



THE  
**THEOSOPHIST**

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Brotherhood, Oriental Philosophy,  
Art, Literature and Occultism.

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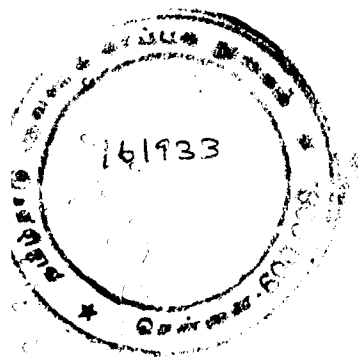
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# THE THEOSOPHIST

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

“WATCHMAN, what of the Night?” is the cry that is heard from many and many a breaking heart. For the Night is long and weary, and thick clouds lower over the war-pierced Nations. Not yet has the answer rung forth from the hills whence cometh our help: “The Night is far spent; the Day is at hand.” For though we know that in the higher worlds the battle is won, that the forces of evil are driven back, and that their strength is broken, yet the enemy, though flung downwards, is yet raging upon the earth: “knowing that his time is short”. Truly was it said, “Woe unto the inhabitants of earth,” for great and terrible has been the havoc wrought, and sore the grief of the martyred Nations; Belgium and Poland, Serbia and Montenegro, have been trampled into bloody mire under the hoofs of evil. And yet to those who know, it is ever true that in the fair White Island, “the Lord sitteth above the water-floods, the Lord remaineth a King for ever”. And as we lift up our eyes to the great Temple, fairy-like in pure white radiance against the sapphire sky, we see

the STAR we love shining ever as the Jewel in the Lotus, and we murmur low, with the old Hebrew singer: "The Lord shall give strength unto His people. The Lord shall give His people the blessing of Peace." How the riven Nations shall feel the joy of that blessing, feel it as they have never felt it before—"the blessing of Peace".

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Yet even as we long for that blessing to descend upon our bleeding earth, we know and realise that no Peace can be a blessing which might come until the forces of evil are broken upon earth, as they are broken in the higher worlds. There is no peace while the Jezebel of Nations still sits upon her blood-soaked throne; no peace while her sword is yet unbroken; no peace while on earth, and in sea, and in air she yet sends out her messengers of murder, slaying harmless men, with gentle women and little children. Never, since the days of old Atlantis, had science been the handmaid of slaughter as it has been made on the battle-fields of Europe to-day. Never, since the Dark Emperor ruled in the City of the Golden Gate, has intellect been so yoked to vilest uses. Well indeed might the Masters refuse to give any knowledge of the forces of subtle destruction to the Nations who have not yet learned the first letter of Brotherhood; for imagine, ye students of the Sacred Science, what would have been the torrent of destruction launched from Berlin, had the German chemists learned to loose the force that disintegrates the atom, and leaves but a whirlpool of astral dust where men and cities had been.

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And when Peace returns, how mighty will be the task of reconstruction set before the Nations of the earth. Freed Womanhood will never again put on the

chains which the sore need of the Nations has riven from her limbs. She has shown herself to be in every necessity of man his comrade and his helper; she can never again sink into his toy or his drudge. I do not mean by "toy" that she is his toy when man and woman play together, the difference of sex adding sweetness to friendship and passion to love; I do not mean by "drudge" the doing of household tasks, the sweet ministry of home, as dignified and needing more intelligence than the soul-less labour of the tender of a machine. The "toy" is the woman who is the mere slave of sex passion unsanctified by love, or the amusement of an idle moment, tossed aside when the graver claims of life are on the man; the "drudge" is the dull toiler through thankless tasks, the maid-of-all-work minus wages, less respected than the servant whose work is paid for. When the War is over, the relation of Man to Woman will become either infinitely nobler, or ruinous to both. For after the War, Man will return home to find Woman occupying all his seats of labour, save the heaviest and roughest; he will see her in the tram, at the railway gate, in the van, in the motor-car, in the office, behind the counter, in the factory—everywhere, even at the plough. There must either be a terrible sex-war for the means of livelihood, such as the world has never seen, utterly destroying human society, or else an equal comradeship, dearer and sweeter than any, save the elect souls, have hitherto known; that friendship, which, between a man and a woman, is the surest, sweetest thing which this world has to offer, the relation into which husband and wife sometimes pass when married lovers become married friends, and which is sometimes, but rarely, found outside marriage, which has all the strength, and trust, and sweetness

of love perfected by the sex-difference, but utterly free from passion.

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In discussing the scope of woman's work in the old days before the War—as one might say, “before the flood”—I had often urged that no artificial restrictions should be placed on woman's labour, manual or intellectual, but that her capacity, her ability, should be left to find its own level. She must always be handicapped by child-bearing, but that is a handicap imposed by Nature, to be cheerfully and reverently accepted in obedience to the law of Nature, which is the will of God. But of artificial restraints and disabilities there should be none. Motherhood is, in itself, one of the highest offices in the Nation, since to bring forth noble boy and girl children, and to train and cherish them through helpless infancy and developing childhood, is a service to the Nation that cannot be over-valued. In a well-ordered State, such as is dawning on the horizon, children will be born only of healthy, strong, vigorous fathers and mothers, and the child-bearing age will begin with full physiological maturity, and end ere the woman begins to weaken, losing the energy of youth.

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The question raised by Mr. Ernest Kirk in one of our articles this month is one in which many are inclined to agree with him, but one which, I hope, will be decided in the negative. It is true that a “creed” gives vigour and cohesion to an organisation and makes a more vigorous propaganda possible, but it also cramps and finally fossilises. The Christian regards his dogmas as “facts in Nature,” as the Theosophist considers re-incarnation, karma and the existence of the Masters to be facts. So is the indestructibility of matter a fact in Nature; but, the scientific statement of the

indestructibility of the atom has been shown by further researches to be false. The facts of Nature remain, but man's vision of a fact is ever imperfect, partial, and it is only his vision of a fact that he can formulate in words. A doctrine, a dogma, is a formal statement of a fact; no dogma, widely accepted, is wholly false. Science is sure that the planets of our solar system are globes hurtling through space in a regular and balanced order; yet are they nothing of the kind, but are sections of a continuous structure uniting them with the Sun, as leaves on their respective stalks. Any of our imperfect visions of facts stated as a creed for the Theosophical Society would check and dwarf its free development. Let us leave the intellect of every member free to range the mental world at will, to affirm or to deny what we call facts. The statement of a fact is a husk containing a kernel of truth. Can we not trust to the truth for the stability and strength of our Society, and hold the husks loosely, ready to let them go when we find or create a larger, fuller statement of the fact? The truth gives strength to the dogma, the dogma does not give strength to the truth. Let us trust to the source of strength, which is truth, and let the dogmas go. They are crutches for the weak, and must not be turned into shackles for the strong. All Churches have made that blunder, and hence “heresies” have arisen and have torn them, and given rise to sects. A heresy is, for the most part, a vision of a part of a fact concealed by the statement of the fact, and should be an addition to previous knowledge and not the foundation of a new creed. There are members who want to turn any statement of Colonel Olcott's—that chances to agree with their own momentary views—into a law of the Society. There are members who, because they have stood still themselves, think that the

Society must remain exactly what it was when they entered it. The Society, we hope, may go on for centuries. Are our successors, are we ourselves, returning, to be bound down centuries hence by the skimpy views of to-day? Nay, let us trust Truth; let us leave the future to mould itself by its future vision; enough for us, if we can live up to the truths we glimpse, and so help others hereafter to start on a higher level. The open mind has before it infinite possibilities; let us not block the untrodden road with the barrier of some of our "facts".

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Here, in India, the movement for Freedom is going forward very rapidly, and to borrow Mr. A. P. Sinnett's happy nomenclature, we have passed through the Pooh-Pooh stage with quite unexpected speed, and find ourselves suddenly in the Bow-wow period, surrounded by a quite furious pack, giving forth loud-voiced and brazen-throated clamour. There are two special danger-signs in India: the growing poverty of the masses of the labourers, and the growing and spirited independence of the school and college youths. The separation of the Education Department into two sections, deplored and condemned even by a man like Sir Valentine Chirol, has changed the whole educational atmosphere, pushing the English and Indian members of the Service apart, and making two distinct castes. The very ablest Indian cannot pass into the higher Service, and a young and quite undistinguished Englishman is made Professor over the head of the most capable Indian. Hence we find, as Sir Rabindranath Tagore points out in a valuable article in the April number of the *Modern Review*, that the students just now are in a state of unrest; he says:

If the students' own race or religion is insulted by the teacher, if the students know that for themselves there is no

chance of justice, and for professors of their own Nationality no fair treatment, then they are bound to break out into impatience, and, indeed, it would be a thousand pities if they did not.

In earlier days, before the Partition of Bengal had stirred all the best Bengalis into violent unrest, lads would have been told by their elders to submit humbly to their teachers. But it was the lads of Bengal who were the chief agents in annulling the Partition of Bengal, and the new life of the Indian Nation throbs in their hearts. And so now an elder—and an elder who impressed Europe with his genius—turns to them and tells them, that when they and their race and their religion and their own teachers are unfairly used and they show impatience, "it would be a thousand pities if you did not". That is the new spirit, resistant, no longer submissive, the spirit of the New India that demands Home Rule.

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The great change is being hastened among the young by the type of Professor and Master who now come to the Missionary Schools and Colleges from England, and who are planted on us by our officialised Universities, wherein 80 per cent. of the Fellows are, since Lord Curzon's ruinous Education Act of 1904, nominated by the Chancellor, i.e., by the English Governor—or Lieutenant Governor, if the University be not in one of the three Presidencies. The Missionaries in the Madras Senate back up the Missionaries in the Schools and Colleges, and permit Missionary Colleges to work with a far worse equipment than that which they exact from Colleges under Indian control, as we found at Madanapalle.

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One finds the Indians of 40 or 50 years of age looking back to their English Professors and Masters

with much respect and affection, and deploring the kind of men who have replaced them. Some of the old missionary educationists, again, were men of erudition, sincere Christians who devoted themselves to spread English Education, believing that its spread would inevitably Christianise India. The Church of England Missionaries, usually Oxford or Cambridge men, have at least the advantage of the training of the great Universities, where "the humanities" give culture, and the social surroundings good manners. But the Nonconformist ministers who usually come over here are not men like Clifford or Campbell. They are, for the most part, men who neither impress by their learning nor win by their urbanity. They are of the ordinary dissenting type of the smaller provincial towns, and as members of "the ruling race" they lord it over their pupils, mistaking arrogance for dignity. The Roman Catholics are of a finer type, cultivated gentlemen for the most part, and often much beloved for their kindly ways, as well as respected for their simple and ascetic lives.

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It is the Nonconformist ministers who cause most of the troubles here, and who, in England and Scotland, spread abominable stories about the "heathen," misrepresenting them to the gullible religious public, and so causing much of the misapprehension and misconception which blind the British Nation to the real state of things over here.

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It may be asked: "Why do you regard this resistance among the students as a danger-sign?" Because these lads are the men of to-morrow, and unless Britain has by that time given to India the Home Rule on which their hearts are set, many difficulties will arise.



## THE VALUE OF PEACE

By WILLIAM H. KIRBY, M.A.

WHEN a New Year is about to dawn, all men's thoughts turn naturally to ideas of Peace and Goodwill. It is the message of close upon two thousand years ago, that we have all learnt at our mother's knee and that we pass on to younger generations. Yet perhaps never since the message was given us by our great Teacher, has it had more meaning for all of us, or been less practised, than at the beginning of this year of our Lord 1916.

It would be folly to prophesy that what we call peace will come to men in 1916. But since we are in the midst of war and have had a year and a half in

which to realise the full meaning of its consequences, we can all the better measure wherein lie the benefits and the value of the peace that sooner or later must again be established amongst men.

Peace is so big a word that it is not possible to attempt to define it. It is, like all great truths appertaining to the Spirit, capable of only relative definition. In the abstract it involves an ideal and not an actual state of things, as long as men and nations are at different and imperfect degrees of evolution. The diversity of their aims and characteristics precludes the possibility of that absence of tension, of that state of equilibrium which peace, as an ideal, involves. But when we, mere finite beings undergoing, and in the midst of, processes of development, speak of peace, we mean simply an absence of war, a state of agreement with regard to differences between men and nations, a compact, for the time being, not to fight.

History shows that such compacts, however, are but temporary matters, depending either upon a state of equilibrium, or "balance of power," or upon the distinct inferiority or exhaustion of one or other of the contracting parties. And the period of peace will vary in duration in accordance with the continuation of the state of equilibrium, or with the recovery and growth in national aspirations and ambitions of that side which was exhausted or in a state of inferiority. Once the "balance of power" is upset and conflicting interests come into play, inevitably the Dove of Peace takes flight while a new equilibrium is being fought for and a new set of conditions is introduced for men to digest during future years.

The alternations, then, of peace and war appear so far to be inevitable and in the order of things according to man's origin, composition and present place in evolution. As always, it is the animal in man that fights, and the Spirit that rebels. The passions in man conflict, and the mind, becoming the "slayer of the real," is used to devise the methods of offence and defence. But as man evolves, just as his mind is capable of greater ingenuity in inventions and in methods of protection or destruction, so his Spirit is more alive to the assimilation of results, and to a more adequate valuation of causes and effects.

All that European science and industry have evolved in past decades has been brought to bear in the present World-War. Yet, on all sides, from the humblest soldier to the highest statesman, there is not a man who does not deplore the waste and the wreckage caused by the conflict. Yet it goes on, and must inevitably go on to a finish. One side or the other, one group of powers or another, must come out undisputedly the conqueror, before any peace can be established that shall render impossible any such repetition of world-wide suffering and *lèse-humanité* for a long, long time to come. And that peace may grow fruitfully henceforth and spread far and wide over European countries, that group of Powers must fight to the uttermost, and must win, who stand for those attributes of the Spirit, namely, Freedom, Honour and Justice, and who abominate all material ends involving ideas of persecution, oppression and domination by blood and iron.

This is what the amiably-minded importunate pacifist fails to see. He cannot, apparently, realise that peace has no value where it is merely in the nature of

a truce, a patching-up of differences at a given moment, a mere temporary defining of geographical areas of influence, and of economical and commercial relations, *before the time is ripe*. These are all palliatives—cog-wheels in the machinery of peace when the end of war has come; but they do not create peace when the tension that caused war has not been settled and the motives that led to war have not either finally triumphed or been defeated and overthrown on one side or the other.

These pacifists, well-meaning no doubt, but fully deserving the condemnatory character of that faint praise, seem to think that they alone see the value of peace, that they are the God-sent part of the community, endowed with a mission to put salt on the elusory tail of the dove of peace. Fortunately, no serious attention is paid to their misguided and frequently puerile efforts. For combatants know that peace is won by fighting, not by looking on and talking; and that the value of peace lies in the sacrifices made to obtain it, in the valour of men's actions, and in the virtue of their motives.

In this coming year 1916 it is certain we shall hear much about peace. The War is now at, or near, its highest point. Both sides are realising to the full what humanity is in for at the present. The longer-sighted, indeed, are beginning to foresee what the consequences in the near future are likely to be and for how long, how very long, a time they are likely to last. Is it any wonder then that old men and wives and mothers, and even the weary combatants themselves, should at times look back to the days of the peace that was, and sigh for the days of the peace that is as yet not in sight?

Is it only the self-constituted pacifist, the theory-monger, who is to have the presumption to imagine that he alone sees the benefits of peace, that he alone is designated to be an artificer of and a factor for peace? No! In these times of hard facts, arm-chair theorists are merely a nuisance. In the breast of every true man or woman, in the heart of the wife and the mother who have parted with all that is near and dear to them for the sake of their country, in the soul of every human being who is giving up his all in sacrifices of every kind, yes, even of life itself, for the sake of the ideal he or she is standing for in this common struggle, there is implanted deep and firmly the hope of peace as a precious heritage, bought by sacrifice and suffering, that they would hand over to be enjoyed by their children and children's children for the lasting honour of their name and their country.

The irresponsible individual who would prematurely urge and contrive at peace, merely for the purpose of stopping a state of war, is not only short-sighted and unable to appreciate the proportion of things as they are, and to realise that great world-happenings have behind them great designs beyond our comprehension, but he is also unconsciously a source of weakness to his country and a traitor to his fellow-men who are fighting for him too, and giving of their all to obtain a peace that shall have some sure foundation.

Once war is declared, in a just cause, the individual and his theories disappear. No one is any longer a separate unit, free to stand aside and air theories. Each is a cell in the organism that is about to act; and he shares for good or ill the destinies of that organism and its actions; of the country, in a word, to

which he belongs. Such an one is not free by any means, as he thinks, to settle whether he shall fight or not, whether peace or war is best for his country. He is gratuitously assuming that he is wiser than the rest of his nation or than his fellows; he is not content to fall in with the plans of the Powers-that-be in that nation to which he belongs, nor in that organism of which he is a part; his own views, his own ideas, his own aspect of things in general and in particular are, in his own estimation, of far more importance. Let the whole world fight, let men work for their souls, and women weep out their hearts, and children and homes be destroyed, justly or unjustly: "There should be no war," proclaims this prig. "Let us talk it out at a fable and settle the affairs of the universe!"

Or again: "What blockheads men are to resort to the methods of the savage primitive races! Won't they see the pity and the waste of it all? Are we not all brothers of one great human family? Have not all Teachers of men enjoined love, not hate? Let us, Oh, let us put an end to these methods of barbarism, and settle our differences by representative conferences, and cease from strife!" So say the more thoughtful and amiable variety of pacifists. But, bless their kindly hearts, so say all of us! So say all who can feel and think and reason. It is no new thought. We all said so, ages ago, and also before the War, when that monument to futile and academic attempts at caging the Bird of Peace was erected at The Hague. No doubt we shall all say so again after the War, when, forgetting the flimsy value of scraps of paper embodying the results of these round-the-table Conferences, we invite our friends the neutrals to join us in our happy

discourses and entertain us with regard to what they thought, and especially what they did, while we were busy fighting! But in that certain barbarians, in their lust and greed for power and domination, let loose on Europe at large the sterner methods of "blood and iron," with all the accompanying terrors of murder, arson, pillage and treachery,—"blood and iron" they must taste to their fill at the hands of those they have assaulted, until they cry "Enough!" and henceforward so utterly loathe and detest its nauseating stepch that they too learn the lesson and the value of peace so long ago understood by older and civilised nations.

Of what use, then, before the time and in the face of facts as they are, designed by an inscrutable Destiny that guides men and things, for the mere individual to prate of peace? Let him rather join those of his country, in working and fighting actively for peace, and he will at least have done something entitling him to enjoy its benefits when it is re-established. For the value of peace lies in the right we have stood for, in the sacrifices we have made, in the services we have individually rendered to make it ours. If our country has been in the wrong and has succumbed in the fight, it will avail us nothing—nay, we will be all the more odious—that we stood aside, out of the conflict, and said: "I told you so!" Similarly if, on the other hand, our country has been in the right and wins an honourable peace; it will be an endless reproach to us and ours that we selfishly held aloof, indulging in our own crabbed opinions, and had no share in the attainment of our country's ends.

There is no place for the peace-monger to-day. All who are fighting or helping the fighters are working



more effectively for an ultimate and a decisive place than he who talks and agitates, and is all the time impotent to do anything that serves in the present phase of his country's activities. Peace will come surely and automatically when all is fulfilled as designed, and when responsible rulers or leaders on both sides, with the knowledge of all the facts before them, realise that there is nothing else in honour to be done.

But the agitation for peace, it may be urged, can begin from below as well as from above, and it must have a beginning, therefore why not admit the value of the humble pacifist, as leaven in the mass? True, but the motive behind the pacifist in this case is different. He is no longer a theorist, a meddler, a talker, an individual crank airing his theories to the detriment of his country's cause. The peace-agitator in such cases is rarely found singly, but in ever-increasing numbers of tired, over-wrought, hard-used men or women who, having done their full duty by the War, having espoused to the utmost their country's cause, and sacrificed their all for its ends, even against their will or their better judgment, see the futility and uselessness of it all, realise the wanton use that has been made of their willingness to trust and serve those above them, and in the name of humanity demand that a false road shall no longer be pursued. No one will confuse the pacifist who is a theorist, with the peace-lover who has suffered unselfishly and sustained his burden with the rest. For he feels that not only is his further help useless, but that he has been deceived, or that mistakes have been made in the purposes for which he was fighting, or that his country has been forced into war by the senseless

ambition of rulers. Even so, it is only the responsible representative authorities who can usefully take action. For in the first of the above two cases, to speak of peace in time of war implies either lack of proportion and comprehension or merely effrontery; and in the second case, instead, it denotes a certain degree of moral courage.

One cannot certainly imagine a less peaceful or more topsy-turvy system of conducting foreign politics than that alluded to in a recent number of THE THEOSOPHIST as embodying the ideas of a league in England called the "Union of Democratic Control"—whatever that may precisely mean! Here, indeed, is theory run riot. It is the tail that is to govern the head, or as if it were suggested that the crew, and not the captain and officers, should navigate a ship! Thus as far as one can make out, it is the idea that the limitations and ignorance of the masses are to supplant the wise concern and experienced training of those carefully selected and eminent statesmen whose special gifts and attributes have peculiarly fitted them to deal with and decide on questions of State in regard to Foreign Affairs, and whose name and position carry weight in International Councils. A country can decide for war or peace by the current of public opinion, or by some great wave of national feeling, but this feeling is guided not by a body of worthy persons who constitute themselves into a league of this or that, but by the national spirit and sentiment that is in them, and that as a rule the highest and best in the land, *not* generally the democrats, control, mould and guide. At any rate, in regard to foreign policy, it is the few, who have knowledge

and experience of other lands and peoples, who count; and not the many whose mediocre acquaintance with matters outside their own run in life produces inevitably a quantity of errors and misjudgments which, as we have seen only too recently, may lead to incalculable consequences and costly sacrifices.

Service, now as ever, must be the watchword of all. Most of all has it a special meaning for us Theosophists. There is certainly no lack of opportunities in any and every direction just now to serve, to prove our belief in the value of that brotherhood that spells love and unselfish devotion to duty all round. It is this that will be the prime factor for consolidating peace when the time comes, and it is this that proves the good Theosophist now in his duty as a belligerent.

It is indeed good to see how on all sides in various countries Theosophists have come forward readily to serve their country in a hundred ways, including, when of age, that of military service. But there is a further feature which shows the value of the character training among Theosophists. Often nowadays, and practically in all countries, there is a tendency to magnify one's individual importance in connection with services rendered, whether they be in the form of leagues or organisations or committees or any other initiative undertaken or volunteered. One has witnessed all sorts of petty competition and mild self-advertisement in good works and beneficent organisations.

Yet in general, the teaching that one does not do anything for the "fruits of action" seems to have especially distinguished the Theosophist in many an undertaking, where he has shone by the quantity and quality of quiet good work done unobtrusively, and by

the modesty and unselfishness with which he has kept in the background and allowed others to figure and to take the praise or the rewards of the "outer" world.

Those who work for good ends, for the right, in service of their country and of their fellows, dispassionately, in the sphere of action to which they properly belong, speaking little and doing much, recognising in their proper proportions men and things as they are and making the best of them, eschewing evil and doing good, reckoning themselves no wiser and no better than their fellows, ready ever to take and to share burdens, endeavouring to understand and to pour out sympathy and tender help, such as these are the really valiant and valuable workers for peace, since they instil into the hearts of men those precious seeds of love—the root of peace—which bear fruit a hundredfold from generation to generation. Whereas the peace of the pacifist is but a barren intellectual growth founded on sand and as shallow as it is Utopian and ineffectual.

The true value of peace lies not in the consensus of heads but in the close ties of the heart. The mind is the instrument that can only devise the means that will make peace durable when the hearts of men are charged with that fulness of comprehension that is born of Goodwill and Love. Dreams of power, designs for conquest, lust for material gains, these spring from a lower degree of evolution, that which is based on obtaining for itself, on taking from others for its own enjoyment. This leads to "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness," and when put into effect, as in the case of the provokers of the present War, to the uprooting of all the foundations of civilisation and all accepted principles of human intercourse.

The pacifist who would interfere at such a time, merely because people are fighting, is morally responsible for trying to prevent another section of the world standing for those higher principles that are founded on a sense of Freedom, of Justice and of Equity, and who are fighting in order that Liberty shall prevail over Domination, and Right over Might.

From so great a catastrophe the world will emerge chastened and also purified. Far into future generations, and long after peace has been signed, will the barriers set up by the present War continue and the effects be felt. Plans to "kiss and be friends" sound pretty, but are merely Utopian dreams of optimists. Too much there is to remember, too much to forget. Too many standing monuments and memories are there that will relentlessly bear witness to the wanton handiwork of cruelty and barbarity let loose.

But Time, the great Healer, will "like an ever-rolling stream" bear all away on its broad bosom. In the far future, when succeeding generations have lost the sting of the first-hand touch with present-day miseries, foulnesses, and sufferings, and veiling what is ugly and repulsive, "memory" can only look back with pride at noble traditions of honour and duty done by their families and forebears in the great crisis,—then, perhaps will descend the Dove of Peace upon Earth, in a new Springtime of Hope and Endeavour, bearing with outspread wings seeds of Love that shall penetrate and grow fruitfully in the hearts of men and produce a new era of kindness and true brotherhood.

William H. Kirby

## WHAT DOES THE T. S. AS SUCH STAND FOR?

By ERNEST KIRK

AT what point, if any, in the evolution of the Theosophical Society must the unanimous statements of our leaders concerning certain Theosophical truths, as Reincarnation and Karma, be accepted by the Society, as a Society, not as tenets or dogmas but as facts, realities? Members of the T. S. are obliged, before becoming members, to recognise the idea of Brotherhood as a fact; why, in its constitution, should the Society stop there? Surely in these matters it has not reached finality! We have probably less proof for the existence of Brotherhood as a law than we have for the existence, say, of the Law of Karma, or for the existence of the Masters; why then should one be included and the others left out? We do not, strangely enough, think of Brotherhood as a dogma; for what reason then do we fight shy of placing other equally significant truths in the same category? As a matter of fact a certain body of truths are held by the Society, or at least by the majority of its members, and not to include them in some way in an official document and proclaim them openly and frankly—not as dogmas, but as facts in nature—seems to me scarcely like playing the game. If the Society does

really accept and commit itself to these truths, why keep that fact in the background? Why not give prominence to it, for instance, on the application form for membership? Not that any applicant would be required to accept, as a condition of membership, any of the teachings suggested, but he would at least know what to expect.

It may be argued that all this is clearly set forth in Theosophical books, and that therefore anything further would be superfluous. But frankly, that seems to me a very strong reason why the fundamentals of the teachings given out to us by our leaders, fundamentals, be it remembered, already accepted by the majority of Theosophists, should be codified and presented in some such way as I have suggested.

The Society, like everything else, is evolving; many things taught only in the E. S. T. ten years ago are now common property. This progress is bound to show itself, as indeed it is showing itself, in a more pronounced and definite attitude towards the problems of life, and in greater daring and doing regarding the truths for which we stand.

In this connection it is interesting to recall a pronouncement made by that sturdy Theosophist, Mr. T. Subbarao Garu, in one of his lectures delivered at the Annual Convention, Adyar, over twenty years ago. Said Mr. Subbarao, evidently anticipating the question now under review:

All of you know that our Society is established upon a cosmopolitan basis. We are not wedded to any particular creed or to any particular system of religious philosophy. We consider ourselves as mere enquirers. Every great system of philosophy is brought before us for the purpose of investigation. At the present time we are not at all agreed upon any particular philosophy which could be preached as

the philosophy of our Society. *This is no doubt a very safe position to take at the commencement. But from all this it does not follow that we are to be enquirers and enquirers only. We shall, no doubt, be able to find out the fundamental principles of all philosophy and base upon them a system which is likely to satisfy our wants and aspirations. (The italics are mine.)*

At what point then, to hark back to my first question, do the statements made by our leaders concerning the facts of Reincarnation, Karma, the underlying unity of Religions, the existence of the Masters, etc.—statements that only gradually come to be accepted by us as true—at what point, so far as the Society goes, do these statements pass into, stand for, and become accepted as truths, realities? What makes a law a law, and a truth a truth? Not, of course, our acceptance or our rejection of it, our knowledge or our ignorance. A law takes no account of a majority nor of a minority, neither is it influenced by threats or bribes. The point at issue, however, is not what makes a truth a truth in the abstract sense, but what makes a truth a truth to the T. S., that is, I repeat, to the majority of its members.

Now there are probably many contributory factors, prominent among which are the following: (1) The united evidence of Great Teachers and Sages, as reflected in the Scriptures of the world; (2) the corroborative testimony of recognised living Occultists, those amongst us who have won our confidence and who declare that as a result of definite training and definite research they have first-hand knowledge; (3) the history of, and discovered causes of, any given phenomenon; (4) one's own experience, intuition and inward verification; and (5) the acceptance of any given truth by the majority of us. Take for example, under these headings, the question

of the underlying unity of all religions. One does not require to be a very deep student of Comparative Religion to know that the main spiritual verities in one religion are found, under varying names, in all the other religions. The evidence in the various World-Scriptures on this point, both objective and subjective, is enormous. Some fragments of this evidence have been tabulated in very handy form in *The Universal Textbook of Religion and Morals*, and in the introduction to *The Ancient Wisdom*. Add to the above the testimony of our leaders and those who have made a thorough study of the subject, and the testimony of Theosophists who belong to one or other of the world's religions, and you have a most convincing pile of evidence, amounting to proof. Some such method applied to an inquiry into the subject of Karma or Reincarnation, would yield similar results. Of course in the case, say, of Reincarnation, direct proof lies in the hands of a very few, but as those few are agreed on essentials and, as between them, command the love and confidence of the great majority of T. S. members, the ground for the acceptance of the truth of their statements is fairly solid and sure. What they say about occult matters and the workings of hidden laws in nature can be put to the test by any one who is able and willing to go to the trouble of making the experiment. If the experiment is a failure, it does not disprove the truths and laws about which the experiment centres, but only that the experimenter is deficient in knowledge and skill. A negation of a fact or statement, it should be remembered, is in itself an affirmation, and of necessity the man who denies must know more than the man who affirms.

After all is not this line of arriving at truth very much akin to that adopted by students of science in relation to the study of the laws and facts of physics and chemistry? As every one knows, the real investigators and seers in the realm of science are few, and yet these are the men who, by their courage, patience and perseverance, discover and make possible the acceptance and application of certain laws. The ordinary student of science, respecting the findings and statements of those sturdy fathers and pioneers, findings usually endorsed by the Royal Society or the British Association, takes the instruction of his teachers for granted and goes to work accordingly. He is told, for instance, that a certain result will follow the union of hydrogen and oxygen, and providing the instructions are obeyed and the necessary conditions established, he may safely put the matter to the test without fear or failure. On the other hand, if he ignores the instructions, preferring in his experiments to "keep an open mind" and an agnostic attitude, he is as likely as not to come to grief.

What I would therefore venture to suggest is that a commission of leading Theosophists, suited for their task, be appointed by the Society to collect, tabulate and put into textbook form, all the present available evidence for those great truths for which one intuitively realises that the Society stands. A textbook of any one subject, as Reincarnation or Karma, might possibly run into two or more volumes. It would be solely a student's book, and should of course be the standard work of the world on that subject. If thought desirable, abridged popular editions could be published. It is scarcely necessary to add that such a series of works would, as new or additional evidence came to

hand, require periodical revision. That revision work should be done by a central authority.

The mention, in this connection, of a central authority raises the question of the advisability of the formation of some select body within the T. S., a body presided over by Mrs. Annie Besant, and consisting of one or more of the best informed and best known Theosophists from each country or section. In its own realm this body should be as important and useful in the world as, in matters of science, are the Royal Society and the British Association. Its annual gatherings and deliberations would act, among other things, as a sort of world sounding-board for the results of the latest investigations and discoveries.

Further, I would suggest that in connection with this body, a College or University for the study of the Science of the Self be established at Adyar, that a regular course of instruction be given both on the spot and—in the case of those students unable to travel to India—by correspondence, that passes and diplomas be granted, and that no one not holding some such diploma be recognised as a regular Theosophical lecturer. Schools or branches of the College could be opened in such centres as London, Paris, Berlin, New York, etc., but the curricula should be uniform, and—a point which seems to me of immense importance—the teachers and examiners, so far as this is possible, should be Initiates and accepted pupils of the Masters.

It may be, in much that I have said, that "the wish is father to the thought," and others reading what has been written may be reminded of the words "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," but honesty must run to a conviction that the time is near at hand,

if indeed it is not already here, when the Society, as such, should take a bolder and braver stand for the truths which have so long been proclaimed by its leaders and by individual members. A perusal of *The Vahan* for January (just to hand) gives the impression that some such forward move, as is here indicated is already afoot.

Ernest Kirk

#### FROM "THE KEY TO THEOSOPHY"

Every such attempt as the Theosophical Society has hitherto ended in failure, because, sooner or later, it has degenerated into a sect, set up hard-and-fast dogmas of its own, and so lost by imperceptible degrees that vitality which living truth alone can impart. You must remember that all our members have been bred and born in some creed or religion, that all are more or less of their generation both physically and mentally, and consequently that their judgment is but too likely to be warped and unconsciously biased by some or all of these influences. If, then, they cannot be freed from such inherent bias, or at least taught to recognise it instantly and so avoid being led away by it, the result can only be that the Society will drift off on to some sandbank of thought or another, and there remain a stranded carcass to moulder and die.

"H. P. B."

## THE BIGGER ISSUES OF WAR

By H. P. RAY CHOWDHURY, M.A.

AT a weekly meeting of the Arundale Lodge we were talking about the causes of the downfall of various old nations, and we were trying to gather some lessons out of them. I decided, then, to put down my thoughts about the present conflict in Europe, taking lessons from the past and trying to deduce, as far as my ability would permit, some conclusions which might be of some use to others.

As we turn over the pages of history, we see generally that they are replete with incidents connected with the rise and decline of nations. Nations rise, nations decay. Do they not leave behind them something which makes the world richer and wiser than it was before their rise? Do they not play a distinct part in the evolution of the world, as every age helps the evolution of mankind to a definite goal? I believe they do. Many illustrations can be taken from history, and it is easy to show what particular part in the world-evolution a nation arises to play, and how, when its part has been played, it withdraws behind the scene. The world is not poorer for its decay; on the contrary, it is richer than it has been. The nation which arises to perform a particular task accomplishes it before it decays; so we can see, through the rise and

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fall of a nation, an invisible Hand guiding the nation to a definite goal, moulding it exactly in the shape and form which are necessary for its task.

So much is true for nations with regard to the world of which they are parts; the same is true for wars and conflicts, for social, political, economic, industrial and other movements, for the rise of certain cults and agitations within a particular nation. Wars and conflicts, social, political and other disturbances have certain well defined parts to play within a nation, in order that the nation may be prepared for the greater task for which it has been born in the world-plan of evolution. They do not take place at random, without any meaning, disjointed and purposeless. It is my belief that even a trivial event—trivial it may be from the individual point of view—has big potentialities, which we, with our imperfect knowledge and incapacity for broad historical generalisations, may not see. The very fact that such events do take place, goes to prove that they have a purpose behind them.

To make my point sufficiently clear, I shall set forth some historical illustrations. Being more familiar with Indian history, I shall take my illustrations from it. Every thoughtful person will support me when I say that India has something to do in the world, has something to give, together with other countries, to complete the purpose for which the world was created. Everybody believes that the world exists for a certain purpose; what that purpose is, we do not yet see, as our knowledge is limited. It necessarily follows, therefore, that as India has something to give to the world-purpose, she must have been preparing herself for the great sacrifice, and already have been contributing

her share in all these ages to make that purpose possible; therefore that preparation has to be seen from the events that have taken place within her physical boundary.

Let us see, very generally, whether we can deduce, out of the innumerable changes that have happened in India, some definite purpose. From the very beginning, India has been invaded by different tribes and nations. Why is it, one naturally asks, that India only has been subjected to such invasions and convulsions? Why is it that India has had to suffer such a terrible loss? It is extremely difficult to answer such questions, though historical causes may be cited for every invasion; but we are trying to find out something beyond these apparent causes, something more real, something which satisfies our minds. Beyond all these physical metamorphoses there is a truth, there is a lesson which India has had to learn after these terrible sacrifices, a lesson which India, as a part of the world, has to give to the world. It is the lesson of perfect tolerance, religious or otherwise. Different tribes and nations invaded India only to teach this supreme truth, and India has had to learn this after years of suffering. We see that aliens who have invaded India, have after a time been recognised by the Indians as their own countrymen; their lineage has been invented and traced to Gods by the custodians of the Hindū religion, to show that they were parts of the original Āryans. We see the followers of religions other than Hindūism receiving the same cordiality as the followers of Hindūism. The Hindūs are not inimical to other religions, they allow them to go on side by side with their own. They invite followers of a different

religion to discussions in perfect equanimity and without the least scruple. One foreign dominion goes, and is replaced by another, but the people of India stretch out the same cordial hands as they did towards the one which has been supplanted. This perfect tolerance has been learnt after many centuries of sacrifice and endeavour; and I think that the sacrifice to learn this great truth must have been great, because nations or individuals learn truths, great or small, according to the sacrifice they are ready to make, and India has made an immense sacrifice to realise the significance of this great truth. She has given up everything—men, wealth and even independence, to learn this truth—the truth of Universal Brotherhood.

We have seen that India has a definite message to give to the world; so also has the West something to give. That something must be a truth which forms a part of the all-pervading truth towards which "the whole creation moves," or as we should say, is moving, therefore this particular truth must be strengthened by combining itself with the larger whole. If this is true, then we should find, at all events in European history, a preparation intended to mould it to the realisation of the part which it has to play in the future. What do these material facts signify? Have they got in them the germ of truth to which the West has been endeavouring to attain? I believe they have. Methods there, are different from those of India. If we learn the histories of the different nations of Europe, we shall see that from the beginning of any nation's history, an endeavour has been going on to shake off a certain narrowness of ideas and conditions, to adapt itself to broader and more liberal views and principles. To show this



movement in every country in Europe would occupy considerable space, but to make my proposition sufficiently clear, I shall take one country and show the way to proceed.

For the sake of convenience we shall take England. From the beginning of English history to the Norman Conquest, we see the people trying to attain political freedom. But what is political freedom after all? It is the shaking off of certain old and narrow scruples, to give place to newer and more liberal principles. Let us take stock, so to say, of the achievements of the English people up to the battle of Senlac, in 1066. The Witenagemot had been formed, the power of kings had been restricted, and a great commercial and industrial impetus had moved the young nation. This movement was stopped, for the time being, by the Norman Conquest, to teach a valuable lesson—the lesson of making room for foreigners and tolerating them, so that this young and rising nation might not forget, in its own great endeavours, that it was not a separate entity, but a part of the whole, and that it should learn selflessness. The same movement has gone on till now, and the nation has received from time to time severe shakings in order that it might give up the idea of exclusiveness and learn the meaning of Universal Freedom. The wars and conflicts, both from outside and from inside, which England has had to fight in the endeavour to attain freedom, have a great significance, and have taught her to respect the freedom of other people, while they have given a certain wide catholicity of temperament, which will bear fruit in the realisation of the supreme truth of Universal Brotherhood. The Catholic Emancipation Act and the Abolition of Slavery have been proofs in

the past, and the part which England is taking in the present War is a proof in the present, of the universal character of freedom and tolerance which she has learnt during so many centuries.

With this idea let us turn to the great War that is going on in Europe. Why is it that this War is taking place? Apart from all the historical causes which have been pointed out in so many volumes, we can see the work of the unseen Hand beyond this conflict. It is not a conflict of mere rights and the saving of them, but a conflict which may help the people of the West to realise the significance of Universal Brotherhood a little more fully. Germany has not been shaken sufficiently by the many wars in her past, to learn the truths that other nations have learnt. She has organised herself in an exclusive way, and wants to intrude on the freedom of other people, neglecting and obstructing the truth of Universal Brotherhood. She must learn the lesson; and she will in this conflict, because the Invisible Powers, which guide the destinies of the world, will that nations should realise the truth by their own experience. To gain a glimpse of truth a great sacrifice must be made, and as the sacrifice Germany is making now is a big one, the truth that she will learn will also be considerable. The world is approaching the realisation of the truth I have mentioned, and this War will bring the world a step nearer to that truth.

H. P. Ray Chowdhury

## SONGS OF ISHMAEL

POEMS FROM A PERSIAN GARDEN

### SWAN-SONGS

*O happy hour when I shall rise  
From Earth's delusions to the skies;  
Shall find my soul at rest and greet  
The traces of my Loved One's' Feet!*

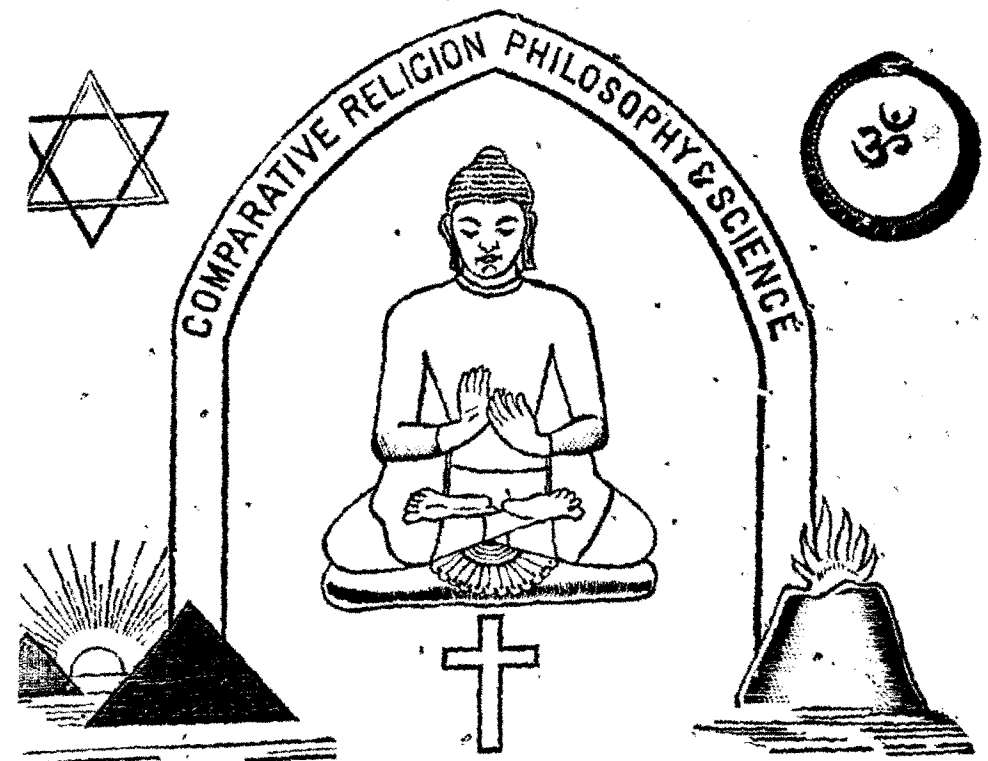
—HAFIZ

They say that without it snows;  
They say that the wild wind blows;  
How should I know!  
Fools . . . . . I've no winter here;  
I feel the summer's near;  
For in my heart the almond blossoms bear;  
And through their blooms the soft spring breezes sigh—  
O just to kiss thy hands, lost love, and die!

They say that without it rains;  
The hail beats upon the panes;  
The daylight wanes!  
Fools . . . . . I've no tempests here;  
In my soul the sun shines clear,  
And all the roses bear  
Their fragrant scents through which the Zephyrs sigh—  
O just to kiss thy hands, lost love, and die!

KAI KUSHROU ARDESCHER

\* By "the loved One" Hafiz means God.



## FATE AND FREEWILL

By WALTER H. SAMPSON

ONE hears the following questions so often that it seems worth while to consider them carefully:

*Can people control their destiny?*

*If I see disaster approaching, can I avoid it?*

*Are you a Fatalist?*

Now in order to approach this very difficult and intricate subject in the proper way, for it involves the

whole question of Fate and Freewill, it will be necessary to begin by noting that in the case where knowledge foresees certain limitations or conditions, defines certain laws, or pretends to understand anything whatever of the nature of the individual, just to that extent must what is called "Fatalism" step in. In this connection, one's "freewill" is in inverse proportion to one's knowledge—that is, by being utterly ignorant of your tendencies, and therefore of the particular path you are following and the things to which it must inevitably lead, you remain "free"; the moment you become aware of yourself and in any degree conscious of the laws under which you live, you cannot be said to be free.

Does freedom, then, imply ignorance and depend for its existence upon an undisturbed state of ingenuousness? That is to say, yesterday I knew nothing whatever of the laws of my being, my tendencies, and the road upon which I was and am travelling. My curiosity being aroused, I visited some—let us say—astrologer who tells me that I have a certain tendency or group of tendencies which will influence my life at such a time, working out in the form of events, which he says are practically unavoidable. The causes, said this very unpleasant person, had been set in motion, and the effects had to follow. If, then, I am to believe what he says, I am no longer free, but under certain restrictions and limitations; while yesterday, not being aware of these, I was therefore "free". I destroyed my freedom when I increased my knowledge. That is, assuming that the astrologer is right, which might happen to be the case. Please note here that the condition of "freedom" depends entirely upon the fact

of knowing or not knowing, for if I had never gone to the astrologer, I should have passed the rest of my life thinking I was "free". In this case, and all similar ones, therefore, "freedom" seems to have been purely a mental state, and if freewill is an illusion, the sooner it is cleared out of the way, the better for all. But does this settle the case? The laws he mentions and under which he says I am bound—either they exist, or they do not. Is this a Universe of law, or one of chance? Of anarchy?

Every step that science takes seems to proclaim the reign of law—law everywhere, in the heavens, upon the earth, in the waters that are beneath the earth, throughout the whole creation—law upon law, law within law, order, system, form, intelligence everywhere existent. I do not think that anyone will have the hardihood to deny that law is the rule of the Universe, in so far as we are able to judge. Can there be such a thing as law in and about a Universe of "free" creatures?

We shall have to summon the term "free" to the bar, and see what it may have to say for itself.

Freedom implies the absence of restriction, limitation or hindrance; absence of duty, conscience and all connection with one's fellow man; it signifies independence, separateness, anarchy, rebellion against all authority, guidance and control; disregard of the rights, wishes, comforts and necessities of others; complete gratification of the self and of its every wish and ambition. To allow others to interfere with me will not be freedom; to allow others to persuade me will not be freedom; I am independent, capable of doing what I will and with the perfect right to do so. I shall, then,

go my way, do what I wish, when I wish, and act in all things in the manner best pleasing to me.

Well then, say I, you won't go very far, my fine fellow. If you claim the right of liberty for yourself, you must concede it to others. Here is barrier number one. Others are as free as you, surely, and if your interests conflict with theirs, and they are able to overcome your opposition or objections, whether by force, persuasion, or in any other manner, you are then restricted by the wishes and wills of others. If you claim freedom for the human race, the human race has also to concede it to others. If the interests of the human race conflict with those of the remainder of the Universe, it is for the destruction, or at least for the limitation of the human race that they do so. You are restricted by the Will of the Universe. This is barrier number two. If you think you need barrier number three, you have it in your own limitations, weaknesses, errors, inability, ignorance, inefficiency, and all the rest of it. Not only do others prevent me, not only does the Universe thwart me, but I myself persistently defeat mine own ends.

Is this "freewill"? Is this "freedom"? You will observe that here I am only dealing with the most material aspect of the case. And it may be well to inquire at this point whether freedom be really a blessing or a curse to mankind, and in the course of that inquiry we shall have to ask ourselves whence it derived its reputation, which is an honourable one. It is a name of power, a mighty word, a magical formula; one which has been the means of progress and enlightenment, of inspiration and encouragement, a threat to tyrants and a promise to the weak. It has been the

guiding star of this great American nation, and must therefore be not only a good thing but a very good thing.

It is right here that we shall have to make a very sharp distinction—one that I fear is seldom made, and yet one which will have to be made before we can rightly understand the matter. The freedom spoken of here, the freedom lauded and praised, and upon which our national foundations rest, is not personal freedom at all, but political freedom. Political freedom means freedom from oppression, from tyranny, from the domination of a class by an individual, from injustice of creed or caste, from unfair taxation, from any and all indignities, wrongs and deprivations that man can, in his moment of selfish power, inflict upon his fellow man. *Freedom, then, exists through and by reason of the injustice of man, and it is man's injustice that brings it into being. That is political freedom.*

Not so personal freedom. Political freedom being freedom from the injustice of man, personal freedom, of course, is freedom from the injustice of Heaven. Do we need that? The plea for personal freedom means, among other things, the arraignment of the high Powers of Heaven to answer to man why they have inflicted upon him ills and trials. It is man's demand for the separation of effect and cause, the attempt to win from Heaven a licence that will quit us of all responsibility and of the necessary results in our lives of the state of our development. Political freedom is a necessity, since it is ranged against man's injustices, which are many and sempiternal. Freedom in the personal sense is an impossibility, and if not, would be a curse and a calamity.

For what do we wish freedom? At every turn of the road, every step of the way of life, we are faced with the necessity of making a wise decision, of choosing between this and that. We stand at the cross roads—which way are we to take? There are no guide-posts, so we have free choice in the matter. Now the truth, and the truth which none of us dare deny, is that one of these roads leads to ruin and the other to progress, one to evil and the other to good, one to right and the other to wrong. Do we, then, desire the “free” choice or the right choice? If we are fools and madmen, we might desire the free choice, along with such sentiments as “My life’s my own”; “I can do as I like”; “I’m my own master”; etc. If we are sane, and wise, we shall desire with all our hearts to make the wise choice, the right choice, and we even pray for enlightenment that we may do so. If, perchance, it were revealed to us at that moment which was the right choice, would there be any shadow of doubt as to our taking that? It would be an act of deliberate insanity to take the wrong road. True, we do not always know, and therefore may often choose wrongly. Not from “freewill” but from ignorance. Well, they are sometimes the same.

It may be said that life is a constant succession of such choices, with their consequences. In all cases one choice is right, and the other wrong. Which, then, do you deem it the more noble to do, to choose as you will, to show your independence and take the path you know to be wrong, or take the way you must, the way you eventually will in any case, the Way that leads through the Straight Gate? Will there be any desire for freedom here? The desire for freedom, here

as elsewhere, will be the desire to set at naught all right, wisdom and law, to take things into our own hands, to run away from realities, to refuse to face life as it is, and, in a word, to play the howling idiot, blind, foolish, and rushing headlong to destruction.

You may ask: “Can I always be sure of knowing the right choice?” No, you cannot. But if you always choose with the best of your being, *your* choice will be right, even if *the* choice is not right. If it is the best you can do, it is, to you, to all intents and purposes right.

It is not the noble, the unselfish, the inspired in us that demands freedom, but our rebellious passion, our cheated desire, our unsatisfied emotion, our thwarted ambition, our greed, our pride, our intense hunger for happiness, but most of all, and above all, our impenetrable ignorance.

We will try to conceive however that you are really free. Think what that means, even for an instant. It means to be abandoned of God and man alike; to be alone, an enemy to the Universe, an outcast, a contemptible renegade. Whilst others are toiling under their bonds, you lie in the sun. While others are fulfilling their duties and responsibilities, you fulfil no duty and acknowledge no responsibility. They are both incompatible with your freedom. While others are held by ties, you alone have no ties. The servile crowd yonder are not free; no, but they are loved—their mothers and sisters await them at the gates with refreshment and comfort. You, being free, have no mother and no sisters—mothers are limiting things, involving unpleasant duties, obligations and the like, all quite unworthy of the free. The slaves have wives

and children—more limitations, qualifications, obstructions to their freedom. You will none of these, for you are free. Do you therefore rejoice, and does the fierce fire of independence leap in your veins, and the ecstasy of the infinite glow in your countenance? No, you are abandoned, desolate, unloved, uncared for; and to your utter surprise, when you cast off your shackles and limitations you found yourself not free, but tied hand and foot. Your coveted freedom is as nothing to you, for what can you do without human ties, without proceeding according to the laws you detest, without co-operation, effort, dependency—which are all limitations?

Let us leave, therefore, the ideal of material freedom for its further consideration and enjoyment at the hands of the thoughtless, and turn to the ideal of inner or spiritual freedom, and try to see in what that may consist, and whether it be a possibility, or the reverse—a desirable condition or not. "Well," you will say, "I may not be able to control outer conditions, and really, I didn't mean that, but at least I am free to progress and evolve." Friend, you are *bound* to do so—the Universe is ordained in no other way. "Nay," you say, "but many are not progressing, they are retrograding; see yonder man staggering out of the saloon! He has taken his choice; his course is plainly downward; he wills to set at naught his opportunities and make of himself a beast. He has the perfect right to do with himself as he wills, and he interferes with no one, but simply takes his destiny in his hands and does with it what he will."

Is that strictly true? Let us look into that case a little more carefully. If we cannot state that what we call

misfortune is a means of attainment, and that mistakes are but steps on the path, we shall then have to admit that there is such a thing in the Universe as deliberate and purposeless evil. That, again, arraigns Heaven of folly, and is not a possible standpoint for any but the ignorant or the blasphemous. If we cannot firmly believe that what we call sin, error, immorality, are the chaotic out of which virtue is the orderly; the elementary out of which virtue is the advanced; the indirected out of which virtue is the directed; the passion out of which virtue is gained by transmutation, then of course we can perceive no purpose in sin but the attempt on the part of Heaven to destroy its creatures. Nay, we know that mistakes, error, ignorance, crime, violence, and all the rest of the rubble are our broken attempts to express our better selves. Under the law, our mistakes cost us dear, for the law permits no infraction without its consequences. As Theosophists, we believe that the law pursues us in this life, but not only here—it follows us through many lives, lest justice be mocked, and that the balance may hang true. We are free, do you think, to destroy ourselves? We are never free to do that. We are, rather, bound and compelled to save ourselves. Some of us may remember Thompson's wonderful poem *The Hound of Heaven*, which shows how the Spirit of good pursues the sinner through the ages, never letting him rest a moment, permitting him no respite until he understands, turns and embraces the God he vainly tried to escape in flight. It is even so—the God, whether we believe He is in us, out of us, around, about, above, below, is insistent; His purposes must be obeyed, and there is no possible rest or peace for us until we submit to

His law. We are not free, but blessedly bound to fulfil our high destiny.

Let us try to see that freedom does not consist in separateness, selfishness, and the working of our own wills, in independence or rebelliousness; but in naught else than submitting ourselves to the Divine Will. Let us recall that phrase out of the English Common Prayer Book, which speaks of the service of Christ in these words: "Whose service is perfect freedom." As this is a paradox, it might be well to consider it carefully.

Let us suppose that we live in a walled city, broad, bright, expansive, beautiful, well ordered, well watered, strongly fortified; just like some old Chinese walled city such as one can still see, with broad stretches of meadow within the fortifications. Our life takes its course within those walls, and we take our airings inside them; our friends and relatives are all within these protecting defences, and all is well. One night, sleepless and restless, it may be, and perhaps moved by some spirit of adventure, we bethink ourselves: "How splendid to creep down through the silent city, along the streets across the moonlit meadows, threading the darkness of the narrow gate, and so into the open country." No sooner said than done. We sally forth, make our way to the gate, and to our amazement find it closed, locked, guarded, and no exit permitted. We are told that we are not permitted to go outside; "outside" in our imagination seemed so beautiful, too. We had always thought ourselves perfectly free—we are not free, but limited. Just slaves! Suppose we allow the idea to recur, to rankle. Suppose we make a fetish of our "freedom," become unhappy about it, and finally make our escape.

The first thing that happens is that we are set upon by a band of robbers just outside the gate, beaten, stripped and left for dead. We painfully crawl home, sore, but enlightened. OUR LIMITATION WAS OUR DEFENCE. Our limitations are always our defences. The four walls that enclosed us last night are not there for the destruction of our liberties, but for our protection. The laws under which we live from day to day, peaceably and contentedly enough for the most part, are not thrown about us for our limitation, but for our defence. Without them life would be impossible, and every moment a fresh danger and menace. The wise citizen of our little city lives from day to day within the walls, care-free, contented and prosperous. He understands well enough that the laws of the city exist and are binding, but not being of the nature that must run counter to them, he does not for an instant feel their restraint, but rather rejoices in their protection. *Their service is perfect freedom.*

Then, according to our line of argument, there is no freedom and no freewill? Are we under an irresistible destiny?

If, friends, there is one single event of life that can be demonstrated to be inevitable, not only for one but for all, we shall have great difficulty in upholding the argument that we are not under rigid laws, the operation of which we call Fate. The idea of Fate is that of superior powers which govern us with laws from which there is no escape and no appeal, and which in their operation are perfectly indifferent to the individual. Is there one single law, the operation of which no man can escape, or has ever escaped, and which can with certainty be predicted for all? There is

that one. Death is to all of us inevitable. It matters not at all what we may individually conceive death to be in its nature—whether we regard it as the close of an individual existence, or whether we consider it the entrance into another state of being. Here is an event against the consummation of which the whole human race can exert their will and hurl their determination without the least effect. There is evidently something in this idea of Fate. It is fairly just to presume that if one law is so indifferent to the individual, all law is so indifferent—that is to the wishes of the individual.

I am afraid we shall have to take refuge in the idea that as humanity has always misunderstood Death, so we may misunderstand Fate.

What, then, if the things we wish to avoid are the things we not only have to face, but would willingly face if we knew the whole truth? What if it is only the depth of our ignorance and the density of the majority that dims our eyes, that conceals from us the "Hound of Heaven"? We surely believe in the law of Karma, but not as a recompense—rather as a cure, and the only one, for our mistakes and misfortunes. If we fail to learn the lesson in school to-day, shall we know it any better by playing truant? Or by returning to school, in shame and confusion if need be, but determined to go over that hateful lesson again and again until we have mastered it? Suppose life be similarly constituted. Suppose the fate we wish to avoid, which we defy with our every thought, and against the threat of which we claim freedom, independence, the right to choose, and what not—what if this very Fate is what we are seeking and striving for; what if Doom be Janus-faced, throwing out before his path the awful lightnings and

thunders of Jove, and in his rear, the desert blossoming as the rose.

The man who howls dismally over his Fate and who denies his responsibilities in his claims for freedom is like one who locks himself in a prison, throws the keys out of the casement and shrieks to Heaven for help. I am afraid the truth is that when we ask for freedom we ask to be released from our task, to arrest the development which must include some unpleasant growing pains, to be allowed to put aside the nauseous mixture that will make us well; or we complain of the sharpness of the knife that is to sever the afflicted member. It is natural to do this, and human and inevitable that we should do this, but in the name of Heaven, let us at least face the truth, and not beatify the one thing that, given into our hands, would not only wreck us, but the entire race, for all time and eternity. Being human, we must err, but do not let us glorify our mistakes. Glorify the effort, but not the error.

Within our city, then, there is perfect freedom, and within the law there is perfect freedom too. When we are living in accord with Universal Law, and in harmony with the best of our being, we do not even crave freedom, for we have it, and for the precise reason that we have turned our backs upon it. The freedom we once sought, we now know to be absolute slavery, and the servitude we once fled from, we now know to be perfect freedom.

Wherein does the truth of this paradox lie? It is again just at this point that one may be tempted to say: "Well, that's all very nice about freedom being slavery and slavery freedom, but what does it really mean, and how does it really work out?"



To become free, in this sense, is to free yourself from desire—to reach the point where one is so completely unified with Universal Law that there is little personal will remaining. One becomes a channel for Divine Force. This does not mean the loss of the individuality, which is too great a question to go into at the present time, but it does mean the receiving of inspiration, and the taking on of office as a Divine Executor. It becomes a matter of indifference whether things are thus or so, or whether this or that eventuates. Here, then, is the kernel of the whole matter—indifference to circumstance. You may not control events, but you can become indifferent to them. You may refuse any longer to believe in their power and their significance, or their importance. In so far as you can do this, you are really free. It is your business to act—God's is the issue. It is your business to work—God's the harvest. Only, you are to work, and to keep at it. It is nothing to you that you may never eat of the fruit of your planting; there are other harvests toward which you have never scattered seed—these shall feed you. It is your business to speak—no man may heed. It is your business to heal—what if the patient die? It is your business to love, whether you are loved in return or not. It is your business to live—even into the shadow of Death's approach—the event is not yours; all you can do is your part, and beyond that, all is presumption and all is vain. Less than that is unworthy.

Your freedom, then, lies not in the freedom of choice—there is no such thing possible. Not in freedom of action—that is anarchy, and will involve the Universe in ruin. Not in anything other than the freeing of yourself

from the illusion of self, its importance, its desires, its folly, self-will, ambition, blindness, arrogance, greed; its childish cry for unlimited power and happiness, its childish abuse of whatever little happiness it can attain, and whatever power it can wield. Not in anything other than in understanding of and subjection to the law, in working through the law, and in trusting the Universe and its great Intelligence to know better what you want than you do yourself, and to be ten thousand times more efficient in obtaining it for you. It never makes mistakes. You seldom do otherwise.

We now arrive very near our starting point, and the conclusion of the whole matter is going to be: "Well, things are inevitable after all, are they?"

In a sense, they are.

What then? What's the use of trying?

O my dear sir or madam, the grand comfort in all this is that you just can't help trying. The glorious consolation is that you will go on trying, and keep on trying, and end by succeeding. You are human, and as such you will rejoice in your happiness and rail at your despair; you will rebel against the law, and the law will revenge itself upon you; you will, in the face of your superior knowledge, deny your divinity and forfeit your birthright, again and again, and you will, in spite of your wisdom, cry for your freedom, and strain at your bonds, since you are but human. You will not transcend your humanity either, because it is divine; and you will not fall below your divinity, because it is human. Your struggles and your successes, your agonies and your ecstasies will naturally proceed from the strange fact that you are human-divine. But

above all things you are alive, and whatever your belief, your convictions, your knowledge, you are gathering experience; it is your great teacher, and you will not be denied it.

Let us consider briefly whether it be desirable for people to believe that they are free, or not. It may not be best for the majority of people to believe otherwise than they do. The conception of freedom within the law is a paradox which needs the philosophic mind to understand and appreciate, and we are not all philosophic. The very young and inexperienced, whether in point of years or incarnations, rebel furiously against the idea of being limited, because they have not yet reached their limitations; and not having reached them, they are not yet aware of them. They are hopeful, buoyant, sanguine; and do not want to be told that their hopes are to be checked, their confidence destroyed, and their ambitions unrealised. One does not realise one's limitations until one comes in contact with them, and that takes time. We do not truly begin to develop either, until we reach them. Let us note also that our limitations are not fixed. This is a very important point; for most of us seem to think that they are like a stone wall—impassable and impenetrable. Let us make a comparison. Physically, the skin is our limitation. When we grow, does it burst? No, it expands. When the character develops, it forces the "limitations" to do the same, and one's limitations keep pace with one's growth. Do we ever wish to escape from the physical boundary, and literally "jump out of our skins"? No, we realise that without it we would be defenceless and helpless. The case is exactly so, and you can fitly compare our

limitations in life with our skin, and you will find that the parallel holds good in every way.

The belief in freedom, then, is the belief of the young, the inexperienced, and the thoughtless; as well as of the rebellious, the insane and the criminal; and it is the acme of sanity and maturity to condemn it unreservedly. It may be necessary for the young to believe it, just in order that they may not be deterred from making the gross mistakes that will finally set their feet on the path. You cannot teach it to them—they will neither understand nor heed.

It is only when we reach that point of development where we see that *our* claims are not to be realised, *our* wishes not to be gratified, and that *our* purposes mean so little to the Universe, or are so contrary to its greater purposes that they cannot be entertained—it is only when we reach that point where we understand that life, looked on from the personal side, is disappointing and treacherous, as it was indeed meant to be, that we can willingly embrace this philosophy and give up for ever our beloved freedom. No really sane thinker believes in personal freedom, just because no sane thinker dare give to the individual the power to control others. It is, moreover, only in the knowledge that we are Theosophists, and able to face the truth, that I have dared to speak so of this matter. In other places, and among other people, it would be sheer madness to express such sentiments, but if the Theosophist, with his wide acquaintance with law, his day-to-day consciousness of the order and harmony of the Universe, and his disbelief in the permanency and value of the mere personality, does not really believe so of this matter, then Theosophy seems but a vain thing, and has taught

him little. Freedom has never been preached by any great teacher, or upheld by any great philosophy.

The real difficulty of the situation is the fact that the denial of freedom seems to give the check to action. Life convicts intellect of stupidity, and intellect convicts life of folly. Which are we to believe?

We must believe intellect, and we must follow life. It is impossible to live in accord with intellect, or believe in accord with desire, for of all things the most deceptive, desire is the worst. I may know that sin and misery are the paths to peace, and the only road to heaven. Shall I, therefore, refuse aid to the afflicted or comfort to the suffering? Shall I withhold my hands because, forsooth, humanity is sickening unto salvation? A thousand times no! Let us live true to our common humanity. Because I feel with the wretched, sympathise with the unfortunate, shall I stultify my intellect and say that misery and wretchedness are wrongs and injustices, and that there is no purpose in their wanton cruelty on the part of Heaven? I shall know that they are the necessary and salutary steps on the path, but none the less shall I do what I can to assuage them, because I am human.

Humanity is a paradox, a mingling of opposites, a confederation of states, an intermingling of planes; and while *they* must war one against the other, let us see that *we* preserve our *neutrality*, and give precedence to none. If my intellect enables me to sight Heaven, shall I refuse to live on earth any longer? If I live on earth, shall I then refuse to sight the Promised Land?

It is Man's divine privilege to apprehend the Divine in the Universe, and the most perfect man is he who manifests his humanity and divinity side by side,

the one reinforcing the other, and not warring on the other. The recognition of Law is the recognition of the Divine.

For all beings there is but one law—immutable and divine; the law by which the lowest must rise to the place of the highest—the law by which the worst must become the best—the law by which the vilest must become a Buddha. (*Gleanings from Buddha Fields*, by Lafcadio Hearn.)

I place the emphasis on the word "must".

Walter H. Sampson

## THE METAPHYSIC AND PSYCHOLOGY OF THEOSOPHY

By BHAGAVÂN DÂS

### 1. THE EVOLUTION THEORY AS HELD IN THE WEST TO-DAY

AS a single tree with its endlessly diverse parts, root and trunk and branch and leaf, core and layer and fibre and bark, grows up out of a single simple-looking seed, and grows up by successive small steps; even so has everything in the world which can be at all looked upon as a system, a unified aggregate, an organism, a diversity dominated by a unity, grown up by infinitesimal successive steps out of a nebulous plasm by continual differentiation and integration. Such is the evolution theory, which has been gradually coming more and more to the front amongst thinkers since the middle of the nineteenth century, and which has transformed science and literature in the modern West as completely as a turn of the kaleidoscope transforms the arrangement of the coloured pieces of glass and produces an entirely new figure. Star-systems, solar systems, planets; the mineral, the vegetable, the animal and the human kingdoms existing on one of these planets, *i.e.*, our earth; the individual organisms

<sup>1</sup> A Paper Contributed to the Philosophical Congress of Bologna, in 1911.

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composing these kingdoms; the individual mind of the animal and the human; and finally, the groupings of men in societies, and in the domestic, ecclesiastical, political, professional, industrial and other institutions which constitute the organs of the social whole—are all seen to have gradually and slowly developed out of small beginnings.

Extremely valuable work has been done along these lines, most admirable collections of facts made, luminous inductions generalised out of them, the law of analogy justified more and more, and the growth of all and each seen to be as the growth of one.

### 2. ITS INCOMPLETENESS

But obviously something more—perhaps the most important thing—remains to be done. What is the good of building up the finest palace if no one can be found to live in it? The material coefficient has been prepared with much labour; the spiritual coefficient has to be joined to it. To *know* that the growth of all is as the growth of one is not enough. It is only the beginning, the preparation, the pioneer work, the strong and indispensable foundation, if we would have it so, for the *feeling* of a common life running through all, and then for the *deliberate living* of such a common life; the realisation in thought has to be followed up by the realisation in emotion and then in conduct, of the solidarity, first of the human race, and then of all living beings whatsoever; and as it is rapidly becoming clear that all matter is living, that there is *no* dead matter, “all living beings” will soon be seen to mean the whole universe.

### 3. THE SUPPLEMENT REQUIRED

For this auspicious completion of the labour, a further step has to be taken. As the textbooks of science stand to-day, revised in the light of this great theory, they are *descriptions* of the *how* of things, they are not *explanations* of the *why* of the process; they set forth the *effects*, they do not really touch *causes*. The *why* is the purpose, the end and aim, the *final cause*, as rightly named by Plato; and the *how* is the subservient means. The one is Spiritual; the other material. Evolution, professing to explain everything else, does not explain itself. That which explains evolution, *why* it takes place, is the Owner of the palace and the gardens, Who indeed has planned and built and evolved and developed them and spread them out for His own satisfaction, without Whom they are empty and desolate indeed.

When the further step is taken by the workers in the field of evolutionary research, of extending the Law of Analogy, which they now confine mostly to the *growth* of organisms (at least so far as the larger organic wholes are concerned), to the *birth*, decay and death, and the *rebirth* or *reproduction* of these also; and when we carefully study the *why* of the world-process as a whole, then will the spiritual counterpart of the material appearance be found.

Only when the embryo has attained a certain minimum maturity of form within the womb, does "viability" descend upon it. Only when the body, the material sheathing of the human being, has arrived at a certain stage of development, does self-consciousness appear in him. Only when he has arrived at a certain

further stage can the "All-Self-Consciousness" manifest within and inspire him. In Theosophical language, as the lower becomes more and more fit, so does the higher enter more and more fully into it, and abide in it; having influenced it towards maturity from above, from a distance, so to say, until the entrance, even as the master guides the construction of the house from without, until it is ready for his occupation. Even so, only when the collection of the facts showing evolutionary growth is completed by further facts of this and also of the subtler worlds, relating to decay and death and *rebirth*, individual as well as racial, then only can the true metaphysic descend into it and fulfil its purpose.

### 4. NEED FOR CRITICISM

As the recognition of one's deficiencies is the primary condition of the search for the remedy, and divine discontent (*vaīrāgya*) is the only means of finding the Divine, we might usefully dwell on those of the current evolution theory.

The old Creation theory, in India called the *Ārambhavāda*, made only *one* large assumption, of omnipresence, omnipotence and omniscience, which could create everything out of nothing at one stroke. The new Evolution theory (which, with completions, is called the *Pariṇāma-vāda* in Samskr̥t literature), makes endless small assumptions at every step. What the former did at one "infinite" stroke, this does by "infinitesimal" changes, differentiations and integrations, formations and dissolutions, variations and selections. The marvel is as great, the unintelligibility no less, to the thinker who

does not permit himself to mistake *more familiarity* for intelligibility, mere slowing down for complete rest, the infinitesimal for anything less than the infinite. The need for *final* explanations becomes, if possible, deeper than ever. Formerly it was the pastime of God, or His benevolence and compassion, the wish to share His joy with other conscious beings, or to have His glory seen and sung by such. Now, for the time being, even this has been lost, and no other clearer purpose has risen in its place; and the Force behind each step of the evolution is called the Unknowable.

Of course, even as in the house that is being built, the builders, directly or indirectly but inevitably, feel the guidance of the owner, even so the investigators of evolution, the collectors of facts, the makers of lesser generalisations cannot help sensing the Something which is behind and around all evolution and involution and perpetual re-volution; but they do so somewhat dimly, and often even ignore the feeling, as not of any obvious use to the work immediately in hand. This naturally leads to errors of omission and commission, of interpreting facts wrongly, of emphasising the smaller, unimportant and subordinate ones, and minimising the greater and more vital; even as ignorance of the needs and purposes of the owner leads builders to leave things undone or make excrescences in the house. And the errors are not insignificant and negligible. They have vital consequences. A wrong outlook upon life may make it all barren, pessimistic, desperate, instead of joyful and fruitful. An apparently small defect of sanitation, ventilation or drainage, may mean the difference between disease and health, life and death, to the occupant of the house.

##### 5. SPENCER'S UNFRUITFUL RECOGNITION OF THE SPIRITUAL PRINCIPLE AS THE UNKNOWABLE

Herbert Spencer, whose collection of facts is the most comprehensive amongst the Western workers, and who, therefore, was the readiest to receive the fulfilling inspiration of the Spirit, postulates the Unknowable, at the very outset of his encyclopædic system of Synthetic Philosophy, in answer to the Final Why, in place of the Eternal Reason (of the Joy of Self-assertion and Other-denial) which will explain all. And in so far as he recognises and declares the Presence of this Unknowable Absolute behind and through all the phenomena of the Relative, he rises to his duty as a true scientist and philosopher. But because his collection of facts is incomplete, because he could not seriously take into account the facts of the superphysical worlds, because he had not before him the complete history of any complete cycle, from birth, through growth and reproduction and decay, to death, of any sun-system or planet or race or sub-race, because he could not venture to push the Law of Analogy far enough, therefore his recognition of the Unknowable, the Absolute, the Anirvachanīya or Indescribable, as the Vedāntin names It, remains vague, cloudy, meaningless and devoid of living use. He just mentions it, once for all, so to say, and does not revert to it again, whereas he should do so constantly, throughout the story of the Relative, if not to make the latter really intelligible (for a mere Unknowable could scarcely do that), yet at least to prevent the reader from forgetting that there was something left for further research.

## 6. HOW THAT PRINCIPLE UNDERLIES ALL EVOLUTIONARY AND OTHER PROCESSES

As it is, hasty readers and not merely hasty readers but more industrious delvers in the field of evolutionary investigation, have sometimes, in the first flush of the finding of this great idea, rushed to the conclusion that they had come to the bottom of the Universe, finally and completely abolished all the old superstitions, and explained everything. They have gone the way of the astronomer who declared with a sensational flourish: "I have swept the heavens with my telescope and found no God"—a statement perfectly true, by the way, for God indeed is not to be found by looking *outwards*, with a telescope, at the surface of the visible heavens, but by looking *inwards*, with concentrated and attentive mind, into the depths of one's own being, which is then seen to be identical with All Being. God was verily hiding *within* the wielder of the telescope and smiling while the hands were sweeping the heavens with the instrument. So a physiologist spoke of the brain secreting thought as the liver secretes bile, and others accepted the teaching; till one, erstwhile a disciple and propagandist, happened to study the works of some idealists, and discovered that while the so-called producers, liver and brain, might have something in common, the so-called products, bile and thought, had very little similarity with each other; and that between objective phenomena and subjective phenomena, between so many thousands or millions of vibrations at one end of a nerve and a sound-sensation or a colour-sensation

at the other end thereof, there was a gulf which could not be bridged by lightly declaring the former to be the cause of the latter. Later scientists have gone even further, and declared that physical phenomena have to be explained by and reduced into terms of the psychical, and not *vice versa*; and thus have come to the point where the influx of spiritual metaphysic can take place, completing, re-arranging and making new for them the whole scheme of knowledge and feeling and conduct, even as a stream of rays of light, converging in a cone to the pin-hole in a pin-hole camera, reappears on the other side, reversed and re-arranged, without losing any valuable and useful fact that it possessed before. The scientific world is beginning to realise that while the testimony on which all its knowledge of realities is based, is the testimony of the five senses, these senses do not testify to their own reality; while they prove the existence of other things, their own existence they cannot prove. The eye sees all things; itself it does not see. The ear hears all sounds; itself it does not hear. Their existence is proved only by the Consciousness behind them. This Principle of Consciousness sees the eye and hears the ear. As the sense-organs cognise, so various emotion-organs feel, and action-organs act. But the Principle of Consciousness behind cognises the senses, feels the emotion-organs and moves the muscles. It gives existence to, keeps going, and at will puts to sleep everything and all things, even as the audience, by "attending" or otherwise, brings the playhouse into being, and keeps it going, or closes it.

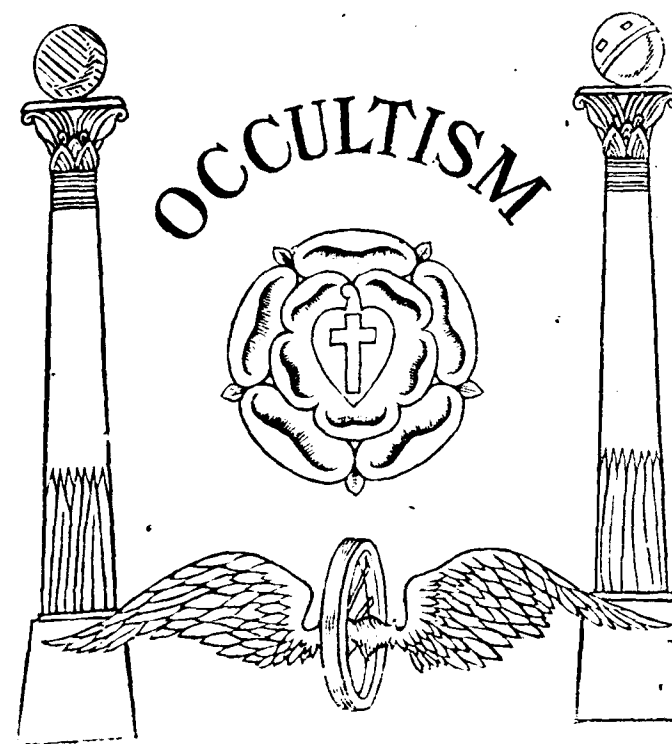
### 7. HOW THE EVOLUTIONIST MUST COME TO IT AT LAST

This Principle the scientist has to come to, more and more closely. Shri Harsha, the William James, in brilliance, of the India of a thousand years ago, and deeper-seeing perhaps than he in insight into causes, spoke of the Self-disbeliever as the defaulter who, having successfully dodged the tax-collectors all night through the devious lanes of the town, went to sleep in a dark porch towards the morning, and woke up in the broad daylight to find that his shelter was the threshold of the chief tax-assessor's office building, and that the collectors were smiling benignly upon him.

Even so the modern evolutionist, after having dodged more or less successfully the upholders of special creation, through the winding pathways of infinite and infinitely-changing environments, endless spontaneous variations and survivals of the fittest, and incessant differentiations and integrations and dissolutions and re-integrations—all perfectly true, finds at the end, when he is feeling most self-satisfied, that he has walked into the arms of an even more formidable, exacting and ruthless account-keeper; that he has only come to the conclusion that *the infinite possibility of all possible forms is already present*, from the beginningless beginning, in the primeval biophorid, the atomic speck of life,—this same Infinite Potentiality, plus all Actuality, being what the Vedāntin calls Brahman, which is, and wherein is, "All, everywhere and always".

Bhagavān Dās

(To be continued)



### THE NATURE OF MYSTICISM

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

(Continued from p. 661.)

#### NATURE MYSTICISM

The great Mysticism is the belief which is becoming every day stronger with me, that all symmetrical natural objects are types of some spiritual truth or existence. When I walk the fields, I am oppressed now and then with an innate feeling that everything I see has a meaning, if I could but understand it. And this feeling of being surrounded with



truths which I cannot grasp, amounts to indescribable awe sometimes. Everything seems to be full of God's reflex, if we could but see it. Oh, how I have prayed to have the mystery unfolded, at least hereafter! To see, if but for a moment, the whole harmony of the great system! To hear once the music which the whole universe makes as it performs His bidding.<sup>1</sup>

TO the nature mystic, the manifold nature around him is as a mirror in which is reflected the Face of Divinity. The mystic of this type is not like the pantheistic mystic who realises God's Immanence in nature; to the former practically there is no Immanence, for his heart is set on the Transcendence. To the pantheist, nature is a veil over the great Reality; to the nature mystic, she is real and not an illusion, though he values in her an inner relation and not the outer form. As in a great piece of tapestry, full of colour and line, there are beneath, unseen, the warp and the woof, without which the tapestry could not be, so too is it in nature; the phenomena of nature—form and colour, dimension and relation, appearance and disappearance—are only as beads strung on a silver thread. The nature mystic senses the hidden divine axes of structure in the shape of wave and peak and cloud, in the delicacy and grace of fern and flower, in the beauty of the human face, in the flowering of love in the heart of man. The beauty of nature and the beauty of man both speak to him one continual message, and it is of "Yonder, Yonder".

*The Theme.*—This is the all-powerful fact that the Divine Mind is mirrored in nature. In many forms this thought appears in religions; the greatest exponent of it, with the exception of the Founder of Buddhism, is Plato, and after him come the Stoics, and then the

<sup>1</sup> Charles Kingsley, *His Life and Letters*, I, 55.

Christian mystics who have been influenced by this most characteristic phase of the Greek imagination. For Plato, each object as a particular thing is related to a general concept, whose essence is an Idea of the Divine Mind; and since the Divine Mind is the Good, the True and the Beautiful, whenever we sense these Realities through our sense impressions, which are produced by contacts with nature, we "remember" our true home, whence we have come to earth for a while.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home.<sup>1</sup>

It is this "Home" of ours that the nature mystic sees in flashes as he thrills to the beauties of nature in all her manifestations. Everywhere he sees, according to his temperament and mood, Rhythm, Order, Beauty, Love, and beneficent Law; he needs no faith or doctrine to guide him to God, for he communes with God as he contemplates nature. The sight of sea or mountain or pool or field is the great purification his heart cries out for; nature's moods are the whispers of the God he seeks.

Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise  
In nature and the language of the sense;  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.<sup>2</sup>

Wordsworth, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.

Wordsworth, *Lines, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye*.

The theme of the Divine Mind in nature appears in Plato throughout all his philosophy, but one aspect of it is specially noteworthy, and that is the doctrine of Beauty. What we find beautiful in any thing or in any event is only the beauty of the Divine Mind mirroring itself in the thing and the event. Therefore, if we but cultivate our sense of beauty, we pass from one vision of beauty to another till we see the alone Beautiful, God Himself.

For he who hath thus far had intelligence of love, and hath beheld all fair things in order and aright, he drawing near to the end of things lovable shall behold a BEING marvelously fair; for whose sake in truth it is that all the previous labours have been undergone: One who is from everlasting, and neither is born nor perisheth, nor can wax nor wane, nor hath change or turning or alteration of foul or fair; nor can that beauty be imagined after the fashion of fate or hands or bodily parts and members, nor in any form of speech or knowledge, nor in dwelling in aught but itself; neither in beast nor man nor earth nor heaven nor any other creature: but Beauty only and alone and separate and eternal, which, albeit all other fair things partake thereof and grow and perish, itself without change or increase or diminution endures for everlasting.

It is noteworthy that the fundamental basis of Buddhism is a Nature Mysticism of a unique kind. The Divine Mind is not visualised in any personification; it is, to the Buddha, the great Law, the Dhamma, irresistible and imperishable. This Law is no God's self-revelation or will; it is *The Law*, that statement of the true relation between things as they eternally are. Yet that Law is not an abstraction; it is a mighty Power that permeates the whole universe, and "the heart of it is Love, the end of it is Peace and Consummation sweet". It states the relation between inanimate bodies, and we call the Dhamma

<sup>1</sup> Plato, *Symposium*.

then the Laws of Motion of Newton; it states the relation between souls, and the Lord Buddha then expounds it as "Hatred does not cease by hatred; hatred ceases only by love". Hence the supreme emphasis laid by the Lord Buddha on the Dhamma as the Criterion, the Refuge, the Purification, and the Way of Salvation.

Its effects are immediate, it is unlimited by time, it is conducive to salvation, it invites all comers, it is a fitting object of contemplation, the wise ponder it in their hearts.

Through life, till I reach Nirvana, I will put my trust in the Law.

The Law as it has been in the ages that are past,  
The Law that will be in the ages that are to come,  
The Law as it is in this present age,  
I worship continually.  
I have no other Refuge,  
The Law is my best Refuge;  
By the truth of these words  
May I conquer and win the victory.<sup>1</sup>

*The Method.*—This, for nature mysticism, is contemplation. Man need but cast out the self, and see things as they are, apart from any relation to himself, and he sees them in their harmony and beauty, with Plato, or he sees them, in Buddhism, as a vast Becoming, involving delusion and ignorance that cloud vision and trammel his free life as Being. This contemplation may be worked out stage by stage, as in Buddhism, in ascending grades of intensity of spiritual realisation; or it may be induced by a passionate response to the beauties of nature. In the former case, man separates himself from "the world as will," and identifies himself with "the world as idea," and becomes himself the Law, the Dhamma; in the latter, he becomes

<sup>1</sup> *Pātimokkha*, trans. by Dickson.

for the time one of those "organic harps divinely framed,"

That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,  
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,  
At once the soul of each, and God of all.

