than an affected sensibility to emotional currents which are clearly out of range. It is possible, however, to cultivate appreciation for art of a higher order, and one means to this end is to live continually with some acknowledged masterpiece which has in it some element that gives pleasure. One's attitude towards it should not be one of intellectual analysis. If the reproduction of a picture is chosen, it should be the best reproduction available and should be hung where the eye will continually rest upon it in moments of leisure. The pleasure in looking at it will generally grow to a certain point and then come to a standstill. The picture should then be taken down and another substituted. If the first picture is put out of sight for a few months, and then taken out, the increase in the amount of joy with which its reappearance is greeted is the measure of increase of artistic sensibility. In this way, quite naturally and unconsciously, taste will improve; objects that once were attractive become tiresome or distasteful. Silently the great

Master, through his handiwork, has been refining the emotions, cultivating the taste, of the spectator. The same effect may be achieved by a similar method in music.

Simplicity is another qualification; for the grasp of essentials and the elimination of purposeless details are characteristic of all really great art. This quality is easy to acquire; simplicity in dress, in furnishing, in house-decorating, simplicity in living altogether, brings one very near to the secret of art in life, and really aids the development of arts and crafts. As soon as people cease to waste their substance upon meaningless ornamentation, they will have the wherewithal to pay the higher price that beautiful articles must command. The development of taste within the home must precede the acquirement of the higher æsthetic sense of the artist. To be able to impress one's individuality upon one's material surroundings, and to make of them a harmonious whole, is to gain a faint glimmer of the something the artist puts into the mere representation of an object, which distinguishes his work from pure imitation. Simple forms, few colours, but the best obtainable with the means at one's disposal, these are the very first lessons in art.

A third qualification is adaptability, and this is a great stumbling-block in the path of even highly cultured people; therefore is it so urgent a necessity that we should remember that beauty is a living force, and that the artist, as the exponent of beauty, must not be fettered by the traditions and forms of the past, however wonderful they may have been. If, in his hours of exaltation, he beholds some vision of archetypal beauty, must it necessarily be always the same archetype?

Is not the treasure-house of the LOGOS inexhaustible, and may no artist ever bring back to earth a new memory, a new form of beauty? Even when we are not wholly ignorant of the principles of art, we are too ready, generally, to follow in the beaten tracks of our forefathers, too lazy or too timid to leave the safe (?) boundaries of convention; and conventional restriction in art means atrophy and death. It is this mental and emotional obtuseness on the part of the public which leads to such artistic anarchy and revolt as we find embodied in the Futurist movement—curiously enough, in the art world, they, the Futurists, presaged the storm which was about to break over Europe. So that in studying the work of any man or any movement we have always to remember that there are artists who chisel out the features of the dawn, as there are others who immortalise the noonday splendour, and others still who paint the luminous beauty of the sunset. "Great artists never look back." They know that the splendour of one day is not the same splendour as that of another, that forms perish, but the spirit of beauty is deathless and its power never wanes.

The stultifying effect of convention upon the men who are not really great is seen in the rows of pretty banalities that annually line the walls of the Academy, where originality is conspicuous by its absence. A study of the history of art proves the necessity for this open-minded attitude; for it has a decidedly wavelike advance. There are smaller and larger waves, there are deeper and shallower troughs. A forward impulse is given; a movement seems suddenly to spring into life, generally with one great man at the heart of it. It invariably meets with opposition and generally with

ridicule. Gradually the opposition dies down, the new life it brought is absorbed, and later generations wonder what all the fuss was about. It was so in the beginning of the nineteenth century with the revival of classic art; again it was so with the romantic and realistic movements, and most people still remember the storm of ridicule which the advent of Impressionism raised; and since then we have had the Post-Impressionists, the Cubists and, latest and maddest of all in the estimation of the public, the Futurists.

All the latter, I believe, are but the heralds of one of the really great movements in art; may Theosophists, at least, be ready to give it a sympathetic reception; for the world might benefit so much more if these movements had not to waste their first and best energy in the fight for existence. What the artist demands, and what his work demands, is freedom, freedom to express the life and truth that is in him.

To be honest, natural, simple and receptive, will bring one into touch with the spirit of art; to study harmony of line, harmony of light and dark spaces, and harmony of colour, will teach one something of its technique. This one can do quite easily by intelligent observation in daily life. One may learn what is meant by beauty expressed in harmony of line in passing a cathedral, or a statue, or turning over the pages of a magazine; one may grow to love harmony of distribution of light and dark spaces, also, in illustrations and in Oriental ink painting; and there is an infinite field for observation of harmony in colour in embroideries, in woven designs, decorated pottery, enamelling, stained glass, or Japanese prints, even when good pictures are not available. The purchase of a

gown, the furnishing of a room, the planning of a garden, or even the choosing of an ornament, may be, if one pleases, a valuable lesson in art, so natural, so simple a thing is it in its beginnings, so closely related is it to human life.

It is the intensely human element in art which makes it so valuable an agent in uplifting men; for its influence reaches from the vilest criminal to the highest crowned head of imperial power. The breadth of sympathy, the understanding of human weakness, the value of the part of the villain, as well as that of the hero, in the piece, of ugliness (so-called) as the foil of loveliness; the revelation of the beauty hidden in a muddy pool, and the unreality of a loveliness that is only skin deep—these are things to which all men feel themselves related. The snowy heights to which religion points by way of self-immolation leave the majority of men cold and unresponsive. The artist uses the things they understand as the material with which he fashions his Temple of Beauty, and they are free to enter if they will. Some say the temple that he builds is for devil-worshippers only, others that it is raised to the Unknown God in his aspect of Universal Beauty. The artist is not a priest, nor even a teacher; he is the witness and interpreter of a divine reality; "others may reason and welcome," it is enough for him to know.

Alice E. Adair

---

## LETTER FROM A NEUTRAL

*Rangoon, 23rd August, 1914*

MY DEAR SISTER,

It is Sunday afternoon—half-past six. I hear the Church bells ringing, and it is as if for a moment their vibrations were able to give a sense of peace to everything.

Now, in the quietness of my room, I can think again of "the War," but this time I will not think of it in the same way as most people are thinking, but in my own way. I will try to put the thoughts down in writing as they now come to me, hoping that they may give you, and perhaps others also, the same feeling of peace and understanding as they have given me.

There are many standpoints from which one can look on such a catastrophe as this.

1. The point of view of the man in the street, who, stimulated by a mass of uncontrolled lower passions and emotions, will always see the right on his own side, constantly sending out thoughts of hatred to his enemy.

2. One can look on it from an economical standpoint, which means that probably this War had to come on account of the expansion of Germany's energy and the lack of proper channels to dispose of the surplus of her population.

3. A humane standpoint, which makes one feel very, very sad indeed when one begins to think of the horrible suffering of so many young men, and the sorrow of all the wives, mothers and children, bereft of their husbands, sons and fathers.

4. The political point of view, from which people are closely following all the movements of other nations, hoping that their own nation may come out successfully, so that it will be able to maintain the position it occupied before the War.

5. The historical standpoint, from which by studying the past one can make more or less definite conclusions regarding the future. One cannot help seeing that all the powers which our fifth sub-race has been developing have been used for very selfish purposes. The attention of most people is steadily fixed on wealth, power and self-gratification. This is so strong that many, even now, are trying to make money out of the present circumstances, speculating on the duration of the War, etc., instead of sacrificing even that which they have for the cause of Peace. I am afraid that the War will go on till every one gets a good shaking up, and will look into his own heart and change his intentions.

6. Then there is the religious standpoint. I mean the true religious standpoint, which will make people pray to their Gods for peace and goodwill for all. (Not that sectarian standpoint which prays for the victory of one of the parties only, as if the enemy were not entitled to the love and help of God.) From the religious point of view many earnest people will cry out in despair: "Oh, my God, why all this suffering?"

7. Then, at last, we come to the Theosophical point of view which, while including all the other views,

understands the causes of them all. To the cry "Oh, my God, why all this?" . . . the Gods remain silent . . . and no answer will come . . . unless we descend into our own lower nature and study carefully all our previous thoughts. And then I know that many of us will soon get a shock when realising that we ourselves have been working a good deal for the bringing about of this horrible catastrophe, from which the whole world is now suffering.

One country after the other arms itself—to guard its independence, they say. They feel proud to be able to speak of "*Das Vaterland*," or of "The Empire," or of "*La Patrie*". God only knows how often people, who are now fighting for the independence of one country have been fighting against that very country in a previous incarnation.

I know, we often cannot help it. Men say it is natural. Quite so from the standpoint of the lower self. One (one's lower self) should feel for the spot where one is born, should feel for the people who speak one's mother tongue, and who have the same customs and peculiarities as oneself. All this builds a kind of wall round a certain group of people, and they get so much attached to this limitation that they cannot see beyond it. But this love for one group should not necessarily mean indifference or hatred for other groups.

When applied to a country as a whole, the combination of these limited ideas is called "National Pride". It is a virtue, which I can admire very much for lack of the presence of greater virtues. But there are nobler motives which should make a nation great, for national pride has a greater tendency to kill than to enlighten

the spirit of a people. It is a well-known fact in history that the circle of love gradually enlarges from one's own family to the town in which one lives, further extending itself from town to province, from province to country, and further to the people of one continent. Here I think of the disdain with which a European can say "Yankee," or the much expressive "Stick-in-the-mud" of the American when referring to his brother the European.

But gradually the love extends itself also beyond these limits, first to those of different nations who hold the same ideas and strive after the same ideals, and then still further to the whole of Humanity, no matter of what country, of what race, of what colour, or of what standing.

It is very hard for most people to realise this just now, while the atmosphere is badly disturbed by the currents of national thought and feeling, prejudices and superstitions; for again and again that old feeling of pride comes to the surface when one hears a brother of another nation boasting of his country, or hears him belittling the good deeds of other nations.

But it cannot be denied that this only belongs to the lower nature, as the law of reincarnation shows us sufficiently that in the course of evolution one ego gathers experiences through many different bodies of different nationalities. I think this is what a Theosophist should realise! He should be absolutely balanced; of course, ever prepared to serve his own country, if necessary, because that is his duty as a human being under the present conditions of existence; but he should refrain from discussing the right or wrong of the one nation or the other. He should not join in the uncharitable

talk and discussions of the people, but rather keep his thought high and his intentions pure, and give as much actual help as he can by sacrificing as much as possible of his material possessions to relieve the suffering of so many fellow-men, and by sending good thoughts to all.

And now, Dear Sister, let us try to put these thoughts into practice. I specially lay stress on this, because I know that when I leave my room presently, I shall be again among men, and shall again have to listen to their discussions, which will jar so much the more after a quiet peaceful meditation.

Dear Sister, in ending this letter I will ask you to join in my prayer for peace. We neutrals can easily and unreservedly do so, but I also hope that those involved in the great struggle will be able to send forth from their innermost hearts that love and goodwill, which are above all separation and which are effective agents in bringing Peace.

O Masters, may we ever keep our thoughts high, our intentions pure, our wills fixed upon helpfulness, and the attainment of accurate knowledge.

We offer ourselves to you, revered Masters of the Wisdom, for such work as we are capable of doing. We consecrate our lives to your holy Service. Peace on earth, goodwill toward men.

PEACE.....PEACE.....PEACE

Yours fraternally,

A. VERHAGE

## LILIES

Lilies so fair! Lilies so white!  
That tremble in the soft moonlight,  
Such peace surrounds no shrine of gold  
As you within your bosom hold.

Within the temple's sacred shade  
Have weary souls their burdens laid,  
But I for holy counsel seek  
These priestesses, so pure and meek.

This is my altar where I kneel  
To what is tender, pure and real,  
This is my temple where I leave  
The sins that caused my soul to grieve.

And here I learn that what is pure  
And true will evermore endure,  
And here confess at Beauty's feet  
That without Beauty nothing's sweet.

Far from the tumult, while 'tis late,  
These silent hours I dedicate  
To this sweet worship. Pause, my Soul!  
Then onward to achieve thy goal.

Lilies so fair! Lilies so white!  
Breathing serenely through the night!  
When shall our fevered passions cease?  
O teach me your eternal peace!

D. M. CODD



PILLAI PERUMĀL AIYANGAR<sup>1</sup>

(A VAISHNAVA POET)

By PROFESSOR V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

**A**MONG the numerous leaders of Vaishnavism, one whose name is mentioned with uncommon reverence, and whose works are widely read and appreciated, is Alagia Maṇavāla Dāsa, or Pillai Perumāl Aiyangār, as he is more commonly called. A saint of high piety and a poet of eminent skill, he is one of those

<sup>1</sup> This biographical sketch is based on the *Pulavarapurāna*, the *Abhidhāna Chintāmaṇi*, and the writings of the late Paṇḍit Satakopa Rāmānujachariar.

great teachers of men in whom genius blends with religion, and capacity with character. The period of his existence and labours is one of controversy. According to some, he was in the service of the renowned King and builder Tirumal Nāik of Madura, who, it is well known, ruled his kingdom from A. D. 1623 to 1659. According to others, he was a disciple of the great scholar Bhaṭṭa, the successor, in the Prabandhic school, of the celebrated prophet of Vaishṇavism, Rāmānuja, and therefore belonged to the twelfth century. It is not possible to enter into a detailed consideration of the arguments adduced by both parties, for the simple reason that both are traditional and are not based on well-expressed or well-known facts. It may, however, be pointed out that, from the nature of the poet's language, his character as a religious leader, and the more common tradition in regard to him among the Vaishṇavas, it is more or less certain that Pillai Perumāl lived at the early period when Vaishṇavism was in full and vigorous activity against Shaivism. Every word of his writings<sup>1</sup> breathes that spirit of extreme sectarianism which characterised the early days of modern Vaishṇavism; and while literary men will find some of the finest verses in Tamil literature in his compositions, the student of religious history can hardly find a more uncompromising opponent of Shaivism or a more sincere devotee of Viṣṇu. In the annals of polemical Vaishṇavism, he thus occupies a unique and prominent place.

Pillai Perumāl was born in the village of Tirumaṅgai, in the ancient Chola kingdom, some time in the first

<sup>1</sup> See Introduction to *Alagadar andādi* by the Pandit Satakopa Rāmānujachariar.

quarter of the twelfth century<sup>1</sup> A. D. His father<sup>2</sup> was the great Tiruvarangattu Amudanār, a devoted disciple of Rāmānuja, and the author of the renowned panegyric poem, *Rāmānuja Nutrandādi*—a treatise considered by the Vaishṇavas as the equal in sanctity of the *Tiruvāymōli* itself. Early in age, Pillai Perumāl acquitted himself as an intellectual prodigy. He became deeply versed in *Tolkāppya* and other Tamil grammatical literature, in the works of the ancient Tamil Saṅgams, and of the Alvārs of Vaishṇavism. With scholarship in Tamil he combined erudition in Samskr̥t, and in the Vēdas and Vēdāṅgas, the Vēdānta Sūtras and the Bhāshyas, he achieved an equal mastery. A scholar both in Samskr̥t and in Tamil, he became, however, even more celebrated for the austerity of his life, his deep devotion to the Deva of Shrīraṅgam. The Chola Monarch of the day heard of his renown, and in admiration bestowed on him an office in the Court. While Pillai Perumāl was in the royal service at Uraiyūr, we are told, an event happened which, on account of its singularly miraculous nature, instantly raised him to a high rank among God's servants. On one occasion, while sitting in the midst of a number of officers, he suddenly took his upper garment and rubbed it with his hands, as if it had caught fire. His co-officers at once asked him what the matter was, and he replied that the ornamental cloths of the car at Shrīraṅgam had caught fire, and he had put it out! Surprised and incredulous, his

<sup>1</sup> Rāmānuja died in A.D. 1137 and Bhaṭṭa is said to be his successor. See the *Tēṅgalai Guruparamparabhava* for a detailed description of the latter's career.

<sup>2</sup> According to another version it was his grandfather.

<sup>3</sup> The Chola Kings of the twelfth century were Vikrama Chola (1118-1135), Kulottunga II (1136-46), Rajavaja II (1146-71), and Rajadhiraja II (1171-78). It is impossible, with the materials at present at our disposal, to decide which is the particular monarch referred to above.

companions concluded that his brain must have been affected, that their scholarly friend was a lunatic, and in great sympathy, reported the fact to the King. Meanwhile the news came that Pillai Perumāl Aiyāṅgār had actually been present at the car festival and that he had saved the car from burning. The King was astonished to hear this. He asked Pillai Perumāl how he had proceeded to Shrīraṅgam; but the pious scholar replied that his mind alone, and not his person, had gone there! The Priests and authorities of the temple, on the other hand, had seen him in flesh and blood! The King and people now realised the greatness of Pillai Perumāl, his high yogic attainments, and his miraculous all-absorbing devotion. That very night, we are further told, the King had a dream to the effect that he proceeded to Shrīraṅgam, saw Pillai Perumāl performing his devotions on the Kaveri banks, and accompanied him into the great shrine for the worship of the deity; but there Pillai Perumāl vanished! The King saw in this vision another convincing proof of the oneness of the Sage with the God of his heart, and he came to feel that it was unpardonable impiety to hold such a great devotee in service. Immediately after daybreak, therefore, he summoned him to his presence; expressed his unfitness to engage his services; asked pardon of him for any mistakes he in his position and pride might have committed in the past, and declared that he might go wherever he desired. When the great devotee desired to live always in the temple and dedicate himself to the service of Raṅganātha, the King ordered a special habitation to be placed at his disposal, and a daily supply of the necessities of life to be given him.

Pillai Perumāl Aiyāṅgār was now in a congenial sphere. Assured of a livelihood, and of full opportunity for the exercise of his devotion, he led a life of intense happiness in the incessant worship of his Lord. His devotion then found vent in a number of poems—*Tiruvaraṅgakkalambagam*, *Tiruvaraṅgattandādi*, *Tiruvāraṅgattumalai*, *Shrī-Raṅganāyakar-ūsai*, *Tiruvēṅgaḍamalai*, *Tiruvēṅgaḍattandādi*, *Alakarandādi*, and *Nūt-reṭṭutirupatiandādi*—all of which are collectively known as the *Ashtaprabandha*. The great and conspicuous feature in all these poems is, over and above the deep intensity of feeling which characterises them, the extraordinary skill with which the verses have been constructed. In the art of using the *sleshai* and *tiripu*, of *yamaka* and *andādi*, of *kalambakam* and *ūsai*, he was such a past-master that an admiring crowd of scholars bestowed upon him the title of divine poet. His works, moreover, are saturated with the divine lore of the Vaishṇava Saints and Sages, of the Ālvārs and the Āchāryas, and reflect their teachings and doctrines.

A curious tradition is current among scholars in regard to the circumstances under which Pillai Perumāl composed that portion of his *Ashtaprabandha* which concerned Tirupati. It is based on the fact that the Vaishṇavism of Pillai Perumāl, during this period of life, was of a qualified nature. It was characterised more by intensity than by reason, more by narrow-minded, though all-absorbing, devotion, than by a true spirit of philosophy. In his devotion to Raṅganātha, for instance, he denied the divinity not only of Shiva, but of the other manifestations or incarnations of Viṣṇu Himself! The tradition goes that, during his sojourn in the Shrīraṅgam temple, he had a vision in

which the Deva Shrīnivāsa of Tirupati, appeared before him and expressed a desire to be celebrated, like Raṅganātha, in his poems and panegyrics; that the deluded devotee, more enthusiastic than thoughtful, refused to do so on the ground that the poet of *Raṅga* could never be the poet of *Kuraṅga* (the master of monkeys, as Shrīnivāsa lived in the company of monkeys); and that the insulted Deva in his desire to be the subject of the poet's praises, and to teach him the identity of the deities of the one hundred and eight temples of Vaishṇavism, subjected him to the pain of a dangerous disease. The suffering devotee instantly came to understand the cause of his suffering, and at once took steps to remove it. It was now that, in his two poems of great beauty and charm, *Tiruveṅgaḍattandādi* and *Tiruveṅgaḍamālai*, he expressed his repentance for his past heresy and celebrated, in his inimitable manner, the glory and the greatness of the "Lord of Monkeys". At the same time, he saw the childish nature of his theological principles, and grasped the idea that the deities of the one hundred and eight temples were, in spite of different names and histories, the manifestations of one God. The knowledge of this new philosophy vented itself in the composition, in the poet's favourite style of *andādi*, of poems on the celebrated Alagar of Alagarmalai in Madura, and on all the one hundred and eight Vaishṇava Avatāras of South India.

Disease and difficulty, after all, merely converted the narrow-minded Vaishṇavite into a broad-minded Vaishṇavite. It did nothing more. It did not, in any way, lessen his animosity to Shiva and Shiva's cult. It did not give him that true breadth of mind, that

philosophy, which could look on Shiva and Viṣṇu as identical, which could consider them as the different manifestations of the same God. A strange, and certainly not improbable, tradition illustrates this narrow range of his devotion, this bigoted nature of his faith. It is said that the Shaiva leaders of Jambukeśhvaram,<sup>1</sup> the great stronghold of Shaivism near Shrīraṅgam, asked him, in their inordinate admiration of his skill as a poet, to compose a prabandha on their Deva. They felt that a poem addressed to their deity by such a reputed Vaishṇava scholar and divine would be an honour to themselves, their creed and their holy village. The only result of this petition was an uncompromising rejection of the request. With characteristic audacity, Pillai Perumāl replied in the same language in which he had at first replied to the commands of the Lord of Tirupati. A poet of Raṅga, he reaffirmed, could not be a poet of Kuraṅga, meaning this time by the latter term the God Shiva, who had a deer (*Kuraṅgam*) in his left hand, whose vehicle (*Nandī*) was a beast with a monkey's face, who incarnated as the monkey, and whose dress was mean (*ku*=mean and *raṅgam*=dress). The Shaiva priests were highly indignant. They had come to obtain a prabandha in Shiva's honour, and they got only an epithet which conveyed a number of abusive meanings! With an enthusiasm as sincere as it was obstinate, they returned with an oath to make Pillai Perumāl, by some means, fair or foul, compose at least one verse in dedication to their Deva. They had not to wait long for an opportunity for the fulfilment of their

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated Tiruvānaikaval near Shrīraṅgam, the story of the origin of which is given in the *Peria Purāna* in the section on Kōchēngatchōla Nāyanar. For a description of the place see *Trichinopoly Gazette*, Vol. I, 322-3. The famous shrine is well known for its architectural beauty, its āṇḍa, or water lingam, and its inscriptions, many of which belong to the Hoysāla dynasty.

object. A few days after their futile interview with the poet, they saw the holy cow of the Shrīraṅgam temple grazing in their field. They seized it, and drove it away to their temple. The priests of Shrīraṅgam found out its whereabouts, and earnestly pressed the Āgamins to surrender it, as without it the *Visvarūpa-darshana* ceremony, performed every morning in the temple, could not be performed. The priests of Jambukeshvaram promised to surrender it only if Pillai Perumāl Aiyaṅgār applied for it in person. When he was informed of this, he asked them to come to him in person on the ground that he, a servant of the true God, could not place his footsteps on the unholy land of Rudra! The proposal was not a flattering one; but the people of Jambukeshvaram, we are told, were so much bent on the accomplishment of their object that they were prepared to ignore such treatment. Contented with the opportunity they obtained for gaining their end, they proceeded to Shrīraṅgam, had an interview with the learned poet, and restored the cow on obtaining from him the promise of a verse on their Lord. But no sooner was the cow surrendered than Pillai Perumāl sang a verse in which, indeed, there was full reference to Shiva, but a reference which expressed to a larger degree His inferiority to Viṣṇu than His omnipotence and sole claim to the allegiance of mankind. The Āgamavādins' resentment was naturally exasperated by this conduct; and they promptly engaged their obstinate adversary in vigorous disputation about the relative merits of their respective deities. The Vaishṇava traditions, of course, claim victory for their hero, and narrate with pride how, by his profound erudition in the Samskr̥t as well as Tam̐il

theological literature, he silenced<sup>1</sup> his opponents and compelled their return in shame to their shrine. A summary of his reasonings for the establishment of his contentions is contained in his *Parabrahmavivekam*.

Alagia Maṇavāla died, as he himself, it is said, once prophesied to his disciples, a tragic death through the instrumentality of a cow. While he was engaged in the worship of his God, an old and lame cow fell on him and mortally wounded him. A few days after this mishap, he died, uttering with his last breath the name of the God for whose service he had laboured so hard and so unflinchingly. By the large circle of his admirers, as well as by the world of Vaishṇavism, his death was felt as a serious loss, and enthusiasts were not wanting, to whose instinct of hero-worship he formed a fit subject of apotheosis and worship. Even to-day, a visitor to Shrīraṅgam can see in the south-east corner of its innermost marble-pillared prakara, the spot where, if we are to believe the earnest and credulous priest-guide, the great servant of God had the sight of his Master and Lord, Shrīnivāsa of Tirupati.

It is not to the student of religion that the name of Alagia Maṇavāla Dāsa will be a source of interest in the future. The age of sectarianism, of religious narrow-mindedness is, thanks to education, almost gone, and with it his influence as a polemical controversialist and intolerant fanatic. But while his name as a religionist will, owing to the nature of the time, receive a comparative eclipse, his reputation as a scholar and a poet will gain for him increasing appreciation.

V. Rangachari

<sup>1</sup> In the Jambukeshvaram temple there is "a tope of coco-nuts to which the image from the great Viṣṇu pagoda was formerly brought for one day in the year. This practice has been given up, owing to quarrels between the Saivites and Vaishṇavites".—*Trichi. Gaizr.*, I, p. 322.

## ISLAM

By MOULVI DARWESH PEER

OF all the wonders of the universe, the most mysterious is religion, the foundation of which lies in the distinction between the various acts of men, distinguishing them as good, evil, or indifferent; for, if there be no such difference, there can be no religion.