The insight gained by the contemplation appropriate to this nature mysticism could not better be expressed than by these words of Wordsworth, as he analyses what the mood evokes in him:

that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,  
And even the motion of our human blood,  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.<sup>1</sup>

Nor can the magic of this mysticism be more clearly described than in these two lines with which Wordsworth closes his great Ode:

To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

*The Obstacle.*—Wherever there are nature mystics, they love knowledge. Ignorance and superstition are the greatest obstacles in their path, and they feel that to know more is to see more. The mind must be made luminous, for they desire more truth of feeling than its intensity, and for them the clearer is the intellect the purer is the feeling. In Buddhism, the greatest obstacle is ignorance, the last and final "fetter" which must be cast off before attaining Perfection; in Platonism, the

<sup>1</sup> *The Banks of the Wye.*

training of the mind by philosophy and science, and of the feelings by art, is an integral part in the building of character. We shall see more clearly what is *anathema maranatha* for nature mystics when we consider their ideal.

It is interesting to note that wherever this mysticism develops a religious worship, its cults prefer as much sunlight as possible for their rituals. In their temples, there will be nothing akin to the awe-inspiring gloom of Hindu temples, with their innermost sanctuary almost in total darkness, and into which none may enter but the consecrated priests; nor to the dim mystic softness of Christian churches and cathedrals radiating devotion.

On the other hand, as in Buddhist temples now, and in Greek temples of long ago, there will be sunlight and open air, with the Holy of Holies in no mystic gloom at all, and approachable by every worshipper.

*The Ideal.*—This is the Philosopher, the Friend of Wisdom. And Wisdom for him is not a mere knowledge of facts and events gained by the mind; it is the co-ordination of everything by the human mind, which has become a reflex of the Divine Mind.

Many are the paths to casting off ignorance and coming to wisdom; in Buddhism by rigid self-analysis, detachment and a compassion for all that lives; in Platonism by a contemplation of the "Ideas," the things-in-themselves, the thought-forms of the Demiourgos. The nature mystic is ever the idealist; and so long as the conditions surrounding his earthly embodiment fall short of his ideal, he feels a stranger in a strange land, and so strives to mould his environment

to his ideal. Blake is the typical nature mystic when he sings,

I will not cease from mental strife,  
Nor shall my sword fall from my hand,  
Till I have built Jerusalem  
Within this green and pleasant land!

And not less typical are these words of Patrick Geddes as he calls for volunteers to build the City Beautiful: "People volunteer for war; and it is a strange and dark superstition that they will not volunteer for peace."

The nature mystic is therefore a reformer—not a mere iconoclast, but a fashioner anew, who longs for the new form because his intuition has seen it. He is more a man who proclaims the ideal, than himself the hewer of wood and drawer of water who actually brings about the changes. Nature mystics may indeed lack executive ability, and a knowledge of ways and means; they can talk more inspiringly about what *must be* than on how it must be brought about. But they long to make all things orderly and sunlit and beautiful. The many forms of ignorance and superstition are for them dirt and disease, passion and delusion, ugliness and crudity, insularity and prejudice, commercialism and leanness of soul; and in the ranks of modern nature mystics are Emerson and Carlyle, William Morris and Matthew Arnold and Ruskin, and all of that ever-increasing band of "volunteers for peace" who are the "children of light," whose path to God is through Wisdom and Beauty.

C. Jinarājadāsa

(To be continued)

## OCCULTISM AND WAR

By ANNIE BRSANT

(Based on a Lecture given lately in India)

THE problem of the existence of evil in a world emanating from the Transcendent Perfect is one that has tormented human brains since man has striven to understand his world, himself, and God. There is but one Life in which all subsists: "In Him we live and move and have our being." How is it then that evil and misery blot our world, blot it so much that a writer has named it "the Sorrowful Star"? The distress caused in many a mind by the present War is but an acute stage in the long enquiry. War seems to sum up all horror into one ghastly monster. Yet we see that it is only a special case of the sempiternal difficulty. Whence comes evil, since all is rooted in the Good?

The War has forced on Christian people this ever-recurring problem, and it is increased by a difficulty peculiar to their own creed: How can War be reconciled with the teaching of the Christ? Tolstoy, who took the teachings of the Christ *an pied de la letire*, had no difficulty at all in answering emphatically that War was against Christ's teaching. Since Christ had said: "If a man strike thee on one cheek turn to him the

other," the young Russian noble left the army and refused to take any further part in military affairs. Since Christ had said: "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor," Tolstoy cobbled shoes for a living. He answered the questions frankly and fully, and instead of making Christ's teaching square with his practice, he made his practice square with Christ's teaching, and so found peace.

But it is not only the Christ who has taught the doctrine of returning evil with good. The Lord Buddha and Láo-tsze had, long before Him, taught the same: "To the man that causelessly injures me," said the Illuminated One, "I will return the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall flow from me." Láo-tsze taught that to meet evil with good was to transform it: "The good I will meet with good; the evil I will meet with good also; so all shall become good." "Overcome evil with good" is the universal teaching among these highest of the children of men. It belongs equally to all. The difficulty is a common difficulty. Earnest and devout people, seeking to know "the mind of Christ," have even extended the doctrine, "Resist not evil," to the case of a Nation. There are a few who hold that a Nation should no more defend itself against aggression than should an individual, and that a Nation should no more go to War than the individual should revenge himself when wrong is done to him. There has been put forward in Europe what is called the theory of the Martyr Nation. It has been said that if a Nation were willing to follow out these teachings to the full, if they would return good for evil, would allow the enemy to overrun their lands, would allow him to seize their

goods, would allow him to slay, burn and ravish as Germany has done in Belgium, that such a Nation unresisting, such a Nation all-forgiving, would in the long run conquer its enemy by the force of patience and forgiveness, would melt the heart of the oppressor, and would gain a securer liberty and peace because they would be based on love and not on hatred and strife. So it was said, and it was pleaded very strongly in Europe before the present War.

On the other hand some Christian men have taken an entirely different view. The late Bishop of Peterborough, a great Officer of the Church of England, a Church established by law, declared that the teachings of the Christ in the Sermon on the Mount were not meant for a Nation to carry out. He said plainly and bluntly that if any Nation tried to carry out the Sermon on the Mount, that Nation could not exist for a week. And that is quite true. If we do away with all Law, with restraint over the evil-doer, if we permit tyranny to flourish unchecked, then the violent, the strong and the oppressive become the masters of the land, and they plunder it as they will. But the Christians, having lost their deeper philosophy, have never been able to answer this problem satisfactorily. They have been content to live by one law, while they profess to accept another. They go to Church on Sunday and accept, "Resist not evil"; but they vigorously resist it on the remaining six days of the week. They live as all Nations live, by the law of reason, by common-sense, by the study of human conditions. None the less there remains always, in the minds of the thoughtful, the opposition between the faith on the one hand and the practice on the other,

between the teachings in the Church on Sunday and the life in the merchant's shop, in the lawyer's court, in the common lives of men—the practice which is not according to the teaching of the Christ.

Hindūs, have fallen into much the same difficulty in the teaching of Shri Kṛṣṇa in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, that a man should work without "desire for fruit". Now it is obvious that all ordinary human action is motivated by the desire for the result, the fruit, of action, and that without that desire, men would not trouble themselves to work. But that teaching was not given, nor was the Sermon on the Mount intended, for a crowd of ignorant and undeveloped people. Arjuna was a disciple, a Yogī, and therefore he was taught the way of the Yogī, to work without desire for fruit, the highest form of action possible for the human being. Shri Kṛṣṇa reminded Arjuna that neither this world nor any other had ought to give Him in return for action, yet, He said, "I work unceasingly"; and then He gave His reason: He was not working for anything that any world could give Him. What could the Lord of all the worlds desire from any one of them? But He worked unceasingly: "For if I do not work, all these worlds would fall into confusion." There is the new motive. The worlds must not perish; so speaking as Viṣṇu, as the Preserver, the Maintainer, of the world, He gave His motive for His work: not for anything that He could gain by it, but for the sake of the worlds themselves, because the worlds needed His sustaining strength. Therefore it was exercised to the utmost, and as a man of the world would work for fruit, so Shri Kṛṣṇa ever works for the welfare of the world. And there is the motive for the disciple: "Let

the wise man," not every man, but "let the wise man, working with Me, render all action attractive." And He gave yet another reason for this: that the standard the wise man sets up, by that the people go. He draws then the distinction between the wise man and the masses of the people, and to work without desire for fruit is the work of the Yogī, the Sannyāsī, the man who is seeking for liberation, intent upon the welfare of the world. But if that idea too soon is caught hold of as a rule of conduct, the result of that rule on the man who has not made the welfare of the world his only motive for activity is that he ceases to work, and falls into lethargy and indifference. And that has happened too much in modern India. How many Indians we find, not the younger ones I am glad to say, but the middle-aged and the old; who say: "What does it matter how the world goes, provided I can escape from it into peace?" They are not intent upon the welfare of the world; they are intent on their own escape. And for those to whom the divine Will is not the one motive of action and the one law of life, for them it is far better that they should continue to work for fruit, so that they may develop the faculties of the mind, and the qualities of the emotional nature.

In neither of these cases, then, does the teaching given seem to be suited to the need of the ordinary man as a citizen, nor to the need of a Nation at the present stage of evolution. We must seek more deeply for an explanation of the existence of War in a world born out of Love, and guided by Love. We must seek it by the "study of the Divine Mind in Nature," as H. P. B. loved to define Occultism.

There are two great theories of evil, and War comes under evil; one of these recognises the Unity of Life, that all things are rooted in the One Existence, that "there is *nothing*, moving nor unmoving, that can exist bereft of Me". If there is nothing which can exist save as it draws its life from the One, then a true theory of life must include all evil as well as all good in that One Source of Existence. The second theory, the later Persian and the Christian, sees over against God the Power of Good, the mighty figure of Ahriman, or Satan, the Power of Evil. Dualism must then be accepted as a theory, and as all good flows from God, all evil flows from Satan. But even in this theory, for the Christian, at least, there is a unity behind, for Satan is a "fallen" Archangel, and the difficulty is only pushed a step further back. The will is free, it is urged. But that the will should choose the evil in its freedom, prefer the evil, implies an original defect in it.

The post-Babylonian Jews, coming into contact with the philosophy of the East, accepted the Unity of Existence, and we have the Hebrew prophet declaring that God creates evil. The Christian shrinks from this inevitable result of the solitary Creator, and, veiling the ultimate, puts all evil on the broad shoulders of Satan. Hindūism, it is needless to say, accepts the primary Pair of Opposites, Self and Not-Self, Spirit and Matter, and sees both as manifestations of the One Existence, inseparable in all manifestations. Further, it posits a gradual unfolding of the germ of Life placed by the Eternal Father in the womb of Matter, through a long series of evolutions, by which the germ-Self, at first identifying itself with the Not-Self, gradually frees itself from that delusion and realises itself as one with

the Universal Self, thereby reaching Liberation. Upon this view of the Life unfolding itself through many stages, was built the caste system and the relativity of morals, the dharma, the duty, of each not being identical, but, on the contrary, dependent on the stage of evolution marked by the caste. Thus, in a Nation, into which, necessarily, men at all stages of evolution must be born, there was a duty for each stage, and the complete fabric of the Nation was built up, adequate in every part, while, at the same time, each individual progressed along the line best suited to his own further development. Never was a better system for human progress devised than the caste system, whether we regard the prosperity and safety of the Nation, or the development of the individual, and so long as the castes observed their several dharmas, and change from the one to the other was practicable wherever a temporary karmic disability or ability arose and was exhausted, all went well. The present confusion, foreseen and stated, has deprived the system of its utility and reduced it to a farce.

The absence of all desire for the fruit of action was not laid down as the duty of the developing man. On the contrary, the only check to desire imposed on the "young soul," the Shūdra, was his duty of obedience to an external authority. Before the Vaishya and the Kṣhattriya three objects were placed for their pursuit in life, and by the pursuit of these was their evolution secured: Kāma, pleasure; Artha, wealth; Dharma, duty. They, householders, were not bidden to work without desire for fruit; on the contrary, they were to enjoy the pleasures of life, to possess wealth and to expend it. Only in the Brāhmaṇa stage was desire to

be gradually outgrown, and renunciation gradually practised, until in the last Order of that caste, the Sannyāsa, all desires were to be renounced utterly, and the union of the human with the divine Will was to be achieved. To work without desire for fruit was the glory of the Sannyāsī.

Now the third of the ascending stages was the Kṣhatṭriya, the Warrior. His dharma—while it permitted him to enjoy all the pleasures and glories of life, to be wealthy, splendid, generous—was to surrender them all at the call of honour, and his honour lay in the protection of the Nation, in the defence of the weak, in the restraining of the strong. He was not to yield to evil, but to resist it with all his might, even to death. Within the Nation, he was to preserve order, to prevent oppression, to keep the peace, to ensure the safety and comfort of all, to punish the thief and make good the theft, for the activity of the thief showed that he was remiss in his duty. Without the Nation, he was to guard it from enemies, to repel invasion, to resist aggression, and to meet any probability of invasion with swift previous attack. "There is nothing better for a Kṣhatṭriya than righteous War."

But the old system was rigid as to the duty of a Kṣhatṭriya: he must never strike a foul blow; he must never slay one who surrendered, nor strike one who had fallen to the ground, nor who prayed for mercy. The conquered enemy was to be treated with courtesy. The Kṣhatṭriya was to be chivalrous, a "very parfaite and gentyl knight". The weak was to be safe from him; he must only strike the strong. He might not refuse a challenge, nor protection to any who claimed it. Thus War was made a school of self-control and of

virile virtue; it evoked high courage but also gentleness, honour, and self-sacrifice.

Thus, in the polity of Ancient India, and still in the mind and heart of the people, War for righteousness' sake is a glorious duty, not a regrettable necessity. In the higher stage of evolution, War had no part. The Brāhmaṇa was to pardon all wrong, never to revenge it, and his highest Order was to suffer all injustice without resentment, to renounce all "rights," to make no claims, to pay all debts and incur none. The teaching of the *Gita*, of the Sermon on the Mount, that was his dharma.

But to take the highest teaching before the man is ready for it is to check his evolution, and that has been forgotten largely in modern India, as in Christian lands. If you think for a moment, an ordinary man must have some motive for action; for the majority of men it is money, or fame, or power, or enjoyment; these are the things that stir men to activity; and if you are inclined to think that every one should work without desire for fruit, then you might do well to ask yourself why did Ishvara fill His world with objects of desire, and implant in men the craving to possess them? If man is not to have his craving gratified, why is the object of desire placed before his eyes? The fact is that the modern Indian forgets the ancient teaching. He does not realise that men are at different stages of evolution, and for every stage, its own motive, for every stage its own lesson; and so you have the result that India lacks vigour, strength and earnestness in evolution. You have the result of an India indifferent largely to wrong, because it has misread its own scriptures and does not realise the wisdom of the Rṣhis of old.



Let us next consider how far War is part of the working of the Divine Mind in Nature.

Annie Besant

*(To be concluded)*

"AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT"

DAY hath reached its ending,  
Swift is night descending,  
Weary folk are wending  
Now their rest-ward way:  
But no change diurnal  
Dims Thy light supernal,  
Christ, Thou Sun eternal,  
Lord of night and day.

Slumber, o'er us creeping,  
Holds our bodies sleeping;  
May our souls be keeping  
Watch with Thee above.  
Drawn by holy yearning,  
Unto Thee returning,  
May we still be learning  
More of Thy great Love.

Through a world unheeding,  
May we, gladly speeding,  
Helping, guarding, pleading,  
Bear that Love abroad.  
Or, in blissful wonder,  
Gather round Thee yonder,  
At Thy Feet to ponder  
Mysteries of God.

C. W. S. M.

## AN ACCOUNT OF A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

By MANOHAR LAL DEB

BABU CHANDRA NATH CHATTERJI, RAI BAHADUR, was a Conservator of Forests in the Central Provinces. He was a well educated and accomplished gentleman, truthful and honest. Being deeply read in philosophy and having a considerable knowledge of science, he disbelieved in any so-called supernatural phenomenon which science was unable to account for. His widowed mother was a very pious lady, and a strictly orthodox Hindū. She used to spend hours in meditation, and sometimes a whole day in Yoga samādhi or trance. But although a high class Brāhmaṇi, her orthodoxy did not make her shrink from her eldest son, Chandra Nath, who openly violated the caste rules as regards food. She held a very high opinion of him on account of his frank and generous nature, which she prized above scrupulous observance of Hindū customs when not associated with this quality. The following narrative was related by Chandra Nath himself to a friend of mine on whose veracity I rely, and I give it exactly as I heard it from him without any embellishments.

One day, when riding in a forest on duty, Chandra Nath's horse shied at the sound of some wild animals. He tried to control it, but in vain. The horse reared and he fell from its back. One of his feet got entangled in the stirrup, and before he could be helped, the horse bolted, dragging him over the stones and through the briars to a considerable distance, where the foresters stopped it. The injuries received by Chandra Nath were so severe that he was found quite unconscious. He was carried somehow to the nearest hospital, where his wounds were attended to. But as his case was serious, Chandra Nath, under medical advice, was forthwith removed by rail to Cawnpore, in order to be treated by surgeons, in possession of better surgical equipment.

At Cawnpore, Chandra Nath put up at the house of a relation who was a pleader. The civil surgeon examined him, and performed a surgical operation with the assistance of the military staff surgeon. The fractured and dislocated bones were put in position by means of a splint bandage, and the patient was directed to lie straight on his back, and not to move. The family physician attended him daily, and the civil surgeon occasionally, during the period; he was directed to retain a recumbent posture, while his young wife and her youngest sister waited upon him continuously as nurses, according to the direction of the family physician. After the expiration of the appointed time, the bandages were removed by the civil surgeon himself, who ordered Chandra Nath to get up. But to his surprise, Chandra Nath could not raise himself even to a sitting posture, and his affected leg could not be bent, having become rigid. Thereupon the civil surgeon examined him carefully and found that there were defective

adhesions of the fractured bones, which could only be adjusted by a second operation.

A consultation was then held among the members of the family; and it was decided to remove Chandra Nath to the Medical College Hospital at Calcutta, where the best surgical skill and appliances were available. This idea, however, greatly depressed his wife, for apart from the difficulty of removing her invalid husband to such a distant place, she was afraid that the second operation might prove too great a strain on his already reduced vitality. This dismal contingency made her extremely miserable; and although she tried hard to keep a composed countenance in the presence of her husband, she could not restrain her tears as soon as she was out of his room.

The night preceding the day on which they were to leave Cawnpore for Calcutta, Chandra Nath lay awake on his bed brooding over his misfortune. The room was quite dark, and perfect silence prevailed, save for the breathing of his wife who was sleeping on a separate bed in the same room. Suddenly he was startled by the flash of a very brilliant light. He turned his face towards the direction from which this light came, and was horror-struck to see that the wall opposite to him was cracking and the light issuing from the crevice. In a moment the crevice widened into a breach, through which emerged a venerable person with long flowing white beard and in a white robe, followed by a young woman—almost a girl—whom he recognised as his wife's youngest sister. As soon as they entered the room the breach closed up.

For a while Chandra Nath, who was a confirmed sceptic and did not believe in such phenomena, thought

that he was only dreaming. But he began to realise that he was wide awake when the two figures approached his bed, and the venerable man bade him distinctly in Hindi to get up. Greatly bewildered, he could not utter a word, and remained quiet. The Mahātmā again directed him to stand up, but he did not respond; and when for the third time he spoke, the young woman entreated Chandra Nath to make an attempt to comply with the wishes of the Mahātmā. He reminded her of his having lost the power to raise himself, and so she helped him to sit on his bed. As he made the attempt to raise himself, he discovered that not only could he do so with ease, but he could also move and bend the leg which had become rigid. So with the help of a stick he got down from his bed and stood in front of the Mahātmā. The Mahātmā directed him to sit upon his haunches and then stand up erect, and under his direction he did this three times, when suddenly the wall again opened and the two persons went out through the breach, which immediately closed up, leaving the room as dark as it had been before; and no sign whatever remained of the breach, which he tried to trace the next day.

Chandra Nath was quite puzzled; but he determined to discover the reason of this phenomenon without speaking of it to anyone. To make sure that his wife had not seen it, he groped his way in the dark to her bed and surprised her by his touch. He assured her of his recovery after a deep sleep, and enquired if she had seen anything happening while he was asleep which conduced to his sudden cure. She said she imagined that she had seen the flash of a

dazzling light just before being overpowered by the deep sleep from which he had awakened her. He made no mention of this momentous incident to her.

The next morning every one in the house was surprised to see Chandra Nath downstairs, walking about with the help of a stick. The family physician and the civil surgeon, after careful examination, declared that the fractured bones had been set right, probably by a suitable jerk caused by a turn he had taken in his sleep. He was all right now; only his general health required toning up, and this was attended to.

Having failed to arrive at a solution of this mysterious incident, Chandra Nath casually asked his sister-in-law, when there was no other person present, if she could explain how he got cured that fateful night. At first she tried to evade his question, but on being pressed she declared, on his promise of secrecy, that the cure had been effected by her Guru, whom she had known as such in her three preceding incarnations also. Chandra Nath said: "How can you remember your past lives?"

She replied: "I cannot account for this, but my Guru visits me whenever I am in sore distress and comforts me by his advice. Perhaps his hallowed influence revives in my mind the principal incidents of my three previous incarnations."

"Can you remember where you were born in your last incarnation?"

"Yes, in an aristocratic family in Nepal"—and the cast of her features resembled a Nepalese.

"Can you ask your Guru to favour me by a visit again, to solve some metaphysical problems which I am unable to do myself?"

"He is too high to be trifled with, and I dare not trouble him so frequently. His orders are that I should call him only when I am in great difficulty. Such a difficulty arose when my eldest sister was deeply distressed owing to the civil surgeon's failure to cure you."

But Chandra Nath insisted on her making an attempt to induce him to comply with his request, and she reluctantly assented. Some days passed, and Chandra Nath's wish was not accomplished. He was therefore beginning to think that his sister-in-law had simply hoaxed him. One night Chandra Nath had no sleep, and he lay on his bed musing on the strange happening of that former night. All at once the same kind of dazzling light as he had seen before filled his room, and through the wall which had just been breached came forth the same Mahātmā, who was followed by his sister-in-law. Although Chandra Nath wished to ask some questions he was dumbfounded. He, however, rose from his bed and prostrated himself at the feet of the Mahātmā.

The Mahātmā said: "You want to ask me to answer some questions. Do you not?"

Chandra Nath could not utter a word.

The Mahātmā continued: "You are an educated man and were so in past lives also. You have a large stock of good karma and only a little of bad karma. You are now fit to tread on the right path, so follow me. Your doubts cannot otherwise be removed."

Chandra Nath was unable to follow him; and pointing to his sleeping wife, he said:

"Sir, grateful as I feel for your kind invitation, I am unable to leave my wife, who is so young,

unprotected and unprovided for. Although I am in receipt of a handsome salary, I have not yet been able to save anything for her."

At this the Mahātmā reflected for a moment, and then pointed at the wall beneath the cornice in the room. Chandra Nath turned towards that direction; and lo! there was on the whole length of the wall a panoramic view of a burning ghat and its surroundings near a large river. Close to this ghat was a bier on which lay the corpse of a woman whom he made out to be his own wife. There were a few Bengalis near the bier, and one of them was Chandra Nath himself. As he turned towards the Mahātmā, he saw him and his sister-in-law going out through the breach in the wall. The breach then closed up and he was left in darkness.

The next morning he questioned his sister-in-law as to why she did not follow her Guru. She replied that her husband would not permit this, and it was the will of her Guru that she should not leave her husband against his wish.

Soon after this incident Chandra Nath, duly restored to health, returned with his wife to the place of his employment. After a few months his wife died; and when her corpse was conveyed for cremation to the burning ghat, the scene of that place presented an exact resemblance to that of the panoramic picture on the wall of his room at Cawnpore.

Rai Chandra Nath Chatterji, Bahadur, is dead, and I do not know what has become of his gifted sister-in-law. My friend does not remember the name of Chandra Nath's relative at Cawnpore. Perhaps the

narrative may attract the attention of some people acquainted with the family, who may be able to trace her and her subsequent history.

Manohar Lal Deb

### THE REASON WHY

By C. W. LEADBEATER

SOME time ago I wrote an article on the occult view of the present War, explaining the awful cruelties perpetrated by the Germans as resulting from the obsession of the race by certain Dark Powers. I know that the obsession of a person can never occur without some reason—that the obsessing entity always needs some *point d'appui*, some fulcrum for his lever, in the character of the person whom he seizes. Sometimes a young girl of apparently perfect purity of life will suddenly fall into fits in which she will horrify her friends by using obscene language, such as she could not possibly have known. The language is no doubt dictated by an evil entity, but it is nevertheless a sad certainty that there must have been some spot of impurity in the nature of the victim—which is only saying in other words that obsession, like all else, obeys the inexorable law of karma, and can come only to those who have in some way or other deserved it.

As that is true of individuals it must be true also of nations; and I have wondered what it was in the character of the German nation as a whole that laid it open to such a terrible fate. Since I wrote the article some statistics have come in my way which are remarkably suggestive, and go far, I think, towards solving the problem. They are compiled by a Professor of the University of Erlangen, in Saxony, and are extracted from a book of his entitled *The Soul of Germany*. They consist of a comparison of the number of crimes which came before the Courts in England and in Germany in the course of ten years. The population of Germany is approximately seventy millions, whereas that of England is about forty; therefore we must add 75 per cent to the number of crimes in England to obtain the number that should be expected to take place in Germany if the proportion were the same. Let us see how it works out.

The cases of maliciously and feloniously wounding were in England 1,262, so we should expect in Germany 2,208; the actual number is 172,153—*nearly eighty times as many!* Of murders there were 97 in England, whereas in Germany there were 350; but the crimes classed as murders in Germany are notoriously under-estimated. There are hundreds of man-killings which the German law does not technically term "murder," and so they are not included in these statistics. Rapes in England were 216, and in the same proportion Germany would have 378; instead of that she has 9,381. Cases of incest numbered 56 in our own country; we might expect 100 in Germany, but she counts 573. The number of illegitimate children was with us 37,041—high enough in all conscience;

but in the Fatherland there were in the same time 178,115. Cases of malicious damage to property—a peculiarly mean and spiteful offence—were in England 358, which would lead us to expect 622 in Germany; the actual number was 25,759.

These figures speak for themselves in no uncertain voice, and they may help us to understand how this, the most awful example in history of the fall of a great nation, has become possible.

C. W. Leadbeater

## THE RETURN TO INCARNATION

By CLARA M. CODD

IN Devachan—the Home of the Gods—the disciple dwelt with his Master. The Master worked through all the planes of Nature, yet, for the moment, the disciple knew Him only on this one. So, although the Master was very busy, working unceasingly through all God's seven-fold universe, to the disciple in Heaven it seemed that the Master was always with him, and all that long day blessedness everywhere enshrined him and gave to him perfect rest. For Heaven is one long, long day. Here it may be measured by hundreds and hundreds of years, but there it is just one long sweet day, but so dear and beautiful a day that all the span of earth-life after it is hallowed by its unconscious remembrance.

All that day through, the disciple had lived near the Master, and been filled with the unspeakable glory of that near Presence. All that day through, he had asked that Dear One many questions, told Him many longings, and the blessedness that overwhelmed him stole like irresistible yet gentle fingers over him, loosening every knot that in earth-life had meant a mental limitation, and breaking silently asunder the bonds that had held a blinded heart. And looking upon the Master's face, the disciple knew that Heaven

was born in himself. Suddenly he seemed to fill the earth and sea and sky, to rush out in every fibre of his being to join all that lived and loved. Expansion! He knew it to be love. . . . .

The Master was working, but His disciple for the time rested, seemingly to himself never leaving the presence of the Beloved, as, indeed, how should he whose true life was living in that Heart for evermore? Yet his rest was also service, for the Master took the essence of his beatitude and sent it down to the world where blessedness is longed for. . . . .

But now the evening was come, the close of the Day was drawing very near. The Master looked into the disciple's eyes. Purpose was in the Master's own, and seeing it the disciple felt its sweep encircle him, its shape and power inform him. Determination sprang to life again in his heart, and along the lines of its definition the pathway appeared.

"Child, the hour is about to strike," the Master said. The disciple looked into the widening vista of the approaching form-worlds. A moment, then dimness began to close in upon him, but so slowly, so imperceptibly, he could not tell when it began. Only the face of the Master was bright and glorious as ever.

"The waters of Lethe that all must drink, O beloved son," said the Master, "the night of forgetfulness approaches."

Something almost like fear gripped the disciple's heart.

"Master! Shall I awake again?"

"Ever more and more vividly."

"And will you be always there?"

The Master smiled. His smile was like the last Beauty that would break an earth-man's heart if he could know it.

"O child, are you not always in My heart?" He answered. "Night or day, real life or dream life, you are in My heart. Bless men because of it."

Then the Master took the disciple, whom already the languor of the enshrouding night was overcoming, into His arms. Like a sleepy child the disciple laid his head on the Master's shoulder.

"I am not afraid. Send me to your world," (the disciple hardly knew how the Master's world was the whole law of his being) "but give me remembrance during the night of the dream-world."

The Master laid His hand on the disciple's head.

"Son, My remembrance will be always with you. It is in your heart. Remember often, My disciple, for the moments of that remembrance will be always your best gift to the world you live in."

Darkness gathered round the disciple and all was lost save the Face that bent over him. The Master Himself closed his eyes.

"Sleep!" He said.

And the disciple sank into the dream-life with a smile on his lips. . . . .

That smile still hovered on the face of the newborn babe, and from its blue eyes the wonder was not yet quite gone. As years went by and the disciple grew up in the dream-world, he did not know who was near him all the time, nor what consciousness had been his. Yet the remembrance played round him like the scent of summer woods in the air. And sometimes a sudden

stillness held the disciple's heart; when evening fell, when he heard tales of great deeds of valour and of worth, when Love looked at him through the eyes of men and beasts, when his own heart truly sang or wept or laboured. For one fraction of a second, involuntarily he looked up, he listened. Without knowing it, then *he remembered*.

And all men remember thus. With each succeeding life the realisation grows. When the remembrance grows clear, down here, then is *His* will done on earth as it is always done in "Heaven," and man begins to be something more than man. To all men that exceeding glory. To all a moment after death; in the end to all in an unbroken consciousness stretching from earth to heaven.

Clara M. Codd

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE CASE OF A PEACE-LOVER AGAINST PACIFISTS

Considerable prominence has been given of late to the views of an ardent upholder of the Union of Democratic Control, and there seems to be some danger lest, in countries where that organisation and its activities are little known, it may be thought to have the general support of English Theosophists.

How very far this is from being the case is, however, a sore point with the Democratic Controllers in our ranks, and probably the very poverty of their numbers has made their influence seem so negligible as not to call for any official disclaimer, or even counter-claim.

Still, it seems hardly fair to allow, without protest, every opponent of the policy of the U. D. C. to be branded as militarist, so perhaps it is permissible to present the case of a Theosophical peace-lover, who thinks the activities of that organisation mischievous rather than useful at the present juncture.

In the first place, exponents of the policy of the U. D. C. have shown throughout a singular lack of the sense of proportion, which lack is perhaps essentially democratic, looking on from the plain instead of the mountain, and missing the outstanding, clear issues.

As a statesman they have chosen Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who, when the question of England's participation in the War was being discussed in the House of Commons, made the singularly inept interpellation: "What about the women and children?" Was it not in defence of the rights of women and children, of the weak on the earth, that our youths, the flower of our nation, were girding on their swords, and did we women of England want to weaken the hands of our heroes by thoughts of the distress they must leave with us? In those terrible, yet sublime days of August 1914, the nation saw its dharma clearly, and rose to it nobly, and saw to it also that its own weaker members did not suffer unduly—those women and children of the labouring classes for whom Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was chiefly anxious, and who are admittedly gainers, and not losers, by war conditions to-day.

The shock of a common danger, then, restored national unity, and for a brief space of time—too brief, alas!—the nation realised where it stood, and what must be its next step.



Party faction must cease, destructive criticism and obstructive tactics must give way to those who were in a position to lead us to battle in defence of the liberty of peace-loving nations.

It was a shock to realise that we had been so far the victims of party-government as to have been led blindfold into a dangerous situation, which had been apparent long before to many who would have warned and prepared us, but to whom the majority of us had remained comfortably deaf, reading only the newspapers of our own political party.

Was this a time, forsooth, when party-government, the darling institution of democracy, had so lamentably failed, to plead for greater Democratic Control, and on what pretext? Presumably because the nation had been compromised by its statesmen into a position in which she was pledged to join in this struggle for the world's freedom, and the U. D. C. would have had her stand aside and grow fat while fair France and Belgium were desolated, and the Kurukshetra of Europe was fought!

The nation is calling for a return to responsible, personal government in each department, not irresponsible bungling of untrained and inexperienced representatives of a fluctuating and ignorant public opinion. Many-headed Demos must indeed be ultimate arbiter, and without his support no government can stand, but he has a right to ask that the men paid to do his administration shall know their business better than himself, and shall not require directions in detail, any more than the doctor who undertakes a case would brook unprofessional interference.

Having failed, then, from the first to take the big view, the U. D. C. have continued to voice the individualist. As England should, in their opinion, have stood aloof from the struggle in which her neighbours were involved, so a class may be justified in jealously guarding its rights and privileges, though the nation be jeopardised thereby, and so an individual has a right to withhold his services from the nation, being conscientiously or temperamentally opposed to fighting, or putting the claims of his own family—an extension of himself—before those of his fellow-countrymen, or of humanity in general. How far removed is this point of view from that of Socrates, or of Sir Thomas More, both of whom thought that the sharing of the privileges of any community carried with it the obligation to obey the laws and submit to the regularly constituted authorities of the community, even when unjust. Both held that the State had a right to their lives, though demanding them on the flimsiest of grounds, arguing to their friends that previously they could have left the land of their birth, had they chosen to renounce their citizenship and its privileges, and now the debt was to be paid.

To come now to a more positive justification of the peace-lover's present attitude, he is ready to sacrifice an immediate, imperfect peace to a fuller, truer peace in the future, in a regenerated Society. He recognises some truth in a trenchant phrase used by Dr. Haden Guest in 1914, that this War is but "An acute phase of the chronic disease called civilisation," and he feels that already there is greater peace of heart in the self-realisation that has come to the nation through its fiery ordeal. "I come not to bring peace on earth, but a sword," said He who has been nevertheless acclaimed as Prince of Peace, and the paradox enshrines a truth.

Never has the English nation been more firmly anti-militarist than now, yet she is ready to sacrifice her repugnance to conscription, rather than persevere in the insincere and unequal compulsion which the needs of the hour have pressed on her. There is no fear that it is "The thin edge of the wedge," and that England is on the way to a military despotism like that she is pledged to overthrow, for the nation as a whole is steadfastly against that, and its leaders have repeatedly disavowed such intentions. Why foment class distrust? Our statesmen have themselves been the victims of a false political system, and now for the first time have a real chance to break through the meshes of custom and precedent. Let us credit them with at least as much honesty and clear-sightedness as ourselves and our friends, and expect (and so aid) the nation to remain united in its aim and ideals, standing for freedom, self-government, and the rights of small nations. She has much to do yet in putting her own house in order, especially in India, but having chosen right in the big issue, she deserves our full encouragement and trust, and nothing less will suffice to keep her true to the vision she has seen.

Some will say this is evading the main point, that of the essentially evil nature of war, but the point of view here taken is that while war is admittedly evil, and almost an anachronism in our present stage of human progress, yet it is evidently not entirely outgrown, being here in our midst, poisoning every human relation, domestic as well as international. The way to outgrow it is for each from his own centre to work outwards, to cease fighting for himself, for his class, even for his nation, and league himself with the forces that make for righteousness in the world, wherever the progress of humanity is threatened.

The Theosophist must bring his heart of peace into the world of struggle, and the world of struggle into his heart of peace, until centre and circumference are one.

HELEN VEALE

attention, yet it seems sad to think that, of all that enters, so little ever seems to come out again of many even of these active members.

Our Society is growing, but it is hardly growing as it should do, and here in India many Lodges can show but little increase in membership year by year. The stirring into activity of the stragglers works not only for their good but also for that of outsiders who are, by means of their added activities, brought into touch with Theosophy and thence into the Society. So we may grow into an army, really efficient, marching steadily at full strength towards that great goal on which all our hearts are surely set, whether we know it down here or not.

E. G. H.

#### THE T. S. AND THE WAR

##### IV

I ask your permission to point out that Mr. Van Manen's quotation in the February THEOSOPHIST of the resolution (No. 6) of the General Council is irrelevant, as it refers to "the authenticity or non-authenticity of any statements issued as from the Mahatmas," and we are not at present confronted by any such statements.

The other line and a half which he selects, makes a simple declaration that "the T. S. must not be committed to any religious belief". The fault imputed to you as our President seems to be that you constantly speak of Mahatmas and Black Powers, in whom every member is not bound to believe. Neither, we may say, is any member bound to believe in reincarnation, yet no one who believes in one can help believing in the other, and I think it is likely that the member who believes in neither does not exist.

In my opinion Mr. Van Manen would have done better to have confined his discussion to the "personal and unofficial" point of neutrality, on which all of us would find it in our hearts to offer some degree of sympathy. For every German, or pro-German, Theosophist, the point must be a terrible one. Nevertheless, a certain number of us are Theosophists before we are English, German, or otherwise, and if the time comes for me to be Theosophist or English, I hope I may prove a Theosophist.

D. M. C.

#### OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS PHYSICAL LIFE

May I trouble you with a few words of explanation in connection with an article of mine which appeared in THE THEOSOPHIST for December (on "The Problem of Our Attitude towards Physical Life"), and to which you referred in your prefatory remarks?

I see now that the sentence: "The Theosophist is taught to draw a sharp line of distinction between the interior and the exterior life," is very misleading, and I am at a loss to know how I ever came to write it, for I certainly never intended to say or imply that Theosophists were taught to withdraw themselves from active life. What I should have said is that Theosophists are taught to recognise and give much importance to an inner and spiritual life (a life scarcely recognised at all by the world at large), and doing this, some—I confess myself amongst the number—are tempted to turn too much from the world, to adopt too much the life of the recluse. But I did not mean to hold this up as a right or desirable course, or to imply that the leaders of the Theosophical Movement recommended any divorce between the religious and secular lives, the whole trend of the article being to show how the two may be brought into line; and when I said, in the next sentence, "the interior life at which we aim is a very exalted one, and because of its exaltation very far removed from ordinary life in the world to-day," I referred to the ordinary average of life in the world, the life of others; not to that lived by the Theosophist himself. Later, I go on to enquire how the dictates of the spiritual life may be applied to secular conditions, but this, surely, is a problem as old as religion itself.

And in this sense, I think a commonly accepted one, is it not true that there are two lives—a life of the Spirit, as outlined in the injunctions of the Sermon on the Mount, and in the sacred writings of all religions—and a life of the world, each possessing its own aim, its own standard of success, its own appropriate line of conduct; and which are mutually destructive and irreconcilable? And even when we have renounced the goal of the worldly life, there is still a great difficulty for most of us in determining how to adapt the methods and instruments of earthly life and make them accord with our spiritual ideal. This—the difficulty I attempted to meet in the article—is a practical, not a theoretical one. A man may, inwardly, have attained to a sense of brotherhood with all humanity, but how, at this juncture, if he be, for instance, an Englishman, is he to do his duty and yet to act brotherhood to all?

I felt safe in assuming that others besides myself experienced this difficulty, from discussions I have heard and

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articles I have read. I have heard it maintained more than once recently in Theosophic circles, that because the spiritual life demanded universal peace and brotherhood and love, therefore, in earthly life, resistance under any circumstances was unjustifiable, and that for us to fight the Germans as we are doing was wrong, not right. It was this contention which I had in mind when I wrote the article, and my endeavour was to resolve the practical difficulty of reconciling our inner, spiritual ideal with life, in the world to-day, and my whole object was to show that, in the words of your note: "Fighting, when fighting is necessary for the progress of the world, is an action which is duty," and is as much an expression of the Divine Activity as the nursing of a sufferer, or the education of a child."

M. A. KELLNER

#### A QUERY

I have had several cases in the dream-land where both the living and the so-called dead, some known to me and some unknown, were helped out of their difficulties and troubles, mostly of mental character.

But recently, only the day before yesterday, during my wanderings in the dream-land, a very near deceased relative of mine made his appearance in his house, terrifying its inmates, and on my coming to the spot I found out that he was very thirsty, and water being given him to drink, he disappeared.

Can anyone of your readers say, from his experiences in the land of the departed, or quoting from the Shāstras, whether departed souls do feel thirsty or hungry? If so, the feeding of Brahmanas after the Shradhha ceremonies has some meaning.

THE SIND DREAMER

#### QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

*War Letters from the Living Dead Man.* Written down by Elsa Barker. (Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. or Rs. 2-12. Available at T. P. H., Adyar.)

In many respects a striking book is this collection of war letters, purporting to come from the world of the living dead. The Introduction tells us that they are dictations from Judge David P. Hatch, of Los Angeles, California, who died some years ago, and who has already expressed himself through the instrumentality of the present writer in *Letters from a Living Dead Man*. The letters under review began with a cryptic message on 4th February, 1915, and the last one is dated 28th July. Here is the message:

When I come back and tell you the story of this war, as seen from the other side, you will know more than all the Chancelleries of the nations.

We have read through the volume. We were greatly interested in it; we have gained some instruction also, and pieces of information which sound true; and if they are so, they are very useful. We have certainly appreciated the message of this living dead man—of love and goodwill to all, friend and foe alike; but we cannot say that we have learned any of the secrets of "the Chancelleries of Europe," or understand better the diplomatic relations existing between nations. Causes and effects, sentiments, idealistic and otherwise, pertaining to this War and other wars, strange happenings in the Astral World, incidents of a superphysical nature, aid rendered by invisible helpers—these and such-like we find in abundance in the volume.

We do not wish to discuss the genesis of these letters, nor the mechanism of their production. We rather judge

them on the merit of their contents and teachings, which do not become more valuable simply because they are written, or said to be written, by a discarnate entity. They are written down by Elsa Barker, whose sincerity and straightforwardness we have no reason to doubt. The Judge, who is the author of these letters, claims for himself the privilege of having entered the folds of the White Brotherhood, being a disciple—and apparently no mean one—of a great Master. From his writings before us we cannot definitely say if that be so; there is nothing so striking, so new and fresh, in the shape of knowledge imparted or information given, that it can enable us to accept this claim forthwith. There is hardly anything in what is described which an invisible helper, with a fair amount of knowledge and experience, could not have come across or encountered. On the other hand, we cannot set aside the claim of the writer to his position, merely on the basis of “no new teaching or information”. There is no doubt that the author of these letters is in possession of certain information available in the inner worlds only, and that naturally entitles him to a respectful hearing from all Theosophists. How he has come across it, will not prove a very fruitful enquiry on this physical plane; enough for us to note that what he says is in the main true and valuable.

Having so far cleared our ground, let us say that for the Theosophist the volume is at once interesting and useful; interesting, because it gives information which is not usually made public, and useful, because a great amount of it is of the nature of corroboration of our Theosophical teachings; therefore the volume is suitable for certain propaganda work.

We have already heard from Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater something of the hidden side of war. References are made to struggles in inner worlds, which precipitated this ghastly War on the physical plane. We come across the same teachings here with many details. Conversations with those whom we know as Lords of the Dark Face, as also with Devas and others are given; some fine instances of the working out of Karma are depicted, both individual and national; fascinating sidelights are thrown on some interesting psychical and psychological problems; above all, some very fine sentiments are expressed in favour of the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood,

the Law of Love, and the Divinity in man; and we shall quote at random but a single instance to show its nature:

There is a beautiful being in every one of you, the bird that sings in the heart of the earthquake, the rose that nestles in the hot mouth of the cannon, the pearl that cannot be crushed by the landslide, the angel that illumines hell.

All the normal feelings of the human heart are intensified at this time. No one is the same as before the war burst—no one anywhere in the world. The soul of humanity is in travail. This incarnation of humanity is turned against itself, and rends itself. The heart of humanity is in the abyss, into which humanity had grown too blind to look, so the blazing torches of the guardians of good and evil have been thrust into the abyss, and all the drowsing dwellers therein have been suddenly, rudely awakened.

There are many theories and explanations that sound plausible, there are others which, on the surface, seem fantastic. Here is a good instance; the suffering and humiliation of Belgium, due to the treatment she meted out to the people in the Congo, appeals as a reasonable working out of National Karma; on the other hand, the suffering and humiliation of Serbia, on account of the dwelling of a Black Magician in that country a century or so ago, is grotesque, fantastic and certainly not reasonable; but it becomes acceptable as a cause of the epidemic which worked such havoc in Serbia.

Theosophists who believe in the coming of a World-Teacher will be interested in this:

Yes, I have seen the Christ.

Look for Him to come again “in the clouds of heaven with power and glory,” though He may not walk the earth again in material form. What need is there for Him to walk the earth now in a mortal body, when more and more men and women are opening their spiritual sight, so that they can see Him while still held in their robes of flesh?

In our February number, Mr. Leadbeater gave in his article his interview with Bismarck; our author gives his own with Friedrich Nietzsche.

Then there is a good deal about the Coming Race, the National Karma of France and America, peace propaganda, love and hate, etc., etc., all of which is worth perusing, and we heartily recommend this volume to our readers. The publishers have done a service to Theosophy by this publication, and to them our thanks are due; and we must not forget the scribe, whose share in the work of production is no mean one.

B. P. W.

*Fate and Freewill*, by Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadia, M.A. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London and Toronto. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

In this book the old problem of Fate and Freewill is dealt with from the point of view of the believer in Fate. Five chapters traverse the subject as it is found stated in Scriptures, in the Ancient World, in Christian Theology and Modern Philosophy, quoting the views and arguments of the leading thinkers of the different periods; the last chapter sums up and gives the author's reasons for his definite belief in Fate. In doing so, he is careful to state that no world-problem worth the name is capable of absolute or perfect solution, but that it is possible to offer a practical solution, to form a definite opinion amounting almost to a conviction. This is a sound, common sense position, for, since neither Fate nor Freewill can be proved or disproved by scientific demonstration, the problem will continue to be a fruitful subject for discussion, and will, incidentally, remain a valuable training ground for the mind and the exercise of intuition.

For ourselves, we do not share the author's views. We believe that Freewill and Fate, like Spirit and Matter, are two complementary facts in nature, which can be reconciled; that the belief in Freewill, innate in most of us, has as solid a basis as the equally undoubted fact that Fate does exist and mould our destiny.

Has the author quite understood the doctrine of Karma, when he maintains that it leaves no room for Freewill? Is he right in saying that, according to the tenets of "freewillists," a particular effect need not inevitably follow, though all the requisite conditions for its production may be present; that human volition stands outside the universal law of causality; that will is, and always has been recognised as a faculty of the mind; that the nobler the creature the more limited his freedom (the savage freer than the civilised man); that the stronger type of men need a belief in Fate to bring out the best in them; that one clear indisputable case of prevision will finally prove the fact of Fate, etc.?

If space permitted, it would not be difficult to adduce weighty arguments against the above, and other contentions in which we miss the deeper philosophic insight into this intricate problem. A closer study of Hindu philosophy

(which is only given half a page) would, we believe, have shown the author that Karma is not a fatalistic doctrine, but on the contrary, implies the exercise of Freewill; that Will lies deeper than, and is not considered identical with, the mind in all the philosophies; that a possible solution of the problem may be found in the doctrine of the identity of the Self in man with the Universal Self, the one absolute Will expressing itself in the separated Selves as relative Freewill and relative Necessity; that even prevision of events is not necessarily a proof of unalterable fate, since to foresee is not to constrain, and the apparent proof becomes uncertain when tested by a metaphysical consideration of our conception of time, which varies according to the plane of nature on which our consciousness happens to work.

It is to be regretted that these questions have not found a place in a book which in other respects is admirable, full of information and original thought, and which has the merit of being written in exceedingly clear and lucid language.

We have perused the book with singular pleasure, and highly recommend it as a valuable contribution to the literature on this most difficult and vital problem.

A. S.

*Visions, Previsions and Miracles in Modern Times*, by E. Howard Grey, D.D.S. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

Keats was a poet and a druggist, and here we find a dental surgeon who is a Psychical Researcher, and one of considerable enthusiasm and insight, to judge from the book under notice. The volume is a bulky one of 532 pages, and contains a large and varied range of psychical phenomena drawn freely from all sources and periods. The faculty of prophecy manifested within recent years receives perhaps the most marked attention at the hands of the author, but phenomena of stigmata, trance writing, levitation and so on, are also quoted in numerous examples. The value of the book is chiefly as one of reference, since it advances only slight theories of cause, and attempts but small explanation of the phenomena it cites. Its style is a little involved in parts, but as it is not a literary effort, this may be condoned.

I. St. C. S.

*Clarinda: A Historical Novel*, by A. Madhaviah. (The Cambridge Press, Tondiarpet, Madras. Price Re. 1-8 or 2s.)

It is rarely that one comes across a novel written by an Indian; and the nationality of the author, coupled with the facts that *Clarinda* is a high-caste Brahmana girl and that the story takes place in the neighbourhood of Adyar, give it a claim on the special attention of Theosophical readers. There are scores of novels dealing with Indian life written by Anglo-Indians, but we often feel that such authors seldom succeed in correctly drawing their Indian characters, and it is interesting and instructive to find that Mr. Madhaviah fails similarly in the portrayal of the character of his English hero, Captain Harry Lyttleton. It is always more valuable to view the ideals and customs of a country through the presentment of one of its own people, rather than through the eyes of a foreigner, no matter how sympathetic. One feels that Rudyard Kipling got nearest to a true portrait of an Indian in his "Llama" in *Kim*, but in view of the errors in national psychology in this young Englishman, one wonders how similarly far from ringing true the "Llama" may sound to Indians. On the other hand, only an Indian could so powerfully analyse and describe the distinctive customs of Indian life, in their natural atmosphere of belief in karma, astrology, and reincarnation.

The book may be divided into three parts, the first of which deals with the historical events taking place at the time of *Clarinda's* birth. This is full of local colour of a distinctively Indian type, and it gives one a very good idea of the internal state of Indian affairs in 1746, and the circumstances by which England attained her present position in India. The interest centres round the finely drawn character of the Brahmana Punditrao, who stands as the Wolsey of the time, suffering a similar rise and fall—the latter resolving itself into a retirement into the forest and the acceptance of the vow of the Sannyasin. The second part is devoted to a description of *Clarinda's* life as the girl-wife of an old roue of fifty. It is a sad story, only too typical of Indian life; beginning with the wedding festival of this little girl of twelve; following her through "six years of married slavery," which are filled with the jealousy and ill-treatment of the older women of the

household, schemes for getting her money, and her stepson's sinful passion for her; and closing with the attempt to murder her, under the cloak of religious ideals by forcing her to become a "Sati,"—that is to be burnt alive with her dead husband's body.

The heroine is quite an advanced and original character for her time, largely due to the uncommon home conditions of her early life. She struggles spiritedly against the double moral standard to which she is supposed to bow, and against such sentiments as the following:

Her husband is the *pativrata's* (ideal wife's) god, and she need know and worship no other, as our holy books say. A woman's life is one of sin and sorrow and her salvation depends on her being a true *pativrata*. Blessed indeed is the woman who makes her lord happy in this world and dies before him and awaits his arrival in heaven; but should he unfortunately be called away before her, she ensures her own and his salvation by becoming a *sati*, entering heaven hand in hand with her husband, even as on their wedding day.

The author's personal attitude to this and other similar ideas may be inferred from his comment:

Our forefathers were indeed supremely successful in systematizing certain things in life, and this matter of wifely devotion, so very comfortable and convenient to all husbands, that is, men, is one which may well compete for the palm of perfection.

There are in this section valuable searchlights on the evils which arise in daily life from the Hindu's belief in karma and reincarnation.

The final portion of the book, telling of *Clarinda's* life with Lyttleton, is disappointing. The latter converts the heroine to Christianity, but in so many ways he is such a poor specimen of his own religion that one does not wonder that it was only after his death (brought on by hard drinking) that she became the historical Christian saint of the missionary's calendar. We welcome Mr. Madhaviah's incursion into romance, for it is most necessary, in the interests of Brotherhood, that British people should know more about their fellow-citizens in the Empire, and understand their way of looking at life as expressed by themselves.

M. E. C.

*Agar Halfi the Mystic*, by Roland Filkin. (Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 6s.)

Here we have a deluge of bathos and split infinitives; the latter appearing in an abundance quite exceptional. Like so many other novels of this class, it has been written with the firm intention of bringing in something mystical by hook or by crook, and it must be admitted the author has succeeded as far as this is concerned. An exceptionally lurid horribleness in the shape of an immaterial vulture, of which a spirited rendering is found on the outside cover, supplies the savour to the book, and the plot, hinging round this noisome entity, displays a certain amount of careful ingenuity.

Such anti-climaxes, however, appear only too often, coupled with lax modes of expression, of which the following is a good example. The heroine is talking to her brother about Mr. Agar Halfi:

One thing, he looks so intelligent, and another, I cannot help feeling that he is a gentleman, in spite of his dark skin, which I am sorry to say I cannot state about all men of my own race.

Philip nodded his head reluctantly.

Well and good, but might he not have tactfully pointed out that her racial brothers are characterised for the most part by the fairness of their complexions?

We find expressions indicating a warm, if somewhat headlong, support of the feminine sex, such, for instance, as this:

But it is as well to remember that the feminine mind intuitively arrives at correct solutions of things far more quickly than the masculine mind does by the slow and not always sound process of reasoning.

A varied range of curious adverbs and adjectives confront us from page to page, as, for example, the occasion when a lady of blameless character is described as having a "deep" face. "Hatchet" faces we have heard of, and faces likened to a considerable assortment of birds, fishes and animals, but the part about the "deep" face is past our experience.

In spite of all its faults, however, there is something attractive about the book, and when the author's style becomes a little more lucid and connected, we shall, no doubt, have contributions from him of a more permanent value.

I. ST. C. S.

*Le Regime des Capitulations et la Reforme constitutionnelle en Chine*. Thesis for the acquirement of the degree of Doctor in Political and Diplomatical Science. By Louis Ngaosiang Tchou. Catholic University of Louvain. School of Political and Social Science. (Cambridge University Press, 1915. pp. VIII+230. Price 7s. 6d.)

This most important, most interesting document is a joyous symbol of the awakening of China, a fruit of the best young Chinese intellect and activity. In modern international politics, whether in the Balkans and the other Near East, or in further Asia, no question is more important and fraught with graver consequences than that of the so-called "capitulations", i.e., those treaties which give a special legal status to Christian subjects residing in non-Christian countries. Mr. Tchou gives us a clear and terse summary of the history of these capitulations in general (pp. 20), and follows this up by a similar sketch of the history of these treaties, especially in China (pp. 57). A discussion of the actual condition and working of these treaties (pp. 48) follows, and leads up to the last chapter, which very briefly (pp. 18) deals with the changed conditions occasioned by the new regime in China. A large amount of space has been devoted to the discussion of the special case of Kiao-chou, and the arbitrary German action there. All this part of the work is of the greatest interest, not only for the professional politician, but also for any intelligent student of contemporaneous history, and above all for anyone interested in the problem of "awakening Asia". This main part of the work practically exhausts the treatment of the subject mentioned in the title of the book, but a second part of about 90 pages, and not absolutely connected with this subject, will perhaps prove the most important one of the book for the general reader. It deals with the recent constitutional reform in China and describes the conversion of the old monarchy into a republic. This part is profoundly fascinating. It is divided into two halves of about equal length. The first gives a running and engrossing narrative of the events immediately preceding the establishment of the republic. That story is a record palpitating with life and it reads like an epos. We can scarcely imagine anyone reading it without being drawn under the spell of its dramatic force and impressiveness. The second half of this second part

gives a series of important documents, decrees, provisional and final projects for a constitution, and rules of proceedings to be followed in connection with the new regime. The dry and terse statement of most vital principles battling for survival and victory in these compact articles and serried pages is equally impressive, and the whole constitutional drama here represented under our very eyes furnishes matter of an amount of interest which can scarcely be surpassed by any other modern political story.

J. V. M.

*The Song of a Dawning Day*, by Francis G. Hanchett.  
(Privately printed—Chicago.)

Our young men are seeing visions,  
Our old men are dreaming dreams,  
And on mountain peaks already  
Rising sun of wisdom gleams.

The above extract indicates the theme of this writer who has embodied, in a poem of some eight hundred lines, his vision of the future which is shortly to spring into flower from out of the seeds of the present. America is to be the garden where the blossoms are most fragrant and grow fairest, and brotherhood the band which binds them into a lovely garland. Mr. Hanchett is a disciple of especially Emerson, Walt Whitman and "the eloquent and inspired modern prophet, Annie Besant". He, therefore, "dips into the future," guided by these leaders, and the picture which he sees is one full of hope. Spiritual evolution must go hand in hand with physical evolution to realise his vision, the God within must be awakened, and the Intuition must guide our steps.

Mr. Hanchett has chosen verse as his medium of expression. It is not verse of a high order, and there are many mistakes in technique alone which could and should have been avoided. The writer, however, probably felt that his message—for he thoroughly believes in the poet as prophet—could best be delivered in rhyme instead of cold prose, however poetical. And it is pretty certain that there are a number of people in the world who would prefer and heed the message given that way. Mr. Hanchett writes from a full heart, and surely some of his enthusiasm must touch the reader.

T. L. C.

*Documents Relating to the Great War*, Selected and arranged by Giuseppe A. Andriulli, with an Introduction by Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, translated from the Italian by Thomas Okey. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

We welcome this little book as giving a concise resume of the events immediately preceding the various declarations of war fore-running the present stupendous conflict. To those of us who have not the time or energy to sift the multi-chromatic range of books issued by the Governments involved, this little volume comes as a great blessing, and allays a sense of duty left undone, for which we are truly grateful to it.

The diplomatic records, as they stand, tell strongly against Germany, constituting a severe indictment of her pseudo-peaceful aspirations. They reveal her as the prime instigator of the European conflagration, hastening, in the first place, her declaration of war against Russia, and at the same time obstructing with all her energy the offers made by Great Britain to convoke a meeting of the Great Powers for the object of finding some peaceful means of settling the quarrel between Austria and Serbia. Perhaps the chief point of interest in the present book is the prominence into which is brought the fateful day of July the 29th. On that day three telegrams were sent to Russia by the German Emperor, the first two, sanguine of Germany's power to act as mediator, but the third, one hour after midnight, and subsequent to a Council at Potsdam, in a very different tone, and indicating an opinion that Germany found it hard to adopt a conciliatory attitude in view of Russia's mobilisation on the Austrian frontier. Then followed on July 31st the precipitate ultimatum and declaration of war against Russia, the whole without reference to Austria, and indeed regardless of Austria's attitude towards the Russian mobilisation, which itself was one free of anxiety.

The subsequent reading is interesting, giving accounts of the various conditions under which the countries, one after another, came into a state of war. Reports of speeches from the throne, and their equivalents, mark characteristically the differing temperaments of the races involved in the War, the French orations being, in particular, full of native Gallic fervour.

I. St. C. S.



*The Orāons of Chōtā Nāgpur: their History, Economic Life, and Social Organisation*, by Sarat Chandra Roy, M.A. (Ranchi 1915. Price Rs. 8 or 10s. 6d.)

The author of this important work was already known to ethnologists as the writer of a valuable book on the Mundas, and the expectations raised by that production have been fully met by his present study. In fact his exhaustive monograph on the Orāons is a first class performance, the result of fifteen years' intimate acquaintance with this most interesting, primitive tribe of the Chōtā Nāgpur plateau. One of the very pleasant concomitants of the present publication is that the author promises, in case it be favourably received by the public—of which there should be no doubt whatever in view of its excellence—to follow it up with a second volume devoted to the religious and magico-religious system, the ceremonies, usages and language of the tribe. No less competent an anthropological authority than Mr. A. C. Haddon contributes a valuable and very appreciative foreword, a fit introduction to the subsequent 560 pages, closely packed with important information, well written and clearly presented. The headings under which the subject matter is dealt with in the work are as follows: (1) Origin and History; (2) Geographic and Social Environment; (3) Physical Characteristics and Personal Adornment; (4) Village Organisations and Economic Life; (5) The Village Dormitories and the Training of Youth; (6) Social Organisation and the Regulation of Tribal Life; (7) Appendices on Agricultural Customs, the traditional story of the Genesis of man and spirits, folk songs, etc. A number of well chosen illustrations enhances the value of the record, and a good index is provided. The book is replete with most curious information, and with facts and inferences of the highest value to ethnologists and anthropologists. Amongst the most important items discussed are the extraordinary ancient marriage customs (the grandparents marrying the grandchildren) and the institution of village dormitories for bachelors and for maidens. The totemistic elements too are carefully analysed and discussed. But it would be useless to attempt to draw attention to even a selection of the most interesting points discussed, they are too numerous to be cited in a short review.

The total number of Orāons is at present somewhat under 1,000,000. Modern influences tend rapidly to change much

in the traditional characteristics and customs of this interesting people. Mr. Roy has performed a work of the utmost importance in so carefully and minutely recording much which, but for his labours, would soon have been irretrievably doomed to oblivion. We wish the work all the success it deserves.

J. v. M.

*The Gospel of Hope, A Message of Comfort for the Sorrowing in this time of War.* By the Right Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, D.D. (Robert Scott, London. Price 2s. net.)

From the pen of the Bishop of Edinburgh comes one of the many attempts which are now being made to raise popular feeling out of the gloom and depression into which present circumstances are plunging it. *The Gospel of Hope* is addressed to those who are called upon in this War to make the hardest of all sacrifices—that of the lives of those dearer to them than themselves. The book, as its author tells us, is not designed to teach; “it is not a reasoned treatise on the state of the departed”. Its aim is “to suggest rather than to instruct, to imagine rather than to assert, to use picture language as a translation or paraphrase of the truth” so far as he sees it, rather than to make clear and convincing statements.

Such being the objects for which it was written, the book is good. It would certainly be disappointing to any one seeking comfort in the definite knowledge of what death means in the history of the soul's pilgrimage. But if the consolation sought be the support of a deep conviction that all is well with those that have passed away from earth life, then the reader cannot but be satisfied. For the author's faith is strong and will communicate itself to any who put themselves in touch with his thoughts. He believes that the fate of those who have fallen in the service of their country is a blessed one; that their condition is one of rest, progress and fellowship; and that the touch between them and their dear ones left behind cannot be broken by death, which, after all, is not an ascent into a distant heaven, but a withdrawing into a world which, though hidden, is very near.

A. DE L.

*An Introduction to Ethics for Training Colleges*, by C. A. Johnston, M.A. (Macmillan & Co. Price 3s. net).

This little book may be well recommended. It has two important qualities. It is cheap and it is clear. It is not deep. The author, however, points out in his foreword that he intends to avoid controversial points, to lay stress on the psychological argument and to keep metaphysical theory strictly in the background. That he has done. The result is that his little work has become a practical and set little code but lacks life. It is like a coat bought ready made, cheap but stiff, and is without the eloquence of subtle adaptation to individual needs. It might be even said that the book is a trifle "bourgeois" in its neat codification and crystallisation of principles, elements and maxims. Not every one, however, has metaphysical or philosophical tendencies, and to such as do not care overmuch for a delving in and weighing of root principles the work will certainly appeal by its appearance of finality and its great clarity. Anyhow we regard it as a far more solid production than much of the modern (very often American or pseudo-American) ethical literature which is so largely current in our days, and the dominant characteristics of which are optimism plus sentimentality plus sloppiness. The ordinary reader who has never looked into the subject of ethics in a systematic way will make a tremendous amount of discoveries in following the 250 pages of the booklet. Like Mr. Jourdain, who never knew that he talked prose before he was told so, such readers will be amazed to find how profoundly ethical they are unawares. There is a great quality of homeliness in the book which will not fail to make a direct and strong appeal to the ordinary man, and though frankly an elementary book, it is a decidedly useful one. As the sub-title indicates that the book is intended for Training Colleges, it would be unfair to interpret any of the above remarks as indicating failings in the work. In a Training College fixed and acquired results have to be communicated; in the private study such practical generalisations may be probed and analysed—and criticised—*ad libitum*. To do so is, rightly, not brought within the scope of the present book. Conclusion: a useful and recommendable little book for any individual reader who wants a simple, straightforward statement of the net, practical results of modern ethical science. Especially to Theosophists, it seems to us, the little work should be attractive and instructive.

J. v. M.

## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

### THE SACRIFICE OF THE INDIVIDUAL AND IMMORTALITY

In the January number of *The Contemporary Review* appears a thoughtful article by the Rev. Robert Christie under the above title. The War, he declares, with its ruthless disregard of the individual, confronts us with an almost hopeless sense of the insignificance of human effort in the evolutionary forces of nature.

A penetrating sense of the sacredness of human life, with its ideals and achievements, a faith in some final good to be won through our efforts, are not easily maintained in the presence of a scheme of things which, on occasion, can treat men like flies caught in an autumn gale.

The only answer, he contends, that can allay this inevitable shock to our ideal of human progress is that of individual immortality.

In reality, "life is ever lord of death". The apparent passing of the individual into nothingness is really a second birth into a higher and more abiding sphere of being. Death is but the supreme instance of that all-pervading process of change, whereby the imperfect passes away, that which is perfect may come. On this view it is obvious that the doubts, which weaken our social idealism, are answered.

This belief, he continues, may be reached by various paths. To many minds the Christian revelation is conclusive, but an increasing number are finding in the results of psychological research a scientific basis for survival. Others, again, argue that the moral integrity of the universe demands immortality; on the other hand, this demand has often been held to be satisfied by the fact that good work remains for the benefit of humanity after the passing of the benefactor. This latter view, with its philosophical sequel of an eternal reservoir of life, into which human beings are emptied at death, is referred to by the writer as "corporate immortality," and is disposed of on the ground of its failure to satisfy human aspiration.

... there is good reason for holding that any fundamental and persistent demand of the human spirit is, by itself, a revelation of what the universe requires also. Indeed, how could it be otherwise, seeing that the mind of man is the highest manifestation of reality directly known to us?

That our desires, when purified and transformed by the teaching of experience, become prophetic of the nature of things, is a fact to which the whole history of science bears witness. It is now generally allowed that such a principle as the rationality of the world, together with the special forms which it assumes, such as the unity, continuity, and uniformity of nature, are not "so much brute fact thrust upon us, willy nilly"; they originate not in the object but in the subject of experience. They are demands, which we make and must make, if a certain result is to be attained, viz., knowledge itself. Now, knowledge means the expression of the universe in terms of personality.

We have italicised the word "when," as we believe that humanity has still a long way to go before this desirable condition can be fulfilled, and in the meantime there is much to be said for the objection which follows, namely, that the laws of nature are independent of personal beliefs or wishes. But if we understand the writer to use the word "personality," as is usual in later Christian theology, in much the same sense as the expression "the Self" is used in the East, we cannot fail to be struck by the virtual agreement of his view with the spiritual monism of the Vedanta.

Another objection which Mr. Christie raises against the idea of a "corporate immortality," at least as far as progress on the physical plane is concerned, is that of the transience of physical conditions and the limitations inherent in physical matter, but we should say that though these limitations point to the existence of less limited planes of consciousness, yet the possibilities of the physical plane as a training ground have by no means been exhausted, but will surely be developed to the full, however slow the process. In this connection the following candid admission is distinctly charming.

Even if Absolutism were theoretically tenable, it is simply an esoteric point of view. It is like a Sunday confession that the things of the world are naught, while in practice we are unable to treat anything else as of any importance whatever.

We cannot hope to pilot our readers through the undercurrents of the author's reasoning, but we can at least assist them to meet him in harbour.

And what sort of compensation, after all, do we wish self-sacrifice to have? Simply that it awaken in us the spirit of love which gave it and that that spirit may find expression. . . . . It is when we are most alone, and at our highest and best, that this sense of Communion with God Himself becomes clear and strong. For religious men, this has ever been one great token of immortality, "Tis the Divinity that stirs within us and intimates—Eternity to man". Such an experience is not present with us at all times, but when it comes, it gives the most intense feeling of reality which we can know.

It is good to find writings at this high level in the leading magazines of the day, for they are signs of the greater Theosophical movement. We may incline to the belief that the essence of individual immortality is by no means incompatible with the essence of "corporate immortality," and we should probably agree that an acquaintance with the doctrine of reincarnation would reconcile many of the difficulties here presented, but we must not forget that even the Buddha refused to discuss ultimates, simply saying "Nirvana is".

W. D. S. B.

## SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT

#### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th February, to 10th March, 1916, are acknowledged with thanks:

#### ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

|                                                                                                                                    | Rs.   | A. | P. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|----|----|
| Mr. J. Arnold Hankow, annual dues for 1916                                                                                         | 15    | 0  | 0  |
| Presidential Agent, Ireland, annual dues of 3 new members, £1. 10s. 0d. and annual dues, Mrs. Alexander, from 1913 to 1916, £1.... | 36    | 13 | 9  |
| Presidential Agent, Ireland, annual dues of 2 new members of Belfast Lodge, £1.                                                    | 15    | 0  | 0  |
| Presidential Agent, South America, annual dues of 261 members for 1914, and Charter Fees, etc., £91.                               | 1,343 | 14 | 10 |
| Major Barnes Peacock, Delhi, annual dues for 1916                                                                                  | 15    | 0  | 0  |

#### PRESIDENT'S TRAVELLING FUND

|                                          |    |    |   |
|------------------------------------------|----|----|---|
| Perseverencia Lodge, Brazil, £4. 3s. 8d. | 61 | 11 | 6 |
|------------------------------------------|----|----|---|

#### DONATIONS

|                                                     |       |   |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-------|---|---|
| Mr. J. N. Gurtu, Benares                            | 50    | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Baijnath Singh, Head Master, Zillah School Gaya | 15    | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. N. H. Cama Sanawad                              | 10    | 0 | 0 |
|                                                     | 1,562 | 8 | 1 |

A. SCHWARZ,

Adyar, 10th March, 1916.

Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

# OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th February, to 10th March, 1916, are acknowledged with thanks:

### DONATIONS

|                                                                                      | Rs  | A. | P. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| A Friend, Adyar.                                                                     | 700 | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. D. Srinivasa Iyengar, Asst. Commissioner,<br>Excise Com. Office, Bangalore City. | 15  | 0  | 0  |
|                                                                                      | 715 | 0  | 0  |

A. SCHWARZ,

*Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.*

Adyar, 10th March, 1916.

## NEW LODGES

| Location                | Name of Lodge                  | Date of issue of the Charter |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Zaandam, Holland        | Zaandam Lodge, T.S.            | 28-9-1915                    |
| Lashkar, Gwalior, India | Saraswati Ladies' Lodge, T. S. | 19-12-1915                   |
| Bellary, India          | Maitrayi Lodge, T. S.          | 14-2-1916                    |
| Mulbagal, S. India      | Shree Ramachandra Lodge, T. S. | 16-2-1916                    |

Adyar,  
28th February, 1916

J. R. ARIA,  
*Recording Secretary, T. S.*

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VOL. XXXVII



No. 8

# THE THEOSOPHIST

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A PROPOSAL is made by the Mahābodhi Society to build a Vihāra in Calcutta, where no Buddhist Temple exists, and a piece of ground has been bought in College Square, next to the Lodge of the Theosophical Society, for the purpose of erecting thereon a Vihāra. Application has been made, through the Government of Bengal, that the Sacred Relics of the Lord Buddha, found at Taxila, may be entrusted to the Society to be placed in a shrine in the Vihāra. The Lord Buddha was born in northern India, and He wandered far and wide over its soil. He is the glory of the Āryan Race, the Perfect, the Illuminated One. To Him all the Occult Hierarchy bow in reverence, "our great Patron," as a Master once called Him, the first of our Humanity to attain to Perfection. He the Buddha of Knowledge, who taught the Sacred Law for forty years of blessed life, gathering round Him disciples, whom He formed into the Saṅgha, thus completing the three Jewels—the Buddha, the Saṅgha and the Dharma, or the Dhamma, as the Pāli has it. From the

day when, in the deer-park near Benares, He began to turn the Wheel of the Law until the day when He left His body, He taught the Wisdom to men, women and children. By precept and by parable, by philosophy and by symbol, intelligible alike to prince and peasant, He purified the lives of men; and lest His overpowering knowledge and sweetness should lend such might to His words that human intellect should be swallowed up in rapt devotion, and authority should usurp the seat of understanding, He, whose lightest word might have been a world's salvation, bade His disciples seek salvation in themselves, and bade them also not believe a thing because He had said it—He, who was very Truth—but only when of their own selves they knew that it was true.

\* \* \*

To this All Glorious One, there is no temple in the land which gave Him His body of flesh. And this, though in Him the Hindū recognises the ninth Avatāra of Viṣṇu the Preserver. The reason for this is not far to seek in earlier days, yet is it fitting that now, when India is becoming more conscious of her world-mission, and when within her Empire Burma finds a place, and Ceylon truly is also hers, India should raise a temple in His honour, to Him, her wondrous Son, the Light of the World, and thus claim Him as her own. The suggestion of building a Vihāra in Calcutta, and that close beside the Theosophical Society, the youngest child of the White Brotherhood, is therefore apposite and timely, and it would be well if every Hindū who is proud of his incomparable past and reverences the Mighty Ones of his race, should place a stone, even the smallest stone, in this Temple,

and thus have a share in the homage paid to this greatest Teacher of humanity. Princes may give largely, the middle classes may give such donations as their means permit, the poor may give an anna, a half anna, a pice, a pie. What is money in such gifts? It is love that makes them golden; and the peasant's pie, who goes more hungry to give it, shines with the brilliancy of the diamond, where the gift of a lakh, given for ostentation, counts but as dull grey lead. Let all who love His blessed life, then, throw some gift into the building fund of the Vihāra.

\* \* \*

An immense opportunity has been lost by Great Britain, by her refusal to accept the offers of volunteer service which rained in at the outset of the War from the educated classes. They fell back, chilled and wounded, except in Bengal. There they persisted, and at last succeeded in having an Ambulance Corps, which has done fine service. But still they pressed their wish to volunteer for the front, and would not accept the official denials. Now France has stepped in, with her greater sympathy and power of imagination, and called on the Indians living under her rule, offering them an equal footing with Frenchmen in the Army and in the Republic of France. She has her reward. Joyously the young men came forward, and there has been an outburst of national joy and pride such as Bengal has not before seen. The people of Calcutta saw their own youths answering to the call of France, and rejoiced over them with an enthusiasm which showed what England might have won, if she had the insight and the statesmanship that France has shown. The way to the Calcutta station by which the little troop

was to go, drawn from the Calcutta Colleges, was lined with eager crowds, cheering wildly; the house-tops were crowded with women who showered flowers on the heads of the marching lads, and blew conches, the old sacred battle-call of the Hindū warriors, as English readers may see in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*; at the station were gathered many of the Calcutta political leaders, and the train steamed off for Chandernagore, French India, amid the blessings of the elder and the cheers of the younger men. The effect produced was so great, that the Press Association, which supplies the Indian Press with news, suppressed the fact of the demonstration, the news being sent to *New India* by one of our own correspondents.

\* \* \*

All this enthusiasm, this pride, this joy, would have come to England, if the men here had welcomed, instead of repelling, the offers which were made early in the War. But it would have been multiplied a thousandfold, for the British rule thousands where the French rule one. Here was an opportunity offered of binding closely India to herself, and she pushed it aside carelessly. It is the blindness shown by Englishmen in India which drives one almost to despair, coupled with their self-complacent certainty that they are perfect in the art of Government. For colonising, the Englishman is immensely more capable than the Frenchman, but in their contact with civilised coloured races, the French are the superior, and are only outdone by the Russians. Never have the English had a greater opportunity of capturing the heart of India than they have had in this War, and it has been most stupidly cast away; they had captured India's head before, but have never



touched her heart. The supreme opportunity came, and they have blundered on unseeing. All the English talk of here is: "What share of the War burden can we place on India?" It is a serious question, for India has been frozen out of her generous mood.

\* \* \*

The following letter has reached me: I cannot say that I think that the paying off of the Headquarters' deficit can be said to be a piece of work for the coming of the Christ, but it would certainly be work for the Masters. It has been caused partly by the necessity for safeguarding the building from the danger of flood, by the building of an embankment, a costly piece of work; partly by the very large planting of young trees, to utilise the ground and to bring in revenue in the future, partly by some roofing necessary to prevent residents from being half-drowned and partly by important sanitary improvements; loss of revenue by the War has also been a serious cause. Here is the letter addressed to the members:

DEAR FELLOW MEMBERS,

A great opportunity has been given to us to do a real definite piece of work, work for the second coming of the Christ, work for the Masters, work which will show our love and gratitude to our Founders and to those who carry on the work they initiated.

All this is offered to us in the fact that there is a deficit in the balance-sheet at the Headquarters at Adyar of £1,666.

Now a few rich members might combine and pay it off, but I think it would be so much better if the whole Society united and paid it off by each member giving a small subscription, then the whole T. S. would reap the good karma which would result from such a deed.

I wish to suggest the following plan: that every T. S. Lodge should open a subscription list with a minimum subscription of 1s. (Annas 12 or 25c.)

There are 25,696 members of the T. S. and if every one only gave 1/- we should raise £1,284, but those able to give more would surely do so.

I have often longed to be able to do some definite work to aid in preparing the way for the second coming and have heard other members express the same wish—well, friends, this is our opportunity if we choose to avail ourselves of it, and if my suggestion is adopted, it is within the reach of most of us, if not of all of us.

Hoping that some way may be adopted whereby we may all join in the work.

I am fraternally yours,

F. S. HAWKINS

We should certainly be grateful if such help as is proposed came in, as our revenue from rents will be probably affected by the War in the coming year also.

The above was written by the Editor in the train on her way to Allahabad. Thither she has gone to attend the very important meeting of the central governing body of the Indian National Institution—the All-India Congress Committee. Mainly through her efforts, the last Congress passed a resolution which the country has received with acclaiming enthusiasm. It demanded that the Congress organisations in all Provinces should work out a scheme for Self-Government for India and submit it at Easter time to the Central body. This is now being done. The Central Committee is sitting as we are writing these lines, and before it are schemes, among them a very carefully prepared one from Madras, which has also sent a large number of its representatives. India is waiting eagerly to know the results of this deliberation. While in Allahabad

Mrs. Besant will deliver the Inaugural Address to the new Gokhale Society, and when her work is over she will visit Benares for a day or two.

Our own Adyar Headquarters presented a scene of unique interest during the Easter holidays. For the third time the South Indian Convention met here. Some 250 members from all parts of S. India gathered here and we had a very useful time which, we expect, will yield good results. Members began to arrive a few days beforehand, and the Convention atmosphere was fully around us by Friday—Good Friday—the 21st of April. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa was there to do all he could for our members in the absence of the P. T. S., and his talks and lectures were much appreciated. There were two very interesting discussion meetings—one, of all T. S. members, regarding the problems of wider Theosophy which embraces all the forward movements in this ancient land, and the other, of the Brothers of Service—the Stalwarts—who are pledged to one or more items of Social Reform propaganda. At both the meetings there was a very animated discussion. The attitude towards Social Reform and Social Service is fast changing in favour of liberal ideas and much is being done. One brother from Calicut, Mr. S. Manjeri Rama Iyer, has set a splendid example of courage and open battle against the prejudices of orthodoxy. At both the meetings he was one of the speakers, and by his humorous but thoughtful utterances drove home to the hearts of his hearers the benefits of the cause he champions so nobly. Such men, though generally unknown and not much recognised, are makers of New India, and we are proud to have at least one such fighter within our ranks.

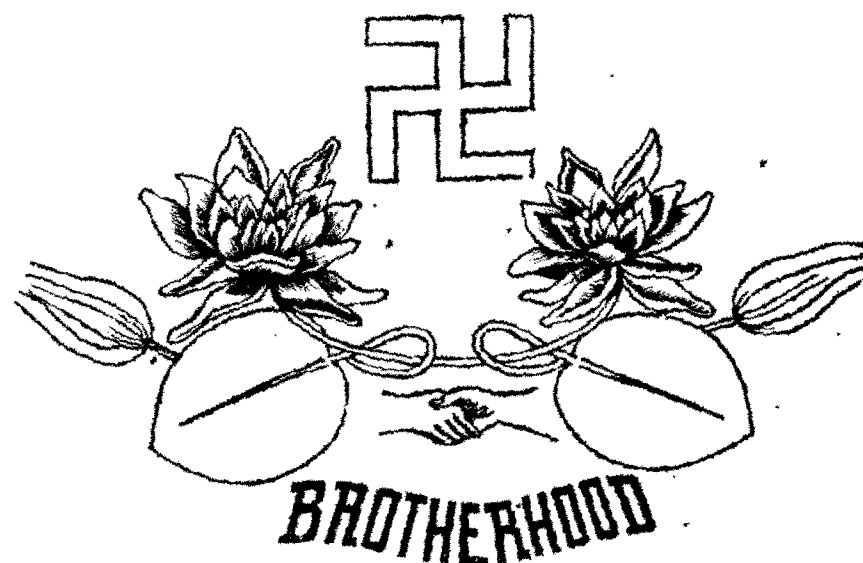
Then there was the business meeting where the President and Secretary of the S. I. Convention presented their reports. Our Branch Inspectors offered suggestions for further work, and various other suggestions from Lodges and members were considered. Later the Executive of the S. I. Convention decided to engage the services of a European lecturer, who should be a science student, to present Theosophy along scientific lines to our educated classes. He is to be paid, and funds for the purpose are being gathered.

\* \*

Mr. Jinarajadasa delivered a splendid lecture to a large public audience on "The Relation of Man to God" which brought great and deserved applause. He has just returned from Bengal where he had gone on Theosophical work, and Indian members will regret to hear that he is leaving immediately for England—of course on duty. His stay at Adyar has been a blessing to Headquarters and to India, and we will look forward to his early return.

\* \*

A very useful feature of the Convention was the Cosmopolitan Dinner given by our respected Brother, Dewan Bahadur the Hon. Mr. Justice T. Sadashiva Iyer and his noble wife. There were present some 68 Brāhmaṇas, 44 non-Brāhmaṇas, 25 Christians, 1 Buddhist, 1 Muslim, 6 Parsis. Friends abroad perhaps do not realise what it means to our Hindū brothers who dare do such a thing! Outcasting and excommunication have greater terrors in this land of religious ceremonies and samskāras. The names of all present were published, but we believe orthodoxy will hide its ugly head and pass the event by without making a fuss as was done last year.



## TOWARDS RECONSTRUCTION

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

THE pace of events to-day demands giant's strides from its followers. Now, if ever, man must feel himself a pawn in a game wherein

The Master-hand  
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays.

Perspective itself is mercurial, changing as we watch the panorama. We can gain no idea of the true proportional values of men and their affairs, unless, by imagination's magic, we can look forward into the future, backward into the past, with that largeness of vision born from an observance of the unities, on every plane.



Here, where larches fling out a million flags of living green; where budding heather pours its first, bitter-sweet scent, vital with promise of purple wine; where wild hyacinths' births are celebrated in every wood, feeding the senses with a nameless yearning that begins where sense itself ends, it is impossible to feel that strife is a fundamental chord in the universal symphony. To those who, within the crimson zone of war, experience its carnage and devastation, with overstimulated senses, alternately drunk and deafened by the fury, havoc, and hellish thunder of shot and shell: to them, it may well seem that the warlike virtues are the noblest gift that can be laid on the altar of life; that "every drop of blood spilt by England is a drop in the sacramental chalice of devotion": to them, rightly, the life-blood of the warrior is the promise and pledge of a future wherein the rights of the weak shall be proclaimed as a rallying-call to the strong. Even as these words are written, comes news of the sinking of the *Lusitania* with hundreds of lives, not *lost*—how can that word apply to That which is "unborn, indestructible"?—but the physical forms have vanished from those who held them dear, and once again

Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn.

Yet, for those precipitated over death's verge, terrible as were those moments of anguish, there were hands of healing and voices of aid, which made the actual passing less dreadful.

But what for us, who remain to mourn the havoc brought by murder and to try to understand the why and wherefore of the present welter?

Philosophy at such moments is neither harsh nor crabbed. "The philosophic mind" is the rational attitude of human beings whose reasoning power is an incipient prophecy of a Sun of Righteousness beyond the light of reason, yet to which no guide save reason can lead. Humanity, for all its experience (built into the racial and individual consciousness by recurrent joy and sorrow), is still a child: and though the horror of "brute force" shrieks its Medusa-message through every age, the human consciousness, as a whole, is not yet weary of the *macabre* fascination of that voice, whose black liturgies haunt the past and echo wildly in our ears to-day. The hour of liberation from Martian thralldom has not yet struck. Repetition's cyclic law recurs with damnable iteration. True, a fresh spiral curve evolves, the result of each finished experiment, while, following the dual rhythm, ancient circles of re-becoming twine their labyrinths round the coils of manifestation; yet humanity is not old enough for freedom from all contraction. The rhythm of growth by expansion is still only a murmur, not a song of ascent for humanity as a whole. The dome of joy is starred with immortal sorrows, and is it not a truism that "man must through much tribulation enter the Kingdom of God," *i.e.*, win the right of self-identification with buddhic consciousness, "the Heart of Things" and "the Soul of Being"?

Now is an hour of swift evolution, a critical period, one of those mysterious struggles between those hosts we, in our blindness, name "dark" and "light" forces. There is "war in heaven" to-day, we may believe; the world-war, in all its ghastliness but a reflection of cosmic conflicts. The "lords of the dark face" are wise in the direction of their activity, perhaps even

wiser, sometimes, than "the children of light". They know how, and where to strike, when their appointed hour bids them rise to battle. Never have they failed to enter the lists at the moment of manvantaric doom.

It is not ours to proclaim which are the respective emissaries of light and darkness. We do not feel that our knowledge on inner planes suffices for such difficult distinction: the faculties of seership and prophecy do not include within themselves "all mystery and all knowledge". Yet those among us in whom seership and prophecy are developed, in however small degree, may utter the word and declare the vision according to their individual gifts of clear-seeing and hearing. To some of these it *seems* as though the floodgates of wrath are opened by our foes, as though they "bear up the pillars of it," and are its doorkeepers; they have unchained hydra-headed monstrosities whose delight is expressed through nameless deeds of rapine, wanton destruction, and orgies of horror before which falls a merciful cloud-curtain of oblivion for those whose reason cannot bear the vision of the Saturnalia of kâma-manas.

Yet those in whom the liberating forces work, they must know, see, and feel *all*, for so best they can help. The liberators must be lacerated, tortured, frozen with horror, scorched by the fire of anguish, that thus they may tread the burning-ground whereon weaker brethren cannot walk. And so every hideous happening, each one more appalling in its inhumanity than the last, war inflamed by poison, corroded by fiendish practices, is a Call to Fearlessness, a Cry to summon Spiritual Chivalry, Knights of the Spirit, from the uttermost ends of the earth. Knights of the Spirit

must shake off not only physical fear, that is the lesser bondage, however galling and humiliating, but those fears "that infest the soul" and attempt to invade the Spirit's citadel; the dread of consequences, the shrinking from pain that brings the temptation to drug themselves with opiates; they must conquer atrophy, all forms of inertia, rust, and the canker of immunity from sensitiveness that robs the human heart of its divine right to respond to every throb of pain.

Life must become a real thing to-day, for those who intend to fill the ranks of Helpers; they must flinch neither from the heart-shaking vibrations of joy (few know the Dionysian rapture of joy to-day), nor from the iron agony that marks the brows of the chosen. This is the spiritual call-to-arms. A call from Life to the lives. As a nation, our inner life has been far too poor, and miserable Respectability, and gospels of "thou shalt not be found out" have been "idols we have loved too long". We have forgotten that one of the most ancient roads to wisdom is the path of excess. Too long have we confounded temperance with moderation, discretion with compromise. We have been so busy with existence, piling up material possessions, that we have forgotten how to live. We have gone curtained, cushioned and foot-stooled through life, so poor in spirit that we have mistaken the saddle-bags and plush of upholstery for the curves and contours of Beauty. Following the same lines of falsification and stultification of the vital principle, passion has become almost identified with vice. It is the loss of power to respond to anything great, that breeds vice, which is in reality a by-product of decadence. True response to the Life-principle, on every plane, comes

from simplification, from unification, never from multiplication of trappings on the material or sensual planes. The number of organisms<sup>1</sup> is increased by fission, but individual (and racial) consciousness is enriched and deepened by the various harmonising forces whose consummation is in unity.

The gift of the Gods to their children of a diviner day is with us—a renaissance of life spiritual, mental, and emotional. We pass to this new birth, now as ever, “through the grave and gate of death”. Ever the mandate sounds for those to whom the old order, with all its face-values and surface-meanings, has passed away: “Ye must be born again.”

The outer reign of terror will not cease until the response of creative, affirmative love and life outweighs the opposing balance of hatred and destruction. This is the word of to-day. The forces of Life and Death<sup>1</sup> are locked in a struggle so tremendous that a world at war but faintly mirrors a combat before which angels veil their faces. Death's triumphs are proclaimed through the trumpet of Time, Life's victories by the Voice of the Silence. The Vision of Eternity is not revealed to the eye of mortality. Yet a corner of the veil of the temple may be raised by the hand of reverence outstretched by seer, prophet, or poet.

They have seen. These words are an echo of their vision.

Will the people but hearken?

Lily Nightingale

<sup>1</sup> The mysterious forces represented through those words, an unsatisfactory medium.

## ON THEOSOPHICAL POETRY

By JAMES H. COUSINS

IN a former article I set side by side some extracts from the poetry of Spenser, Shelley and AE dealing with reincarnation, and showed in what respects they succeeded or failed as poetry in the presentation of a specific Theosophical teaching.

From these diverse presentations of a single subject, and the points which we have observed, we may now evolve some considerations to help us to arrive at a working hypothesis as to how Theosophy may serve the art of Poetry, and Poetry may serve Theosophy. First let it be clearly understood that all such considerations are acquitted beforehand of the crime of finality. “All theories,” as Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks in his *Discourses*, “which attempt to direct or to control (the) Art . . . which we form to ourselves upon a supposition of what ought in reason to be the end or means of Art, independent of the known first effect produced by objects on the imagination, must be false and delusive.” Poetry is creation: its laws, like the Laws of God, are integral in its own nature; they are not imposed. “Reason, without doubt,” as the same illustrious past member of the Brotherhood of Arts says, “must ultimately determine everything”; but the determination, be it observed, must be

ultimate; not initial, not tyrannical, but interpretative and malleable.

Now Poetry, while it is, in its deepest sense, an immediate expression of the spiritual nature, and therefore an eavesdropper to inner truth, is conditioned in its expression by the paraphernalia of imagery, thought and phraseology which the *persona* of the poet and his or her age present to the hidden creator. Thus in respect of the great fundamentals, life and death, the perceptive side of the poet's nature—which is the earliest to come into operation—is acted upon by the apparent newness of birth, and the apparent conclusiveness of death. Something *is* that was not: something *was* and is not. The singularity of the space between is familiarised every day; its evaluation is echoed in every brain; and, behold, Western Poetry with an occasional exception, such as Whitman or Francis Thompson, is one lamentation at the shortness of the supposed single life of the individual, and the length and thickness of the darkness before and after. Take out of literature all poetry that is not based on this assumption (including the solace that the inherent desire for life beyond death has fashioned for itself out of the supposed goodwill of an extraneous Deity) and little will remain to serve the pride of letters.

It is quite impossible to gain even a rough realisation of the revolution in western literary arts which would be brought about if the idea, say, of reincarnation could be given as full a place in thought as the current idea of a single life. The poetry of irrevocable parting, with its dim hope of reunion "in another and better world," would be transformed into an intelligent acceptance of a familiar event, or a triumph over limitation

and illusion. The sentimental value of failure would fall to zero: the lugubrious joy that poets squeeze out of sorrow would vanish. Not only so, but the finding of a clearer spiritual perspective would lead to amazing adjustments in the whole hinterland of thought and the social structure. Crime and its punishment, in view of the law of causation which lies behind reincarnation, would take on a real dignity far beyond the wig-and-gown importance of scheduled judgments from mouldy statutes. Marriage, with its background of ancient relationships, and its rhythm of movement by one ego from sex to sex, would be seen as something more worthy of divine beings than only the propagation of human forms; and Love would assume a beauty and significance that would lift it as far above its present day caricature as the true Nirvāṇa is above its little cockney physical vulgarisation in the song that so ignorantly bears that sacred name.

Apart, however, from this enlargement of mental and emotional scope, it is within the power of Theosophy to give to the Arts in general, and to Poetry in particular, a much-needed enrichment through the extension and intensification of the instruments of consciousness, and through opening a clear way into the super-realms of nature and humanity. The black cloud of ignorance, sometimes grandiloquently called agnosticism, is not the air to nourish the poet. He needs the uplift of the heel on a mountain-side; the call of blue distance across waters; he needs frayed edges, indeterminate outlines—all the symbols that open out from the little sharp circle of his separate life to the One Life that enspheres all. But, while leading outward, Theosophy also leads inward: teaches indeed

the great truth that the path to knowledge of the outer is only safely and surely trodden when eye and foot are bent resolutely towards one's own spiritual centre. Hence the inspirational centre will not reside in the universe of things, and produce derivative verse, but will operate from the illimitable source in the Poet's deeper consciousness, and produce authentic Poetry.

It is necessary to lay stress on this point, for the danger that will beset the necessarily gradual development of Theosophical thought will be a subtle drawing away from the inner light through an externalised enthusiasm for the new teachings. This is seen, indeed, in much verse that is being turned out now-a-days that makes no approach to the quaternary of characteristics referred to in a previous article—appearance, form, emotion, thought—but is simply rhymed statements of occult or metaphysical laws. I do not, of course, intend to convey the impression that poetry must be entirely free from "truth". Far from it. What is needed to be emphasised is that the sublimest truth is not Poetry. As William Watson puts it—and in his putting of it, beautifully escapes his own charge—

Forget not, brother singer, that though prose  
Can never be too truthful or too wise,  
Song is not truth, not wisdom, but the rose  
Upon truth's lips, the light in wisdom's eyes.

In other words Poetry must deal with thought as a vital process, not as a statement; as an act of creation, not as an answer to a sum. It is therefore necessary that the thought which must be the hidden basis of the poem should be vitalised by feeling, that is, expressed musically; but it must also possess the static

<sup>1</sup> January 1916.

qualities of sculpture and painting; that is, it must show symmetry and imagery.

It is because of some intuitive apprehension of this necessity that the poets have personified qualities, as Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*, and Tennyson—but in a subtler way—in *The Idylls of the King*. In this way they have given soul and body to abstractions which, as abstractions, would remain for ever beyond the reach of the art of Poetry. Shelley wrote a Hymn to an abstraction, Intellectual Beauty, but neither Intellect nor Beauty as such is named. A form of some kind had to be given to it, even if only a veil of rarest ether; and so he addresses the abstraction as the "awful shadow of some unseen Power," the "Spirit of Beauty," and the like, and gives to us one of the world's master utterances.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has somewhere referred to two lines by Robert Burns, I do not remember in what connection, but they have persistently recurred to me as an epitome of the four qualities of poetry. They are:

The white moon is setting behind the white wave,  
And time is setting with me, O.

They present a beautiful picture: they present it symmetrically—the white moon, the white wave: they voice the emotion of the passing of things: they are based on the thought of the parallelisms of natural and human life by virtue of their inherence in a deeper unity: but the very analysis of these qualities exemplifies the great gulf between direct statement and Poetry.

To take the more definite matter of giving voice to experience or conviction of a Theosophical

kind, it is hardly likely that anyone would claim as poetry such a couplet as

I believe in elementals,  
Wearing sandals, eating lentils;

yet it ought to be possible to use either of the three topics as matter for Poetry. If we cannot personify them, we are left with one alternative only—the acceptance of them as a fact in life. Shakespeare did not discuss psychic phenomena in *Hamlet*: he simply put the ghost on the stage. So, too, Yeats, an old Fellow of the Theosophical Society and a lifelong familiar of “supernatural” phenomena, does not say, “now I shall write a poem on elementals,” but in the most natural way lets his knowledge slip into his Poetry as a vital element, thus:

For the elemental beings go  
About my table to and fro.  
In flood and fire, in clay and wind  
They huddle from man’s pondering mind,  
But he who treads in austere ways  
May surely meet their ancient gaze:  
Man ever marches on with them  
After the red-rose-bordered hem.

There you have the whole doctrine of the elemental evolution proceeding *pari passu* with the human, and the condition of cognising the “invisible” worlds—not pondering in reason, but “living the life” whereby comes the knowing of the doctrine: but it is also pure Poetry.

Or take the thought of the interaction of the Absolute and the relative, with its dignifying commentary on human life and conduct when these are seen as the Divine sensorium in the world of manifestation—God’s eyes and ears and limbs, bound in the limitations of the relative, yet forever passing beyond themselves,

because of their Divinity, into prescience, inner hearing, and the overleaping of time and space in thought. Emerson tried to express this truth, and failed because he put it into psychological terminology:

For the prevision is allied  
Unto the thing so signified;  
Or say, the foresight that awaits  
Is the same Genius that creates.

Tagore tried to express it, and succeeded, though not with Shelleyan splendour, because he gave it a body, and an emotion:

What divine drink wouldst thou have, my God, from this overflowing cup of my life?

My Poet, is it thy desire to see thy creation through my eyes, or to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to thine own eternal harmony?

Thy world is weaving words in my mind, and thy joy is adding music unto them.

Thou givest thyself to me in love, and then feelest thine own entire sweetness in me.

These examples will, I think, suffice to indicate the manner in which the at first sight unrelated activities of Theosophy and Poetry may be brought into a mutually beneficent co-operation. It is, of course, impossible to create good Poets by rule, or, for that matter, to muzzle bad ones. One’s hope is that a growing love for Poetry and a growing knowledge of Theosophy will, in due time, find their co-ordination in the Art of Life—life based on a truly artistic conception, vivified by pure feeling, built on a symmetrical but free plan, and showing beauty and grace of exterior. From this basis may arise the great renaissance, in which Poetry, so long the slave of blindness and desire, will become the herald of the Spirit.

James H. Cousins

## THE QUEST FOR BEAUTY

By H. B. HYAMS

THE world does not believe that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," in spite of Keats. If that were true, much in our civilisation would disappear. Our literature would lose some, or perhaps all, of its fiction, and theatrical art would abolish its make-beliefs. In our houses we should find no imitation marble mantelpieces, no imitation half-timber work, no imitation wood graining, no imitation tapestry wall papers, no tile patterns in our linoleum, no paper imitations of stained glass, no gas asbestos fires imitating burning logs, no imitation marble columns, no imitation hammer marks to metal work, no imitation electric candle lights, and so on. In our dress there would be no imitation jewellery, furs, flowers, etc., and one with a turn for logic might ask, why not leave our clothes their natural colour, instead of dyeing them? Even our food now is not without imitations, for we have vegetarian "mutton chops and meat pies". Our conduct, too, would lose many of its shams: no man would struggle to pretend that his income is greater than it is, and no woman would make out her age to be less.

But even if the world believed that Truth is Beauty, we should still be faced with the problem: What is Truth? Truth is only relative: we each see,

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for a little while, only a little of Truth; what is beautiful and true to one man is not so to another. Take for example marriage and war, as seen by the romantic type of man. He has a vision of perpetual bliss with a domestic angel at home, and of flashing sabres, thundering guns, victorious cavalry charges and routed enemies in the field. Another man sees that that romantic imagination is bound to bring, in the words of G. B. Shaw, "disappointment, sourness, grievance, cynicism, and misanthropic resistance to any attempt to better a hopeless world". The wise man knows that the real use for imagination lies in that it is a means "of foreseeing and being prepared for realities as yet unexperienced, and of testing the possibility and desirability of serious Utopias". As G. B. Shaw continues:

The wise man does not expect his wife to be an angel, nor does he overlook the fact that war depends on the rousing of all the murderous blackguardism still latent in mankind: that every victory means a defeat: that fatigue, hunger, terror, and disease are the raw material which romances work up into military glory: and that soldiers for the most part go to war as children go to school, because they are afraid not to. They are afraid even to say they are afraid, as such candour is punishable by death in the military code.

To one man the "khaki" is an emblem of beautiful heroism; to another it is a butcher's suit dipped in human blood. Both of course are right from their own points of view, at that particular time of their own evolution.

However, to tolerant Theosophists, there seem to exist in the world two types of men, the patriot and the internationalist, and both are in quest of beauty in conduct. The patriot, life after life, fights for his country, sacrificing his life and much that is dear to him. Each time he advances another step towards Masterhood.

On the other hand, the internationalist makes war on all war: he refuses to be a soldier. Life after life, he suffers in the cause that he thinks is beautiful. He is called inconsistent because he pays taxes and because with physical strength he protects a child against a ruffian, but will not become a soldier. But he knows this inconsistency is the beginning of the end of war. When the majority become of this special form of inconsistency, there will be no war. Sometimes, when he has taken on a weak personality in an earth-life, to learn a certain lesson better, he gives way to public opinion, and becomes a soldier with the knowledge that he is doing wrong. In other earth-lives he fights better for what he thinks is beautiful. That is easy for him at the present time if he has private means, but if he happens to be on a small town council, and also be a small tradesman, it is almost impossible for him to stand alone against his town. It was much easier for him, in other earth-lives, to be shot as a deserter.

To-day the internationalists are becoming very numerous. They are becoming militant in the war against all "War". They are singing with Alfred Noyes:

Peace, when have we prayed for peace?  
Over us burns a star  
Bright, beautiful, red for strife.  
Yours are only the drum and the fife  
And the golden braid and the surface of life,  
Ours is the white-hot war.

It is the white-hot war because the internationalist is on the same side every incarnation. The patriot's is only "surface" war because he changes his nationality very often in his incarnations, and even his allies in a few years become his enemies. The war against war

is bound to conquer in the end; and even though it takes centuries to win, it is worth fighting for, living for, dying for. It is the only "holy war" that ever yet has been, for it is spiritual and is founded on the *will to love* and not on the *will to power*. It is waged by love, not by the sword.

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Perhaps a good rough working definition of Beauty would be—that which pleases our five ordinary senses and the moral and intellectual sense—seven in all.

We are conscious of certain sets of vibrations and we name these experiences the five senses. There is also the moral or astral sense and the intellectual or mental sense. Thus we have seven senses altogether. When we feel emotion we are using the astral sense, and when we understand a problem we are using the mental sense. When any of these vibrations playing upon us give us pleasure, we call that pleasure beauty. Thus we can experience seven kinds of beauty, for there is a moral beauty and an intellectual beauty, as well as a beauty of music and sights.

At present we cannot properly control the senses; we cannot hear or not hear when we wish. At present we cannot shut off our senses. Neither can we fully use more than one sense at a time. We often try to do this when watching and listening to a play; but it is probably an alternative using of the two senses. A man cannot smell the difference between two perfumes and match two colours at the same time. Many people like to shut their eyes when listening to music. When carried away with a great emotion on the battle-field, the soldier does not feel his wounds; neither can he reason. Even though our



body does things mechanically, yet any great emotion or intellectual effort will stop its habit. This is shown by the pipe of the smoker so often going out directly he begins to think. The reader of an exciting tale does not hear when he is spoken to. It seems then that it is very difficult to use fully these seven senses at the same time.

We do not use our senses enough. The eye can be trained as well as the ear. Some people can magnify far better with the eye than can be done with any instrument. Some people hear music when others hear, only a noise. The sense of touch has been developed in a most marvellous manner in Helen Keller. As for our moral and intellectual senses, we have only just started to use them.

By developing the will we can learn to control and to use our senses more fully.

It seems, then, that we do not use our senses enough. And it is only by using our senses that we can perceive Beauty. If we wish to perceive new beauties, we must use our senses more keenly and in newer ways. But Habit and Shame would prevent us doing this.

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The soul's evolution has often been likened to a path winding upwards with very many spirals round and round a mountain. Hundreds of times the path circles round the mountain side, and life after life the soul incarnates on it, each time going a step higher.

The soul started as a spiritual germ with no conscience or knowledge, but as it progresses upward it gains these by experience. New habits are acquired, lived through, and at last thrown away as useless and

worn out. Ideas of good and evil change; the ideal becomes a virtue, the virtue becomes a habit, and the habit in its turn becomes a vice or a superstition as the soul leaves it behind and travels upwards. On the mountain path of Evolution values are always changing, the moral atmosphere is not the same at the bottom as at the top; at every step upward it gets cleaner and brighter.

If a being could look at that mountain he would see us, a great cluster of souls, millions of us, all herded together on the path. The being would see that we are practically stationary, and he would probably wonder why we did not move faster, he might wonder what it was that kept us fixed in the one place.

There are two things that keep us at one spot, and those two things are: Habit and Shame.

We are all chained to one spot by Habit. Professor William James, in his famous essay on Habit, says:

It keeps the fisherman and the deck-hand at sea through the winter; it holds the miner in his darkness, and nails the countryman to his log cabin and his lonely farm through all the months of snow; it protects us from invasion by the natives of the desert and the frozen zone. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again. It keeps different social strata from mixing. Already at the age of twenty-five you see the professional mannerism settling down on the young commercial traveller, on the young doctor, on the young minister, on the young counsellor-at-law. You see the little lines of cleavage running through the character, the tricks of thought, the prejudices, the ways of the shop in a word, from which the man can by and by no more escape than his coat sleeve can suddenly fall into a new set of folds. On the whole it is best that he should not escape. It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again.

Thus habits are the chains that hold us to one spot, in one earth-life, on the path of Evolution; they

prevent us falling back, and they prevent us going forward. We get so used to these chains, that we think we cannot live without them. If by any chance we throw a few of them off and leave the beaten track of our companions, then we get an unpleasant sensation. When we leave the moral atmosphere in which this host of souls is living, we get this unpleasant sensation; we have entered the atmosphere of shame. We may escape our habits and walk either up or down; if we walk downwards, then we feel a hot wave of shame; if we travel upwards, then we feel an unpleasant sensation of a cold, cutting wind; we miss the warm atmosphere of public approbation. Every would-be pioneer has felt this unpleasant sensation, this atmosphere of shame. Sometimes he goes back to the spot where his companions are herded together. He becomes a "good" man, lives in comfort, never does anything wrong, anything different from his companions; he never does anything to feel ashamed about. Another pioneer, perhaps, does not go back; having thrown off his chains he stays in the atmosphere of shame and starts to climb the mountain side. He has left the warm atmosphere of public opinion, and the cold clean air blows on him. But after a little time he becomes acclimatised to the new position he has taken up and he no longer feels the unpleasant sensation, he does not feel the atmosphere of shame, he becomes a pioneer, he becomes impudent.

This is the lack of shame that John Tanner, in Bernard Shaw's play, preaches. He says, speaking of his set of would-be pioneers:

We live in an atmosphere of shame. We are ashamed of everything that is real about us; ashamed of ourselves, of our relatives, of our incomes, of our accents, of our opinions,

of our experience, just as we are ashamed of our naked skins. Good Lord, my dear Ramsden, we are ashamed to walk, ashamed to ride in an omnibus, ashamed to hire a hansom instead of keeping a carriage, ashamed of keeping one horse instead of two and a groom-gardener instead of a coachman and footman. The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is. . . . . Look at the effect I produce because my fairy godmother withheld from me this gift of shame. Cultivate a little impudence, Ramsden; and you will become quite a remarkable man.

We are on the mountain side, chained by our habits or scared by shame.

Beauty can be perceived by the seven senses and it can be defined as that which helps man forward on the path of evolution. Habit and Shame tend to keep him to one spot, while Beauty entices him upward.

Every spiritual germ at the beginning of its evolution had the desire for beauty, the will to live. Life after life, in the quest for beauty, it gained experiences from which developed capacities and conscience. But all these spiritual germs did not commence at the same time. They also did not all progress at the same rate. Hence, we are all at different stages in our path of evolution. It is said in Theosophical literature that there exist seven rays along which nature is evolving. If that is true, then we all differ, in addition to the above reasons, because we are on different rays: being so different one from another it is obvious that we cannot force a man to see a certain beauty or truth that may be quite visible to ourselves.

Beauty entices us onward, now wearing one dress, now another; she would not have us stay very long at one place. Change is one of her fundamental laws. The red sunset seems to us beautiful, because the sky is generally grey or blue. If the sky was always

ed, then we should think a blue sky at sunset especially beautiful. "A white sail flapping on a yellow sea," is a line of Tennyson that has been praised for its beauty by one who saw for the first time the sandy yellow sea on the east coast of England. But if the sea was habitually yellow, then the critic would have thought a blue sea especially beautiful. The same thing is true of a yellow cornfield or a red field of poppies: it is the startling variety that gives beauty, the contrast. How often do we bring home some object of art, admiring it. But for how long does it please us? For the first few days we admire it, but after a time we cease to think it so beautiful.

The quest for Beauty will not let us go downward on the path of Evolution. Unpleasant vibrations in sound, touch, sight, smell, taste, morals and reason are all signs of danger, warning us against a side path. We enjoy certain vibrations for a time, but we cannot remain long content with them. If we do not change this life, we must in the next earth-life.

Although Beauty often changes her dress, enticing forward, yet she will not allow us to look too far ahead. We have to take the next step; we cannot make a leap. If Beauty were to show us her robe of the year 2000, we should probably not appreciate it; it would seem to us ugly. The ape-man would probably have thought us strange freaks, if he could have caught a glimpse of us: and we should probably think the same things that exist in the future, if we could see them.

As the human spirit evolves it becomes more and more fettered by the material world, its quest for beauty comes more and more complex. The arts and sciences

of savages are few: those of the civilised man are many. Deeper and deeper the spiritual germ plunges into matter, until we attain such a period as that of fifty years ago, when Beauty showed herself in strange ideas and ideals in arts, manners and customs. We have now commenced to leave that complex age, with its militarism and its capitalism: having attained the depth of complexity, we now begin to rise, to simplify. We now hear the song of Tagore:

Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have seen that it is a part of our nature to seek Beauty. Everywhere in the wide world man keeps on seeking, and having found, he soon finds the Beauty of his ideals change, fade and die.

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon  
Turns ashes, or it prospers and anon,  
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,  
Lightens a little hour or two—is gone.

The Ideal is dead: long live the Ideal. We attain one: it dies; and after a little we see another far away in the distance. Life after life we do this, till in the end we despair of finding "The Beauty". Then perhaps we say with G. B. Shaw: "The quest for happiness and Beauty is folly: Beauty is a bye-product." We see that the quest of Beauty for our own happiness is bound to end in failure: we try to see the direction in which the world is evolving, and seeing that, we try to help. "That is not happiness, but it is greatness," says one of G. B. Shaw's characters.

It follows from the above that man must begin to simplify. First, because by simplifying his own physical needs a man finds that he has more to give,

that he can work better. Secondly, because he sees that the world is evolving in that direction. The great world-wide movement, Socialism, is an effort to organise the present chaotic capitalism: it is an effort to simplify life so that there will not be that terrible waste of commercial competition with its swarms of advertising parasites. The trusts are also helping the simplifying work, but they are doing it for the good of one or two: on the other hand Socialism will do it for the good of all. Every form of internationalism is an effort to simplify. Internationalism will give us what we need, from a simple help-language to some kind of international government, thus drawing us nearer to Beauty. Instead of seeking Beauty for oneself or one's country, one will seek it for the whole world. That is how Beauty appears to some of us. It is a Beauty of science and art and a Beauty of morals wider and deeper than that of patriotism.

There is another way of looking at the quest for Beauty, which is found in Sir Rabindranath Tagore's beautiful essay "The Realisation of Beauty". As we simplify we shall find it in his way more and more. He explains that the greater part of the world is to us in Beauty as if it were not. But even as science is always penetrating into regions formerly marked in its map as unexplored, so shall our sense of Beauty seek and find it in new regions. Because we do not see Beauty in a thing, it does not therefore follow that the Beauty is lacking: it may be our sense that is imperfect. He explains that at one time in our evolution our acquaintance with Beauty was in her dress of motley colours that affected us with their stripes and feathers.

But as our acquaintance with Beauty grew, we found it in a more subtle form, and now it has no need to excite us with loud noise; it has renounced violence, and appeals to our hearts "with the truth that it is meekness that inherits the earth". We now find Beauty more in the unassuming harmony of common objects, than in things startling in their singularity. We begin to see that it is our narrowness of perception that labels a thing ugly or beautiful. We begin to see things detached from our *self*-interest; we begin to realise that in time we shall see Beauty everywhere as the Mystics do.

I have just had a definition of Theosophy sent me. The sender, receiving it from a friend, thought it was a very poor one, and asked me to give a better. As I think it is the very best that could be found, our difference of opinion goes to prove how impossible it often is for one man to show another a certain truth. The definition in question is: Theosophy is the Art of *finding* Beauty in Everything.

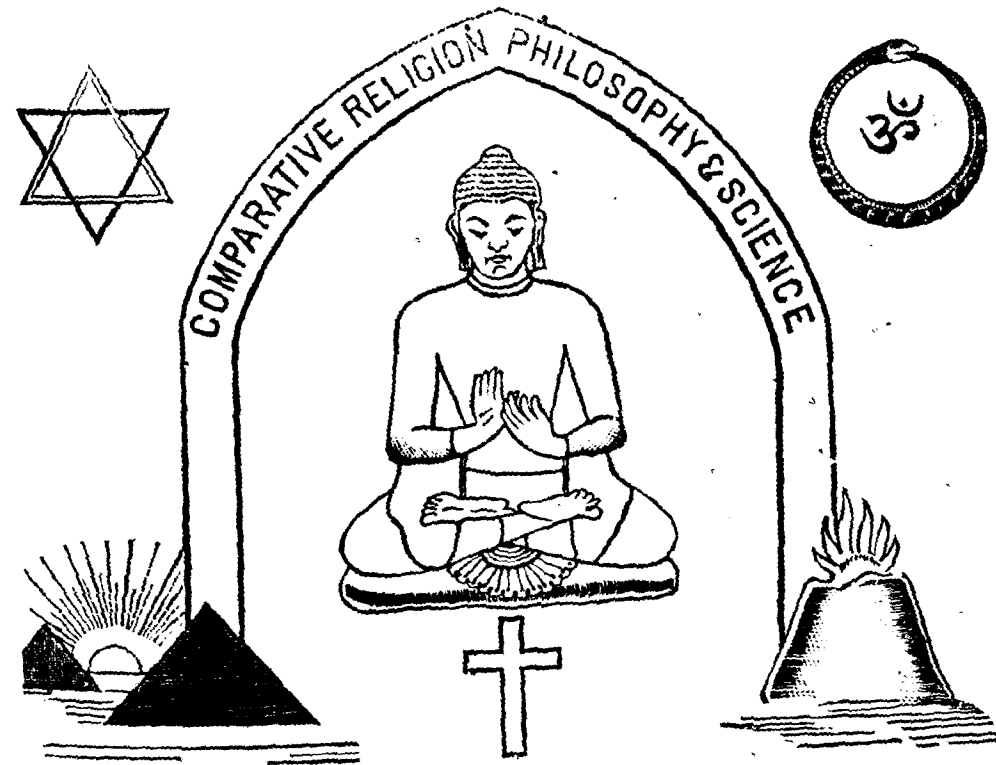
H. B. Hyams

TO H. P. B.

NOT in the old, familiar face and form,  
But in those eyes that incandescent burn  
With power ; and in that great, strong, passionate heart,  
Aflame with pity for the weak, astorm  
With indignation at a heartless wrong—  
Here, in this quenchless Soul, we most discern  
Genius half-hidden by mere magic art,  
Strength of a Spirit that is Titan-strong.

You hear alway, beloved Chief, the plaint  
Of ocean sprites ; the silver cymbals thin  
Of the Dhyānis, infinitely far ;  
The lesser Devas' veiled voices faint.  
Now feeble men add whispers to the hum :  
We, greatly daring, hope that we may win,  
This answer : " He whose symbol is the Star  
Sends One to you. Watch ! With Him I come ! "

FRITZ KUNZ



# THE METAPHYSIC AND PSYCHOLOGY OF THEOSOPHY

By BHAGAVĀN DĀS

(Continued from p. 62.)

## 8. THE PRINCIPLE OF CONSCIOUSNESS IN DIFFERENT ASPECTS

HERBERT SPENCER himself seems to have felt uncomfortable, and asked himself *how* all the richness of later development in religion could arise

from the primitive man's shadow, through ancestral ghost and gods, if the shadow was really all shadow, a pure falsehood. And he confesses (*Principles of Sociology*, Vol. III, p. 170) that there *must* be some element of truth in the primitive notions, and again, in the postscript to the last edition of his *First Principles*, he states that no views or theories of religion or metaphysic are either controverted or supported by his descriptions of facts, and that these views and theories have to be worked out for themselves by persons interested in such matters. He seems to have realised that if nothing can come out of nothing in affairs material, surely the same law should hold good in affairs psychical. The perception of the shadow and the conception of the ghost—are these, or are these not, the same? If not—*whence* the difference? The primitive notion of the ghost, and the systems of theology and religion of to-day are *not identical*; and if different, how has the difference been implanted? Professor Lombroso's investigations in spiritualism, and his conversion to a belief in the actual existence of ghosts, will explain. Having, as he thought, disproved the original Fiat, the (a) Primal Will and (b) Imagination and (c) Active Being or Substance of God, the evolutionist, even otherwise than by psychical research, has to accept all these again, no doubt with a more specific meaning, under the names of (a) persistence of survival or instinct of self-preservation, and (b) spontaneity of variation in (c) an endless activity of struggle for self-maintenance and other-resistance amidst an infinity of possible and actual forms and environments. God, who was invisible and far-away, has appeared all around us, amongst us.

### 8 (a). IN BIOLOGY

The evolutionary biologist set out with the determination to abolish the very words "vital force," and reduce into terms of the non-vital forces—as if they were any better understood and were less mysterious—all the manifestations that were ascribed by common ignorance and superstition to that mysterious "vital force". But after digging up whole mountains, he is still as far from discovering the particular mouse he wanted as ever before; though in the course of his labours he had incidentally made many other most valuable finds, like the sons of Æsop's peasant who, dying, told them to dig for hidden treasure in the ancestral field, and so ensured a deep and thorough upturning of the soil and a rich harvest. Verily the biologists' nucleus and protoplasm are the reflections of soul and body, Spirit and Matter, and the living cell's powers of reproduction and metabolism and contractile irritability are the same old discarded Will and wise Imagination and Active Being, in more specific form. God, who was distant, has come nearer, so near as to be immanent in every cell of the living temple. As the Vedāntin says, the mother, forgetting where she had put away her baby, went about distracted, crying for it all over the town; and ultimately returning home in despair, found it safely tucked away in her own bed.

### 8 (b). IN SOCIOLOGY

The growth, from the priest-king-patriarch, of the sociologists' ecclesiastico-professional, politico-military, and domestico-industrial, or, more briefly, the educative, regulative and sustentative factors of society, and the intellectual, militant, and artist-craftsman, or Brāhmaṇa, Kṣhattriya and Vaishya types of individuals—can be

accounted for satisfactorily only by the eternal presence in the Principle of Consciousness of the same constituent elements of Imagination, Active Self-assertion, and Willful Expansion by means of substantial possessions.

#### 8 (c). IN PHYSIOLOGY

So also, the physiologist's nervous, glandulo-vascular and muscular systems (with their repeated triple subdivisions), evolved out of centrosome-chromatin-protoplasm or endoderm-hypoderm-ectoderm, can be really explained only by reference to the same psychological triplet of Imagination, etc., better called Cognition, Desire and Action, ever present (in mutual solution and neutralisation) in that Absolute Consciousness which is made up of the Self, the Not-Self, and the Relation of Interplay between them of Denial of one another.

#### 8 (d). IN CHEMISTRY

The chemist, too, having resolved the world of matter into atoms, valencies and composition-properties, in order really to understand what these mean, must translate them into terms of consciousness; the same old desiring and desirable Self as substance, Its activity as affinity, and Its wisdom or imagination as special sense-property, and these together as being the underlying significance of the chemical triplet.

#### 8 (e). IN PHYSICS

So the physicist, having arrived with admirable industry at the general fact and conception of Force, manifesting in many forms with many material coefficients of these forms, finds that the thing Force is wholly unintelligible. He gives it different names, he calls it energy, power, resistance, push, pull, negative,

positive, defines it in terms of weight and work and distance and measure and number—but cannot really bring it home to himself, until he sees it as Will, his own will, his own desire, with its branchings in negative passion and positive action, and its many transformations (Imaginations) in our psychical and physiological functionings, with the help of the various Substances, material coefficients, physical bases, vehicles, organs, receivers, foci, diffusers, which make up the living body we know so well yet so little.

#### 8 (f). IN MATHEMATICS

Even the mathematician, that wielder of the most exact of sciences, must ultimately take refuge in the "airy nothings" of metaphysic, which, being airy, are, as the breath, far more incessantly necessary to our life than solids or liquids. Who ever saw the geometrician's point that had a position but no magnitude, or the line that was all length but no breadth, or the sphere whose centre was really and truly equidistant from all points of the periphery? These are all purely metaphysical conceptions. The only such point that we know and feel and realise is our self-consciousness, our Ego, which is here and now and yet cannot be measured, the only such line is our memory-expectation, that stretches continuously before and after, the only such sphere is our field of consciousness, our Kṣhetra, our rounded-out being, wherein everything and all experiences exist always, and each point of which is neither more nor less distant than any other from that central Self which is the Kṣhetrajña, the owner and the knower of that field, who moves over it from point to point, at will, in the shape of attention. The geometrician's definitions stand for Will, his axioms for Knowledge, his postulates for Action; and

out of these three the whole of his science is built. Even the arithmetician's "one," his "many," his "zero,"—are all entirely unfixable in the concrete, for none ever saw a "one" that had not many parts, and none ever held a "zero" in his hands. These are all fixable only as metaphysical conceptions, corresponding to the same Triad of consciousness, the one Subject, the manifold Object, and the relation of Negation between them, *viz.*, the unconsciousness of sleep, in which the manifold merges into Nothing.

Thus do we see that all paths of enquiry, if only resolutely pursued, bring us to the selfsame goal—that metaphysical conceptions form the very foundations of every science, and that when the house of matter is ready, the Spirit unfailingly comes in to occupy it.

But another illustration, an historical one, of this fact is that when material science had made sufficient progress, there was an influx of spiritualism in the lower sense of ghost-phenomena as well as the higher sense of spiritual philosophy, Theosophy and metaphysic. The same facts of the life of matter out of which Herbert Spencer built up his system of synthetic philosophy, with many gaps that require filling, and many generalisations that are one-sided and require revision, and with the *why* of everything unexplained—these same facts are evolved by Madame H. P. Blavatsky in her works, written during the same epoch as Spencer's, from spiritual data, the basic principles of the Supreme Consciousness, in a manner which supplements to our satisfaction the results of the evolutionists, fills up their gaps, revises and rectifies their generalisations, explains anomalies,

and helps us on towards the reason *why* for all this toil and turmoil.

#### 9. THE SCIENCE OF THIS PRINCIPLE OF CONSCIOUSNESS OR THE ABSOLUTE

For as there is a Science of the Relative, so is there a Science of the Absolute, the so-called Unknowable, the Principle of Consciousness. This latter science is discernible as ramifying through, and indeed constituting, the very science-ness and rationality in the former. It is metaphysic subjectively and mathematics objectively. The element of uniform law and order, and balancing up, and cyclic periodicity, in the midst of unruly multitudinousness, is the subject matter of this science. In continually equilibrating up the Relative within Itself, the Absolute manifests as the Omnipotent Will which upholds as well as circumscribes Omniscient Imagination and Omnipresent Action, while It Itself finds possibility of manifestation only through them, in turn. This Universal Consciousness imposes by Force, by Might, by Energy, by Eternal Shakti, the law of unity, of uniformity, of the Axioms, upon the riot and disorder of the infinite material of the Definitions and the endless movement of the Postulates; and, in the first proposition of Euclid, creates, by the intersection of the two circles of Puruṣha and Prakṛti, the equilateral and equiangular Jiva, with three equally important functions of mind and three equally indispensable components of body. It imposes, by the wisdom of the Rule of Three, the law of just ratio and proportion on the ir-ratio-nal multiplications and divisions of the countless numbers of the world-process.



# 10. THE LINK BETWEEN THE SCIENCES OF THE RELATIVE AND THE ABSOLUTE

To bridge over the gap between the modern evolution theory and the old Brahma-vidyā and Ātma-vidyā, or metaphysic and psychology, we have to consult the History of the World-Process, as given in the *Purāṇas* and in Madame Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine*, for corrections and additions to such modern collections of facts as are contained in Spencer's monumental writings. These corrections and additions may be briefly noted as below :

(a) While Spencer recognises and mentions the fact of Dissolution, as the complementary reaction of Evolution, he does not bring out its full significance. It was pointed out by others, in his lifetime, that his statement of the instability of the homogeneous required to be supplemented by a statement of the instability of the heterogeneous. He replied that he had made the needed statement in the form that the heterogeneous tended to become more heterogeneous. But this only means that the element of *homogeneity still left* in the product after a course of heterogenition, breaks up further. It is not that complement and converse or opposite which is wanted, *viz.*, that as the homogeneous tends to become the heterogeneous, so, *per contra*, the heterogeneous tends to become homogeneous. These are *opposing* currents in the stream of the World-process, because it is made up of the *opposite* Factors of Spirit and Matter. This fact, of dust back unto dust, through living body, Spencer has not clearly brought out. He seems to have stopped at the half-truth—of dust to living body, and did not fully realise the other half—living body to dust again—in all its fullness, as applying to all

“systems” of planets and suns and stars, as well as “organisms” of microscopic bacilli. Theosophical literature has endeavoured to supply this lack, taking wide views of astrogeny and geogeny, which Spencer could not deal with, either in their physical or their super-physical aspects.

(b) The second fact which the *Purāṇas* and *The Secret Doctrine* supply is that of Reproduction on all scales. The three main events in the life of every organism are birth, marriage and death. The evolutionists have dealt with birth and growth principally; not with decay and death to the same extent, as said above; nor with marriage and reproduction as fully, though these constitute the third outstanding feature of life. The tendency to multiply by reproducing themselves is as inherent in all beings as to be born and to die. Even as a tree is born from a tree, an animal from an animal, a man from a man, even so is a god born from a god, a kingdom from a kingdom, a race from a race, an idea from an idea, an epoch from an epoch, a cycle from a cycle, an æon from an æon, a planet from a planet, a sun from a sun, a star-system from a star-system, an atom from an atom, a cell from a cell, a sound from a sound, a visible picture from a visible form, and so on endlessly. Infinity surges everywhere.

By the recognition of these two further facts, in their full significance, the work of the evolutionists is completed, so far as description is concerned, and the course of the world-process is seen to run in an endless cyclical spiral.

(c) The last addition which ancient metaphysic endeavours to make to modern evolutionary science, in

terms suited to current needs, is the addition of the Why and Wherefore, the Purpose and Meaning of evolution, reproduction and dissolution, the inner explanation and reason of the appearance which we call the world-process. It explains why (and also, in a re-arranged form, how) all this endless and ceaseless change and motion appears within Eternal Changelessness and Rest; and makes the bewildering multitude of physical and super-physical details intelligible as a synthetic and perfectly co-ordinate unity, wherein there is an appropriate place for every department of science, and every variety of religion, and all possible beliefs and ideas. It tells us of the passionless Absolute which is the Source of the Psychic Energy without the belief in which no religion can exist, and which is also the locus of that Material Substance without the belief in which science is impossible. It also shows us that belief in personal gods of higher and higher grades is in perfect consistency with, nay, required by, strict science. It helps us to realise that this Absolute is that very Principle of Consciousness with which all individual consciousnesses are identical. It brings home to us the fact that every atom contains the whole world at the same time that it is contained in that world; that everything is everywhere and always, because it is all of the very substance of consciousness, in eternal simultaneity, while manifestation is in and by succession—as the biologist has also discovered when he says that the primeval biophore contains all forms of all species that develop subsequently in the course of ages. Finally, it enables us to reconcile all possible differences by a judicious combination of both the opposite extremes that may be in seemingly hopeless

conflict, by means of the great fact that the two ultimate archetypes of opposites, Self and not-Self, are present in eternal and inseparable combination in that selfsame Principle of Consciousness.

#### 11. UNIVERSAL CONSCIOUSNESS AND ITS TWO ASPECTS, PHYSICAL AND PSYCHICAL

This Principle of Consciousness, Universal Consciousness, pervades all, supports and maintains all, makes possible mutual understanding and sympathy and help between living individuals and, indeed all recognition by them of each other as *individual consciousnesses*, which would otherwise be wholly impossible; wills the perpetual to-and-fro swing of life and death, integration and dissolution, inspiration and expiration, under laws which are parts of Its Being, Its Nature, Its Sva-bhāva; imagines the endless forms which illustrate that swing in atom and star-system; makes and breaks souls and bodies, jīvas and koshas, cores and crusts; is ever present in, and always, and in a see-saw fashion, assimilating and also differentiating both subjects and objects, knowers and known, desirers and desired; leaving nothing inanimate, but only permitting illusive appearances of more animate and less so. It is the Principle which bridges the chasm between the psychical and the physical, for it holds together both in Its hands, imagines and creates both by Its will. Because It identifies Itself with a form and a colour by Its own will and imagination, therefore It becomes an eye which can see forms and colours; because It identifies itself with a sound, It becomes an ear and can hear sounds. There is no chasm between vibrations and sensation, between physical and psychical, *because both*

*are present at both ends of the nerve.* The vibrations are the vibrations of a *living* substance, the sensation is a sensation in substantialised or materialised Spirit. Because the Self has identified Itself, by Its will and imagination, with a material body, and not only with one but with all, in its universal aspect; therefore living bodies, pieces of matter in which the psychical aspect is more "prominent, can cognise other bodies in which the material aspect is more prominent. Only by regarding all forms as en-soul-ed and all souls as in-form-ed, though in some the one aspect and in others the other is predominant, may we fill up this chasm.

#### 12. INDIVIDUAL CONSCIOUSNESS AS PRODUCT OF COGNITION AND ACTION RUNNING IN AND OUT OF EACH OTHER

Even as the electric spark is the result of the two kinds of electricity, positive and negative, running into each other after separation; even so life, individualised life, is the running into each other of the forces or aspects belonging to the two halves of the principle of Consciousness, Brahman, the two poles named Spirit and Matter, Self and not-Self. The force belonging to the negative pole, or not-Self, may be said to correspond with *kāma-prāṇa*, the lower personal passion and its allied selfish intelligence; the other with *Buddhi*, the higher and impersonal passion or compassion and unselfish reason. The running together of the two makes the light of manifest life, or mentality. Thus we have the Self, or *Ātmā*, and *Buddhi*, or compassionate wisdom and higher or self-sacrificing desire, on the one hand; and the Not-Self, or Body and *Prāṇa*, or passionate vitality and lower or selfish desire on the

other; and between them the *Manas*. And even as the longer-circuited and the more complexly twisted the incandescent wire, the richer the light; even so the more complex the organisation of the material sheath and the more numerous its concatenated *hormogones* and mutually stimulating secretions and excretions, the richer the manifestation, in individual intelligence, of the Principle of Consciousness.

Thus then, we may see that it is this Principle which brings about the superimposition—*adhyāsa*—of each other's qualities illusively, on subject and object, and so, bridging over the gulf of opposition between them by the very act of creating them both from within Itself, brings them into relation with each other, and maintains the perpetual motion of this infinite world-process. It pervades all; within It all live and move and have their being; It cannot be upheld by anything else than Itself.

But we have to remember that it is not the individual consciousness that has this supreme power of sustaining and regulating the world-process. The dissatisfaction felt with such otherwise excellent expositions of Idealism as that of Berkeley (though that was not Berkeley's intention) is due to this impression left by them that the individual consciousness is the all in all. It is the Universal Consciousness, or if we like it better, the Universal Principle of Consciousness—for it covers all those manifestations also which are popularly called even unconsciousness, or subconsciousness or supra-consciousness, etc.—which is that sustainer of the Universe, and which includes all individual consciousnesses as identical with Itself, as so many infinite points, foci, of Its manifestation.

### 13. THE NEXT STEP FOR MODERN PSYCHOLOGY AND THE SCIENCE OF THINKING

Modern psychology has discovered that no mental phenomenon stands by itself wholly unconnected with others. There is not even a single sensation which can be called a simple state of consciousness. Every such apparently single and simple sensation is also only a point, a factor, an element in and of the total complex consciousness of the moment, of any given individual; its supposed singleness is only an *appearance*, i.e., an illusion, a *māyā*, due to that individual directing his attention to it, so making it *the most prominent* feature of that complex consciousness for the time. So also has modern psychology discovered, or is discovering, that thought and emotion and volition can never be completely dissociated. Each sensation is connected with a desire, each desire with an impulse, a tendency to action. There is no emotion but has a more or less distinct background of ideas; no idea but is tinged, however slightly, with an emotion; neither of these, again, but is directly or indirectly associated with a conation, however incipient. Modern psychology is thus discovering the fact of the continuum of the individual consciousness.

But it has to make a further advance. Even as a single sensation is only an inseparable and organic part of a total of individual consciousness, even so is every so-called total of individual consciousness an organic and inseparable part of the Universal Consciousness. Even as nature, the object-world, is inter-linked in all its parts, even more so is the subject-world a breakless unity. The chain of causation stretches unbroken, *akhaṇḍa*, from end to end of

time; all things are acting and reacting on all other things simultaneously in boundless space; the whole contains the parts in actual and specific detail, each part contains the whole in general potency; the tree contains the seeds, each seed the tree; all sensations are being sensed, all desires felt, all acts done, everywhere, always, by the All. But at any one point, only one sensation, or one desire, or one act is more prominently attended to by that point of consciousness. Further, when any such *jīva-focus*, having, in accordance with the cyclic laws of its own particular being, imposed on it by that Universal Being with which it is identical, come to its finest point of personality and egoism, begins to disperse towards Impersonality, this knowledge of its own unbroken continuity with all else arises within it.

### 14. ITS COMPLETION AND CONVERSION INTO ADVAITA METAPHYSIC

When modern psychology discovers this, it will become converted into metaphysic, *Advaita Vedānta*, the "non-dualistic or monistic crown of knowledge," which sees that there is only One Consciousness without a second, of which all apparently and illusively separate ones are so many points of manifestation. This is how *Nyāya* and *Vaiśeṣika*, corresponding, roughly, with psychology and physics, merge into *Yoga* and *Sāṅkhya*, superphysics and psycho-physics; and these into the two *Mīmāṃsās*, the Unity of Action and the Unity of Thought.

An Indian apologue tells of a band of passengers who set out on a long, difficult and dangerous journey, wandered off from each other, on different errands, and

met again after long years. Then to make sure that all was well, they counted each other. But every counter counted all his companions but not himself, and so none could obtain full tale. And there was much perplexity and sorrow, till some one remembered, and counting himself also, corrected the oversight, the primal error of Avidyā, "forgetfulness of Self," and secured full and assured tale of eternal deathlessness for all. By no counting of details *outside*, no heaping up of endless particulars of physical or superphysical worlds, may *that assurance* be gained. Much interesting and instructive work, no doubt, and valuable lessons and experiences, and excellent and indeed indispensable occupation, may be gained. But until man sees himself, his Self, *the Self*, the count is incomplete, the final secret hidden, the *why* unknown, the bondage and the slavery to things and forces outside unbroken, the oneness of all life and all nature unrealised, that perfect same-sightedness unachieved which sees the same Life-Principle manifesting everywhere, the same law of the rhythmic swing of life and death, joy and sorrow, good and evil, evolution and dissolution, working ceaselessly in all creatures, from insect to Star-ruler, the Law which carries eternal assurance of all experiences and equal justice to all souls.

Metaphysic is thus the necessary completion and unification of all sciences physical and superphysical. It explains the essential laws of all the manifestations of the Universal Principle of Consciousness, in infinite individual lives of combined spirit and matter, of whatever grade of subtlety or density. It enables us to understand the *why*, as the sciences tell us the *how*.

### 15. PRACTICAL CONSEQUENCES

But what is the practical bearing, the pragmatic consequence, as it is called now, of this particular understanding? Just this. The mere *descriptions*, available in modern works, of the evolution of worlds, kingdoms, living beings, the human race, its complex societies and institutions, no more dispense with the study of this Science of the Self than a description of edibles dispenses with the actual eating of them to maintain life. Science, it is universally acknowledged, is useless if we cannot make it subserve life. The knowledge of evolution is useless unless we know also its purpose. Only when we know the purpose can we definitely and deliberately tread our proper path in life, can we make the forces and materials available help on that purpose. This knowledge of the *why*, of the Svabhāva of Brahman, which includes and regulates the ends of the pursuant and then the renunciant life, is the true spiritual knowledge, Parā-Vidyā; all else, however glorious and far-reaching in detail, is material knowledge, Aparā-Vidyā.

Bhagavān Dās

(To be continued)

## SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE THEORIES OF SPACE AND TIME

By ABDUL MAJID

SPACE and Time, the two fetishes of metaphysics, have almost since the dawn of philosophy engaged the attention of some of the greatest thinkers of the world, with no visible signs of arriving at a definite conclusion. The problem—what are they?—though manifestly ontological in essence, is, however, so closely bound up with the epistemological inquiry—how do we know them?—that the four answers hitherto returned to it by the metaphysicians fairly correspond to as many types of the well known epistemological schools of Realism, Empiricism, Rationalism and Idealism. Briefly they are:

1. that Space and Time are objective realities;  
(Newton)
2. that they are abstractions from experience;  
(Locke)
3. that they are the relations of co-existent and successive events; (Wolff & Leibnitz)
4. that they are *a priori* forms of sensibility.  
(Kant)

It may not be altogether futile or void of interest to look afresh at these, though very briefly.

1. The first of the above theories need not detain us long. It is so repugnant to the ordinary views of mankind that it has hardly ever gained more than a few adherents, and is extremely unlikely to command the assent, or even the attention, of anybody at the present day. The difficulties, however, which this hypothesis was framed to meet, were by no means unreal or insignificant in their day; and if we are lightly passing over this doctrine, it is certainly not intended to minimise or underrate them. At present it stands out only as one more instance of the fact that the speculative needs and tendencies of one age become completely transformed, and are rendered incomprehensible to another.

2. We proceed therefore to consider other theories. To say, with Locke, that Space is an abstraction from experience, is to say that it is an empirical generalisation arrived at by experience of various objects. And this is only possible when these different objects are distinguished by their different sensible properties but agree in the one property that they are all spatial—that they are all outside of one another. Now this doctrine means that first we become cognisant of objects and then abstract this property of spatiality from them. But what is an “object” if not merely a unity of objectified sensations? How, then, can it exist for a conscious subject except on the condition that it is represented as in Space? Thus it is evident that without the capacity on the part of the subject of ordering sensations as out from himself and out from other objects there can be no perception of objects at all; and thus the idea of Space, so far from being abstracted from perception, is seen to be its pre-supposition. And to

conclude, therefore, that the idea of Space is derived from perception, while perception itself is impossible without postulating it, is a glaring example of begging the question.

The direct testimony of consciousness is again fatal to the theory. The plain dictum of common sense is that we cannot conceive any event whatever unless we conceive it as existing *somewhere*, and this means that the idea of space precedes every other idea.

That these remarks hold equally good in the case of Time goes without saying. For it is manifestly meaningless to say that we are conscious of certain things existing either simultaneously or successively—the only two possible modes of existence in our consciousness—unless we have already possessed the idea of Time. Thus Space and Time being the pre-suppositions of all perceptions cannot be held to be abstractions from them.

3. The doctrine maintaining Space and Time as the relations of co-existent and successive phenomena is likewise found untenable. Over and above the foregoing criticism, which is equally crushing to the present doctrine, it is very well criticised by Kant, who points out that Space and Time are essentially individual objects, and thus are not relative to several other objects. When thinking of Space we always think of it as an individual space. And if in ordinary language we talk of different spaces, we simply mean that they are *in* it, *not subsumed under it*. There are no such things as specifically different spaces; the idea of the so-called parts of Space does not precede the idea of Space as its constituents, but they are thought of as in the one all-embracing Space. This necessary consciousness of

Space, and of course, of Time as well, as a unity, proves that it is a perception, and not a conception, as the latter always involves certain abstract attributes found in many individuals. Hence, as perceptions, Space and Time cannot properly be called the relations—relation being merely a variety of the conception—of things.

4. The last theory, with which the name of Kant is so pre-eminently associated, is in certain respects by far the most convincing. His argument supporting his thesis is twofold:

First, that Space and Time, unlike the common properties of objects which are derived conceptions and are framed by the mind after it has come to know of things, are according to the direct testimony of consciousness, originally given by it; for the consciousness of every external object or event is already a spatial or temporal consciousness respectively.

Secondly—that they are *a priori* because they are the indispensable conditions of all the varied materials presented to us. We can never divest any piece of experience from the forms of Space and Time. We can conceive Space without bodies and Time without events, but we cannot succeed by any effort of will in conceiving bodies and events without Space and Time.

G. H. Lewes has, in his own inimitable way, summarised Kant's fundamental propositions in the following words:

Our sensibility, although passive, has its laws or conditions; and, to discover these conditions, we must separate in our sensations that which is diverse and multiple from that which remains invariably the same. The objects are numerous and various; the subject remains invariable. Kant calls the multiple and diverse element by the name of material; the invariable element by the name of form. If,

therefore, we would discover the primary conditions of our sensibility, we must discover the invariable elements in all sensations.

There are two invariable elements: Space and Time. They are the forms of our sensibility. Space is the form of our sensibility, as external, Time the form, both as internal and external.

Analyse sensations of external things as you will, you can never divest them of the form of space. You cannot conceive bodies without space; but you can conceive space without bodies. If all matter were annihilated, you must still conceive space to exist. Space, therefore, is the indispensable condition of sensation; the form of our external sensibility. It is not given in the materials of sensation; since you may conceive the objects annihilated, but cannot conceive the annihilation of space. Not being given in the material, it must therefore constitute the form.

Similar reasoning proves that time is also the form of our sensibility, considered both as internal and external. We cannot conceive things as existing, except as existing in time; but we can conceive Time as existing, though all things were annihilated. Things subjected to our sensibility are subjected to it in succession; that is the form of our sensibility.

Such, then, are the two indispensable conditions of all sensation—the two forms with which we invest all the varied materials presented to us. It is evident that these two ideas of space and time cannot have been given in the materials, consequently are not deducible from experience; ergo, they are *a priori*, or as Kant calls them, pure intuitions.

Kant's position is impregnable in so far as it demonstrates the unknowableness of the nature of Space and Time. But when it attempts to tell us something of the real and ultimate nature of them, and endeavours to solve the metaphysical mystery—what are they?—it appears to us that his efforts have been singularly unsuccessful.

In the first place we question his psychology. He says that Time without events is conceivable, but not events without Time. But is it so? Does our introspection bear out the truth of this statement? Can we be conscious of mere time? Answer in the affirmative

is hardly possible; we are always conscious of *some* time, either elapsing between two events or including under it some events—that is, always in reference to some quality or another. To be conscious of Time as divorced from events is no less impossible than to be conscious of events as divorced from Time. The one is quite as inconceivable as the other. Similarly impossible it is to imagine an absolutely objectless space. Any space, in order to be conceivable, must be either between two objects or include within it some object or objects. Let the reader try for himself the experiment of shutting his eyes and picturing to the mind some absolutely empty space; he is sure to have, when visualising, before his mind's eye, some colour—generally black or dull grey.

The testimony of consciousness may in yet another sense be seen to be hostile to Kant's thesis. The basic principle of his theory is that our consciousness of Space and Time is irrepressible, hence they are the subjective conditions, a part of the Ego. But curiously enough he has overlooked the fact that the same immediate consciousness, which we cannot rid ourselves of, testifies not merely to the existence of Space and Time but also to their external existence—that they exist quite independently of us—which is to say that they have objective existence. And there is no more justification for accepting one portion of the immediate testimony of consciousness than for rejecting another portion of the same.

Finally there has been a well reasoned criticism of the present theory by Herbert Spencer, who says that Space and Time, from the very fact that they are forms of intuition, cannot be intuited, as it is impossible for

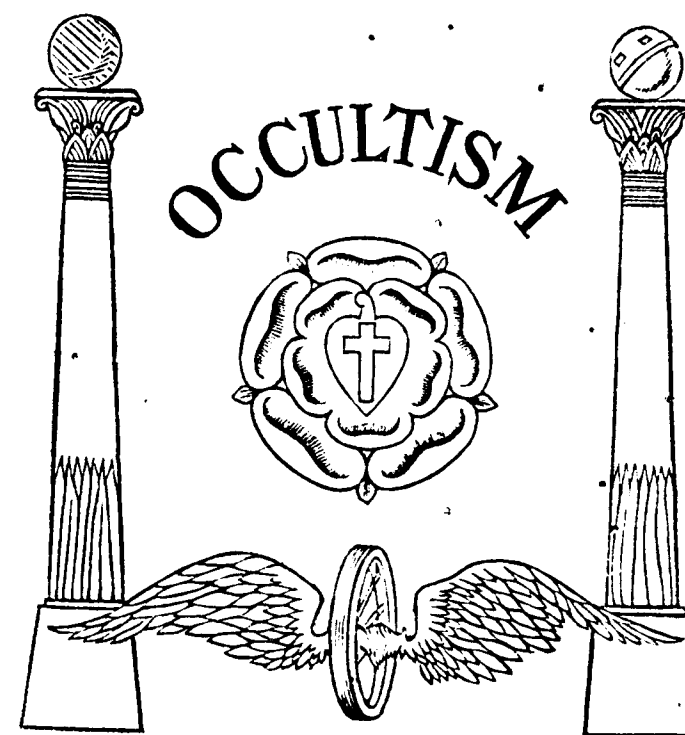


anything to be at once the form and matter of intuition. But Kant, while overtly designating Space and Time as the forms of thought, covertly allows them to be also the matter of thought by asserting that it is impossible to suppress the consciousness of them. How, then, can the objects of consciousness at the same time be the conditions of consciousness? If Space and Time are the conditions under which we think, then, when we think of Space and Time themselves, our thought must be unconditioned. But to admit the unconditionality of thought is fatal to the very central position of the Critical philosophy, since with it vanishes the distinction between phenomena and noumena.

Although Spencer's criticism of Kant's thesis is not itself immune from serious objections, the weakness of Kant's position has been amply shown in the above paragraphs; and one need not be a detractor of Kant in holding his efforts, like those of his predecessors and successors, in the way of solving the ultimate mysteries of nature, to be hopelessly futile. Human nature being what it is, the note of wisdom seems to be struck, not by Kant, but by the less illustrious Herbert Spencer, whose following words, used in a private letter, may fittingly conclude this brief survey of a problem that has defied the greatest intellects of all ages and countries:

The hope that, continually groping, though in the dark, we may eventually discover the clue, is one I can scarcely entertain, for the reason that human intelligence appears to me incapable of framing any conception of the required kind. It seems to me that our best course is to submit to the limitations imposed by the nature of our minds, and to live as contentedly as we may in ignorance of that which lies behind things as we know them.

Abdul Majid



## OCCULTISM AND WAR

By ANNIE BESANT

*(Based on a Lecture lately given in India)*

*(Concluded from p. 80)*

**I**N the Divine Mind, we have, of course, the working out into thought-forms, to be embodied in the emanating worlds, the fundamental truth of the Unity of Life, spoken of above (p. 76), in which "there is

nothing, moving nor unmoving, that can exist bereft of me". Hence, in the expression of that Divine Mind in Nature there must be forms which embody that which we call evil, as well as forms which embody that which we call good. If all Life is One, if we must see the Self in all things and all things in the Self, if we must see the Self in all equally dwelling, then the Self must be in the wicked as well as in the good, in the criminal as well as in the saint. The Self is not in man alone, but in animal, in vegetable, in mineral. In the finest grain of dust on the earth, the Self is present, else that dust could not exist. In the highest Lord of the Universe the same Self is present, else He, in His unimaginable splendour, would be but the airy fabric of a dream and melt away, leaving "not a wrack behind". Enveloping all, interpenetrating all, dwelling in all, transcending all, containing all that has been, all that is, all that shall be, all that can be, the One, the Life Eternal, the only underived, the only Self-existent, "there is nothing at all but I". That is the ancient-teaching. That is the only teaching which is wholly, utterly, satisfying. Here, no man may lead his brother into realisation. It is not understood by questionings; it may not be grasped from subtlest teachings; these can carry us no further than: "Thus have I heard," "Thus say the Wise." Hence is it written that from THAT all thought and speech fall back. In the solitude of silence, in the depth of meditation, when thought lies dead, and life is indrawn to its centre, then in that centre, which is "darkness by excess of light," light which blinds into darkness the eye that gazes at it but which illumines all to him who enters into it and is one with it, there, and there alone,

is Self-realisation. THAT cannot be known, for knowledge implies a Knower and a Known. The Self-realiser does not say: "I know." He softly breathes: "I am."

Hence that which we call Evil in our limited struggling lives is working to one end with that which we call good. The old purāṇic allegory is true, in which is pictured Mount Meru snake-encircled, turning round and churning the ocean, with Suras—Angels—turning it round by pulling at the head of the serpent, and Asuras—Devils—turning it round by pulling at the tail thereof. In opposite directions they pull, if we look at the points of the compass on the circumference, but their pullings combine in turning the Mount Meru churn, as we see from the axis, and out of the churned ocean arise the antetypes of objects, health-giving and poisoning, and "the great God," Shiva, the Bliss Eternal, drinks the venom, and all is blended in Himself.

It is a true picture of the supreme truth that the forces which we call good are the forces which stimulate evolution towards the triumph of the Spirit, spiritualising Matter; and the forces which we call evil are the forces which retard evolution and tend to delay that triumph by materialising Spirit, giving the resistance without which no motion can be, and imposing by that very resistance regularity, rhythm, upon motion, without which motion would be headlong and chaotic, in truth, evoking motion from inertia and compelling it to become rhythmical (evoking rajas from tāmas and compelling it to become sātṭvic).

Let us look carefully at the working of evolution, the Will of God guiding the course of Nature towards a foreseen, a predetermined end.

In the early days of our earth's evolution, the outward-flowing life drew round it aggregations of matter, shaping the earth's materials, and building up finally proto-elements and elements. In these the life was the cohesive and directive force, arranging the particles of matter, attracting and repelling, showing this fundamental pair of opposites, attraction and repulsion, by which the building of forms, the integration, equilibrium, and disintegration, the endless changes and transmutations, ever proceed. Life was hidden beneath the matter it attracted round it, and was recognisable only by the movements it stimulated in matter. It may be said to be submerged in matter, and the submergence was the first step towards the spiritualisation of that which submerged it. All the hidden potencies and characteristics of matter must be brought out, must be developed in every possible way, and for this the life remained hidden ever, every force latent in matter being stimulated by its presence; in return, the resistance of the enshrouding matter forced the life to put forth effort, and so, in turn, brought out, evolved its powers. Life is stirred to resistance by the pressure of matter upon it, by the sense of opposition; you may push matter, and if you are strong enough to overcome its inertia, it moves in the direction in which you push it; but if you push an animal, in which consciousness, life, is present, it pushes back; if you pull it, it pulls against you; life ever shows self-determination and resents coercion.

Now the very quality of resistance, inertia, in matter develops thus the putting forth of the power of life. Action and re-action work perpetually, and resistance is a powerful, a necessary, factor in evolution.

Is then resistance, which is of the very essence of matter, to be regarded as "evil"? It is obvious that the word "evil" is here wholly out of place, and conveys no rational meaning. The resistance of matter is seen as a condition of progress, essential to the unfolding of the powers of the life. The inertia of matter by its opposition brought out the activity of the life, and this activity, working in the fire-type of matter came forth as Intelligence, which in its highest form is Intellect and in its lower form is Mind.

The varied powers of Mind, again, were evolved by coming into clash with the inertia of matter, by overcoming it, by shaping matter to predetermined ends. And presently, as the animal which, by continual strife with its fellows and by strife also with the non-animal environment, evolved into the animal man, and from the animal man into the savage, constant struggle developed his powers. Was this strife evil? It can hardly be said to be so, since it was essential to evolution, and while life unfolded powers out of latency so did matter evolve into greater plasticity, into finer complications, into more delicate adjustments, becoming ever a more obedient servant of the indwelling life.

As we thus study the workings of the Divine Mind in Nature, we see that, so far, no sense of what we now call good and evil, right and wrong, had yet been developed; the life-impulses work outwards and matter moves under their action, life seeking ever fuller expansion and expression, matter serving ever more effectively as its vehicle. Not till memory is evolved and reasoning, not till evolving man begins to look before and after, can any knowledge of "good" and

"evil" be achieved, and none can guess how long any such knowledge would have taken in evolving, had human evolution on our earth gone on unaided from without, had no Elder Brothers guided the younger, and so quickened the understanding of cause and effect out of which the sense of right and wrong gradually grew. The discovery that he was living in a world of law, of settled order, that concord with law meant success and happiness and discord with law meant failure and pain, was anticipated by "revelation," i.e., by the teachings of the Elder Brothers. Never can a reasoning being, living in a world of law, believe that to be "right" which invariably results in lasting pain and loss and inner sense of discord. He learns by experience to distinguish between brief and lasting pleasure, between physical and mental satisfaction, between temporary and permanent happiness. The endurance of physical pain to achieve mental delight is, after much experience, recognised as wise and good. Physical pain, like all pain, is seen as *per se* an evil; but as a means of attaining mental or moral satisfaction it is accepted willingly, even joyfully, and so evolves the martyr, the patriot, the hero, in whom the flesh is the willing servant of the spirit. There comes at length a time when the spirit desires more rapid progress, and, regarding as evil all that delays him, he stigmatises all as evil which is an obstacle in his way. Enjoyments which once subserved evolution now retard it, and earlier good becomes present evil. While he is evolving the powers of the mind, all that draws life outwards adds to his experience and is his "good". As intellect develops, the outward-drawing objects—

objects of desire—interrupt and hinder, thus becoming "evil". Physical loves, which once stimulated evolution, often now hinder it, and loves are discriminated from each other, and higher forms of love are evolved and the lower become evil, as now retarding the onward evolution. As life, which had differentiated to develop powers, begins to synthesise and so to co-ordinate the powers evolved, that which was good becomes evil, and the spirit recognises as degrading that which had once been uplifting. And so we reach the generalisation: that while the life works outwards in all directions, satisfying its divinely implanted thirst for knowledge of the outer world, there is nothing that can be called wrong or evil; that when life has evolved mind, and a consciousness of cause and effect is reached, then a discrimination of results ensues and a choice of the relative value of activities arises, and the power of directing those activities is felt; then, and only then, the allowing them to run outwards to seize a transient pleasure that is followed by a weakening of the onward-pressing life is marked as "wrong," and "morality" is evolved. Morality is the establishment of harmonious relations between man and his environment, i.e., is accord with law; the persistent working towards this accord is right conduct, and the swerving from it is wrong conduct, or "sin".

In studying evolution, the work of the Divine Mind in Nature, War, the apotheosis of physical pain, comes to be recognised as a swift means to a desirable end, as evolving admirable qualities of courage, endurance, self-sacrifice, generosity, comradeship, discipline, obedience to a leader, devotion to a man,

and then to an ideal. With these moral qualities are also evolved physical strength, alertness, vigour, health, robustness, a body obedient to the will, resistant and capable of strenuous exertion. Evolution having for its aim the triumph of spirit over matter, War is seen as a quickener of that triumph, until a stage is reached when the good evolved by it can be evolved at a lesser cost of pain, and until the animal love of ease, comfort and sloth is normally transcended and has no longer power to corrupt and ruin the average human being. So far, the great civilisations have been corrupted by these vices, and have decayed by them into putridity. The outer compulsion has been needed to prevent man from sinking back into ignoble and luxurious indolence, and hence War has remained as a necessary factor in human evolution. Western civilisation was beginning to slide downwards, luxury and sloth leading to sensuality, sensuality into bestiality, as witness the criminal statistics of Germany, and the vile outrages accompanying the early German successes. The sufferings, hardships, miseries of these terrible years will restore cleanliness to manhood. The prevalence of venereal diseases shows that western civilisation was swiftly descending the slope which leads to racial destruction. The War has saved western Nations from being stifled in that quagmire, and nothing else could have saved them. Until at least the foremost races have evolved to the point from which they can no longer sink back into vilest impurity, so long will War be necessary to restore manliness to man.

The War has revealed the quarrelling classes in western civilisation to each other, has made them recognise each other's value, has made comrades of

duke and miner. The sullen underground war of classes and trade interests, with its meannesses, its cheatings, its trickeries, its graspings, its oppressions, has been slain by the physical War, less hideous and demoralising than its predecessor. We have seen the misery that is the result of trade competition, of the struggle for world-markets, of the lust of power. It may be that the Nations will now realise that between Nations as between individuals, justice must rule instead of strength, and law instead of force.

And we may, in the midst of the present pain, take comfort in the facts of human history, which show us that out of wars good has come to both the contending parties. Though a war, at the time, be a horrible thing, although the fields strewn with corpses, with wounded and mutilated men, be a sight of horror to any feeling human heart, still we can see in history that war passes and the results of the war remain, and that the results are good and not evil, and have worked for evolution and not against it. Many times has India been invaded. Alexander and his Greeks invaded the north and they rolled back again; but they left traces of their art behind them, and Indian art became more beautiful, because the Greeks had touched it. Mussalmāns came, conquered and settled down, but can any one say that they did not bring with them a stimulus to India? Look at the buildings of northern India, and you will see that India has gained from the invasions of the Mussalmāns; they brought with them virile qualities, valuable in the growth of a Nation, and although there have been many wars in the past between Hindūs and Mussalmāns, they are growing now into a single Nation. And the name of India to-day is higher than the

name of either separately, and they are becoming the right and left hands of the Motherland, to work for the common cause, to aim at the common goal. Take England herself, and look over her history, and see how many have come and gone within her narrow borders. Romans came and left the roads that remain to the present day; for the great roads in England are still the Roman roads, the roads made by those ancient invaders. The Saxons came, they brought fire and sword, and they brought also with them the system of village communities—panchayats you would call them—and their sturdy life; and they built up the village life in England, and laid broad and strong the foundations of English liberty and of the English House of Commons. The Danes came, and they brought with them knowledge of sea-craft, knowledge of navigation, and they gave the sailor element to the growing Nation. Then the Normans came and conquered all the rest and gave protection, with oppression, to trade and commerce, so that the middle class grew up. Then north and south fought against each other, killed each other, murdered each other, until they became a United Kingdom; and thus you have a mixed Nation of many Nations, and they have all grown into Britons. The past fights, the past struggles, the wars, and the invasions of England have all built up a mighty Nation, where the qualities of all have blended into a harmonious whole. Just as the chemist mixes various things together to make a compound, so God, by war, by invasion, by revolution, blends many men of different types into a single People, all the richer for the blending. Wars leave something behind them. Every great struggle has ultimate good as the outcome, and so we

grow to understand that God is in the War as well as in the Peace, and that in these varied ways He evolves man towards human perfection. This old Hindû teaching is the modern Theosophic teaching, based on the Ancient Wisdom, common to all the eastern faiths.

Brotherhood is the key-note of the Theosophical Society. Brotherhood is the key-note of the coming Civilisation. Co-operation will take the place of competition, arbitration the place of war, friendliness between Nations the place of alienation, suspicion and distrust. We are in the midst of a great transition period, when the old is dying, when the new is being born. As the birth-throes of the mother end when the child is born, so shall the birth-throes of the Nations cease when the new civilisation comes to the birth. Then once more the highest worlds will mingle with the lower, triumphant religion will teach man solidarity, and the Nations shall learn War no more.

Annie Besant

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## THE PRIVILEGE OF ILL-HEALTH

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

**“YES,** *thank God, I have been quite ill.*” Does this sound strange? But why should it? It expresses a wonderful truth, if we but understand.

For God expects from each a harvest from the seeds He gives to each life after life. We sow, and we reap; yet are we only harvesters, not the owners of the harvest. There is only one Owner, God Himself; into His hands we commit our harvest; and for the new sowing, He selects from that portion of our store of the harvest some seeds of grief and some seeds of joy. And so we return into life, and are born again.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a prince,  
For gentle worthiness and merit won;  
Who ruled a king may wander earth in rags,  
For things done and undone.

We come to our rôle in life primarily neither to be happy nor miserable, but to make God's work easier. Our happiness is from Him, as we do His work. It is He who guides to a little child at play the happiness the little one finds in the game; it is equally He who guides the pain to him who has earned that pain. How can He plan happiness, and yet as His gift send pain?

From each of us He wants a contribution, for the building of His great Edifice. From the man to whom He gives health, He requires activity of the physical body, movement from this place to that; from the one to whom He sends ill-health, He requires activity of the finer bodies, by patience, long-suffering and resignation. Both kinds of toil—the outer of the man in robust health, and the inner of the ailing—He requires. For the former brings bricks for the Edifice; but the latter brings the mortar that welds all the bricks into one unshakable mass. To the Master Builder both bricks and mortar are indispensable, and there is before Him neither first nor last as between the offerings given to His hands.

How often, when in ill-health, have we not said: “I am no good for anything now; the Great Work is left unfinished; I am only a burden myself now, and no longer a burden-bearer.” And that is true, if we cannot bring our contribution to the great Edifice. But if we understand, we shall see that while we suffer on beds of pain, we yet may be mighty workers.

What more virile than the active virtues of a king:

the king—becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

Will not a king with this high ideal fail again and again? But suppose then in his kingdom there is a man or woman in ill-health, who is resigned, long-suffering, and patient; then to that king there comes from an inner source courage to go forward, and a gleam irradiating his darkness. Once again he will run yet another lap in the great race; but his flagging strength

was made whole by the strength of patience of a "useless" man or woman on a bed of pain. Look at the men in the trenches to-day; do they not require a limitless patience, a courage when the body fears, and a trust when all is dark? Who sends them what they need, but their fathers and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, men and women far away from the battle-fields, who hope, and hope ever on, for the welfare of their beloveds? And among those that help the fighters in every battle of God—now the fighter of civic sloth and corruption, now the fighter for the grace of manhood and womanhood for all, and now the fighter against superstition and darkness—foremost of helpers can such men and women become who, suffering ill-health, do not cry and complain, but are patient and understanding.

It is a wonderful purification that physical pain can give us, if we will but accept that purification. Even the vilest man scarce removed from the brute shows something white and pure when he lies in a hospital on a bed of pain. I have not been in a hospital ward as a patient, but I have been in many a ward watching, sensing, trying to understand. And this I know—that ghastly as it often is to the eyes, and pitiful always to the brain and heart, yet it is a mighty purification to be in a hospital ward even as a visitor; for those ideals one longs for in one's own battle—strength to persevere, patience to endure, trust in a health of heart once again—those ideals, not less, flash on all sides, now from the face on this bed, and now from the face on that other. As a mighty Atonement takes place when the consecrated priest transmutes Bread and Wine into the Body and Blood of a Saviour, so too, not less, another

mighty mystery is enacted in the operating rooms and in the wards of our hostels for the sick and the maimed; the priests and priestesses of the new ritual are in vestments too, white and immaculate; they too wash hands and use spotless napery. For where even one alone is working to relieve suffering there God is with him; for who may heal, but He who dealt the wound?

There are in our visible world men and women of the Red Cross going forth into the battle-fields to heal and to restore men's physical bodies. But surely there must also be on inner planes a White Cross brigade, of men and women who bear on their foreheads a cross of silver fire, who heal men's *soul bodies*? And if men and women may be consecrated with that Cross, is it not a privilege to accept the karma of ill-health joyfully as God's gift, and to join that band of White Cross healers?

If we but understood! For to suffer is to be purified to use power, and the keener the pain the greater will be the power to use. For we must all become Flame Children, to give a flaming quality to all that our hands shall touch wherever we be. So shall all things make one Flame rising up to God. One soul comes to his heritage of Flaming through uttermost renouncement, annihilating self in all its transformations; another by offering up a Love that sees no Beloved neither in heaven nor in earth. And some there are who become Flame Children by pain.

So, in deepest verity, "Yes, thank God, I have been quite ill."

C. Jinarājadāsa



## INVISIBLE HELP

By P. RAJ KRISHNA GURTU

NEARLY all Theosophists who have read a fair amount of Theosophical literature must have read the book *Invisible Helpers*, in which concrete examples are given of "invisible help" rendered.

Two very startling cases of such invisible help came recently within my notice, so I have written them down for the perusal of my brother Theosophists. The first case occurred some months ago, at Lashkar, the capital town of the Gwalior State. My sister was sitting in a lower room in her house. As the ceiling of the room above it was leaking (the house being an old one), it was under repair and some fresh lime and concrete was being laid over it. Unable to bear the weight of this lime and concrete, the ceiling of the top room gave way, and fell heavily on to the floor. The sudden fall of so much material from above caused the floor also to give way, and the materials of both roof and flooring, consisting of a mass of lime, bricks, stone rafters and slabs, fell with a tremendous crash on to the ground floor. The artisans who were working on the roof were guided, all unknown to themselves, on to that portion of the roof which did not fall, and thus one and all escaped unhurt. But a miracle of invisible help occurred on the ground floor. My little

niece, a few months old, was sleeping in a cot in this ground floor room at the very spot where the whole debris fell from above, completely covering the floor to a depth of some three or four feet. My sister, who was also sitting in this very room, in the portion of it where the roof did not fall, suddenly saw the calamity, and with a frenzied shriek leapt to the spot where her little one was buried beneath the debris. All unmindful and unconscious of the imminent danger from the still tottering portion of the roof, she concentrated her whole energy in trying to remove the debris from above the body of her child. Her shrieks and lamentations drew to the scene of the accident her husband and sons, all of whom with the aid of coolies began to dig the child out from under that appalling mass of broken building materials, but all hope of saving her life was given up.

After about fifteen to twenty minutes the child was taken out—and lo! wonder of wonders, she was all safe and sound, with only a few scratches on her foot, and a little lime and dirt inside her mouth and nose. To all appearance there was absolutely no possibility of her escaping alive, and yet not a bone was broken, whereas under all ordinary circumstances her injuries would have been terrible. What is this, if not a case of effectual invisible help from above?

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The second case occurred here at Sheopur, only a week ago. Dr. G. V. Oak, F.T.S., is an assistant surgeon at the Free Hospital and dispensary in the town. Being a brother Theosophist and a personal acquaintance, I often stay with him. It was on the 22nd of this month, when I was staying with him, that he

came rushing into the hospital at noon from the house of a Mr. Pathak (a friend of his who, together with his son and daughter, were under the treatment of Dr. Oak), and began to consult his *materia medica* and to collect sundry bottles of medicine from the dispensary shelves. He was in a feverish haste, and with every nerve under intense strain. I somehow gathered from him that he was taking all these medicines to the house of Mr. Pathak, in order to administer them as antidotes to Mr. Pathak's four or five year old boy, who had been given strong carbolic acid (in spite of the label "Poison" on the bottle) by a careless mistake of his father. Dr. Oak told me that some ten minims, or even less, of this poison are sufficient to kill anybody within ten minutes, while in this case nearly half an hour must have elapsed before the antidotes could reach the patient, who had swallowed more than a dram of the poison, instead of the proper medicine—the cough mixture. The doctor went there post-haste with the medicines, and I engaged myself in supplications to the Lord of all, to work the miracle of saving this child, even in the face of our misgivings.