Now the religious idea differs from every other in this respect: that man's belief in things other than religion depends, or is based, upon a previous conviction of its truth; whereas religious belief, on the contrary, appears to be innate, and is accepted, entertained, and acquiesced in, independently of any evidence of its truth derived through the instrumentality of the external senses.

Another cause for wonder in the religious idea is that, notwithstanding the absence of proof that religion is a reality, the very idea of it alone acts upon men's thoughts, and determines their actions, with a force far exceeding in intensity and enthusiasm that resulting from any other belief, however satisfactory and conclusive may be the proofs of the truth on which that belief is based.

Had the religious idea, or religious sentiment, been the same in all the human races, there could have been but little difficulty in acknowledging its soundness, but strange it is, that in every age, each clan, or tribe, or nation, nay, each separate individual even, formed an idea of his own religion, or rather of the object of it

more or less different from that of others. Each, moreover, was convinced that his own idea was the only true one. As far as my own search after true religion is concerned, I sincerely and conscientiously believe that I have found Islām to be the true religion, and Peace is its predominant ethic. Islām does not recognise him as a Muslim who has not made his Peace with God, surrendering himself in entire submission to His Will and precepts, in which consists the source of all virtue; nor is he a Muslim who has not made Peace with man, which implies doing good to his fellow-creatures, and which the *Holy Qurān* sets forth in the following words: "Yes, he who submits himself entirely to Allah, and he who does good [to fellow-men] neither shall fear nor shall grieve." • As it recommends the practice of social virtue, the Holy Prophet breathes into it a spirit of charity and friendship, and opposes all oppression. Islām has breathed a spirit of benevolence, consequently influencing civilisation.

According to the *Qurān*, Islām is as wide in its conception as humanity itself. It did not originate with the preaching of the Holy Prophet Muhammad, but it was also the religion of the prophets that went before him. Islām was the religion of Adam, Noah, and Abraham, of Moses, Jesus, and Kṛṣṇa; it was, in fact, the religion of every prophet of God who appeared in any part of the world. It is the religion of every human child that is born. According to the *Qurān*, Islām is the natural religion of man. "The nature made by Allah in which He has made all men—that is the right religion" (xxx, 29). And since, according to the *Qurān*, prophets were raised among different nations in different ages, and the religion of every true prophet

was in its pristine purity none other than Islām, the scope of this religion extends as far back and is as wide as humanity itself. The fundamental principles always remain the same, the accidents change with the changing needs of humanity.

The last phase of Islām is that marked by the Advent of the Holy Prophet Muhammad (May peace and the blessing of God be upon him!), and which met with so unexampled a reception in the world.

"Islām" literally means "Resignation," or entire submission to the will and precepts of the Highest. Its primary significance is the "making of peace," and every greeting among Muslims is the benediction of Peace, and Paradise as Islām depicts it, shall echo: "Peace, Peace."—"They shall hear therein no vain words, but they shall hear only the word 'Peace'." Islām is, in fact, pre-eminently the Religion of Peace.

The great characteristic of Islām, then, is that it demands of its followers a belief in the Revelation of religions that prevailed before it; and it created the basis of harmony for the conflicting elements of the religions of the world. All religions in their turn, have Divine Revelation as their foundation, whence they spring; but the great mission of Islām was not merely to preach this truth, nor was there in it any antagonism to previous Revelations, but it widened them to suit the requirements of a later time and age. Thus, as a distinctive characteristic of its own, Islām claims to be the final and perfect expression of the Will of God, which the *Quran* admits: "Now I have made perfect for you your religion, and completed upon you my blessings, and chosen for you Islām as your religion" (v, 5). In common with other religions Islām is a revealed

religion, but it is in itself a complete and a perfect Revelation, as the *Qurān* is maintained as "pure pages wherein are all the rightful Scriptures," and Muhammad (May peace and the blessing of God be upon him) is the "Pearl of Prophets".

I have said enough on the position of Islām among the religions of the world, and that of *Holy Qurān* among the Scriptures, and I wish to acquaint you with one more peculiarity of Islām. Beyond all doubt, it is an historical religion, and its Holy Founder an historical personage. Every event in the Prophet's life can be read as history, and the *Holy Qurān*, as a spiritual, social, and moral Law of Islām is, in the very words of Bosworth Smith, "a book absolutely unique in its origin, in its preservation. . . . on the substantial authenticity of which no one has ever been able to cast a serious doubt". Sir William Muir admits that "there is probably in the world no other book which has remained twelve centuries with so pure a text," and Von Hammer states, finally, "that we hold *Qurān* to be as surely Mahomed's word as the Mahomedans hold it to be the word of God". Having a book of Divine Revelation so safely preserved through centuries to guide him for his spiritual and moral welfare, and the example of such a great and noble Prophet, whose varied experiences furnish the best rules of conduct in the different phases of human life, a Muslim is sure that he has not rejected any truth which was ever revealed by God to any nation, and that he has not set at naught any virtue to be met with in the life of any good man. Thus he not only believes in the truth of all Divine Revelations, and accepts the sacred Leaders of all peoples, but he also follows all the lasting and permanent truths contained in those

Scriptures, by following the last and most comprehensive of them; and he imitates all good men by taking for his model the most perfect example, in the person of Him of whom it is said: "There is the full light of day upon all that light can ever reach at all."

To the practical ordinances of Islām may also be added its main principles contained in the very Preface of the *Holy Qurān*:

This book, doubtlessly, is a guidance to those who are not heedless of their duties, to those who believe in the unseen, and keep up prayers, and out of what has been given them, they spend, and those who have a conviction in what was revealed to them, and revealed to men before them, and of the life to come.

This verse points out the essential principles which must be accepted by those who would follow the *Holy Qurān*. In it we discover three theoretical points of belief, and two practical ordinances. Before I take up these points separately, it is necessary to point out that in Islām mere belief counts for nothing unless translated into deeds. "Those who believe and do good," is the ever-recurring description of the righteous as given in the *Qurān*. Right belief is the good seed which can only grow into an umbrageous tree if it be properly nourished. That nourishment is given by good deeds alone. It may safely be said that the five principles quoted above, in one form or another are universally accepted. Those five principles are theoretically, as already indicated, belief in God, in Divine Revelation, and in the after life, and on the practical side, prayer to God—the source of love to God—and charity in its broadest sense. Thus are indicated respectively the performance of our duties to God, and the performance of our duties to our fellow-beings. These principles, as those of belief and action, are recognised

by all nations alike, and these are the common principles on which all religions are based. These are fundamentally implanted in human nature. I shall now try to analyse them as they are depicted in the *Holy Qurān*.

Of the three fundamental principles of belief, the first is belief in God. The belief in a higher power than man, though invisible, can be traced back to the remotest antiquity, to the earliest times to which history can take us back, but peoples at different ages cherished a different conception of the Supreme Being. Says the God of Islām: "I am with each individual in the appearance which he forms of me in his own mind." The Unity of God is a principle on which the *Holy Qurān* has laid great stress. There is an absolute unity in Divine nature; it admits of no participation or manifoldness. Unity is the key-note to Islām's conception of the Supreme Being. It denies all plurality of persons in the Godhead. His are the sublimest and most perfect attributes, but the attribute of Mercy reigns over all. It is beneficial and meritorious to remember and to praise God at the commencement of work. Thus *Holy Qurān* opens each chapter in the name of the All-Merciful—Ar-Rahman and Ar-Rahim—as the Hindū religion invokes Shri Ganeshāya Namah. To the reader of the *Holy Qurān* the deep and all-encompassing Love and Mercy of God which enfold creation are indicated by the words of Ar-Rahman and Ar-Rahim: "My mercy comprehends all conceivable things" (vii, 155). And the Messenger who preached this conception of the Divine Being is rightly called in the *Holy Qurān* "a Mercy to the whole world" (xxi, 107). The Great Apostle of the Unity of God could not conceive of a God who was not the Maker of all that existed. Such a

detraction from His Power and Knowledge would have given a death-blow to the very loftiness and sublimity of the conception of the Divine Being. Thus ends one of the shorter chapters of the *Holy Qurān*:

He is Allah, by whom there is none who should be served, the Perceiver of the Unseen and Seen, He is the Beneficent, the Merciful. . . . . High is Allah above that they set up with him. He is Allah, the Maker of all things, the Creator of all existence, the Sculptor of all images, His are the most excellent and beautiful attributes [that man can imagine]; everything that exists in the heavens or in the earth affirms His Glory and His Perfection, and He is the Mighty, the Wise.

Thus, while Islām, in common with other religions, takes the existence of God for its basis, it differs from others in claiming Absolute Unity for the Divine Person, and in not placing any such limitations upon His Power and Knowledge as is involved in the idea of His not being the Creator of Matter and Spirit, or of His assumption of the form of a mortal Being. If the existence of God is universally conceived, it is unreasonable that the doctrine of Islām should be repugnant to anybody.

The Unity of God is, as I have said, the great theme of the *Holy Qurān*. The laws of Nature which we find working in the universe, in man's own nature, and set forth in the teachings of the Prophets, are repeatedly appealed to as giving clear indications of the Unity of the Maker. Consider the creation of innumerable heavenly bodies; are they not, with their apparent diversities, all subject to one and the same law? Think over what you see on the earth, its organic and inorganic worlds, the plant and animal life, the solid earth, the seas and the rivers, the great mountains—is there not unity in all this diversity? Think over your own nature, how your very colours and languages differ from each other; yet in

spite of all these differences, are you not but a single people? Look at the constant change which all things are undergoing, the making and unmaking, the creation and recreation, of things, the course of which is not hindered for a moment—is there not a uniform law discernible in this? If, in fact, you clearly observe uniformity in diversity in Nature, do you not see in it a sure sign of the Unity of the Maker? Then, look at the incontestable evidence of human nature, how even when believing in the plurality of Gods, it recognises a Unity in the plurality, and thus bears testimony to the Unity of God. Turn over the pages of the Sacred Scriptures of any religion, search out the teachings of the great spiritual leaders of all the nations; they will all testify to the Unity of the Supreme Being. In short, the laws of Nature, the nature of man, and the testimony of the righteous men of all ages, hymn with one accord the Unity of God, which is the keynote of the spiritual teachings of the faith of Islām.

The second fundamental principle in the Islāmic Religion, is a belief in Divine Revelation, not only a belief in the truth of the revealed Word of God, as found in the *Holy Qurān*, but a belief in the truth of Divine Revelation in all ages and to all nations of the earth. Divine Revelation is the basis of all revealed religions, but the principle is accepted subject to various limitations. Some religions look upon Revelation as having been granted to mankind only once; others look upon it as limited to a particular people; while others still close the door of Revelation after a certain time. With the advent of Islām, we find the same breadth of view in the conception of Divine Revelation as in that of Divine Being. The *Holy Qurān* recognises no limit

to Divine Revelation, neither in respect of time, nor in respect of any nation to whom it may have been granted. It regards all people as having, at one time or another, received Divine Revelation, and it leaves the door of it still open, for the future as for the past, without which none could ever have attained to Union. Thus the Lord of the Universe, who supplied all men with their physical necessities, brought to them His spiritual blessings. In this case also Islām, while sharing with other faiths the belief in the truth of Divine Revelation, refuses to acknowledge the existence of any limitation as regards time or place.

There is also another aspect of the Islāmic belief in Divine Revelation, in which it differs from some other religions of the world. It refuses to acknowledge the Incarnation of the Supreme Being. That the highest aim of religion is Union with God, has been universally recognised. In accordance with the Holy faith of Islām, Union is not attained by bringing down God to man in the sense of "incarnation," but by rising towards God through spiritual progress, and by the purification of life from sensual desires and low motives. The Perfect One, who reveals the Face of God to the world, is not the Divine Being in human form, but the human being whose person has become a manifestation of the Divine attributes, his personality being consumed in the fire of love to God. His example serves as an incentive and is a model for others to follow. He shows how a mere mortal can attain to conference with God. The *Holy Qurān* fully expounds that none is precluded from attaining this communion.

We will now take up the practical side of the faith of Islām. As I have just said, in Islām actions are

essentially a component part of religion. In this respect, Islām occupies a midmost position between religions which conveniently ignore the practical side and those which bind their followers to a minute ritual. It sees the necessity for developing the faculties of man, by giving general instruction, and then leaves ample scope for the individual to exercise his judgment. Without a strong practical foundation, a religion is likely to pass into mere idealism, and cease to exercise an influence over the practical life of man. The precepts of Islām, which inculcate duties towards God and fellow-creatures, are founded upon that deep knowledge of human nature, which cannot be possessed except by the Author of that nature. They cover the whole range of the different grades in the development of man, and are thus wonderfully adapted to the requirements of different peoples. In the *Holy Qurān* are to be found golden rules for the ordinary man and for the philosopher, for the nomadic tribe and the civilised nation respectively. Practicality is the keynote of its precepts, and thus the same adaptability which marks its principles of faith, marks also its practical ordinances, suiting them to the requirements of all nations in all ages.

The verse taken from the Preface of the *Holy Qurān*, which I have quoted above, forms the nucleus of the teachings of Islām. Taken in the broadest sense, the two principles of action, mentioned in the verse, stand for the fulfilment of man's duties towards God and towards his fellow-creatures. Prayer to God is the essence of man's duties towards God. Prayer is an outpouring of the heart's sentiments, a devout aspiration towards God, and a reverential expression of

the Soul's sincere desire before its Maker. In Islām, the idea of prayer finds its highest development. Prayer, "the Key to Paradise," means the purification of the heart, which is the only way to confer with God. *Qurān* asserts: "Rehearse that which has been revealed to you by the Book, and be constant in prayer, for prayer restrains a man from that which is evil and blameworthy and the glorifying of Allah is surely a great thing" (xxix, 45). Islām, therefore, enjoins prayer as a means of moral elevation. Prayer degenerating into mere ritual, into a lifeless and vapid ceremony lacking sincerity of heart, is not the prayer enjoined by Islām; and such prayer is emphatically denounced in the following words: "Woe to the devout who is careless in his prayers, and who makes a mere show."

Among other paramount duties of Muslims, is the duty of fasting, fasting being considered "the gate of religion". Fasting, however, does not mean to refrain from food, but abstinence from all evil. In fact, abstinence from food is only a step to make a man realise that he can, in obedience to God, abstain from that which is otherwise lawful, and how much more should he refrain from the evil ways forbidden by God? Moral elevation is the object of this institution, and in the words of *Holy Qurān*: "Fasting has been enjoined to you that you may protect yourself from all evil."

The next branch of the Islāmic precepts relates to Man's duty to Man. "The person who violates his brother's right is not a believer in the Unity of God," are the explicit words of the *Holy Qurān* worthy to be written in gold.

In the first place, Islām abolishes all invidious class distinctions. "Surely the noblest among you in

the sight of Allah is *he* who is the most righteous of you," sounds a death-knell to all preferences based on rigid caste and social distinctions. Mankind is but a family in the words of the *Qurān*, which asserts: "O men, we have created you all of a male and a female, and made you tribes and families that you may know each other; . . . ." (xlix, 13). Islām thus claims the Universal Brotherhood, which demands equal treatment for all alike, irrespective of caste, creed, and social status. Under the influence of such moral law, it is binding upon all men to behave as sons of the same Parent, so much so that Islām balances in honour and status the master and the slave equally. The following precept lays stress on this equality and the spirit of Brotherhood: "All persons in your possession are your brothers, all of you being of one human race; therefore treat them with kindness, feed them and clothe them in the same manner as you do yourselves." This universal Brotherhood was not a theory, but a dynamic practical force shown forth by the Holy Prophet and his Companions, of whom Khalif Omar's gem of equality serves as the glowing beacon of the moral sphere.

While soundly establishing equality of rights, Islām teaches the highest reverence to authority. Home is the real nursery, where the moral training of man begins, and Islām emphasises obedience to parents, in the following words of *Qurān*:

And your Lord has commanded that you shall not serve others than God, and that to your parents you shall do good . . . and when they reach the eve of their life, pray for them, O Lord! Have compassion on them as they have brought me up from my infancy. (xvii, 23-24).

This high reverence for parents is the basis from which springs the high moral of reverence for all

authority. *Holy Qurān* explicitly commands: "Obey God, His Apostle, and those who have established authority over you" (iv, 26). Islām literally requires all men to be humble and loyal to their superiors and elders, thus uprooting the primitive instinct of rebellion or anarchy.

Equality of rights, and the highest reverence for authority, are thus the basic principles of Muslim Society, but I cannot here enter into the vast details of the superstructure raised on this foundation. I shall touch upon the peculiar nature of the Brotherhood of Islām. Every religion, no doubt, has discoursed on Charity as a virtue, but in Islām alone has it been made obligatory and binding upon those who accept the Muslim faith. Here we have a brotherhood into which the rich man cannot enter until he devotes a part of his possessions for the depressed members of human society. Undoubtedly the rich man is not here confronted with the insuperable difficulty of the test of the camel passing through the eye of the needle, but he is subjected to a practical test which not only places him on a footing with his poor brother, but he is subjected to the imposition of a tax. Islām ordains that every man with possessions shall set apart a portion thereof, and it shall be either deposited in the State or disposed of by the Imam. The very words of *Qurān* state: "Charity is offered for the poor and needy, and it includes the redeeming of captives and those in debts . . . ." (ix, 60). In short, *Qurān* showers in the name of God, His choicest blessings upon those deeds of charity which carve a channel for eternal bliss.

The teachings of *Holy Qurān* were not reserved in a water-tight compartment, thus restricting it to one

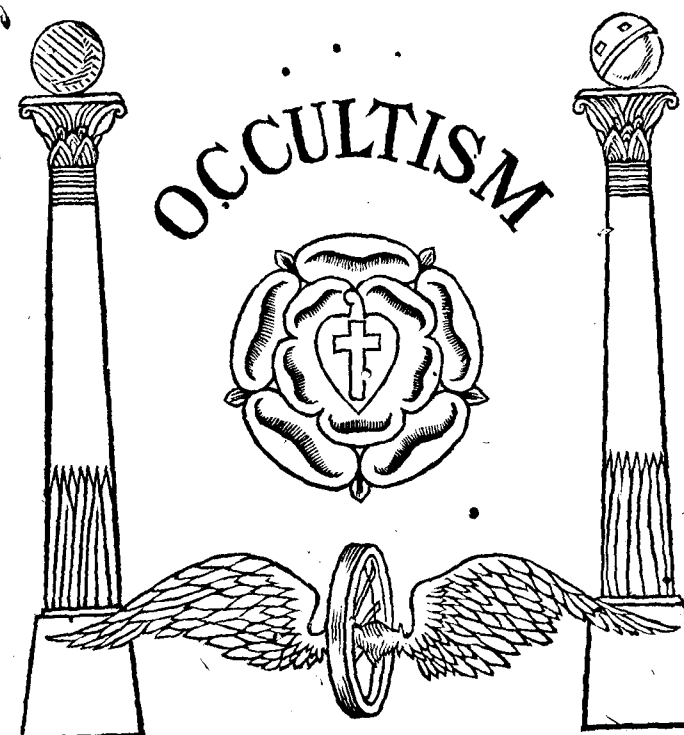
people or one age, but the scope of its moral teaching is as wide as humanity itself. It is an ever-enduring guidance to men in all stations of life—to the savage and to the wisest philosopher, to the man of business and to the recluse, to the rich and the poor alike. Accordingly, while giving varied rules of life, it accords the individual measures which are congenial and suited to his circumstances. Its tradition, a silken thread running through the pearls of morality, is a beacon-light to the less civilised and an illuminating radiance to the highly civilised and the cultured. High and idealistic moral teachings are, beyond doubt, essential for the progress of man, but those who realise the ideal go through the ordeal. But to this class do not belong the vast masses in any nation or community, however high may be its standard of civilisation. Hence, the *Qurān* expounds in a clear and explicit way the rules of guidance for all the stages through which a man has to pass in the onward march from the savage state to the highly spiritual mode of life. They cover all branches of human activity, and require the development of all the faculties of man. Islām requires the display of every quality that has been bestowed on man with but one reservation, that it shall be displayed in an appropriate way. Islām teaches Forgiveness in the following words: "Forgive when you see that Forgiveness would be conducive to good." It teaches men to display high morals under the most adverse circumstances, to be honest even when honesty is at stake, to speak the truth even when truth is hazarded, to show sympathy at the sacrifice of one's own interest, to be patient under the hardest affliction,

to be good to those who have done evil. Midway on the road to eternal success, it commands us to exhibit, while transacting our own affairs, those noble qualities which have been implanted in our nature. It does not inculcate severance from one's worldly connections; it requires men to be chaste, but not by depriving them of virility; it calls them to the service of God, but not as monks; it teaches them to be submissive, but not to lose thereby self-respect; it exhorts them to forgive, but not to acquiesce in the fault of the culprit; it allows them to exercise all rights, but not to violate those of others and, finally, it requires them to preach their religion, but in a conciliatory manner.

Last of all, but none the less important, a tradition upon which I will touch is Salvation, as taught explicitly by the *Holy Qurān*. It is that state of perfection which is indicated by what is called "the soul at rest," by which is implied that it is not only delivered from the bondage of sin, and freed from all weakness and all frailties, but that it has further attained moral perfection, and is braced with spiritual strength. The state of Salvation, as quoted from the *Holy Qurān* implies that: "They shall have no fear, nor shall they grieve." The state of Salvation does not, therefore, relate to the life after death, but is attained in this life, and the man's Salvation in the next life is according to the state of Salvation which he has attained in this life.

Thus, behind the description of happiness portrayed above, lies a deeper meaning: "O thou Soul! which art at rest, return unto thy Lord; pleased and pleasing Him, enter thou among My servants, and enter thou My garden of felicity."

Moulvi Darwesh Peer



TIME AND SPACE

By FRITZ KUNZ, M.A.

THE worlds in which at this stage of our evolution we are compelled to live are called worlds of illusion, and rightly so, by scientists and philosophers and with still greater reason by Occultists—if I may use a term which had once a grand meaning, but which has been seized upon and used in the most inapplicable fashion. The Occultist—one of sound spiritual development, and who may or may not be a psychic—standing as he does in the Spiritual worlds, looks down into the

worlds of illusion, and his dictum is profoundly true. The causes of the illusion seem to be fourfold, and therefore those who have known have called this physical world and the psychic worlds (the etheric, emotional and lower mental) the quaternal worlds. Such definitions roll splendidly from off the tongue, whether one understands them or not; it is the purpose of this discussion to give meaning to the phrase.

It is axiomatic to say that time and space are the causes of the illusion as far as the material world is concerned, and if we arrive at some understanding of their nature we strike at the root of the illusion in which we live. Time seems to be a factor of such subtlety and tenuousness that we have no means of measuring and therefore understanding it. Space, on the contrary, is easily subject to measure, but the measures themselves, being built upon space as it is understood in the material world, give results which are inaccurate. It is only when we use measures which transcend space, that is, pure mathematics, that we arrive at correct results with regard to space. Now this same pure mathematics is arriving at modes of measurement for time as well as space, and probably some Boileau will triumphantly drag down into this world for us a method whereby the "eternal now" can be treated as are points in geometry. To those interested in this the subject of quaternions will be interesting; but here we are concerned only with the elementary and non-technical parts of the subject.

Space, then, is illusory because the mind cannot comprehend it accurately in any great quantity. We are concerned at any one moment with only a very small area when our minds are undeveloped, and as we

continue to expand the mind, we include a greater and greater area or volume. Technicians such as engineers hold in their minds vast works down to minute details; an artist holds in his mind the whole of a splendid painting, when it has once flashed into the psychic worlds out of another. But the untrained mind holds only a room, or, part of a room, a fraction of a single scene. Now it is because of this fragmentary nature of the mind's capacity that space is an illusion; if we could hold all space in our mental purview it would not be an illusion.

The second difficulty with regard to space is that we are fastened at one point thereof and maintain what is called, quite accurately, a *point* of view. Sitting in one's own room and reading THE THEOSOPHIST, one conceives of space as determined with reference to a line between the head and the magazine. Each of us is the centre of his own world. Now if, by an effort of the will, the mind can be made to hold two points of view at once, space, as a matter of direction at least, would be annihilated. But when we try to picture our room at one instant as we actually see it, and at the very same moment also as it appears from the other corner, the mind fails to act, and we discover that, in order to gain an approximation of the universal point of view (that is, universal consciousness), we have to employ instants of time in order to take up in rapid succession first one and then another imaginary position. In brief, we see that in the "eternal now" there is room but for one point of view at a time, and, so seeing, we arrive at the conclusion that the difficulty in grasping the nature of matter in space relations is a question of time, and the problem resolves itself into a definition of time.

Time seems merely to be the fourth dimension, but of this fourth dimension in space we conceive at one moment only a point, and the whole line is beyond the power of our realisation. This definition, I think, answers the vexed question. Time is part of space, is of the nature of space, is one of the four axes upon which the world is built, but the difference between the fourth and the other dimensions is that we realise only one point of it at one instant. This may be called a fallacious definition, since an instant is time! But all definitions of illusory things must be so. We define an inch as a twelfth of a foot; but a twelfth of a foot is an inch! The "eternal now" is an instant and an instant, I say, is a point in space; time is the fourth dimension, and it may be measured as any other.

It may be easily demonstrated that space and not time may be made transient. A man imprisoned in a cell which is constantly artificially lighted loses all sense of time. Space becomes irksome to him because he has nothing to do, just as time becomes irksome to those who have all space at their disposal but nothing to do. The gratings rust, his cell walls rot, he grows old—but this element of change is nothing more than the measure of time as well as of space—this measure we call change is a property of matter upon which the four axes or dimensions depend for their illusoriness.