The child was saved, and is now quite well. What else is this but a case of invisible help from the throne of the Lord of Love and Compassion, may whose glorious Presence purify this sorely tried earth of all its sorrows, sins and sufferings.

P. Raj Krishna Gurtu, F.T.S.

## THE MISANTHROPE

By ALICE R. WINTER

AS the clock struck eight Leon Bettismund seated himself at the breakfast table, sorting out one from a neat pile of letters, and impatiently pushing aside *The Financial News*.

"No trace of her to be found," he muttered. "What can have come of them? Perhaps her husband is dead and she's gone. . . . Where?"

Glancing a moment later at the newspaper he once more threw it aside with disgust. "The wretched things have gone up again, which means more surplus funds to be invested; and for whom, or in what?—I'm sure I don't know. Money, money, is there a place on this earth's face where I could go and live for a whole month without seeing the exchange of a coin, I wonder?"

As the day waned he found himself walking up the main street of a small provincial town. Just where the last row of sordid-looking shops opened out on to a country lane stood a small empty cottage. Pushing aside the gate he entered the garden and seating himself on a rude tree trunk, gave himself up to a retrospection of the past twenty years; for real life had begun for him the day he had met her, who, at that period held a better position financially than he did. But he set himself to

work hard and live close; meeting always only the barest dues from himself to others; thrusting home, with all the force of which he was capable, his own demands from others to himself, and never failing to extract the uttermost farthing.

It was the way of the world, the method by which the strong resolute man raised himself above his struggling but weaker neighbours; and he meant, in a short space, to occupy a position equal with her.

Incredibly sooner than even he expected, it came to pass. He laughed triumphantly as he sought her—to learn, alas, that she had married her music master, and her world knew her no more.

From that time he became known the world over as a City Magnate; a man of power in the money world, one who was feared far more than he was loved. But occasionally from among his important documents he would single out a letter from her, and at still rarer periods she would meet him, and he would spend an hour with her in town.

Later, and not so many years back, having business which took him past her habitation, he sent her a telegram saying he would call. Melody met him, introduced him to her husband, the music teacher, then gave him tea. On leaving her he wondered if he had successfully concealed the shock caused him by the sight of her poverty.

"Some property has come into my hands down this way, through the death of a relative, and a house full of furniture, which I fear I shall have to store, since I have no use for it," he had told her.

"Supposing you send it to me and let me keep it for you until you require it," Melody had replied,

half in joke, yet with a pathetic glance at her own only partially filled rooms, "it would be less expensive in the long run for you."

In his arrangement of matters he had grimly considered her proposal, but had vetoed it. Why should he contribute to her comfort, and that of the music teacher? No, she must have known what he had wanted, how he had struggled so that no sacrifice on her part would be necessary; and if she preferred the music teacher—well! she must take the consequences. He should not lend her the furniture now that she had nothing to give him back except friendship.

People did not give something for nothing, that is, men of the world did not, at least. So he paid sixteen pounds per year to have the furniture stored, until, in the course of time, the accumulated cost began to amaze him, and he saw that strictly from a business point of view he had better have adopted Melody's suggestion and sent it to her; more especially as he might never require it, for in spite of his wealth, nobody seemed to care very much for him, or seek his company.

He decided he would offer Melody the loan of the furniture, and thus had come about the discovery of her disappearance. His surmise concerning the death of her husband he found to be correct, and a contemplation of her loneliness and poverty brought to his mind a vivid realisation of his own solitude and his wealth. The curious impulse that led him to arrange to inhabit her lately vacated cottage, so that he might to some extent experience the life she had lived, he was somewhat ashamed of; nevertheless, he felt a queer delight in the undertaking. And here, away from the theatres and restaurants, as he spent the days

placidly in her rooms and about the garden, it was not difficult to imagine her spirit near him, guiding him to a truer knowledge of life and its meanings. But as his consciousness of a change of outlook grew stronger, and he began to cast about him for some means of expression of his new feeling towards humanity, a terrible difficulty faced him. To whom could he do good—whom might he be permitted to help? His few remaining relatives were all well provided for, and Melody, the one above all others capable of advising and assisting him in this new phase of feeling, and the one to whom he also now yearned to show kindness, had gone out of his life.

In the matter of making advantageous exchanges on his own side, and the enforcing of payments of hard cash from others, he was a past master, but in this new attitude of giving—this indeed was a lesson of which he had never learned even the A B C. Many ways suggested themselves, one after the other, only to be rejected, until, his housekeeper being ill, he stole out one dark evening to purchase the next day's food. Observing with what care the petty shopkeeper, with whom he dealt, watched for the turn of the scale, he indulged in a sardonic smile, albeit recognising in him the identical spirit that in past days had made himself search the papers so eagerly for the eighth, sixteenth, or thirty-second part of a rise in stock.

With an ever-accumulating interest he studied the minute but multitudinous sordidnesses that abounded in this small town, the dairyman fearing lest the measure of his milk should be over-full, the grocer sifting out his wares as though the safety of his life depended on his barter of no single grain over and

above the just weight, the fruiterer topping his show baskets with all the finest fruit, and serving the unwary buyer with inferior quality. Surely it was a selfish world; but why was it this little unimportant town that was teaching him what he had never learned in the metropolis? There he had been too busy getting the better of others, but here—where also he had made the astounding discovery that Melody had contributed towards the subsistence of her home by giving six-penny music lessons—the very pettiness of this terrible gnawing greed seemed to eat into his very bones.

Then one day, while the fruiterer was so carefully portioning out his purchases, he placed a gold coin on the counter, and hastily grabbing at his parcels, "never mind the change," muttered he shyly, as he hurried away, not, however, before he had caught the half crafty, incredulous look, followed by a wonderful wave of joy, that swept over the man's features.

From that time forward it became an adopted plan by which he brought release from anxiety, and a smile of happiness, to the faces of his neighbours which soon began to reflect itself in his own countenance. In the course of time he found he had earned the happiest nickname man might possess. If doubts existed as to his identity, he was referred to as the one who always said: "Never mind the change."

One evening while repairs were being executed to his motor bicycle, having been necessitated by a journey in the surrounding district, he entered the picture hall of a very much smaller town than the one he now called his own. Here, having settled himself in his twopenny seat amongst the farm hands and foundrymen who made up the assembly, he was

prepared to enter with all the zest of his companions into the "thrilling drama" about to be exhibited, when the soft but penetrating tones of a violin caught his ear. Conscious, yet as though in a dream, he vaguely watched the pictures, hearing the laughs, hisses, and groans of the audience until the playing of the National Anthem became the final signal for departure. The last to leave the hall, he waited beside its gates till she, for whom all his life long he had seemed to wait, appeared.

"Melody?"

She let him tuck her hand in his arm till they reached another cottage smaller than her former one. Here, he found, she lived alone with her books, her music, and a miniature garden full of old-fashioned flowers. He had been used to tell himself he had tasted deeply of life, but was anything of all his past experiences comparable in ecstasy to this of his present feeling, as day after day he cycled over to see her, and to wait for her while she played Bach and Chopin four hours a day to her enthusiastic, if ignorant, audiences—for sixteen shillings per week?

What so greatly added to his happiness was that Melody, while accepting him as an old friend whose companionship she was delighted to renew, evidently recognised in him that curious change that so close a proximity with the drudges of the earth had seemed to bring about, and every day to accentuate; for always a sympathetic smile lit up her countenance, as in their daily journeyings she would catch the murmur of what had become to him quite a familiar formula with those with whom he dealt, and even she avowed her intention of considering the advisability of adopting it as his general cognomen.

"What are my duties to-day, Madam?" asked he playfully, as he left his motor bicycle, fitted with a new side-car for Melody's benefit, at the gate.

"You can either dig the potatoes or pick the apples off the tree, I shall require both for dinner," laughed she.

Ten minutes later a basket of vegetables and fruit stood at Melody's door.

"I was tidying up my own garden at five o'clock this morning," said Bettismund, "when a motor-car filled with ladies passed down the road. 'Look,' cried one, 'that must be a simple life crank.'"

"Did you feel flattered?" enquired Melody. "It is rather extraordinary, I suppose, when one comes to think of it, to see a man trying to make himself a trifle less helpless than his kind," taunted she roguishly, "so much so that it becomes noticeable; not so with a woman, however; too many of us know what it means to work. But one's struggles can be overcome with a bit of pluck," she added more seriously. "Even though fiddle strings have gone up in price since the War, I can still pay my rent, buy my clothes, grow my food, and put in the savings bank the sum of one whole shilling per week out of my sixteen; and, as we both know, many thousands of lonely women have to manage on less than that to-day."

His heart gave a great thump as her words brought home afresh to him the years of bitter, biting poverty she had cheerfully faced. Once he had thought her a fool, who would assuredly awaken to a realisation of her mad folly, but now all things were taking on another aspect before his eyes. After all, had she not been true to the best within herself? If she had sacrificed, had it not ennobled her? To-day was she not

independent, free—free of convention, of the baser desires which bind and enslave?—free, not only to live her own life, but even to spare some part of it for the helping of others?

Again his mind flew back to the carping pettinesses that actually made and filled up the lives of the struggling poor about them. Here, where he lived, were no refinements to shade off the grasping calculations of one against another. Out they came, crude and bare; revolting in their nakedness. Every one ticketing up his own wares as the most perfect, and belittling his neighbours' as much as the law would allow him. All this and more, a quiet country town had taught Bettismund; he wondered where Melody had learned of the realities of life? Probably among her own set, while he had been busy making money with the intention of becoming one of them. Anyway, both had tasted of wealth, and had found that it did not necessarily bring happiness—a thing every one sought in a million different ways, and so few, alas, found.

He glanced at Melody and concluded she was one of the favoured few. During their motor ride the problem still occupied his thoughts. Where was the road to happiness? Everybody wished to find it and it was a legitimate enough desire; why, then, did it elude so many? Were there lessons to learn in its seeking? Would it be found in the gratification, or the suppression, of what were termed natural cravings? These, and many other questions of a like nature, filled his mind throughout the day and night, and though no solution of them seemed to suggest itself, yet as he cycled over to Melody's cottage on the following day, he thought he was certainly on the way to finding one in Melody

herself. Surely she understood more of these things than he did, and if she would become his life's teacher, his constant companion, his wife? . . . . Yes, she would fill the want that, in his lonely hours, so persistently tore at his heart. Formerly he had been denied her because he was not fit to have her; there were things he had had to learn; he saw that now, and hoped he had grown, and had thus come nearer to her.

The bicycle sped along the road at its fastest rate; would Melody be at the gate to welcome him? How had he borne to see her daily, and not realised it must end like this? Good heavens! Had he ever known what it was to want a thing in all his life as he wanted her now? Her thoughts, desires, her outlook on life; all suited so entirely that he could not endure another hour away from her. This of course was the way to happiness. He had learned the necessary lessons, and now Heaven itself was going to be kind to him. Melody would soothe him; her voice, as her soul, was music; one had but to look at her finger tips to see the artist embodied within her.

Thrusting aside the gate, he waited a moment at the door's threshold, listening to the thrilling notes of the one instrument which spoke to him as did no other in all the world; then he tip-toed towards a small room, the door of which he had never before found open. Here he stood as if transfixed, while the music poured itself out in floods that tore at his very heart strings. Not two feet away from him was Melody, playing on a violin he now saw was sacred to that room. In front of her hung a portrait of the music master, and below that stood a small table bearing his violin case, and a

vase of flowers. His chair, music-stand, a pile of his favourite concertos, all were noted with a gradual but terrible sinking of the heart of the silent watcher. Would she ever leave off, he wondered, as he still stood glued to the spot, his lips and throat too dry to articulate a groan. At last she did, and he knew he would never forget the sight of her tender handling of the instrument as she laid it in its case. Still he stood, though she must soon see him, and would certainly resent his spying; but no, instead of coming towards the door she threw herself in the musician's chair, and leaning her arms on the table, buried her head in them. He tiptoed nearer, and was about to touch her when, through her sobs, her voice gasped: "It cannot be so long, now, before I meet you again."

Somehow he reached the garden, and when half an hour later Melody stood at the gate, he managed to look as though he had just arrived.

"You... look quite unusually pale, have you had an accident or something?" asked she concernedly.

"Not a bit if it, but *you* don't look particularly rosy," he replied gaily. "Supposing we go for a spin before dinner?"

"And I thought to marry her; her—with her heart in heaven," he thought to himself, as they raced along the country roads and his glance scanned her almost transparent features. The journey left time only for a short meal before her duties began. As was now his habit, he walked with her to the picture hall; when they reached the door, Melody turned, and pushing her key in his hand said: "I've forgotten my resin, you'll find it on the mantelpiece, will you please fetch it for me?"

Having secured it, he ventured to open the door and once more enter the scene which, a few hours back, had so materially changed his whole life.

"God, it's too cruel," he muttered brokenly, "but if it is to be, I suppose an end will come to the pain some day—as she said this morning."

Locking the door, he again went out into the night, and thinking only of her, and that he must never even tell her of his loss, he did not hear the approaching car that brought—for a spell at least—the end.

When they picked him up from under the wheels, and the doctor had made him understand the seriousness of the accident, he only smiled, leaving a last message for Melody which the physician could make nothing of.

"He said," explained the doctor later: "'Tell Melody I have left everything to her, and tell her I said: Never mind the change.'"

Melody gave a comprehending nod.

"But I do not understand such a remark," persisted the medical man.

"It's this way," began Melody, attempting to gratify his curiosity, "there is a time in all our lives when we want the best of a bargain; then, later, as we learn better, we are willing that the other side should have the advantage."

The doctor nodded, but still waited.

"He was a very rich man," Melody continued, "whose early custom was always to take; but one day, wearying of wealth, and watching the sordid cupidity of others, he took the first deliberate step towards the helping of the weaker by making a payment which far exceeded the value of the trifles he purchased. And

that action grew into a habit, until in any transaction it became second nature to him to accept the least advantageous side of a bargain."

"That's clear enough so far, but what I do not understand is how such a message should apply to *you*"; and like a schoolboy he repeated the phrase again; then, as the light was turned full on and for the first time he gazed into Melody's face, a comprehending smile broke over his rugged features. "Of course, it's plain enough if I were not such a dullard," he muttered. "Poor fellow," he sighed, examining once more the still form before him: "Tell Melody everything is for her, and—never mind the change."

Alice R. Winter

## IN WAR TIME

By JOCELYN UNDERHILL

IT is strange that the War, which is playing such havoc in so many lives, is being made the means of bringing about events, that otherwise offered well-nigh insuperable difficulties, in the lives of others. Yet it is so, the Great Ones who are working from behind the Veil are using the very conditions of the greatest and most terrible of all wars to bring about some measure of equilibrium in other directions. It is the calm and passionless Wisdom of those Great Ones which sweetly and wisely ordereth all things; which adds to the stability of the world and helps us to make for individual righteousness. So in these present days, when the coming of the four corners of the world together in arms has necessitated the gathering of large bodies of men, there are individuals more or less closely connected in the past, bound in some cases by indissoluble ties, but barely linked together in others, who are being brought into close communion. Many whose lives seemed to point to clearly defined avenues of labour, lines very divergent from those of friends in the Great Work, find themselves thrown together by reason of the common call and the common need, united for the one great purpose, and the future may well be filled with tremendous results.



How simply these things are being brought about, is illustrated by one or two happenings within the last few months. A well known Australian member of the T. S. embarked on a transport with many hundreds of troops on board. Several days later, further troops were taken aboard at another port of call. With them was another member. A trivial incident, a matter of absolutely no importance, and which happened again and again, threw them together, and a lasting and valued friendship resulted. But it did more—separated in the strange land wherein they found their sphere of duty, they yet managed to keep in touch; and in the process of his military duties, the elder of the two met, seemingly by the merest accident, yet another member of a Lodge in Australia, widely distant from his own Lodge and that of his friend. This new member knew still two more members, from other Centres, and very soon another, from another State, joined the party, making six in all, covering practically every State in Australia. A close intimacy was rapidly established, and the first member to embark took charge of the studies of the various members, all of whom were in quite different units, and co-ordinated the general work. So in the varied and complicated press of military duties on active service, it was thus made possible to continue work and study.

Three of this group journeyed to the pyramids recently. They were the youngest in years and in membership, and were all fired with the desire for further knowledge. It was the suggestion of the writer that they should see the pyramids by moonlight, after the crowd had departed, and the noise and heat had died away. So late in the afternoon we made the ten miles journey

from Cairo to Ghizeh. As we approached, we saw the pyramids black against the sunset, covered with splendour and lowering majestic against the glory of the western sky. We walked very slowly through the short winter twilight to the buried granite temple, close to where the great brooding Sphinx watches ever for the coming of a grander dawn. Very silently we walked its empty, echoing corridors, wondering at the genius that conveyed those tremendous granite blocks, some of them fifteen and sixteen feet long, by many feet thick and wide, brought from far away Assouan, and fitted together by sheer craftsmanship, so exquisitely that not even a knife blade could penetrate the joints. Silently, too, we took our places in the porch, waiting for the moon to rise. I took my seat on a great fragment of granite, that might once have been fashioned into the likeness of Osiris Himself, and the others seated themselves, cross-legged, on the sand. Young in years, huge of physique and worthy of the young land to whose service they had given themselves, they were old enough in soul to realise the necessity of a wider knowledge and a greater Wisdom, so with their pipes aglow in the temple dusk, they listened to many hints on Occultism and the laws of the Higher Life.

Now and again a sharp question interrupted the talk of higher things, each question showing how earnest the enquirer was to be fully able to understand. How many ages it is since the Ancient Wisdom was thus spoken in that old, old temple is perhaps known only to those who read in the Book of God's Memory, but the teaching itself was as alluring, as soul-satisfying, as when spoken in the tongue of ancient Khem. Death was spoken of, and sacrifice, and each young man there

was ready and willing, should the Gods so will it, to give his physical life for a great ideal. There was nothing suggestive of boasting, no brag whatever, in the quiet way that each expressed his entire willingness to accept what the War might bring, not even asking that it be counted to him for righteousness that he made no claim on Karma, but gave all.

Far out beyond Cairo the moon rose slowly, showing in silhouette the wonders of that gem of architecture—the mosque Mohammed Ali—with its two slender, needle-like minarets and its wondrous group of domes—black against the moon's silver face. Slowly its radiance bathed the great figure of the Sphinx, and then, for the first time perhaps, we realised something of the true mystery of that colossal piece of sculpture. In the moonlight the face, always dispassionate and removed high above the common things of life, took on a new expression of aloofness, an austerity, a majesty never before realised. In complete silence we watched the mighty face gazing so intently across the desert and into the future. God alone might realise, perhaps, the full measure of what those sightless eyes will yet look upon—it is far beyond all human ken.

The pyramids, too, took on a new beauty as the moonlight softened the rough edges, and filled the worn hollows where the despoiling hand of time had touched less lightly than elsewhere. It would have been easy to have stayed all night in contemplation of the great works of the dead and gone Egyptians, but the faint, far call of a bugle, exquisitely sweet across the desert, was the reminder of the passing hour and the present duty.

Jocelyn Underhill

## THE SONG OF MY LOVE TO GERMANY<sup>1</sup>

(A REPLY TO THE HYMN OF HATE)

1

Thou hast sung to me thy hymn of Hate, my brother, now shall I chant to thee my song of Love.

And my song of Love shall prevail over the hymn of Hate, and the worlds of men and gods shall proclaim me to be the master-singer, forasmuch as in my song is a truer and sweeter human note than in thine.

2

And by the power of my song I shall subdue thee unto the dominion of my King of Righteousness, and thou shalt become the most willing and most obedient subject of my Prince of Peace; and thou shalt yet serve him more faithfully than I have served him.

3

By Love I shall heal thy soul of its frenzy. By Love I shall deliver thy mind from thy self-created madness.

For it is not really thee, my brother, who sings this hymn of Hate, but an evil thing which obsesses thy fair soul.

Therefore thy hymn of Hate hurts me not. Nay, but I find in it a certain comfort, for to me it is a sure sign that thy madness is passing from thee.

For a hate, such as this, only comes to the soul or conscious state of man or society that is about to pass away. It is the shriek of its death agony; it is the sore crying of its last struggle.

4

My brother, my own brother, son of my own Father, son of my own Mother, I will to thee now the best that can be given thee of Heaven. And thou knowest, sure as I chant to thee my love, so sure would I serve thee in the best way I can.

<sup>1</sup> Some one has sent us this, whether original or copied we know not. But it is worth printing.—ED.

And no better way can I see to serve thee well and for thy good, even now in this the hour of thy dire need, than to seek to save thee from thyself.

For thou hast generated a false self, thou hast created a hideous thing, a monster of death, a phantom of hell—an image who is verily a masquerade of thy true Self, a fiction of thy lower nature, a creation of all thy unworthinesses.

Unreal, yea, a lie is the very existence of this eidolon, yet hath it the power to destroy thee.

Strong hath the monster grown, and already it is strangling thee, yes, even thee, my brother.

Yet is thy virtue, yet is thy virility, yet is thy strength, and thy strength alone, in its clutch.

For thou hast long time nourished it well and right willingly on the finest elements of thy human soul and body.

5

O Brother, know that this self-engendered, self-nourished monstrosity obsesses thy fair manhood, deludes with foolish imaginings thy true, thy native mentality, puffs up with vanity thy soul, possesses with an insane pride thy whole nature.

Know that its will is, and can only be, to destroy thee. Its desire is, and can only be, to lure thee unto its hell, to win thee for its devouring.

6

O Brother, my own Brother, child of the one Mother, son of the one Father, during these woeful months I have sent thee Love, ay, the best love that one human soul can send to another.

And I know that this love shall find thee, I know that it shall save thee, I know that it shall slay thy destroyer, I know that it shall set thee free.

7

Hear my chant, my Brother; for if thou wilt only listen to it for a little time thou wilt perceive in its harmony the note of the Christ-melody.

Hear my song, my Brother. It is the song of thy lover.

Surely, surely, thou canst now feel how great and true is my love of thee.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THINKING ANIMALS

In the February number of THE THEOSOPHIST reference is made, in an article "The Calculating Animals" by Susan E. Gay, to the interesting problem of animal intelligence and education which I ventured to illustrate in two papers, namely: "Thinking Horses" (THE THEOSOPHIST, August 1913) and "Reasoning 'Rolf'" (THE THEOSOPHIST, July 1914).

It was not possible for me in those papers to do more than call attention to the subject, and to such facts as I had had the occasion of gathering personally from one of the scientists who had studied the cases on the spot. But for much of the subjective side of the question, and for those problems of psychology that would chiefly interest THE THEOSOPHIST, I referred the reader to Dr. Mackenzie's books and other literature on the subject, which deal particularly with those problems touched upon by Susan E. Gay in the above article.

As a lover of animals it is sad, by the way, to have to inform those interested in the above articles that at the outset of War the "*Kultur*" that Germans so boast about as their exclusive possession in no way impeded their mobilising these highly trained and sensitive horses, along with the rest, for war purposes, and offering our Elberfeld friends Mahomed and Zarif and others as "food for cannon". Such is the heart of the Hun!

As to the dog "Rolf," I have no information; but it would not in the least surprise me to hear that the last calculation regarding him was a matter of ounces and pounds on a meat-ticket, and that "*Kriegsbranch im Kriegslande*" is the fetish that justifies all sacrifices on the altar of this omnivorous German Moloch.

Truly, as the Bible says: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

W. H. K.

## THE T. S. AND THE WAR

## V

I have read with much interest Mr. Van Manen's letter about the T. S. and the War, published in February's issue of THE THEOSOPHIST. I am one of the neutrals invited by him to protest against Mrs. Besant's attitude as regards the War. Though I am not an Occultist, I, as a neutral, fully agree with Mrs. Besant's statement that this War is not a matter of politics, but of Good and Evil. We do not need revelations to convince us that the general trend of the German policy is not one that, at the present period of human history on this globe, makes for evolution. Therefore it seems to me as impossible for any mind that is enlightened and intent on the welfare of humanity to remain neutral in this matter, as it is for an Occultist.

Mr. Van Manen's sister, Dr. Ch. A. van Manen, has recently written a book in Dutch, called *The Growth of Germany and the Prussian Supremacy*, a very learned and well documented study, the first thousand of which was sold out in a few months. It is now being translated into French. The author wrote to me concerning this French translation of her work saying: "I hope you will do your utmost to spread it, so that everyone will understand clearly how impossible it is for us ever to join the Boches," and she further explains how, as a matter of course, we only can have sympathy for the party of the Allies. The book expounding these views, written by a Dutch citizen, has been published and sold out in Holland, and the French translation will also be published in Holland. What about the neutrality Mr. Van Manen makes such a fuss about, saying that "any Dutch citizen is by law compelled to remain absolutely neutral". I have lived in Holland from August 1914 till December 1915, and I have always declared that I was not neutral. The Dutch Government is neutral, but all individuals are free to publish and say what they choose, provided they do not commit or attack the Government.

A few words about neutrals being traitors. Mrs. Besant very clearly means Occultists. Yet her assertion might be extended even beyond that circle without becoming untrue. A traitor is some one who breaks the allegiance given to a cause or person. Many members of the Theosophical Society have pledged themselves to the cause of Right and Justice and Evolution. The story of history and glaring facts convince us that the Prussian militarism, the Pan-Germanistic politics, and the lack of scruple shown in general by Germany, are

I understand this book is also to be translated into English.

working against that cause. Therefore, to remain neutral, that is, *indifferent*, would be a treason to the cause many of us made it our duty to serve by thought, word and deed.

I am not under the illusion that the Allies are all white ravens. Each of them has faults, very great ones even. But our attitude in this case must be determined by a broad, bird's-eye view of the two main directions represented by the two main parties, and an honest consideration of the value for the world as a whole of the triumph of one of these two parties as a whole.

As to the other problem, Mr. Van Manen alludes to the Theosophical Society as a "free platform" on the one hand, and the Theosophical Society as "the body chosen by the Hierarchy" on the other hand. Methinks this problem will subsist as long as the T. S. exists on the physical plane, and will never be solved. On the physical plane, Brotherhood means equality and individual freedom: in short, a democratic system; on the higher planes, Brotherhood means Hierarchy and free co-operation with Elder Ones whose superiority is freely and wholly recognised by their helpers: an ideal aristocratic system. The Theosophical Society has its head in heaven and its feet on earth. Heaven speaks its law, but the body on earth is free to accept it or not. In most religious bodies harmony is secured by dogma and authority imposed upon the body on earth; but the Theosophical Society is true to the highest wisdom, that never constrains, and accepts only free allegiance and enlightened acquiescence.

Therefore it is quite true to say that "*The Society as a body remains neutral as to the authenticity or non-authenticity of any statements issued as from the Mahatmas*," that "*every member is free to assert or to deny the authenticity of any such statements, and that no member can be bound to accept or to reject, on any authority outside himself, the genuineness of any such statement*".

But all this does not exclude the possibility of the Theosophical Society being at the same time "*the body chosen by the Hierarchy to proclaim to the world the message of the Divine Wisdom*," with all the moral results thereof, one of the first and foremost being the discrimination between right and wrong, where world interests are at stake. The T. S. may be the body chosen by the Hierarchy and not know it at all, or even deny it. Our admission or non-admission of a fact does not alter the fact. If anyone urge that it is *not* a fact, let him prove it. Also the Society can very well remain neutral as to the authenticity of any statements, whilst at the same time Mrs. Besant, as President of the Theosophical Society, cannot remain neutral in a question where right and wrong are

concerned, and this on grounds alleged by her as facts, to be accepted or rejected by any of us, or by the Society itself.

It does need some gymnastics to bring these diverse statements concerning the T. S. into harmony. It is easier to find contradictions than to solve them. But they can be solved, and quite honestly too, without casuistry, without any hypocrisy. The conflict will only cease when the body on earth will be sufficiently enlightened to freely share the truth from above. Until that day of the initiation of the Theosophical Society (which perhaps is never to be), the body here below will be torn and rent, violent discussions will arise, and one crisis will succeed another, and inspired leaders will be misunderstood by well-meaning followers.

Were the Powers above to stop endeavouring to use the Theosophical Society, the strife would cease of course, and we should have a quiet, democratic body, governed according to the Brotherhood of the earth. May this never happen. And since we can have no heavenly choir, no Eleusynian fields, far better a Kurukshetra than a stagnant pool.

This is not written by an "apologist," able or not, of Mrs. Besant. I would not have the cheek to assume such a part. It is merely an attempt, first, to clear up the position of the "neutral," and secondly, to solve one of the numerous riddles of the Theosophical Society—that offers an unlimited number of riddles—the most complex and most fascinating Society I know of. More than any organisation, it seems endowed with the elasticity and the spontaneity of life, living, changing, now apparently on the brink of destruction, then reviving again, adapting itself to new conditions, adapting itself—superhuman task—to the realities of a number of planes at a time.

May it thus remain, untamed and unfameable, contradictory, puzzling, intense, never to be formulated, but alive with the life that spreads beyond all the frames of the mind, and plunges within the very depths of the world. And blessed be those who endow it with such a life.

BARONESS MELLINE D'ASBECK

<sup>1</sup> Do I contradict myself?

Very well then, I contradict myself,

I am large, I contain multitudes.

—Walt Whitman.

## THE T. S. AND THE WAR

### VI

I have just read Mr. Van Manen's very able letter on p. 558 of the February THEOSOPHIST. I say very able, because it strikes me so, but as in other matters I have noticed that the writer seems to have a mind of a type similar to my own (as, for instance, in literary criticisms, articles, etc.), it may be that this will not be so general an estimate as I anticipate.

The question at issue is, to put it in my own words: Ought not the T. S. as a body to be neutral as regards this War, whatever opinions individuals may hold, and on whichever side individuals may fight? The question is an old one, and received the following answer on an historical (or should I say legendary?) occasion: "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." (Matt. xii, 30.)

It seems to me there are two kinds of neutrality. There is the neutrality of the Judge, and the neutrality of the Voter—the voter who does not care which side his vote is given. The neutrality of the Judge is not for the Society as a body, since it is not in the position of Judge. The Decider of the Combat will exercise *that* neutrality, and will award the victory to the side which has the suffrage of the world: for this is a World Combat, let who will deny it.

The neutrality of the Voter: may God preserve the Society from that! In the domestic history of T. S. Lodges with which I have been associated, I have seen something of *this* kind of neutrality. On one occasion a member was unable, for some or no reason, to be present at a Council or Annual Meeting, and asked another to record her vote "the same as the majority"! No, Mr. Van Manen and others, let us make up our minds which side we wish to vote and VOTE—it's all we can do, some of us, Occultists can do more—and whether we choose well or ill we shall have chosen, shall have taken our stand, and shall be worth *somebody's* lordship or leadership.

Does anyone, I wonder, who speaks of neutrality stop to reflect that neutrality means sterility?—not merely as a play upon words, but as a fact in nature: a-sexual is not the same as androgyne, either in botany or anything else.

Better than any argument for or against neutrality is a realisation of what neutrality means. A loaded coal-cart is being driven up hill, and the horses are pulling with might and main, zigzagging this way and that in their efforts to accomplish their task. A bystander may do one of three things: he may jump on the cart and get carried up the hill

—if the horses can manage it; or he can push behind, either because he is sorry for the horses or because he wants the coal to be delivered; or he can look on in philosophic detachment, and wonder whether the person who is waiting for the coal will get it.

Mr. Van Manen will call this rhetoric. Quite right, it is rhetoric, if it is anything at all in the way of conveying an idea. Was it not Demosthenes who said that the most convincing eloquence was the orator's thump upon the table? True, because when the orator has reached that point of his speech which is the very pivot of his thought, his strong sense of this compels him to movement, and, all unconsciously, he thumps the table—and with the thump goes the thought, straight to the minds (I don't mean brains) of the audience. So here. My story of the coal-cart is my thump upon the table. It is up to the Theosophical Society to decide whether it will ride or shove or look on.—“Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.” It is said that in some of the old initiation ceremonies the candidate was blindfolded before admission and until after the oath had been taken.

P. S.—Mr. V. M. may perhaps object that I have not dealt with any of his arguments. Well, here is one. He says you are so changeable we cannot be sure of you for more than a few years. Let him perform the following subtraction sum:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1916 \\ 1889 \\ \hline 27 \end{array}$$

I myself would not call 27 a “few” years, I should call it a generation. Yet you entered the T. S. in 1889 and are still in it in 1916; is that inconsistency?

But he may be speaking unwitting truth in saying we cannot be sure of you for more than a few years. It is my sure conviction that every nation has the ruler it deserves; and by parity of reasoning, every Society has the President it deserves. Let us hope we may continue to deserve you; and I say this not as one of your “born admirers,” if I may use such an expression without impertinence, but as one who, opposite if not antipathetic by temperament, has been forced to a reluctant, though honest, and I hope grateful, admiration by a close study of your official conduct during the years you have held the Presidency of the T. S.

ALFRED H. BARLEY,  
F. T. S. since 1900.

<sup>1</sup> A study of their horoscopes adds cogency to this conviction.

## THE T. S. AND THE WAR

### VII—AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. VAN MANEN

I have read with “considerable interest and care” your letter to the President, which appeared in THE THEOSOPHIST for February. It has “filled me with dismay and provoked my utter indignation”. It has also provoked a good deal of surprise and—dare I confess it?—not a little amusement. Your pathetic picture of the Theosophical Society as a flock of sheep following its leader is decidedly funny. You didn't intend it so? Evidently not, but that enhances the humour of it. You assert that “the President leads us into a most regrettable quandary”. And again, “she leads us astray”. Really?

For my part, I have always considered the T. S. to be composed of people who could and did think for themselves on every subject. Are we not having it drilled into us at every step of the way that we are not to “hold a thought just because many other people hold it, not because it has been believed in for centuries, nor because it is written in some book which men think sacred”? Therefore, whether a Theosophist be neutral or not, he surely is using his own discrimination in the matter and acting according to his own reason.

As to the quite delightful suggestion “that mere membership in an avowedly unneutral body might render such a member liable to prosecution,” is not that sentence just a trifle “slipshod”? Are you not aware that many citizens of neutral States are actually fighting in the Allied Armies? I have not heard that their Governments have breathed out threatenings against them.

If your letter means anything at all, it means that you consider repression of evil an error. If that be so, let us be logical; let us do away at one sweep with policemen and Courts of Justice. These exist for the protection of law-abiding citizens and, incidentally, for the repression of vice. We, as Theosophists, look forward to a time when they will be unnecessary; when righteousness shall flourish on the earth; when every man will love the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and strength, and his neighbour as himself. Shall we hasten the coming of that time by giving lawlessness a free hand?

You do not appear to have grasped the fact that this War is not an ordinary war for the possession of a frontier line or a colony. It is not a question of Nation against Nation. It is most emphatically a War of Honour against Dishonour; Justice against Injustice; Freedom against Tyranny; Right

against Wrong. Many Germans know this; more will know it in the near future when the glamour cast over them shall be dissipated. Have you not read *J'accuse*, written by a German? If that book have any meaning, if the official documents of England, France, Russia, be not mere "scraps of paper," to what conclusion can we come?

"Keep the Gods out of it," you say. Why? The belief in the Mahatmas is one exceedingly dear to most Theosophists. Many amongst us live our daily lives in the constant realisation of the existence of these Great Ones who have trod the Path on which our feet are learning to walk. We stretch out our hands to Them as the toddling child stretches out its hands to the loving mother who is guarding and encouraging its feeble efforts. To Them we turn instinctively in all of weal or woe that may come into our lives. Why then, in this greater issue, "keep Them out of it"? Convinced as we are that this ghastly War, forced upon Europe by the Kaiser, is a War of Principles, how can we doubt on which side stand our Revered Masters? Their disciples, our instructors, have told us in no uncertain words. But even had the President and Vice-President held their peace, could we have been in doubt? I trow not.

The personal element of your letter is so objectionable that I hardly like to touch on it. One point, however, I cannot leave unnoticed. When you say that the subject of Mrs. Besant's advocacy "has changed too often and too radically to make us ever feel sure that we can depend upon it for more than a few years at a time," I can only hope you did not weigh your words. The statement as it stands is a piece of specious reasoning likely (I hope not intended) to mislead the unwary and set the gallery of thoughtless discontents a-cheering.

It is true that the subjects of Mrs. Besant's advocacy have changed "radically". The corollary you draw therefrom is unjust, illogical, and untrue. In changing the subjects of her advocacy, Mrs. Besant is in good company. St. Paul did the same, to the equal consternation of the small minds of his day. "As for Saul, he made havock of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women, committed them to prison." (*Acts*, viii, 3.) "And straightway he" (Saul) "preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God." (*Acts*, ix, 20.) There's a radical change for you!

We have not all got "the manner" of which you complain. We cannot all drive home an argument as our President can. For one thing, many of us lack the scientific knowledge and precision of thought which are hers. That is our loss, and,

incidentally, the world's loss. But still I fancy most Theosophists have changed the subjects of their advocacy pretty considerably since the light of Truth dawned upon them. We—most of us—were not born Theosophists. We have fought our way thither through many tribulations, and the non-comprehending may be forgiven if they dub the earnest seeking after Truth inconsistency. But I should hardly suppose it possible for a Theosophist so to speak, more especially in reference to another Theosophist. As a matter of fact, the inconsistency would be in not changing front as a higher Truth dawns on the Soul. Is a butterfly inconsistent when, emerging from the once necessary but now useless chrysalis, it wings its way through the azure?

E. B. YEOMANS, F.T.S.

### PRINCIPLE OR PUBLIC OPINION

I have read with some surprise a letter entitled "Principle or Public Opinion" by Mrs. Cousins, in the January issue of *THE THEOSOPHIST*, which deals with an article of mine on "Our Attitude towards Physical Life". Since I am quite sure there was no intentional misrepresentation on her part, I can only imagine that she has, perhaps, read my article a little hurriedly, and so has put it down with a false impression on some points as to what I really do say.

To cite a few of the many points I might mention—Mrs. Cousins has failed to notice that when I speak of Public Opinion, it is not from the point of view of how, by praise or blame, it affects us as individuals; but how we, by our action, affect the public; and in no way do I place Public Opinion in opposition to Principle as a motive for conduct. What I do is to enquire whether, seen rightly, Principle does not demand a recognition of Public Opinion.

Then again, I do not recommend the abandoning of individual ideals—very much the contrary. Mrs. Cousins constantly uses such phrases as "abandoning ideals," "lowering ideals," etc., in her letter, whereas it is only the question of action which I am discussing throughout, and this is, of course, a difference of vital importance.

What I say is that it is not always wise, from the point of view of its effect on others, to adhere with absolute rigidity to our private ideals as far as public action is concerned. And here I am careful to draw a clear distinction between action in our public capacity, as members of a State or nation, and

action as private individuals, when, as I distinctly state, we are free to act as we please. On p. 262 I say: "As individuals . . . we are at perfect liberty to regulate our lives, if we please, by a code other than that of the people round us . . ."

If she had borne this sentence in mind Mrs. Cousins would not, I think, have stated that according to my argument "our vegetarian Theosophists have been wrong all the time"; since she will hardly contend that whether or no we are vegetarians is a matter of national moment.

On one point I think Mrs. Cousins really does disagree with me—on the question whether it is ever, under any circumstances, desirable to subordinate one's private idea of what is right and wise to any form of outside authority whatsoever. She is indignant with me for my "pernicious doctrine" that, as members of a nation, we must sometimes "be prepared to submit to the code appropriate to, and accepted by, the State at large"; but is it not the same, or a similar thing, which we all do continually, when we obey laws of which we may not personally approve, simply because they are laws of the country in which we live?

Personally, I confess to approving this practice, not so much on theoretical as on practical grounds, and because of the difficulties in which the other course, if persevered in, would land us. If Mrs. Cousins' individualistic principles were followed to their logical conclusion, "States" at all would become impossible. If everybody always acted according to their private judgment, there would be no such thing as government. If we never obeyed a law unless we were convinced of its wisdom, there would speedily cease to be any laws; the whole social machine would immediately fall to pieces, and we should return to that exceedingly primitive condition which prevailed before "States" came into existence.

Whether or no this is a consummation to be desired, is not a matter which can be discussed here. To me it would seem to be a retrogression and a calamity, the deficiencies of our present civilisation notwithstanding. I believe we shall eventually reach a stage of evolution when it will be perfectly safe to allow every man to be a law unto himself, but I fear we have not reached it yet: and in the meantime I think that we are not only justified in obeying the laws of the country, but unjustified in doing anything else, although since laws are a more or less accurate representation of the current standards and ideals of conduct we are thereby (in Mrs. Cousin's sense) "abandoning our ideals" and "bowing to public opinion". At any rate, the fact that we all do, at one time or another, obey laws, of which we disapprove, supplies a

precedent for that which I recommend in my article. I would suggest that the proper course, if a law is bad, is to alter it, not to break it while it still continues in force.

In recommending this occasional subordination of action to the general ideal, even though this ideal be lower than our own private one, I have tried to show that there should be two objects, and two only. The first is to fulfil well and to the utmost *all* the obligations of life, public as well as private: the second is to raise the level of the general ideal. I fully agree with Mrs. Cousins that this is a duty for us all, and a most important one; but I wish to urge that in attempting to do so, wisdom as well as enthusiasm is needed, and, as pp. 264 and 265 make plain, it is only undue haste and lack of wisdom which I deprecate. The raising of the national standard of conduct must be accomplished gradually, and not by leaps and bounds, or, as I point out on p. 265, it will not be done at all. "If we aim too high . . . we shall achieve no result other than to put ourselves entirely out of touch with our hearers, and to arouse their antagonism or contempt." The "wisdom of the serpent" has its uses, and it is sadly true that many an idealist has failed, as far as this world goes, to achieve much for want of it.

But in seeking to acquire this wisdom, there is no need for us to relinquish one jot of our idealism. That which seems to me the greatest achievement is to keep our eyes fixed always and everywhere on the Vision in its utmost purity, so far as we are able, while seeking to adapt and use, as skilfully as may be, existing conditions.

There is, however, one point on which I am glad to find myself in complete agreement with Mrs. Cousins—in the belief that in this, as in all other matters, every man must judge for himself. I have no desire to censure those who are persuaded that it is their duty not to fight—they have a perfect right to their opinion. But I think there are others who feel that in abstaining they are failing in a duty, and who yet find it difficult to reconcile fighting with their ideal as Theosophists. It was with this class mainly in mind that I wrote the article.

M. A. KELLNER



## II

It is confusing to the ordinary truth seeker to be confronted with such views as those of Mrs. Cousins in your January number. How much more so must it be to the single-minded youth, who, unmindful of comfort, offers his very all, health, prospects, limbs, life itself, in defence of his home and womankind?

What is his inevitable conclusion? What can it be but that there are good people who do more harm than bad people, who are productive of greater evil, who invite and promote more wickedness, who are a greater danger to their fellows, and to the State, than the ordinary non-professing sinner.

There is that sloppy sentence "to teach people that war is wrong,"—standing out in crude indefiniteness—lumpish, in shapeless stupidity, yet enveloped in an atmosphere of pretentious piety.

Who is there requiring such teaching save the Germans?

The young men I have encountered on their way to wounds or death have been of one mind that war is hateful beyond words they go to stem its awful tide, to check its ravages, if possible to extinguish it for ever.

The German, on the other hand, goes forth drilled and dragooned into the conviction that war is altogether glorious, and noble beyond all other occupations.

"To teach people." What people?—Where is the teaching?

What is there of light or lucidity in this nebulous nonsense?

Where is the "noble quality" of Discrimination?

When a nation, wholly imbued with war ideals, proceeds with deliberate and cold-blooded calculation, through decades of preparation, to forge tremendous armaments, to pile up mountains of munitions, to plan docks, canals, harbours, fortresses, railways, and the whole scheme of its educative system with a view to seizing the favourable opportunity to leap upon its fellow man, and with force and frightfulness to crush, rob, and terrorize him into abject ruin and slavery; how does your correspondent's school of thought propose the crisis should be met? Apparently not with war. "War is wrong," according to this "Teaching". What then is the "Teaching"? Does it go beyond the mere negative "not war"?

It is useless to tell me that Jesus Christ would have offered no resistance. On the face of it that assertion must be false. The righteous man who became enraged with the comparatively trivial offence of money-changing in the temple, and resorted to personal force with the offenders—the tender-hearted, true gentleman who could picture drowning

with the help of a millstone as too good a death for such as should hurt a little child, could not conceivably have acquiesced in the tens of thousands of blood-curdling horrors in Belgium, Serbia, Armenia, Poland, deliberately directed by Germany in this War. Unfortunately we do not know what Christ would have done, but we *do know*, beyond shadow of question, that he *would not* have offered no resistance. What would have happened to England, her women and children, or say, to your correspondent, if no resistance had been made? Here is the German nation, pulsating with prosperity, wealthy beyond the most florid dreams of fifty years ago, mainly through our complacency—having secretly burrowed into the trade of the world, needing to lie low only a little longer to command the whole, not content, however, with practical control, but bursting for visible authority—"Germany over all"—the one nation with the least reason to complain. It suddenly ignites the torch of war, and erupting upon her harmless little neighbour, resuscitates with hideous glee, "as to the manner born," each horrid practice of the darkest ages, its marching millions instinct with lust, brutality and greed, more monstrous than the so-called barbarous incursions, in that, lacking the excuse of primitive ignorance, it came armed with all the aids and accessories of modern science. How was this invasion to be met?

The violation of Luxembourg's neutrality was a virtual declaration of war on England, the advance upon Belgium was an actual attack upon the soil of England—days before we made a move. *This* is what may be correctly called *making* war, and so we reach some light at last. I assume no pose of teaching, but it seems to me there must be Discrimination as to war. It does *not* take two to make a quarrel, one is enough. There are those who make war, and those who have war thrust upon them. It must be war of aggression which deserves the denunciation of your correspondent—war of defence against lust, brutality and greed must be innately holy, and those who can discover a convenient conscience to excuse them from taking their share of risk and effort therein—do not they leave their dear ones to be saved, if possible, from indelible shame, by others—by those, in fact, whom they presume to rebuke and condemn—adding to their burdens?

W. M. ROSS

## WHAT DOES THE T. S. STAND FOR?

It was with something like a shock that, while reading the Editor's remarks on my article "What does the T. S., as such, stand for?" I saw myself in the light of an advocate of dogmas and creeds. Something is wrong somewhere, I have either been misunderstood, or I have not made myself clear. In any case I beg to be allowed an early opportunity of saying that nothing was further from my thoughts than that the Society should ever so far forget itself as to be willing to exchange its freedom and catholicity for the fettering and parochial restrictions of dogmas and creeds. There is, so it seems to me, a wide difference between the crystallisation of certain beliefs into dogmas and creeds and the acceptance of them by the Society, and a frank and prominent acknowledgment of those truths which, it is not denied, are accepted as such by the majority of us. For my part I cannot see how the flexibility of the Society, or the freedom of its members, would in any way be impaired by the insertion, say in the inside cover of THE THEOSOPHIST, of some such statement as the following:

Amongst the truths taught by the leaders of the T. S. and held by probably the majority of its members—though of course binding upon none, all truths from the man-side being relative—are, the Universal Brotherhood of man, Evolution, Reincarnation, Karma, the existence of the Masters, and the underlying unity of all Religions.

On the other hand I think it would draw attention to these truths, and add force and weight to our advocacy of them. It is true that "The statement of a fact is a husk containing a kernel of truth," but in this case is it not rather the "truth" itself and not our views of it that is meant?

Our view of the truths of Brotherhood, and of Karma, etc., will doubtless change in the centuries that lie ahead of us, but will not the truths themselves remain?

However, if what I have suggested is really a step in the direction of dogmas and creeds, the thin end of the wedge so to speak, well then, let it be "scrapped," and let us be grateful for the discernment and wisdom of those who have so far kept the T. S. ship safely off the rocks and sandbanks of some dogma or another.

ERNEST KIRK

## BOOK-LORE

*Theosophy and Life's Deeper Problems—Convention Lectures of 1915*, by Annie Besant. (T. P. H. Adyar, Price: Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

Students of Theosophy everywhere always look forward to Convention lectures published in a book form. It is in a way the book of the year. Those who attend our Theosophical Conventions look forward to these lectures as the chief attraction of the programme, and year by year those who have not been able to attend have eagerly sought for the publication. These lectures, as a rule, embody results of mature thought and careful study.

In recent times when the T. S. has taken more than ever, and legitimately, its burden of public service in the wide field of Kriya—Activity—its many members have found most useful the teachings of the many Convention lectures. And as more and more of that public work is undertaken, the themes of the Convention lectures and the handling thereof are made to conform to that high duty. From that point of view the latest set of lectures before us is the best ever given.

The Theosophical philosophy of life and conduct, and therefore of public action also, as a permeating influence is believed by us to be quite supreme. The man of the wide world, as a rule, does not comprehend the importance we attach to our teachings as of practical utility; and therefore, for him, a special presentation, suitable to his evolution, environment and civilisation becomes necessary. This we find in the volume under review.

This special presentation gains all the charm of lucidity, of order and method, and of sequential linking up, which are Mrs. Besant's; add to it her great gift of putting ideas concisely

and yet in a very clear cut fashion; and you get a book worth perusing by oneself, worth presenting to others. Our members and sympathisers will find familiar teachings brought together in a very able way and so presented that the volume brings a message all its own: it enables us to recognise our place in the midst of all public work and life, and teaches us how adequately to respond to these and contribute our Theosophical share towards them. For the man in the world it is priceless, and our immediate duty to these Convention lectures is to spread them far and wide.

The subjects of the four lectures are linked up: the Nature of God and our conception of Him enables us to understand and to affirm our idea as to the nature of Man; this brings us into the field of Right and Wrong, and so we learn the lessons which orphan humanity is darkly groping after; finally the world is made to emerge in the Light of Brotherhood, where Peace takes the place of strife, Bliss that of sorrow, and Power kills impotency and expresses Wisdom.

A book of one hundred pages which, if it be read and its teachings taken to heart, would work a marvellous change for the man in the street, and our solemn duty is to put it in his way.

B. P. W.

*Problems of the Borderland*, by J. Herbert Slater.  
(William Rider & Son, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This book purports to be an explanatory rendering of the introductory chapters of "The Book of the Elements," and in the preface the author announces it as a summary of some of the elementary teachings of a very ancient faith which, though not generally known, have nevertheless been preserved to us, to some extent at least, by the writings of mediæval and later adepts and by tradition. The written sources from which almost all the information herein recorded has been extracted are said to be "cryptic in the extreme". All this sounds promising, but disappointment awaits the hopeful reader.

For how much of what follows the Book of the Elements is responsible, we do not know; nor can we tell where the author's own explanatory exposition begins and ends. All we can say is that the writer is not to be congratulated on the fruits of his search through the cryptic documents which have been the source of his material. The bulk of what his book contains—all that is of any value—might have been gathered from the elementary writings of Theosophists and spiritualists; and the rest, in which he tries to analyse the constitution of man, to define body, soul and spirit, and to divide the universe for us into two parts—the three-dimensional sphere in which we live, and all the rest, vaguely called "the fourth dimension"—must surely be a travesty of the teachings of the "mediæval and later adepts" to which its origin is traced.

If the volume had been more modestly sent forth into the world, if its purpose had been defined as simply to put before the average common sense reader some of the facts concerning the invisible worlds which have of late years been rediscovered, it would have been a useful and sensible book. In fact parts of it are very useful as it stands. It deals with death and what it means, the relation of disembodied entities with ourselves, dreams, and various phenomena familiar to students of spiritualism and the "occult arts"; and deals with them in a sane and normal way which will appeal to very many people who would be frightened away by the technical terms and phrases of the more vigorous writings of spiritualists and Theosophists, a class of people whom their conservatism has taught them to distrust. In this way the book will help to spread valuable knowledge among a section of the people not easily approachable on these subjects and will thereby help to dispel the mists of conscious or unconscious materialism which still envelop the majority of human kind.

A. de L.

*A Dictionary of the Choctaw Language*, by Cyrus Byington. Edited by John R. Swanton and Henry S. Halbert. (Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 46. Washington Government Printing Office.)

The influence of Christianity on linguistics is one of amazing proportions. Innumerable are the dictionaries and grammars which have been the direct outcome of missionary enterprise, and of its needs for good material to aid the adequate translation of the Bible and other books into various vernaculars. The present dictionary is another illustration of this truth. The Rev. Cyrus Byington (1793—1868) began his dictionary quite early in his missionary work, somewhere about 1820. He continued to add fresh materials to his MS. until his death, but he never came to a thorough revision of the whole, so that it was never finally edited for the press. Now two competent scholars have published the work for the Smithsonian Institution. As Mr. Byington's labours, however great in importance, were conceived on a plan and on philological principles now out-of-date with regard to Red Indian languages, the editors have not revised the whole work, but with the elimination of evident mistakes and with slight additions here and there, have presented the work as it was left by the author. They have only added an excellent English-Choctaw index. So the work represents a store-house of linguistic record for future utilisation by professional linguists rather than a present day scientific statement of our knowledge concerning the Choctaw language. What gives the book its especial value, under the circumstances, is that it embodies profuse data gathered by a careful and competent recorder between three-quarters of a century and half a century ago. Much of the information then easily obtainable must have disappeared since, because its knowledge has since been forgotten by the tribe. Besides, the dictionary records not only valuable linguistic but also ethnologic information.

J. v. M.

*The Civilisation of the Ancient Egyptians*, by A. Bothwell Gosse. (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London. Price 5s. net.)

This publication comprises one of the "Through the Eye" series, which aims at presenting educative matter in the form of pictorial illustrations aided in a secondary degree by the text. The idea is that in this way information is more readily assimilated, and such may very possibly be the case.

The present volume is an interesting one, and within the necessarily limited extent to which the subject is treated, offers a well selected and useful range of information on matters Egyptian; the temperaments and domestic lives of the Egyptians are dealt with, their education, professions and occupations, amusements, etc., not omitting interesting chapters on architecture and engineering skill. The latter subjects are of such magnitude that it has not been possible to deal with them at all exhaustively, but a sufficient insight into Egyptian methods is given us to show that in many respects their knowledge in those days exceeded our own present experience, though of course there are ways in which we have progressed in such matters beyond the point at which the Egyptians left off.

A curious study is that of their sculpture and painting; the statuary they produced has become famous over the world, not only for its colossal proportions but for the fineness of its execution, and we have a vigour and freshness in many of the small pieces which is not surpassed by Grecian work or by present day sculptors. In painting also it would seem that most of the mediums now in use were known to the ancient Egyptians, including oil and water colour, and a process giving a pastel effect. A method employing coloured wax, applied in the melted state, was also in use and was largely employed to decorate mummy cases.

The religion of the old Egyptians receives a long and interesting chapter, showing how their conception of the Deity based itself largely on the idea of Divine Immanence, which appears so strongly in Theological teachings of the present day. The history of religious evolution in Egypt is interesting to follow, tracing the manner in which new Gods

rose to power, and the final formidable range of the Egyptian pantheon.

As a race the Egyptians were very loyal to their Gods, and there was only one religious revolution recorded which met with any measure of success; this was effected by Amenhotep IV in his introduction of the worship of Aten, which cult he succeeded in making take the place of that of Amen-Ra; only for a time, however, did the new God hold sway, and after the lapse of one or two short dynasties the national worship of Amen-Ra was again paramount. Besides the foregoing there are a number of further subjects dealt with, and the general arrangement and style of the book make it an admirable introduction to the subject for anyone taking up the study of old Egyptian affairs.

I. St. C. S.

*Sons of Tumult and Children of Light*, by Spencer Arden. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London and Toronto. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

There is an element of luck in a reviewer's work, similar to that of a gold-digger who turns up much soil without success and then suddenly comes on a fine nugget of pure gold. Such a find has been the above book, both as regards literary merit and philosophic content. Its title is not prepossessing, and when one first sees that it is all about Balaam and Balak, one is not further drawn to it; but when once begun, every page has its own fascination and its own sparkling epigrammatic way of bringing home-truths and deep human wisdom to our ken.

The author takes the character of Balaam for his hero because he is so typically the Apostle of Culture in one of the great crises of Barbarism in the past. He stood as the champion curser of unpopular causes, a really popular prophet, until his testing came in the temptation to gain honours, or to cast his pearls before swine, through Balak's invitation to curse the Israelites. The book re-creates the whole story in terms of such universal application that the past and the present are one, and the

Eternal Now gives the Old Story, with its dramatic Scenes on the Road, a new power. Details become interpreted by spiritual insight into principles of conduct which reproduce this same story in every individual's life, such as Conscience (our ass), Imagination (the Angel), and Faith holding the scales between Duty and Honour, Ambition and Compromise.

With these searchlights the author very cleverly, in the vein of the old satirists, himself indulges in a little mild cursing of modern politics, present day sons of Tumult, the nations which seek to gain rather than to serve, and chiefly those who make friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness. He says:

A conscientious blasphemer will curse only things really worth cursing, things that deserve cursing and ought to be cursed by every honest man, things already under the curse of God, things that sooner or later will bring their curse upon us if we do not lay them under our curse now.

The trouble is that the sons of Tumult often desire curses on what the Balaams of the day recognise to be "the Will of Existence". If the man compromises between his "Supreme Imperative" and the Barbarian sophistries, he becomes a "futility". Cleaving to the best he knows, he is a "utility".

He who keeps faith with his soul's ideal does all that any one man can do to establish every right and abolish every wrong under the sun.

Yet, he goes on to say, once having taken a step in the right direction:

It is a mercy from heaven to most of us that again and again in life, before we knew all we were in for, we were so hopelessly committed to the right course that we dare not turn back when all was revealed. When we know all, we funk all.

Not only is the form side of this book brilliant and original, the essence of it is still finer, and in these days of drought its brave message of idealism will give all its readers (and may they be many!), fresh courage, and send them on their hard way through the desert of misunderstanding refreshed with the Wine of the Spirit.

M. E. C.

*Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for 1913.* (Washington.)

This excellent Annual Report keeps up its reputation for quality and interest. The Report proper covers 140 pages and the General Appendix fully 650 pages, giving some 35 separate essays on scientific subjects, together forming a sort of review of recent scientific progress in the domains of astronomy, magnetism, geology, physics, chemistry, zoology, palæontology, archæology and economics. These papers, some original, others selected from various sources, all profusely illustrated, are written for the general cultured reader, and though from the pens of the *creme de la creme* of experts, are popular in the best sense of the word. The magnificent volume calls for a grateful salute to the American Government and to the Smithsonian Institution for their enlightened policy of liberal dissemination of scientific facts, and the skill and learning shown in the execution of their self-imposed humanistic labours.

J. v. M.

*The Shining Gateway*, by James Allen. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 1s. 2d. net.)

Another posthumous volume from this author comes unexpectedly, telling us of additional phases of human nature, and the ways of overcoming its evil tendencies. "The unregenerate man, who is subject in turn to desire, passion and sorrow, finds his way to quietness and peace by reflection, meditation and faith, and by realising the simple principle of 'what our thoughts are, such are our characters'". The nature of temptation and the process of regeneration are analysed to indicate how character is an accumulation of deeds, and how adherence to a few fixed principles will guide mankind to its high destiny of becoming the finished product of evolution. All such books have a message to the world, and may this one deliver its message as have the previous ones from this well known author.

G. G.

## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

### OUR SPIRITUAL COMPLEMENT

Among a number of excellent articles in *The Quest* for January, one written by the Editor under the above title seems to call for comment. It is not light reading, but it reveals the earnest and reverent spirit of enquiry that is to be found in Mr. Mead's books. The central theme is man's striving for completeness, wholeness, a state of consciousness that shall fill in all the gaps of the personal consciousness.

While careful to remind his readers of the limitations under which all who attempt to record their inmost experience in words must inevitably suffer, the author maintains that the study of such records, especially those of the mystics, has a definite value to the seeker after truth. For though we are still aware of many imperfections, yet the mere fact of this recognition and of the dissatisfaction that accompanies it, is witness to a diviner nature by whose standard the personality is judged. To this complementary, but as yet unrealised, aspect of our nature Mr. Mead applies the term "spiritual complement," a welcome change from the beautiful, but, alas, hackneyed words—Higher Self.

When then I speak of "our spiritual complement," I desire to indicate the master mode of this reality, which will in due time fulfil every promise and develop every potency of our individual bodily, vital and mental activities, and order all into an harmonious whole which will eventually make us consciously free of an entirely new order of being. And I do not mean this in the sense simply of a higher rung of the ladder of grades of partial existence, but intend it to mean conscious realisation of the wholeness of life.

As a means to attaining this end, the writer agrees that the "practical intellect," as he calls the concrete mind, must be supplemented by the "contemplative intelligence" which sees beyond the outer happenings of life. But he does not advocate the suppression of the former, and a withdrawal into the latter as a paradise of dreams; he counsels that these outgoing and in-coming breaths of the one Spirit shall be made mutually effective in service.

And if the practical intellect is the means of knowing externally the nature of the out-going energy of the spirit, the contemplative intelligence is the means of coming to know internally the manner of how it takes up its exteriorising energies once more into itself and perfects them by the inwardising

of its own processes. It is therefore only when these two necessary agencies of self-knowledge mutually yield themselves to one another and blend, that they are further nourished and nurtured and fulfilled by the spirit itself into a new order of wholly self-conscious being.

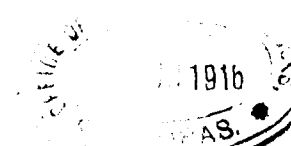
One of the greatest obstacles to Self-realisation, continues the writer, is the persistent clinging to memories of the past; a habit more noticeable in the West, where it has actually gone as far as a belief in the resurrection of the same physical body, than in the East, where "the fleeting nature, not only of the body, but of all that constitutes the 'me' of present consciousness, has been recognised by most thinkers". Some interesting conclusions are drawn from the comparison of our present consciousness with that of our childhood, when it is found no longer possible to understand the ignorance that limited our ideas and actions beyond even our present shortcomings. From this he argues that the ultimate responsibility for mistakes committed in ignorance is borne by the greater Self or spiritual complement, as our present knowledge is still inadequate for a just evaluation of the past.

But the reader is warned not to be content with metaphysical abstractions, and the article concludes with a powerful plea for a practical embodiment of the "wholeness" that is the Spirit.

Already our dawning sense of the nature of true wholeness compels us to the faith that God must be sensed and recognised and found in and through creation and not apart from it, in and through the whole of nature, in and through every living creature and most of all in and through our fellow-beings. This is the most immediate way of the spiritual life, the most practical means of the fulfilment of ourselves by union with our spiritual complement, which then becomes present and actual to us at every moment of our existence.

Such careful and original writings help to bring the reality of the spiritual life within the comprehension of the educated man and woman of the world.

W. D. S. B.



VOL. XXXVII

No. 9

# THE THEOSOPHIST

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

OUR many readers will be sorry to learn that our Editor is not well. After her return from Allahabad, to which we referred last month, she went to Palghat in Malabar to preside over a Political Conference and delivered a masterly address on "Under the Congress Flag". After her return she took train to Madura, also in the South but on the East Coast, to attend the Provincial Political Conference, and while she spoke several times at the Conference she also delivered three lectures; one Theosophical, one on Social Service and one on "Why India Wants Home Rule". She returned one morning to spend a day at *New India* Office, and left the same evening for Poona to deliver political lectures, as also to preside over the Maharatta Theosophical Federation. Huge success awaited her in that capital of the Deccan, famous for the mighty exploits of Shivaji Māhārāj, the disciple of Rāmḍās and the worshipper of Bhavānimāṭā. The great Indian patriot, who has made, said Mrs. Besant, "by his suffering the future of India possible," presided

—we mean Bal Gangadhar Tilak. Our old friend the Hon. Mr. N. D. Khandalavala was there to give a Theosophical welcome.

The peculiar Deccan weather, before the Monsoon breaks and the Government and fashionable folk return to Poona, is always trying, and the strenuous activity and continuous journeys have affected the health of the President, and she has had a bad fever attack from which she is just free. But while ill she has had a surprise in the shape of a Government order to deposit a security of Rs. 2,000 (£133) for being the keeper of the New India Printing Works. To friends in foreign lands this may sound mysterious, but we can only say that administration in India is peculiar, and free speech, free press and ordinary rights of free citizenship do not exist. What is even considered outrageous in War time in free England is our usual lot in India; and our gallant leader, who has fought before so ably and successfully for the sake of Liberty in England, is carrying on a hard and righteous battle in this land of her adoption, the Motherland of her Master.

Mr. Jinarajadasa left us on the day of the fall of Kut. He came to say good-bye to friends at *New India* Office, and just as he was leaving, we received the sad news of the surrender of General Townshend; he took away with him the rough uncorrected proof of *New India's* appeal to our rulers to let His Majesty's Indian subjects volunteer and fight the enemy. We are sorry to lose him at Headquarters, and some of us who are engaged in a heart-rending but clean fight on

behalf of India miss his cheery optimism and encouragement. We also miss our devoted sister Miss Graham, whose sympathies with Indian aspirations are much appreciated. She and Mr. T. L. Crombie were two of the Madras delegates at the Indian National Congress. Such Britishers are true Imperialists, for they create bonds of love between England and India, and soothe the ruffled feelings of a much tried people.

The gap made by the departure of Mr. Jinarajadasa and Miss Graham will be filled by two of our much loved Fellows—Miss Arundale and her adopted son, both of whom have earned a place in all Indian hearts by their genial ways and genuine brotherliness. A Students' Conference at Nellore has been postponed, partly on account of our President, but partly also to enable "George S. Arundale, M.A., LL.B., Late Principal of the C. H. College, Benares" to address them. His is a name to conjure with among the student population, and his wise counsel will be of great use to them.

White Lotus Day was observed at Adyar in the usual way. In the morning all residents gathered; Mr. C. Ramayya, Head Master of our Madanapalle High School, chanted *Gītā* verses in Samskr̥t, and Dr. Rocke read from *The Light of Asia*. A few closing words terminated a very beautiful gathering in our central hall, which was decorated with lotuses. Our President-Founder, Colonel H. S. Olcott, once suggested that the White Lotus Day should also be called the Day of Remembrance, and that we should hold in memory the lives and works of other Theosophists, known and



unknown. That is as it should be; a reference was therefore made at the Adyar meeting that we should salute with love and gratitude the Light-Bringer to the Nineteenth Century—H. P. B., couple with hers the name of Henry Steel Olcott, but also recognise the smaller lights who shed their humble brilliance in their day and generation.

White Lotus Day and the Wesak festival fall in the same month. In India many Hindūs, and all Buddhists, observe the latter publicly, and the festival is growing in importance. Several Indian and Ceylonese newspapers wrote articles for the day, and the following one from *New India* will interest all Theosophists:

#### THE FESTIVAL OF TO-DAY

In the world's history there is perhaps no event of so great an importance from the view-point of the spiritual unfoldment of the race as the enlightenment of Gautama, who became the Buddha 2,505 years ago to-day. And yet its significance is not realised by the world at large, who read histories written for it for specific purposes. What are generally known as myths are items of true history, epoch-marking and deeply significant. In this land of Religion, both among Hindūs as well as Buddhists, the full-moon day of the month of Wesak is held in reverence for reasons varied and sundry. The High Gods who guide, unknown and unrecognised, the slow evolution of humanity, have their own way of teaching and recording, and one of these is through the medium of popular legends and tales. On this full-moon day not only that Rshi became the Buddha, but also was He born in the Hindū Royal House of Kapilavāstu and became known as the gentle Prince Siddhārtha. And on the same full-moon day, when His time came, after 45 years of blessed teaching of the Noble Eightfold Path, that Master of Masters, that

Perfect Teacher of Gods and men, cast off His superb body, 80 years of age, and passed out of the sight of flesh to continue His work of blessing from heaven on high. Thus three notable events—of birth, of reaching Buddhahood, of casting off his fair garment of flesh—took place on this Wesak Full-Moon Day. In holy memory thereof all those below His august rank have ever since observed it in the Sacred Saṅgha.

There is a strange belief, handed down by tradition, and reverently nurtured by the devout Buddhists, that every year on the Wesak Day the Lord Buddha blesses the race of men who are His younger brethren and thereby the world is enriched in spiritual power and potency. However that may be, in this Āryāvarta where He was born, where He "set in motion the Royal Chariot wheels of the Kingdom of Righteousness," where through His preachings hundreds crossed the stream of *samsāra* and reached the other shore where bliss abides, this day ought to arouse latent memories of a far-off past when He left India glorious in all expressions of life and labour. Lord Gautama ushered in a new era of progress for the race of which He was the first to reach Enlightenment. He also introduced a new epoch in the story of India's culture, both spiritual and sociological. The fetters of creed and dogma, the limitations of bigotry, the narrower outlooks of life, had worked their natural havoc in our Āryan civilisation, and He was born, "this last of many times," to break those fetters, to remove those limitations, to widen those outlooks. How marvellously He did it all is a matter of history. In that splendid and most inspiring poem, *The Light of Asia*, Sir Edwin Arnold has given us, in superb musical language, the marvellous life-story of this Man of Perfect Stature—His royal birth, His marriage of exquisite love with that embodiment of spiritual charm, Yashodharā, His life in the Palace of Pleasure, His seeing the life of the sorrowful, His reading the sign of His mission, His escape from the prison-palace, His wanderings, His questionings, His meeting with the tender Sujāta, "wiser than wisdom in her simple lore," His wending to the Bodhi Tree, His solving the mystery of existence and pleasure and pain, His gaining Illumination, His return to the Deer Park at Kāshī, His founding the

Saṅgha, His establishing the Dhamma, and then His passing away—all never-to-be-forgotten incidents of spiritual value and significance.

In our world of to-day, where strife begets pain, struggle begets poverty, war begets bloodshed, we have forgotten the gentle ways of Peace, the joyous paths of Ānanda. Naturally we may crave for the priceless boon of knowing the secret to "grow content, from time of tender shoot to time of fruit" which this Master searched and found. If only man, "nursed on blood," turned his feet to paths of Forgiveness and Love and lived as the Buddha taught, understanding the Four Noble Truths—the Sorrow, Its Cause, Its Ceasing, and the Way—the Noble Eightfold Path, he would arrive at that fair garden where "spring the healing streams, quenching all thirst," where "bloom the immortal flowers, carpeting all the way with joy". Immutable Peace would then be his, and Power of the Immortals, and Wisdom which is Love, and Labour which is Joy. May this Anniversary Day bring its benediction to a sorrow-laden world; may Peace come to stay where strife is; and may every man, irrespective of his creed or his clime, learn to love and serve the High Deliverer, that Lamp of the Law who assured us:

Enter the path! There is no grief like hate!  
No pains like passion, no deceit like sense!  
Enter the path! far hath he gone whose foot  
Treads down one fond offence.

A practical scheme of vast possibilities for the immediate future is the Brotherhood Campaign, organised by the Executive Committee of the T. S. in England and Wales. This is described very fully in a pamphlet entitled "For Brotherhood," which by this time should be familiar to English members. The aim of the scheme is to provide a system of study suitable for groups in connection with Lodges throughout the country, and arranged so as to equip as many people as possible to take an active part in carrying the principle of Brotherhood into public life. With this

object, courses of study have been drawn up in Religion, Education, Government, and Social and Economic Conditions, in each of which Brotherhood is taken as the criterion for reform. A series of four public lectures will be organised in the autumn of this year, to enlist a wider support for more specialised activities. The world sorely needs such a leavening of Brotherhood as the Wisdom-Religion can infuse, and it is satisfactory to note that the importance of systematic study is being insisted on, as none but the efficient can expect to do really useful work.

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The London T. P. S. has published *Notes and Index to the Bhagavad-Gita* by Miss Kate Browning, known to Theosophists of New Zealand and of India by her excellent work. In England she is engaged in doing admirable Lodge propaganda, and her small book will be found helpful by all students of that priceless Song.

## HOLY PLACES

### EAST

My footsteps wander, seeking the Holy Places, wandering, wandering.

I pace the deck, and watch the ship's prow dip, cutting the waves in urgent progress eastward, till my footsteps touch the ancient shore.

My goal is reached; I greet it, nascent amid the palm groves, youngest among the Holy Places.

I find It again, by the river's sweep that bears the coronal of hoary shrines, the air a-tremble with the sunset prayer of thousands.

Wandering, wandering, the living rock I see opened in temple aisle, throbbing with breath of ancient worship, and again I greet my goal, whither my footsteps wander, and bow my head in joy of the Holy Places.

### WEST

In the green swards of my England I wander, tenderly stepping upon her fragrant and inviolate pathways, and again I find my goal. Sea-ward my England stands at this hour, war-girt and watchful, but within, near her heart's core, there It rises, tower crowned, green terraced, engirdled with blossoming orchards.

It rises, her Holiest of Places, nursing in austere beauty her dreams of the ages, brooding on days yet to come, and laving forever the way-worn feet of her pilgrims with waters of peace.

In the heart of my England It rises, and I spread forth my hands in worship, full-filled with the subtil and intimate joy out-breathed by her Holiest of Places.

HOPE REA



## A COMMUNION OF WORKERS

By EVA MARTIN

In the truest sense, every worker is a dreamer of dreams, a mystic. The mystic is not a far-away, unpractical person, but one who, striving to materialise ideals, re-makes the world. Only such dreamers can build a new and just civilisation; and among these all workers, however humble, should now take their place.

IT is sometimes suggested that the present time is not a suitable one in which to develop principles such as those of the Brotherhood of Arts, Crafts and Industries, to which suggestion members of the Brotherhood usually reply that the near future will at any rate be the most suitable that could possibly be found. They are not alone in their belief, for from many quite

unconnected sources come expressions of a hope—indeed of an assurance—that, the war once over, it will be found that a way has been made clear for the development of many high principles and noble ideals hitherto existing among us only in the abstract—in theory, not in practice.

The desire and hope of the Brotherhood of Arts is that in the near future theoretical ideals shall be put into living practice, that abstract principles shall be expressed in concrete beauty.

As one illustration of how this desire and hope is being expressed outside as well as inside the movement, I quote some passages from a recent book, *Form and Colour*, whose author, Mr. March Phillips, is evidently in deep sympathy with aims and objects such as those to further which the Brotherhood of Arts was founded, as well as being a convinced believer in that future blending of Eastern and Western ideals from which so much is expected.

"The truth is," he writes, "we are attentive in these days to suggestions which are not of the material order at all, to suggestions essentially emotional and spiritual in purport, and which, as I always think, are being borne to us from the East in invisible exchange for the more material contributions which the East is receiving from the West."

"Yesterday we might have admired a materialism on the imperial scale, to-day it revolts us, recognising in it, as we do, a dead ideal out of which we have climbed to higher conceptions. . . . Not by subtle reasoning and analysis are we to attain, perhaps, the knowledge of our faith, but by hammering out our intention on the anvil of war. . . . and our soldiers may prove the greatest of all our philosophers, since it will be they who will succeed at last in awakening us to the recognition of other than material standards. Indeed, there are already many who are looking to the battle-fields of the two frontiers with something of that "wild surmise" which attends the discovery of new oceans and continents. . . . In the issue we shall perhaps be able to put into actual

practice ideals which as yet we have only been able to talk about."

"Man will in the old sense of the word be made whole. All that the East has divined and dreamed, all that the West has reasoned and thought out, will be included in that final summary. This is the conception which is entering into life, and what enters into life must one day come out in art."

Holding these beliefs, cherishing these ideals, is it any wonder that we artists and workers have truly a "wild surmise" in our hearts as we look to those vast and terrible battle-fields whereon the future of the world is being moulded into shape with titan blows upon a titan anvil? It is not we who are striking those blows; it is not even our soldiers. The power which strikes the blows, which wields the hammer, is the Life Force—that Force which ever cleaves its way, through darkness, ignorance, and pain, towards Freedom and towards Light. The power which endows the opposing mass with its quality of tough resistance to progress, desperate clinging to "dead ideals," is the Death Force—that Force which ever tends towards spiritual stagnation, selfishness, cruelty, and exaltation of material attainments.

There are some who seek to hold the attention down to the "material horrors" of this war, while ignoring all other aspects of it. War is full of horror, of agony, of brutality, of ugliness, but when we hear these things dwelt on overmuch, an inevitable question arises in our hearts—"And what of the horrors of peace?" How few there are who give any attention to those! Yet all true reformers know that it is as needful to abolish them as to abolish war.

"To insist upon beauty as . . . a necessity in the lives of the people." That is one of the objects

which the Brotherhood of Arts has set before itself. And when we think of the difficulties that stand in the way, of all the dull hideousness that stretches between us and the attainment of this object, the horrors of war actually seem small by comparison. Here, among the "horrors of peace," calmly accepted as inevitable (or ignored as non-existent) by the majority of people, we have human beings killing one another, not swiftly by bullet, bayonet or high-explosive bomb, but slowly and painfully, week by week, year by year, through such methods as overwork, under-pay, insufficient leisure, insanitary dwellings, "poison" trades, sweated industries, and in how many other ways! We find ourselves confronted by a death-rate among young children, so high that in one half-year *in peace time* close on 50,000 died in Britain alone, from causes that are surely for the most part preventible. In one whole year of war the total losses among British officers and men amounted to 61,384. These figures are worth considering. Further, the "horrors of peace" are not redeemed by those frequent and vivid flashes of heroic beauty that light up even the grim monotony of a trench-war such as this one so long has been. They stretch along from day to day in a dreary greyness of unremitting drudgery, and allow so little scope for the play of the Spirit dwelling in each human form that it is no wonder when that Spirit falls into a heavy sleep scarce to be distinguished from death.

The wonder is when it is found to be still alive, ardent, eager for beauty upon which to feed and grow! Is it too much to hope that it may suffer at any rate *less* from beauty-starvation in the future? We know that at the front men's spirits have again and again been

"shocked alive" by the things of beauty and terror that they have seen. We know that these men will ever afterwards be more sensitive to the touch of Beauty or of any great emotion. We know that among the masses of the people there must also in the future be more sensitiveness to the things of the Spirit. The hearts of whole nations have been touched as never before by the happenings of this war, which is being fought indeed not primarily for the sake of the present generation—whose sacrifices are perhaps unequalled in any other chapter of human history—but for the sake of those to come. On both sides of the globe the hearts of whole nations have been moved and stirred to an almost incredible extent by the sufferings of other nations; while in England we have had before us, and can surely never forget it, the spectacle of men voluntarily offering themselves in hundreds of thousands, in millions, to fight for what they know, however dimly, to be an Ideal Good. Some have this knowledge very indefinitely—a few have it not at all—but in the hearts of others it burns like a flame, so that all experience, however painful and terrifying, is transmuted by it into new spiritual force. Is it not inevitable that when the agony of the struggle is over, these men, these whole nations, shall be filled with the desire to take the world in their hands, plunge it into the Fires of Beauty, and "re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire"?

"To uphold the spiritual ideal in all arts, crafts and industries"—here the Brotherhood of Arts steps in again, and offers the new world-makers a foundation upon which to build. The day of material things is rapidly passing. Money—except in so far as it can help others—stands for less now than ever before. Clothes

stand for less; conventions stand for less. The way is slowly being prepared for the growth of that "spiritual ideal" which shall radiate from the "Universal Communion of Workers" which the Brotherhood of Arts now seeks to form. This is a Communion from which none can be excluded. The finest creative artist, the humblest factory hand, the musician, the coal-heaver, the poet, the tram-conductor—each and all have their rightful place in it. None who comes into it can ever again feel alone, for loneliness, that worst of all forms of human suffering, can find no entry into the hearts of those who are thus linked together—even though the only common ground on which they meet may be the Love of Beauty and the desire to share it with others. "The artist knows that in the grace of beauty is the power to renew all things. . . . Justice and wisdom cannot prevail until beauty and strength are equally expressed in human affairs."

To all in whom the events of the last two years have aroused what was perhaps slumbering, though not dead—a passionate love of their country—has come a realisation of the need for the balance of these two forces, Beauty and Strength. In England, as in most other European countries, Strength has been the predominating factor in the past. Strength is a good thing, and a fine thing, but when it is developed at the expense of Beauty there comes a time when the balance must be made level again, or the nation falls to the ground, top-heavy with the weight of its own power. To that turning-point have the Western nations now come. Now, if ever, is given an opportunity to restore the balance—now, when men's lives and minds have been so shaken that they perceive,

perhaps almost against their wills, that "there's something rotten in the estate of . . ." *Europe*. Now, if ever, are the people ready to listen to new ideas, to respond to new ideals—now, with the example of Germany, chief exponent of the doctrine of Strength in its extremest form, before their eyes.

The Brotherhood of Arts is only one of many forces that are working towards the New Day. Its beginnings are as small as its possibilities are great. "If we workers seek to build aright," it says, "there is no power on earth can stop us, until we have built a new earth and a new heaven. Salvation, liberation, lie verily in our own hands and in our own making. But we must stand together. We must find our leaders. Those only are leaders who inspire us with vision." There is the crucial need—vision! The power to see beyond the present, to rise above the dead level of the everyday world and find the things that are real, and, being real, are everlasting. .

There is a certain long and dreary London street which during the winter evenings of war-darkness has seemed longer and drearier than ever. Pedestrians grope and stumble on the half-lit footpaths; vehicles crawl and grunt along the road with incessant hootings. But climb above the ground-level, mount to the top of a 'bus! There you will find that the upper halves of all lamps have been darkened with deep orange-coloured paint, and that though from below the effect is gloomy and depressing, from above it is as though rows of enormous Chinese lanterns were floating unsupported amid the grey houses, stretching in luminous chains as far as the eye can see. So do the ideals expressed in the Brotherhood of Arts float like

golden lanterns amid the greyness of this present time. But to become aware of them and of their Promise, you must climb out of the lower dimness which blinds the eyes of even the most keen-sighted. You must mount to the hill-tops, and look down upon a world which out of all its misery and pain is shaping a new civilisation—a civilisation in which the “Universal Communion of Workers” will have no inconsiderable part to play.

Eva Martin

## THE ARTS OF TIBET

By PERCY BROWN

*Principal, Government School of Art, Calcutta*

THE history of Tibet is reflected in its arts. Until the introduction of Buddhism in the seventh century A.D., the people from all accounts appear to have been rapacious savages and reputed cannibals, without a written language, and practising a devil-dancing or Shamanistic religion which still survives under the name of the Bon-pa. Distinct traces of this cannibalism, or at least human sacrifice in its most revolting form, are still observable in much of the art of Tibet at the present day. A remarkable fabric known as a “Kangzey,” now in the Art Section of the Museum, pictures this in a particularly graphic fashion. The central feature of the design consists of a collection of Buddhist symbols, but these are held in position by flayed creatures—men and animals—besides dissected portions of human beings, which place the meaning of this unique temple-hanging beyond doubt. A few illustrations from this fabric will serve to explain.

It would take too long even to outline the wealth of allegory which this wonderful textile displays, but some of the main features may be referred to. Skull-cups containing offerings of blood are frequent in the



design, while lamps with lights burning are also seen. Then there are two figures holding the *norbu* or jewel, the Mother of All Gems, the Wish-procuring Gem, which figures in almost all Tibetan designs; the Victorious Wheel of a Thousand Spokes, which also represents the Symmetry and Completeness of the Law; the conch-shell, the emblem of victory, and also on account of its white sheen the "Symbol of Purity"; the skull-offering of the Five Powers—hearing, smelling, speaking, seeing and thinking, an offering to prevent disease or accident. Musical instruments will also be noticed, the Damaru or skull-drum, tied with the colours of the five powers, and the Thigh-bone trumpet, the sound of which is supposed to summon the demons. As in the Tibetan death ceremonies the body is usually destroyed, these are generally manufactured from the bones of criminals, and the more wicked the individual the more powerful the blast and its effect. I am also informed that the thigh-bones of the *mahouts* of the plains of India were much sought after for this purpose on account of their size and strength. The elephant-driver is brought up from childhood at his business, and his femurs probably develop a subtle twist which give the note from these trumpets an added quality. In any case the life of a *mahout* anywhere on the borders of Tibet must have been full of interest whenever the neighbouring temple band required to replenish its instruments.