We loosely think that we normally have consciousness of three dimensions, but this is a fallacy. The average brain thinks constantly in two dimensions only, itself and the object of view forming an axis not considered, since the eye is measuring only up and down and across. Only by the application of the mind do we

conceive of the third dimension, depth. Hence the value of art; it presents nature in a form where the mind is not needed, and allows the Spirit to manifest itself without hindrance. Now if the consciousness of the brain can be enlarged to hold unaided the three dimensions of space, it is likely that the application of the mind would bring into view the whole of time. This, in modern language, is the reading of the records of nature, records which exist in the physical as well as the other worlds, though more difficult to read here.

As the consciousness passes into higher states the illusions disappear. An informed man by an effort in the physical consciousness cognises three dimensions. In the psychic worlds he cognises four dimensions. In the Spiritual worlds (Upper Mental, Intuition and Lower Spiritual) with no effort he has transcended time and space, for here they become static. In the Monadic worlds time and space are not; not only is the drama stilled, but the stage and the actors have vanished. We might picture our consciousness of events in these three or four phases in this manner: in the physical world we are like a man travelling between walls, conscious of our movement but uncertain as to what the next turning will bring forth; in the psychic worlds we are like a man on a field, who is moving, but intelligent of what he will meet; in the Spiritual worlds motion of any unit is like that of an individual in an army, ordered, safe, harmonious and rhythmic; in the Monadic worlds movement and all have disappeared.

As a concrete example of the limitation of the mind in respect to such subjects let us consider a simple and familiar matter. We can all hold in our minds the

conception of one—as *one* apple, or *one* book. This idea of positivity is natural and inherent. But if now we try to conceive of a *minus* quantity, as less-than-no-book, the brain fails to act. When we come to consider nothing or zero, the reasoning power stops acting in the physical world, and in order to conceive of less than nothing we have to think of a debt, or some other moral (or immoral!) value. A man cannot *have* less than no money; yet we constantly speak and think of debts, which are *minus* quantities and moral ones.

If, now, we represent these things by suitable numbers, an apple by  $+1$ , and a debt by  $-1$ , we find that we have arrived at the end of our brain's ability to grasp values. The next step in involution is to take the square root of  $-1$ , which is represented in algebraic symbology thus:  $\sqrt{-1}$ . Now this is beyond our conception, and it may be taken as representing time, for it is one of the four roots of 1, which are,  $+1$ ,  $-1$ ,  $+\sqrt{-1}$  and  $-\sqrt{-1}$ . The first three of these come within the possible range of normal understanding, but the fourth is totally inconceivable, and unintelligible. Perhaps it is the algebraic symbol for time, just as the fourth dimension is the geometrical. However that may be, it is obvious that the old definition of these worlds as quaternary is not without foundation.

We have now sketched a geometrical and an algebraic mode of evaluating time, and there yet remains the application of this mathematical method to facts of life, to see whether it gives any clue to right action in this illusion, whether it indicates a procedure which may lift us out of the illusion.

If we assume that at some level of consciousness man is absorbed by a Being whose existence is Unity Absolute, without a shadow of division or cleavage at that level, we must assign that place to the level of the Monad. Then the Spiritual worlds (previously defined) will be represented by  $+1$ , that is, by a number which is the square root of Unity, is itself positive, but *by inference* allows an idea of negativity. The next lowest stage of consciousness will be represented by  $\sqrt{+1}$ , which is  $+1$  and  $-1$ , and this will be the psychic worlds. The next step in involution gives the four values,  $+1$ ,  $-1$ ,  $+\sqrt{-1}$  and  $-\sqrt{-1}$ , and these are the four axes of the physical world, of which any three may be fully realised together with a point on the fourth. The expression of consciousness at these various levels quite conforms to the pure idea which the numbers give. For example, expression of an entity whose life is limited almost wholly to the physical worlds would be the expression of a madman, unintelligible and incomprehensible, like the value  $\sqrt{-1}$ , a "tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing". The expression of an entity limited to the physical and psychic worlds would be chiefly critical, negative and destructive, with bits of constructive ability fitfully showing amongst dazzling flashes of analysis.<sup>1</sup> This is the state of unequal opposition between *plus* and *minus* values. This is why the psychic worlds are called *māyāvic*, that they first give a semblance of being real and positive; but the negative lies like a serpent coiled under every blossom, as *The*

<sup>1</sup> It is extremely probable that as man may be cut off from the psychic worlds by the use of certain drugs, so may he also be cut off from the Spiritual worlds by certain other drugs, and so become the incarnation of destructive criticism. This is a more dangerous, because less obvious, form of madness than mere physical distemper.

*Voice of the Silence* puts it. Then he who had acquired spiritual development would be wholly positive, in so far as he expressed himself at all. Criticism being impossible to him, he prefers to maintain silence where he cannot indicate a wise line of action. He is a Saint or sane man because he is positive and constructive.

But the Individual who has vanished into the Monadic worlds, the man who has transcended the Spiritual, where still there was left the inferential negativity, has become a positive Power, a dynamic Force, a flashing and scintillating pure-flame Star in the flawless Crystal of Ever-Being. So great is His certitude that humanity revolts against it; knowing Himself to be a Son of God, He must give expression to the fact; and we, mad creatures that we are, crawling purblind in the dust storms of an illusory world, hating with lusty hatred that which is in our world only faintly shadowed, we, perforce, tear to pieces the form in which He clothes Himself, jealous that there should be One more Perfect and nearer to Unity than ourselves. But He, having transcended the negative, has no hatred to return, but continues to pour out the force and strength which are His heritage, continues so to do even after mad humanity has made it necessary for Him to return from this world of illusion to that abode where Time and Space sleep in the bosom of the Infinite.

Fritz Kunz

---

## THE INNER SIDE OF THE WAR

By F. HALLETT

IT seems to me that at the present time, when so many countries are engaged in war, it is well to ask ourselves what it means, and to try to understand the inner side of this fearful upheaval of nations. For, of course, there is an inner side to this War, as there is to every great event which takes place in the world, if we have ears to hear its message.

We quite realise that, in the outer world, a tremendous attempt is being made by Germany for supreme dominion—an attempt which has only become possible through steadily fostering in its people the spirit of war as a national ideal, which they regard as a “moral necessity” on their part for the development of human perfection, not realising that conflict belongs to youth and peace to age.

It is evident that we must look upon this War quite differently from the manner in which we have hitherto regarded the wars of the past. So much is now involved—it is a world affair, and the magnitude of its importance we should try to grasp from the inner as well as from the outer side. It has been said that “life is formed of the hearts of men”; if we think over that we shall find it is profoundly true, and that it applies very forcibly to the present time, for the heart of the

world is being torn and rent with anguish, that it may eventually emerge stronger and nobler through the pain that it has suffered. For it is quite apparent that this is not merely a war of nations fighting for one side to win, for some to gain renown, perhaps more territory, for hearth and home and so on; it is much more than that; most of those fighting are doing so for an abstract principle, that of Right and Justice. This is truly a war between Good and Evil. These are essentially the opposing forces which we see ranged against each other for supremacy in this world of trouble on the fields of battle, and each one of us is either on one side or the other, exactly according to his inner attitude; for by that attitude we help either the Good Powers or the Evil. These are the Powers of Light and the Powers of Darkness to which men and women in the world of matter—by their thoughts, desires and actions—respond, helping one side or the other. These Powers are Intelligences who use us as Their agents in such measure as our inner attitude allows Them to do so. Thus, we see, the Germans, because they have made militarism (which is the spirit of unrest, of destruction) a national ideal, have allowed themselves to be used by the Dark Powers, who hope through them to gain the predominance, and so have blinded their victims to the true value of right and wrong, demoralising the German national spirit.

This is a supreme attempt which the enemies of the All-Good are making against the progress of the world. The inner side of this fight began some time ago before it was outwardly apparent, and it has been fostered and nourished by all the accumulated thoughts of hate, unholy ambition and lust of power, to which any individual may have given way even in a small

degree, all of which have contributed to this Armageddon.

It is, therefore, most important that we should understand, in order that we may do all we can at the present time, both collectively and individually, to create a thought atmosphere which will help the forces for Good and enable them eventually to drive back the Evil. It is absolutely necessary that we should do so, for it is a fact that each one can contribute in this way to the helping of the Allies when circumstances prevent active help on the physical plane.

This is a difficult thing because of its peculiar nature, for to do it effectively we must not allow one iota of hate to cast its shadow upon our souls, not even to go out to the opponents, because, if we do, as I said, it immediately adds to the power of the forces of Darkness, and that such a thing is possible is a very solemn thought for every one to ponder over. It is most difficult to keep balanced, to keep this mind of ours, which is immersed here in the world of illusion, from forgetting that the One Life lives also in those we call our opponents and, therefore, that they too are our brothers.

Naturally, we are filled with horror at the things we hear—at the cruelty, the abominable campaign of lies which has been carried on, and the dishonourable methods to which the enemy stoop in order to gain their ends—we cannot help being horrified, but for the love of God let us refrain from hate and all hate's methods.

What are we?—"Divine fragments?" Then we are essentially fragments of the Love which binds and unites and which is the urge of evolution. If, in the

shock to our mental and emotional equilibrium which this War inevitably causes, we allow the balance to weigh down on that side which is of the lower nature, we shall most certainly throw in our lot with those who are using the enemy as an instrument against the Good, even if our hate be directed against the instrument itself.

What then can we do? Let us first of all remember that not all the Germans are being used by the Powers of Darkness, that many of them are quite against this War; they did not want it and fight unwillingly and half-heartedly, not because they lack the noble spirit of patriotism, but because they are not infected in the same way as others by the ideal of war, and are therefore not being used by those Powers, although compelled by Karma through their nationality to fight on the wrong side. It is they, let us hope, who, when the War is over will carry on all that is noble in the German nation and traditions, and who will achieve such beauty in art, music, and philosophy, as belongs to the German character, and who will use their scientific talents for the promotion of true progress and well-being.

This we surely hope for, believing, as we do, in the Brotherhood of Man which is based upon our divine origin; for that which we are fighting against in the outer world is the spirit of militarism embodied in the German nation, a spirit which is contrary to harmony and beauty of life. It seems, therefore, that our attitude should be quite an impersonal one; nothing wavering, nothing weak, nothing doubting as to the right being eventually triumphant; an intense feeling of strength which, in its cumulative aspect, will be national strength, therefore, of power to overcome this evil force let loose; and an absolute trust and knowledge that the Good will

prevail; in fact, a powerful determination by each one, as a national unit on the side of Good, that the Good *shall* prevail. And this must be without giving way to the littlenesses of spiteful feeling and anger which outwardly manifest in words, and are in reality fostered by them. It is appalling to consider the extent to which that unhappy failing has lately grown; it is a serious thing, because we are in danger of undoing by it the good we may have done as a nation. If we English people allow ourselves to stoop to malicious, hateful and revengeful feelings—even towards the enemy—we are then doing a treacherous thing towards our nation because, being units of the nation, we are by such feelings lowering the standard of national purity, sully-ing national spirit, which every person in the Empire contributes to and helps to build up.

Thus it seems to me that we should, by every means in our power, endeavour to keep that spirit pure, and instil into others the necessity of doing so, and withholding our minds from anger, send out a strong calm determination to terminate this evil, for as an ancient Scripture says: "Hatred ceaseth not by hatred at any time, hatred ceaseth by Love."

There is a high plane—that of Godhead, where there can never be any differences at all, because all are ONE—where there is no I and My and Thine and Thee, but just Unity-in-Reality, where no personalities can come between and cause separations. Realising that, we should see that even those who appear the most undesirable, aggressive and separate from us down here, have also their home in the bosom of the ONE. Down here, in this world of strife and turmoil, that which is really Unity appears separate, and works

separately, in different bodies for the purpose of the experiences of life, and so It is thrown into all kinds of opposition with manifestations of Itself, solely that It may grow through these buffetings. They are the unreal part, although so very apparent to our personalities in this unreal work-a-day world.

All that is impermanent is unreal—therefore the forces which are troubling us so much at the present time are unreal, although permitted within bounds by the All-Good to work upon men's natures that the trouble thus engendered may draw sweetness from their souls, and that they may grow thereby. But when, as at the present time, these forces of Evil try to obtain predominance and overbalance the Good—then there must be war in the subtle world as well as in this lower world. This is what we see happening now, for there has been a vast amount of trouble in all kinds of ways on the earth for some time past. We are in what may be called a critical stage of the world's history, that is to say, we are at the end of a cycle and the beginning of a new age; we are passing between the two, and the present War seems to be a gathering-up of the forces of unrest, disruption, disharmony, separation, and egoism, in a mighty battle for power in the future. They cannot possibly gain it, but the War was inevitable, for the Peace that shall follow this storm, and which shall usher in the new age, must not be marred by the least fear of strife, because the dominant note of the new age will be Brotherhood. No longer competition, no longer each one for himself; but co-operation and a true spirit of brotherliness in all the activities of life. Therefore some of us who belong to the "Order of the Star in the East" see in this great conflagration a burning-up of

the rubbish heap of undesirable and worn-out customs and conditions, which will lead to the revolutionising of Society and thus become one of the factors in preparing the world to receive the Supreme Teacher whom, we believe, will shortly appear to help each nation to gain these new conditions and who, we are told, will help us all to realise, in actuality the beauty of Brotherhood.