Besides the decorative and pictorial examples found in the temples, the Tibetans' religious dramas also exhibit this feature in a most realistic manner. In the course of the Devil-dance, a human dummy is dragged about by skeletons and finally despatched by means of

daggers, the dismembered portions being afterwards distributed among the demons taking part in the dance. Of course large areas of Asia practised Shamanism previous to the introduction of Muhammadanism and Buddhism, but in Tibetan art we find this morbid religion still much in evidence, and observed in the otherwise picturesque form of the Devil-dance.

During the seventh century, however, a change comes over the scene. On each side of this great country, which was still steeped in barbarism, were two other powerful empires which had for centuries observed Buddhism, and whose enlightened condition must have appealed to the ruling powers of Tibet. These two countries were, on the one hand China, and on the other India with Nepal. The situation, therefore, required but the moment and the man, and the latter was revealed in Sron Tsan Gampo, a king of great character, who mounted the Tibetan throne about A.D. 635. This monarch took unto himself two wives, a princess of China and a princess of Nepal, both of whom were ardent Buddhists. These two women speedily effected the conversion of their husband to Buddhism, and under their advice, he sent to India, Nepal, and China, for Buddhist books and teachers. The enormous change, therefore, of this great area from barbarism to Buddhism centres round these women, and especially to the Nepalese princess Bhrikuti, whose picture I have in my possession. This is a small metal figure I obtained from Tibet, and which depicts in a most realistic and beautiful form this historical personage. It is doubtful whether this work of art is Tibetan—it is Indian in character and feeling—and was probably made in India some considerable



time ago. The influence of the princess Bhrikuti, however, extended far beyond her earthly record—the great good her personality did for Tibet led to her consecration as a saint, and she is now worshipped as the “Green Tara,” the Saviouress or “Goddess of Mercy”. In this incarnation Bhrikuti is sometimes depicted by Tibetan artists as of a fierce appearance, as sad to relate, she is recorded as having been of a fiery temper and the cause of frequent brawls on account of the precedence given to the Chinese princess. From this date, therefore, and for the succeeding six centuries, Tibet looked to India for its art, in the same way that it went to that country for its religion, its script, and everything appertaining to its new civilisation. Some idea of the situation may be gained from the actual words of Sron Tsan Gampo when he sued for the hand of the Nepalese princess: “I, the king of barbarous Tibet, do not practise the ten virtues, but should you be pleased to bestow on me your daughter, and wish me to have the Law, I shall practise the ten virtues with a five-thousand-fold body . . . . though I have not the arts . . . . if you so desire . . . . I shall build 5,000 temples.” And judging from the artistic records of Tibet, Sron Tsan kept his word, and in every sense this period corresponds to what may be defined as the Indo-Buddhist period of the country. The arts particularly bear witness to the Indian influence, and conclusively demonstrate that these were fundamentally of Indian origin.

Then in the thirteenth century another epoch commences with the great Asiatic invasions of Kublai Khan, the founder of the Mongol Dynasty in China. From this date Tibet severed its connection with India,

and until the present day has gone to the Far East for its inspirations, the effect of which is seen in all the institutions of this time. The reason for this great change is not far to seek. Kublai Khan favoured the culture of the Chinese. In Tibet he saw in the organised force of Buddhism the readiest instrument in the civilisation of that country, and that system received his special countenance. An early act of his reign had been to constitute a young lama of intelligence and learning, of the name of Phagsa, the head of the Lamaite Church, and eventually also Prince of Tibet. In this act lay, in a precursory form, the rule of the “Grand Lamas” of Lhassa, and subsequently the whole system of Lamaic rule in Tibet. From its close association with India, therefore, the whole trend of national life in Tibet gravitated bodily to China and has remained there ever since. If this great movement were not observable in the other institutions of the country, it is plainly written in its art, which shows it unmistakably in every aspect of its design.

We are, therefore, presented with three periods:

1. The Barbaric, up to the seventh century.
2. The Indo-Buddhist, from the seventh to the thirteenth century.
3. The Mongol, from the thirteenth century to the present day.

And there is now every sign that a fourth period is in the course of formation, and that the pendulum is swinging back again westward, but this the future alone will see.

Having made this brief review of the country's history, and indicated the great influence this has had

on Tibetan art, we may now turn to an examination of the underlying principles which have guided the artist in the production of his work. It is hardly necessary to state that Tibetan art is essentially religious, but it may be useful to point out that it is religious in a very noticeable particular. This is that the entire character of the art is expressed in the word "symbolism". In other words the religion is translated into symbols, and these symbols, and they alone, are the elements which the artist uses in his art. No selected example of Tibetan handicraft is needed to explain this. Any religious article may be taken at random, and a key to the character of the art is at once observable. One illustration will suffice.

The well known devil-dagger or "Phurbu" may be selected. This is a special weapon for expelling demons, and is used extensively in various forms of the ritual. At the top is the Thunderbolt or "dorji," which is the sign of a special sect known as the "Followers of the Thunderbolt". It is symbolic of the thunderbolt of Indra (Jupiter) by which he shattered his supernatural adversaries. This is a thunderbolt of the five powers, it has five bars and these five powers are somewhat equivalent to our five senses. Below are three masks representing the three types of divinities, the mild, the angry and the most terrible. The power of these three groups is transmitted into the blade of the dagger, which has three flanges, and thus, when the victim is killed by this, these three gods convey his spirit to paradise. Below is a complete thunderbolt of ten powers, the arms of which represent the points of the compass, the fifth or central arm constituting the atmosphere. This joins on to a monster known as a "chu sing" or water lion,

the fiercest and most terrible of all supernatural animals, and he holds the point of the dagger in his mouth. There is much more to be read in this weapon, but this is the bare outline of the symbolism connected with a common implement known to most collectors of Tibetan art.

But the question may be asked: On what is this symbolism founded? The answer is—Lamaism, which is the special form of Buddhism practised in Tibet. This, however, does not entirely explain that a great mass of this symbolism is in no wise associated with the religion of Buddhism; some other outstanding influence is indicated to account for the innumerable and complicated allegories which form the basis of the country's art. And it is not difficult to see that this particular influence is a thick cloud of superstition which permeates the secular and domestic life of the people, and affects the whole of the institutions of the country. The reason for this state of affairs is not at once visible, for this superstition is not like that which is found in other countries of the East—a collection of mysterious beliefs appended to the local creed, but it is a very terrible array of supernatural creatures who live and have their being in the land of Tibet. And the weird and unnatural configuration of the country, and its peculiar situation, are probably responsible for much of this.

Let us briefly review its physical features, and try to understand what it is that causes the country to lie under a spell, and the people to live in a world over which brood all kinds of devils and monsters, evil beings who require propitiation at every turn.

It is not an uncommon trait in the ordinary individual, when gazing at a range of distant mountains, to

speculate on what lies beyond. Those who have cast their eyes in a north-easterly direction from Observatory Hill, Darjeeling, with this thought in their minds, may have also reflected that beyond these distant mountains lies the vast table-land of Tibet. And the only way to reach this elevated country is by a narrow path which corkscrews its way laboriously through the mountains, and crawls painfully through a gap fifteen thousand feet high, the only place of access to the great plateau beyond. No wonder the British soldier attached to the Tibetan Mission of 1903-04, as he scrambled breathlessly up this route, observed that he had always understood Tibet was a table-land and that this must be one of its legs! And the stories of the Pass, the death that overtakes the traveller when caught in a snow-storm, form the subject of conversation around the camp fire whenever this route is traversed. No wonder the simple Tibetan regards the blizzard, the frost, and the avalanche, in the light of powerful spirits to be feared and propitiated on all occasions. Then, having gained the plateau, he is daily confronted with that mysterious wind of Tibet which, rising every day between twelve and two, with the regularity of clockwork, blows with merciless vigour, often carrying with it sleet and hail, until the darkness forces it to rest. Those vast solitudes of Tibet, inhabited only by this tearing wind, are sufficient in themselves to cause man to regard these ever-constant and terrifying forces of nature as an overworld of supernatural beings to whom he is but a plaything or a slave. It is the ruthlessness, the overwhelming character of nature, where in other climes her harmony, her adaptability to human needs are her chief features, it is this aspect of the country

which may be regarded as largely responsible for the great mass of the superstitions of Tibet. Other influences are also at work, the religious system undoubtedly does much to encourage this, but it seems more than likely that the fundamental cause may be traced to the geographical position and physical configuration of this great central Asian plateau.

To sum up, therefore, Tibetan art is built up on a great array of symbols, pictorial elements expressing in concrete form the mysteries that lie behind them. As I have endeavoured to explain, the primary inspiration for these may be traced to the peculiar character of the country, added to the many centuries of barbarism which lasted well into the Christian Era. Then the influence of Buddhism becomes observable, and the remainder of the story is comparatively simple. Tibetan art, with this religion, originally came from India, but before it appeared in Tibet it went via Nepal and made a long stay among the Newar craftsmen of that country. These artistic Nepalis then carried it into Tibet, and for some centuries the arts of that country were Indian—Indo-Buddhist—as introduced and interpreted by the Newars of Nepal. In the thirteenth century, the connection with India was severed, and henceforth Lamaism, a system originally evolved from China, entirely influences the art. Tibetan art may therefore be briefly defined as a Chinese stratum overlying a bedrock of Indo-Buddhism.

The arts of Tibet being largely religious, the best examples are to be found in the temples and monasteries. These institutions are, in a sense, the museums of the country, as a few illustrations will demonstrate. The main features of the temple

This individual was originally a priest, but deserted his order so that he might carry on his art. Occasionally this is found to be done, in which case the artist has a higher value on account of his expert religious knowledge. The commission for a Tangka having been placed with the painter, this individual proceeds to the house of his patron and begins the work there, carrying it out under the eye of the donor of the picture. All materials, as well as food, are provided by the patron, the artist practically living in his house, except that he retires every night to his own home to sleep. Before doing so, however, he is treated to as much "chang," or native beer, as he is disposed to drink, a harmless arrangement in view of the comparatively mild character of this national beverage. Over and above this his wages are approximately a rupee a day, varying of course according to the talent of the artist and the quality of the picture. Under these homely conditions the work of art is produced, and on its completion the custom is for the patron to make the artist a little present of coin, wrapped in a fine cloth and handed to him with a few words of praise. This completes the actual painting of the picture, but much more follows before the article at last finds a resting place in the temple. A "durzi" is employed to mount the picture in the manner of the well known Japanese "kakimona," Chinese brocaded silks (Tson-dan) being used for this work, and the selection of these requires considerable taste. Tibetan connoisseurs of the present day value the Tangka for its exquisite mounting, because these brocaded silks are becoming very rare and are now of more value than the actual picture. This particularly applies to the small square of special brocade often introduced

into the lower margin of this silk mounting, which is usually a very choice piece of silk. This inset is called "Kat-di". The picture itself is always framed with a "jamasir" of red and yellow silk, symbolising the rainbow border. Over the whole is placed the "memsi," a silk cover dyed in soft colours and which protects the painting when it is not in use, and above this are two strips of thicker silk called "loongne," which act as weights and keep the silk "memsi" in its place. The durzi's work is now complete, but the Tangka is then entrusted to the carpenter to mount on rollers, "tangto," and the best pictures are those which have black wooden ends to the "tangto," instead of brass or other metal. The Tangka, as far as art is concerned is now finished, but it still is only the work of man's hands; a special ceremony is required to consecrate it and "give it a spirit". This is most essential to convert it from a work of man to a symbol of God, and this the Lama performs with all the necessary ritual. The Tangka is now ready to be hung in the temple, and this is undertaken with considerable formality and the picture displayed in its allotted place.

Many of these Tangkas, however, are not intended to be exposed throughout the whole of the year; they relate to certain seasons and festivals, so that they are only brought out on these occasions, exhibited for a limited period, and then packed up and placed away until the next year. This is the case with many of the temple accessories, so that it becomes almost impossible to judge their age from their condition. For instance, often the oldest Tangkas bear the best preserved appearance, because they have been carefully stored and protected. The smoke-dried specimens frequently

hawked about Darjeeling are usually comparatively recent productions, cheap in quality, and thus left uncared for in the temple until they are ready to drop to pieces from neglect. The Tangka should be judged not from its apparent age, but by the fineness of its brushwork—not a difficult task, if a little trouble is taken to examine the technique.

This technique or process of production is an interesting one. A picture I have shows a Tibetan artist's studio. On the easel, so to speak, is his "canvas," a piece of cloth stretched when damp on a wooden frame. Around are a variety of pots, pestles, and mortars, in which he prepares his colours. As in the mediæval days of all countries, the Tibetan artist prepares his own pigments, although now, alas, he is obtaining most of these from Europe. Most of his old colours, however, were extracted from minerals, some from local earths, others from distant countries such as Mongolia and China. When applied to the surface of the cloth they are mixed with an animal gum called "Ting". The cloth is called "song" and obtained from China. This is first primed with a coating of prepared chalk and gum, which is afterwards burnished with an agate. On this eggshell-like surface the artist paints his picture. The brushes, having to be very fine, are made of cat's hair.

The larger paintings on the walls of the temples are substantially executed in the same manner.

There are other pictures, similar in general character to the painted "tangkas," except that they differ in the materials used and are not executed in the same technique. Some of these are embroidered, others are *appliqué*, and some appear to have been woven on

a loom. None of these, however, are likely to be of Tibetan manufacture, as there are no textiles of any importance or artistic merit made in the country, except a few rather commonplace rugs and carpets and some coarse wool weaving. These woven and piece-made Tangkas are the work of Chinese fingers, and so, strictly speaking, do not come within our subject.

The actual subject-matter of the painted Tangka opens up a large field of investigation, and only a very general classification of these interesting pictures can be attempted. The bulk of them are representations of the various divinities worshipped in Tibet, and as such, may be divided into the three classes of Gods—the Mild, the Angry, and the Most Terrible. The uses to which these Tangkas are put are in conformity with the subject depicted; the Mild are for blessing and benevolence, the others are utilised in destroying enemies and for similar devastating purposes. It may be noted that the Terrible Gods are mostly in evidence, the Tibetan evidently pinning his faith more to the destructive forces than to the powers of good. Another class of subject represents superior Lamas and other pillars of the Church who have achieved great distinction and eventually become sanctified. The stories of their lives and their various incarnations are also shown in the picture. These may be said to be in the "narrative style," or are historical, but the Tibetans themselves have no classification for their Tangkas, although it is just possible to resolve them into broad divisions. A very popular class is the picture of the Mandala or Magic Circle, a mysterious arrangement of squares and circles, understood in a vague way by the ordinary Tibetan, but very difficult for the outsider

to grasp. Briefly, these Magic Circles are based on certain charmed sentences supposed to have been composed by the several divinities concerned, and by worshipping the Mandala these divinities are coerced into assisting the votary to reach "the other shore". These particular pictures will not, however, appeal to the ordinary connoisseur, but the other subjects, especially the stories of the various semi-divines who have built up the Lamaistic Church, will always have a special interest on account of the spiritual feeling which they undoubtedly express, and the story they so artistically illustrate.

A short description of one form of *appliqué* picture should not be omitted. Every important monastery possesses a very large piece-work picture called a "Kiku," which is exhibited at a particular place for a short time once a year in order to ward off pestilence and famine. These great works of art are a feature of monastic life in Tibet and need special reference. The Art Section of the Museum has acquired a comparatively small but very rich specimen, which is now on view. But some of these, as for instance the one at Gyantse, exhibited only for two hours once a year, are remarkable fabrics. This one is made of the richest pieces of Chinese brocade, and is 40 yards in height and 26 yards across, exclusive of the side panels. One of these wings, it will be noticed, is missing, and is believed to be in Berlin. The ceremony of displaying this work of art is an important one, and entrusted to a staff of some sixteen local "durzies," who wear special uniforms for this occasion, and are held responsible for the protection of this great picture. The devotees perform certain

ceremonies before the Kiku, and incidentally make a present to the durzies for their labour in handling the picture. The great pylon on which it is hung, called the Kikupay, is specially built for this purpose, and faces the West. This enables the picture to be exhibited in the morning in the shade, so that no sunlight may fall on the Kiku and cause it to fade. As the sun works round, the picture is lowered, and by nine o'clock in the morning the ceremony for the year is over.

The subject of the picture is the Buddha with the begging bowl, and some idea of the size of the central figure may be gained by realising that the hand holding the bowl is 8 feet long, while the eye is 2 feet 6 inches across.

A form of decorative painting in relief, very similar to "gesso" work, is also practised, and in its process is typically an art of Tibet. This decoration is applied to panels of cupboards, the sides of drums, and other temple furniture. The "gesso" is a creamy mixture of earth and gum, applied to the prepared surface of the wood in the form of a pattern, through a clever little instrument, part fountain pen, part bellows. When dry the design is in relief, and it is then painted in brilliant colours. This decoration, which is a very old art and is known as Kyungboor, is most effective.

Apart from the painting, the other outstanding feature of Tibetan art is the metal-work. It differs from the pictures, however, by being domestic as well as religious. The domestic utensils, although very picturesque in design, do not form a very important section of this art, but nevertheless appear prominently in small private collections of Tibetan art. But it is in the production of metal figures for the

temples that the metal worker excels, and in these he has reached a very high standard of workmanship, as the examples I have before me demonstrate. These metal divinities vary considerably, but may be roughly divided into two main classes: (a) the smaller ones, up to about nine inches in height, which are cast, and (b) larger ones, some of which are colossal in size, and are all hammered work. All are made hollow, the larger ones on account of the process, and the smaller ones to accommodate small sanctified offerings, which are enclosed in the interior. A picture illustrates a small staff of subordinate lamas, in a side-chapel, arranging and sorting written prayers and other consecrated objects previous to sealing them up inside these metal statuettes. The metals used are brass and copper only, any figures in bronze, or other mixtures, may be traced to Chinese foundries. The smaller cast figures are moulded in a manner similar to the Indian productions of the same nature, that is the well known "*cire-perdue*" or "lost wax" process, which is employed all over the East. But the large hammered metal statues are made in a way which is unusual, although at the same time effective and not unworkmanlike. A fragment of a large statue will explain this better than any description. Briefly, each detail and member of the figure is hammered out separately, arms, legs, head, hands and fingers, each is beaten out as a distinct part by itself. Then all these parts are assembled and brazed together, thus forming the statue.

This process sounds simple, and is really simple as far as details are concerned, but the skill lies in getting these various parts so to fit together as to make a

presentable work of art. Much of this is undoubtedly achieved by means of rules and laws laid down in the Kutsay-ki-Paicha, an ancient compilation in which all the measurements and proportions are most minutely tabulated, but a great deal of art is also necessary to produce these very artistic and remarkably fine statues, and the workmen responsible for these are thoroughly experienced craftsmen, as their productions unmistakably testify. A key to some of this success may be found in the large number of life-size figures built up of a clay composition, which are found in the temples. It seems more than likely that the metal figure is first modelled up in clay, and this is used as a pattern from which the final metal statue is copied in sections. The larger figures are always constructed of copper and are heavily gilt.

The various articles of religious use may be best seen in pictures of the monastic interiors, which will show these objects *in situ*. The vessels of offerings, the lamps, and other temple furniture, may be seen in actual use. We find a shrine containing a "chorten" placed by a devotee before a statue of the Buddha. It will be noticed that this figure has been draped by a votary to show his reverence, and thus to gather merit for his act. Another picture depicts a chorten by itself, giving the details and the jewelled decoration. This picture is of a monastery with a very richly ornamented altar. At the entrance to the hall, on the left, can be seen a holy water vessel, and on the right a utensil known as "the Everlasting Vessel". The latter is filled with consecrated water, which is sprinkled before the God, or over sinful men, by means of the ornamental spray at the top.

The interior of another monastery shows an altar covered with small votive figures and devil-daggers in the foreground. These pictures may give an idea of the arrangement of these institutions, and the conditions under which these articles of ritual are utilised. There is one of some censers, which shows these picturesque objects being held by priests preparatory to a processional. Another is of a holy water vessel, designed out of the two golden fish, one of the "Eight Glorious Emblems". It is particularly graceful in design and proportions. We see a brass lamp, to be placed before the altar. These lamps are generally burning night and day in the temples. The design of one is very refined, and the ornament is beautifully executed. There is also a conch trumpet, silver mounted, a very handsome musical instrument. These conch trumpets are used in the monasteries to call the lamas to prayer.

The domestic utensils of Tibet, being often seen in private collections, need a reference. The commonest receptacles are the tea, beer, and butter pots, which are often very artistically designed. The tea-pot illustrated is too well known to need description, but genuine specimens are becoming rare in these days. The beer, or "chang" pots, are a little different in design; I photographed a good series in actual use, held by waiting maids, who served at a luncheon party at which I was present in Tibet. When it is realised that the colouring of their ornaments was turquoise, coral, amber, and pearl, it will be understood that it was like being waited on by stained glass windows. One chang-pot is still more elaborately decorated with silver ornament on a copper body.

In domestic metal work, chiefly in decorated iron, the artisans of a country in Eastern Tibet of the name of Kham have made a considerable reputation. This distant country borders on China, and the designs and workmanship denote no little Chinese influence; but at the same time, like all the arts of Tibet, the Kham work has fundamentally a character of its own. The Khambas are the fighting people of Tibet—I have in mind a typical swash-buckler from this part—and are generally well armed (this individual has two swords and a dagger). In the manufacture of armaments, therefore, the Kham artisans no doubt first distinguished themselves in the preparation of swords, knives, daggers, guns and other weapons of war, in all of which iron played an important part. Then probably in times of peace they turned their attention to tea and beer pots, cup-covers, saddles, etc., all largely carved and hammered out of iron, and these articles are now a feature of the Kham country. A typical specimen is a Kashoo or cup-cover, most elaborately carved out of iron; another is a "chang" pot, artistically inlaid in brass, copper and silver, on a body of iron, with a brass spout and handle.

The jewellery and personal ornaments of the Tibetans, especially of the women, are so profuse as to require special mention. The turquoise is the favourite stone, as all visitors to Darjeeling are aware, and the variety of designs worked out in this artistically coloured mineral are bewildering. These stones are obtained mainly from Persia, the other favourite ornaments being coral, seed-pearls and amber, all of which, it will be noted, are imported from far countries, and hence are of additional value to the



Tibetan. The colours of all these products are not the least of their attractions, and the Tibetan jewellers work them up into very beautiful combinations which, when worn against a background of Benares "cloth of gold," present a very striking effect. If you meet an aristocratic Tibetan lady in full costume, it will be observed that jewellery plays an important part in the scheme. She wears at least four charm-boxes, and these are undoubtedly the commonest form of personal adornment, as apart from their beauty of design and intrinsic value—largely turquoise set in gold—they have their spiritual and practical use in warding off accidents, illness, and all kinds of evil influences. The back view is almost as ornate as the front, and the lady has to be followed around by an attendant to keep her jewellery in position, and also to arrange it for her according to her movements.

A certain amount of jewellery is also worn by the men, especially by the Khams already mentioned, who deck themselves out with very massive rings. Some of this Tibetan jewellery is, however, of an official character, such as the button on the hat, and the ear-ring, which are often of quaint and elaborate design. The long pendant worn in the left ear is one of the signs of office, and is constructed of a series of turquoise beads with a pearl in the centre. The pear-shaped drop at the lower end in the real article is not a turquoise, as appears at first sight, but a blue glass bead, and unless this is so, the ear-ring is a spurious one, not a proper official badge, but a sham, made up in order to impose on the tourist. His Excellency Lord Carmichael, whose valuable loan collection of jewellery, now exhibited in the Museum, bears witness

to an extensive knowledge of this subject, informs me that the reason for this combination of turquoise, pearl and glass bead is as follows: All information which finds its way to the ears of the wearer of this official emblem regarding his superiors first concentrates on the ear-ring. Before entering the ear it is purified by passing through the pearl, and the evil information, in the form of dross, drops down through the false bead at the base on to the ground. It has been suggested that this ear-ring, and the system that is connected with it, might be adopted with considerable success in communities other than those of distant Tibet.

Space has only permitted me to bring before you a few of the main aspects of Tibetan art. I trust, however, that I have enabled my readers to form some idea of its general character, and the principal purposes for which it has been produced. Those of us who live in Bengal see much of this art, it is a feature of the bazaars of Darjeeling, and is also very noticeable in local private collections. The Art Section of the Calcutta Museum contains a unique collection of Tibetan workmanship, which is well worthy of study. For those who desire to make a further acquaintance with this subject, I can only recommend a visit to this Museum, which I am sure will cause all those who do so to admire and appreciate the art of Tibet.

Percy Brown

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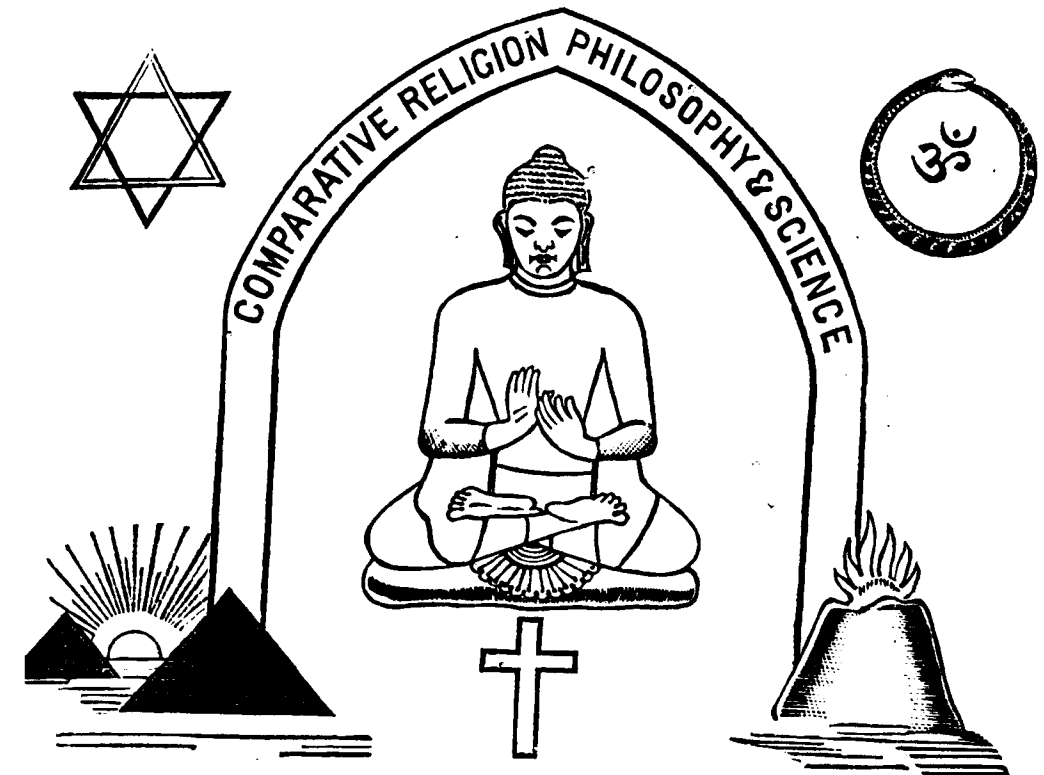
## SONG

MANY tributes life hath brought me,  
Lit with loveliness and splendour,  
But of gracious gifts and tender  
She hath given me none diviner  
Than your silver tears of sorrow  
For my wild heart's suffering.

Many evils Time hath wrought me,  
Of all hope and health bereaving,  
But of gifts of joy and grieving  
He hath left me none diviner  
Than your silver tears of sorrow  
For my wild heart's suffering.

SAROJINI NAIDU

[We published in our 'March issue a little gem called "Ecstasy" by Shrimati Sarojini Naidu. To-day we publish another, "a new song just born—not an hour old," she writes. She has been dangerously ill, but is getting better, and the above is a very early production in a state of consciousness of which she writes: "It seems almost incredible to feel myself alive again."]



## THE METAPHYSIC AND PSYCHOLOGY OF THEOSOPHY

By BHAGAVĀN DĀS

(Continued from p. 169.)

### 16. THE SCIENCE AND ART OF FEELING

OF this Science of the Self, this Science of the Svabhāva underlying and constituting the Universe, a very important and integral part is the Science of

Bhakti, Love Divine; to understand and practise which, it is necessary to study the emotions; for "this constantly changing and moving life that surrounds us is formed by the hearts of men, and as we learn to understand their constitution and meaning, will we grow able by degrees to read the larger word of life".

The modern evolutionist develops all existing social institutions, domestic, political, ecclesiastical, professional, industrial—out of the primitive patriarch-priest-king, with the help of assumptions of *emotions* and their expressions, continually at work. These are allowed even in the lower animals. Herbert Spencer describes how "on the approach of some formidable Newfoundland or mastiff; a small spaniel, in the extremity of its *terror*, throws itself on its back with legs in the air. Instead of *threatening* resistance, by growls and showing of teeth, as it might have, had not resistance been *hopeless*, it spontaneously assumes the attitude that would result from defeat in battle; tacitly saying 'I am conquered, and at your *mercy*'. Clearly then, besides certain modes of behaviour expressing *affection*, which are established still earlier in creatures lower than man, there are established certain modes of behaviour expressing *subjection*." The italicised words name the emotions assumed. So peace, defiance, arrogance, civility, respect, self-restraint, propitiativeness, rudeness, insubordination, desires, passions, maternal feeling, sex-feeling, wish to be liked, maternal yearning, humility, love, favour, prayer, sympathy, submission, grief, gaiety, imitation, fear, deception, independence, callousness, etc., are the words indicative of emotions which are abundantly used by the evolutionists, and the existence of these emotions is constantly taken for granted by them and employed to explain

developments step by step, without any attempt to explain the genesis and evolution of the emotions themselves. Also, somehow, the worse emotions are magnified and the better ones minimised in these explanations—possibly because of the rooted feeling that they belong more naturally to earlier "animal-like" and "savage" conditions, and of the persistent notion, we may almost say bias, that civilisation has grown up out of savagery. The idea that savagedom may be a condition of degeneracy from older civilisations, while not wholly repudiated, is allowed somewhat reluctantly in a few unmistakable cases. The analogy of a human family, wherein three or four generations might be living simultaneously, all the members at very different stages of individual development, is not utilised sufficiently in interpreting the facts of the sociological history of the Human Race as a whole; nor is the primitive and innocent "savage," corresponding to the childhood of the individual, sufficiently distinguished from the degenerate and cruel savage, corresponding to other and less healthy stages in the life of the individual, though recognition is undoubtedly growing of the two distinct kinds of "savages," viz., the primitive and the degenerate. *The Secret Doctrine* supplies the needed corrections on this point, as stated before. A study of the psychology of the emotions helps us to understand in what ways the less healthy conditions arise, and how they may be treated, from stage to stage of the individual as well as the racial life, so as to minimise pains and magnify pleasures, and enable the wheel of each cycle to run smoothly in its appointed course. We need no proof that the family, the clan, the tribe, the race,

has its root and source in the emotions of love, and all integrations of individuals and groups and organised societies and nations are ultimately due to the emotions of sympathy and mutual helpfulness; while *per contra*, partitions, separations, dispersals, wars, destructions and dissolutions of the same are due to the emotions of antipathy and discordant selfishness. It behoves us, therefore, if we wish to promote the cause of co-operation and peaceful progress, carefully to sort out all the emotions which help it on from those which hinder it.

Modern psychology, apparently, continues to believe that each emotion or feeling is something *sui generis*, that an organic connection between emotion and emotion is not traceable, that it is vain to try to reduce any one into terms of any other, and that a classification of these mental phenomena that is genuine, genetic, and not arbitrary, is impossible.

But this is not the view of the ancient Indian thinkers. They classify all the emotions into two groups, *rāga* and *dvesha*, love and hate, sympathy and antipathy, like and dislike. There is not space, and this is not the occasion, to go into details. We must confine ourselves to the briefest possible sketch, leaving the reader to pursue the study, if he cares to, in works specially dealing with this subject and included in Theosophical literature.

Sympathy, love, attraction, liking, as has been generally observed, go with pleasure; hate, dislike, repulsion, antipathy, with pain. The *Yoga-Sūtras* III, 7, 8) expressly state this; so also does the *Bhagavad-Gītā* indicate this in many verses (III, 34 and others).

To understand what pleasure and pain are, we have to go to those ultimates of the universe, the Self and the Not-Self, which cannot be explained away, nor explained into anything simpler, but which explain all else. In the words of Manu (IV, 160), to feel the power of the Self is pleasure, to feel the power of another-than-Self is pain. The feeling of the "moreness," the expansion, of the Self, is the feeling of pleasure. The feeling of the "lessness," the contraction, of the Self, is the feeling of pain. This is so true that psychophysicists have observed "that pleasantness is attended by increase of bodily volume, due to the expansion of arteries running just beneath the skin . . . . Unpleasantness is accompanied by the reverse phenomena." (Titchener, *An Outline of Psychology*, 1902, ch. V. p. 118.) The instinct of language correctly describes faces as expanding into a smile and contracting into a frown.

These forces of attraction and repulsion, in their simplest elemental forms, are the appetite for food and the turning away from what is not such or the reverse of such. In their more complex and higher forms they become love and hate proper, as between individual and individual, and no longer between individual and food. The ultimate fact is the same, that all likes and dislikes, whether for articles of food and poison or friends and enemies, are forms of desire, the desire for Self-maintenance, Self-realisation. But inasmuch as the Self has a lower aspect—that wherein it has identified itself with one particular limited physical body and become a separate individual, and a higher aspect—that wherein it ensouls all physical bodies and is one and common in all, therefore complications arise and

appetites become transformed into emotions. There is no reason for the progenitive instinct except that the Unlimited One Self cannot be cribbed, cabined and confined in one small piece of matter, but ever seeks to assert its Infinity by multiplication. There is no reason for the parental instinct of protecting the young, except that the Self of the parents is preserving *itself* in the progeny. All unselfish love in all its shapes is the light and glory of the One Self. At the same time, in order that even such spiritual Love may have an opportunity for manifestation, there must be material coefficients, bodies; and so, even such love cannot be wholly dissociated from a certain minimum of that selfish desire which preserves one's own body. But the two are as the ends of a see-saw. When selfish love is strongest, impersonal or unselfish love is at its lowest; not wholly absent even then; for the cruelest tyrant wishes to keep the slave alive to give opportunity for the exercise of his unchecked will upon him. Briefly, when we find that our being, our life, is enhanced by another *individual*, directly or indirectly, we feel the *emotion* of love. And on the other hand, when it is diminished and reduced, we feel hate towards him.

Analysing in more detail, we find that love implies: (1) That "contact" in the most general sense, with an object, has at some time been found to result in pleasure. (2) That there is a memory of this past fact. (3). That there is an expectation of a similar pleasure occurring in the future on the contact being repeated. (4) That there is a desire for such pleasure and such repetition of contact and association, and (5) That while contact and association are possible, an

absolute union or absorption is not. Where such absorption is possible, as between feeder and food, the desire remains as desire only. It does not advance to the condition of emotion proper, which is the attitude of one living individual towards another living individual. Such individuals can enhance each other's personal being, *i.e.*, each other's bodily life, only indirectly by various kinds of services and attentions.

Hate may be analysed similarly.

If this analysis is correct, then we may define emotion briefly as the desire of one individual to associate with or dissociate from another individual, combined with an intellectual cognition of the other individual's ability to help or hinder his well-being. As the first subdivision of emotion in general, we find that where the cognition is one of helpfulness we have love; where it is of hindrance we have hate.

At the next step, for further subdivisions, the word *ability* gives us the clue. The ability of the other individual may be superior to one's own, or equal, or inferior.

On the side of love then, where we have the consciousness of equality, we have affection, or love proper. Where we have the consciousness that the other is superior, we feel reverence. Where we know the other to be inferior, we feel benevolence.

So on the side of hate, we have hate proper, or anger, fear and scorn.

These may be regarded as the six principal emotions, the psychical forces, by the interplay of which between individuals, the various sociological institutions are evolved, and which, by action and reaction amongst themselves, develop the most subtle and elusive forms

and phases of sentiments and feelings appertaining to the complex forms of "civilised" life, and the very varied and artificial relations of human beings brought about by such.

Thus we may readily distinguish grades and degrees under each of these six: *e.g.*, respect, esteem, admiration, reverence, adoration, worship, under the one sub-head of love towards the superior; or superciliousness, contempt, scorn, disdain, etc. under that of hate towards the inferior.

It will be found on examination that all possible emotions can be analysed into shades and mixtures of these primary ones combined with differences in that framework of intellectual or cognitional ideas which is an essential factor of their composition. Thus jealousy is repulsion felt by one individual towards another, plus the consciousness of a possible or even probable superiority of a special kind thereof, which superiority will enable that person to gain exclusively and appropriate for himself something which is desired by both.

Wonder is attraction, the desire to approach, to imitate, plus the consciousness of the superior greatness of the object in some unexpected and extraordinary respect or degree, and of the uncertainty of one's ability to so approach or imitate him. The extraordinariness is the cause of the uncertainty. The physical manifestation is a general expansion of the features, open eyes, open mouth, "wide-eyed wonder"—consequent on the feeling of pleasure, accompanied by the arrest of motion—"standing stock-still," "struck dumb,"—which corresponds naturally to the uncertainty above mentioned. In the case of the emotion expressed by such a

phrase as: "I am lost in wonder at your audacity," the wonder may be genuine, when the above analysis will apply, or ironical; and then, in the analysis, repulsion should replace attraction, such wonder being a form of scorn, the superior greatness and extraordinariness being in a respect which the utterer considers evil. Disgust is fear<sup>r</sup> in some respects, plus scorn in others.

Vanity, by ordinary usage, is something reprehensible. Yet it is a sentiment on the side of attraction. It is 'love for the sake of being loved more. It is the wish to please in order to obtain more pleasure in return. That the word has acquired evil associations is due to two causes. Even when vanity is "innocent or childlike," it is an object of contempt to unloving and hard and egoistic individuals; and secondly, the word is sometimes used in a different sense altogether, as a form of pride, a different emotion. Shame may be said to be vanity, plus the consciousness of something in oneself which takes away the power of pleasing others so as to attract them.

These few illustrations must suffice here to indicate that all emotions are capable of reduction into terms of love and hate, and none is *sui generis* except these two.

From the above it follows that the virtues and vices of mankind are only the emotions become fixed and wide-reaching. The emotion of love, originally aroused from time to time, and finding vent in helping a small circle, spouse, children, parents, relations, friends, when it becomes a settled habit, and is felt as a continual undercurrent of "feeling-tone" in the consciousness towards all with whom the individual comes into contact, and even towards those who are absent, and ultimately

for the whole of creation, becomes that altruism which is the sum-total of all the virtues. So repulsion becomes egoism, that selfishness which is the essence of all vices. To each emotion will be found a corresponding virtue or vice. Very often language gives the same name to the temporary and fleeting aspect as well as to the more permanent one. Parental love, aroused and exercised from time to time, becomes confirmed into persistent benevolence to the weak. Thankfulness and appreciation, often brought into play, settle down into a habit of seriousness and earnest aspiration, and the chivalrous virtue of reverence for all that is good and great. So, on the other side, passing fits of anger or scorn, becoming habitual, make up the vice of peevishness or malevolence, or that shallow mockery which is "the fume of little minds".

Having thus, all too cursorily, seen that the emotions are the material of which are made up the virtues and the vices which develop and determine the happiness, or otherwise, of all social conditions, institutions, organisations, we ought next to consider what laws govern the mutual action and reaction, the mutual origination and evocation of these emotions. For only when we have determined these laws shall we have in our possession an organon of education, for the deliberate cultivation, governance and elimination, of good, useful and evil emotions respectively.

Observation shows that amongst average individuals, in whom neither selfishness nor unselfishness is unmistakably pronounced and predominant, "Emotions tend to create their own likeness" (using "likeness" to mean another emotion, *on the same side*, out of the two main categories). Love will produce love;

anger, anger; pride, pride; fear, fear; distrust, distrust; and so on between "equal" individuals. If they are unequal, scorn will beget fear, and fear scorn; compassion will generate gratitude and reverence, and reverence compassion; and so on.

But when an individual is predominantly selfish, over-firmly set on the Path of Pursuit of things worldly and material, the Pravṛtti-Mārga, then emotions in another, whether of the love side or of the hate side, will tend to arouse in himself corresponding emotions of his own side and nature, *viz.*, the hate side. Thus humility, accompanying weakness and prayer, will arouse that contempt which distorts and perverts the benevolent word "pitiable" into the scornful word "pitiful"; compassionate greatness will breed awed fear and distrust and suspicion; the advances of love cause repulsion and anger. And much more so, of course, the emotions of the same evil kind, in another, will arouse evil ones in him.

On the other hand, when the individual has consciously or subconsciously passed on to the Path of Renunciation of worldliness, Nivṛtti, self-sacrifice, unselfishness, then even the evil emotions of another, and much more the good ones, will arouse in him only corresponding good emotions. Fear will arouse compassion and the effort to reassure and soothe and help; pride will evoke the sad humility of friendliness, or a quietly smiling and paternal benevolence; anger and irritation will evoke only more gentle patience and friendliness and effort to appease; and so on. These laws can be worked out into the minutest details and correspondences.

Bhagavān Dās

(To be concluded)

## THE DIVINE MAN

By C. F. HOLLAND

WHAT right have I to speak of the Divine Man? What can I know of Him? Who is He? Where does He reside? What is His occupation? What is His relationship to me? And then who am I?

If I were endeavouring to be strictly scientific and to use Theosophical terms, I would speak of the Divine Man as the Monad, or perhaps regard him as the triple Spirit, that expression of the Monad, Ātma-Buddhi-Manas, and speak of him as the Ego.

To me these terms always seemed to describe or name something separated from myself, something far away, apart from and beyond me, something I never can become.

I want to feel I am near this Divine Man, that there is something in me that responds to His call, that I am in some poor way a slight expression of some of His divinity; that my will is in some unaccountable way His will; my love His love, and my wisdom His wisdom, and that what I am of these may grow into greater and greater expression, until there is no will but His will, no love but His love, no wisdom but His wisdom, and that the time may come when I may verily say I am one with Him and He with me.

I would like to feel that I am as the outer court of some sacred temple wherein all knowledge and all

virtue abide, that the great portal of the temple will some day open and the wall that divides the temple from the court will disappear, and the court and the temple will become one structure.

I awake to consciousness in a world of material forms, all composed of matter—matter manifesting in diversity, and with different qualities, yet in reality but one substance, permeated with One Life. I distinguish these forms as separate from the form I call myself, and which I endeavour to control. I am aware of what seems to be I and not I, but I find no permanence; all is constant, ceaseless, endless change. Even in myself I realise there is no stay of this universal movement.

The morrow panders to my senses, promises pleasures permanent and real, but the morrow is delayed and the promise deferred. The pleasures, still just as alluring, recede as the time for their enjoyment approaches. I pursue them with the same energy, full of expectation, but ever and again they elude me. If I am allowed to approach near, they seem to fade, and I am fascinated with brighter colours just beyond, and these too fade in their turn and yield me no satisfaction.

I stand within the garden fair  
And pluck the red, red rose.  
The ripened fruit hangs low for me  
And there I seek repose.

A worm destroys the blossoms fair,  
The luscious fruits decay.  
My bower of roses turns to thorns  
And stings me where I lay.

And thus I see these pleasures, which  
Earth places at my feet,  
All fade away as I approach;  
My joys are incomplete.

What is this in the nature of things that leads me on to expectation; that sports with my credulity; that



mocks me, while giving no satisfaction; that leads me to expect even more, if I can continue the pursuit? What have I gained by this continuous effort which leads only to disappointment? What is the object of all this deception? Are there no imperishable realities? Nothing above or beyond this sensuous material world of changing forms that I can hold fast to; that can speak to me in some language that I can understand?

If I listen to a Presence from within, and hear that inaudible whisper of the solitude coming from nowhere, yet from everywhere, that speaks not to the dull ear of the senses, but communes with the living, throbbing Presence that seems to dwell deep-seated and enthroned in the heart of my being, a monarch that rules and even chooses his own destiny; then the landscape, the glorious sunset, the majestic snow-capped mountain, the woods, the river, the restless ocean, lend enchantment deep and lasting.

Without the consciousness of this brooding Presence and without the ability to respond, the most glorious sunset is but a patchwork of clouds and sky; the mountains but a huge pile of rock, the ocean but an expanse of waste; but when I can attune myself to the harmony of this Divine Spirit, this World-Mother, then matter and form lose hold upon me and I rise to a different world, a world where the meanest thing inspires me to search for and find its purpose in the divine plan, a world radiant with light and life, a world of perfection that knows neither deformity nor pain, a world that knows no sacrifice, for the finite only can suffer.

Who is this "I," that senses this infinity in calm repose, that beholds these ineffable glories that before

have been invisible to the senses and now impose themselves upon me with such imperious authority that all else seems as darkness; this "I" that in some indescribable way seems to be a part of the great universal All, encompassing it all at one and the same time, and yet seems to be my very self, expanded a thousand times greater than the "I" that I had been before; this "I" that in all the past seemed to reside in silence and darkness, and has allowed the man of flesh to assume the rôle of the one in authority and boastfully contend that his jurisdiction included the full scope of his being, and now suddenly descends into me from I know not whence, so that I comprehend and become aware of a greater "I," an "I" who transcends and sports with time and space, whose consciousness expands until it seems to reach the uttermost heights and depths, embracing all, with its centre everywhere, whose consciousness recognises a great universal World-Mother, beneficent, protecting and with loving tenderness brooding over her children everywhere and in everything? Let me describe her as she appears to me by a vision that seems to feel and know rather than see.

And her mighty brooding presence  
I can feel where'er I go;  
In the stars I read her message  
As she smiles on me below.

To my soul she sings an anthem,  
Universal love divine,  
Till the world seems filled with music,  
Melody of life sublime.

In the whispering pines I hear her,  
And in the gurgling springs,  
In the zephyr's softest sighing,  
Hear the rustle of her wings.

In the silence of the twilight  
When the evening star appears,  
If I listen I can hear her  
In the music of the spheres.

I must assume that the consciousness that recognises this Divine Mother in nature must be of her kindred, and can be no other than her Divine Son, and if so, then the Divine Man.

This must be so, for divinity knows its own and appeals to its own and is comprehended only by its own. In vain would I attempt to describe the Divine Man as in some way different from the man of clay. How shall I distinguish him, so that you may recognise him should you chance to meet? In physical appearance He is not more beautiful, His bearing more noble or His mind more brilliant. By the man of commerce and trade He will probably be considered dull and uninteresting. These are games at which He has long since ceased to play, except as necessity requires. He has abandoned that field to those whose vision of the universe is measured by their power of response to sensation. His vision expands beyond or lies within, as it were, and words and language are poor and inadequate means to describe the glories of the world He feels and knows.

Conscious that He has drawn near to the heart of being, His direction is ever onward, and with an overpowering desire that others may share the bliss that sweeps over his being, His prayer is for strength that He may in some way be of service to them; and His prayer always is:

May I be strong to dare,  
And daring, face the sneers of men,  
The ridicule, the lies, and then  
Keep faith with self, the truth command,  
Knowing they do not understand.

May I be strong to serve,  
And serving, may I help to bear  
Each weary pilgrim's load of care.  
And may I comfort those who mourn,  
And heal each bleeding heart that's torn.

May I be strong to will,  
And willing, may His will be done.  
So may my will with His be one,  
And with His strength strong may I be  
To love and serve humanity.

May I be strong to love,  
And loving, though not loved, or when  
In anger I'm reviled of men,  
May I return to each goodwill,  
• Forgive the wrong and love them still.

Thus I have tried to draw a pen picture of the Divine Man as to me it would seem He must be, and as I seem to sense Him, as it were, in a glass darkly; and this Divine Man is no other than the Higher Self.

The most glorious reality of it all is the full knowledge that by constant effort in the service of humanity and by continuous study and meditation I too may rise above the personal self, with its unsatisfied desires and longings, to the realm of reality, and submit to the conscious control of this Higher Self who dwells near the heart of being, conscious of its own divinity, where all is seen as ever existing in perfection, one continuous day, the past and the present blended in the Eternal Now, where death does not exist.

But the end is not yet. Progress must be eternal. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

C. F. Holland

## NIRVĀṆA

By D. S. S. WICKREMERATNE

NIRVĀṆA, the *summum bonum* of the Buddhists, is a subject that has baffled not only many of the best intellects of Our Lord's age, but also most of those after Him up to the present day. The sublimity of the subject has driven many a person to pass his own verdict that Nirvāṇa is "annihilation," and therefore should be rejected. On the contrary many have understood it and reaped its benefit, from kings down to the lowest labourer; men, women and children; as it is the most acceptable condition of everlasting Peace. We have to-day some five hundred millions, or nearly one-third of the estimated population of the globe, making every endeavour, making every sacrifice, towards its consummation; and at the same time non-Buddhists are exhibiting their ignorance of the subject in some form or other. Nirvāṇa is a discovery made by the Lord Buddha at the sacred Bo-Tree at Buddha Gaya, 2,500 years ago, and is quite unique in the history of religions.

Before any enquiry is instituted as to what Nirvāṇa is like, it will be necessary to know the religious thought of the world at the time this marvellous discovery was made; which religious thought, on comparison, will offer no contrast to that of the present age.

For the adherents of all the religious schools of the world were then, as now, groping after what is called "Everlasting Happiness" by pursuing the two extremes of self-mortification on the one hand and sense pleasures on the other. It is not easy to understand what self-mortification is, unless one goes to India, and personally sees the efforts made there to subjugate the mind by torturing the body. As regards the efforts made to subjugate the mind by means of sense pleasures, for the glory of an imaginary Maker, we have object lessons before us in Ceylon itself.

Prince Siddhārtha, the son of King Shuddhoḍana and Queen Māyā, the Crown Prince of the Shākyas of India, had the full advantage of the enjoyment of sense pleasures. He had the best of palaces for the various seasons of the year; He had the richest of food, He had the best raiment, chariots and horses; He had the loveliest Princess as wife, and, last but not least, the sweetest son. But in spite of all these things that are popularly called happinesses, He discovered that these enjoyments are vulgar and base and contemptible. And on renouncing these He underwent a course of severe self-mortification for a long period of six years under the guidance of ascetics. He discovered that the system of finding Peace through penances is a torturing, anārya, senseless and hopeless task; and therefore He adopted the Middle Path of neither self-mortification nor sense pleasures, as the surest course for self-discipline, and ultimately discovered the *Four Noble Truths* in which the whole of Buddhism is embodied. The Four Noble Truths include the *Noble Eightfold Path*, which on close examination will show metaphorically the disease, the cause of the

disease, the remedy, and the healthy condition obtained by the cure. Let us therefore take the Eightfold Path *seriatim*, and examine why we are existing, what is the cause of the existence, whether there is an escape, and how we are to escape.

First. *Right Belief*, divided into four heads:

1. Knowledge of the Truth of the existence of sorrow.
2. Knowledge of the Truth of the cause of sorrow.
3. Knowledge of the Truth of the cessation of sorrow.
4. Knowledge of the Truth of the way to the cessation of sorrow.

Second. *Right Thought*, divided into three heads:

1. Thought of leaving the householder's life and joining the Priesthood.
2. Thought of removing all hatred to others and of being pleased at their prosperity.
3. Thought of extending mercy to others and helping them.

Third. *Right Speech*, divided into four heads:

1. Not to tell lies.
2. Not to carry tales to set man against man.
3. Not to speak harsh words.
4. Not to gossip.

Fourth. *Right Action*, divided into three heads:

1. Not to kill.
2. Not to steal.
3. Not to commit adultery, nor to take intoxicants.

Fifth. *Right Livelihood*, divided into two heads:

1. If a priest, to obtain one's living without violating the precepts.
2. If a layman, to earn one's livelihood by just means, in accordance with the precepts, and without lending oneself to the objectionable five trades.

Sixth. *Right Exertion*, divided into four heads:

1. To abstain from new sins.
2. To get rid of sins already committed, by repenting.
3. To perform new meritorious deeds.
4. To continue to perform good deeds already done.

Seventh. *Right Remembrance*, divided into four heads.

1. To remember the impurities of the physical body.
2. To remember the impermanence of pleasures.
3. To remember the nature of the mind.
4. To remember the pros and cons of the thoughts emanating from the mind.

Eighth. *Right Concentration of Thought*, divided into five heads.

1. To concentrate into the First Dhyāna.
2. To concentrate into the Second Dhyāna.
3. To concentrate into the Third Dhyāna.
4. To concentrate into the Fourth Dhyāna.
5. To concentrate into the Fifth Dhyāna.

It requires no argument to prove that we have experienced, and are daily experiencing, the pangs of birth, decay, sickness, death; pangs of mind, pains of body; weeping, lamentation, separation from those dear; forced association with the wicked, hoping against despair, and possession of the Skandhas (the material and immaterial body)—which twelve kinds of sorrow our Lord attributes to the result of our past deeds, called Karma Vipāka; and we can see that the cause of existence is unsatisfied selfish desire, called *Tanhā*. Therefore the escape from the above-mentioned sorrows is *Nirvāṇa*, and the remedy is the Noble Eightfold Path. Existence, therefore,—either as the most powerful King or the lowest beggar in the terrestrial globe, or as a *Deva* in the celestial globe, or as a *Brahmā* with body but without consciousness in the *Rūpa* abode, or a *Brahmā* with consciousness but without body in the *Arūpa* abode, or as a being in the infernal abode called hell, or as beasts, birds, fishes, etc., in the animal kingdom, or as *Preṭas*, *Pishāchas*, and *Asuras*, called Elementals, occupying Space—is sorrow and nothing but sorrow; as such existence is attended with the necessary sequences of decay, sickness, death, etc., or in popular parlance, the “gnashing of teeth”.

Why was it that Our Lord underwent so many pangs and sufferings during six years of His last valuable life, apart from the countless previous lives, to discover the cause of sorrow? Because the ignorance of the people was so great that they never knew that the Eye, the Ear, the Nose, the Tongue, the Body, and the Mind, on which they are spending all their riches, are always feeding on Objects, Sound, Smell, Taste,

Touch, and Thoughts respectively• (like the rope binding together a serpent, fox, ape, crocodile and kite, who struggle to get into their respective abodes by moving in different directions, tightening the rope more and more till exhausted to death), with the result that ten great obstacles to advancement, called *Sanyojanas* or Fetters, are engendered, *viz.*: (1) *Sakkāyaditṭhi* (Delusion of self), (2) *Vichikichchha* (Doubt), (3) *Silabbataparāmāsa* (Dependence on superstitious rites), (4) *Kāmarāga* (Sensuality), (5) *Paṭigha* (Hatred), (6) *Rūparāga* (Love of life on earth), (7) *Arūparāga* (Desire for life in heaven), (8) *Māna* (Pride), (9) *Uddhachcha* (Self-righteousness), (10) *Avijjā* (Ignorance).

So the Buddha saw that so long as man exists, these fetters will toss him in the sea of *Sansāra* (Birth and Death), as a vessel without a rudder dashing on this or that rock of sorrow. He tells us: “Look round and see how you are entwined; here is the knife of the Eightfold Path; cut off strenuously the fetters, and escape from sorrow. Just as an able physician in the case of a serious sickness stops all rich food and places the patient on a low diet, adjusts the rooms and surroundings, and treats the patient with medicines, so that the patient’s life may be saved, so be a physician unto yourself and be cured, and reach *Nirvāṇa*.”

Of the ten fetters, the first three must be rent to gain an insight into *Nirvāṇa*; and wherever *Nirvāṇa* is not understood, these three first Fetters will be responsible for obstructing the vision. Now let us examine what they are.

The first is *Sakkāyaditṭhi*. What is *Sakkāyaditṭhi* or the Delusion of self? If any one considers that (1)

the physical body (Rūpa) has a soul, or (2) the soul has a body, or (3) the body exists because of the soul, or (4) the soul exists because of the body, then he is said to possess Delusion of self as regards Rūpa. So also are the delusions of self as regards Sensation (Vedanā), Abstract Ideas (Saññā), Tendencies of Mind (Sankhārā), Mental Powers or Consciousness (Viññāna)—in all twenty aspects of the five Skandhas, which alone form the physical, mental and intellectual man, and nothing more.

The second is Vichikichchhā. What is Vichikichchhā or Doubt? (1) Doubt of Buddha, (2) Doubt of the Dharma which He preached, (3) Doubt of the Āryasaṅgha or the Noble Brotherhood, (4) Doubt as to past existences, (5) Doubt as to future existences, (6) Doubt as to both past and future existences, (7) Doubt of the efficacy of the precepts laid down by the Lord, (8) Doubt of Patichchha Samuppāda Dharma or the law of origination and change concerning the processes of life.

The third is Sīlabbataparāmāsa. There is no difficulty in understanding this; any belief that Nirvāṇa can be obtained by observing any rules of conduct foreign to Buddhism comes under this Fetter.

Strict adherence to the Eightfold Path is absolutely necessary to break these three Fetters, when follows the attainment of the First Stage of Nirvāṇa called *Sohan*. Later and in due course come the stages of *Sakadāgāmi*, *Anāgāmi* and *Arhat*, when all the remaining Fetters must necessarily give way.

Now we come to the question: Where is Nirvāṇa? It is not a place, where many a religious man may wish to have his room numbered; and in the words of

Nagasena Thera to the greatest controversialist of the period, King Milinda, it is not in the East, West, North or South, Up or Down, but it is where the precept is observed. That is the explanation which Our Lord gave to Subhaddra.

Then comes the question: What is Nirvāṇa? The popular Samskr̥t word Nirvāṇa, or its Pāli equivalent Nibbāna, implies the snapping of a cord (of Tanhā or Thirst for Life), or escape from a noose (of Tanhā). Man is dragged in the sea of Sansāra by the cord of Tanhā; you snap it, and there is Nirvāṇa. Is it existence, within the comprehension of the man in the street, or is it annihilation? It is neither the one nor the other. Here lies the dilemma in which sceptics get themselves fixed; this is the labyrinth in which many a critic loses his way; and, indeed, the Lord Himself found it difficult to make the ordinary masses comprehend it without stories and parables.

Nirvāṇa is not existence in the ordinary sense of the word, and to believe the Buddha to have denounced existence as sorrow and then to suppose Him to have said that Nirvāṇa is a blissful existence is a contradiction in terms. Whereas the Buddha says that if anyone believes that Nirvāṇa is existence, it is heresy.

Then is it annihilation? It is not. There too the Buddha says that it is heresy to believe that Nirvāṇa is annihilation. And in view of the fact that Nirvāṇa is attained on this side of the grave and not after, it is preposterous to suppose that it means annihilation to attain it; for if an individual attains an annihilation state within the corporeal body, he should, on attaining such a Nirvāṇa, drop down dead, as if struck by a bolt from

the blue; whereas the singing of praises of the happiness that comes to an Arhat in his mortal coil, conclusively proves that Nirvāṇa is a complete, blissful state, which is no other than the complete cessation of the fire of *Ṭanhā*, and therefore the surrendering of all that constitutes the formation of anything that is brought within the influence of the Law of Karma, and therefore the complete outwitting of birth and its concomitant appendages and corollaries—decay, sickness, death and innumerable other sufferings—not in one, but in a countless number of lives. In short, it is a state beyond the operation of the laws of nature, and beyond the influence of the *Ḍhātus* or categories, whether instituted, as some say and Buddhists deny, by gods, Brahma-*ḍevas*, or *Māras*. Is it not, I ask you, happiness?

If you are never to come back into mundane existence, is it not, I ask you, everlasting? It is true that there is no singing and dancing to glorify the Buddha, but it is perfect peace, and it is therefore properly termed *Nibbāṇasampadā*.

Numerous instances can be quoted where the physical body was thrown away with the singing of praises on entering into Nirvāṇa, which conclusively proves that Nirvāṇa is no annihilation but freedom from sorrow. Take the case of *Ṭathāgata* Himself. On the day in which He entered *Parinirvāṇa*, He walked peacefully to His death-bed and lay peacefully on the couch prepared for Him, gave the last counsel to His disciples and enquirers; and bidding farewell, He entered into the first, second, third, fourth, fifth *Ḍhyāna*, and again from the fifth to the fourth, third, second and first *Ḍhyāna*, and so on for some time; and

then left the mortal body. Then again His first disciple, *Sāriputta*, obtained permission from the Lord, went to his parents and, on his death-bed, converted them and entered into Nirvāṇa. His second disciple, *Moggallāna*, went to the Lord, and having shown Him, at His request, *Iddhi* or miraculous powers, entered into Nirvāṇa. And so too the Arhat Queen *Yashodhara*, and many others.

Our Lord's *Ḍharma* denounces, as stated in the early stage of this paper, the two extremes of sense-indulgence and self-mortification, but teaches the mild doctrine of the Middle Path; it is therefore rational that the final goal should be a middle ending, neither a sense glorification nor an annihilation, but a subtle acquisition, which anyone who cannot understand "*Na ca so na ca aññs*" (not the same nor yet another), as applied even to a living being, will find it difficult to comprehend. But if you observe first the simple Five Precepts, they will eventually lead you to the Noble Eight-fold Path; if you try to understand what the Ten Fetters are, and rend them there and then, then alone will you comprehend what Nirvāṇa is. Then you will feel that you are free from the following impurities or vices:

- (1) *Mackko*, Vice of disparaging the known virtues of others.
- (2) *Palaso*, Vice of envying those who are more virtuous than oneself.
- (3) *Issa*, Vice of hating others' property.
- (4) *Machcheriya*, Vice of hoping that one alone may prosper and not others.
- (5) *Maya*, Vice of hiding one's faults and trying to appear virtuous.
- (6) *Sateyya*, Vice of trickishness.

(If you are free from these vices, then know that you have attained the First Stage of Nirvāṇa, *Sohan*.)

(7) *Patigha*, Control of indifference.

(8) *Kodho*, Control of hatred.

(If you have conquered these vices, then know that you have attained the Second Stage of Nirvāṇa, *Sakadāgāmi*.)

(9) *Patigha*, Complete eradication of indifference.

(10) *Kodho*, Complete eradication of hatred.

(11) *Upanaha*, Attachment.

(12) *Pamādo*, Delay or procrastination.

(If you are free from these vices, then know that you have attained the Third Stage of Nirvāṇa, *Anāgāmi*.)

(13) *Abijjā*, Coveting others' riches.

(14) *Thambo*, Stubbornness, reluctance to yield to good advice.

(15) *Sarambo*, Refusal to obey those who should be obeyed.

(16) *Aitmaṇa*, Great pride.

(17) *Mada*, Pride in birth, youth, health, virtue, knowledge, etc.

(If you are free from these vices then know that you have attained the Fourth and the last Stage of Nirvāṇa, *Arhat*.)

Thus you will see that the above seventeen vices are inherent in man, and that they cause all troubles in the world—Anarchism, Nihilism, Socialism, Liberalism, Conservatism, Toryism, Strikes, Bombs, Wars, Treasons, Disloyalty, and a thousand and one other things. So long as you allow them to continue in the undisturbed possession of man, you will find bloodshed and horror,

and the rotatory movement through endless lives; but once they are attacked at their root, with your own exertion, by closely following one of the many methods laid down by the Lord, you begin to realise that man is composed of the Five Skandhas—*Rūpa* (material qualities), *Vedanā* (sensation), *Saññā* (abstract ideas), *Sankhārā* (tendencies of mind), *Viññāna* (mental powers and consciousness), and that they are again divided into four *Dhātus*, called earth, air, fire and water, and that the combination of these Skandhas produce the above-mentioned vices (*Kleshas*). When every energy is engendered to subjugate them by practising *Dāna* (giving), *Shīla* (virtue), and *Bhāvanā* (meditation), the result is that man enters the *Sohan* stage; when the tendency to commit the five sins—killing, thieving, adultery, lying, and taking intoxicants—is completely subjugated, the individual crosses the sea of *Sansāra* (Birth and Death) within seven more lives as a man or *Deva*. Then inevitably follows *Sakadāgami*, with one more life in the human kingdom, and *Anāgami* without returning to earth again, and the final stage of *Arhat* will exterminate the future worldly life, and the saint will enter in the same life that blissful state of Peace—*Nirvāṇa*. When the following six *Abhiññas*, or the Great Powers of Perception which are generated at the attainment of *Sohan*, are in the later stages fully developed, *viz*: 1. Power of seeing objects, however distant, whenever necessary; 2. Power of hearing sounds, however distant, whenever necessary; 3. Power of reading others' thoughts; 4. Power of looking into a past chain of lives; 5. Power of attaining *iddhis* or supernatural powers; 6. Power of expelling sins;—then the saint comes to *Nirvāṇa*.



On the other hand, if Nirvāṇa is examined without taking into consideration the why and the wherefore of its necessity, this can be compared to a man in a dark, closed room in Colombo attempting to see the Dalaḍā Māligāwa (Tooth Relic Temple) of Kandy. For unless he goes with the help of a guide to the nearest railway station, buys a ticket to Kandy, and enters the proper train, his task will be a hopeless one.

I have explained the subject as briefly as possible, though it requires a more exhaustive explanation. I hope that at no distant date we, one and all, will break off the trammels of the world and attain that Beatitude—which all Buddhas, Paṇḍita-buddhas and Arhats have extolled and entered into with all pomp and all glory—*Nirvāṇa*.

D. S. S. Wickremeratne



SIR THOMAS MORE, KNIGHT—A STUDY

By FRITZ KUNZ, B.A.

THE direction of the affairs of Europe, as that of every other part of the world, falls under the immediate control of certain members of the Occult Hierarchy—generally under one—and to the detailed governance of other Rulers and Teachers. We are privileged to know that, amongst others, in these Adepts are numbered He who was le Comte de St. Germain, that One who was Thomas Vaughan, at least

two other high Officials of the Lodge, and also He whom we know in history as Sir Thomas More. It is the last-named who has in close touch with Himself the Ego that once bore the name of Cæsar.

On account of these and others things, a somewhat narrow scrutiny of certain features of the life of Sir Thomas More may have an especial interest and value now, although at all times so inspiring and galvanic an example repays observation, if that observation of physical things be directed, by the eye of the Spirit, to discern the true inwardness of events. For where the uninformed may see merely a lawyer, a wit, a scholar, a man who was widely read and cultivated in taste, a family man ideal—for such the great Chancellor was—there the intuition describes the Lawgiver, the Sage, the Teacher, the possessor of the Ancient Wisdom—in short, the Saint and Arhat. And yet this greatness that springs from the realms of the Ego and of the Monad is best measured by the merely human elements, for these are to us the known by which we approach the unknown, the unreal from which we proceed to the Real. And for other reasons the review of this life fires us with hope. We see herein sharply a contrast between the calm wisdom of the Initiate and the hasty foolishness of the ignorant. We discern all the more clearly in an age of bigotry and superstition the glory of the Promethean fire. Against the selfish, uncontrolled lust of a worldly king we see the more vividly the selfless calm and poise of a Son of the only true King.

In our feeble understanding of what constitutes spiritual greatness we too often refuse to allow to Initiates those homely human qualities which surely

only serve to set off more effectively the true inward greatness of the Spirit. Fortunately in Sir Thomas More we have one who is not so far away from us in time but that not only can we enter into an understanding of his great phases, but also can still find those little anecdotes that have kept alive his bubbling mirth, his pure domestic affection, the incalculable strength of his keen mind and great heart.

Thus, in his celebrated book, *Utopia*, we find that he has written a brief passage of three sentences which, insignificant as it is in size and content, yet so shrewdly sets forth certain phases of that great man's character that, notwithstanding its trifling nature, I hit upon it as an illustration to introduce this study. In commenting upon the customs of people in *Utopia*, he says: "

They bring up a great multitude of pullets and that by a marvellous policy. For the hens do not sit upon the eggs; but by keeping them in a certain equal heat they bring them into life and hatch them. The chickens, as soon as they be come out of the shell, follow men and women instead of the hens.

It is sufficiently remarkable that this casual, curious fact should have been known to More—for fact it is—and surely no one but he would toss into the midst of a grand conception of the ideal State a bit of minute, keen observation so full of pith. It is characteristic of the man that he could, in the middle of a great work, pause to turn his vivid and humorous mind to so small a matter, yet give to it a certain crispness of expression, and so throw into full prominence, through the medium of the insignificant, the profound nature of his knowledge, and the sunny character of his humour. One can almost see Sir Thomas, Master More, in his garden in Old Chelsea, in far off 1514, experimenting with the artificial incubation of eggs, and pointing out to his

beloved daughter, Megg, the new and amusing habits of the strange chicks.

The very drawings of him that have come down to us convey in some sense the manner of the man who, in his physical expression, reveals the flaming Soul within. Of these portraits it is natural that that one done by his dear friend, Hans Holbein, the Younger, should be most like. There is one of these, a drawing, in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, of which the date is about 1527, which is instinct with life. There are also extant certain of Holbein's cartoons for a projected great painting of the household of Sir Thomas More, all of them giving us a certain happy intimacy with these happy intimates. One sees More seated in the centre, surrounded by the members of his family, the servants, the dogs, and even, beside his pious Margaret—tucked cunningly in the farthest corner—a pet ape! In this group the central figure has the benign and contented expression that we naturally associate with his domestic life, but in the portraits he wears that slightly puckered and puzzled brow that marked the intensity of his public life. There is visible the generosity of his character in the generous nose; and we note the full and sensitive lips, and a well-articulated jaw that bespeaks the transcendent strength of the man. With these, and the wide brow and deep eyes, one understands that thoroughness, perseverance and clear vision were his.

There is a charming book by Miss Anne Manning devoted to *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, in which a fictitious diary by More's favourite daughter is made

<sup>1</sup>Of this sketch the keen Erasmus said in 1529: "Methought I saw shining through this beautiful household a soul even more beautiful."

the vehicle for a record of the days of high Passion which ended that great life. The book does not pretend to complete accuracy, and it does not set forth in detail the more exalted phase of his life, but it does convey thoroughly the purity of emotion and the constancy of devotion in which More's life was steeped; and Miss Manning's work is especially useful in expressing the unity and serenity of the household. We find Erasmus, most learned of Dutchmen, walking there; we catch glimpses of the care and patience that the father had for his children, and the devoted affection he had for his wife; we see him courted by the learned, and visited by the powerful—even King Henry VIII walking in the garden with his arm about More. An especially interesting comment on this happy domesticity is, in the nature of the case, omitted by Miss Manning, but in *The Life of Sir Thomas More*, by his son-in-law, William Roper, this passage occurs:

This Sir Thomas More. . . . resorted to the house of one Master Colte, a gentleman of Essex, that had oft invited him thither, having three daughters whose honest conversation and virtuous education provoked him there specially to set his affection. And albeit his mind most served him to the second daughter, for that he thought her the fairest and most favoured, yet when he considered that it would be both grief and great shame also to the eldest to see her younger sister preferred before her in marriage, he then, of a certain pity, framed his fancy toward her, and soon after married her.

And, whatever we may think of the affair as such, this is but one illustration of the courtesy, the high thought and the self-control which marked out the man.

The object of this paper is to set forth a few illustrations of this high thought and pure life. The mere

events in the life of the great Chancellor are well known, but even these may be briefly sketched for the sake of completeness.

He was born, then, in Milk Street, in London, on February 7, 1478, and educated at St. Anthony's School, Threadneedle Street, under Nicholas Holt. He was placed early in the household of Cardinal Morton. This place, obtained for him by his father, was one of privilege, and it brought the youth into close touch with the living Christian tradition. He duly went on to Oxford, and then to New Inn (of Chancery) and, in 1496, to Lincoln's Inn, an Inn of Court, and we soon after see him delivering a lecture on a compromise between theology and the humanities to "the most learned of London". For a time he took up the ascetic life, but mainly through the influence of Erasmus, he abandoned this. The friendship with the Dutch scholar was his rationalist inspiration. In 1504 we find the young More opposing the King's will in Parliament, and, what is more, defeating it. This Henry VII never forgave, so that More was thrown out of public life until 1509; it was during this occlusion that he married, in 1505, the eldest daughter of "one Master Colte".

When, in a case of *The Crown v. The Pope*, More won a judgment against King Henry VIII, that astute monarch wisely saw that this genius should be with and not against the Court, and so, at great pains, he won More into his service, making him Privy Councillor in 1514, and in 1523 Speaker of the House. There, reluctantly assuming office, More adhered steadily to the cause of the Commons, proving intractable to the King, and incensing by his boldly displayed strength

the redoubtable Wolsey, who would have had him sent to Spain as ambassador by way of banishment. But Henry made him, instead, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and wooed him assiduously, coming to his Chelsea house unexpectedly to dinner, and otherwise cultivating his friendship. Finally, in 1529, Sir Thomas became the first layman custodian of the Great Seal. In this office his integrity and zeal were alike flawless (although he was later charged with bribery and acquitted), but when the question of the divorce arose, More resigned his office on plea of ill-health.

He could not escape the ordination of karma thus, for after his flat refusal to attend the coronation of Anne Boleyn he was a marked man; the further refusal in 1534 to take the Oath of Supremacy added fuel to the King's wrath; and More was committed to the Tower, whence, upon flimsy evidence by a perjurer, he was arraigned and condemned for misprision of treason. He was executed on July 7, 1535, going as grandly to his death as he had grandly lived.

Without question, of merely human traits, his bubbling and delicate sense of humour has made More beloved to many men. The story of his last sharp witticism is well known, and is as well worth repeating. As he laid his head upon the block (it is said), he carefully brushed away his beard, saying: "That at least hath committed no treason." Another story of doubtful authenticity, but equally possible, relates how he met Erasmus first at the Lord Mayor's table; who, when the conversation between them had grown swift and brilliant, cried out: "Aut tu es Morus, aut nullus."

<sup>1</sup> His portraits show him beardless, but he was closely confined in the Tower for a year before his execution, and during this period his beard may have grown.

And More answered: "Aut tu es Erasmus, aut diabolus." However these may be, equally fine touches are related by the trustworthy Roper, thus:

As he was going thitherward [to imprisonment in the Tower] wearing, as he commonly did, a chain of gold about his neck, Sir Richard Cromwell, that had charge of his conveyance thither, advised him to send home his chain to his wife or to some of his children. "Nay, Sir," quoth he, "that I will not: for if I were taken in the field by mine enemies I would they should somewhat fare the better for me." At whose landing Master Lieutenant was ready at the Tower gate to receive him, where the porter demanded of him his upper garment. "Master Porter," quoth he, "here it is," and took off his cap and delivered it to him, saying, "I am very sorry it is no better for thee." "No, Sir," quoth the porter, "I must have your gown." And [later] was he by Master Lieutenant brought out of the Tower, and from thence led toward the place of execution. Where, going up the scaffold, which was so weak that it was ready to fall, he said merrily to the Lieutenant: "I pray you, Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." . . . . . Which done, he kneeled down, and after his prayers said, turned to the executioner with a cheerful countenance, and said unto him: "Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office, my neck is very short, take heed therefore, thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty."

Verily, here is evidence that he lived and moved and had his being in worlds we know only too little.

Aside from and in addition to these more easily understood elements, we find plenty of hints as to the source of More's inspiration and strength. He has become now a Master of the Wisdom; no small share of Europe's future lies in His hands to be moulded, especially in connection with the mission of Cæsar. And already in the Sixteenth Century he was approaching the greatest and most difficult portions of the Path. It is not surprising to find, then, that even after he had given up the castigations and penances which he laid upon himself as a youth, he continued,

even to the end, the wearing of a hair shirt next to his skin; nor, knowing this, do we wonder as much to see a man of such active public life constantly turning inward to the Light:

And because he was desirous, for godly purposes, sometimes to be solitary and sequester himself from wordly company, a good distance from his mansion-house builded he a place called the New-Building, wherein there was a chapel, a library, and a gallery, in which, as his use was on other days to occupy himself in prayer and study there together, so on Fridays used he continually to be there from morning till evening, spending his time only in devout prayers and spiritual exercises.<sup>1</sup>

More vividly is this life of his seen to be coincident with great, definite spiritual advancement when we look at his betrayal at the hands of Wolsey, and more particularly, when we mark the utter perfidy of one, Rich, who visited him, upon a pretext, in the Tower and endeavoured, by putting to More hypothetical cases, to commit him to something treasonable. In this he failed, but notwithstanding, by clear perjury at the arraignment, gave excuse for the sentence of death. Yet this seeming friend was but the Judas in the Drama, who betrayed a Lover of men to death maybe, but to Life assuredly. Nor did More play his part in this Drama as one innocent of the scenes that were to come; for he unquestionably knew that he would meet death for his convictions, and he clearly warned his family of this, his future.

In his outward life he adhered closely to the customs of his time and place, where these did not conflict with his sense of right. He gave way to public opinion in things which did not matter—dress and the like—as readily as he might. But in esoteric matters

<sup>1</sup> Roper.

he was scrupulous. It is said by his son-in-law, Roper, that in sixteen years of close observation he had never once seen More "in a fume"; and surely if ever man had cause to be irritable this was he. We see him, therefore, standing well beyond the third great Portal of the Homeward Way. He is in no sense the Magician; clairvoyance and the psychic powers do not seem to have been part of his mode of evolution; but in the spiritual worlds he was a rock; his intuitions, his will and his wisdom were fully at his disposal.

A pleasing illustration of the use of these higher faculties is seen in the instance where his favourite daughter, Margaret, lay nigh death in the sweating-sickness. The physicians gave her over, but More retired to his New Building, and there, burning with the Love he had for his daughter, besought a remedy for her desperate illness. The cure came to him in a flash; the physicians at once adopted the suggestion; and the lady's life was saved.

A still more transcendent, indeed a super-spiritual faculty was evident in him when he was adjudged by the Lord Chancellor guilty. On this occasion, when he was asked what he had to say, he remarked, with that amazing serenity and dispassionateness: "I verily trust, and shall therefore right heartily pray, that though your lordships have now here in earth been judges of my condemnation, we may yet hereafter in heaven merrily all meet together to everlasting salvation."<sup>1</sup>

Yet in the *Utopia* I find the clearest of all expressions of a profound understanding of what we more truly call the mode of Occultism. One expects, and

<sup>1</sup> Roper.

indeed finds, in Sir Thomas More the mode of the Catholic Church, albeit his Catholicism was singularly wide and truly catholic. And one expects and finds interplay of such psychic and spiritual elements as go to make up a brilliant person. A more close observation reveals a true knowledge on his part of what we might call the technique of the Path, a profound understanding of the mechanics of spiritual evolution and Monadic expression. For I find him clearly recognising the Server type, as different from the Devotee and the Sage, where he says of the Utopians:

They think that the contemplation of nature, and the praise thereof coming, is to God a very acceptable honour. Yet there be many so earnestly bent and affectioned to religion, that they pass no thing for learning, nor give their minds to no knowledge of things. But idleness they utterly forsake and eschew, thinking felicity after this life to be gotten by busy labours and good exercises . . . . remaining in continual work and labour themselves; not embraiding others therewith. They neither reprove other men's lives nor glory in their own. These men, the more serviceable they behave themselves, the more they be honoured of all men.

The *Utopia*<sup>1</sup> reveals, generally, a magnificent freedom from false tradition and a freshness of thought that betrays the "Wind of the Spirit" blowing from its own still, clear heights. In the letter transmitting the manuscript to Peter Giles, More scathingly attacks the cant of his day, that has now, in our day, grown into a giant tangle of intellectual superstition. "The rude and barbarous," he says, "alloweth nothing but that which is very barbarous indeed. If it be one that hath a little smack of learning, he rejecteth as homely gear

<sup>1</sup> Usually taken to be derived from *ou* (not) and *topos* (place), i.e., place non-existent physically. Many of the names in the book are Greek. More was a Greek scholar. The study of this tongue was considered a dangerous experiment by the Church then.

and common ware whatsoever is not stuffed full of old moth-eaten words and that be worn out of use." He attacks still more vigorously the savage custom of hanging for theft; he scarifies the flogging schoolmaster; he blazes against the abuse of the monetary system; and the whole is a cry for the poor and oppressed, and for greater control and sensible organisation in national life. And through it all is woven that wisdom of the Plan that stamps the words as coins minted in the cold flame of the Ego. It is He Himself crying out, when he says: "The soul is immortal, and by the bountiful goodness of God ordained to felicity." He has o'erleapt the theological boundaries; he is embodied Spirit. We call him a Roman Catholic, and in a sense we are right. But he could say, with clear approval, that in *Utopia*

Some worship for God the Sun; some the moon; some some other of the planets. There be [those] that give worship to a man that was once of excellent virtue or of famous glory, not only as God, but also as the chiefest and highest God.<sup>1</sup> But the most and wisest part (rejecting all these) believe that there is a certain godly power unknown, everlasting, incomprehensible, inexplicable, far above the capacity and reach of man's wit, dispersed throughout all the world, not in bigness, but in virtue and power. Him they call the Father of all. To Him alone they attribute the beginnings, the increasings, the proceedings, the changes, and the ends of all things. Neither they give divine honours to other than to Him. . . . Whom they all commonly in their country language call Mithra. . . . They also, which<sup>2</sup> do not agree to Christ's religion, fear no man from it, nor speak against any man that hath received it. Saving that one of our [newly converted Christian] company in my presence was sharply punished. He, as soon as he was baptised, began against our wills, with more earnest affection than wisdom, to reason of Christ's religion: and began to wax so hot in his manner, that he did not only prefer our religion before all other, but also

<sup>1</sup> Buddhists, clearly.

<sup>2</sup> i.e., who do not follow Christ's religion, nevertheless frighten no man away from it, etc.

did utterly despise and condemn all other, calling them profane, and the followers of them wicked and devilish, and the children of everlasting damnation. When he had thus long reasoned the matter, they laid hold on him, accused him, and condemned him into exile; not as a despiser of religion, but as a seditious person, and a raiser-up of dissension among the people.

Would indeed that we could similarly serve equally bigoted and frenzied folk that we ourselves wot of!

And he himself, Sir Thomas More, Knight, a true Son of God, was shut from this world by a bigot who called himself a follower of Christ. The mist and the murk and the fog of human passion and greed, the lust of power abetting the lust of the brute that slumbers in man—in this jungle of hypocrisy and devious selfishness they destroyed the prison that lightly held this Child of the Spirit. We, viewing the event from afar, stand amazed at the ignorance and folly that could do this. Yet we remember that it is ordained that he who would go swiftly along the homeward way to the House of his Father, must be content to die, physically or psychically, forsaken and alone, in the name of Truth upon the high altar of Right. Then goeth he, the Arhat, to the Āshrama of his Master, there to abide against that day when the Ancient of Days shall admit him to the company of the Perfect, the Asekha. His body, slain by a puppet king, is given here as a final pledge to the King of Kings, Who, however the Drama be played, holds us to Him, throughout the puppet show, by a silver thread, invisible but strong. And this he knew, our Knight; and in this he found that serenity, that quiet mirth, that poise and strength, at which we marvel. What should he care for fire and rack, the call of luxury, death and oblivion, who knew another Flame, a truer Voice, a greater Life!

As the imperishable mountains tower their immeasurable wreathed peaks into a light-bathed world that is clouded from our sight by the mists and the glittering blue of the ether; as they draw out of heaven the rains that pour as brooks and springs down into our dusty plains—just so do these imperishable Ones, whom He has joined, stand in forms like yours and mine perfected, but yet tower into the still heights of the unknown worlds, reaching up where, with our feeble eyes, we cannot follow; thence pouring out to us pure streams from that clear world, streams that quench the age-old thirst of the soul. And He that was Sir Thomas More, Knight, He too has gone where springs the River of Light in the Garden of God, that *real* Utopia of Peace.

Fritz Kunz

[Note.—In *The King's Classics* (Chatto and Windus) will be found the *Utopia* edited by Robert Steele, *Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More*, and Miss Manning's *The Household of Sir Thomas More*. These, with *A Dialogue of Sir Thomas More, Knyghte*, and some other less available records, have been the chief literary sources of this study—F. K.]

### SEEKING FOR "SIGNS"

THE following, written by Mrs. Annie Besant to one in mental distress, asking her to show some "sign," may help others:

Anyone, who has passed through the mental crisis in which you are struggling, must sympathise with your difficulties. But one cannot escape from it by "signs". Mme. Blavatsky showed many, to be dubbed charlatan and trickster for her pains. "Signs" do not convince. For the moment, one is dazed; later, the mind revolts, because it cannot understand that which the eyes have seen. Moreover, a "sign" merely shows that the mage knows a law of nature that you do not know. That does not prove that he can guide you to truth.

Theosophical teachings, when philosophical, appeal to the intelligence, not to the easily deceived senses. They must be judged by reason. When they are spiritual, they can only be proved by experience, and, as in the laboratory, the methods taught by experts must be followed, in order to reach their results.

You appeal to the Christ who said: "Ask and it shall be given unto you"; but the same Christ said: "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it." For He well knew that the proofs of the Spirit cannot be given to the



eyes of the flesh. Can you prove a truth of the higher mathematics by a chemical experiment?

I also sought for the truths of the higher worlds by physical demonstrations, and found them not; but by perseverance, sacrifices, efforts, I found them, and, with them, peace. You also will find, if you seek. By study and meditation, that is to say, by the utilisation of the laws of thought, you also will reach the goal.

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#### OBITUARY

WE regret to announce the death, on April 14th, of Mr. A. E. Bultjens, who succeeded Mr. Leadbeater as Principal of the School now called Ānanda College. Mr. Bultjens also followed Mr. Leadbeater as Editor of *The Buddhist*, and showed much devotion, energy and ability in carrying on the work that he began.

We have also received the sad news that Lieutenant H. Rodhe, of the 89th Punjabis, has died of wounds in Mesopotamia. We have no details, but those who remember him at Adyar send thoughts of love and strength.

#### LOVE'S HYMNING

I WOULD wreathe a garland of my heart's blossoms,  
Roses of sweetness, lilies of chastity,  
And jessamine of joy,  
And, blessed one, place them on thy forehead  
Where winds pause reverently.

I would gather posies of my shortcomings,  
Hollyhocks of passion, sun-flowers of vainglory,  
And little weeds of shame  
With no name,  
And place them in thy hand to burden breezes  
On their way troubling thee.

I would open all my palace windows  
For mine illumining by glance of thine,  
And every door would ope  
That neither stair nor chamber nor any winding way,  
Missing thy footstep, might remain unblest  
For crying halt to thee.

C.

# ATTEMPT AT AN ANALYSIS OF A CROWDED IMPRESSION

By AN EYEWITNESS

THE senses, we are often told, are unreliable witnesses. I had a demonstration of the fact yesterday. It set me thinking on the problems of sense impressions generally and the validity of direct testimony dependent on them. I witnessed and took a subordinate part in a street accident, probably of slight importance. I wondered what, if the accident had been a crime and of importance, could have been the value of my depositions as a witness. Thereupon analysing my impressions I found how extraordinarily inadequate and blurred they were, and, mostly for my own satisfaction, I have recorded them, as follows.

I had just come from Messrs. Oakes & Co.'s shop in Mount Road, in a motor-car, and was making for Spencer's. In front of Messrs. P. Orr & Sons' I noticed that a "something" had happened and told the driver to stop, which he did within a few yards. Here already comes in the first uncertainty about my impressions. I do not know how and why my attention was arrested. I sat beside the driver and was looking out, not with a view to instruct the driver, but simply widely awake, consciously observant of the street scenery and the traffic we were passing. I find I do

not know whether some one in the street, or even the driver, called out, whether there was any shout or noise. I now only know that I observed that an accident had happened, but I do not know at all how my consciousness came first in contact with the fact. I must add that I am also not perfectly sure whether the driver saw the accident simultaneously with, or even before, me and it may quite well be that *he* first slowed down the car and so drew my attention. So it will be seen that the first series of impressions is indeed a blurred mass.

Now coming to the transition stage between the consciousness *that* something had happened and the realisation of *what* had happened, this must have taken an infinitesimal fraction of time, but I am not conscious of process, between the two. It seems to me, if indeed I do not reconstruct too much by reflections supplied after the event—of which I find I am not sure—that the two conceptions "*an* accident" and "*that* accident" telescope into each other as it were, and form so to say the two ends or sides of *one* impression.

I am more aware of the contents of my subsequent visual impression. I saw a motor-car—of which the one outstanding quality in my memory is that it was Japanned in a shiny black, with perhaps a very faint sub-impression of new [*i.e.*, dull grey or perhaps yellowish] tyres—rapidly swerving from Mount Road into Messrs. Oakes' motor department compound. When the motor passed my field of vision in a manner like the withdrawal of a superimposed plate in a magic lantern, there appeared the body (first impression, a coolie, grown up man) just caught in the act of having jumped up (like a

fish out of the water—body twisted in a semi-circular way). I do not recollect observing the body either rising or falling, but in the memory this impression is—*without* a transition stage—linked to another, namely that of seeing the body lie in the road. This to me is a queer circumstance. The memory retains the first and last impression but does not record the stage between. Yet this statement must be qualified, for though I did not observe the stages between the body in the air and on the ground, I do recollect—but as very rapid and faint impressions—four different phases in sequence regarding the body on the ground: (1) sprawling, (2) turning over, and (3) and (4) (simultaneously) lying stiff and stretched—with the intuitive inference of death or swoon—and a great rush of blood from the skull.

By this time several, at least three, main streams of extremely crowded impressions rushed up and coalesced in such a manner as to be entirely inextricable, making it impossible to set down with precision any sequence in time of the things which happened.

These were:

1. My own actions. By voice or gesture I made the driver stop; he also communicated with me. What and how, I do not precisely know. I got out vaguely wanting to do something but was undecided, and must have first stood still looking on for at least a few seconds.

2. The action of others. A few people in the immediate neighbourhood crowded round; all of them, I think, also undecided for a few seconds. Of these a very few, perhaps two or three, figures have a vague individuality in my memory. There is one who

alternatingly assumes the form of a coolie or a yogi (religious mendicant, beggar?).

3. The motionless, prostrate figure in the road.

At this stage there may have been two sub-impressions:

1. The motor which knocked down the victim still continuing its way into Oakes & Co.'s compound (showing the shortness of time of the whole proceeding, as the entrance road to the premises from the road is in my estimate certainly less than a hundred yards, perhaps only fifty). I have a still fainter sub-sub-impression that the chauffeur looked out and made a "deprecatory" gesture, and a stronger impression that some one shouted something to the effect of "Catch that car," or "That car has done it". But no actual words or form of such a shout are in my memory, only that this was the *sense* of something that was somehow uttered.

2. Then there was also a sub-impression (but I am quite uncertain now as to whether this impression was not later in time by a few seconds) that other people, further off, were now taking notice, and hurrying to the spot. I have a faint impression that some road-menders, some fifty to a hundred yards away, were amongst the number, and it would be interesting to verify the impression by ascertaining whether the road is now under repair<sup>1</sup> or whether this was a reminiscent insertion from a former impression received during a previous visit to that part of Mount Road when the road *was* under repair.

By this time a double set of new impressions were received, and though they too have coalesced in my

<sup>1</sup> It is.

memory, I am inclined to think that in time they were slightly in sequence. The first was that of the door-sergeant of Messrs. Orr & Sons who had come a few yards from his door, and stood half-way between the body and the door steps. He muttered something about "that stupid boy. How could he be so stupid as to jump on or off a moving car? Entirely his own fault" (verbal accuracy far from guaranteed). In the meantime he stood rather helpless, not moving and not doing anything. I cried out to him: "Run and get some water!" but he answered: "There is already some one giving it!" Then I saw the man, whom above I have called a coolie or yogī, throwing a dipper of water on the head or the face of the victim. Now I had seen that some person had lifted the boy from the road, and carrying him a few yards aside, had propped him up against the wall. There was now a small cluster of persons around him, I should say about five. But of all that now happened I have lost all sense of chronology. I do not know if I spoke first to the sergeant or whether I first saw the boy lifted to the roadside. The two actions may have been simultaneous or partly simultaneous. I suppose that the amount of attention devoted to speaking to the sergeant took away for the moment a proportionate amount of attention for the observation of the development of the affair centring around the wounded person. Anyhow, after having turned round from the sergeant to see that indeed some one was throwing water on the victim, the sergeant dwindled out of my consciousness. By this time perhaps some more people had gathered. At this stage I think I heard again some reference to catching the driver of the offending car; I think even someone pointed

to him and said: "There he is!" All this of course, however long it takes to describe, was up till now, I suppose, a matter of seconds. I think scarcely a minute can have elapsed (but writing this now I feel doubts as to that—it may be an altogether false estimate) from the beginning of the affair, as far as my attention was concerned, till the present moment. The time factor seems more or less to have been obliterated by the fullness of the surging and crowding impressions. At this stage I made several new discoveries. A distinct figure began to stand out in the crowd, an Indian, dressed in white, of the appearance of a superior clerk or petty official, who now took some active part in the affair. I became suddenly aware of him, and he came "ready made" within my observation—did not appear from somewhere. In my impressions he alternates with a coolie man as to the person who picked up the boy from the road and propped him against the wall. The impression about the man who administered the water was that he was not clad, and black skinned. The second discovery was that the victim was not a man—as I had believed quite clearly up till then—but a boy of about fourteen or fifteen years of age.

Thirdly, there was my impression about the wound, but this impression was one which in time must have stretched over several moments, beginning as early as the moment when I saw the boy lying in the road, and perhaps taking a final form by the time we reached the stage I am now speaking of. Once more, one of the remarkable things to me is the wild jumble of chronological impressions in the affair. I have said that I received a clear impression of blood simply pouring forth; I think this must have been a great

exaggeration. Afyhow, the blood visible, together with the yellow dust and the dirt of the road in the hair of the boy, perhaps later added to by the appearance of the head when water had been poured on it, gave me the impression that the skull had been smashed to pulp and that it was a hopeless case. Mind, I am still speaking of mental processes within an extremely short space of time. I felt I should do something, for we could not simply wait to let events take their course, and I am also conscious that I myself, as well as several others, may have lost some seconds in looking for an expected policeman, who, true to race, was of course "never there". Having the first, exaggerated, impression concerning the gravity of the accident, I was just considering whether it would be better to try to do something on the spot, as, in the case of a really dangerous wound, transport might be fatal, when the Indian gentleman, to whom I referred above, stepped forward and asked me whether I would take the boy—who was still unconscious and, as I thought, probably dead or dying—to the hospital in my car. That decided my irresolution, and I of course at once assented, inwardly feeling respect for this good man for his quick decision, and at the same time not caring to look too closely at the awful sight of the smashed head. In no time, another man from the people (perhaps the same who had first picked him up from the road, or thrown water on his head) carried up the boy, placed himself with his burden behind on the car, and after I had asked directions from my Indian friend, we hurried off to the hospital, where we arrived safely a few minutes later. But I have not the ghost of an idea how long the whole affair lasted; nearer than the limit

of five minutes at the shortest and half an hour at the most, I should not dare to guess—and both guesses might be wrong at that. I am even unaware at what exact time of the day the whole thing happened; and though it must have been about noon, I would not be able to give reliable testimony about it within an hour or so.

On the road to the hospital I was mainly concerned with impressing the chauffeur with the necessity for driving carefully and taking his corners quietly, but I could not help thinking also of the tragic element of driving through the thronged streets, with their merry and careless crowds, with what I imagined to be a mangled corpse of an unknown boy taken care of by a kind stranger, who was equally a stranger to me and my driver, and I got a sensation of impatience with the lazy spectators, who did observe something strange in our procession but—naturally enough—had no time to make up their minds as to what was its precise meaning. The idea of "sluggishness" suggested itself to my mind. In other words there was a touch of sentimental romanticism. At the hospital we were helped immediately, but to my immense relief the boy had now recovered consciousness and, O wonder, was even standing on his own legs. The physician in attendance made a most summary inspection, and in a few seconds passed the boy on to an inner room with the command: "Have his head shaved." Instead of a battered skull I now saw only a cut on it, which I hope may have proved not serious at all, however unpleasant it may have been otherwise. Coupled with my pleasure at seeing that the drama had after all not been fatal, I realised the collapse of my romantic fancies, and was a little bit annoyed that I found myself somewhat excited by the reaction,

causing me to make a more voluble explanation to the doctor than is compatible with staid phlegm and stolidity. Then returning, I passed Messrs. Orr's again, where I saw the sergeant and another gentleman in shirt sleeves hurrying to the door, perhaps having been on the look-out for the return of my car. I did not stop. A few hundred yards further, near Misquith's, I saw my Indian gentleman again, standing before a little native shop or booth. He recognised the car and with a broad gesture seemed to enquire whether everything was all right. I gestured back that it was, and passed; I hope that he understood the signal, as I think I understood his. Subsequently I realised that during the incident I had been much struck with a feeling of the human solidarity shown by the poor amongst themselves, as manifested by the immediate help rendered to the unfortunate boy, and I also discovered the wish that I should have made up my mind earlier than my unknown Indian friend in proposing to transport the boy to the hospital, for quick-mindedness and decision in emergencies are qualities to be respected and desirable under all circumstances.

Thus the attempt at the analysis of a series of very crowded impressions within a short space of time. They show clearly how imperfect sense-impressions are, when provoked under a strain. Evidence based on what I had seen, would have been false in at least two important details. I would have described the boy as a man, and would have greatly exaggerated the gravity of the wound and its appearance. Further, my evidence would have been useless for the establishment of any *alibi* within a period of at least half an hour.

An Eyewitness

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE T. S. AND THE WAR

#### VIII

The two short remarks which Mrs. Besant published in the February THEOSOPHIST at the end of my friend Mr. J. van Manen's letter certainly do not answer his arguments, with which I entirely agree, although, in parts, not with his method of expressing them. Although my reflections on the matter have come practically to the same conclusions, there are still a few things I should like to add.

Let me begin by saying that my remarks are not at all the outcome of sympathy for the Central Powers, but that my hopes are entirely and undividedly for the victory of the Allies, and I expect of this event great changes for the better in all the European States, German ones included. This, however, does not imply that I do not feel how frightfully hard it must be for the German, Austrian, Bulgarian—and if there are any—Turkish members of the T. S. to see Mrs. Besant's judgment upon the forces which inspire them in this War, and the principles for which they fight. All those who have been to Adyar have met there Germans, who were, heart and soul, devoted to Mrs. Besant; I know the members of the German Section of the Theosophical Society, and I am aware that in all their troubles with Dr. Steiner and his followers, it was, for the greater part, faithfulness to Mrs. Besant and her teaching which upheld them; I also saw how my friend Mr. John Cordes, when starting the Theosophical movement in Austria, created for our Adyar leaders love and reverence in the hearts of Theosophists there; and I remember the Bulgarian members who, not knowing any foreign language, came to the Congress at Genoa to see the President. Let us try, for one moment, to silence our feelings against enemy nations, and let us attempt to put ourselves in the places of these individuals and realise what the verdict of Mrs. Besant is, which she has pronounced on those who stand against the Allies and consequently fight for

the Lords of the Dark Face. Think to what despair it must bring the Germans, Austrians and Bulgarians who, convinced that Mrs. Besant is here in the right, must consequently struggle against evolution, not having the liberty to choose, but by their nationalities being bound to fight as soldiers of their countries. Would it not have been more humane not to let them know, even if it were true? I heartily hope that the Theosophists of enemy nations, who happen to become acquainted with Mrs. Besant's or Mr. Sipnett's opinion on the matter, will also read in Mr. Van Manen's statement what the Masters are, according to his idea; and will agree with this—for me—more Theosophical conception of these lofty Beings, rather than the one in Mrs. Besant's War articles.

Then there is another question—can we really still pretend that the Theosophical Society tries “to form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour”? Can we say that during this War we have attempted to make our Society a meeting place for people of whatever nationality, or has it become a necessity that every German, Austrian, Hungarian and Bulgarian, who has any self-respect or love for his country left in him, should leave a Society where the majority considers him an outcast of humanity, and where this opinion is inspired and sanctioned by the President and all those who are supposed to have any authority? And we neutrals—should we not feel almost like them? Holland is judged by Mrs. Besant when she says: “Holland, that [during the German invasion of Belgium] has remained neutral when every call of right summoned her to the field.”<sup>1</sup> And the Americans also get their share.

I want to fix the attention of the members of the Theosophical Society on the fact that we are far from working for an international fraternity, the effects of this intolerance becoming already clearly visible; some foreign—not enemy—members of the T. S. (amongst whom myself) have had to give up posts in the Round Table in France, not being French; and lately a suggestion has been made, happily without success, that no foreigners should be members of the T. S. in France. Is this not the contrary of the spirit of our Society?

It will have become clear that this is not an appeal in favour of Germany; only I regret more than I can express

<sup>1</sup> I wonder, however, what difference our little standing army, at that moment without any modern guns or munitions, would have made. Besides I do not see why Holland, more than any other, had a duty to interfere, especially as our last war was with Belgium, when this country wished to separate from us. Considering this, I think that the way in which over one million Belgians have been received by six million Dutch, who under the circumstances suffered greatly themselves, should be appreciated by all humanely feeling people.

that the Theosophical Society agrees not to make any effort to live according to its most sacred principles—as soon as the least difficulty of doing so arises. If, instead of indulging in the wars of the nations, our members had fixed their attention on the indivisible unity of humanity, the Theosophical Society might, after this War, have taken a unique place amongst international organisations. This place would have been worthy of the ideas we embody, and might have opened new roads to realise them.

RAIMOND VAN MARLE

## IX

After reading Mr. Johan van Manen's criticism in the February number of THE THEOSOPHIST with regard to our President's views concerning the world's conflagration now taking place, I am reminded of the old saying—“Save me from my friends.” For here we have an old member of the T. S., enjoying the privileges and hospitality of Headquarters, turning round and rending the President of the T. S. simply because she holds vastly different views concerning this War from himself. It seems to me that Mr. Van Manen might have left the Headquarters, for the sake of harmony and good manners, before taking up this antagonistic attitude towards the President.

Reviewing the question under discussion from a purely intellectual point of view alone, I am quite prepared to admit that there may be some truth in Mr. Van Manen's contentions, but he might at least have worded his remarks in a much more courteous and gentlemanly manner.

Speaking as an old member of the T. S. in S. Africa, I refuse to be tied down to the merely intellectual plane. I really believe in evolution and the possibility of a higher state of consciousness than that of the merely physical. I believe that A. B. and C. W. L. and many others have developed that consciousness to an abnormal extent, which permits them to see things cosmically, to some extent at least.

In closing, I would also say with Mr. Van Manen, that I have no personal axe to grind; I do not “strafe” the Central Powers, but I certainly believe in crushing their military system once and for all. I might also add that I am not suffering from insular prejudice, as I have been in S. A. for thirty years and my wife is a Dutch lady.

A great change is now taking place in the world; both in the T. S. as well as in other bodies, we are to a certain extent at the parting of the ways, and it is quite time to know

where we stand, to know those who are for us as well as those who are against us. It is well to know those who really believe in the guiding hand of the Masters and the Hierarchy. It is not sufficient to have a kind of intellectual toleration towards them, and then for our actions to belie our beliefs.

There is certainly room for all shades of opinion in the T. S., but when certain prominent members act in a manner detrimental to the welfare of the T. S. as a body, by demanding from its President that she shall tie herself down to the merely intellectual plane, then it is time for us to speak out in protest.

H. A.

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X

I crave permission to say a word or two upon Mr. Van Manen's extraordinary letter in the February number of THE THEOSOPHIST. I suppose I am, as we count years upon this physical plane, older than all but a very few Fellows of our Society, and so I may hope to be fairly free from disturbing heat and passion. Again, I have through a long life been remarkably untouched by any symptoms of what are called occult or psychic faculties, and so I have never been disposed to accept a dogma because it is introduced with a "thus saith the Lord," or a *dictum* because it purports to come from occult sources—a disposition which I trust secures me from prejudice against the reasons that have led Mr. Van Manen to what I will venture to call his startling revolt.

Mr. Van Manen's pronouncement recalls the memory of the controversy of nine years ago, when the Society was rent by schism, and was thought to be in danger of total wreckage, in the struggle over the election of a new President. The question then, as formulated by Mr. Mead, the leader of the malcontents, was whether the Society was to be influenced in voting by the assertion that a candidate was backed by the influence of the Masters. If this were allowed, might it not lead to all kinds of abuse and trickery at headquarters? Truly the objection seemed forcible, and it was reinforced by the recollection of the unfortunate occurrence of some years previously, when an attempted fraud was frustrated by the vigilant common sense of the President-Founder. I was myself perplexed at first, feeling that Mr. Mead's view was not in itself unreasonable, but as things developed, the underlying animus became evident. First, there was the poor quibble that because the President-Founder on his death-bed had by a slip used the word "appoint" instead of "nominate," the nomination was void. And then came a campaign of malignant

slander against the chief candidate and her principal colleague, showing plainly enough to my mind which party was in the wrong, and which, together with the general considerations that I shall now try briefly to set forth, enabled me to see clearly how I ought to vote.

The first question surely is—are there really at the back of the Society any such Masters as are alleged to have founded it, and to be still willing to influence and guide it? The Rules of the Society, as Mr. Van Manen has pointed out, permit any of its Fellows to answer this question, if he pleases, in the negative. I will not presume to inquire into the reasons that may induce anyone so to answer the question. I can only say that, if I felt obliged to do so, I should also feel forced to the conclusion that the Theosophical Society was founded on fraud, and has been fostered in foolishness—a proposition not easily reconciled with its present vigorous vitality. But if there are the alleged Masters, really interesting Themselves in the Society, is it conceivable that They would permit false or misleading oracles to proceed from the Presidential headquarters in their name? Would not such an occurrence be promptly followed by Their silent withdrawal, and the quick collapse of the Society? I cannot help thinking that a little quiet reflection on the above dilemma will shew Mr. Van Manen's "dismay" to be groundless, and his arguments to have little cogency.

The President's utterances about the War are not inconsistent either with the Rules of the Society or with other statements of her own. If she declares that the Higher Powers, to whom we look for light and leading, regard this War as a struggle *a ourance* between the forces of good and evil, that does not bind any Fellow of the Society who chooses to repudiate it; nor is it at all at variance with her admission that our modern civilisation was fermenting (*all round*, since Mr. Van Manen wishes to emphasise that point) with many germs of corruption and disease. All have sinned, but when a single sinner has arisen as the exponent of one terrible crime which he has made more peculiarly his own—the lust of world dominion and the ruthless cruelty that would overwhelm civilisation in a welter of blood and misery—how can we talk of neutrality? Humanity is menaced by the dragon; Olympus is assailed by the giants! We take this view, not because the President tells us it is the view taken by the Higher Powers, but because we know that it is the higher powers in ourselves that compel us to it. If Mr. Van Manen can conscientiously declare that this War has no essential moral difference from most wars—e.g. the Boer War of sixteen years ago; and that, looking calmly at the two sides of the question, he can pronounce that it is



six to one, and half a dozen to the other; he is, I suppose, entitled to his opinion; but does he really expect the Theosophical Society to share in that view? We are cautioned by the Lord Buddha to take nothing for granted because it comes from a Brahmana, or the Vedas, or from His own lips, unless it is approved by our own reason and conscience. Armed with this wise maxim, we may listen quietly, and speak confidently; and if so, why is our President alone to be prohibited from telling us what she knows and what she thinks?

J. GILES

Auckland, N. Z.

## XI

I am one of the rank and file of the Theosophical Society, and small and unimportant as is my voice I want to raise it in protest against Mr. Van Manen's letter in the February THEOSOPHIST. His "firstly" Mrs. Besant disposes of in a few words; in the minds of most people the great War is beyond politics, and reaches into the domain of good and evil. And now we come to the "secondly," with which I am more concerned. Mr. Van Manen is unduly agitated over the fate of at least half of those 10,000 neutrals in the Society. I speak of the American members. Our Government is neutral. There are very few neutral individuals, Theosophists or otherwise. At the beginning of the War we were not predisposed toward any nationality; now we have very clear and definite ideas as to who is on the right side and who is on the wrong side in this world conflict; and these ideas are not based upon any occult pronouncements, but upon physical plane phenomena, the invasion of Belgium, the *Lusitania* incident, and numerous other like events.

Maybe Mrs. Besant has come to her conclusions through the same process, by just using her reasoning powers and not at all because she happened to be born in England this time. She seems to have arrived at the same conclusion as has most of the rest of the world—at least that portion of it that is not contained within the Central Kingdoms of Europe; so the above idea would not seem illogical.

Mr. Van Manen seems to worry about the members of neutral nations coming into conflict with their Governments if we follow Mrs. Besant. He can feel perfectly easy about us over here; we are safe, be we pro-Ally or pro-German, and any way I never heard of a real occultist who hid his opinions just because of the trouble they might make for

him. I am of course not spokesman for the American Theosophists. I judge merely from what I observe among our sixty or seventy members here in this city; they are fairly typical, and among them there are few neutrals. We have a deeply rooted conviction that it is not good for our health, or the health of the world in general, that the present type of German power should continue.

If to be a Theosophist means to be a "mush of concession," as Emerson puts it, then I would prefer to call myself something else. Myself and many others, I am sure, refuse to come over to Mr. Van Manen's side and be a neutral. So long as we are down here at our stage of evolution, where our duty is plainly still to take part in the game of life, we must range ourselves on the side of good or evil, and help to bring the triumph of one or the other.

Mr. Van Manen tells us solemnly that he is *not* pro-German, and of course he knows what he is, but we have found over here that where anyone strenuously talks neutrality he is often at heart pro-German. It seems to work that way. I wonder why Mr. Van Manen felt he had to tell us he wasn't; I wonder too why he felt he had to tell us his letter *really* wasn't sneering and contemptuous. Maybe he wasn't just satisfied with it himself. I hope so, for he writes very interesting articles in THE THEOSOPHIST, and frankly I like them much better than his letters.

Rochester, N. Y.

LILLIAN B. DAILY

## XII

Beyond evil dream of possible word or deed of a good brother is Mr. Van Manen's letter in the February THEOSOPHIST. It will, as he anticipates, arouse protest, but not, as he expects, against our President. It has already produced in America nausea and nostalgia, earth-weariness, Heaven-longing, and the pious wish that its author might have reached his Dutch Devachan ere ever he became the tool of such a shameful attack.

Nor is indignation unmingled with regret and dismay. Where is the cheery old self which used to shine through his pages? Where the geniality that tempted new members to love him, glowing as it did through the candid accounts of his curious psychic experiences? Vanished! One wishes one had had the presence of mind, when he began in 1914 to be disagreeable, to warn him, in the vernacular of Whitcomb Riley: "The goblins 'll git you if you don't watch out!"

The utterances which he considers harmful have been solicited, even demanded, by the Theosophical world ever since he led his last little nasty expedition; but has he calculated, has he any means of measuring, the baleful effects of his own uninvited, unwelcome opinions? A post-mortem over the enthusiasms of recent recruits would result in a verdict: Death due to Van Manen Shock. A new member said sadly: "Oh, I had thought Theosophists were somehow different; but they are just like everybody else, aren't they?" Unbidden, he has thrown down tiers of choice pillars, and naughtily has he scratched the face of the god of idealism, a heavier offence than the disparagement of Rulers and Sovereigns, of which he wrongfully accuses our President.

One has but to remember how invariably gentle Mrs. Besant has been with that arch-neutralist, President Wilson, to realise that when she has spoken sternly it has ever been with the purpose of giving guidance—guidance moreover which was not only needed but solicited, entreated. The thought power of a body of people who are beginning to train themselves to think, is a very considerable force; who should direct it if not the Eldest, the sweetest, the purest among us? All of us who possess the least bit of intuition know that the words which may stir anger in lower beings, have come dispassionately from her lips, a sacrifice they, their utterance a sad duty. We were not sufficiently developed to see, therefore, and especially since we asked it, we must be told.

The better element in America, without advantage of Theosophy, without benefit of occultism, well knows that for us neutrality is disgraceful. We are bowed with shame, we chafe unavailingly. "Mr. Wilson, with his foreign policy, has deadened the conscience of the American people," exclaims Colonel Roosevelt. Similar opinions could be multiplied massively, although this is not the "popular" view. The case is different with good little Holland, which a slight twist of the giant's thumb could crush; yet had we, the biggest neutral and therefore the biggest sinner, stood by our Hague Conventions, Holland and the smaller States in Europe would not be shut in that vice which compels citizens by law to be neutral while we, the minority in America, have champed and stamped at our failure to help end the horror and establish the right. Mrs. Besant has patiently found excuses for us—acting not the least like the "demagogue, fanatic and extreme partisan—where India is not played off against Great Britain. . . . . Britisher *contra mundum*," pictured by Mr. Van Manen. Nor can an assiduous reader of her every word recall a single criticism of Holland, Switzerland or the tiny neutrals that can only gasp, hope, and be still.

It would indeed be a frightful thing if we who are unneutral should, either as individuals or as members of the Theosophical Society, clash with the Governments of our respectively neutral nations. People have done that in the past, notably in Judea, and invariably they have got the worst of it, their physical status being much reduced thereby. By all means let those who wish to keep their bodies safe and soft and white fall in with the temporal powers that be.

But as for the Resolutions of the General Council of the T. S., in 1908 and 1912, is there anything sacred about them? Were they made to cover conditions then existing, now stupendously altered: are they flexible, are they to be recognised as the result of limited outlook, or are they like the laws of the Medes and Persians? If one of the Mahatmas should deign, in a world crisis, to take upon Himself the arduous task of presiding over this body, would He be bound by the Resolutions of 1908 and 1912? Is an agent then, working directly under Him, to be so bound in a crashing, overwhelming crisis? No; we hope the sootiness of Mr. Van Manen's contention will be immediately scattered by the clean strong winds of loyal white forces.

Our T. S. Constitution, for which we have great respect, was evidently framed to cover the more ordinary conditions existing during the thirty-eight years preceding 1914, rather than for a world war period. And if there arises the question why H. P. B., who undoubtedly had prophetic vision, did not provide for this stupendous phase of "The Shadow Dance," the answer lies in Mr. Leadbeater's article, "The Great War," in the February THEOSOPHIST:

It was hoped that the Fifth Root-Race would stand as a whole, or at any rate that the Fifth Sub-Race would stand as a whole. And the hope was nearly realised. The Powers that stand behind human evolution worked long through their pupils to prevent this catastrophe. Whether those Powers knew all the time that their labour would not achieve its end, I cannot tell. We sometimes think of Them as knowing beforehand all that will happen: whether they do or not I know not, but at least it is certain that in many cases They work most earnestly to produce certain results and to give men certain opportunities. Through the failure of humanity to take the chances offered, the results may not then be attained. They are always *eventually* attained, but often they are postponed for what to us seems an enormous time. The Great Deity of the Solar System, the Logos Himself, knows perfectly well all that will happen, and knows who will take his chances and who will not. That we must believe: whether all who work under Him know that or not, we cannot tell. Certainly I know that a great conflict between good and evil forces has been long impending over us. I know also that it need not have taken precisely the form it has taken, if only some of those to whom great opportunities were offered had risen to the level of those opportunities and taken them.

Strangely enough neither does Mr. Leadbeater obey the oracular Van Manen injunction to "Keep the Gods out of it," as the following quotation indicates:

..... We stand for liberty, for right, for honour, for the keeping of the pledged word of the nation, and that work which has come into our hands must be done, and it must be done thoroughly. But we must do it because we stand on the side of the Deity, because we are truly the sword of the Lord. Let us take care that we do not spoil our work and our attitude by such an unworthy passion as hatred. We do not hate the wild beast that is attacking our children, but we suppress it. We do not hate a mad dog, but for the sake of humanity we shoot it. We do not hate the scorpion we tread under foot, but we tread on it effectively. There must be no thought of hatred, but there must be no weakness. There must be no sickly sentimentality or wavering. There are those who clamour that the mad dog is our brother and that it is unfraternal to shoot him. They forget that the men whom his bite would doom to an awful death are also our brothers, and that they have the first claim on our consideration. Germany is the mad dog of Europe, and must be suppressed at all costs. "Therefore fight, O Arjuna."

Mr. Van Manen mentions with some show of affection the *Gītā*. It seems a curious perversity in one who admires that great teaching to call "striking down with love" a dangerous doctrine.

As for Mrs. Besant "breaking that rule," i.e., that "esoteric teaching should not be published indiscriminately," how about the *Gītā* itself, *Light on the Path*, and *The Voice of the Silence*? Where did we learn that what was esoteric in the past becomes exoteric as the world climbs upward? Twenty-ten years ago, the world was not ready for the great Teacher, and the esoteric would have been hooted with a loud noise: we are not yet ready, but we have advanced, helped forward by those crumbs of esoteric doctrine which have fallen to our lot. When He, the Great One, comes, he will probably break some of the old rules, and give out esoteric truths "illegally"; and there will still be hooting, but neither so loud nor so prolonged as it would have been but for the transgressions of our President, Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. Sinnett and others.

Mr. Van Manen has quoted three extracts and a piece of an extract from Mrs. Besant, claiming that some of them invalidate the others. For surface discrepancies they are exceedingly mild compared with the following:

"I come not to bring peace but a sword."

"My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you."

—Christian Gospels.

"I am the lying of the liar, the cheating of the cheat."

"Of those that deceive I am the Game of dice: I am the Energy of the energetic: I am Victory, I am Perseverance, I am the Goodness of the Good."

"That understanding, O Pārtha, is of goodness, which knoweth when to act or to abstain, what ought to be done and what ought not to be done, what is dangerous and what is not, as also bondage and emancipation."

"That by which one doth not rightly discern the right and the wrong, a proper and an improper action, that understanding, O Pārtha, partaketh of passion."

"That understanding, shrouded with darkness which regardeth the unrighteous as the righteous and all things in a perverted light, is characterised by darkness, O Pārtha."

—*Bhagavad-Gītā*.

Any one who cannot reconcile slight, seeming, surface contradictions had best put aside the sayings of Jesus and Kṛṣṇa, Annie Besant and all ambrosial discourse, until he has secured a more permeable vehicle from the fleshing-house of the planet.

The quotation from October 1915 "Watch-Tower," which Mr. Van Manen finds "intelligent and tolerable" is as true as our President's later utterances, and entirely in harmony with them. Of course, "competition, all round: human imperfection, all round: oppression, all round: lack of love, all round. . . ." We who live by the sea frequently have moisture all round, which does not prevent one place being wetter at times than another, nor does it keep the ocean from being dangerously wet for him who cannot swim. Has not Mrs. Besant laboriously emphasised for our instruction the truth that "He who holds the Universe within Himself lives hidden in the heart of all": and "By Me, than Whom nothing is greater, than Whom nothing is subtler nor older, Who stands unshaken in the Heavens like a tree—One Spirit, All this is pervaded"? Must she reiterate the whole philosophy each time she sits in the Watch-Tower or delivers a Theosophical address, or should we exercise our miserable little minds and try to remember? In the ultimate analysis it seems that even the Black Forces belong to Brahman; but their victory just now would injure our particular brand of evolution; and an insipid neutrality aids them in a weak, silly, negative sort of way. It not only helps the Blacks but it gradually degrades its host, so true is it, as Henry Drummond years ago pointed out in his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, that to stand quite still is absolutely impossible—one must either go forward or slip back.

It is because Mrs. Besant is helping us forward, onward, upward, that we follow her. We follow her, not blindly nor by compulsion, but because her shining spirit beckons to our spirits; and we will follow, follow, follow to the edge of this world, aye, over the margin of the Three Worlds.

FRANCES ADNEY

[This correspondence must now cease. We have published all letters received up to date. We cannot publish those that arrive hereafter.—Ed.]

## AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"The Song of My Love to Germany" (A Reply to the Hymn of Hate), which you published in the May number with the remark: "Some one has sent us this, whether original or copied we know not," is from *The Great Peace*, by James L. Macbeth Bain, which was published last year by the T. P. S., London. The whole of the little book is full of the author's characteristic expression of love for all creatures.

J. H. C.

[We have pleasure in expressing our indebtedness to Mr. Macbeth Bain.—Ed.]

## AMERICA AND THE NEW RACE

I was one of those who before the War turned my eyes to America as the land of spiritual and intellectual freedom, but now I feel she has forfeited her right to reverence and esteem, for the present generation at least.

Is it possible, after what seems like her cowardly inaction in the present world crisis, that the United States shall yet have the honour of being the birthplace of the Race to be?

Surely those countries that gave their sons and their strength to the great Powers for Right and Freedom, will be knit together in a bond of Brotherhood for years after the great War is over; and can they ever feel the same towards the great Republic which, in their hour of need, preferred to remain "strictly neutral"?

There are Theosophists here whose thoughts turn to Russia in connection with the New Race, but there again ethical objections arise on the score of the tyranny and oppression of the weak, prevailing even yet (*vide* in Brailsford's articles in *The Commonweal*).

Would not the egos of those who have died for the Allied cause be drawn to fresh incarnations in their own dear lands and not to the country whose representative is still sending "accounts rendered" for the *Lusitania* outrage?

MARY A. BERRY

## BOOK-LORE

*Towards Liberty: Being a Britisher's View Concerning India*, by T. L. Crombie, B.A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, ADYAR. Price As. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

If any ask to be told in a few words *why* there is an "Indian problem," no better answer can be found than this straightforward little introduction to a momentous question. For it does not trouble about details, it goes straight to the point. It does not confront the reader with an array of grievances, claims and arguments, but appeals directly to that fundamental sense of justice and respect for the rights of others that earned for Britain the title "the land of the free". Indeed it goes a great deal further. Its message sounds forth those principles of action that the Theosophist has learnt to sum up in the word Brotherhood.

The opening chapter contrasts Britain's ideal of liberty, the key-note of her own political history, with the disregard that she has shewn for the same ideal when voiced by the peoples of India. The author proceeds to point out the great value of the English language in bringing together the different races of India and enabling them to understand the English outlook on life; he shews how the inherent advantage of this asset cannot be reaped to the full until the best examples of English literature are placed in the hands of Indian students, and until there arises a representative Indian literature written in English. Typical events of English history, such as the Abolition of the Slave Trade, are then considered in relation to their effect on the English character—in which the author finds a certain lack of imagination, and he draws the conclusion that if the English democracy can only be told the truth about India, it will be roused to action on her behalf. This hope of course depends on whether there is any democracy left after the War.

One of the best chapters is that entitled "The Need for Education," from which we are tempted to quote:

If India is to be a free nation, the problem of education is one of the most important with which she has to grapple. If the Government cannot see its way, either through lack of funds or through indifference, to secure the education up to a suitable point of every Indian, from Brahmana to Panchama, it is incumbent on every loyal son and daughter of India to give and do what he or she can for its furtherance in this land. India can never advance far on the way towards real liberty until her sons and daughters are educated. You may give her Home Rule and thus enable her to promote the education of her children; a great step forward will thus have been taken, but her true liberty will not be realised until she has universal and if necessary—and for a long time it will be necessary—compulsory education.

The subject of the Position of Women is given the prominence it demands, and the lesson of the Women's Movement in England—a lesson that is only just beginning to be learned—is taken as an illustration of the situation in India. A chapter on Toleration holds up the universal conception of religion that India is peculiarly fitted to stand for, and an appeal for Unity of effort brings us to the final chapter—"India's Dharma," in which the author sums up the part which India is destined to play in the civilisation of the future, as witness to the divine nature of man.

In writing this book, Mr. Crombie has modestly confined himself to the task of calling attention to the present need for the study of this great movement from the highest standpoint, and in so doing he has rendered a signal service to England as well as India. Thus far at least, he is better qualified to speak than many who may have a greater knowledge of details, for he is a friend of India to the backbone. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to ways and means of attainment, no honest man or woman can remain unmoved by the gentle reason and eloquent sincerity of this clarion call "towards liberty". We therefore hope that its readers will be legion. A Foreword by Mrs. Besant expresses in very beautiful language all that we have been attempting to say thereon.

W. D. S. B.

*Reason and Belief*, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 1s.)

There is a large and ever growing class of readers who look eagerly for the pronouncements of Sir Oliver Lodge on matters connected with the relation between the seen and the unseen. Many therefore will be glad that an edition of *Reason and Belief* is now available which puts the book within the reach of all. The question dealt with in the first part is of great interest to all thinking persons: "The strange interaction between Spirit and Matter which enables psychic processes to affect physical nature and to produce effects in the material world." Part II deals with the teaching of the Old Testament, and in Part III the author gives us an anticipatory reply to critics.

A. DE L.

*Myths and Legends of Ancient Egypt*, by Lewis Spence, F. R. A. I. (George G. Harrap & Co., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

The author of this book, Mr. Spence, has made studies previously of myths preserved by the North American Indians and those of Mexico and Peru, and he therefore brings to his work in the present volume a fund of valuable experience in such matters. In this manner he is enabled to note a number of curious similarities between the legends and beliefs of the Ancient Egyptians and those handed down to the present day among the Mexicans and Peruvians. In fact so strongly do many of these stories resemble one another that a common origin seems to be unmistakably pointed to.

The book treats almost exclusively of the Egyptian Gods and Goddesses in their relations to one another, their evolution and origins as far as it has been possible to trace or surmise them. Though it is found impracticable to describe the functions and attributes of the whole Egyptian pantheon, which numbers several hundred separate Gods, a sufficiently large range of the principal deities has been dealt with to make the book valuable as a work of reference on this subject alone.

Besides the Gods of Egypt, however, there are other subjects dealt with, such as Egyptian history, customs etc., literature and magic. These comprise, with the more lengthy chapters on the Egyptian Gods, the whole scope of the book, and it will perhaps only be necessary here to say a few words about the last two subjects, literature and magic. The former, like its later day counterpart, ranges from the best to the worst; and in those days, as to-day, the profession of letters was open to all comers. A too hasty judgment, therefore, of ancient Egyptian literary taste is to be deprecated, as much of the manuscript discovered originated, in the natural course of things, with the humbler scribe and the literary hack of those days. Such pieces, however, as have been unearthed and can be attributed to authors of repute, reveal apparently a quite exceptional literary mind, and are said to be possessed of a singular beauty of style.

To the practice of magic the ancient Egyptians attached considerable importance, and we are given a number of anecdotes bearing on this subject. Among them is one related in the Westcar papyrus, written about 1800 B. C. and now in the Berlin Museum. This tale tells of a certain wife and a certain page and a jealous husband, wherein the to-be-expected domestic crisis occurs, with the result that the husband, who is no mean magician, makes from wax a small crocodile seven fingers in length; this he causes to be introduced into a lake where the guilty page is at the moment swimming. Instantly the crocodile assumes the proportions of a healthy and well-grown member of his species, and devours the lad. The rest of the story, as concerns the wife, is improving but unimportant.

For the rest, the book may be recommended as a useful addition to present day literature on Ancient Egypt, and it is also specially interesting in the number of new interpretations its author puts upon matters which have been subjects of controversy among modern authorities.

I. ST. C. S.

*Dogma, Fact and Experience*, by A. E. J. Rawlinson. (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

Five essays are included in this volume: Religion and Temperament, Dogma and History, The Resurrection and the Life, Our Lord's View and the Future, Clerical Veracity.

They are well written and scholarly—we should expect this, considering who is their author—and well worth the attention of all who are interested in unravelling the rather tangled skein of Christian Theology. The first and last are perhaps the most valuable, in that they will appeal to a wider public than the other three, dealing as they do with questions of real importance to all thoughtful people, whatever their creed, though written of course from the Christian standpoint. In the first, the question is asked—what is “religious experience”? To what kind of state or condition of the individual can the phrase be applied? Is it a mood of consciousness which belongs only to persons of a certain temperament, or is it something which may be universally enjoyed? The discussion is interesting. The author says:

Not feeling but action, is its characteristic expression; not consciousness of the Divine, but rather that deliberate dedication to God of the whole self and of its activity, which energizes in service and culminates in sacrifice.

And this definition of religious experience he offers as a substitute for others to which he objects on the ground that they exclude all persons except those of a special temperament from a participation in religion. “One thing is needful,” he says again, “the oblation of the self to God.” Has he included all temperaments in his definition?

Space does not permit of our considering each essay in turn. We can only advise the reader to study them for himself. His reward will be many interesting problems and much food for thought.

A. DE L.

*The Logos and His Solar System*. (Issued by the Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay. Prices 1d. & 3d.)

This very complete chart, issued in two sizes convenient for Lodge work and home use, indicates the working of the Logos in His Three Aspects, with corresponding names in

nine world-religions. The Three great Life Waves, the Seven Planes of Matter, with their subdivisions, and an elaborate table of Principles, Reflections, States of Consciousness, etc., make a useful guide for Theosophical study. It is advisable to purchase this chart in lots of one dozen or more, to insure safety in packing, and to aid the building fund of the Blavatsky Lodge, for which purpose it is issued.

G. G.

*The New Science of Colour*, by Beatrice Irwin. (William Rider and Son, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Chromatology is undoubtedly a fascinating subject, and when a book, bearing a title such as the one under review, is placed before the public, it must necessarily prove attractive to that section of the public who are interested in a subject which at the present is in a somewhat experimental and tentative stage, but from which interesting and useful facts may be brought to light. Unfortunately, however, we cannot consider Miss Irwin's contribution to the subject as really valuable.

Throughout her book the "science" of colour is treated in a manner so unscientific as to make even a lay reader protest. The personal pronoun "I" is also too much *en evidence*. The author is probably right in contending that colour will play a great part in the future. That it is being employed in Therapeutics is of course well known. Her suggestions of a Colour Theatre and Colour College may also probably be quite feasible. Theosophists will not quarrel with them, if they bear in mind the enormous part colour is to play in the religion of the Sixth Root Race Colony.

A colour chart is included in the volume, and colours are divided into three classes—stimulant, sedative and recuperative, and are connected with breathing.

Here and there the author interjects a rather interesting remark. For the rest, we must confess we have not entered into her mind, and consequently have failed to grasp a continuous thread of argument—which a more intuitive reader might have discerned—running through the book.

T. L. C.

*The Heart of Buddhism*, by K. J. Saunders. (Oxford University Press, London & Bombay. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

This little book, which is described as "An Anthology of Buddhist Verse," is one of a series entitled "The Heritage of India," the aim of which is to present the distinctive features of Indian religious thought to the western reader in handy form and at a popular price. All efforts to promote the study and appreciation of different religions can fairly claim the support of Theosophists, but especially is this support due when, as in the present case, the effort proceeds from a Christian mission, for we feel safe in saying that this series marks a new era in missionary enterprise. In any case it shews a most commendable spirit, and one which should do much to correct the offence given in the past by the earlier and cruder methods of proselytism, and lay the foundation for a better understanding in the future of the underlying unity of all religion.

The translator and editor of the volume under review, Mr. K. J. Saunders, is the Literary Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of India, Burma and Ceylon—a body which has always put useful work before dogma—and the short Introduction that he has written gives welcome evidence of his sympathetic study of the life side of popular Buddhism and his respect for "the magnetism and power of the personality who called forth such enthusiasm". It is evident, however, from occasional remarks, that the compiler labours under assumptions still current in Christian thought, as, for instance, when he speaks of Gautama as an "agnostic" and of India as having "never risen to the conception of a Righteous God". The consequent effect on his selections from the Buddhist canon has been to exclude almost the whole of the unrivalled psychological discourses of the Buddha and leave the impression of Buddhism usually conveyed by Christian admirers—that it is merely a magnificent moral code. This policy he defends as follows:

I have also omitted passages dealing with the nature of Nirvana, for it is possible to support any of the current theories concerning it from the Sacred Books, and Buddhists for the most part are not troubling themselves about it, but look forward rather to rebirth in a heaven or upon earth under favourable conditions.

One might just as well omit the Sermon on the Mount from a collection of typical Christian teachings, on the ground

that Christians for the most part are not troubling themselves about it.

However, the intention is rather to display the beauty of the Buddhist "Hymns" than to summarise the doctrine, and an interesting side-light on Mr. Saunder's ideal is to be found in a concluding note, which should appeal especially to those who are looking for the coming of a World-Teacher:

It will be noticed that the Goal here set before the laity is not Nirvana, which does not attract them, but a Heaven of Bliss, which does. The question "How can we even achieve this much of the Eightfold Path?" greatly exercises the earnest Buddhist; and in practice he prays and makes offerings that he may be reborn in this world when Maitri, or Metteyya, the next Buddha, comes. That this "Loving One" has already come, and will return, it is the privilege of the missionary to proclaim.

On the whole the selection is a useful one, including as it does many well known gems, such as the Mahamangala Sutta. We are not particularly impressed by the form of verse into which most of the originals have been translated, but it is quite probable that this feature will prove an additional recommendation to the public. The book is neat in appearance, and a charming design on the cover deserves mention. The best wishes of Theosophists will follow this little work, and the series to which it belongs, as a forerunner of more fruitful religious intercourse between East and West.

W. D. S. B.

*All About the War. The Indian Review War Book.* Edited by G. A. Natesan, B.A., F.M.U., with an introduction by H. E. the Rt. Hon. Lord Pentland, P.C., G.C.I.E., Governor of Madras. (Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Rs. 4.)

There is nothing special in this volume which marks it as of particular interest to Theosophists. It is a collection of the most varied articles on, and illustrations regarding, the European War, of about 500 quarto pages of letterpress and 200 pages of pictures. As a journalistic production it has been put together with considerable success; it is cheap, rich in information and well indexed. A detailed review of its contents would be out of place in these pages, but we gladly draw the attention of our readers to the publication, and recommend it to those who wish for a convenient volume in which to look up the thousand and one questions arising from a contemplation of the origin, progress and future of the great War.

J. v. M.

## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

### VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS!

The Hibbert Journal for April contains several features of interest to Theosophists, especially an article by the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," the title of which heads this review. Briefly, it is a call to the Churches to prepare for a world-wide spiritual awakening. The expectation of this event is sensed by the writer rather than defined, but it is none the less convincing. The article opens with these significant words:

There lies before our religious organisations an important decision. A rumour that a great spiritual awakening is at hand has gone forth.

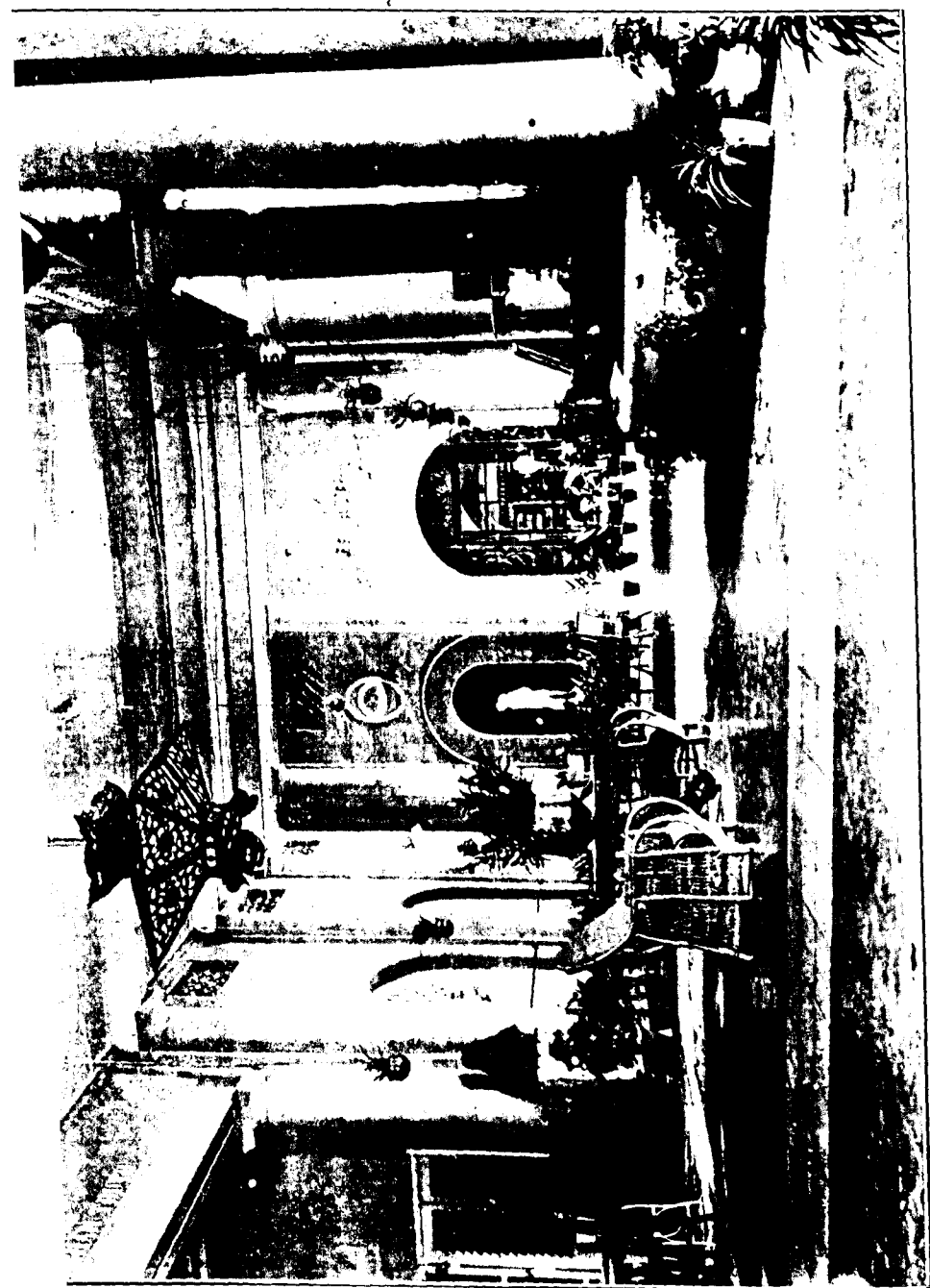
Farther on we read:

It would certainly seem to the onlooker to-day that if indeed there is a God in the world, transcendent and immanent, and if, on the morrow of this bitter war, He should send forth some special reinforcement of His power into the hearts of exhausted nations, this would be manifested in a movement whose strength no one class of men could control or direct, and whose blessed and far-reaching results no man could foresee. But if we have faith to expect this revival, we are certainly bound to think to the best of our ability whether there are not some things that can be foreseen and prepared for.

To those who have examined Mrs. Besant's statements concerning the coming of a World-Teacher, such an expression of belief, coming from one who is evidently a representative of the Christian Church, is sufficiently remarkable; but the form which this belief assumes is no less remarkable. In attempting to anticipate the probable effects of such a spiritual impulse, the writer takes as his starting-point the universal conception of God as *order*, and foresees that the ruling motive arising in the public mind will be the necessity for social order in place of the existing confusion. This movement is to be very different from the "religious revival" of the past, "run" by some religious denomination and assisted by the terrors of hell-fire. In fact he is prepared to find the "masses" leading the Church, if the Church cannot rise to the occasion by guiding the masses. Thus:

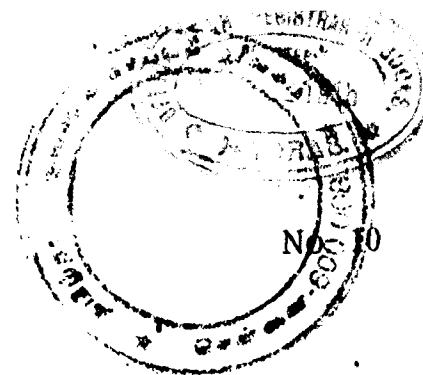
It is evidently, then, a very serious question whether a Spirit-filled multitude would not press on before the organised Church, attaining more quickly a deeper spiritual insight. We have high authority for the belief that sinners—i.e., those who have not conformed to the accepted moral and religious standards—may go into the Kingdom of God before the righteous—i.e., those who conform to them. The sinner is not weighted down





THE LECTURE HALL, ADYAR HEADQUARTERS.

VOL. XXXVII



# THE THEOSOPHIST

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER of our old workers has left us, after much suffering, and has entered into the Peace. W. G. John, the faithful Secretary of the Australian Section, has passed away from our earth, leaving his work at the highest point of success that it has ever reached. At the Convention, the new Headquarters in Sydney were opened, and the crowded meetings showed how great was the progress made in public sympathy and support. The presence of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in Australasia has raised the two Sections into larger and fuller life, and Mr. John had the joy of seeing this quick and steady growth. He has gone to rest for a while, and then to return with larger powers of service to the Great Work which goes on century after century, to which he devoted himself with such unfaltering loyalty. And for him goes up from many a one whom he has helped the ancient mantra: "The Peace of the Eternal grant to him, O Lord: and may the Light Perpetual shine upon him." To his faithful wife and co-worker all hearts go out in sympathy, but she knows full well that Death does not divide. For the Theosophist, the noose of Yama is broken, and the valley of the shadow of death is but the passage to a fuller life.

The many helpful movements which have sprung up from the seeds of love and brotherhood scattered so widely by the Theosophical Society in Great Britain have just had another added to their number—The Pioneer Movement, with its centre at 89 Brick Lane, Whitechapel, one of the great districts of East London. The Protector is the Lady Emily Lutyens, well known in the Society for her devoted work; Mr. Frank Merry is the President, and Miss E. Rubinstein the Hon. Secretary. Its objects are Brotherhood, Service and Training for Service—the last specially important, as many are willing to serve, but do not know where to begin nor what to do. The general spirit of the movement is well expressed in the following from its prospectus:

In the ordinary family some are younger and others older. The younger the children are protected and cared for by the elders, and in their turn the children are expected to obey the elders, because they should know more than the children. It is just the same in the great family of God. We are not all the same age; we are not all equally wise and strong. Some of our brothers and sisters are younger, weaker, and more ignorant than ourselves, and to these we must give our best of help and love. Others, again, we feel to be stronger and wiser than ourselves, and these we must try to understand and reverence, looking to them for guidance. We can all help each other, and we all need each other's help, for we are all growing up together, and the sooner we realise this the happier it will be for the whole family.

Three girls started the movement, taking and furnishing three rooms in Whitechapel, where girls of all ages are welcomed every day when school or work is over. We wish them all success. May they be a centre of light and warmth in Whitechapel.

The Round Table is growing, and Mrs. Whyte writes to me that "Last Sunday (May 28th) we admitted twenty-two young Jewesses from Whitechapel to the R. T., and made knights of the three girls who have started the Pioneer Movement." There is extraordinary vitality everywhere among the young people, among those who are preparing the way for

the Coming of the World-Teacher. For these young people have taken birth at this time that they may prepare His way, and gather around Him when He comes. How joyous will be that fair Day of His appearing, and how full of joy will be the hearts of those, joyous beyond all others, who have worked for Him before the dawning, when the only sign was the Morning Star, the Star in the East, the promise of His rising, and the Star in their own hearts, the Star of Hope and Love.

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A Young People's Branch of the T. S. in England and Wales has been started, with Mrs. Whyte as Organising Secretary. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whyte have been the leaders of the young people's movements in England connected with the T. S. They are now editing the *Young Age*, the successor of an earlier venture. The Young People's Branch draws together the various movements in the T. S. for children and young people. The Branch has a dramatic and a singing class, and also a sewing party, presumably for War work. The younger generation in Great Britain, as elsewhere, is afire with the longing for service, the longing to give and to share, and the young bodies of the time are in very many cases inhabited by advanced souls, thronging to help the world at this crisis of its destiny. It will be a "new earth" that this generation will shape, and it will bequeath to its successors a very different world from that into which it was itself born. "Behold! I make all things new," cries the Zeitgeist, the great Angel of Time and Change.

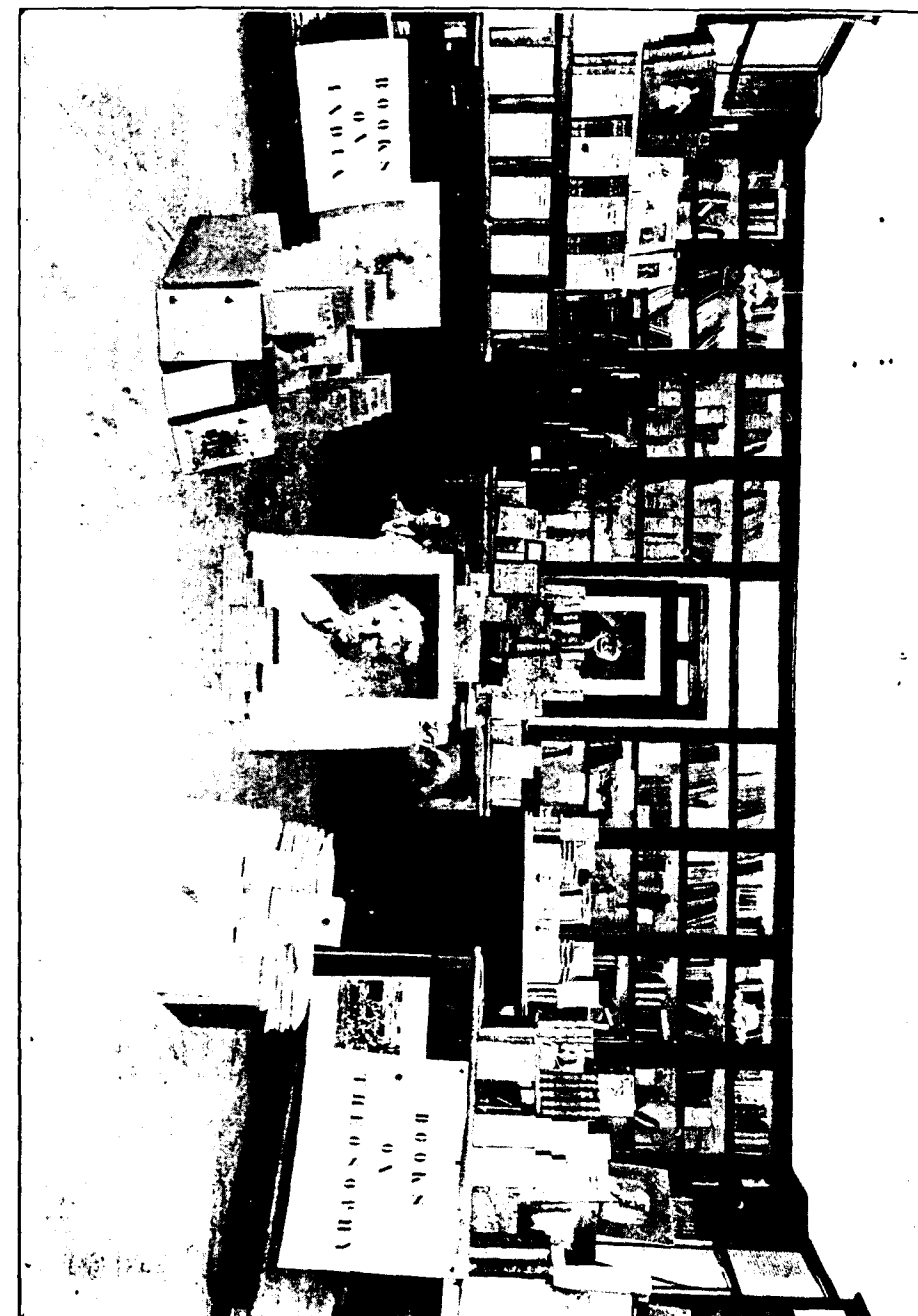
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The yearly Conventions of England and Wales and of Scotland have taken place, but beyond a cabled message we naturally know nothing at present, save that the blessing of the Elder Brothers was upon them, the one condition of success. We have lent them our Jinarajadasa, and have welcomed over here our own property, George Arundale, whom we lent to them for a time. How good it is that the Great Work

is one, and that all its servants are everywhere at "Home".

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Miss and Mr. Arundale have come just at the right moment. We are starting a Girls' College at Benares, which grows out of her own old work there, and her coming now is invaluable, for she is loved and trusted all over the Province, and can do more than anyone else to build up the College. She takes the post of Chairman of the Managing Committee, so as to have full power to guide and control. Miss Palmer, B. Sc. prefers to remain as head of the School instead of taking the Principalship of the College, and Miss Kate Browning, M.A., has kindly accepted the Principalship, and Miss Veale, B.A. is our first Professor. Then we have the strong and capable help of Shrimati Padmabai, Mrs. Sanjiva Rao, and as Matron of Vasantashrama we have Shrimati Sitabai. Miss Ware is also working in the School. As Indians take University degrees, we shall hope to have also Indian lady graduates as Professors, but at present they are not available. We are very happy to be able to secure Theosophists for the work, who love the Indian "atmosphere" and reverence eastern religions.

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Mr. George Arundale remains in his own house here at Adyar—Sevashrama, Adyar, Madras S. is his address—and he will help me in my political and educational work. He is appointed Organising Secretary of the Home Rule League, and has taken an office in the very centre of Madras activity, close to the High Court, opposite the Law College, very near also to the Young Men's Indian Association and the offices of *New India*. How long *New India* will have any offices, I cannot say. I have paid the security imposed in order that, if it is forfeited, the Government may be compelled to point out what it is to which it objects. The Magistrate has refused to give any reason, as he has the right to do. The beauty of the Press Act lies in the fact that knowledge of the offence may be kept



THE BOOK SHOP, T. P. H., ADYAR.

from the person punished, so that he may repeat it and be punished more heavily. This is the Press Act sanctioned by Lord Morley, the author of *Voltaire*, and of *Compromise*! The whole of India is up in arms against it, demanding its repeal, and the Press Association, which represents the whole Indian Press, has asked the new Viceroy to receive a deputation on the subject to present a memorial against the Act. 119 articles denouncing the action taken have appeared in the Press, not counting those in *New India*, and 72 meetings of protest have been held, all between May 28 and June 23.

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The three pictures which we offer to our readers with the present number show some of our Adyar surroundings. The picture of the large hall is the most striking of these, with the fine Japanese lantern hanging in the centre, opposite the recess, flanked by the two pillars, where are the statues of the Founders of the Theosophical Society. The large round vessel on the platform is of brass, and lilies and lotuses float on the water within it. We are looking eastwards, and the door beyond the archway, facing us, is the door of the Adyar Library. The statue to the left in the recess is a beautiful marble figure of a little girl carrying her brother, wrought by Miss Dietrichsen, a Danish member, and presented by her to Headquarters. Still more to the left is a bust of Giordano Bruno in bronze, made by a Sicilian member and presented by the Palermo Lodge.

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The next picture shews one of the rooms in the Theosophical Publishing House, which is ever attractively set out, and presents a most important branch of our activities. The third is the Vasanṭa Press building, where Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri produces the admirable work in printing and binding now known all the world over. Few printing offices have such surroundings as are here shewn! We are standing, as we look at the building, in the Theosophical Society's grounds, facing southwards. It is pleasant to think

that thousands of eyes will look at these pictures with affectionate interest, and the hearts of their owners will send us a loving Godspeed.

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One of the useful institutions of Madras City, in which I take much interest, is the Young Men's Indian Association, the Governing Body of which consists of the leading Hindu and Musalman gentlemen of the City with some who belong further afield. It is intended both for students, graduates and others, as a club, and has a reading room and library, a restaurant, a room for chamber games, etc. There is also a fine hall, nearly completed, which holds 1,500 persons. It has shorthand and type-writing classes and the best cricket team in Madras. As the hall will soon be available for lectures, the rooms hitherto used for this purpose are now to be turned into general sitting rooms for social purposes and to be comfortably furnished. Their Highnesses the Maharaja of Mysore, the Maharaja of Travancore, and the Gaekwar of Baroda are the Patrons of the Association. Some courses of lectures are projected for the autumn and winter, and the Madras Parliament also holds its sittings there. The Association superintends some small hostels for students, and has several affiliated Associations in the Presidency. I believe that it has before it a great and useful future, and I look to see its growth over the land, as public spirit spreads, and the elders and youngers draw more closely together.

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The progress of the Theosophical Society in this country is very satisfactory, and it is looked upon everywhere as drawing together men of different faiths, and thus subserving civic peace. It is enormously valuable to Great Britain, because Theosophists of British race are friendly and genial with Indians, and serve as a standing witness to the fact that East and West can meet in full sympathy and mutual understanding on terms of perfect social equality. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of this

softening influence under present conditions, with the ever-increasing tension between the races. And when the War is over, and the far more perplexing problems of Peace present themselves, the Theosophical Society will exercise the happiest of influences in that critical time, by containing members of both races who know and value each other, thus decreasing the inevitable friction and helping towards a common end.

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With the continuance of the War and the passing of so many hundreds of thousands "behind the veil," there is an increasing demand that that veil should be lifted, and an increasing longing for rational explanation of that which lies on the other side. The hope of the return to earth-life of myriads of young men—the flower of their country's manhood, swept away from further service to the Motherland—given by the teaching of Reincarnation has brought consolation to innumerable aching hearts. Its reasonableness, its consonance with natural justice, its answer to the otherwise insoluble problem of this fearful waste of the Nation's best—these things commend it to the thoughtful mind; and once prejudice is removed and the study of its evidences is no longer rejected, acceptance is inevitable. Like its pendant, physical evolution, no rational person can reject it when it is grasped and understood. Without it, physical evolution remains unintelligible, however certain it may be; with it, the parallel evolution of consciousness and body are seen to support each other. Both convince, less by exact evidence than by the illumination they shed on the world-process. Like the physical Sun, the proof of their existence is the light they shed around them.

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One service the War has done to mankind is the proof it offers that human life cannot be divided up into fragments, and each fragment enclosed in a water-tight compartment. We have had to come down to the

bed-rock and to see that politics and ethics, problems of the citizen and of the religionist are interwoven throughout. Life and mind cannot be dragged away from acts and character. People want to exclude politics from life, as though "politics" did not include all the activities of collective life. Politics are not the doings of political parties any more than the Government is the State. Some wiseacres would not, if they had their way, allow the blood to course unhindered through artery and vein from and to the same heart. They would insist on setting aside some to circle round the liver, some round the brain, some round the lungs, as they divide morality, religion, commerce, professional life, into separate and dissociated organs, instead of organs of the whole body politic.



THE VASANTA PRESS, ADYAR.



POETRY AND THEOSOPHY

By A. P. SINNETT

AN article in the May THEOSOPHIST deals with a subject that has often engaged my thoughts. Much poetry is deplorably unspiritual by reason of treating death as a dismal finality, instead of being the gateway to new life—"Mors janua vitae". As Mr. Cousins puts it, a "revolution in western literary arts would be brought about if the idea, say, of reincarnation could be given as full a place in thought as the current idea of a single life". I quite agree, but meanwhile a grand result would be achieved if poetry could help the world to realise that before attaining reincarnation, there is a period of happiness in the more immediate

future, awaiting all decent people on the astral plane. In our earlier teaching this was a good deal slurred over, as still wider aspects of truth claimed interpretation first. But in a recent book, *In the Next World*, I have endeavoured to show how vivid, delightful and fairly protracted may be that astral experience preceding not merely the return to physical life but preceding any experiences on higher planes that may await any given Ego. Therefore the first great poetical reform I should like to see would be one that should encourage thought to range beyond the grave, instead of burrowing incessantly in that unimportant region.

Consider, for instance, one of the most beautiful passages in all poetry, Moore's "Farewell to Araby's Daughter" at the end of *The Fire-worshippers*. Its beauty resides entirely in the form, not in the substance. It is altogether a lament. Its exquisite language is concerned entirely with the dear girl's body, lying at the bottom of the sea. The Peris who speak the dirge are solely engaged with their efforts to beatify its bed.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep.  
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow  
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
That ever the sorrowing seabird has wept,  
With many a shell in whose hollow-wreathed chamber  
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,  
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head,  
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling  
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

For pure mellifluous beauty of expression those verses will rank with anything in literature, but what a ghastly blunder it was for Moore to spend his genius on

thoughts about the girl's body, instead of thinking about the girl! I have endeavoured to suggest by a paraphrase of his superb effusion what he might have given us instead, if he had come within the range of Theosophical teaching. To guard against misunderstanding, let me explain that I am not supposing that any rhymes of mine can rival Moore's in form. Moore—imperfectly appreciated in these days—was, among all poets that have ever lived, the supreme master of versification. Tennyson, a far grander poet as regards thought, has here and there touched Moore's perfection of form, but as a composer of music in words, Moore is *facile princeps*. My effort is a concrete expression of wonder as to what might have been the character of his "Farewell" had he known what (I think) I know about life immediately after death. Here are the verses. They are not a "Farewell" but a "Greeting".

Welcome, thrice welcome, O Araby's daughter!  
A glad voice thus greeted her advent above.  
The form cast away into Oman's green water  
Is needed no more in this bright realm of love.

'Twas fair for a while, giving transient expression  
For Earth's passing use to a soul pure and white,  
But that is now rescued from fleshly possession  
Arrayed in a far fairer vesture of light.

That agonised plunge in the dark dreary ocean  
Was no coward flight from pain, peril or strife;  
A gift to your lover, an act of devotion,  
A sacrifice laid on the altar of life.

The World left behind you will weep o'er your story,  
Will fancy that YOU lie asleep in the wave;  
For you that has proved but the gateway of glory,  
The dawn of new life with the pure and the brave.

They bid you farewell, those who mourn your wild daring,  
They shudder to think of your cold, lonely bed.  
Oh! could we but tell them how well you are faring,  
They'd share in your joy now your body is dead.



In depths of the sea that will soon melt and vanish,  
 On heights of the Astral your beauty revives,  
 The grief that once marred it this glow will soon banish,  
 With all that disfigured Earth's lowlier lives.

Nor shall you be saddened to think of their sadness  
 Who even may weep at your pitiful fate;  
 Now weeping, the better they'll share in your gladness  
 When they too inherit the life they await.

No graven stone tells where the form that once bound you  
 Restores to the Earth, from the Earth what it drew;  
 How little you care, as the scenes now around you  
 Enchant your new senses with limitless view.

But see! who approaches? Reborn with new vigour,  
 How needless 'twere even his fate to deplore,  
 With rapture he sees you! No flames could disfigure  
 That form. It is he! 'tis your lover once more.

There are many other well known poems dealing with death that might be recast along similar lines. "The Burial of Sir John Moore," for example, though those rather ponderous verses do not attract one to the task. Poetry, indeed, is dotted all over with blemishes due to ignorance of astral conditions, and perhaps it may be admitted that even Theosophical literature, apart from poetry altogether, has sometimes tended to chill imagination by leaving too much out of account the gradual character of the transition from this life towards the illimitable future of human evolution. Natural law is very patient with the pardonable cravings of personality, and lofty teaching is sometimes made to seem repellent by neglecting this profound truth, as was illustrated by a remark I once heard of, made by a lady who said she was much attracted to Theosophy but could not be a Theosophist *because* she loved her husband and her children! One can easily understand the peculiar variety of foolishness on the part of some ill-qualified exponent of Theosophy, who gave her that

impression. The charms of the higher astral life ought to find more frequent description in Theosophical literature, as well as in the poetry of the future.

A. P. Sinnett

### THE FINISH

OUT of that wonderful world where God is,  
 The Lords of Karma the path have shown.  
 And given us lessons to learn in bodies—  
 Oh, many the bodies our souls have known!  
 In gem and blossom, and sentient being,  
 In dull cave dweller and thinking man,  
 All things knowing, and feeling, and seeing—  
 This is the purpose and this the plan.

Forms are fashioned in wide world places  
 From flame and ether and common clay:  
 While the egos wait in the high star spaces  
 Till the call shall come, which they must obey.  
 Oh never a wish or a hope lies hidden  
 Of good or evil in any heart.  
 But back to earth shall the soul be bidden  
 To live out its longing, and play its part.

Grief and pleasure and joy and sorrow,  
 Out of old sowings we gather them all—  
 And the seed of to-day, we shall harvest to-morrow,  
 When our souls come back at the karmic call.  
 Over and over the lesson learning,  
 Till, letter perfect, and meaning clear—  
 Back on the spiral pathway turning  
 We carry the knowledge we gathered here.

\* \* \* \* \*

The thought of that last journey back to Him  
 When there is no more longing or desire  
 For anything but God left in my soul,  
 Shines in the distance like a great white flame—

I think the way will lead through golden clouds  
 Skirting the shores of seas of amethyst  
 And winding gently upwards : past old worlds,  
 Where body after body was outlived :  
 Past Hells and Heavens, where I had my day  
 With comrade Spirits from the lesser spheres,  
 And paid my penalty for every sin  
 And reaped reward for every worthy act :  
 Past Realms Celestial and their singing hosts  
 (Where once I chanted with the cherubim)  
 Out into perfect Silence. Suddenly  
 An all-enveloping vast consciousness  
 Of long, long journeys finished : one more turn—  
 Then glory, glory, glory infinite  
 And selfhood lost in being one with God.  
 The ray once more absorbed into the Sun.  
 The cycle done.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

## THEOSOPHY AND THE PROBLEMS OF POVERTY

By KATE BROWNING, M.A.

THE great questions which we shall have to solve after the War is over are those connected with poverty, sex and the interrelation of classes. On all of these the organised body of Truth known as Theosophy, with its two main principles of the essential unity of all living beings and the evolution of consciousness in varying forms and environment, is able to throw great light. In this paper I propose to deal only with the first.

It is an axiom among those who believe in Theosophy that the Fatherhood of God involves the brotherhood of man, and that no solution of any social problem can rest on a firm foundation that is not built on this principle. Yet, when we look around, we see that, instead of recognising that advance in position and power means increased responsibility and duty, the rich oppress the poor, men oppress women, great nations bully small nations, advanced races exploit less evolved races. We prate glibly on platforms and paper about brotherhood, but have we realised the tremendous upheaval that an effective belief in brotherhood would cause?

While, as a great Empire embracing men of all grades of civilisation, various problems connected with conquest and colonisation must be discussed, of more practical importance to the man in the street are the problems which ought to attract his attention every day, and I shall take a few of these and see how a Theosophist might reasonably solve them.

Let us suppose the case of a poor man and woman marrying about the age of twenty, bringing up a large family, and who, after leading useful and decent lives for, say, sixty years, are brought into distress. How are these to be dealt with? Let us free ourselves of all cant as to thrift. If the income of a family consisting of more than six persons does not exceed £2 a week, I think we may say it would be wrong to expect that enough can be saved to enable the old people to live in comfort, even with the old age pension, when that is available. If they join clubs and friendly societies, they may provide for the exigencies of illness and, to a certain extent, for superannuation, but to do more would mean that they were not properly fed or clothed; that the children did not receive sufficient nourishment to enable them to grow up as efficient citizens as they should be; that the father had little margin of strength to draw upon; and that the mother was always on the verge of a breakdown. For it is the mother who feels the strain of poverty the first—yes, even though she may be nursing a baby, or be about to have another. The father must keep up his power of earning; the children clamour for their portions; so the mother gives her share to the little ones.

Let those who are so eager to criticise the expenditure of the poor read such books as Mrs. Pember

Reeves' *Round about a Pound a Week*, and Seebohm Rowntree's *Poverty: A Study in Town Life*, and ask themselves whether they could do better, or as well, as these homely heroes and heroines. It is pathetic to read that of these small incomes an appreciable fraction has to be taken to provide for burial insurance. We cannot but respect that sturdy self-respect which makes the poor desire that their dead should not receive a pauper—hateful word—funeral. The State has acknowledged its interest in the birth of its citizens by giving a belated maternity benefit to insured persons. When will it take the next step and do honour to those who have finished their course as citizens, by a seemly and proper disposal of the cast-off body? There should be no stigma of pauperism in the burial of a poor man or his child. We honour our heroes and statesmen with public funerals; why should we not acknowledge our indebtedness to the ordinary citizen who has done, or is preparing to do, the necessary work of the country? If the State conducted all burials without any idea of pauperism, many a poor household would have its financial burdens lessened. It has often made a lump come into my throat when I read of a man earning about 20s. a week paying 1s. 3d. out of that inadequate sum to insure decent burial for himself and his family. I honour and respect his independence.

But let us return to the question of our old couple. Their children have grown up and scattered. Probably few of them are in a position to keep the parents in comfort, if they were well, still less to provide for them if they are ailing, so they have to appeal to the relieving officer. What does a paternal Government

do? It turns this poor old couple into a workhouse, separates the comrades of many years, driving the old man into one side of the building and the old woman into another, only allowing them to meet under definite rules as to time and place. As usual the woman suffers most from her surroundings, for while both have to put up with the companionship of wastrels, tramps, the failures of society, imbeciles and those suffering from senile decay, the woman's side has a large proportion of those often more or less feeble-minded women who use the workhouse infirmary as a lying-in ward, and pay annual visits to it. The language and behaviour of this class is an offence to any respectable woman, yet this is the environment into which the woman, whose only crime is poverty, is too often sent. If a paternal Government cannot do better, let us pray that a maternal one will have a chance to improve matters. No one would willingly send a brother or sister into such surroundings. Where is our brotherhood? I know some Unions are trying to improve conditions and classify the inmates according to their character and needs, but in far too many cases the conditions are as I have described. Read Mary Higgs' *Glimpses into the Abyss*, and other books dealing with our Poor Law Administration.

Foremost among the problems of brotherhood comes our treatment of the prostitute. A woman commits the anti-social act of illicit connection with a man. It may have been caused by love, by sensuality, or by financial pressure. The result is the same—social degradation. Few hands are held out to save her. She is looked at askance by her partners in crime; she is despised and rejected by women who look on her

as a blackleg, and as a centre of infection from which disease spreads, physically and morally, through the community; and the woman, at any rate, has some excuse for her reprobation. But what would a brother do to a sister in such a case? Surely he would try to help her to regain her self-respect. He would not put a girl, whose whole life had been one of excitement and glamour, to work at the wash-tub for the remainder of her life for the saving of her soul. He would strive to make life enjoyable as well as respectable. But, above all, he would try to remove the possibility of her being forced into a life of misery by financial considerations. He would fight for a decent living wage for all women dependent on their own exertions. He would defend her from the pressure brought by employers and foremen against her purity. He would see that domestic service was not—as now it is so often—a trap for innocent girls. By raising the tone of morals among men, he would reduce the demand for prostitutes, and by raising the wages of women, he would diminish the supply, so that the ranks of the oldest profession in the world would be gradually thinned. Also, by the kindly care of the feeble-minded girl in establishments suited to her case, he would prevent much misery to her, and much danger and expense to the State which now has to care for her illegitimate and degenerate children.

Take the case of children who for any reason are dependent on the State. Why, when a Union pays five shillings a week to a stranger to look after a child when it is boarded out, should the same Union allow a mother one shilling-and-sixpence a week as out-door relief if she tries to keep her little ones with her? Is

mother-love to be valued at three-and-sixpence a week, at sixpence a day? One is tempted to misquote the lines and say :

Will the flame she is so rich in  
Light a fire in the kitchen,  
And the little God of love  
Turn the spit, spit, spit ?

We are so illogical and so (often unintentionally) wickedly cruel. The State should not undertake duties unless it is prepared to carry them out in a humane and reasonable fashion. Bad and extravagant as I believe the system of private charity to be in its general results, I think it might be preferable to depend on that in some cases, than to have a soothing syrup given to the nation by saying : "No person need starve, because anyone can get relief from the State." For many years I was soothed by phrases of this kind, until I investigated more for myself, and then I was bound to confess I should prefer to starve rather than accept State aid given, as it so often is given, doled out in inadequate sums, sometimes with insult and contempt, often with conditions which make it more difficult to accept by a self-respecting person than to go hungry. There must be some good reason why the poor dread the "House" so much. If we were brothers indeed, we should investigate the reasons and apply the appropriate remedies. It might require a little more money to provide quarters for aged married couples; it would require much more to classify the inmates of workhouses better, but in a comparatively short time the extra expenditure might be cut down owing to the decrease in the number of inmates. For workhouses breed paupers as prisons breed criminals. The enforced contact with depraved minds degrades the weak. But

setting aside the possible contraction of expenditure, we should add greatly to the happiness of the community, and this is important when we remember that "the tears of the wretched sap the foundations of the State".

Just a word in explanation of my attitude towards private charity. I called it bad and extravagant; I might also have added demoralising. To give charity, as it often is given, demoralises him who gives and him who takes—it is twice cursed. It demoralises the recipient, for he feels he is getting something for nothing, and in lowly developed characters this is a fatal temptation. It saps the self-respect to receive doles, and tends to servility and deception, to vicious and lazy habits. It is demoralising to the giver, for it produces a glow of self-satisfaction, a feeling of superiority, which is quite disproportionate to the amount of cash expended, and what is worse, it prevents him from attacking social evils at their roots. Let us put a very rough case.

A squire pays his man the inadequate wage of 18s. a week, with small perquisites, and expects him to bring up a family. He probably gets 2s. or more of that sum back for rent. The squire's wife gives the woman a shawl or a flannel petticoat or some garment at Christmas, and in addition, perhaps, a joint of beef or a pudding—total value, say, 10s.—and she feels she is the benefactress, and expects gratitude and respect. But if her husband would pay a living wage to his employee, the latter would be able to buy the family garments, and the family food, and have a handsome sum in addition. So the squire is really the debtor.