It must strike us as significant that the very first signs of this War brought out in a remarkable way all our latent brotherliness which, as a nation, we were submerging beneath the internal strife of party politics. Not only did a sense of Brotherhood arise amongst ourselves, but it brought us into closer and more friendly relations with other countries for mutual help; and these nations are also learning the value and fact of Brotherhood as well. In this way the War has done that which otherwise a century could not have accomplished.

Just as with ourselves, the political parties in Belgium have joined hands; what are called the Liberals and Catholics are no longer at enmity; and in Russia the effect has been remarkable. Professor Paul Vinogradoff, Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, says in a letter to *The Times* of September 14th, 1914:

If nothing else came of this great historical upheaval but the reconciliation of the Russians and their noble kinsmen the Poles, the sacrifices which this crisis demands would not be too great a price to pay for the result. But the hour of trial has revealed other things. It has appealed to the best elements of the Russian nation. It has brought out in a striking manner the fundamental tendency of Russian political life and the essence of Russian culture, which so many people have been unable to perceive on account of the chaff on the surface. . . . . The effort of the national struggle has dwarfed all these misunderstandings and misfortunes as in Great Britain the call of the common fatherland has dwarfed the disputes between Unionists and Home-Rulers. Russian

parties have not renounced their aspirations; but they have realised as one man that this War is not an adventure engineered by unscrupulous ambition, but a decisive struggle for independence and existence; . . . . It is our firm conviction that the sad tale of reaction and oppression is at an end in Russia, and that our country will issue from this momentous crisis with the insight and strength required for the constructive and progressive statesmanship of which it stands in need.

This War has also knitted us with India just at the moment when the Indians were beginning to rebel against the differences of treatment which are made over there between the English and themselves; but they put aside these grievances and nobly offered to do their part in this great War, with the result that an Indian regiment has been allowed for the first time in history an equality with Europeans. This means very much to the Indians, and doubtless will be the beginning of a better future for them.

Thus we feel that this War will indeed become one of the elements which is to prepare the field of God's world for the Master's sowing, for doubtless it will be used in many ways to help the future.

We see the sad blows given to Belgium which are practically its mutilation; although we may have ideas (either right or wrong) as to the Karma which may have brought that about, we also see something beautiful ahead; for it is possible that the influx of these unhappy people into our own land, bringing with them another aspect of the Christian Faith right into our very midst, may have been designed for our mutual helping. The Roman Faith has in it much that is highly spiritual and beautiful; it has elements that we need, and can impart them to us. We have freedom of thought, which the Roman Faith lacks, but which is absolutely necessary in the evolution of the

soul; let them find that freedom through contact with ourselves, so shall both be richer and greater than before, and so can the two be united in sympathy, instead of separated by antagonism. This will also be a step towards the Great Event, for when the Master comes it is said that He will blend all religions; He will show to us how it is that fundamentally all *are* one, but that each religion as it stands alone is nothing more than one note of a mighty chord which, for perfect beauty, must be sounded as a whole—and this, too, is Brotherhood.

It seems also that amongst the many lessons which this War will teach before its close will be the awfulness of its horrors, and its damaging effect on nations and individuals; for when wholesale slaughter and the ruin of cities becomes possible upon the vast scale on which we see it now, through the powers of the intellect being degraded to contriving the deadliest instruments of destruction which the human mind can conceive, it is surely the climax, the height of these possibilities, which will turn nations in disgust from such methods of settling their quarrels and lead to Arbitration in the future, perhaps to a Federation or, even "the United States of Europe". This is what some of us believe and hope will be one of the great accomplishments of this century.

As the chief function of war is to break the bodies of a great number of those who take an active part in it, it may not be inappropriate to say a few words concerning death. We all feel it is a very solemn thing, but perhaps the soldier scarcely heeds that aspect; the excitement and the conditions in which he gives up his life take away that solemnity and make it appallingly

commonplace, and it is hardly likely that he realises such a death to be, what it is, an act of sacrifice, one of the greatest a man can be called upon to give, especially by one in the full vigour of manhood and the enjoyment of life! As we look upon it from the standpoint of this world, it is inexpressibly sad that those young lives should be blotted out. But for those who see death as a constantly recurring event in the life of the soul—that is, a continual dipping into physical life and a continual withdrawing again in order to assimilate during discarnate existence the experiences gained thereby—the sting of death is somewhat mitigated, and it assumes its rightful place in the evolution of man. Things are not so hopeless from that standpoint, not so unjust, not so awful . . . and for this reason I would speak just a little of some conditions after death as taught by Theosophy. As I said, it is a recurring event which every one of us as an immortal being has to encounter time after time.

The teachings given out by the exponents of our religion are vague upon the matter, which is a great pity, because it is of the deepest interest to every human being, as we all *have* to take that journey some time or other. The argument that we are not entitled to know, is painfully and feebly absurd! A great many positively know what is on the other side of death. If the wisdom of God saw fit to withhold this, or any other knowledge, because it would not be good for us, do you think we should by any sort of means gain it? It is impossible! As a matter of fact, there is much that most of us are not yet, ready to know and there is not the slightest fear that such knowledge will ever leak out for any one of us until the appointed time.

When I say that some know what is on the other side of death, I am not referring to spiritualism. Theosophy teaches that it is undesirable and wrong to bring back the dead, as it retards spiritual growth. What some have been able to do is to "grow their own wings," that is to say, to consciously leave the body and investigate that realm of the dead, and become quite as familiar with it as they are with this physical world, and then bring back the knowledge so obtained into the brain consciousness. Theosophy, therefore, is particularly definite as to what happens after death, and I wish to speak a little as to what it says of the next world and its relation to those who die in battle. It is in reality a purgatorial state with seven divisions, the two lowest belonging to the consciousness exceedingly coarse and terrible; only the very worst specimens of humanity could ever be confined to those regions, in fact, I think it is unusual for human beings to be found on the lowest division at all. The third is rather an unpleasant region, for the discarnate beings living therein have certain undesirable characteristics which need eliminating before they can pass on to the higher divisions. The fourth level is said to be the first upon which "existence is altogether based upon the sensation of happiness, though its experiences are themselves subject to very great variety. The higher regions are again all conditions in which happiness is the background of consciousness," but varying according to the different mental and moral attributes of those whose consciousness is confined to them.

Perhaps it hardly occurs to most people that there is a special purpose, a special design and a very merciful one, in sending us out of the world by sickness

and by old age. Let us look for a moment at the different stages of our life here—childhood, youth, manhood and old age. What do they mean to the individual? Childhood is the period when the immortal man within is learning to master his newly made vehicle for expression in this world. He is learning to use it and to store its brain with the knowledge which he gains. Youth, as we know, is an intermediate stage, an advance on the previous one and a time when the body, which has become more or less obedient to its master, is specially trained in healthy exercises that he may be strong for future work—and “pleasure rules the hour”; from this time up to maturity the man is thoroughly immersed in the interests of this world of matter, and in all its enjoyments and troubles. In manhood begins the serious work of the life, the special purpose for which the Ego came into this particular incarnation, by that work to learn and to grow. After the time when the highest point of physical health and strength is reached, which we call maturity, the Ego, that is the Man himself, begins to withdraw His life-forces. Hitherto he has been putting himself outwards into the life of the body; hence, like a fruit, it becomes riper and riper until the stage of perfection for that particular body is reached; then comes an important period which is said to be the most important in the life-cycle of a man, when the Ego no longer puts himself outwards but begins to withdraw; this has the effect of making the strength and force of the body less and less, so that the pleasures of the world are not able to hold it as they used to do. Instead of that, the life becomes more and more mental instead of sensational, and the body,

receiving less of that life-force, becomes more and more feeble; this we call old age. Finally the Ego leaves it altogether and the body is dead. You will have gathered from what I have just said that old age is practically a weaning from earth and earth's interests. A long illness has the same effect—any illness, in fact, but a long illness particularly. If the body which any person is wearing is ordained to die whilst it is still young, then a long illness takes the place of that which old age accomplishes in an older person, that is, it makes a kind of preparation for death, by taking the desires away from the world and fixing them on higher things. This carries the person at death to better conditions than he would have had if he had died in the strength and vigour of manhood and the swirl of worldly interests. For what we call death is only the dropping of the physical body; it brings no sudden change of character, as some people seem to imagine; a person is exactly the same the day after death as he was the day before, only minus the dense body. Therefore one can understand that those whose thoughts and desires are entirely in worldly interests, will, when the body has gone, be naturally drawn to the particular division of the next world which is appropriate to such desires, until they are worn out and the man is able to rise into better conditions, and so on up the scale to the highest division. Every one of us has matter in our subtle bodies which does not accord with the higher divisions of the next world, and which, were we suddenly taken from this life, would have to be worn out in the division to which it belongs. It is this fact, although now not understood, which makes the Church pray for us to be delivered from sudden death.

In connection with this, Mr. Sihnrett has given us some interesting information concerning those who die in battle, and the compensation (if it be a compensation, for of course it follows a law, the law of sacrifice) which is accorded to the man who gives up his life in such a way. He says:

Every one who has suffered the grief of hearing that some one beloved has been killed, will be eager to know how such a death affects the person passing on, when he awakens on the astral plane. The effect is very remarkable and definite. Practically every one engaged in the War on our side, is animated by the full conviction that he is fighting for the Right. He goes into the fighting line knowing quite well that his life is at stake, but willing to sacrifice it if need be, not merely, as the common phrase goes, for King and Country, but for the sacred principle of Good at war with Evil. A life-sacrifice accomplished under those conditions, has a wonderful effect on the astral plane. Of course it would be ridiculous to assume that every man killed under those conditions, is normally, by virtue of the characteristics of his life so far, exempt from the failings which, had he passed away under ordinary conditions, might have kept him for a time on the lower levels of the next world. But the life-sacrifice accomplished on the battle-field with the surrounding emotion above described, has the effect of sweeping out of the astral vehicle all the lower orders of matter that would otherwise have entangled the personality in lower conditions. He is ready for a more or less immediate transfer to happy levels of the fourth sub-plane. It is true that for a little while he is immersed in a mental atmosphere of such bewildering excitement that he does not know where he is. His astral aura is in such a whirl that it makes a sort of shell round him, within which he has the delusion of being still in the midst of the fighting. But that whirl can be arrested, that shell can be broken up, by those who with larger experience are busily engaged in doing relief work on the astral plane. And in doing such work their energies are reinforced by those who, from this plane, devote their *thoughts* in a systematic manner to the task of liberating astral friends whose progress may be retarded in the way I have described.

It is very important that people should study and understand the conditions after death, and act upon the knowledge thus gained; for a great deal of pain and trouble would be saved thereby, as only those who

give up their life in a sacrificial act are able to blot out that which would otherwise keep them tied in a lower division and thus deterred from quickly passing on.

Therefore, whichever way we look at it, we see in this War an agent which is to act as a purifying element, both on this and the other side of death, and also to be a factor in helping to prepare the world for the Master's Coming, if only we will do our share in stemming the tide of antagonism, and bringing harmony wherever we go. For it is arousing the careless, it is making the selfish think of others, it is inspiring the unselfish to sacrifice themselves, it is quickening everything—it is as the vitalising breath from a furnace passing over the world and forcing a sluggish growth!

If we have hitherto shut our eyes to the importance of the times in which we live, it is impossible to do so now; for no one can be inert or thoughtless, or selfish any more; we are compelled to awaken, and virility must take the place of inertia, and sacrifice of selfishness. Thus may the Master's message of Brotherhood fall on fertile ground and build up a better civilisation in the future.

F. Hallett

## THE CHOSEN ONE

By M. ROCKE

AS the foil for the beauty, as the night for the stars, as the levelled sand for the waves, as the mine for the diamond, as the scabbard for the sword—so is the chosen one to the Chooser.

Great he must be, one who is above his fellows, fit to be the setting for the Jewel, and yet in colour so subdued, so unobtrusive that even the beauty of the Gem is enhanced by the comparison—if, indeed, aught could add to the Divine Beauty.

One only out of many choice ones could play such a part as does the chosen of the Lord. It is to be even now, from time to time, tuned to the One to come, filled with His influence, the shining sea flooding the dew-drop—One only in whom intellect is overshadowed by the greater and diviner intuition.

We long to see a Master. Should we know Him? We look for brilliant intellectual domination, pronounced individuality, sparkling genius; that which is arresting, stimulating, striking. But deep calleth unto deep and the Chooser selects His likeness.

It is the dew-drop, crystal-pure and achromatic, which is ready to reflect the sun—colourless as is the prism, focussing all colours equally, but ready to flash into rainbow radiance at contact of the sun. Not

characterless, but selfless. As is the master-touch unrecognised by many, who fail to see in that which is so effortless the genius of accomplishment.

One only with the power of utter selflessness could be taken for such high service, otherwise must the Supreme Force shatter or disastrously elate. One only with a bigness beyond that of others, would be big enough to bear the strain; One only with a strong humility, else would the greatness of the destiny to come over-power with despair in time of stress; One only whose "life is hid with Christ in God".