I do not mean that no gifts should be made to those poorer than the giver, but I do maintain that these gifts should be as from equal to equal. If I knit a shawl for

a lady, or make booties for an expected baby, or send a pot of jam to a friend, I do not think I am doing a particularly virtuous action. I do it because I love my friend, and she accepts it because she loves me. When gifts are made in that spirit there is no fear of "pauperising," and we can give freely. But never, never, never let us use private charity to dull our eyes to social injustice, to eke out inadequate remuneration for labour; never let us grind the face of the poor with one hand, while we put a plaster of charity on the wound with the other.

Let us consider the case of the criminal. Can anything be more foolish than our present procedure? Leaving on one side those admitted to probation, we herd a delinquent with others of the same kind, or, too often, worse than himself. To cast out one devil we admit seven more virulent. We put our erring brother into conditions where he loses his self-respect, where he has no need for initiative or reasonable self-control, for he is regulated in every possible direction, where he loses all his incentive for work. When we have finished our dreadful task, we turn the product out into the world branded as a gaol-bird, and hold up hands of horror when he returns on our hands as a confirmed recidivist. It is true that something is being done to improve the conditions of prison and to really reform those who have committed the double crime of breaking the law and of being found out, but as a general statement, the above is a fair approximation to the truth. Most authorities agree that a man comes out of gaol worse than he went in. Little Commonwealths, Probation Systems, big Brotherhood Movements, are all along the lines of reform, and a Theosophist may

reasonably throw in his lot with the workers along these lines.

How very little is done for those whose nerves are so shattered that they are on the verge of insanity. As far as I know, before the War, there was only one hospital for the special care of these borderland cases. That was the Lady Chichester Hospital (Hove Branch). When the War caused the breakdown of many of our soldiers, the State stepped in and provided special arrangements (without certification) for those suffering from nervous shock. Let us hope that when the present conflict is over, we shall reap part of the benefit of our sacrifices in the recognition of the need for greater care in the treatment of borderland cases. If there is any form of illness in which prevention is better than cure, surely this is the one. When once a patient has been certified as insane, there is, rightly or wrongly, a slur cast, not only on him, but on his relatives to the third and fourth generation. With proper attention in the early stages of the illness, much suffering to the individual, and expense to the State, might be avoided. The latter argument probably will appeal most to the rate-payer. Much has been done to make our mental hospitals more efficient for curing the disease, but much more remains to be done; and when the problem of classification is really approached intelligently and generously, we might do much to alleviate the lot of these, our most unfortunate brethren. The workhouses might be relieved of the care of those suffering from senile decay, and of the feeble-minded, so that the remainder of the inmates may be less annoyed and disgusted by the want of manners of those not responsible for their conduct.

When we are really brotherly we shall not allow underfed children to be overworked in our schools. The State is recognising its duty in this line by giving grants for school dinners, and allowing rates to be levied for the purpose of feeding indigent scholars. But the movement does not go far enough. It makes no provision for Saturday and Sunday feeding, or for holiday time. Yet it must be acknowledged that it is refined cruelty to teach starving children.

The same incompleteness of plan is shown in the question of school clinics and of schools for mothers. A beginning has been made, but the vast bulk of the population has not been touched. We must take away the stigma of pauperism from our little children. Above all, we must remove all children from the contaminating influence of the partially insane, the prostitute, the criminal and the vagrant. We should have no child in the general workhouse. One of the points most insisted upon by psychologists dealing with criminals, is the early age at which most recidivists are infected with anti-social ideas. I know that the interference of the State in the upbringing of its future citizens will mean increased taxation and inspection; that there will be a great outcry about the sapping of parental responsibility, and infringing the liberty of the subject; but the whole trend of civilisation is in the direction of making the part subservient to the whole, and of insisting on the right of the State to see that its subjects shall conform to the ideals of the majority. It is late in the day to talk of interference when we have factory legislation of all kinds, Education Acts, Insurance Acts, not to speak of emergency Military Service Acts. We must recognise this

social trend, and help all movements conducing to brotherhood.

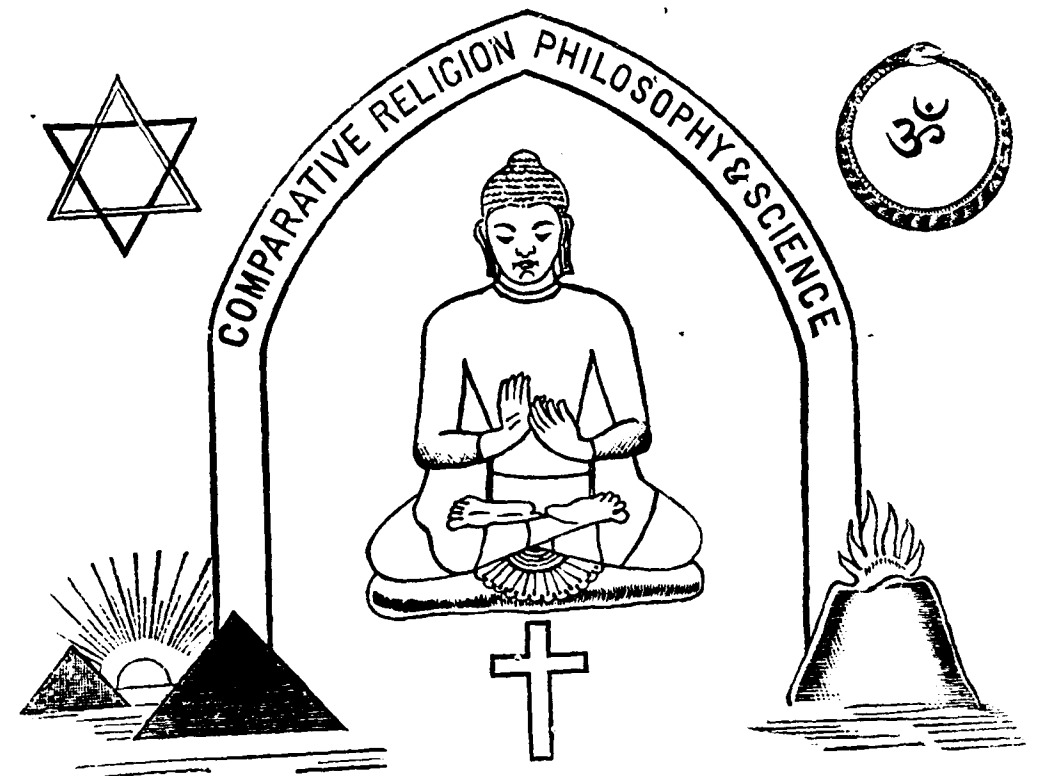
Much remains also to be done for the sick and incurables. State aid of a more humanitarian character than that possible in workhouse infirmaries should be available for sufferers. Again one is glad to note that many changes for the better have taken place, and when the full energy of all who believe in brotherhood is applied in the right direction, the momentum will be increased in constantly growing proportion.

I should like all terms such as paupers, criminals and lunatics, used in official documents, swept away. I look forward to a time when some more sympathetic terms shall be in vogue. There is very much in a name, whatever the poet may say, and if all who were incapable of looking after themselves were thought of as "Wards of the State," there would be a more kindly feeling engendered. The classification might be into juvenile, aged, mentally deficient, morally or physically disabled "Wards," but let us see that we look on the State as a loving guardian, rather than as a cruel and grudging dispenser of doles and punishments. Let us insist that brotherhood should be shown to all our infirm—mental, moral or physical. Let us throw the whole weight of our energy and influence into making our State so suitable to the progress of great souls, that we shall draw these to incarnate in it. For unless we, in the heart of the Empire, can attract the noblest of souls, our Empire, instead of being in the vanguard of progress, will decline as other Empires have done in the past.

Every slum, every unhealthy factory, every brothel, every gin-palace, every ill-managed workhouse,

asylum or prison, is a trumpet summoning into our Nation the undeveloped, the criminal, the savage—and these swarm into incarnation where the environment suits their stage of growth. We have it in our power to build a great Empire, but we shall never do it on any stable foundation except on the bedrock of brotherhood in deed, not merely in word.

Kate Browning



## THE METAPHYSIC AND PSYCHOLOGY OF THEOSOPHY

By BHAGAVÂN DÂS

(Concluded from p. 287.)

### 17. ITS USES

HAVING found these laws, we have found our weapons of war against our enemies—the vices and sins of man, our tools of industry and helpfulness for the



happy and peaceful progress of all. We now understand, in terms of reason and not merely of sentiment, what the genealogical relation is between the emotions, and why hatred can never cease by hatred but only by love; why God is love, and why it is absolutely necessary to achieve first the kingdom of the righteous and loving spirit, for thereupon, and only thereupon, will all the riches of matter add themselves. And because we have the understanding, because we have the power—and “knowledge is power,” and “to know where danger lies is half the way to victory”—therefore we can now deliberately compel ourselves to love instead of hate any and all living creatures, who are all, equally with ourselves, manifestations of the same common Self; we can compel ourselves to love the individual, even when it is necessary to cause pain to his body for the ends of justice to himself and to others, in the spirit of the surgeon who hurts only to cure.

It may be said that knowledge of the right course of conduct is not always enough to induce us to pursue it, and that the flesh is often weak when the spirit is willing enough; but the mere fact that we have *cared* at all to follow the study, and have had the patience to work out the results thereof, is itself proof that the needed desire to do right, to follow out in practice the result of the theoretical studies, *has arisen* also, while the other and opposite desire, which blindly runs after its objects without caring to ask why and whether it will hurt a fellow-creature thereby or not, has begun to wane, sufficiently to allow all this study of theories and causes, though it may yet be very far from being properly subdued. It is now only a question of time and perseverance; the Higher Self, new-born within the

man, will wax steadily, and the old lower self weaken, till Universal Brotherhood, nay, Universal Identity of Spirit and Organic Unity of nature is realised by him. And when it is realised by a fair number of human beings, then the hoped-for Federation of the World will come.

Herbert Spencer, philosopher of encyclopædic knowledge and dispassionate thinking and careful reasoning, writing in 1879, says that: “Co-operation... is necessarily hindered both by ignorance of one another’s words, and by unlikeness of thought and feeling... Those who are wholly unlike in their emotional natures or in their intellectual natures, perplex one another by unexpected conduct... Diversities of custom, too, become causes of dissension. Where a food eaten by one people is regarded by another with disgust, where an animal held sacred by one is by the other treated with contempt, where a salute which the one expects is never made by the other, there must be continually generated alienations which hinder joint efforts. Other things equal, facility of co-operation will be proportionate to the amount of fellow-feeling... In the absence of considerable likeness, the political aggregates formed are unstable, and can be maintained only by a coercion which sometime or other is sure to fail. Though other causes have conspired, yet this has doubtless been a main cause of dissolution of great empires in past ages.” (*Principles of Sociology*, ii, 277, 278.)

And the same benevolent and at that time aged philosopher of nearly eighty years, writing some twenty years later, at the close of the last century and of his work and life, in conclusion of his great system of Synthetic Philosophy, on *The Prospect*

of *Human Institutions*, gropes doubtful, dim-visioned, now hoping, now fearing, and sees in improvement of moral character and increase of voluntary and conscious co-operation the only hope, but sees no certainty of such improvement and such increase. He could prescribe no sure way of helping these on. He had contented himself with the word Unknowable, and had not taken the pains to see that this which was truly Unknowable, no doubt (for by what *sense* shall we know the Knower?), was also the most known, the nearest, the dearest, his very Self which, unknown and unknowable by other-than-Self, is ever most intimately known to Itself. Who can know the Knower of all, except Itself? Spencer's vision was turned largely outwards; even the facts of psychology he examined more objectively than subjectively; the love-aspect of the Self did not manifest in him very actively in this life; and the sanctifying touch of *vairāgya*, divine discontent and mystic aspiration, he did not feel. He had other and most valuable work to do and he did it; but by itself, the work is incomplete. And this is no wonder, for the very condition of manifestation is inequilibrium. He did not sufficiently bring home to himself, and analyse to the bottom, the phenomena of emotion; he did not cultivate them. He felt the lack in old age, and borrowed neighbours' children to play with. Beautiful and pathetic spectacle! If he had known a more passionate love earlier, and studied the ancient literatures and other aspects of life, *e.g.*, the superphysical, which, gentle philosopher as he was, and ever on his guard against biases, he could not help treating with some contempt—he might have seen the truths which complete his system. He might have

seen the working, in the psychical half of the world-process also, of the swing of that evolution and dissolution which he saw somewhat incompletely in the physical half. He would have seen that these two halves of the swing are made by the descent of Spirit into matter and its re-ascent out of it; by the more Impersonal becoming more Personal, and again more Impersonal on an ever higher level; by the Universal Consciousness appearing to contract into Egoism, and again appearing to expand out of it into Universalism; he would have seen that Will, Imagination and Activity, the *Ānanda*, *Chit* and *Sat* of the *Vedāntin*, were the three aspects of that Consciousness which guided and governed all manifestations; and he would have seen that persistent enquiry leads to a substitution, for "the theory of Creation by an extra-cosmical Personal God," after a passage through "the theory of Evolution," on a higher level, of "the theory of perpetual Creation and Dissolution of all forms, actions and relations by the Omniscience, Omnipresence and Omnipotent All-love of the Immanent Universal Self".

If he could have seen all this, he would have had greater hope that after the sway of the militant and then of the industrial egoism, the reign of co-operative universalism, or at least humanism, would supervene more and more fully, and the race pass into a period of the genuine higher Socialism which believes in giving rather than taking.

#### 18. THE CONDITION OF TRUE CO-OPERATION AND THE SCIENCE OF CONDUCT

A recent writer (H. C. McCook: *A Study in Natural Civics*) says: "If Socialism as a form

of human government would be equally or even approximately successful, it must first attain that perfect individual discipline and self-control, self-abnegation, self-surrender, and self-devotion to the good of the whole community that one sees in a commonwealth of ants." Those who have found reason to believe in the psychical, as well as the material, swing of evolution and involution, have no doubt that the condition of the commonwealth of ants will be attained by men on a far higher level, in the course of time. But we may well ask each other what we can do to facilitate the accrual of this much-to-be-desired internal condition of self-denial. A worldly motive, such as the gain of some object of sense, or an industrial or political objective, can, if at all, bring about such a result for a short time and amongst a limited number of individuals only, *e. g.*, till the money is made, the law passed, the opposite party circumvented, the land seized, the enemy defeated and the war brought to a successful issue, and amongst only the members of the organised combine, or the class, or the nation. Yet worse, in integrating one set of individuals, differentiation from another set is emphasised, the spirit of aggression and greed of sensuous things strengthened, and by the action and reaction thereof internecine struggles are generated which rapidly nullify all the gains of the artificial integration. Therefore no such material unity serves our purpose; it is but a false and deceitful imitation of the Spiritual Unity which alone is adequate to the great task of bringing about the free surrender of the part to the whole, of the small self to the Great Self. The Buddha has said that Right Action arises from

Right Desire, and Right Desire arises from Right Knowledge. Until the individual acquires the Right Knowledge that he is not the small but the Great Self, until the primal error of *Avidyā*, this error of Self-limitation, is corrected, this thick veil of Self-ignorance and Self-forgetfulness removed from the eye of the man, until he sees that he is identified with not only his own body, or family, or parish or province, or country, or tribe, or clan, or caste or creed, or nation, or sex, or colour, or race, but verily with all life—until then will the Right Desire, that is Universal Love, not arise fully within him; and unless such yearning for Universal Brotherhood arise within him, Right Action, continual helpfulness, the life of sacrifice, will not proceed out of him.

#### 19. THE FINAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE ONENESS OF THE UNIVERSAL SELF AS THE ONE PURIFIER OF THE HEART

Hence it is that the *Veḍas* say that without knowledge there is no liberation, no final and real loosening of the bond of the heart, of the hard knot of egoism; as, on the other hand, without a preliminary diminution of that selfish interest which narrows and distorts the vision, the arising of disinterested and therefore true and universal Knowledge is not possible; and *Kṛṣṇa* declares that there is no purifier like unto knowledge; and that after the purification, the individual must not and cannot cease from action, but must and will ever perform action without thought of fruit for himself but only of fruit for all, forgetting himself in the Great Self, intoxicated with devotion to the Supreme and the Whole, the sum-total of all Life.

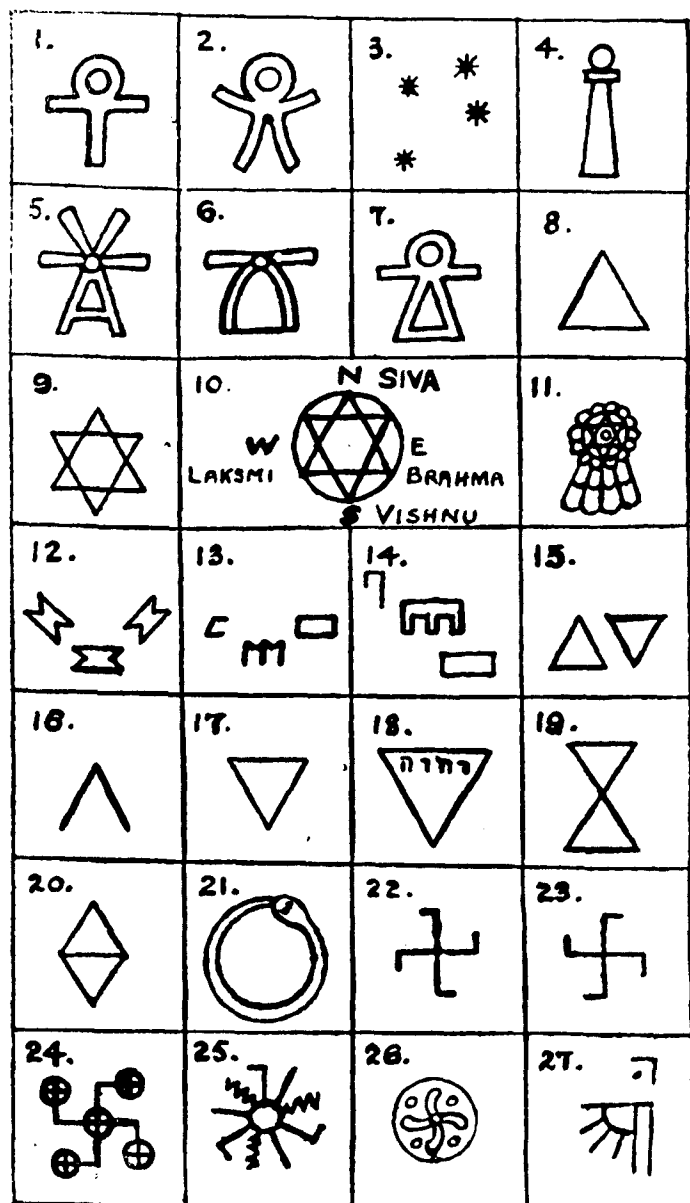
Therefore the first and most important step in the facilitation of the longed-for millennium is the spread of the knowledge that the Self in all is One; the diligent crying aloud of the good message, so that it shall fall upon all ears and abide in some minds at least, to nurture the tender shoots of love; and thus gradually shall men more and more forget, or learn to overlook, each other's superficial unlikenesses of thinking and feeling, of clothing and colouring, of saluting and speaking, which now alienate them so much from each other, and feel more and more the deep-seated likeness, nay, identity of Spirit, which should bring them all together in the bonds of love. When this old Wisdom is newly born again amongst men, with the perennial newness and freshness of beauty and the beauty of newness and freshness, then shall the differences of form and colour and temperament and caste and vocation which now separate them also begin to abate, and all shall begin to tread more or less diligently the triune path of wise and self-sacrificing Love, of Jñāna-Karma-Bhakti, of Universal Love Divine.

## 20. CONCLUSION

Verily, Love Universal, Love Divine, inspired by the Knowledge of the Unity of all life, and inspiring the good Conduct of deliberate helpfulness to all—such Love enables man to touch Nirvāṇa on earth and transforms earth into heaven, the kingdom of heaven which is within us always. When we can weep with one eye for the woes of the world and smile with the other for its joys; when we know the comedy of knowledge and feel the tragedy of feeling simultaneously; when we

feel the heartache of the mother over her child's broken toys, and all her endless worries and anxieties, and also the guardian father's smiling assurance that all is well and nothing lost which cannot be replaced; when we feel at once sad over breaking bodies and glad over the deathless Spirit; when we know and feel that the insect's flutter, the river's roll, the ocean's surge, the wind's unceasing sigh, the march of the moons, planets, suns, stars—is all part of One and the self-same Life, *My* Life, one continuity of living motion, the endless manifestations of One Living Energy, the incessant transformations of One Living Substance which is Consciousness—then indeed we sense Nirvāṇa even in the flesh, dimly at first, more and more clearly afterwards. For surely the Spirit is no more distant from, no less near to, any form of matter, gross or subtle, than to any other. All planes and grades and shades of matter are equidistant from It, all equally within Its consciousness; all equally governed and guided by the laws of the three aspects of that Consciousness as set forth in the Science of the Self. And liberation does not mean a change of many conditions, but of one condition. The mental vision that was turned outwards has only to be turned inwards. Then physical science is converted into Spiritual Metaphysic. The light shines ever, we have only to turn our eyes to it. When the veiling cloud of egoism melts away, then the Universal Sun shines forth.

Bhagavān Dās



THE SYMBOLISM OF THE T. S. SEAL

## THE SYMBOLISM OF THE T. S. SEAL

By N. W. J. HAYDON

FEW words have acquired such a wide signification as the word "symbol". Originally applied amongst the Greeks to the two halves of the tablet they divided between themselves as a pledge of hospitality, it was gradually extended to the engraved shells by which those initiated in the Mysteries made themselves known to each other; and even to the more or less esoteric formulas and sacramental rites that may be said to have constituted the visible bond of their fellowship. At the same time its meaning was so amplified as to include on the one hand oracles, omens, and every extraordinary phenomenon that could be passed off as a warning from the Gods, and on the other, military passwords, badges of corporate bodies, tokens of attendance, and pledges of every kind, from the wedding ring to the ring deposited before partaking of a banquet as an earnest for the due payment of one's share in it. In short, the term came gradually to mean everything that conventionally represented something or somebody.

By symbolism the simplest, commonest objects are transformed, idealised, and acquire a new and, so to say, an illimitable value. For instance, it is related that

<sup>1</sup> I am deeply indebted to Count Goblet d'Alviella, of the Royal Academy of Belgium, for permission to draw from the wealth of material he has gathered into his *Migration of Symbols*.

in the Eleusinian Mysteries, at the initiation to the higher degree, "there was exhibited as the great, the admirable, the most perfect object of mystic contemplation, an ear of corn that had been reaped in silence". The scrap of cloth which, in ordinary circumstances, we discard as a rag, at the top of a staff sums up all the aspirations included in the idea of one's country; and two crossed lines suffice to recall to millions of Christians the redemption of the world by the voluntary sacrifice of a God.

It is sentiment, and above all religious sentiment, that resorts largely to symbolism in order to place itself in more intimate communication with the Being, or abstraction, it desires to approach. To that end, men are everywhere seen either choosing natural or artificial objects to remind themselves of the Great Hidden One, or imitating in a systematic manner the acts and deeds they attribute to Him—which is a way of participating in His life—or again rendering objective by acts, as various as they are significant, all the gradations of the sentiments with which He inspires them, from the most profound humility to the most ardent love. Hence the extreme diversity of symbols; which may be divided into two classes, according as they consist of acts or rites, and of objects or emblems. For the present I will confine my remarks to the second category, or rather to the figured representations which past generations have transmitted to us as so many material vestiges of their beliefs, and more particularly to that group of emblems which form a symbol having a peculiar interest for the members and friends of this Society, namely, the official Seal shown on our books and documents; for it is the

particular intention of all such devices to symbolise those aims, objects and beliefs which distinguish and identify their supporters from among their fellows.

Beginning at the centre, we have in the Crux Ansata (Fig. 1) an emblem which has called forth a simply enormous mass of literature. Its antiquity is prehistoric in both the East and the West, and no class of objects appears to have been too great or too small to serve as its representative. The ruined temples built by Atlantean colonists in Central America, the mummified bodies of Egyptian rulers, and the great caves hewn from the rocks of Elephanta, in India, are mute witnesses of its value in the times of their greatness.

Its purpose has always been the same, to bear a steadfast testimony to the renewal of physical life and of spiritual regeneration. More explicitly, it served as a water sign, for it was known to the worshippers of Osiris as the Key with which he let loose the saving floods of the Nile over the thirsty fields of Egypt; in Assyria, it was sometimes written over the names of the river-gods to indicate their office as protectors of their worshippers (Fig. 2). In Yucatan, states Dr. Le Plongeon, who spent ten years exploring that country with the help of his wife, the other name by which this emblem is more commonly and incorrectly known, *viz.*, the "Tau" Cross, is a relic of the very ancient Mayax people, it being with them "Ta-i-ha" of the Month of Water.

This corresponded with our month of May which, for all countries in the latitude of Yucatan, marked the finish of the dry season that began in January, and was always a time of suffering for man and beast. But at last the four bright stars of the Southern Cross shone

above the horizon (Fig. 3), and the native saw with joy this heavenly messenger bringing the good news of quick approaching rain, of the God who refreshes all the world around him, who promises the renewed fertility of all his various food supplies.

While, however, the preservation of life physical is an object of very great concern to man, there is another object—life superphysical—for which history shows that he has been willing to sacrifice even that, and this emblem has been intimately associated with it also. A Tau Cross, which is formed like our letter T with a round or oval ring placed midway upon the arms (Fig. 1), was figured on the colossal statue of Serapis, which was transported about 293 B. C. by order of Ptolemy Soter from Sinope on the southern shore of the Black Sea and re-erected within the famous labyrinth on the bank of Lake Meiris. There it was destroyed by the soldiers of Theodosius nearly six hundred years later (A. D. 389) despite the earnest entreaties of the Egyptian priests, who declared it was the emblem of their God and of the life to come.

In the hieroglyphic writing invented by these priests, this emblem forms an ideogram which meant "To Live," and it has been found engraved on monuments as an instrument used by the Gods to awaken the dead. For example, one of the twelfth dynasty (about 3400 B. C.) shows the Goddess Anuket holding a Key of Life to the nostrils of the King Usertesen III, accompanied by this inscription: "I give unto thee life, stability and purity like Ra, for ever." Another variant and, it is claimed, an earlier one of this emblem, is found in cone-shaped pillars surmounted by a sphere (Fig. 4), which was used by the Babylonians as a

symbol of Life and Death, death being but a beginning or nursery for life. It is through this form that we may perhaps guess how the Key of Life can claim a spiritual as well as a physical value. It is clearly a compound, a symbol rather than an emblem, and its phallic value is easily seen; but wherein lie the signs of an evolution in form along the other path? They are to be found in relics of Asiatic peoples. Such forms are Fig. 5, from a stone found near Damascus, of Phœnician origin—it represents a person praying, Fig. 6, from a Moabite votive cylinder, and Fig. 7, from a coin of Carthage, all of which have a religious significance in their various origins.

All these show a combination of a triangle with other ideograms, and it is known that the former (Fig. 8) has represented Deity since long before theological speculations as to the nature or existence of a Trinity. So that if the Crux Ansata is a development from a simple triangle, a descendant from that most ancient parent of symbols, it is only natural that its religious value should permeate and lift up all the other meanings which human fancy has woven around it during its long progress through the ages. And in this descent we may see its brotherhood with the next symbol in our Theosophic Seal—that formed by the interlaced triangles (Fig. 9).

The interlaced triangles form a symbol whose origin is so remote as to be lost, but it is clearly no representative of primitive man. Its geometrical form points to a period of mental culture, its severely simple and mathematical proportions would seem to indicate a reaction from the florid exuberance through which every civilisation passes, also it belongs to the mystic

class of religious symbols, in themselves a sign of a well established priesthood, another sign of national growth.

Like the Crux Ansata, this symbol has received many names and meanings, one of the most common being "Solomon's Seal"; this, however, Madame Blavatsky denies specifically, so we may put that aside. Amongst the Jews it is known as the "Maugen" or "Shield of David," and is set up by them over their synagogues, even as the Christians set up the Cross over their Churches, and with much the same idea—that of beneficent protection—though I have not found any evidence of their using it as a ground plan for their places of worship, as the other sign has been used.

Going yet further East, this sign may be found grouped with those considered essential to places of worship by the Hindūs, amongst whom it is known as a Shri Antra, or Shri San tara, or Yantra, according to its particular use, the last being the most devotional, the other two historical or theological. It seems, however, that the name Yantra is given to all religious symbols of a geometrical nature, and the powers attributed to these designs are such that no object of worship is considered properly consecrated to the God it represents unless it has been associated with the Yantra sacred to that deity. When so used it is built in the manner of Fig. 10, with the names of the greater Gods set on the corners. A strikingly similar ideograph has been rescued from remote antiquity in Fig. 11, found at Uxmal, in Yucatan, where it appears to have served a similar purpose; the outer circle surrounded by twelve courts representing the world of manifested life, the double triangle showing the two creative principles,

distinct yet united; and these again have a world within them, in which the masculine element is dominant. The whole figure is drawn on the ground, the image or relic is placed in the centre, and the shrine is ready for the worshipper.

This symbol may also be subdivided into three parts (Fig. 12); it gives us one of the forms of the letter M in the Egyptian hieratic alphabet, other forms being as in Fig. 13. Through these we get another link with Atlantis, for the Mayax priests wrote the letter M as in Fig. 14, and the identity of the two sets of forms is evident; much more so than that of the various shapes we use in printing and writing for some of our own letters, such as Q, T or A. In both of these widely separated countries these signs had the same letter value—M, and in both the name of this letter meant an ancestor, particularly as applied to the earth and, by extension of idea, to the Universe, a place wherein life might manifest itself, even as the Crux Ansata represented that life in the process of manifestation.

If we divide this sign into two triangles (Fig. 15), then the idea of "First" appears again in the Cypriote and Akkadian characters for prince or chief, which is as in Fig. 16, and is called *ku* or *ko*; when the points are joined, it then indicates with them and the Objibway Indians the idea of Fatherland. In the picture writings of this tribe the mark in Fig. 17 was put on the breasts of the priestesses to distinguish them from the priests. Sometimes Fig. 8 appears on Gnostic gems, containing a rude outline of the soles of two human feet; here it is supposed to represent death, since it shows the impressions left by the feet of the individual as he springs from the earth to a new life in heaven.



Amongst the Egyptians an equilateral triangle represented Nature as a whole, and the Chaldeans similarly figured Ensoph, or the Great Light, which preceded all things. The inverted Triangle (Fig. 17) has been used to represent Water and the Feminine Principle in Nature. Conjoined, they may be used to signify the two extremes necessarily contained in the Absolute (for what can be perfect which includes only one element?), and it is perhaps with this intent that it appears in the official Seal of the Royal Arch Masons (Fig. 18), wherein the Hebrew characters for Jehovah are inscribed along the top, which is really the base, of the symbol; in *The Secret Doctrine* it is stated that this combination has a cabalistic value of great power in the hands of those who can pronounce it correctly.

When our Theosophic Seal is shown illumined with colours, the meanings applicable to these two triangles will vary considerably according to the colours used, but generally, I would say that Fig. 8 indicates that which Paṭāñjali calls the true secret of Evolution, namely, the Divinity in every being, struggling to manifest Itself, and Fig. 17 shows the burden of gross matter, whether physical or psychical, through which this Divinity is struggling.

It is noteworthy in this connection that our triangles are interlaced, and not point to point (Fig. 19), thereby indicating the progress of the refining influence towards its rightful position as Master, which would be shown as in Fig. 20, and this latter sign may be the true "Solomon's Seal".

Coming now to the outer division of our Seal, we find an emblem that coincides very fully with Theosophic ideas, for the serpent (Fig. 21) is an emblem,

not a symbol; a unit, not divisible into components; it is a body, not only for the purposes of this Seal, but in its own natural condition. It is drawn from the outer world of physical life, and is not, as is the case with the two inner divisions, an artificial symbol of super-, of intra-, physical activities.

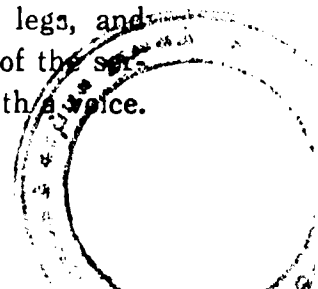
In common with the *Cruix Ansata* and the Interlaced Triangles, the serpent emblem claims a vast antiquity; unlike them, it is still an object of worship in some of the habitations of mankind, where there are relics of a much more extensive veneration. The Greeks kept a great serpent to defend the citadel of Athens, and others in the temples of Aesculapius. The Romans believed in household spirits which assumed this form, and European folk-lore is full of stories as to kindly services rendered between men and serpents. The Zulus encouraged certain harmless brown and green snakes to live in their kraals, considering them to be "Amatongo," or ancestors, who served as guardians. In America serpent worship is of unknown age; huge rattlesnakes were worshipped in a temple of the Sun at Natchez, and amongst the Dacotahs, Shawness and Sacs, the word for snake means also spirit. The Algenkins think the lightning to be an immense serpent; the Caribs speak of the God of the thunderstorms as being a mighty serpent; the Objibways, if they met a rattlesnake, would beseech it to go away and spare them and their families. The Cherokeees, Zunis and Moquis had mysterious sacred rites in which serpents played important parts, and from Ohio to Bolivia immense mounds are found built in the shape of a serpent, either coiled or sinuous, and sometimes with an egg in its mouth. The Quiches, who were the ancient inhabitants of Peru,

worshipped the Creator under the form of a serpent covered with feathers, and according to Dr. Le Plongeon, the story of the temptation of Eve and the Fall of Man, brought about by a speaking serpent, is an echo of an actual catastrophe in the family of the first ruler of the Māyas, whose name was Can, which means serpent in their language.

It does not appear, however, that the familiar notion of the serpent as a representative of Satan was at all world-wide, though it is so mentioned under the name of Apophis in *The Book of the Dead* and on some mummy cases, and the Zoroastrians had a wicked "Aji Dahaka," which bears a close resemblance to the subtle disturber of Eden. This story is possibly due to the theology of the Egyptians, from whom Moses is said to have derived the information he gave in the book of Genesis. At all events the historian Eusebius wrote in his *Evangelic Preparations* that they figured Kneph the Creator as a serpent which, according to one of their priests, Horapollo, who wrote a book of Zoology, was covered with blue and yellow scales. A somewhat similar belief was held by the ancient Peruvians, for in their sacred book, the *Popol-Vuh*, the Creator is described as a serpent covered with feathers, which were like rays of green and blue light, a very suggestive image. Amongst the Hindūs, the Laws of Manu describe the Creator as seated within a luminous egg surrounded by a serpent.

That the association of the serpent with the Tree of Life is also very widespread can be found by even a slight research into the literature of symbolism, such connections being shown pictured or carved on a great variety of objects, from

Chaldean cylinders to wooden ware found amongst Sassanian relics discovered in Northern Russia, and on antique bowls of Japan. So it would seem clear that certain qualities have been found in the serpent from the most ancient times to make it a fit representative of the Creator, or rather of certain attributes of the creative energy. What these are, may be open to dispute, but some light is thrown on the matter by a scholar named Randolph, who wrote that the word Nachash, which is translated as serpent in the Eden story, has at least forty other meanings, and does not mean literally a fanged, crawling snake in any of them, but rather a snakish, cunning thing. So that to be "as wise as serpents" would seem to mean the application of knowledge to all that would serve the well-being of the lower self, of a personal, separate existence, which is in fact the essential duty of physical life, of the outer sheath of the soul, and explains how the emblem of the serpent is peculiarly suitable for service as the outer sheath of our Theosophic Seal. Before leaving this section, I would like to touch upon a point which I have never seen referred to in any books on this subject, and that is the natural inference from the curse said to have been pronounced on the serpent for bringing Adam and Eve into trouble. The curse, as given in Genesis, is: "Upon thy belly shalt thou go and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." Now such a fate would be no punishment to any being for which crawling was the natural mode of movement, so the idea naturally arises that in the early days of their evolution serpents had legs, and indeed an Arabic version of the Fall speaks of the serpent as being a quadruped and endowed with a voice.



However, there is a better foundation than this for such an inference, and it is supplied by the unimpeachable evidence of Mother Nature herself in ophidian anatomy. This shows that all serpents have backbones, but that as a rule the limbs for which this forms the chief support are missing. To this, important exceptions are found in the skeletons of Boas and Pythons, which are provided with the remains of a pelvis, to which again are attached the rudiments of legs. This indicates a descent from an animal that had the use of such parts, so that it is justifiable to assert that serpents once walked—perhaps in some of those great lizard forms which existed in the very early days of animal life on this globe. Further evidence can be drawn from a similar evolution now proceeding in the world of fishes, as exemplified in the whale species, whose front fins, if dissected, will show all the bones of an arm from the shoulder blade to the finger joints, though in a rudimentary condition, since they are disappearing from lack of use. Certain kinds of whales also show the remains of hind legs, and these fish, which are still mammals, having warm blood, suckling their young and breathing fresh air, appear to have gone through the same process that the seals and walruses are now experiencing. In these animals the hind legs have been so long used for swimming only, that they grow at the extreme end of their bodies and are almost useless for walking or crawling. These legs will eventually grow until they form the forked tail common to fishes, the bones being gradually connected by and overlaid with a membrane, so as to be more useful for swimming, even as are the webbed feet of the duck and the webbed hands of the Cingalese pearl and sponge fishers.

It seems hardly necessary to say much about the Swastika (Fig. 22), the emblem which crowns our Seal, since it has been appearing so freely during the last few years amongst the ornaments dictated by fashion. In metal it has served many purposes, from hat pins to shoe buckles, and in textiles it has adorned our hat bands, shirts and hosiery. Even the picture postcard has carried it from friend to friend, so that there are probably very few amongst all the millions on this North American continent who have not become familiar with its outlines and general meaning. The original country of the Swastika appears to have been India; at any rate it is not met with in either Egypt, Assyria or Chaldea, from whence came so much of our symbolism. It has been found inscribed on quantities of terra cotta disks discovered amongst the ruins of ancient Troy (1500 B.C.), and all over Europe, from the Caucasus to Iceland, have been found coins, sword hilts and pottery engraved with this magic emblem.

The Persians and the Hittites used it; the Lakelanders of Switzerland and the citizens of Etruria engraved it on their valued possessions. Even in blood-stained Ashantee it was found on bronzes in Coomassie, and, to a slight degree, it has shared with the serpent in the religious symbolism of Yucatan and the mound builders of North America.

The name Swastika is derived from the Sanskrit words "*su*," meaning "well," and "*asti*," meaning "it is," which were the progenitors of the greeting "*eu esti*" used by the ancient Greeks. So that, properly speaking, we should give the name Sauvastika to our sign, that being the name given to it in its own home, where also

the name Swastika is given to its opposite sign (Fig. 23), but the popular tendency to abbreviate names is probably the cause of our using the shorter name for both signs.

There has been much dispute amongst antiquarians as to the real fundamental meaning of the swastika. Some claim it as a special symbol of woman, others as rather of phallic import. A third party identify it with the sign for water in motion, and a fourth with that of fire, because of a resemblance of the Araṇi, or fire drill of the early Aryans. The largest group, however, agree that this sign is pre-eminently that of the sun or of a solar God, their evidence being drawn from Hindū, Greek, Celtic and ancient German monuments, all of which is easily accessible in the abundant literature they have published on this subject.

It is this last point of view which, I think, most clearly concerns the members of the T. S., and I much regret being unable to show here some of the many very interesting proofs obtainable. Chief amongst these are certain coins and shells, whereon the rays from the sun's disk are shaped like the heads of horses, lions, eagles, and other essentially solar creatures; there are also a few on which the rays are finished with smaller disks patterned after the central one (Fig. 24—from India). As to the two forms of the Swastika, the right-handed one is, with the Hindūs, the emblem of the God Gaṇesh; it represents the male principle; it typifies the sun in its daily course from east to west; and finally it symbolises light, life, and glory, and all those other beneficent energies which are naturally associated with them. The left-handed form or Sauwastika is, on the

contrary, the emblem of the goddess Kālī, the special deity of the Thugs: it represents the female principle, typifies the course of the sun in the subterranean world from west to east, and symbolises darkness, death, destruction, and maleficent forces in general.

In view of these statements it would, at first sight, seem rather strange that the T. S. should bear on its Seal the left-handed form or Sauwastika, and it is a question which has puzzled me considerably. There are, however, two explanations which may throw some light on the subject. The first, as suggested by Count d'Alviella, is that the direction of the rays matters very little in this particular sign, for since their chief purpose was to represent the passage of the sun through space, rather than the direction of its axial rotation, but little attention was paid by ancient craftsmen to the direction in which they drew the lines. This is made evident in many instances, where the solar disk is shown with both forms of rays proceeding from it (Fig. 25—from Troy), and occasionally with curved and crooked rays (Fig. 26—ancient Greek coin).

The other explanation I have to offer is this; if you imagine yourself as standing within the emblem, rather than as looking at it, as "clothed with the Sun," then the left-handed sauwastika becomes the right-handed swastika, the sign of that Great Being who continually passes in swift and terrible majesty through space, illuminating its enormous abyss with His light, and spending His life and energy for the welfare of the countless thousands who inhabit the three kingdoms of His visible world.

One more sign is left in the composition of our Seal (Fig. 27), it is the most important—as a potency—of

all of them, and as usual, the one to which we can or do give the least attention; that is the Samskr̥t diphthong AU, which surmounts the Swastika. It is perhaps the most honoured combination of letters in what is known as the Devānagiri alphabet, or the language of the Divine Serpents, and serves here as much to emphasise the various meanings of the Swastika as to bear an independent significance; indeed it is hard to say where the one ends and the other begins.

There is an ancient tradition in Hindū sacred literature, which assigns a spiritual value to the various classes of letters in their alphabet. It is found in the *Chhāṇḍogya-Upaniṣad*, which is at least three thousand years old, wherein a verse says that:

All vowels belong to the Lord of the celestial;  
All breathings belong to the Lord of birth;  
All consonants belong to the Lord of death.

These statements are followed out in a most interesting fashion, which space does not permit me to recount. Briefly, however, the letter A is associated with Brahm, the Creator of life, and with all other first things in general. The second vowel in our diphthong is shown as representing the manifested world and the Lord of fire, who preserves life thereon. The letter M, which is generally associated with these two vowels in this ideogram, is brought in through the gradual dying away of the sounds, as the vocal effort to intone the word is exhausted. Here it refers to Shiva, the Destroyer of life, the Bearer of silence, and serves to remind us of the unending cycle of life, wherein the destruction of forms goes hand in hand with their replacement by others, for the letter M is connected with the source of all things by way of the Interlaced

Triangles. In the tenth chapter of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, Kṛṣṇa says: "Of words I am the monosyllable AUM, among letters I am the vowel A," and in the eighth chapter He details the value of this word to those who are about to die, not only in the ordinary sense of the word, but also for those who wish to die according to the mystic meaning of the Scriptures—"to die that they might gain life".

Now, finally, what is the message conveyed by our Seal to those who wish to know the purposes of the T. S.?

First, the outer sheath, the body of ordered consciousness, having for its work the welfare of its immediate environment, the truest selfishness; for without harmony between its parts, without Brotherhood, the whole machine will come to a standstill.

Then comes the sign of the Grand Architect of the Universe, the Temple whence His Wisdom emanates, upon all the points of which the outer body must rest, without which it can accomplish nothing.

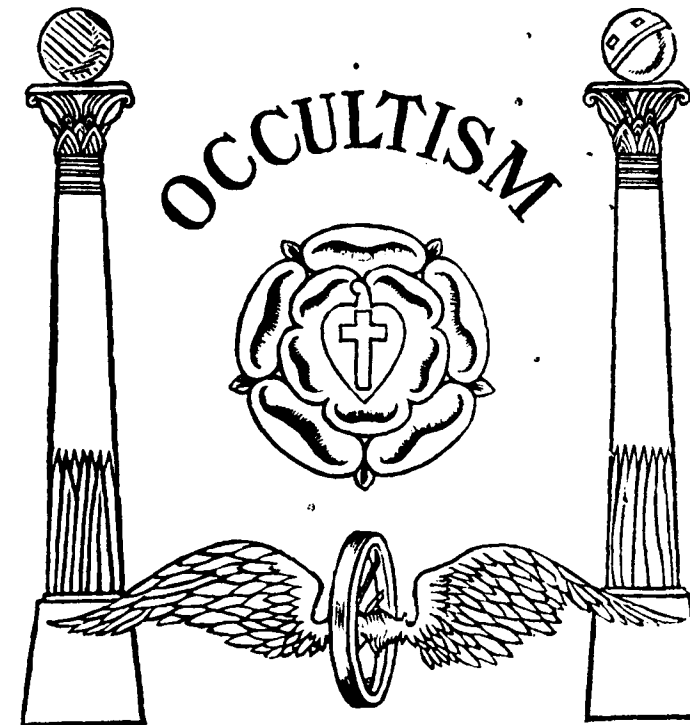
Within this Temple appears the ever-blooming Tree of Life, the sign also of the River of Life unloosed upon Earth for Egypt, set free in the air for Atlantis; ever renewed life; unending Life, making possible the working out of all plans, of all evolutions, of all cosmic purposes.

Now comes another resemblance between the Theosophic teachings and their Seal, for we are told that, when dying in the flesh, our finer bodies go out through an opening in the head, near which the silver cord is broken when our entry into the other life is completed. And you will notice that our Theosophic intent, having travelled inwards to the centre, now passes

upwards to the Swastika, emblem of the Source of all creative energy: which pours forth Its manifested Life, which virtually *is* Manifested Life, for without Life there can be neither Form nor Consciousness.

Enthroned on that mighty, irresistible flood, we see—THAT—the Unknown God, Unknowable, but Ever Present in us all. The mighty Trinity—of Life, Consciousness, Form—THAT to which all nations pay reverence under many names, with many ceremonies, each according to the measure of its understanding; THAT in which all humanity, sceptic and believer alike, see the hope of their final deliverance, and the promise of their most cherished ideals fulfilled to the uttermost.

N. W. J. Haydon



## THE DAY OF JUDGMENT AND THE COMING RACE

By G. E. SUTCLIFFE

**B**EFORE the end of the fifth Round, we are told there will be a Day of Judgment, when those Monads who have not evolved their vehicles up to a certain standard, will retire from the Chain, and await their further evolution on a future chain. (*Man: Whence, How and Whither*, pp. 14, 50, 55; *The Inner Life*, Leadbeater, vol. II, pp. 294-5.) It has been tacitly

assumed, though not definitely stated, that this will be the only Day of Judgment, in the chain, but this seems to be contrary to a rule which is widely applicable to occult studies, the rule of correspondences, "as above so below". From this rule we should infer that corresponding to the Day of Judgment in the fifth Round, there is a Secondary Day of Judgment in the fifth globe of each round, a third order Day of Judgment in the fifth root-race of each globe, and a fourth order Day of Judgment in the fifth sub-race of each root-race.

Putting this last conclusion to the test of observation, we find that the current fifth root-race was formed from the fifth sub-race of the fourth root-race about 100,000 years B. C. (*Man: Whence, How and Whither*, p. 239), that it left the continent of Atlantis 79,797 B.C., and the great catastrophe which destroyed the greater part of Atlantis took place 75,025 B.C. (*ib.*, p. 240), this destruction being due to an order of the Head of the Hierarchy, because the civilisation was below a certain standard (*ib.*, p. 131). Thus the conclusion deduced from the rule of correspondences is in agreement with the facts of occult history.

As this gives *prima facie* evidence of the main proposition, it may justify a more detailed examination of the problem; and we may first ask ourselves, if the present Armageddon coincides with the Day of Judgment for the races, is it of the third or fourth order? These different orders may be thus defined. A first order Day of Judgment defers the unfit for a chain. A second order Day of Judgment defers the unfit for a round. A third order Day of Judgment defers the unfit for a globe. A fourth order Day of Judgment defers the unfit for a root-race.

It is evident that the Day of Judgment of 75,025 B.C. could only be of the fourth order, since it occurred to the fourth root-race, and the Day of Judgment for a whole root-race can only occur in the fifth root-race. The Atlantean Day of Judgment, therefore, was of a sub-race—the fifth which, being of the fourth order, would defer the unfit one root-race, that is, from the fourth root-race to the present root-race, the fifth.

We should therefore expect that Oduarpa and his associates (*ib.*, p. 130), who caused the destruction of Atlantis, would have their evolution suspended for a root-race and resume it in our fifth. Now this agrees with clairvoyant observation, as will be seen by referring to the vision in *The Herald of the Star*, for July 1915, p. 334; it is further confirmed by Mr. Sinnett's *Spiritual Powers and the War*, and by Mr. Leadbeater, (*THE THEOSOPHIST*, February 1916, p. 516). Hence the above system of deduction leads to results which are quite consistent with observation. This being established, we may proceed to further deductions with increased confidence.

Since the present Day of Judgment is in the fifth root-race, and also the fifth sub-race, it can be either of the third or fourth order; but as we are not likely to have both kinds, we may conclude that it is of the third order, in which the unfit will have their evolution deferred for a globe, and this would imply their transference from the earth to the planet Mars. They would join the "Inner Round," in the reverse direction. This is one of the uses of the so-called inner round, the purpose of which is not confined to the forcing forwards of the more vigorous. (*The Inner Life*, Leadbeater, vol. II, pp. 308, 345.)

The number of emigrants to the planet Mars is not likely to be large, for the original number of the orange type, from globe A of the moon-chain, who became the Lords of the Dark Face, at present ruling Germany, was only about 2,000,000 (*Man: Whence, How and Whither*, p. 100), and they have been much whittled down since then (*ib.*, p. 101). The transference of the unredeemed remainder cannot be regarded as a punishment of excessive severity, for "the present condition of the planet Mars is by no means unpleasant" (*The Inner Life*, vol. II, p. 410). One feature of it that we may presume will delight the heart of the scientific materialists who may be going to leave us, is that the people of Mars "have absolutely no religion. There are no churches, no temples, no places of worship of any sort whatever, no priest, no ecclesiastical power. The accepted belief of the people is what we should call scientific materialism. Nothing is true but what can be scientifically demonstrated, and to believe anything which cannot be so demonstrated is regarded as not only the height of folly, but even as a positive crime, because it is considered a danger to the public peace." (*ib.*, p. 420.)

It has been said that when the good American dies he goes to Paris. We may now supplement this with the further surmise that when the scientific materialist dies he goes to Mars. By scientific materialist I of course refer to the case-hardened type, the one who believes that might is right, whose pledged word is a scrap of paper, whose desire is to dominate and oppress the weak, whose universe is a fortuitous concourse of atoms, in the matter of which resides the power and potency of all future life, and whose brain

secretes thought as his liver secretes bile. The planet would not at all suit the altruistic and noble-hearted materialist, of whom there are many.

If, therefore, the current Day of Judgment causes the remnants of the orange type of egos to be transferred to Mars, it can hardly be said that judgment has not been tempered with mercy, for even its favourite pastime of punishing us will not be entirely denied to it. These old acquaintances will still be able to crucify us, astrologically, during the squares and oppositions of Mars, and perhaps may invent telescopes strong enough to view our wriggings. On the other hand an ordinary telescopic view of them will quite satisfy us, and most of us will dispense with any kind of optical assistance, and be content with the naked eye.

Any sadness that we may feel at this æonian parting may be lightened by a compensating event of great interest to us; for we may be called upon not only to speed the parting, but also to welcome the coming, guest. On the planet Mars there is a group of mystics developing under a pupil of one of our Masters (*ib.*, p. 422). They are evidently not very comfortable there, and are not officially recognised to exist; some of these have already been able to communicate with us, and have inspired some of our poets and novelists (*ib.*, p. 423). When, therefore, the orange group are moved backwards in the reverse direction on the Inner Round, this group of mystics may be moved forwards simultaneously, like the action of the opposite positive and negative currents in an electric wire. Thus, as exchange is no robbery, we shall have nothing to cry about. Unless Mr. Leadbeater, like an expert horse dealer, has cheated us by a too favourable description,



we are going to gain by this transaction. There are some people at Adyar and elsewhere who are willing to barter away Scorpio and Oduarpa on any terms, and any *quid pro quo* will be regarded as a gift horse; they will not lock it in the mouth.

This leads to the further question—are these the only visitors we are likely to have, or are there some that have not yet joined us from the moon chain? The last recorded arrivals from the moon chain came here 1,000,000 and 600,000 years ago, during the fourth root-race. (*Man: Whence, How and Whither*, pp. 65-6, 239.) They are classified as Group (1) (*ib.*, p. 69). The total of the groups which left the fourth globe of the seventh round of the moon chain, because they were unable to make further progress in the later globes, may be here recorded for reference. They include:

(1) The Servers aforesaid, a very mixed lot of many grades, united by one common characteristic. Then (2) there is a large group of highly developed egos who are approaching the Path—on the line of Service, therefore, but too far ahead of the former group to be classed with it—and who are yet not near enough to the Path to reach it within the remaining life of the Chain. Then (3) a huge group of very good people, but people who have no wish to serve, and are therefore not turned towards the Path, and who will form the bulk of the population of Atlantis during its good period. (4) A small but striking group of egos, united by the common characteristic of highly developed intellectual power, future geniuses, varied as to character and morals, a group manifestly destined to leadership in the future, but not dedicating themselves to Service, nor turning their faces to the Path. Then three very large groups: (5) good, and often religious, people—merchants, soldiers, etc., fairly clever, self-centred, thinking mainly of their own development and advancement, knowing nothing of the Path, and therefore with no wish to enter it; (6) bourgeois-commonplace-weak, very large group of the type described by the naming; (7) undeveloped, well-meaning, uneducated folk, the lowest class who have the causal body fully formed. (*ib.*)

Now all the above groups are accounted for except Group (2), and it will be noticed that these are also

Servers, and of a higher grade than those we know, the Servers of Group (1).

It appears to be a general rule that the more advanced egos from the moon chain join the earth chain at a later period than the less advanced. The less advanced Servers, those of Group (1), joined the earth chain during the fourth root-race; will therefore the more advanced Servers of Group (2) join the earth chain in the fifth root-race? Group (4) comes in at a certain point of a root-race, to bring the race to its intellectual zenith, and I understand they are coming in now as they have done before. But Group (2) have apparently not yet come in any root-race. They do not appear to be pioneers like Group (1). What, then, is their use in the scheme. I suggest that their use is to carry the fifth root-race to its spiritual zenith, so that the sixth root-race can begin seven hundred years hence. This is rather a startling proposition and is worth pondering over.

Why were none of the known group of Servers with the World-Teacher when in Galilee? Why were none of them, as far as we are aware, amongst the large number who became Arhats at the last appearance of the Lord Gautama? A few were present, we know, but they did not become Arhats. Were there drafts in these two cases from Group (2), of the higher order of Servers? What about the strange sect of the Essenes, the contemporaries of the World-Teacher at his last appearance, who were so like our modern schools of Theosophy, and which seem to have had their purpose arrested by the early death of Jesus, the vehicle of the Christ, as was also the empire building of Julius Cæsar, apparently from the same cause. (THE THEOSOPHIST,

February 1916, pp. 537-8.) Why were none of our Group of Servers amongst the Essenes? They had frequently been associated with the World-Teacher before He took up the office. Why not on this important occasion?

The Sybilline Prophecy which was contemporary with these events is here worth recording. It is given in *The Secret Doctrine* (vol. III, p. 346-7).

The last era of Cumæan song is now arrived and the grand series of ages begins afresh. Now the Virgin Astræa returns, and the reign of Saturn recommences. Now a new progeny descends from the celestial realms. Do thou, chaste Lucina, smile propitious to the infant Boy who will bring to a close the present Age of Iron, and introduce throughout the whole world the Age of Gold. . . . . He shall share the life of Gods, himself be seen by them and all the peaceful world. . . . . Then shall the herds no longer dread the huge lion, the serpent also shall die: and the poison's deceptive plant shall perish. Come then, dear child of the Gods, great descendant of Jupiter! . . . . . The time is near. See the world is shaken with its globe saluting thee: the earth, the regions of the sea, and the heavens sublime.

The italics in the above are not mine but Madame Blavatsky's. "Where is that 'new race that has descended from the celestial realms'?" asks H. P. B. Quite so, where is it? If it were the race of Essenes, it appears to have vanished again, but this may be because of the premature assassination of its Spiritual Head, a tragic event which seems to be unique in the recorded lives of World-Teachers. A few scattered remnants of the new race may have been the Rosicrucians of the Middle Ages. But the race may appear again when the World-Teacher does. An interval of 2,000 years may not be an abnormal incarnation period for this particular group of Servers. What of the new race that one sees or hears of everywhere? The new generation that one sees in India, that is so markedly

different from the older type; the new race that the American Bureau of Ethnology describes; the new race that Mr. Leadbeater finds in Australia. May not these be part of the progeny which "descends from the celestial realms," and may not part of it be this Group (2) of superior Servers that has been reserved to bring on the spiritual culmination of the fifth root-race, and enable the sixth to be founded at so early a date?

It has been suggested above that the normal incarnation interval of this group may be 2,000 years, but there is another hypothesis which we may use as an alternative. Suppose the normal incarnation cycle is 700 years, and two cycles have been suspended owing to the death of the World-Teacher. We then have an explanation of two remarkable periods in history, A. D. 600, and A. D. 1300. This Group (2), having partly incarnated as the Essenes about 100 B. C., would have incarnated normally about these dates, but did not do so; hence these two periods, instead of being minor zeniths of light and knowledge, were, instead, nadirs of darkness and ignorance. They were periods when the world, in a sense, had lost its soul. The most mysterious of these was A. D. 600, during which the Roman civilisation vanishes; and when Europe once more emerges, lo and behold! we have lived through another mythical age, with its King Arthur of the Round Table, and the Knights of the Holy Grail. We seem to have had a kind of minor pralaya of the root-race, and it will interest astrologers to observe that at this time the movable Zodiac of the West coincided with the fixed Zodiac of the East. We had reached the end of a Precession cycle of 26,000 years,

and begun a new one. It was preceded by the incarnation of S. Patrick about A. D. 450, who doubtless was carrying out some plan in co-operation with the Manu. A few contemporary names covering this period, with the approximate dates, will sufficiently indicate the character of the times.

A. D. 425—Attila, king of the Huns, Hypatia, Simeon Stylites; A. D. 450—Hengist and Horsa, S. Patrick, Genseric, king of the Vandals; A. D. 475—Firoze, king of Persia; A. D. 500—Clovis, king of the Franks; A. D. 525—King Arthur, Merlin, S. Benedict, Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths; A. D. 550—Totila, king of the Ostrogoths; A. D. 575—S. Columba, Brunhilda, queen of Austrasia, Gregory of Tours; A. D. 600—S. Augustine, Apostle to the English; A. D. 625—Muhammad, Heraclius, Emperor of the East.

Such were the beginnings of this dark period of fifth root-race history, and it continued until about A. D. 1000. It was not confined to the West; it was equally evident in the East, and particularly in India.

From A. D. 650 to 950, there reigns over India a night as dark as that which came over Britain with the raids of Hengist and Horsa, or over Africa when, during the last reigns of the Heraclian emperors, she relapsed into barbarism. When day again dawns we can hardly believe our senses. India is unrecognisable. All the old landmarks have been swept away. (*Times of India*, September 30th, 1908.)

The second nadir of darkness in the thirteenth century was conspicuous, though not so deep as that of the first. The Papacy was then at its zenith of temporal power, and Europe was sunk in the densest ignorance and bigotry. Pope Innocent III (A. D. 1198—1216) had successfully inaugurated a crusade against the Albigenses in the south of France, who were a branchlet of the Gnostics and Essenes, and

destroyed them, using for this purpose the tortures of the Inquisition.

He wished to be at once Pope and Emperor, leader of religion and universal sovereign. . . . . He was more or less effectively the supreme temporal chief of the kingdoms of Sicily and Naples, Sardinia, the States of the Iberian peninsula (Castile, Leon, Navarre, and Portugal), Aragon, the Scandinavian States, the kingdom of Hungary, the Slav States of Bohemia, Poland, Servia, Bosnia and Bulgaria, and the Christian States founded in Syria, by the crusaders of the 12th century. . . . . In 1213 the Pope became not only the nominal suzerain but, *de facto* and *de jure*, the veritable sovereign of England, and during the last years of John and the first years of Henry III, he governed England effectively by his legates. (*Ency. Brit.*, xx, 697.)

Thus passed the two nadirs of darkness, which might otherwise have been culminations of Light and Learning. Then began the Renaissance, and the Revival of Learning, inaugurated by Petrarch and Boccaccio (A. D. 1350), which produced the modern world, and the millennium of ignorance (400—1400) was over.

Among the commandments of Tsong-Kha-pa (said to be an incarnation of the Buddha in the fourteenth century in Tibet), there is one that enjoins the Arhats to make an attempt to enlighten the world, including the "white barbarians," every century, at a certain period of the cycle. (*The Secret Doctrine*, iii, 407-412.)

The next period of incarnation of this Group (2) of Servers is due to reach its zenith in A. D. 2000, so that the present time should show signs of it, and such signs are already abundant.

The assassination of the body used by the World-Teacher did not involve the destruction of a continent, as in the case of the victory of the Dark Powers in Atlantis, but apparently it required a thorough reconstruction of the root-race, which had, as it were, to go for a time into pralaya and be reborn.

144,000 servers are again referred to in *Revelations* (ch. xiv.), where we are told :

These are they which were not defiled with women, for they are virgins. These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and unto the Lamb (verse 4).

There are several features in the above quotations which seem to link up these 144,000 virgins with the Servers of Group (2). One of these is their habit of following the Lamb, or World-Teacher, wherever He goes. We may note that the Servers of Group (1), those we are familiar with, have the same habit with regard to the World-Teacher of the sixth root-race, they follow Him "whithersoever He goeth". They left the moon-chain with Him (*Man: Whence, How and Whither*, p. 68), and generally flocked around Him in the "Lives".

G. E. Sutcliffe

(To be continued)

## THE SECOND SET OF RULES OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

By JOHAN VAN MANEN

WE owe it to Colonel Olcott's peculiar genius and temperament that we possess such a profusion of documents illustrating the early growth of the Theosophical Society. The old volumes of *THE THEOSOPHIST* are a perfect storehouse of facts for the future historian of our movement, and his *Old Diary Leaves* furnish a most valuable running commentary to them, of great authority. Amongst the subjects of greatest importance which invite close study, none perhaps rivals in interest that of the growth and evolution of the official Constitution, Rules, By-Laws and Principles of our organisation. Concerning their inception and original form, the information readily accessible is very scanty; and only from the time that *THE THEOSOPHIST* was started, in October 1879, and from the beginning of the practice of publishing full Annual Reports of the Society, are the printed records at all complete or accessible. Yet Colonel Olcott furnishes us with some valuable indications as to the early history of our Constitution in his *Old Diary Leaves*. According to his statement the genesis of our Rules is as follows, the complete narrative being found in Chapter 8 of Vol. I of the *O. D. L.*

The formation of the T. S. was proposed by Colonel Olcott at a private meeting held at Madame Blavatsky's rooms, 46 Irving Place, New York, on the 7th of September 1875. The proposal being accepted by those present, but "the hour being late, an adjournment was had to the following evening, when formal action should be taken". Of this first meeting on the 7th there does not survive any official report, but a contemporaneous newspaper note describes its proceedings in sufficient detail. Next day, the 8th, a second meeting was held, and of this there is an official report in a Minute Book from which Colonel Olcott quotes :

*Resolved*, That a Committee of three be appointed by the chair to draft a constitution and by-laws, and to report the same at the next meeting. Upon motion it was

Lodge of Bombay, which possesses a valuable collection of early historical matter connected with our Society, a copy of the original publication was put at our disposal, from which we now reprint this second set of Rules given in it, together with a remarkable and prophetic introductory note and the list of officers for the year being, chosen in conformity with Colonel Olcott's statement quoted immediately above. So, on the present occasion, we put permanently on record this historical document of considerable interest for Theosophists.

The second revision (third set of Rules) was made on December 17th, of the same year 1879, and this set is on record in THE THEOSOPHIST, Vol. I, p. 179 (April, 1880). A third revision (fourth set of Rules) was made on February 17th, 1881, and published in the "Supplement to The Theosophist" for June, 1881. After this there seems to be a gap in the records till 1884. In the programme of the 8th Annual Convention in 1883 there is a fixture, announcing for Saturday, December 29th, as a point to be taken up, the "Revision of Rules and Bye-Laws". But in the report itself nothing is recorded on this subject beyond the phrase: "A brief session of a couple of hours on Sunday, the 30th *ultimo*, sufficed to dispose of all the unfinished work." (p. 80) No sets of Rules are given in this or previous Annual Reports. From the next Annual Report (the 9th, for 1884 onwards) the practice was generally followed of printing the Rules of the Society. In the 9th Report they were given as the "Revised Rules and Bye-Laws of 1885". In the following years they were simply given as "Objects, Revised Rules, and Bye-Laws of" such and such a year. In 1887 some considerable modifications were adopted (12th Annual Report, p. 43), and in 1888 there was again a very important revision, preceded by detailed "Introductory Explanations" in the 13th Report. Next year no Convention was held, but the year after, 1890, again saw a thorough revision of the Rules, "As revised in Session of the General Council, all the Sections being represented, at Adyar, December 27, 1890" (15th Annual Report, p. 65). From the 16th to the 20th Annual Report no Rules are printed, but in the 20th Report a new set of "Amended Rules of the Theosophical Society, as proposed by the Indian Section in Convention, December 29, 1895," is published and "referred to all General Secretaries, for submission to their respective Sections for action," and in the 21st Report, where we find Colonel Olcott's important historical retrospect which we have already quoted, we also find the following note.

It has been shown in the historical portion of this Address that the Constitution and Rules of our Society have been amended and differently expressed from time to time as occasion required. The springing up of Sections with autonomous charters, the fixing of a federal relation of each to each and of all to the central executive representative, and the definition of

the President's powers in routine and extraordinary cases, demanded a rather full revision of the existing Rules in force last year. The various suggestions of Sections and Branches were gathered together and passed upon at London last summer by the General Council. The result was the excellent and simple revision which is now in force and which ought to serve us for years, with trifling modifications of details now and then.

But the result of this revision of the rules was not then published in the Annual Report, though it subsequently found a place and remained unaltered in the 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th Reports, "As revised in General Council, July 9, 1896". In the "Supplement to The Theosophist" for August 1896, p. 45, however, these changes were first published in an Executive Notice, which also embodied a short report of the meeting of the General Council, at which they were made. In the previous "Supplement," for December 1895, p. 11, we find a counter-proposal for the revision of the Rules decided upon by the "Committee of Revision appointed by the Convention of the European Section T. S."

In 1905 a final fundamental revision of our rules was effected, and the Theosophical Society legally incorporated. With several minor changes the set then fixed upon still serves as the basis of our present Rules and Regulations.

In all, then, there have been at least ten different Sets of Rules in force in our Society since its inception 40 years ago.

Several minor revisions, changing single rules or making verbal alterations, are mentioned *passim* in the pages of the "Supplement to The Theosophist" and in the official publications, especially the Annual Reports, but students of the constitutional history of the T. S. may easily investigate these data for themselves. The above sketch is sufficient to give a general impression as to the genesis of our present Rules and Regulations in so far as it can be traced by the aid of the available material. It results from this short review that the main gaps and uncertainties in our constitutional history are as follows:

1. We lack at present the original New York set of Rules, published in New York, presumably in 1875.

2. We lack the probably very interesting "New York Circular" of 1878, issued by Colonel Olcott, which should prove an important commentary on the views and aims of Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott during the first years of the existence of the T. S.

3. We are in doubt if any revisions of the T. S. Constitution took place between 1881 and 1884.

Having now had their attention drawn to the matter, perhaps some lovers of the Society and students of its history may come to our aid in filling up the existing gaps and settling the remaining doubts. Anyhow, we are convinced that many fellow members will read with interest the following curious and remarkable set of rules and its accompanying, rather prophetic note, which we hope now to have permanently rescued from oblivion; and we ardently hope that at some time or other the still missing documents may also come to light to complete the continuous record of our constitutional vicissitudes.

Johan van Manen

[TEXT OF TITLE PAGE]

## THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BY

COL. H. S. OLCOTT,

PRESIDENT, THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

AT THE FRAMJI COWASJI HALL, BOMBAY,

ON MARCH 23RD, 1879.

TOGETHER WITH

THE RULES OF THE SOCIETY.

BOMBAY:

PRINTED AT THE INDUSTRIAL PRESS.

1879.

### [FOREWORD OF THE PAMPHLET, UNHEADED IN THE ORIGINAL]

IN this pamphlet, which is headed by a list of the officers of the Theosophical Society for 1879, the publishers lay before the public the Address, delivered by Col. H. S. Olcott—President of the Theosophical Society—in the Framji Cowasji Hall, before a large and enthusiastic audience which thronged the spacious Hall on March 23rd, 1879. The Rules and By-laws of the Society are also herewith published for general information. The publication of the Address was unavoidably delayed while the Rules were being prepared, the Officers nominated, and the Council formed.

The Address and the Rules expound with sufficient clearness and completeness the aims and objects of the Theosophical Society, and set forth with much force the reasons why the Society should command the sympathy and secure the enrolment of the educated and advanced—free-thinking—minds in all countries, and especially in India where the founders of the Society have come to settle. More Hindoos than most of the Hindoos born on the soil,—enraptured with the ancient learning and philosophy of India,—devoted to India,—for India they have left their homes and sacrificed all worldly considerations. Let us hope India may appreciate this self-sacrifice, and deserve it.

For those who note 'coincidences,' or who see more than a 'coincidence' in some events, it may be remarked that the day on which the Address was delivered commenced a new year and a new century according to 'Sak Salivan,' or the era of Salivan,—a circumstance quite unthought of and unsuspected by all concerned, and which when brought to notice some time afterwards was as much a matter of surprise as of pleasant feeling to all interested in the cause. This so-called 'coincidence,' conjoined with the other one alluded to by Col. Olcott at p. 1 of his Address, may have a deeper significance than appears on the surface. Let us see in this a good omen for India,—an auspicious beginning holding forth the promise of better days, when the nation waking from the deep sleep of ignorance and the lethargy which have oppressed it for ages may begin the upward march in the cycle to attain once again the glorious eminence—social, intellectual, and spiritual—on which the old Aryans stood, and from which we have fallen. This is one aim of the Theosophical Society, whose aim further it is to disseminate over all the world the hidden lore of the mighty sages of the past, restore them to the rank of the unsurpassed teachers and benefactors of mankind, and establish an universal brotherhood. Thus India's interest and the interest of the

Theosophical Society are one. But the first step in the onward march is to realize the 'brotherhood' in India. Before the nation can become great, its proud must become humble; and when the Brahmin, flinging away with disdain all caste distinction, shall shake hands with the Mahar, and embrace him with all the cordiality of a brother, that will be an achievement of which the Theosophical Society will really be proud, and that will be the day which will mark the beginning of India's greatness, making of India a nation in the true sense of the word, giving it one united people. And what power, what dignity is in the name! what is not possible for this great human whole!

[FOLLOWS FOREWORD. PRECEDES TEXT OF LECTURE]

## THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

### EXECUTIVE OFFICERS FOR 1879.

#### PRESIDENT:

COL. HENRY S. OLCOTT.

#### VICE-PRESIDENTS:

PROF. ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

JOHN A. WEISSE, M.D.

#### CORRESPONDING SECRETARY:

HELIONA P. BLAVATSKY.

#### RECORDING SECRETARIES:

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

KHARSEDJI N. SEERVAI.

#### TREASURER:

GEORGE VALENTINE  
MAYNARD.

#### LIBRARIANS:

AUGUSTUS GUSTAM.  
SORABJI J. PADSHAH.

[verso]

### COUNCILLORS:

#### INDIA.

Swamee Dya Nand Saraswati, Pandit.

Rao Bahadur Gopalrao Hurry  
Deshmook.

Rao Bahadur Mahadeo Govind  
Ranade.

Anna Moreshwar Kunte, B.A., M.D.

Mohunlal Vishnulal Pandea.

Rao Bahadur Shunker Pandurang.  
Pandit.

Mooljee Thackersey.

Kavasji Mervanji Shroff.

#### CEYLON.

Rev. H. Sumangala.

Rev. Mohattiwatte Guranande.

#### SINGAPORE.

David E. Dudley, M.D.

#### TURKEY.

Angelo Nicolaides.

#### UNITED STATES.

Abner Doubleday, Maj.-Gen., U.S.A.

Frances Ellen Burr.

Edward Wimbridge, G.R. I. B.A.

#### SOUTH AMERICA.

Roberts B. Allen, M.E., and C.E.

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

Charles Carleton Massey.

W. Stainton Moses, M.A. (Oxon.)

Henry James Billing, M.D.

#### FRANCE.

Pierre G. Leymarie.

#### RUSSIA.

M. Alexandere Aksakof.

*Russian Imperial Councillor.*

#### AUSTRIA.

Baroness Adelpa Vay de Vaja, *nec*

Countess Von Wurmbrand.

#### GREECE.

Pasquale Menelao.

### SECRETARIES TO THE GENERAL COUNCIL:

#### EASTERN DIVISION.

Kharsedji Nasserwanji Seervai,  
Karelwadi, Bombay.

#### WESTERN DIVISION.

William Q. Judge,  
No. 71, Broadway, New York.

The Executive Officers are at 108, Girgaum Back Road, Bombay, where all communications upon the general business of the Society should be sent.

[Then there follows the lecture on "The Theosophical Society and Its Aims" pp. 1-23. Reprinted in *Theosophy in India*, 1908. Then on a new page, separately numbered from I-VI, follow the Rules.]

## THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

OR

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

[Formed at New-York, U. S. of America, October 30th, 1875]<sup>1</sup>

## PRINCIPLES, RULES, AND BY-LAWS

I. The Theosophical Society comprises two great divisions known as the Eastern Division and the Western Division. The first embraces all inhabitants of Asia and Africa; the second all those of Europe, North and South America, Australia, and Islands not included in the above geographical relations.

These two divisions may be indefinitely sub-divided, as circumstances require, into Branches, which may, if desired, be composed solely of co-religionists, as, for instance, Buddhists, Hindoos (in general), Zoroastrians (or Parsis), Jaines, &c.—each under its own President, Executive Officers, and Council.

II. Both of these Divisions—the Eastern and the Western—are under the special care of one General Council; and the President of the Theosophical Society—its Founder—has the direction of the whole, as authority may be given to him by the Supreme Council of Seven, who represent the first Section.

III. The two Divisions and their Sub-divisions, or Branches, shall be fully represented in the General Council, of which the Members are appointed by the President of the Theosophical Society, whose head-quarters are for the time being in that locality where the President-Founder may be.

IV. The Society being a Universal Brotherhood, comprising various Branches established in widely separated countries and cities in both hemispheres, all such Branches derive their chartered existence from the Parent Society, and are subordinate to its authority, without which no Branch can be formed.

V. The General Council is composed of the President-Founder, two Vice-Presidents, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, and [p. II] Librarian of the Parent Society, and as many Councillors as may, from time to time, be found necessary

<sup>1</sup> This date should be November 17th; see Colonel Olcott's correction. Historical Retrospect, p. 4 and O. D. L., i. 136. (J. v. M.)

to represent all the different parts of this Universal Brotherhood. By unanimous vote of the Council of Founders, the President-Founder holds office for life. The term of all other officers, with the exception of the Corresponding Secretary, H. P. Blavatsky, one of the principal founders of the Society, who also holds her office for life, is for one year, or until their successors are appointed by the President-Founder under the advice of a General Council, of which body three Members shall be a quorum for the transaction of ordinary minor affairs. But in the case of important business, such as the proposed expulsion of a Fellow, the grant of a new Charter, or the adoption of a new rule or by-law, the full Council must be invited to assemble, and in the case of a culprit, the judgment of not less than seven of the Division, to which he belongs, must be taken orally or by letter.

VI. It is not lawful for any officer of the Parent Society to express, by word or act, any hostility to or preference for, any one Section more than another. All must be regarded and treated as equally the objects of the Society's solicitude and exertions. All have an equal right to have the essential features of their religious belief laid before the tribunal of an impartial world. After due warnings, violations of this rule shall be punished by suspension or expulsion, at the discretion of the President and General Council.

VII. The President-Founder has authority to designate any Fellow of capacity and good repute to perform, *pro tempore*, the duties of any office vacated by death or resignation, or whose incumbent may be obliged to absent himself for a time. He is also empowered and required to define the duties of all officers, and assign specific responsibilities to Members of the General Council not in conflict with the general plans of the Society.

VIII. These plans are declared to be as follows:—

(a).—To keep alive in man his belief that he has a soul, and the Universe a God.

(b).—To oppose and counteract bigotry in every form, whether as an intolerant religious sectarianism or belief in miracles or anything supernatural.

(c).—To gather for the Society's library and put into written form correct information upon the various ancient philosophies, traditions, and legends, and, as the Council shall decide it permissible, disseminate the same in such practical [p. III] able ways as the translation and publication of original



works of value, and extracts from and commentaries upon the same, or the oral instructions of persons learned in their respective departments.

(d.)—To seek to obtain knowledge of all the laws of Nature, and aid in diffusing it, thus to encourage the study of those laws least understood by modern people, and so termed the Occult Sciences. Popular superstition and folk-lore, however fantastical, when sifted may lead to the discovery of long lost but important secrets of Nature. The Society, therefore, aims to pursue this line of inquiry in the hope to widen the field of scientific and philosophical observation.

(e.)—To promote a feeling of brotherhood among nations; and assist in the international exchange of useful arts and products, by advice, information, and co-operation with all worthy individuals and associations; provided, however, that no benefit or percentage shall be taken by the Society for its corporate services.

(f.)—To promote in every practicable way, in countries where needed, the spread of non-sectarian Western education.

(g.)—Finally, and chiefly, to encourage and assist individual Fellows in self-improvement, intellectual, moral, and spiritual.

IX. The local administration of Branches is vested in their respective officers, but no Branch has the right to operate outside its chartered limits, except when so requested by the Parent Society. Officers of Branches are elected by a majority of the Fellows thereof, for the term of one year, but the President of a Branch may be re-elected an indefinite number of times, provided that the sanction of the General Council be obtained before the expiration of each annual term.

X. The Parent Society, through the President-Founder, has the right to nullify any Charter for cause, and to decree the expulsion of any Fellow of whatever Branch for disgraceful conduct or the contumacious violation of the by-laws or rules. The name of the expelled person and the circumstances of his offence being reported to all the Branches, fellowship with him as to Society matters shall cease, upon penalty of expulsion for disobedience. Provided, [p. IV] nevertheless, that no Fellow shall be expelled without an opportunity having been given him for an explanation and defence.

XI. Admission into the Theosophical Society and its Branches is obtained as follows. Persons of any sex, race, colour, country, or creed are eligible.

An application is made in writing by the one who wishes to enter, declaring his sympathy with the Society's objects, and promising to obey its rules and subject himself to its authority as explained herein. Two Fellows of good repute must endorse this application and transmit it, together with the prescribed initiation fee to the proper authorities—viz, either to the President of the Society, if present, or to the Recording or Corresponding Secretary of the Branch the applicant wishes to join.

Upon his being accepted by the President of the Society or Branch as the case may be, at the expiration of three weeks the candidate shall be invested with the secret signs, words, or tokens by which Theosophists of the third (probationary) Section make themselves known to each other, a solemn obligation upon honour having first been taken from him in writing and subsequently repeated by him orally before two witnesses that he will neither reveal them to any improper person, nor divulge any other matter or thing relating to the Society, especially its experiments in Occult Sciences, which it is forbidden to disclose. Admission to fellowship in the Parent Society carries with it the right of intercourse, with mutual protection and fellowship, in either of the Branches; but Fellows availing themselves of this privilege shall subject themselves to the rules and by-laws of the Branch selected, during the term of their connection with it.

Any one who for reasons that may appear satisfactory to the President admitting him to fellowship, may prefer to keep his connection with the Society a secret, shall be permitted to do so, and no one except the President in question has the right to know the names of all the Fellows under his jurisdiction. The President shall, in such exceptional cases, himself report the names and remit the initiation fees to the President-Founder.

No by-law shall be adopted by any Branch that conflicts with this rule.

Fellows are either Active, Corresponding, or Honorary; the President-Founder being empowered with the concurrence of the General [p. V.] Council to issue the Diplomas of the latter grade to persons eminent for their contributions to Theosophical knowledge or their services to humanity.

Active Fellows are divided into three Sections:—Of these, the highest is the First Section—composed exclusively of initiates in Esoteric Science and Philosophy, who take a deep interest in the Society's affairs and instruct the President-Founder how best to regulate them, but whom none but such as they voluntarily communicate with have the right to know.

The Second Section embraces such Theosophists as have proved by their fidelity, zeal, and courage, their devotion to the Society, who have become able to regard all men as equally their brothers irrespective of caste, colour, race, or creed; and who are ready to defend the life or honour of a brother Theosophist even at the risk of their own lives.

The Third is the Section of probationers. All new Fellows are on probation, until their purpose to remain in the Society has become fixed, their usefulness shown, and their ability to conquer evil habits and unwarrantable prejudices demonstrated.

Advancement from Section to Section depends upon merit only. Until a Fellow reaches the first degree of the Second Section, his Fellowship gives him but the following rights—(1) to attend the General Monthly Meetings, (2) access only to printed matter, such as books and pamphlets of the Society's Library, (3) protection and support by the President and Council in case of need and according to his personal merit, (4) instruction and enlightenment upon what he reads and studies, by Fellows of the Second Section; and this whether he remains at home or goes abroad, and wherever he finds a Branch of the Theosophical Society: every Fellow being obliged to help the others as much as the circumstances in which he is placed will allow.

XII. A uniform initiation fee of one pound sterling, or its equivalent in the local currency, shall be exacted from every Fellow at the time of his initiation; which shall be held by the Treasurer subject to the order of the President-Founder and General Council, who shall expend the same for the objects of the Society, such as the purchase of books for the Library, expenses for stationery and postage, instruments needed for various experiments, missions and other various works of a beneficent character, as founding of asylums, schools, &c. [p. VI] On the 15th and 30th days of every month Presidents of Branches shall forward to the President-Founder a detailed report of all initiations, with the names and postal addresses of new Fellows, and any necessary explanatory remarks concerning them. All initiation fees in the hands of treasurers at the end of each quarter of a fiscal year shall be remitted by drafts on London to the President-Founder to the place where the Society's head-quarters may then be established. It is the business of both the Treasurer and the Recording Secretary of the Parent Society to keep a memo. of all such accounts, every expenditure requiring previously the sanction of the General Council.

XIII. Any Fellow proved to have participated, after his initiation in any political conspiracy or rebellion or incitement

by word or deed to disloyalty to the Government of the country which he inhabits, or to have been guilty of acts subversive of social order or good morals, is liable to immediate expulsion, and the public announcement of his disgrace.

The Society repudiates all interference on its behalf with the Governmental relations of any nation or community, confining its attention exclusively to economical, educational, scientific and religious matters, as set forth in the present document, and hoping thus to enjoy the confidence and aid of all good men.

All by-laws and rules hitherto adopted which may be in conflict with the above are hereby rescinded.

Attest—

Kharsedji N. Seervai,

Recording Secretary,

Eastern Division.

[The End]

#### ADDENDUM

Since writing the above we have discovered a copy of the original edition of Colonel Olcott's inaugural address delivered by him as President of the Theosophical Society. We utilise this occasion to put on record its title pages and official contents. The text of the address itself covers pages 5 to 24 and has been reprinted by the Theosophical Publishing House (at the time "The Theosophist" Office") at Adyar, as *Adyar Pamphlet Series, No. 5*.