As the background for the picture, the rails for the train, the channel for the river, the sky for the sunrise, the clouds for the rainbow, the vacuum for the air—as the rod for the lightning, as the accompaniment for the voice, so is the chosen one to the Chooser.

Serenity, silence, the inner vision, and the courtesy of a rare gentleness are His signs. We, who are lesser chosen ones, in that we are living in these days which shall see His appearing, were wise to imitate the Chosen One, as we too prepare for the coming of the Great Chooser.

M. Rocke

## THE GHOST OF HIRAM-BARKER

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of *Flower of the Snow*, *The Vengeance of Miné*, *The Coming of the Boats*, *The Wooing of Sam Clutterbuck*, etc.)

### I

WE had always been interested in Max Dudley at the club, and yet, had we been asked to explain our interest in him, we should have found it extremely difficult to offer anything like a reasonable explanation of our partiality for him. Dudley was not exactly a sociable man. There were days when he buried himself behind a newspaper and never spoke a word; but even at such times we were conscious of his very marked personality. He possessed extraordinary piercing grey eyes, and once having seen those eyes it was impossible to forget them. They had a way of looking through you—cold, steady, grey fires that seemed to plumb the depths of your being. There was, in short, a magnetic attraction about Dudley. His will was dominant, and there was never any truckling to those flattering courtesies under which lesser men sought shelter. We often talked about him in the club. We wondered if his almost perpetual melancholy was the result of some unfortunate love-affair. It was certainly difficult to imagine Dudley falling in love, but

1915

THE GHOST OF HIRAM-BARKER

551

it might have been possible years ago. Though we discussed him frequently, he remained to the last an enigma to which we could find no key. One or two of the more daring members had tried to pump him. But they came away from the ordeal sick with some indefinable dread. There was some curious magic about those eyes of his. They read others, but never yielded up any secrets of their own.

One night Dudley came into the club. His face was more pallid than usual. There was a slight nervousness about him which we had not observed before. He sat down in a big red chair. I remember that we stopped talking when he came into the room. We were expecting something, but we did not know what. The clock ticked, a coal fell from the fire, some one coughed.

"Well, I suppose we can talk," said Malcom presently. "What are we waiting for?"

No one answered him. We were all watching Dudley, his thin, white hands stretched out on either leg and his head thrown well back.

Suddenly Dudley leant forward. "I don't often inflict a story upon you fellows," he said in his slow, precise way, "but I'm going to tell you rather a strange yarn to-night."

The tension was at an end. We breathed again as we murmured our thanks.

### II

"I must tell the story in my own way," said Dudley. "I shan't deviate more than I can help, but I must trouble you with a short preamble, a few preliminaries before I begin the story itself."

"I suppose the majority of you fellows are materialists. If you consider the spirit-world at all, you do so with a very big grain of salt. It's something vague, intangible, something that you never allow to interfere with your business. You live in this world and regard another world as quite possible, even desirable, but nevertheless a world that does not possess the vital importance of this one. I don't blame you for being materialists, half-hearted materialists. You can't help it, because you haven't realised the latent power that is in you, the search-light that might, if you possessed the necessary knowledge, be turned upon those forces that seem to you to be connected with the miraculous, but are in reality not supernatural but supernormal. Spiritualism has been connected with a good deal of charlatan-ism simply because professional mediums are expected to produce spirit phenomena. Now spirit phenomena should never be presented in exchange for cash. A good deal of rot goes on in the séance-room—dummy hands and arms, drapery, perfume-sprays, and various pneumatic appliances. But there is something valuable connected with spiritualism. It isn't all table-turning, talks with a dead grandmother, and high falutin'. I have always been interested in the occult. It's part and parcel of my temperament. Had I lived in the old days I should assuredly have been burnt. As I happen to live in the twentieth century, I am permitted to go scot-free, and even to have the privilege of sitting in this club and chatting about it.

"My sister, Margaret, was at one time engaged to John Hiram-Barker. I had always disliked the man, and my dislike, as it turned out afterwards, was well founded. Without wishing to go too fully into the

matter, I must explain that for certain reasons the engagement was broken off. Margaret was well rid of of the man in my opinion; she was blind to his most palpable faults. She could never see that the man had been trifling with her affections, and that it was a dastardly game without rules which he had been playing nearly all his life. From the moment I discovered what manner of scoundrel Hiram-Barker was, I was fully resolved on vengeance of some kind. Every day Margaret's silent sorrow fanned my desire to administer something more terrifying than a horse-whipping to one who had wrecked and blighted my sister's life. Only those who are mealy-mouthed will tell you, with a simper, that vengeance is not sweet. It is sweet sometimes, for there are occasions when we must strike a blow, when we must tear up, root and branch, evil with evil. I am not the kind of man who will take an injury quietly, and almost apologise for the injury itself. Not a bit of it! I make my plans; I go slow; I wait; but in the end I get the blow home.

"Well, I was resolved on vengeance, but on what kind of vengeance I did not determine all at once. I brooded over the matter for several days. Then suddenly I had an inspiration. I would put my occult knowledge to practical use and risk the consequences. You will say: Why didn't you resort to more ordinary, more tangible, methods? My answer is, like the answer of certain politicians: Wait and see!

### III

"Just before the Christmas of 1890 I wrote to Hiram-Barker asking him to spend a few days with us. In the ordinary way it would have been worse than

useless to have written to him. In the ordinary way he would have very properly refused the invitation, for at Christmas, of all times of the year, we do not seek out unpleasant, and perhaps disastrous, situations.

"Have you ever tried to make a stranger look at you in a theatre, in a street, anywhere? It is a simple, elementary experiment well worth trying, and it will be successful in the majority of cases, provided you have the power of concentration. You must believe in yourself as you believe in nothing else, and then a great many things suddenly become possible that were impossible before. It is child's play to make anyone look at me, to make them perform certain actions, to read their thoughts. When I wrote to Dudley my invitation was really a command that he had not the strength of will to resist. The letter was a stout chain, and even while I was writing it I knew that it was slowly but surely pulling my victim toward me.

"Hiram-Barker arrived late on Christmas Eve, and Margaret had gone to bed. He was shown into my smoking-room, where, I remember, I was poring over a book. I could see at a glance that the man meant to bluff it.

"Well, Dudley,' he said rushing forward in his beastly breezy way, 'nice to see you again. Margaret all right? I'm afraid I messed things up rather—eh, what? You're looking awfully fit, a bit stouter than you used to be. Seems funny to be down here for Christmas. Had to come, somehow. Couldn't resist it. Are we going to let bygones be bygones, and . . . er . . . have goodwill and all the rest of it that happens to be friendly and seasonable?'

"You can take a chair, Barker,' I said, 'and when you've taken it, it would be, perhaps, as well to understand each other before we go any further.'

"Oh, certainly,' replied Barker. 'Anything you like, my dear chap. But if you'll allow me to say so, you're confoundedly serious.'

"I told Barker that I had never been so serious in my life before. I saw him struggling to be genial, facetious. I saw him trying his utmost to conceal his real feelings, his dread of me.

"Do you know, Dudley,' he said at last, 'you're rather a queer sort of fellow. You don't mix enough with others. You're getting too introspective and just a trifle uncanny. Yes, that's it, uncanny. I hope you don't bear me malice over the affair with Margaret. If it's a question of making it up, why. . . .'

"No,' I replied quietly, 'don't make any mistake on that point. It certainly isn't a question of making it up. Margaret is to be heartily congratulated on not having the misfortune to marry you.'

"Hiram-Barker winced at that. He had a retort ready, but he knew better than to give it utterance just then. He knew that he was dealing with an enemy, and that it was his best policy to keep calm and play his cards carefully.

"Don't you think,' said Barker after a pause, 'that you could run to a ghost story? They're awfully fashionable just now. Scarcely a Christmas number without one. Start off something like this: It was a dark winter's night, and the wind howled horribly round the ancient walls of Spook Castle. . . .'

"I'll trouble you to keep your mouth shut for a few minutes,' I said. 'You'll not want a ghost story when I've finished with you!'

"I then placed a piece of note-paper upon the table.

"'It is possible for me,' I said, 'to make that paper move perceptibly by simply concentrating my will upon it.'

"'Indeed!' exclaimed Barker. 'Then you don't want to borrow my watch or hat for the present? I hope, however, to see before long two kicking rabbits in either hand, coils of coloured paper round your feet, to say nothing of a bowl of goldfish. Fire away, Dudley, and for Heaven's sake, *talk*! No conjuror can perform a trick without considerable gagging. It's all part of the business.'

"I took no notice of Barker's remarks, but confined my attention to the paper on the table. Five minutes, ten minutes went by; then the paper moved across the table-cloth.

"The experiment, simple as it was, impressed Barker. I saw him staring stupidly at the paper.

"'Awfully clever,' he said at last. 'Can't think how you do it. But do you mind switching off on to something else? My nerves are a bit shaky to-night.'

"Then it was that I told Barker why I had invited him down, and what I proposed to do to him. When I informed him that I intended to draw his soul from his body, his eyes protruded, his jaw dropped. He sat before me a huddled heap of a man, protesting feebly, waving his hands about as if to ward off a blow. I explained to Barker that when the soul is driven from the body, it is attached to its material case by a thin, ethereal cord, which, if broken, would cause instantaneous death. It was this reference to the cord that affected Barker most deeply. His head suddenly shot

forward. I saw his facial muscles twitch, a dry tongue dart out and lick the parched lips.

"I touched an electric button. A small disc began to revolve briskly, and it was placed in such a position that a spot of light played intermittently upon it.

"'Has your experiment anything to do with Margaret?' groaned Barker, keeping his eyes almost unconsciously fixed upon the revolving disc.

"'Yes, it has,' I said hotly. 'You have wronged the best woman in the world, whose only mistake was that she loved, and still loves, a man wholly unworthy of her. No, don't interrupt. I have not finished yet. My sister's future is at stake. Yours shall be at stake now. I shall have your ghost to play with, just as you played with Margaret's heart—and I shall play with it! I could almost break that thin white cord and send you forth to answer God's reckoning! But I shall not break it. I must not. . . . I see you are attracted by that little disc over there. You may be surprised to learn that you cannot withdraw your eyes!'

"Hiram-Barker tried, but completely failed to do so. It held him as a snake's eye holds a sparrow. He cursed under his breath. Sweat poured down his face. He sobbed like a child. He begged for mercy. He groaned. Still the disc went on revolving, and still the electric light fell upon it. Barker gave one convulsive movement, and then lay still in his chair.

"Now, when Barker was in a light hypnotic trance, I went over to him. I placed my hands about an eighth of an inch from the top of his head, and drew them slowly down over his face to the middle of his body, and then sharply turned my palms outward. This pass I continued for something like twenty

minutes, and by that time Barker was in a state of unconsciousness infinitely deeper and more potent than sleep. At last, being clairvoyant, I could see the aura round Barker's body. I could see dark and luminous lines intersecting each other in the form of a series of waves. An hour went by, and still I made the passes I have described to you. I never faltered. I never grew weary. Vengeance, however morbid you may regard my interpretation of it, sustained me. I was performing a great psychological feat. I was about to play with the ghost of an enemy.

"Suddenly the aura, that had been continually thickening with my passes, broke, and stood, a pale, phosphorescent glow on either side of Barker's body. Gradually these clouds, I can think of no other name for them, grew more distinct. Then they united, and I saw, faintly at first, an exact replica of Barker. It was Hiram-Barker's ghost!

"I watched the ghost glide about the room in frantic despair, I saw, what no one likes to see, the utter rottenness of a contemptible man. That figure, gesticulating wildly, seemed to understand everything I said, and I talked a good deal, straight talk that went home. I learnt in that moment what torture can mean. I learnt what it is to know another man's soul through and through. The thin white cord, that seemed capable of infinite expansion, fascinated me. One touch and it would be all over for Hiram-Barker—just one touch. But I only gazed at the thin white cord. I did not break it.

"As I stood in the room I heard people singing carols outside. Then the town clock struck midnight, and I prepared to retire to rest, 'Good night,

Hiram-Barker. 'You'll come to presently,' I said, as I walked softly out of the room.

"Margaret told me afterwards that very early on that Christmas morning she awoke with an almost overpowering impression that Hiram-Barker was in her room. She turned on the electric light, but there was no one there, at least she could see no one. Every moment, however, Margaret grew more conscious of his nearness to her. It seemed that he was calling to her, that he was in the gravest danger and distress. She put on her dressing-gown, and her first thought was to call me. I wish with all my heart that she had done so. She felt, however, strongly influenced to go downstairs and into the smoking-room. She answered that strange suggestion.

"When she arrived at the smoking-room door, she paused, and held the handle in her hand for a long time without turning it. Then, suddenly her blood ran cold. Some one, something, was slowly turning the handle on the other side of the door! She was too frightened to run away. She seemed rooted to the spot. Then the door opened, but no one greeted her horrified gaze. She looked timidly into the room and saw Hiram-Barker sitting in a chair, apparently fast asleep. The sight awakened old memories. It was almost a relief to see Barker, the man she still loved, poor child, sitting in that chair. Had she been able to see his ghost, it would have been a very different matter, but fortunately, or unfortunately, she could see no such thing.

"All fear left Margaret now. She came into the room and sat down on a big dump in front of the still glowing fire. As she looked at the embers, she told me that a sense of peace seemed to possess her. And

so, however reprehensible it may have been, my sister gave herself up to reverie—romantic, dreamy reverie.

"My sister confessed to me that she rose from her seat and broke off a piece of mistletoe. 'It is Christmas to-day,' she said. 'He sleeps. He cannot know.' Then Margaret—poor girl, don't think harshly of her—leaned forward and kissed him.

"Margaret re-seated herself on the dump. The red glow of the fire must have shone upon her as she continued her reverie. Had she looked behind her, she would have seen Barker's lips moving in an effort to speak. Presently he made a slight sound. Margaret turned round.

"What is it?' she inquired gently.

"I love you, Margaret' said Barker. 'Love has come now. Can you . . . can you forgive me?'

"My sister was under the impression that he was talking in his sleep, but the words were sweet to her, and she answered: 'Yes, dear, I forgive you, because I have always forgiven you, and always loved you—always.'

"I am not quite sure what Barker said then, but I think he replied: 'It is very wonderful. Thank you. I understand. . . Margaret. . . Margaret. . .'

"At that moment I must have been dimly conscious of what was taking place. I got up hastily, went downstairs, and entered the smoking-room.

"Margaret,' I said quietly, 'kindly go to bed at once. I will speak to you about this matter later on.'

"In coming forward to give Margaret my hand, I slipped back a little. The thin white cord was broken. A tremor passed over the body in the chair.

"Well, Margaret,' I said, 'what is it? Why do you wait?'

"Because I believe that something very sweet and wonderful has happened. I believe that Mr. Hiram-Barker loves me now,' said Margaret softly.

"Something very wonderful has happened,' I said. 'Barker is dead. I killed him a moment ago!'

"Dead? You killed him?' was all poor Margaret could say in the agony of her grief as she left me and blindly rushed to her room."

\* \* \* \* \*

There was silence in the club for some time. Then, one by one, we murmured our thanks, and then grew confused as we watched Dudley. He was half concealed behind a newspaper, over which tobacco-smoke was rising.

"Hello?" he said sharply, bringing down the paper with a jerk. Did I hear some one say 'Thanks'? Thanks for what?"

"For your story," we said.

"Story?" snapped Dudley. "Story? Why I've been reading for the last hour. I haven't spoken a word. I never tell yarns."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dudley is dead now. He was the queerest and most interesting man we had in the club, but from that day to this he has remained an insoluble riddle.

F. Hadland Davis

## RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

\* TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The peculiar positions you hold, and the great veneration in which you are held, make it very difficult for me to write anything that will appear to offer open opposition to you, and I would not be found doing so were it not that I feel the force of an inner compulsion urging me to do so. I have read your notes on the present War with infinite regret and feel that to keep silent and not protest to the uttermost would be to prove myself a traitor to all you have taught me, and to be little better than a hypocrite. There is, indeed, much that you have said and done in recent years that it has been impossible to agree with or see any reason in, yet in most cases it has been possible to keep silence because of the conviction that the true inwardness of Theosophy was a spirituality that would come victorious through even the severe strain you were placing upon it, to keep silence when strongly convinced that your actions and conduct imperilled and belittled the T.S. and its neutrality on questions of religion and politics. But this present utterance is so utterly opposed to all that you have taught and written in the past, so utterly opposed to Theosophy and Brotherhood, so utterly opposed to the calm and lofty altitude usually associated with persons of spiritual development, that I am shocked and outraged at it, the more so as a journal of international circulation, of philosophic trend, is made the channel through which it is given to the world. In the past you have not hesitated to express an opinion of Mr. Lloyd George that was not flattering, but you have not now hesitated to emulate his worst offence and have out-Limehoused Limehouse. It would seem that the splendidly tactful, but scathingly severe, rebuke so recently administered by Mr. Johan van Manen has passed over you without any effect.

1915 "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES, NOVEMBER 563

You have in the past opened to us the splendid teaching of the *Bhagavad-Gitā*, the message of which is impersonal fighting, the burden of which is the necessity of conducting our lives according to the true inwardness of Dharma, yet you deny and negate your message in language but little removed from Billingsgate. You, who have been our teacher, you at least might have realised that Theosophy is not for any nation or group of nations, but for all, the Rhineland children as well as the splendid and heroic Belgians. Have you not taught us that war is after all a great instrument in the hands of the Guardians of Humanity, and could you not trust Them to bring out of this most evil cause a result better than mere human prescience could have perceived, without the necessity of your writing to inflame passions and stir up hatred, strife and anger? The message of Theosophy has hitherto been one of Peace and Unity—you have made it one of hatred and war, and I wonder if you realise what you have done and what the consequences must be?

I am a very obscure Theosophist, yet for ten years I have given of my best to spread the message of Theosophy, not without some measure of success, and I do not wish to, and will not, stand by without protest when you deliberately destroy the old landmarks and ancient ideals. I am loyal to the core, I have to do my share of providing for the success of the arms of my people, but I demand that Theosophy should be kept above the dust of conflict, to be ready to do its splendid work of rebuilding when the present hideousness of life is swept away. This War will provide an opportunity, when it is finished, for each one of us to do some of the work of rebuilding Society on better lines, but if it is drawn into personal expressions such as you give us in the "Watch Tower," the T.S. will, as a body, forfeit its high place as an overseer and Master Builder. And then, perhaps, you will realise in fact what you have taught in speech, the all-embracingness of Karma: the words of the Christ apply to the German Emperor, yourself and Judas Iscariot: "the Son of Man indeed goeth as it is written of Him, but woe unto him by whom the Son of Man is betrayed."

Melbourne

J. M. M. PRENTICE

So, having read, having, as it were, sensed in a measure the Love and Beauty and Sacrifice of the One Lover, discovered to us throughout a few brief pages, we put down the book. How much we have still to learn ere we can teach.

T. L. C.

## REVIEWS

*What We Shall Teach*, by C. Jinarajadasa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price As. 12 or 1s. or 25c. Leather Edition Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. or 65c.)

This little book is perhaps more full of charm than any other that the author has written, with the exception of *Christ and Buddha*. In *What We Shall Teach*, the reader is at once brought into harmony with the prevailing thought, by reason of the singular beauty and melodious rhythm of the language. For in the language itself pulsates some of the life that inspired the thought, so that we feel in this tiny volume the One Lover speaking to us. For to see the One Lover—men call Him, "God" "Logos," what matter the name—in everything is what we must all learn, and that in order to teach.

All men, whatever their creed are returning to the One Lover from whom they came. But their journey back to Him may be swift or slow. It shall be your joy and mine to teach them the swift road. And we shall teach them that as they apply Love's Touchstone to all that they are and shall do, their journey shall be swift, with ever increasing speed.

So we must learn, in order to teach, the three great truths of "Love that is Strength," "Beauty that is Joy," "Action that is Life". And at whatever stage of evolution, however humble, we are we may discern the One Lover. "This is a part of the mystery of His loving that He smiles on them wherever they are." We must see the love of the One Lover in all that is, the beauty that because it is His, exists in all things, even in Hell; "for there is no thought which the One Lover does not think, no feeling which He does not feel, and He suffers with us when hell is our lot". And His Beauty and Love may best be known by drawing nearer, and becoming more at one with Him.

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.

*Varieties of Psychism*, by J. I. Wedgwood. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 35c.)

In such a swirl of vague unclassified information concerning things psychic do we live to-day, that Mr. Wedgwood's small manual, going into these matters in detail and arranging them with scientific clarity in their proper departments in natural evolution, should be of untold value as a guide to the student. Though small, the book is extremely lucid and briefly covers more or less the whole ground of a big subject. For, as he tells us, he is but dealing with "the alphabet of a vast Science" which contains in it "the promise of the future of a race".

The first half of the book is mainly devoted to the subject of lower forms of psychism and mediumship. The lower psychism the author describes as "the extreme left wing of negativity" and a relic of man's earlier evolution, whereas the higher psychism is "the extreme right wing of positivity" and "its significant feature is that it succeeds upon, and does not precede, the growth of intelligence". The difference between involuntary psychism and mediumship is interesting, as also novel. "The general principle is that the medium yields himself to excarnate (or even incarnate) entities, whereas the psychic is one able to establish communication with the invisible worlds in virtue of his own faculties."

The second half of the book deals with higher, or what one might call, true psychism, and particularly fascinating is the chapter on 'The Psychology of Psychics,' showing how they are ultra-sensitive in nature, susceptible to varying influences, and often subject to illusion and glamour. True psychism,

we are made to understand, is due to spiritual activity in the psychic nature and is primarily spiritual, although dangerous if wrongly handled, it bestows on the man who has it in full control a greater power of usefulness to mankind.

D. M. C.

---

*Patanjali for Western Readers*, by Daniel R. Stephen, M. A. (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d.)

An excellent little book which should be in the hands of all Theosophists, and of others who wish to make a study and practice of these Yoga aphorisms. It is clearly written, and the meaning of each aphorism is brought out without superfluous elaboration. Its value is not in any sense depreciated because the author, in his preface, is wise enough and modest enough to advise students to buy three or four versions of *Patanjali*, and from a study of them all to write out a version of his own.

A. E. A.

---

*The True Mystic*, by the Rev. Holden E. Sampson. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This book contains a series of lectures on Mysticism. The author in his preface disarms criticism "on the sketchiness" of his work by a perfectly legitimate apology. The magnitude of the task he has set himself, and the inherent difficulties of the subject necessarily would tend to a certain jerkiness in style, and possibly also to the somewhat dogmatic statements, without any evidence adduced to prove them, which are to be found frequently throughout this volume.

Mr. Sampson perceives in the true Mystic four tokens, although these are not always uniformly present. These are: Asceticism, Ekstasis, Initiation, Intuition. "There are certain tokens and criteria of the Mystic impossible to define in words and other tokens impermissible to speak of."

The history of Mysticism is briefly traced from ancient times up to the present day, but a great many of the statements made in this account might easily be challenged. One interesting passage occurs in the account of Alexander the Great, the

dream of whose life was, according to our author, "the notable one of uniting corporately the Mystical schools of the East and the West".

But on his great expedition to the conquest of India he died; and so his great dream was unfulfilled. Yet it was a true dream and the time of its fulfilment was not yet. It still awaits it, and in the present day, the British occupation of India, the open water-way and land-way, and the free intercourse between Orient and Occident, have prepared the way for this dream of Mystical unity between the Mystery-Religion of the East and the Mystery-Religion of the West.

Space forbids a discussion as to the author's views of Initiation, and on the theory he holds as to the Historical and Mystical Christ. He is a great supporter of the Gnostics, and in these later days speaks kindly of the Theosophical Society, which, he tells us, is an "upward movement, has revived many truths of cosmical significance, and has rescued many souls from the downward drift into infidelity and irreligion".

Mr. Sampson claims that the substance of his work came from intuitive and mystical sources. To him therefore his statements must be conclusive, but each reader must exercise his own intuition as to their value.

*The True Mystic* is somewhat in the nature of a textbook to the subject of Mysticism, which the author has treated more extensively in other volumes. It should prove interesting to many readers who come into touch with such ideas for the first time, while to older students there are many points which will atone for the essentially fragmentary character of the book.

T. L. C.

---

*The Progress of Sydney Lawrence*, by Miles Wanliss. (G. C. Fifield, 13 Cliffords Inn, London, E.C. Price 6s. net.)

*The Progress of Sydney Lawrence* by a new Theosophical writer—as we read the last four words of the publishers' notice, a mild thrill of excitement passed through us. Perhaps this, at last, was the Theosophical novel which we are always looking for. But alas for hopes! the first few paragraphs are disappointing, and the last pages bring the full conviction that the epoch-making book is not to be sought for in this quarter.

The plot, if indeed there can be said to be any plot at all, is very obvious, very weak and very commonplace; and there is a marked ignorance of "Society" of the rank to which the heroine is supposed to belong. The book is meant to be bright and amusing, but the wit is of a superficial character, and vulgarisms frequently fall from lips to which they would in the nature of things generally and of art in particular, ever, be strangers.

On the other hand, the author has a decided talent for characterisation; the dialogue, so often a pitfall for the beginner, is not stilted, and there is a feeling for psychological values which is well worth cultivating. We would advise him (?) to study *men* and their way of looking at things more; the style is altogether too feminine.

The story is briefly this: Sydney Lawrence, a self-centred neurotic girl, desires to renounce marriage and devote her life to the cultivation of her mental and spiritual faculties, but is taught through the experiences arising out of a very ordinary love affair that all love is one—human and divine. The theme is neither new nor distinctly Theosophical; indeed we must admit that we have failed to find anything all through which can by any stretch of the imagination be called Theosophy. In spite of its obvious defects, we may say the book is neither better nor worse than hundreds of others, which find a ready sale with an indiscriminating and unexact public.

A. E. A.