The outside cover of the original 1875 edition contains the following text:

The Theosophical Society. | Inaugural address | of the | President. |  
[seal of the Society] | delivered before the Society | November 17th, 1875. |

The inside title page runs as follows :

Inaugural address | of the | president | of the | Theosophical Society, |  
[seal of the Society] | delivered at | Mott Memorial Hall, | in the | City of  
New - York, | at the first regular meeting of the Society, | November  
17th, 1875. |

"In a matter so solemn as that of Religion, all men, whose temporal interests are not involved in existing institutions, earnestly desire to find the truth."

DRAPER

New-York : | Printed and Electrotyped by Order of the Society. | 1875

Then, on the next [odd] page, is given the following list of officers :

The Theosophical Society.  
Officers for 1875-6.  
*President* : Henry S. Olcott.  
*Vice-Presidents* : S. Pancoast, M. D. ; George Henry Felt.  
*Corresponding Secretary* : Mme. H. P. Blavatsky.  
*Recording Secretary* : John Storer Cobb.  
*Treasurer* : Henry J. Newton.  
*Librarian* : Charles Sotheran.  
*Councillors* : Rev. J. H. Wiggin, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten,  
R. B. Westbrook, C. E. Simmons, M. D., Herbert D. Monachesi.  
*Counsel to the Society* : William Q. Judge.

Hall of the Society : No. 64 Madison Avenue.  
All communications should be addressed P. O. Box 4335, New-York.

The pamphlet contains no further information.

## THE AUSTRALIAN CONVENTION

By J. L. DAVIDGE

SYDNEY is geographically a favoured city. No imaginative vision of its land-locked harbour, fretted into innumerable bays, can foreshadow the pleasure which its magical beauty gives to the visitor entering Sydney for the first time. The whole of its two hundred and fifty miles of foreshore, except the Government reserves and quays, is covered with residences towering above precipitous rocks draped with mantles of green, or glowing with colour through the foliage of gardens winding down to the deep water. At night every point glimmers from the lights in the houses, and the ferry boats plying to and fro shed their illuminations in the water until the whole harbour shines like a fairy city. The city itself has some very fine buildings ; it reminds one more of London than any other town in Australia—the crooked streets and lanes begin to show the grime of two centuries, and the tradition and venerable antiquity are still "in the making". It is the harbour that makes the perennial charm of Sydney, and situated on all the trade routes to the East, the South Seas and America, Sydney is very busy as well as beautiful.

During one of the Convention addresses at Easter, Miss Christie attributed much of the freshness of Sydney and the progress of Theosophy in that city to the effect of the water on its astral counterpart, for water, as she said, is a cleanser, and the Commonwealth of Australia and the Dominion of New Zealand might well have been chosen as the cradle of a new race, isolated as they are by a great wash of ocean. Mr. Leadbeater had already hinted as much in his sub-race lectures. Mr. Leadbeater himself enjoys the run across the harbour ; it is a complete break from the city. No sooner does one leave Circular Quay than the tram-racked streets are exchanged for the noiseless ways of the water, where the sun is shivered into dancing lights or the moon shines down long lanes of silver and blue. There is a vitalising activity in all this quiet incessant movement, and the Sydney people have made a source of inspiration of it.

Theosophy came to Sydney as long ago as 1891, when Colonel Olcott gathered together a number of inquirers by advertisement, and delivered a Public Lecture on May 9 in the Protestant Hall. It was while on the platform that he received a cablegram announcing the death of his friend and co-founder, H. P. Blavatsky. Next evening the Sydney Lodge was formed at the Empire Hotel, Pitt Street, with twenty members, two or three of whom still belong to it. To-day the twenty-fifth anniversary is being celebrated by 420 members, and the Lodge is in the full flush of its youthful vigour. A great stimulus to its early work was given by the visit, in 1893, of Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, followed by Mrs. Besant in 1894, Countess Wachtmeister in 1895, Mr. Charles Staples in 1896, Miss Lilian Edger in 1900, and Mr. Leadbeater in 1905, Mrs. Besant paying a second visit in 1908. After migrating from one home to another, the Lodge is at last settling down into permanent quarters of its own, and the fine building in Hunter Street, rising eight stories high from what is naturally an elevated site, is a fitting monument symbolising in brick and stone the exalted place which Theosophy holds among the philosophies of the world.

The new building was nearly completed when the Convention began, but only the Lodge room was available for dedication. King's Hall, the domed lecture theatre, was still full of scaffolding, and the opening reception was held in the Concordia Hall, where Mr. Leadbeater has delivered his Sunday night lectures on the great religions to audiences ranging between 600 and 800. Things are not done by halves in Sydney. Some of us figured out that the 420 members of the Sydney Lodge would give, roughly, one Theosophist in every thousand of the population, to say nothing of members who are reading the sacred philosophy without subscribing to the funds of the Society. The officers are all "live wires," Mr. Martyn, the President of the Lodge and of Convention, being a remarkable example of skill in action, as every one admits; so that his fellows delight to work with him and everything goes along harmoniously, though none the less strenuously. The one familiar face most missed this year was that of Mr. John, the General Secretary, who is still laid aside. The Convention passed a resolution sympathising with him and appreciating the splendid work done by Mrs. John during his illness. We hope with Mr. John that he will soon be back in his chair at the headquarters office.

Convention began with a reception at the Concordia Hall. In his opening address on Good Friday morning Mr. Leadbeater laid all the stress, as he had done in Melbourne the year before, on the business side, on the brotherly affection generated—"the glow of fraternal feeling, which to the higher vision is seen radiating out as clearly as sunlight radiating

out from the sun. That is an absolutely scientific fact, though," as he said, "we usually regard the mention of it in ancient Scriptures and epics as some sort of rhetorical exaggeration. We are in the habit of giving undue importance to the side that can be seen, forgetting half the time the real and much more important unseen side of things, for the unseen forces behind are of vastly more importance than the effects that can be seen down here."

Like a good Occultist, Mr. Leadbeater gave us the practical application of his teaching. "A gathering like this," he said, "is from the point of view of our Great Masters an opportunity, a channel through which they can pour out their force into the hearts and minds of men in the world. Their greatest difficulty must be to find proper channels through which to pour it. They use Their pupils as channels in that way. Happy is the country which has among its members some of those who are chosen to be pupils, accepted or probationary, of the Masters. Still happier the country which among its members numbers Initiates of that Great White Brotherhood. While these persons are being used constantly, nevertheless we afford for the time a splendid channel for power which can do out of all computation more than we ourselves can do."

The Convention of 1916 was more important than its predecessors by virtue of the opening of the new headquarters and the wide publicity given to Mr. Leadbeater's lectures, public and esoteric. Every lecture is reported verbatim, and Mr. Martyn told the delegates they had no idea of the importance attached to them in other countries. The issue of two thousand copies of *Australia and New Zealand: the Home of a New Sub-Race* was soon used up. Orders came in from abroad in thousands, and a new issue has lately been published by the Adyar Press, including, like the Australian edition, a chapter on the Coming of the World Teacher, so that the book is recommended as propaganda for Star workers. Then ten or twelve of Mr. Leadbeater's addresses on the Great Faiths are to be printed in book form at Adyar. Publication of his lectures has been frequently delayed in the reading of proofs owing to the pressure of other work. During the year the Australian Section also printed 5,000 copies of Mr. Leadbeater's *Outline of Theosophy*, and a big batch of the article "An Occult View of the War," in a red cover, was received from the printer during Convention. The Order of the Star in the East also printed two pamphlets, *Why a World Teacher?* and *The New Era*, and for the coming year vigorous propaganda has been arranged, including the publication of handy leaflets and the extended circulation of *The Herald of the Star* to public libraries. It was a striking affirmation of the

lively interest shown by members in the work of the Society that £350 should be voluntarily subscribed for propaganda—£215 for Theosophical work, £80 for Star work, and £30 for Kindergarten—and this in war time. The totals would have been larger had not Melbourne, following the lead of Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane and Launceston, just embarked on a building scheme of its own.

The day before he came to Sydney, Mr. Studd, the Melbourne President, signed a contract on behalf of the Melbourne Lodge to purchase a block in Collins Street, just below the Auditorium and opposite the Town Hall, for £15,000. The premises already contain a hall seating 300 people, and by the expenditure of £1,000 the whole of the front can be remodelled into suites of offices and professional chambers. A finer site in Melbourne could not have been secured. Very few Lodges in the Commonwealth now remain without a building of their own, and as time advances others will build. For Australians are a wealthy and enterprising people, and fully aware of the occult value of Lodge premises used exclusively for Theosophical purposes.

Distances in Australia are so magnificent that many delegates travelled hundreds of miles, notably the visitors from the New Zealand Section, including Mr. J. R. Thomson, Assistant General Secretary, and Miss Christie, Organising Lecturer. It appears likely that a regular interchange of visits between the two sections will be made at Convention time, for Conventions are pregnant with new ideas and methods of work, and the Dominion section derived a great impetus from the visit of Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Martyn, electing the latter to the honourable position of president of their own Convention. Not only has there thus been established a regular line of communication on the physical plane, but the invisible, and no less real, lines on the levels of thought and feeling have been laid down, along which will flow currents of brotherly love and sympathy, which shall weld the two Sections together in a common service.

In view of these great distances it was inevitable that all cognate and junior activities should meet in Convention. Co-Masons will ever remember the stately pageantry of the installation on Good Friday night of W. Bro. D. Morton Tweedie as R. W. M. of the Adelaide Lodge, and the good fellowship of the banqueting board. The Round Table meeting on Easter Sunday was the largest ever held in any part of the world. There were nineteen knights and forty-five companions present—total of sixty-four, Mr. Leadbeater formally inducting five knights and six companions, and delivering an address on the ideas and purpose of the Order. During the week, conferences took place of Order of the Star, Round Table, Lotus Circle

and Servants of the Star representatives, and on Education, the discussion directing attention to the opportunities offered by the kindergarten for instilling Theosophical ideals into the mind of the child. Mr. John Mackay, President of the Kindergarten Union of New South Wales, fearlessly contended that Theosophists, by joining the Kindergarten Committees, could eventually secure control of the system. Kindergarten is essentially sixth sub-race work, and there exists an organisation which Convention recognised as already prepared for our educational ideals. The teachings of *Education as Service* are acknowledged by Australian experts to be beautiful but as yet impracticable ideals, and the Kindergarten Propaganda is the first step in the conversion of the whole of the Commonwealth educational institutions to that teaching. Even in that direction much good work has been done already by the presentation of *Education as Service* to every school teacher in the six States, and we are determined that Theosophical ideals shall as fully as possible permeate the whole teaching system from the Kindergarten to the University.

One word more—in reference to the Star shop. Just below the new headquarters on the other side of Hunter Street, Miss Bell with the assistance of another Star member has opened a Star depot, with the inscription "Order of the Star in the East" written in silver letters over the front. In the window is exhibited a large framed edition of the declaration of principles, which attracts much attention. The Star shop sells books on Mysticism and New Thought, pictures, prints, and emblems; and by conversation brings many people into touch with its objects, while a room upstairs is arranged for reading purposes and a weekly meeting. This shop will be the central office and depot for the distribution of Star literature. Miss Bell was formerly Travelling Organising Secretary for the Order in India, and hopes later to travel over Australia to herald the Teacher's Coming.

One cannot be long in Sydney without realising that a big work is going on, that the power of the Great Ones is radiating through these activities, and irrigating along the appointed channels the manifold and distant centres of service with streams of living waters. For They are the inspiring energy of the highest human service, and send down their blessings on Their worthy servants. We were assured that when Their benediction was invoked at the dedication ceremony, They had responded, and the light of the Highest and Holiest of all was poured down into our midst. In such a holy place, prepared by the hierophant of our sacred mysteries, most of our meetings were held, and the benediction of our august divinities was the promise and seal of the success of our work.

J. L. DAVIDGE

## CORRESPONDENCE

## THEOSOPHY AND POLITICS

As the original author of an article entitled under this heading some two years ago, may I be permitted a few words, especially after Mr. Van Manen's remarks in the February THEOSOPHIST and your own very complete and satisfactory declaration of individual rights of opinion set forth in your "Watch-Tower" notes in the March THEOSOPHIST.

The latter are, for me, the required and precise reply to the subject I originally raised—I hope quite temperately and fairly—in my original article.

The article in question, I know, was commented upon and embroidered by others, far beyond my intentions or my meaning; and for some time I had to endure being considered that anathema of Theosophists—a criticiser. Some even of my friends, who should have known better, went so far as to consider my mild remarks and open questions as an attack on Mrs. Besant.

Needless to say such was neither true in fact nor in intention. I raised—as a subject of general interest—the point as to how far the Presidential position might or might not limit the liberty of the eminent holder, and compromise the Society in the eyes of the world at large, were she, Mrs. Besant, whose personality is so much before the public, to identify herself prominently with certain vital problems of Indian politics, about which there might be more than one opinion or point of view in responsible circles.

My article did not, of course, tend to say that Theosophists should not interest themselves in any politics, nor that Mrs. Besant, personally, should not lend her great powers of word and pen to those causes, political or otherwise, that she might choose to support or assist. But it sought to establish, by expression of opinions, how far the President of the Theosophical Society could or could not, in the selection of individual

activities and special work, exercise her freedom of choice and action without, to some extent, owing to her position, committing the Society at large in the eyes of the world to similar views and to the consequences, whatever they might be.

I take it that it is one of our privileges in this Society to raise any question, provided the form is courteous and impersonal, and the substance honest and enquiring; and that for this one need not at once be set upon as a sort of renegade amongst the faithful. The idea is that one seeks a wider field of response and opinion at large than the immediate niche one frequents.

Well, in my case I have succeeded and been rewarded—for by waiting I have my reply in Mrs. Besant's "Watch-Tower" notes in the March THEOSOPHIST, which I commend to all and sundry as a very valuable ruling as to the liberties of thought, opinion, and action within this Society. Each can choose his own road and have his own opinion. She, who is so great, whose whole life is one of noble example, whom we might all follow blindly and do ourselves nothing but much good, yet respects and inculcates a maximum of that tolerance that extends not merely to action but even to incipient thought, so that in her wisdom she encourages each to learn by that greatest of mistresses—personal experience.

We learn by our own mistakes, not by those of others. The best and most willing followers are not those who blindly take the hand and grope along as best they may, but those who pass on from that stage and try to use their own legs. Of course they stray, they stumble and knock their noses against obstacles, but they learn to appreciate their leader and perchance learn to follow and to help. The path of life is not necessarily one, but many parallel roads, as many as there are natures and temperaments of men, but the right direction is one only, and it leads to the Light; those who face towards—and how much more those who lead to—the Light are such as men can follow and respect and love.

So while regretting that my original article was to some extent misinterpreted, and not improved upon in form or substance by subsequent writers, I am not sorry on the whole that the question was raised and that it brought our President's reply and ruling in the March THEOSOPHIST I mentioned above. With this I think the subject is exhausted and settled; and smaller questions as to whether Indian lecturers should be invited to lecture in Lodges in England—why on earth not? Surely they have much of interest to say, and in any case one is always free to take or leave what one pleases—or whether Lodges and individuals should or should not do this

or that, may well subside and resume more useful and productive forms of discussion. Practically speaking, we are not supposed to be a Society of school children with a severe mistress telling us what we ought to do and to be; we are instead a Society of human beings of all sorts and sizes, seeking for the truth and trying honestly to find our respective roads in life, and in the Light which those higher and better than ourselves are endeavouring to point out to us and to make us realise. Could we become as they, great but humble, full of wisdom yet quite simple, loving and tolerant because selfless and altruistic, we would, as I fully realise, be apt to think more and say less.

W. H. KIRBY

#### THE T. S. AND THE WAR

Mr. J. van Manen sends a brief letter, in which he repudiates generally the "numerous misstatements and wrong inferences made in several of the contributions," and says that his "duty has ended with having publicly drawn attention to the facts and considerations" he has brought forward. He considers Mrs. Besant's annotations to his original letter as "one and all untenable and incompatible with fact". On this, readers can judge, and the controversy may end with this sweeping statement of Mr. Van Manen's. As to its accuracy and courtesy, Mrs. Besant leaves it to speak for itself.

ED.

#### SIR THOMAS MORE

A strange error—of course a mere slip of the pen, but nevertheless calling for correction—has crept into the study on Sir Thomas More in THE THEOSOPHIST for June. It was not Wolsey who betrayed to death Sir Thomas More; instead, the latter was promoted to the proud position of first minister of the realm after the disgrace and death of the great Cardinal. But perhaps the writer means that sinister influence was exerted from the astral plane, in which case Wolsey may, of course, have been the chief agent! Exoterically, at least, we must acquit the Cardinal.

A STUDENT OF ENGLISH HISTORY

#### A QUERY

Referring to the query on p. 102 of THE THEOSOPHIST for April 1916, the following explanation may, perhaps, be useful.

The disembodied entity which was terrifying the inmates of a house by appearing to them is said to have felt thirsty, and on being given water to drink, the entity disappeared. The inference is that the entity drank the water so presented. If this is the explanation for the disappearance of the entity, it is untenable, for the reason that water, which is physical matter, needs physical organs to sip and gulp down, and the entity had no such organs. The explanation, to my mind, seems to be that the entity had his satisfaction from the mere thought of "The Sind Dreamer" that the thirst should be quenched. The impression of thirst is a thing natural in the minds of newly departed souls, and it is the result of a long habit established during earth-life. Many instances of such impressions and the consequent earth-boundness of souls are given in *The Other Side of Death* by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, and "The Sind Dreamer" will do well to peruse them.

As the querist desires some shāstraic explanation, I mean to give it below. In the ceremonies performed by Hindus, or rather the twice-born, in connection with the funeral obsequies, there is an explanation. Among the Hindū twice-born the usual mode of disposing of the physical body of the deceased is by cremation. Immediately after cremation and even when the body on the pyre is being enveloped by flames, a ceremony is performed called Nagnashrāddha (नग्नश्राद्ध). When the body, which is so dear to the departed entity of an average stage in evolution, is cast into fire, the Ego, which has all through life been identifying himself with the body, thinks that the best of his possessions is most cruelly treated by his nearest and dearest who are cremating it. The disembodied entity gets stunned at this cruel treatment, and is said to lose consciousness and become subject to (अन्धत्व) blindness, (मूर्खत्व) dumbness, (बधिरत्व) deafness, etc., and in short loses all consciousness from the shock. This unconsciousness is said to be removed by (नग्नश्राद्ध) Nagnashrāddha. The disembodied, thus returning to consciousness, is said to feel (ताप) burning sensation, (पिपासा) thirst and (भुत्) hunger. Feeling of burning is quite possible, because the Ego has been identifying himself with the body so much that, by a process similar to repercussion, the injury wrought to the physical is felt in the astral body. Thirst and hunger are matters of habit, because many an entity does not at all realise after the first few days subsequent to death that he has lost the physical body. To satisfy these cravings, the daily ceremony of the funeral obsequies provides for remedies in the form of (वहनजनिततापवृत्त्यापिपासाभुदुपशमनार्थं शीतकात्मानितोलाकवस्त्रादीपण्ड्यमानानि



करिष्ये) certain forms of bath, ablutions, etc., performed by the heir of the deceased, and also by offering the pinda (पिण्ड) balls of cooked rice. The ceremonies which are required to be performed day after day for some days after the death of a parent are numerous and they are full of meaning. Abler men may deal with them, and I consider the query is partly, at least, answered by this reply. I say partly, because I have no memory of whatever I do on the astral plane in the way of help. "The Sind Dreamer" could have explained the situation to the departed entity, and told him that to think of hunger and thirst when he had no physical body was meaningless.

SHASTRI

#### INTUITION, MENTAL AND SUPER-MENTAL

Mrs. Annie Besant, in her article on "Intuition, Mental and Super-Mental" tells us that the knowledge or the idea obtained by the process of reasoning is not at all accurate. For all external knowledge is indirect and received through the medium of a third object. The knowledge of a thing is obtained with the help of the senses through the medium of the surrounding phenomena. It is therefore treacherous and misleading, for the phenomena are always changing. The intuition of intellect is the proper process by which true knowledge or idea is obtained. I think, I do not know whether I am wrong, mere intuition without any reasoning is not quite sufficient for the attainment of the knowledge of the external world. In this respect a cow-boy, by dint of his intuition of intellect, can form an idea of whether the earth is flat or round, for the intuition is spontaneous and is the property of all human beings, whether educated or uneducated. If Mrs. Besant's assertion is considered to be true, then it is a conclusion that an uneducated man can also form a true idea of a thing without reasoning, and the truth arrived at by mere observation is not the same as that arrived at by reasoning. By mere observation and by perception a man can say that the sun rises in the east and goes down in the west. The reason only corrects the senses in the items which are only superficial on observation.

Intuition is only applicable to the truth which exists in self or outside self, but in the external world reasoning as well as intuition is absolutely necessary for the attainment of truth.

I shall feel highly obliged if the venerable lady corrects my views if I am wrong, by pointing out to me the error of conclusion arrived at from reading the article "Intuition, Mental and Super-Mental".

SITANATHGUPTA

#### QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

*Australia and New Zealand: the Home of a New Sub-Race*, by C. W. Leadbeater. (T. P. H., Adyar. Price: 6 As. or 6d. or 12c.)

For clarity of thought and lucidity of expression very few writers can equal Mr. C. W. Leadbeater. However difficult the subject, and complex and intricate in its details, Mr. Leadbeater can make it understandable and, what is more, interesting. The book under review is one more proof of this power of our great Theosophical teacher. On his arrival in Australia in 1914 he was much struck with the fact that the specimens of a new type of humanity he had come across some twelve years ago in different parts of the United States of America were to be met with in the Southern continent also. It was "not exactly the American type, not identical with it, but closely resembling it—obviously the same thing, but with a variation that may well be due to the climate and surroundings generally." In this book, which is made up of four lectures delivered at Sydney in August 1915, Mr. Leadbeater traces the growth of our fifth Aryan Race, gives a sketch of its eventful story, and brings us to the dawn of a new epoch and a new civilisation at which "we now assist". At the very outset he gives a new inspiration to Theosophical work and life:

That we may do something more than merely look on—that we may absolutely take a hand and help in that development—is the object of this little set of four lectures. . . . This is God's will for man, this evolution, and if we can do anything to promote it and help on that work, we actually and literally are fellow-workers together with God, and that is surely the very greatest honour and privilege that can ever come to mortal man.

Having explained the past in the first lecture, he devotes himself to the work of the future in the remaining three. He points out how "a particular nation exists to develop in its people certain qualities," and how "only a certain number of



egos or souls are ready to come into those bodies and acquire those qualities". A new medium of instruction is being made ready in the shape of a new sub-race, in and through which the egos of men will acquire fresh experience and evolve further. Then Mr. Leadbeater refers to the use that is made of the great War. He refers to the "tremendous fact" that people who are killed in the War "are being brought back again to be born into this new sub-race". He refers at length to the modes and methods by which the new sub-race is being worked up to enable it to fulfil its high destiny, and gives details whereby we mortals can co-operate with the Immortals. A new basis for the building of character is here given and a new zest to life is added. No student of Theosophy should be without this booklet, and our propagandists should send it out far and wide.

B. P. W.

*Arazenos: His Wanderings, Trials and Discourses*, By J. J. Pearson. (Blackwell, Oxford.)

This work is of a high order of Christian Mysticism, and well repays attention from a thoughtful reader. Framed after the pattern of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, the first part of the book is an initiation drama, told in language of rare beauty and poetical imagery—a prose poem. The Neophyte soul, aspiring in a first use of his wings to gain lofty peaks, falls into the intervening valley, whence he is directed by a soothsayer on a long and troublous path, long since fallen into disuse by humanity. This path leads down and ever down to the very roots of things, till he emerges on the shores of the Lake of Truth, and in the dazzling light realises his own blackness with the grime of his long descent. Now the soothsayer leaves him, saying he will find a worthier guide, and an unseen hand raises him, and sets him on the path of ascent, by which at length he regains the valley, there to find himself white once more, with a whiteness that was not his before the descent. "So, this whiteness is but the outer radiance of an inner fire that shines over the world as the white light of eternity."

Now he yearns after his fellow men, and seeks to understand the life around him, both in the valley and on successive plains. He is rejected alike by the "merry ones," the "wise ones" and the "indifferent ones," but finds a friend called Nietzsche, whom we are warned in a foot-note not to regard as an historical portrait, but who very evidently represents the school of philosophy of which that great thinker was the exponent. The remainder of the book is mainly devoted to dialogue, in which Arazenos argues on the nature of the Universe, and the eternal problems of life. It is significant that at a certain point he parts with philosophy—while Nietzsche is directed himself to make the descent—and it is in company with Pelmiedes, who seems to stand for Christian Mysticism, that he probes the mystery of Divine Love. Nietzsche rejoins him later, when the gulf between philosophy and religion has been bridged. This part of the book is more tedious, being too obviously an attempt to square orthodox Christian theology with an open-minded enquiry into truth on logical lines, and the conclusions reached on the subjects of the nature of evil, the Atonement and eternal condemnation are not entirely satisfactory to a Theosophist. The writer seems frequently to reach the verge of free insight, only to be pulled back by his orthodoxy into narrower channels of thought. He seems to fight hard against the admission that any can be shut out from the great scheme of redemption, and when he concludes that some grime must fall from the painter's brush, as the great picture is being painted "to be set in the white light of eternity," philosophy is allowed to postulate the hope—though unauthorised by Christian Arazenos—that this grime but forms "an underworld for another descent of an eternal son, and a new redemption". It is a pity that the whole book has not been more carefully revised, as strange grammatical and other errors have been allowed to remain.

H. V.

*The Path of Attainment*, by D. N. Dunlop. (The Path Publishing Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This book consists of three lectures given by Mr. Dunlop to the H. P. B. Lodge of the Theosophical Society in London. The lectures are of such real value that we fully endorse the wisdom of preserving them in book form; in fact the book might well have been written at first hand. The subject, so finely summed up by the title, is of course no new one to students of Theosophy, but the author has introduced many instructive side-lights based on the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, and probably to some extent on his personal experience; his expositions also convey the impression of careful study of a wide range of writers on occult matters. Several points of view are to be found that seem at variance with commonly accepted ideas, but such apparent disagreement should be welcomed as an incentive to individual thought and research.

The first lecture is entitled "Adepts, Masters and Mahatmas," and postulates the cosmic necessity for orders of being in whom the universal principles of consciousness are fully developed. We do not remember having previously come across any difference of meaning attached to these three words; we had always understood that the word "Mahatma" simply meant "great soul," and that the words "Adept" and "Master" were used as practically synonymous; but if this threefold distinction helps students to grasp the higher stages of progress—psychic, mental and spiritual—it may serve a useful purpose. The classification of planes, globes and races also appears to be somewhat uncommon, but is none the less suggestive. The author's aim here, as elsewhere throughout the book, is clearly directed at holding before our eyes the "Master consciousness" latent in all, rather than individual examples. The second lecture deals with "The Path of Discipleship," laying especial stress on the motive, the obstacles and the obligations attendant on this high calling. Again we find the same common-sense advice to test all experience in the light of impartial introspection and avoid external nostrums as tending to mediumship.

The third lecture, entitled "Initiation," contains much that cannot be verified by the average student, touching as it

does on the vitalisation of dormant centres and forces in the physical body. There is, however, a weight of testimony in Samskrit literature, as well as in Mr. James Pryse's ingenious interpretation of the Christian book of *Revelation*, in support of the main thesis Mr. Dunlop propounds, not to mention the hints thrown out by H. P. Blavatsky and her successors. The dangers that beset this "second birth" are plainly indicated, but there is more than the usual encouragement to persevere in the work of preparation, "for," says the writer, "the God in man ever strives to render unto him his lost birthright. No sincere effort to solve this mystery passes unheeded by the 'silent watcher' within." This quotation reminds us of another of the many beautiful passages in the book—a remarkable word-image of that "Attainment" which is foreshadowed in the title:

As in the microcosm the physical body is formed and animated by the invisible or spiritual man, so in the macrocosm the visible sun derives its life and light through the invisible or spiritual Sun whose glory and power can be apprehended by man solely through his own divine solar principle, to which the Sun behind the sun is manifest as a radiance of unspeakable glory, realised or participated in as an ecstasy of consciousness, unnameable in any medium of expression known to the finite mind. In some systems it is called union with God; in the East, Yoga. Among the initiates of all races it has been striven for, though, so far as records show, rarely attained. "It is the flight of the alone to the alone," says Porphyry. "I and my Father are one," said the Christ.

Beneath all flows a clean current of healthy optimism and truth to nature that carries us through occasional lapses into verbiage, leaving us refreshed in body as well as mind. The book should live as one of the miniature classics of Theosophical literature. Mr. Arundale has written a pleasing foreword, and the get-up is charming.

W. D. S. B.

*A Plea for the Thorough and Unbiased Investigation of Christian Science and a Challenge to its Critics*, by Charles Herman Lea. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

A second and revised edition has appeared of the above book—an edition of 10,000. We have not the slightest doubt that it will very soon be exhausted, as the subject is one in which there is a growing interest at the present time. We do not, however, think that it will appeal very strongly to the particular section of the public to which it is addressed, namely, the serious critics of Christian Science.

There is no doubt whatever that Christian Science healing has been exceedingly effective in hundreds and hundreds of cases. Few thoughtful people will deny that. This one book alone cites many interesting cases in which physical ills and undesirable habits of mind have been overcome by its aid, and we have no reason to doubt their authenticity. But when we are asked to take Mrs. Eddy's Scientific Statement of Being as the last word on the relation between Spirit and Matter, between God and Man, the whole thing becomes ridiculous. Yet this is what our author asks us to do. He shouts at us, in four kinds of type, by means of which he emphasises the relative importance of his remarks, that Christian Science as a philosophy and a religion is *true*; and he informs us that he at one time offered to pay £100 to a certain hospital if anyone could prove that it was false. We do not imagine after this that anyone capable of judging the merits of any system of philosophy would go to the author for help in his deliberations.

Mr. Lea makes the same mistake that most enthusiastic "Scientists" make. He thinks that because the system is exceedingly fruitful in practical results, therefore it must be true—absolutely and completely—as it stands. He does not realise that very effective lives may be based on theories that are very partial or lop-sided statements of facts.

Effective, Christian Science most certainly is; but we cannot allow that it gives us a satisfactory account of the fundamentals of existence. Such an idea is ludicrous. The question of practical interest is this: Are the results which it brings about a real benefit to the race or not? Is relief from physical suffering worth getting at the expense of intellectual health and honesty. It is a curious fact that one very seldom hears of cases in which the philosophy of Christian Science appeals to the mind of a person because of its reasonableness. The patient swears it must be true after he has "affirmed" himself from desperation into health. Is this honest? And if not, is not this one of a group of serious drawbacks to the benefits conferred by Christian Science? It is into this question that we would urge a serious and unbiased investigation.

A DE L.

*Myth and Legend in the Bible*, by Keighley Snowden. (Watts & Co., London.)

This is a useful and interesting summary of recent results of scholarly criticism as applied to Biblical texts. Its main use is destructive, showing very clearly what may no longer be believed; and if there is a sense of loss at losing old friends of our childhood, at least it is a compensation to get rid of some monstrous abortions which used simultaneously to claim credence, to the detriment of a nascent moral understanding.

On its constructive side the book is a little unconvincing, as might have been expected, seeing that the methods of analytical criticism do not conduce to imaginative insight. On very slender foundations of "might have been," arrived at by projecting the modern rationalistic mind back into a past of its own creation, the growth of myth and religion is traced from the grossest superstition, arising out of the blackness of ignorance and fear. Magic is contemptuously brushed aside, with miracle, as a folly with which the human mind has done. A picture is presented to us of a barbarous and childish ignorant race—or mixture of races, Phœnician and Arab—gradually evolving a national consciousness, promoting its tribal deity to the throne of the Creator of the Universe, and after a lengthened exile among races of superior civilisation, feverishly setting to work to construct its own past, by weaving into the framework of a few folk-tales—themselves from divergent sources, corresponding roughly to Israel and Judah—such of the more grandiose legends of Chaldæa, Assyria and Babylon as it chose to appropriate.

With much of this historical sketch we should agree, but not with the trivial grounds alleged for the universality of the greater myths, as that of the Deluge, and world cataclysms in general, which can only be understood in the light thrown on them by Theosophical research. Also, it is difficult to reconcile with such an historical record the persistence of the Hebrew claim to being "a chosen people," on lines merely of racial psychology; whereas it is easily intelligible to the Theosophist, who sees the race further back in time as a united Semitic colony from Atlantis, settled temporarily by the Manu in Arabia, thence migrating in successive bands, some to fulfil their original

purpose and form the nucleus of the Aryan race, in its Himalayan cradle, while others wandered by way of Egypt or Musri into Canaan, where they did not always succeed in keeping their primitive puritanism uncontaminated by the idolatries of the more decadent races who surrounded them.

It seems curious that scholars should so persistently ignore the possibility—among all their many imaginings—that authors or editors of the Hebrew Sacred books did not mean to designate the same Being under such different names as Jahwe, Elohim, El Shaddai and “I am that I am”!

H. V.

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*The Life of Paracelsus*, by A. M. Stoddart. (William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 6s. net.)

A new and cheaper edition of Anna M. Stoddart's *The Life of Paracelsus* has appeared. Since 1911, when the book first appeared, the interest in its subject has grown. Even then, the appreciation of magnetic and faith healing was reviving to a considerable extent among a certain class of thoughtful people; now those matters, which were formerly set aside as too suggestive of superstition and charlatanry, have come to be regarded seriously, even by the leading men of science. Efforts are being multiplied by which the shameful stories which ignorance has woven round the names of the mediæval pioneers of Occult Science are exposed as lies. This book is one of these. It is not controversial, however; it merely tells the story of the life and achievements of Paracelsus from a sympathetic and appreciative point of view for lay readers.

A. DE L.

*The Renewal of the Body*, by Annie Rix Militz. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This neat little book of twelve chapters is full of many practical suggestions as to how the physical body can be transformed by a proper handling of our inner emotions and thoughts. There is a freshness pervading the whole volume, and anyone who goes through it will not think that the time spent on it was wasted. Some of the author's views may at the outset seem rather fantastic, especially where scriptural sayings are interpreted in terms of physical organisms, but the author tries to establish a sort of correspondence between the several parts of the human body and the various thoughts and emotions in human nature. The following extract will amply illustrate this point:

The head stands for our thoughts concerning intelligence, . . . . The head that would express itself normally should be fashioned from the standpoint of divine intelligence, . . . . Let God's thoughts of love and trust in good charge the mentality, and no worry can congest the brain-cells.

The five senses. . . . stand for the union and communion between the within and the without. . . . The eyes stand for perception, the ears for understanding, the nose for discrimination, the taste for judgment; the touch for cognition. God gives us the eyes too pure to behold iniquity, therefore we do not suspect or criticise or note our neighbour's failings. This is the healthiness, the purity, the cleanness, and the renewal of our vision.

It is the awakening of the soul that clarifies the skin and softens the contour and the lines of the face. Oftentimes, it is the modern, heavy, materialistic look on the face that spoils the beauty which is really there. Let the mind rise above the materiality and keep the face towards the divine self.

The key-note of the whole book is that the “body of appearance is a mirror, reflecting your mentality, and to transform this body from expressing ignorance and corruption and deadness there must be the transforming of the mind”. This is exactly what the Hindu Upanishads mean when they proclaim that a man is made by his thoughts and “what he thinks upon that he becomes,” though our author extends it even to physical nature. According to her the neck stands for “the grace of God working in the affairs of men”; the throat for the voice of God within; shoulders, arms and hands symbolise the power of God in us to protect and carry the burden of the world; and hands are the outward expression of the idea of service to our fellow creatures.

True thoughts manifest as true contour in the body. To love service, to love to exercise your power for and not against others, to bless them with the blessings with which you have been endowed, this is the way to show forth the beauty, health, and strength of the shoulders, arms, and hands that glorify both God and man.

The breast, the lungs and the heart stand for protective, expansive and unifying love; the heart is the seat of love. "The full consciousness that love never fails leaves the heart absolutely intact." Cancer is false growth and can be cured by love-thoughts; the will-to-be-well is one of the most effective antidotes for consumption. "Joy knows no time," and is the source of unchanging youth and vigour. A mind which is receptive to new ideas manifests itself as health in our digestive organs; delicate and æsthetic thoughts ensure health of the solar plexus. Developing our will strengthens our spine and back. The author says that some of her statements have been experimented upon and proved to be worthy of our serious consideration; two hearts were once examined with the help of the X-rays and found to correspond to the temperaments of their owners.

The author is evidently an idealist, who sees in everything earthly the manifestation of some Divine idea. The better we mirror in us such Divine ideas, the healthier we are, not only morally and mentally, but also physically. "Man is the spoken word of God—God's thought made manifest and visible." Therein lies the possibility of all our achievements, and also the responsibility of realising that behind our nature is Divine Power, and trying to show forth more of Him in our lives. Perfect physical health is the corollary to perfect mental and moral health, and perfect freedom of the cells in our body consists in the perfect freedom of our mind to know Truth and "co-operate with the Spirit". The book is well worth our reading and deserves our attention.

P. S.

*Indian Fairy Stories*, by Donald A. Mackenzie. (Blackie & Son, Ltd., London & Bombay. Price As. 12.)

To the nursery story-teller who sometimes is at her wits' end when the children plead for "just one story more," this book of twenty-three charming tales will be a god-send. It brings us into the company of talking animals who show all the qualities and defects of human beings. We find the lion, Rajah of the forest, standing for power, the white camel for vanity (we should have expected to find the peacock, but it does not appear in these stories), the jackal for greed, the crow for wisdom, the ape for cunning, etc. The power of magical transformation plays a large part in the stories, and the uncanny element is provided by the Rakshasas, whose roaring and vampire powers will bring awesome joy to youngsters. On the other hand their imagination will be enriched by the poetic and delicate beauty of stories which tell of Star-Maidens who come to bathe by moonlight in a Blue Lotus pond; of old Mother Star who gave appropriate blessings to her children the Sun, Wind and Moon, when they returned from the feast given to them by their Aunt and Uncle, Thunder and Lightning; or of the Ocean Queen with her garden in which the pebbles were little pearls and the soil fine gold dust, while the forbidden "touch-me-not" was the exquisite golden and bejewelled statue of an Apsara. We find strange eastern variants of "The House that Jack Built," and of several well known Fables of Æsop, but throughout the stories are specially distinguished by their moralising quality, which makes them a fine medium for the teaching of ethics in a palatable form. A veritable mine of wisdom is to be found in this small compass of child entertainment, and on closing the book one felt most strongly how entirely wrong is the Montessori system in its exclusion of fairy stories and imaginative tales from the child life, for these form the airy bridge between the various kingdoms of human, sub-human and super-human nature. Their very power of giving apt nick-names is a training in crystallising the essence of character.

The fine black and white illustrations by Maxwell Armfield much enhance the book, one—of a greedy heron saying "I cannot help feeling for the fish"—being remarkably clever.

M. E. C.

*Out of the Mouths of Babes*, by James L. Macbeth Bain. (T. P. S., London. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Bain—"Uncle James," as he is called by the children of the Home whose historian he is—has learned the secret of the child-heart: love without patronage; and the reply has been the full disclosure of the "grownupness" that lurks in every child, and becomes precocity where it is not treated as quite natural. Mr. Bain does not treat his foster-children as elders *in potentia*, or as creatures that will *change* into adults: he treats them as elders in miniature, differing only in quantity, not in kind or degree, from himself. The result is a companionship of reciprocal happiness and illumination that is the living embodiment to-day of the spirit that "set a child in their midst". This book is beyond praise or blame: it is not a book, but the laying bare of human souls; and they are poor in responsiveness to the finest things in life who can lay it down unblest.

As to the facts regarding the relationship between "Uncle James" and his twenty "bairns," the reviewer can bear testimony, for he has often shared in their life and love, and been honoured by promotion to the rank of "Uncle Jim."

J. H. C.

*In the Garden of Silence*, by Lily L. Allen. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 1s. 2d.)

This little volume from the pen of Mrs. James Allen should find a warm welcome from all who are at all in sympathy with those higher views of life so beautifully enunciated by her husband. Mrs. Allen, as a child, was wont to wander in a beautiful garden, but even then she felt that beyond the physical plane garden lay a Garden of Silence, where in the flowers dwelt angel faces, and where silent voices spoke to the heart. But in childhood the gates of that Garden were closed to her; later they stood open, and some of the tales, allegorical and mystical, that were told to her there, she tells us here—simply but beautifully.

One illustrates the power of loving thought acting on the beloved one, whom in no other wise we can serve. Another

tells of how we must always *prepare* for opportunity, so that when it comes it may not pass us by. There is a message of hope, of comfort, in all the stories save the last—and the most beautiful. "Unbroken Alabaster" paints the tragedy of things undone. A little girl can only lay flowers on her sister's grave; the dolly which the dying child had wanted, had been withheld—"I can never give her my dolly now"; or, still more poignant tragedy: "I had a friend. He was good to me and I loved him, but—I never told him so." The galling fetter of convention had severed two lives, and for this suffering, what words can avail to comfort?

Why, oh why, my sisters and brothers, do we keep our alabaster boxes until those we love are dead? Why do we keep our love until it is too late? Why? Why?

T. L. C.

*Haunted Royalties*, by Katherine Cox. (William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 1s. net.)

Most great families seem to have a family ghost—some haunting apparition, some happening that comes to be regarded as an omen. There is the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns, the Black Lady of the Wittelbacks, the birds whose appearance always boded ill to the family of the Hapsburgs, the "double" of the Romanoffs and many another spectre that has played a strange part in the fortunes of the family to which for some reason it is attached, appearing for generations to warn one or other of its members of approaching evil.

A pleasantly written collection is given us in this little book of the well authenticated stories regarding these ghosts. The author says she has spent many happy hours collecting the information she now presents to the public, and hopes that her pleasure may prove a happy augury of the interest of those who peruse it. We think some of her pleasure cannot fail to be communicated to the reader.

A. DE L.

*The Great War for the Greater Peace*, by Commentitus.  
(T. Murly & Co., London.)

This purports to be a conversation between two statesmen, British and Chinese respectively, in the year 2020. They have met as deputies to the International Convention, and talk over the events that have led up to the existing Commonwealth of Nations, especially the Great European War of the former century, and what followed the settlement.

The author is wise to have allowed so long a period as a hundred years to have elapsed before his imaginary retrospect, as that allows time for a complete readjustment to have taken place. The Great War has ended, as so many hope it will, in the establishment of a permanent International Convention. With the exception of compensation for actual property destroyed, especially in Belgium and Serbia, the victorious Allies have claimed no indemnity, or reimbursement for their sacrifices in the War, but have insisted on Disarmament as a condition of peace. The Germans have been reluctantly compelled to agree, and all the Great Powers have relinquished their war establishments in favour of an International Force, by land and sea, in which enlistment is voluntary. This has caused discontent among certain classes, but has brought such substantial benefits as to become increasingly acceptable. There has been one untoward incident, or interruption, when Prussian militarists contrived to secure an undue influence in the International Forces, and started an insurrection by bombarding Dover. The invaders were received on Dover quay by the Mayor and Corporation, who delivered a formal protest and then withdrew, leaving the invaders to march on London. There we are shown the pleasing picture of force being conquered by non-resistance, and indeed it seems quite possible that such a course could be practically followed after forty years of International Federalism.

The arguments are sound and practical, and the whole provides interesting reading.

H. V.

## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

### THE COMMON ORIGIN OF THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA

*The Asiatic Review* for May publishes the report of a lecture given before the East India Association by Sir Guilford Molesworth, the veteran engineer, on the above subject, together with a formal discussion under the chairmanship of Sir Krishna G. Gupta, K. C. S. I. The lecturer opens with an appeal for an attempt to preserve the ancient religious teachings of India in their pristine purity, instead of antagonising their adherents by confusing the real source of power in these religions with the accretions that have grown up around them. In reviewing the rise of Hindūism he regards the Vedas as the original monotheistic basis from which the later developments in polytheism and social observances have sprung, as the natural result of personifying the attributes of Deity and of priestly ambition. In illustration of this original purity some magnificent quotations are given, as well as a collection of parallels between the Vedas and Mahābhārata and the Bible. Muhammadanism is regarded as being originally a revolt against the corruptions of Oriental Judaism and degenerate Christianity, and as a reversion to the simple monotheism of the Jewish patriarchs. "The Koran," says Sir Guilford, "was compiled after his [Muhammad's] death under the order of Kalipha Othman, and the original version was destroyed."

In the case of Buddhism, the revolt against the formalities of Hindū ritual took the form of a pure ideal of practical altruism, unencumbered by theological complications, and we are glad to find an eminent Englishman maintaining that Neibban is generally understood by Buddhists to mean "immortality". His account of the answer given by Buddhist priests to the question: "By whom was the universe created?" is also true to life—"We do not know". The vicissitudes of the Brahmo Samaj are next recorded, and regret is expressed that the Christian missionaries did not join forces with this spiritualising movement, though the co-operation suggested sounds rather partial to Christianity.

The lecturer then deals with the objections commonly raised against a recognition of all that is good in Indian religion;

these amount to sectarian fears of a slump in "conversions" to Christianity (as if there ever was a boom!) and lest such recognition should provide a gratuitous testimonial to Satan—"the inventor of Hindûism". Happily the lecturer ignores such nonsense, remarking that Satan might also be given credit for the Old Testament, on the strength of all the hideous practices enjoined therein. The Sikh religion is the last to receive mention, as being another reaction from the perversions which crept into Hindûism, and the paper ends with a fine sample of Max Muller's insight into the real common origin of all religions—the Divine Spirit speaking in the human heart.

A touch of humour is supplied by Sir Guilford's personal experience of the tendency of the race at a certain stage to replenish its stock of Gods with up-to-date heroes, probably the same tendency that leads the Roman Catholic Church to canonise its saints—generally long after their death.

I am not sure that I did not myself run some risk of being deified; for a fakir told me that I was believed to be the brother of Juggernâth, in allusion to my connection with railways and the locomotive engine, which is held to be a rival to the Car of Juggernâth.

Such respect, amounting almost to worship, is not altogether surprising, seeing that the compiler of "Molesworth" (as his *Pocket Book of Engineering Formulae* is known all over the world) is still lecturing at the age of eighty-six, and on Indian religions. The discussion, in which Mr. Mead and others took part, was of the usual confirmatory character, and does not seem to have brought out any points of special interest to Theosophists.

W. D. S. B.



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# THE THEOSOPHIST

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

LAST month, I chronicled the passing away from earth of the General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in Australia. Thinking of him, I forgot to note another serious loss to the Society in India, the passing of Mr. Jehangir Sorabji, erstwhile General Secretary of the T. S. in India, and, since his retirement, President of the Blavatsky Lodge of Bombay, the largest and oldest of our Lodges in India (founded in 1880). Mr. Sorabji spent his life, up to his retirement from Government service, in service to the Hyderabad State, holding therein a high and responsible position. He founded the Hyderabad Lodge and was a tower of strength to it. He and his wife were fellow-bhakṭas, devotees, leading lives of meditation and of good works, one in thought and work as in heart and life. May she find now in the inner unity the courage to bear the outer separation.

Another heavy loss is that of Dr. Hübbe Schläiden, one of the oldest of German Theosophists and the most faithful. He held the Society together when



Dr. Rudolf Steiner took out all his followers, having failed to drive me from the Presidentship in order to Germanise it, and make it a tool for the Kaiser against England in India. This attempt, thanks to the loyalty of the Society outside Germany, I was able to frustrate. With Dr. Steiner enthroned as President in Adyar, our 340 odd Lodges in India, to say nothing of those all over the world, would have been a useful hunting-ground for German spies. When the War broke out, and German methods were revealed, I felt glad that, through a storm of abuse and slander, I had been able to do that little bit of service to the Empire.

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If I were a cynic—which I cannot be, being an Occultist—I should feel a little amused that after trying for twenty-three years to induce the Indians to aim at National Freedom within the Empire, instead of at the independence longed for by many, the present short-sighted administrators persecute me because I work to keep Indians within the Empire by inducing them to follow constitutional methods of reform. The removal of Lord Hardinge was a serious blunder. However, so long as I am permitted to work—my exclusion from Bombay Presidency is a danger-signal, for one can hardly suppose that so futile a proceeding can be intended to stand alone—I shall persist in following only constitutional and law-abiding methods. India's mighty Rshis will give India Home Rule, but it is Their will that she shall remain within the Empire, and play there the part indicated in the article of mine in this number on "Theosophy and Imperialism".

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It has been the policy of the Theosophical Society in India to bring Indian and English workers together

on a footing of perfect equality. In the Central Hindū College and School at Benares we found this eminently satisfactory, and the boys learned to love their English masters and professors as much as their Indian. We were like a big family, wherein the colour of the skin was a matter of indifference. So will it be in India in the happy years to come, when cordial co-operation on equal terms shall have taken the place of arrogance on the one side and resentment or servility on the other.

\* \* \*

These reflections have drawn me away from the T. S. death-roll. A third old member has also passed away, Professor Unwalla, of the Central Hindū College, Benares, who had been very weak for a long time, but liked the idea of still being of use in the educational work to which his long life had been devoted. He was the educator of several of the Kathiawar Princes, having worked long also as Director of Education. He was a very devoted member of the Theosophical Society, though, as an old man, he did not like its development with the times.

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Mr. Charles R. Harvey writes:

In the "Watch-Tower" pages of the July issue an interesting reference is made to the Pioneer Movement in Whitechapel, and we are told that three girls started the movement, taking and furnishing three rooms for that purpose. It is unfortunate that while those who have had the comparatively easy task of controlling a going concern are mentioned by name, the identity of those who have had the energy and humanity to undertake the far more difficult and responsible task of starting this movement—the real pioneers in fact—is not revealed to us. Many us of who follow with friendly interest the growth and activities of our various co-workers would, I am sure, be glad to know the names of these three girls in order that we may give them full credit for their most admirable initiative.

This is false, both of Theosophy and of Spiritualism. Spiritualistic literature is full of warnings against the evil beings on the other side, as on this, and one duty of the "angel-guardians" is to protect the séance room against them. Theosophy recognises the dark powers, and warns people not to break through the veil between this and the astral world until by knowledge and purity of life they can face and conquer them. The writer says that "the clergy of the Church of England are not strong in theological knowledge, because they seldom get a really scientific training in theology". We suspect that the writer of this article must be a clergyman of the Church of England.

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Very pleasant reports come to us on the success of the Theosophical Convention of England and Wales, and also as to the Scotch Convention. Our Brother C. Jinarajadasa has—according to newspaper accounts—created a very strong impression by the gravity and knowledge of his discourses, his "mellow voice and perfect English," and his "attractive manners". A private letter gives the following pleasant account:

We have had a splendid Convention in London. It was certainly the best ordered and most harmonious Convention I have ever attended. I think I have never before attended 2 consecutive meetings in 3 days without getting tired and stupid, but this time the last meeting seemed as fresh as the first. I think the lessening of sense of fatigue was partly owing to all the meetings being held under one roof—one did have the constant change of vibrations; the sense of Unity and all being one family, though of different ages and different opinions, seemed very noticeable. Mr. Baillie Weaver was a first-rate Chairman. The music on Sunday morning was beyond all praise or description, and certainly was no small contribution to the sense of harmony. The subjects for discussion were so well arranged and the standard of speaking very high.—It is very delightful to see the number of keen, clever, highly educated men and women we now have in the T. S., especially the young ones, and several delightful people in khaki.

Mr. Jinarajadasa presided at the Scotch Convention, and lectured in Edinburgh and Glasgow, winning golden opinions. At the latter place our very useful and devoted member, Mr. Allan, who was a tower of strength to the local Lodge, has been taken away by death. Major Graham Pole was able to attend, and is even more loved than before.

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Cardiff Lodge, planted in a somewhat unsympathetic milieu, works gallantly, its President, the Hon. Mrs. Pelham, and its Vice-President, Mr. Freeman, being both wholly devoted. A member writes:

We have two nice well furnished first floor rooms as our Lodge quarters, with the nucleus of an excellent library. We can always fill a good sized hall for any good lecturer who visits us, or get up a good meeting at the Ladies Club, and we sell a great deal of literature during the year, the lending library being also much used. The Order of the Star in the East and the Servants of the Star are well organised and active. Books and Magazines are sent to scattered Members in South Wales and lectures in these outlying parts arranged when possible. Many study classes are held, including one for Indian questions, and your books on India have been placed in the library. The new schemes for study are being welcomed.

We print, on p. 580, a letter from our esteemed co-worker, Mr. James L. Macbeth Bain. He asks my opinion on a statement of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, as to the transmutation in a sacrament. First, let me say that every signed article in this magazine, signed by name, pseudonym or initials, expresses the views of the writer only. If I considered it my duty to append notes of dissent to every article "passed" by me, on any point with which I did not agree, the task would be a heavy one! Every number of the magazine contains the statement: "Writers of published articles are alone responsible for opinions therein stated." I am one of the eccentric individuals who believe in free thought

according to the Great Plan of the Eldest Son of the Fire, gladly place themselves as Their servants in the outer world, to carry out their mighty and benevolent Will, and, in all they do, test their activities by their harmony with the teachings of the Divine Wisdom.

The first view is specially characteristic of the West, which has its "Lord's Day"—to whom do the other days of the week belong?—which divides its activities into religious and secular, its callings into sacred and profane. The lives in the counting-house, the shop, the courts, the stock exchange, have different measures from the lives of the same persons in the Sunday School and the Church. "Religion" has its own place, outside which it must not intrude, and it must be clothed in the frock coat and the top hat, and carry a gold-headed cane, and must not be visible in the smock-frock, the short coat, the Norfolk jacket and the soft hat, carrying a racket, a cricket-bat, a rifle, or a ledger, ready for "worldly" work or play. As one of these wrote the other day, "a newspaper must not enter into a religious discussion". The second view is characteristic of the East, where all days are holy days or none are holy, where men desiring to reach the highest goal are "intent upon the welfare of the world," where the loftiest spiritual Teachers, R̥shis and Jīvanmukṭas asked of kings whether they paid their soldiers' wages, whether they saw that their peasantry had seed-corn and their artificers materials for their fashioning, where fowlers and grocers could be knowers of Brahman, where the Brāhmaṇas could be in the Privy Council of a State. To the Hindū all is religious, the teaching of the Vedas, the training of a battle-charger, the amassing of wealth by trade, the service of the household.

"Verily in his own Dharma a man attaineth perfection." There was nothing "secular"; all the work of the world in its diversified activities was God-inspired and worthy of being offered to God. "All action binds, save that done for the sake of sacrifice," and the lowliest service was worthy to be laid on the altar of Divinity.

Such a spirit in the West is seen in George Herbert's

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
Makes that and the action fine.

In Keble's

We need not bid for cloistered cell  
Our neighbour and our work farewell.

"Sacred" and "secular" do not depend on the nature of the work, but on the spirit in which it is done; a priest in temple or church, praying to his Deity, may be performing a secular act; a peasant, ploughing a furrow, may be doing a sacred work.

To me, the second view is the Theosophical one. Theosophy is not merely a collection of doctrines but an attitude towards life, and the true Theosophist is he who doeth the will of the Father in Heaven, not he who is expert in the phraseology of the schools. English Masonry forbids the introduction into its Lodges of religion and politics, thus excluding the two most vital interests of man, his position towards God and his position towards the State; but it does not forbid the Mason to plunge into religious and political work. But some among us would not only mark off certain areas as "untheosophical," but would refuse to Theosophists their natural human right to engage in any activity which they thought to be necessary or useful.

As a Theosophist, having among my beliefs the belief in the return of the World Teacher to spread among mankind a form of the Truth Universal, intended to serve as the foundation of a New Age, of a New Civilisation, I hold it to be my duty to prepare Society, so far as I can, for that coming, which will influence and colour every phase of human activity. Only on the fundamental truths most surely believed among us, Brotherhood, Reincarnation and Karma, can the New Society be built up. Only by a practical application of those truths to the problems of education, poverty, production, distribution, division and recompense of labour, commerce, penology, the relation of the sexes, law, medicine, national defence, government, can they be solved for the welfare of all. To shut "Theosophy" out of all these is madness, is to throw away the most apt tool for constructive Sociology. It may well be that a society of students might join on a platform of equal freedom and say: "We will not commit our society to a particular solution of any one of these problems for which we are seeking solutions in the light of the three great teachings." That is rational and conducive to progress by the clash of many minds, and the diverse glimpses of Truth gained from many view-points, many angles of vision. But to refuse all attempts to throw Theosophical light on the great problems with which mankind is wrestling to-day, and to decline to prepare the world for the work to be done by the Supreme Theosophist, the highest exponent to mankind of the Divine Wisdom, is verily to hide the Light of Theosophy under a bushel, and to refuse to let it illuminate all that is in the House of the Nations, which are groping in the darkness, crying for light.

Thinking thus, I seek to make my Theosophy practical, and to bring its lamp to the Nations struggling in agony, the agony, though they know it not, which is the birth-anguish of the New Era. The future depends on the wisdom applied to the Problems of the Day; shall the Divine Wisdom be shut up in little prattling coteries and denied to the forum of the Nations? Better feast in luxury and deny food to the starving poor thronging around our tables, than withhold, at this crisis of the world's destiny, the social, educational and political applications of the truths which will aid it to welcome the Supreme Teacher, and to co-operate in the social and political reconstruction which He is preparing now and will crown when He comes.

Now to the problem of Imperialism the thoughts of the world are to-day directed, and it is noticeable that very many of our noblest, gentlest and best have been wont to look on "Imperialism" as on a thing undesirable, and indeed retrograde and evil, as connoting tyranny, militarism, oppression, the effacement of small and weak Nations by the domination of the strong. Such Imperialism is the Imperialism which grows out of conquest, which is antagonistic to the development of Nations *quâ* Nations, and tends to an obliteration of differences and the superimposition of a dead level of subjection under an Overlord, an All-Highest, whose will is law. The distrust of such an Imperialism is an instinct in all free Nations; its aggressiveness, its dominating spirit, its mailed fist, its iron heel, are all offences to the freeborn citizen, and jar his every feeling, his pride, his self-respect. So long as Imperialism presents itself to the "man in the street" as embodied in the Empires of the past, in the

Kaiserdом of the present, so long will he hate and detest the idea of substituting an Emperor for a King, an Empire for a Monarchy. This instinctive feeling came out strongly when Benjamin Disraeli, the prophet in the garb of a statesman, proposed to crown Queen Victoria with an Imperial diadem. Great Britain and the Colonies would brook no Empress; an Empress might do for India, a "subject people," but an Empress over free Nations—never. Disraeli smiled his cynical smile and left the matter to time, confining the Imperial title to India, and the Queen's grandson remains King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Dominions Overseas, and Emperor of India only. A queer compromise! But it familiarised the "Five Nations" with the idea of an Empire, so that now there is much talk of "the Empire," though it has a King at its head, an inconsistency which in no way troubles an Englishman.

But now that a "reconstruction of the Empire" is on the tapis, forced on the illogical by the stern logic of events, it may be worth while to seek to eliminate the still existent prejudice by presenting Imperialism not as a recrudescence of a tyrannical past, but as the next stage of an ascending series of stages in the growth, the evolution, of Humanity.

Evolution is a process of integration into ever increasing complexity, another way of wording Herbert Spencer's saying that it was the change of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous. The more complex the organism, the more diverse the parts united in harmonious working to a common end, the higher the organism. In the lowest and simplest organisms all functions are performed by all parts. Gradually, organs are formed in the portions of the body most

apt for the discharge of a special function. The organ becomes more and more specialised and discharges its function with increased advantage to the body. It is made up of cells, and each has its own life. As cells are integrated into organs, the body as a whole improves its place on the ladder of evolution: The more complex the body the higher is it in the scale; the man stands high above the moneron.

Sociologists have recognised that Society is as verily an organism as is a man, and that the evolution of Society is also by a process of integration. Moreover the evolution of Society is a process as involuntary and as unconscious as the evolution of man. Inner affinities attract; outer circumstances compel. Theosophically seen, the One Life is ever differentiating itself into forms which it inhabits; the bodiless becomes the embodied; it is ever drawing these forms together by the attraction of a part of the One Life to another part, and forcing them into cohesion by pressure upon them of other non-assimilable lives. This process is the integration of lower forms into higher, and the One Life fills the new more complex body, and through it unfolds more of its latent power. Applying this process sociologically, the man, a highly complex congeries of forms, draws to himself another similar congeries, and the two beget a child, a third congeries; the three form the first social unit, made of the integration of three separate life-forms into the family, a more complex individual, man-wife-child, sociologically a larger individuality. Then, by the well-recognised processes of social attraction and the necessity of defence against external enemies, related families are integrated into a more

complex individuality, the tribe. Once more, the processes continually work and bring about a further evolution, and the tribes integrate into a Nation, a yet more complex individuality.

Obviously the next higher stage of this agelong evolution of Humanity must be the integration of Nations into a yet more complex individuality, an Empire or Commonwealth. Attempts have been made to achieve this, but by force and domination; whereas, more advanced Nations ought now consciously to co-operate with the integrating forces of Nature to a further integration, and Nations united by ties of blood, or by the higher ties of sympathy and of community of ideas and aspirations, should deliberately co-operate with evolution, and federate themselves into the higher individuality, the Empire. A better term for this higher individuality would probably be Commonwealth, as the word is free from the old connotations that raise prejudice against the term Empire. But the latter is now so widely accepted by the British Nations and so naturally used in India, that little objection really exists against it. The body politic would, under these circumstances, have climbed one step higher on the ladder of evolution.

The racial tie in the Empire would be the Āryan, as all the Nations in it descend from a common ancestor; and curiously enough, it would include the five sub-races already evolved—the Indian, the Persian exiles in India, the Egyptian, the Kelt, the Teuton. Other European Nations are also, of course, Keltic and Teutonic, they being all derived from the twain; the Arabs also are offshoots, and the Iranians are few in India, the bulk of them being outside. So also,

America, having been rent away in the eighteenth century, will probably not be willing to integrate itself into the Āryan Empire in the twentieth. But some 374,000,000 of people will make a very fairly strong Empire, and one that will be peaceful rather than aggressive, secure within its own borders, and with little reason to overstep them.

It is important to observe that the value of this Āryan Empire to the world will largely depend on the full development of the peculiar "values" of each component Nation. "Unity in diversity" is the key-note of evolution, and the greater the diversity which is consistent with a common aim and common ideals, the greater the richness of the whole. Here lies the value of Federation. Federation implies National Autonomy, the rule of each Nation within its own borders, so that it can develop to the full its own culture, its own characteristics, following its own traditions, an original and not a copy. We do not want an Imperial monotone, but an Imperial chord.

Hence the importance of Self-Government within each Nation, since only thus can it develop the wealth of its own ideals, and contribute to the richness, strength and dignity of the whole. England's great contribution to the Empire is her ideal of Liberty, of Individuality, of Resistance to tyranny. The Colonies, being of British stock, share these ideals, contributing further equality of Rights, than is found in Great Britain, both as regards social classes and as regards sex. Women enjoy in Australia and New Zealand a political equality denied to them in the United Kingdom, and they would certainly not give up this right in the reconstruction of the Empire. Liberty of thought on

religious and social matters is greater in the Colonies than in their more conservative Mother-country, and one form of religion is not favoured more than others. India will bring to the common stock her sublime ideals of spirituality, of social inter-dependence, her higher standard of social honour, of the duty of the individual to the whole of which he is a part.

Such a body politic as will be this Āryan Empire the world has never yet seen. The combination of qualities in the constituent Nations will create a Federation unexampled in the history of the world. The extraordinary and variegated wealth of Indian literature with the robustness and vigour of the British will offer ideals which will nourish the children of the Empire to a literary splendour of achievement as yet unknown. Science and Art will shed on it their lustre; the wondrous architecture of the Mughal will beautify the lands, and the discoveries and applications of science will enrich them. Scientific agriculture applied to the vast area of cultivable land in India will feed the Empire, and enrich our Motherland; the Northern Territory of Australia will no longer be a no-man's-land, but a source of Imperial wealth. The various branches of the Āryan Race, developed in different environments, will unite in one splendid Imperial Brotherhood, the greatest the world has seen since the City of the Golden Gates was ruined, and that Āryan Empire shall rise higher and higher, until it overtops all that have gone before, the marvel of a world, the glory of Āryan humanity.

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Annie Besant



## THE USE OF WAR

By W. H. KIRBY, M.A.

IN a previous article entitled: "The Value of Peace," I ventured to consider certain aspects of peace when this desirable state did not arise, as it should, from mutual goodwill and respect, but rather existed owing to a balance of power, becoming thereby a condition of growing tension due to competition and watchful interest as to aims and intentions among the various groupings of nations.

Peace, under these conditions, was shown to be a precarious affair depending upon a state of temporary equilibrium liable to be overthrown by any slight incident, intentional or otherwise, on either side; the result being War.

We are all agreed: War is deplorable, horrible, damnable, terrible in every way and at all times, and the more civilised and advanced the nations involved, the more brutal and the worse it appears to be.

As Lowell pithily puts it in his Biglow Papers:

Ez fer War, I call it murder,—  
There you have it plain an' flat;  
I don't want to go no furdur  
Than my Testymet for that.

But though War is wrong, bestial and savage and worthy of all condemnation; though we shall—some day—outgrow the necessity for War, that is, physical

War, and pass on, as long as evolution continues, to other and subtler forms of conflict, until we learn more perfectly lessons from the Gospel of Love, yet there is some truth also in these other words of the same author above quoted when he says:

Not but wut abstract War is horrid,  
I sign to thet with all my heart,—  
But Civlisation does get forrid  
Sometimes upon a powder-cart!

Whatever a nation's reluctance to War may be, however progressed ideas and ideals may be, that all else must be tried before arms are resorted to, failing all else, honour, national and individual, may require this supreme arbitrament of us and leave us no other course to follow.

In other terms, when treaties, signatures and promises have no further binding force in the process of living side by side, must not life itself be put up as the stake for the regulation and settlement of future existence? What else is this but War? And in such case, when nations and individuals are staking their lives for principles, are throwing into the balance their all and making their utmost sacrifice for their ideals, the word War is ennobled, and, though grim as ever in aspect, bears on its physiognomy the stern imprint of a sacrifice to duty and to a higher and inscrutable destiny. All will depend upon the motive. As in all else, the decision between a right war and a wrong war will lie as to whether it was selfish or unselfish in origin; whether it was aggressive or defensive in purpose; whether it arose from a desire to get and to have, or to defend and uphold.

When the motive leading to war has been clearly a right motive and not one of aggrandisement or

rapacity at the expense of others; when it has been prompted by a desire for the stout maintenance of treaties and principles of civilised life or has arisen in defence of one's own or of others' legitimate interests and boundaries; whatever the subsequent horrors and trials of war, the combatant can in no way feel dishonoured or degraded, but instead quite the reverse, by his participation in what may be naturally repugnant—as all the lower passions are to his higher and better self.

As civilisation stands to-day, as armies are to-day, composed in the main of average citizens and men of peaceful and productive occupation, who is there who individually wants to fight, and to fight—be it noted—amid the most awful contrivances for destruction that the refined ingenuity of the modern scientist and mechanic can devise? No one, or scarcely any but the lowest and least intelligent.

One is almost sorry for the dullness of certain pacifists and theory-crankers who go on bleating about how savage we all are and how wicked it is to fight; who uphold the value of sitting round a nice big green baize-covered table, with tumbler and bottle of water complete, indulging in a fine flow of academic talk as the panacea and solution of all international problems, even when treaties have been torn up and hostile armies are pillaging and plundering their neighbours who trusted in the protection of a "scrap of paper".

No one, of course, wants to fight; not even, perhaps, the ebullient Bernhardt or the fire-eating Kaiser himself with his clique of misguided Prussians in uniform. Certainly no sane, hard-working,



industrious German of the more intelligent classes could have faced with equanimity the idea of a war against his best customers, with whom trade was ever increasing, and especially against England whose home and colonial markets were ever open to German traffic while her own products were rigidly kept out of Germany by tariff protection, had it not been for the lure carefully nurtured and ingrained throughout the country for the last forty years, that "Deutschland," after all, was "uber alles," and that the Germans were predestined from on high to be a chosen race and could, by stealthy preparation, one day seize all for themselves and become the arbiters of Europe and of the world.

This acute form of chronic "swollen head" produced, by degrees that required state of mental perversion which has, since the outbreak of the War, characterised the German attitude in word and deed, and has revealed the abyss that lies between them and all other civilised nations. The moral—or rather immoral—squint that has gradually developed in their national outlook is the direct product and consequence of a one-sided concentration on their own imagined superior virtues, and this has brought on them the continual psychological errors that have militated most against them in all their international relations alike with neutrals as with enemies.

Brought up as a nation to imagine that they were the purveyors to the world at large of "Kultur"; of all order and system; that their methods and their civilisation were not only the best but the only right schemes; that they were God-destined to put things straight for Him in this perverse world; pride and conceit were, it follows, second nature to them and they

failed to realise that they had, since the 'sixties, grown up to be a nation of "parvenus" with the mentality of the bourgeois bully in whose heart there is neither the milk of human kindness nor the elements of compassion and understanding, but instead there grows fruitfully that evil plant of envy and hatred that has overshadowed their qualities and poisoned them against the countries of Europe they may not and cannot dominate.

This idea of domination was, and perhaps is still, an obsession in their minds. I remember at the outbreak of war a German friend saying to me: "Ah, if only the English had joined in with us, we might have ruled the world together!" Subconsciously my friend was no doubt aware of the feeling that the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races represent the predominant sub-races of the present time and are therefore, to some extent, destined by character and evolution to have a predominating influence over older and earlier races. But where he was psychologically wrong was that domination, as he meant it, of Europe or of the world by any one race or sub-race is not at all in the programme or the scheme of things. The human family, composed of all and sundry, working out, severally, their parallel or cross lines of evolution and destiny, is too complex a body to permit of exclusive supremacies. Its very source of progress and amelioration is its richness in the variety of its elements. Its evolution depends upon the complex interweaving of different strains of nationality. The corporate body of humanity has its functional organs of vitality, some more, some less important, but all, as in any other organism, necessary to the whole and to the several processes of growth and development.

What was at the root of my friend's remark was really a burglarious and quite primitive idea, namely: "Being the stronger all round, let us rule the world together by force and for our common benefit," and no doubt there lay in the back of his mind the further idea which for the time being it was not prudent to express: "Until I get strong enough to kick you out and continue the partnership alone!"

It is this state of mind that bears in it the clue to all their errors, namely selfishness fomented by conceit and equipped by cunning.

The German idea of Colonial expansion is not, as in other Empires, the idea of bettering and developing for its own sake, reaping whatever may accrue in the shape of benefits direct or indirect in just and fair consideration for all concerned; but rather to get and to hold and to exploit exclusively for themselves, imposing on the conquered their will, their organisation and their ideas quite irrespectively of whether these are suitable to, or liked by, their subjects or not. Again, when immediate acquiescence to their methods is not forthcoming, their idea is to speedily produce the proper spirit of submission by the use of force and terrorisation, never realising that nothing is ever obtained that way, otherwise than temporarily, and that in high-spirited or old races such methods only lead to moral stiffening, which by stimulating endurance and latent energies, will, in good time, overthrow the oppressor.

What but universal execration and condemnation has Germany obtained by her hideous cruelty in Belgium or by her oppression in Poland? What has Austria, her worthy servant and imitator, gained in

Serbia or Montenegro? What have either attained by their terroristic but futile Zeppelin and submarine attacks? A sop perhaps to throw into the open mouths of their own people, something that their newspapers can make much of and gloat over, but with it a title to disgrace and dishonour that will blot their names and their nations for generations to come. When has ever an invader, who uses force and coercion in the country he has usurped, reaped aught else but hatred undying and unquenchable? History is one mass of instances: in half a century Italy has never forgotten or forgiven the Austrians, though she turned them out of Lombardy to the mountain fastnesses of her Alpine boundaries where she is now engaged upon completing the task of liberating the Trentino and those others of her Italian people whose blood and sentiments the Austrians have never been able in all these years to change. Similarly the French in Alsace and Lorraine, despite every diligent and persistent effort of the invader, have never ceased to look with longing eyes for the dawn of that happy day, now fast approaching, when all that is German will be for ever turned out neck and crop from the soil whose soul and heart is French. So shall it be with Belgium, Poland, Serbia, Montenegro, and wherever else a ruthless invader holds sway by force of arms and methods of selfish oppression. So this great War had to come, once that the ruling Powers of central Europe had definitely set out on the false path of aggression, proclaiming loud their auto-superiority to all others, once the life and liberty of nations was menaced; and it had to come in order that humanity might as a whole awake to a fuller sense of its growth and responsibilities and might not presently fall irretrievably and completely

for long ages a prey to an utterly wrong spirit: that same spirit that has ruined in the past many a great civilisation and that of old is said to have produced the downfall of ancient Atlantis. Then, as of late, all the forces and demons of evil under various alluring masks were rising to the surface and encroaching upon the circle of men's lives. Power was everything, money was everything, material prosperity, intellectual pride, comfort, luxury, physical well-being, these were the ideals alike for men as for nations. All that represented spirituality, all those ideals that spring from Love and Altruism, these were all very well in themselves as theories or as hobbies, but eminently impractical in actual, positive, pragmatic life.

Unfortunately, with the intense cultivation and extension of all these material aims, for the last quarter of a century the higher side of things and the nobler and inner qualities of man had tended to shrink into the shadow in proportion as the pace in the struggle for riches and possessions, as an end in themselves, increased. The whole thing was a vicious circle; for as the civilised world became more luxurious and pleasure-loving, the very characteristics and virtues that had produced an unprecedented improvement and marvellous development in the last half-century of European history gradually dwindled and were lost sight of, so that all the wrong aspects of right qualities came to be accepted as sufficient. Licence and selfish independence gradually supplemented the proper sense of freedom and self-reliance; cleverness and sharpness took the place of real thought; shallow intellectualism substituted wisdom; expediency was made to serve in the place of right judgment and duty;

personal or party aims were considered before those of the community at large or of the nation. Where before, and in times of greater stress, Art was pursued for its own sake, and Craft thrived because of sincerity of purpose and sterling worth, of late quantity weighed more in the public imagination than quality, and "cheap and nasty" substitutes, that masqueraded as genuine, flooded the markets and the dwellings of nations whose peoples were becoming as superficial and shallow in their lives as their forefathers had been earnest and strenuous.

Europe, as the central seat of the present civilisation, was at the end of a cycle and one of its foremost nations was distinctly on a wrong track, while the rest were bidding fair to follow it in their admiration for its growing power and organisation, while being at the same time gradually and unawares enmeshed in a net of intrigue, subventioned competition, and peaceful penetration.

A little longer time, and while neglecting all sane and obvious duties in the expenditure and use of wealth, we nations of Europe should have found ourselves all sitting round each other glaring, with empty purses but armed to the teeth, planning ever greater armaments, consuming all right energies in wrong directions, plotting and stealing marches on each other, and finally succumbing in a universal explosion to that nation which had planned the more craftily and got the upper hand, to become henceforth a servant and a vassal to whatever order of life might be imposed. Truly a nightmare of Imperial slavery, grinding and terrible in its orderliness and materiality; what we may well imagine the Dark Powers would consider an ideal state of things!

So the White Powers, who for the everlasting salvation of mankind preside over the destinies of mortals, in their compassionate Wisdom saw that the struggle must come. Precepts and warnings had been of no avail, messengers bearing Their words had passed unheeded, all that could be done had been done, we may be sure, to avert so great a catastrophe bringing untold pain and suffering to millions of men and their families; but at last karma and the inscrutable purposes of Destiny had to take their course, and in the breaking up of forms the soul will grow and have new birth. While the world of matter is undergoing upheaval, principles will take on a fuller meaning, and Spirit, set free, will endow all men with the inspiration of a better life.

This is why the War with all its horrors has its use. What was evil in humanity had to come to a head, and all that represented the working of the Dark Powers had to be faced and met on the road of Life at this particular milestone and be fought and defeated by the Powers of Light for the good of the future of humanity.

But the War will be worth much to human beings in many other ways, when Time, the great Healer, allows of balanced reflection and calm retrospection of events that to-day we can only observe *partim* and in their more terrible aspects.

The very size and extension of this War has knitted together men and nations by ties that nothing less could have welded. We who would pursue the paths of brotherhood cannot but marvel at the unerring purpose of those who guide men's destinies and who, in so short a time, have brought about the beginnings of so many changes in feeling, sympathies and

understanding between nation and nation and between man and man.

If it was the scheme or dream of the German Emperor to cut asunder the limbs and body of the British Empire, he has certainly done the one thing to obtain an exactly opposite result, for not only has he not sundered anything that concerns us, but he actually helped to break down and destroy what little flimsy semblance of partition or differences of view there may have been, and has succeeded in creating bonds that have cemented the whole British Empire with a sense of mutual confidence and solidarity of purpose combined with a binding force of affection as had never before entirely existed.

Nor has this been confined to our Empire alone. We have, hitherto, among continental nations been always a little handicapped and sometimes misunderstood, partly through our own fault and conventionalism and partly through that of others, for our insularity. Yet what a miracle the War has worked! Our soldiers and sailors, some five millions of our very best, are sharing their all and giving their lives side by side with Allies speaking other tongues and having other ideas of life, other religions; other habits, other temperaments, yet who have become in a very real sense their brothers and their trusted comrades in hours of the greatest strain, danger, and test of manhood.

In the fortitude of their trials and sufferings in common, bonds are welded between nation and nation that not only will continue for long after the War, but which scarcely aught else could have effected and which must bear valuable fruit in the future.

Nations and individuals have much more in them than is apparent to the eye at first sight. It is the occasion that brings it out. People spoke of England as if it was incapable of producing an army, that is, of fighting for its life and principles if they were at stake, or of defending its friends if they were menaced; yet in a brief time the splendid spirit of unselfishness and devotion latent in a right-thinking nation has produced the millions of men and materials we required, and most generously and splendidly our Colonies have helped us. One can only say—in parenthesis—one pities those pacifists and sorry objectors “on principle” whose excessive dilation of the conscience causes them to miss such rare opportunities of service to their country. They have yet to realise the meaning of Sherman’s lines where he says:

This is the soldier brave enough to tell  
The glory-dazzled world that “War is Hell”;  
Lover of peace, he looks beyond the strife,  
And rides through hell to save his country’s life.

Again, how many prejudices and anachronistic ideas that had grown into empty habits of mind are in the course of being shattered and crumpled up as obsolete! Who will ever again lay undue stress on the divisions of race and race, of colour and colour, of religion and religion, when East and West, North and South, Nation and Nation, Colony and Motherland have fought, sacrificed, and suffered side by side for the common cause. In proportion as Eastern nations or African Colonies have given of their best to assist the Mother Country with the same liberality and loyalty with which Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders, who are closer to us by race, have come forward to help in every way, so have they earned the right to every

consideration, and our debt of gratitude will entitle them to fair treatment in all that may constitute their legitimate aspirations in the future.

Many a problem will, by this War and by all they have acquired in love and trust, automatically find, I feel sure, a speedy, sympathetic and just solution.

What changes of relationship between nation and nation have occurred in so brief a period as a year in the face of common danger and mutual interests!

But a short time ago the international visits of monarchs or of ministers were rare events; nowadays ministers and monarchs of Allied Powers are all on the move; Cabinet meetings, Councils of War, miniature parliaments of representative authorities or delegates are held indifferently, now here, now there, in this or that Capital, and one really is beginning to get a frisky continental idea that it may dawn one of these days on our staid and conventional British minds that it is high time that we learnt a few foreign languages for our pleasure and profit, and adopted henceforth the simpler and more economical method of counting by the metric and decimal system!

Even the much fought sex question has come within the domain of practical politics to a far greater extent and in a far more agreeable manner than the most ardent suffragette leader could have dared anticipate before August 1914. Not in England alone, but in all countries, women have done and are doing so much in so many ways that are useful and even vital that their claims not only cannot in future be put aside, but are even now being consolidated and made sure of taking a suitable place in the future energies of the nation’s life.

Above all this struggle, this present horrible infliction of pain, loss, anguish and death on millions of people and their families, the stout hope must grow up in us that this great upheaval will renew all standards of life, all ideas of what fundamental society and national existence are based upon; that it must and will lead to a simpler condition of existence, and a more natural and less complex way of living, and that out of the burning fire of these present trials humanity as a whole will emerge chastened and purified and readier in the calm that follows the storm to hear the still, small voice of the Spirit. It is early yet to foreshadow the conclusion or the outcome of this world-wide War, but no calamity, no trial, ever comes without producing ultimate good and serving the purpose of the All-Wise; so, "God send us Peace" when the time is ripe, but not before, for as a wise American has put it:

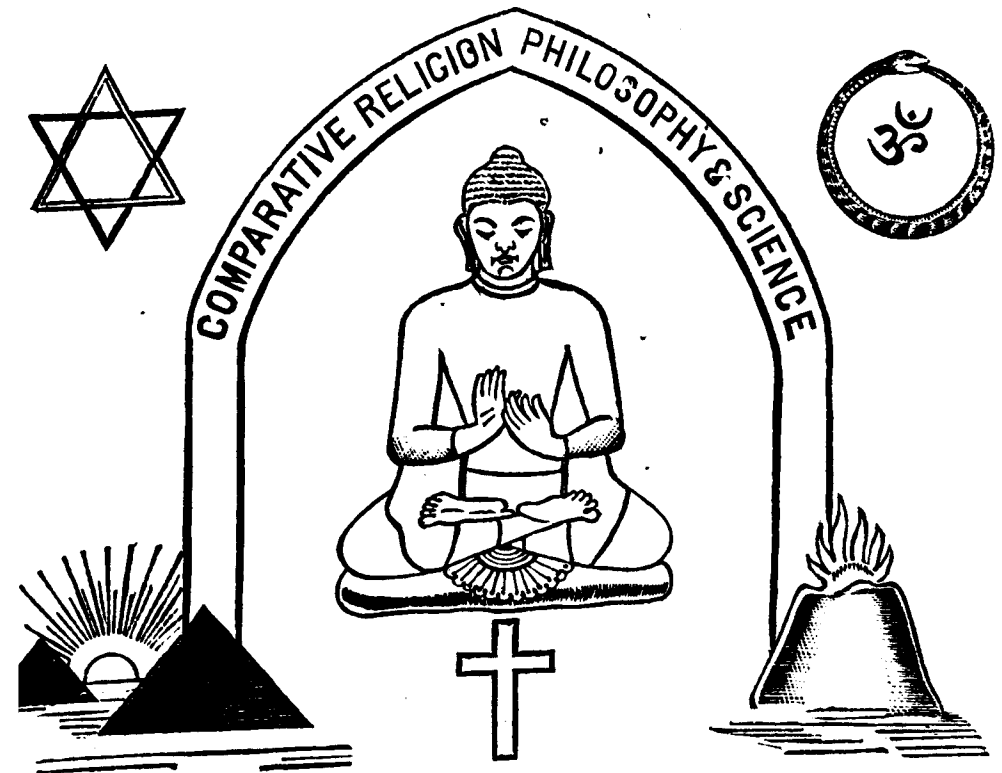
Peace won't keep house with Fear:  
If you want peace, the thing you've got to do  
Is just to show you're up to fighting too.

For what is the highest secret of Victory and Peace? "To will what God wills and strike a league with Destiny."

Much will have to be rebuilt when the War is over; much thought out again in the light of all that has happened; and new generations will profit by the lessons learnt and the sacrifices made and the lives laid down by those of the present day. To these whose business it will be to bear and to bring up a new and a better humanity our augury is:

Come Peace! Not like a mourner bowed,  
For honour lost and dear ones wasted,  
But proud, to meet a people proud,  
With eyes that tell of triumph tasted.

W. H. Kirby



## SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS IN ART AND LITERATURE

By MISS HARRIS

IN every age certain noble souls have been receptive to the thoughts of God. Poets, Artists and Musicians are to us Interpreters of the Divine.

Browning, endowed with the soul of a poet, was surely empowered also with the soul of music when he

wrote "Abt Vogler" and defined a common chord in the lines:

And I know not if, save in this,  
Such gift be allowed to man,  
That out of three sounds he frame,  
Not a fourth sound, but a star.  
Consider it well: each tone of our  
Scale in itself is nought;  
It is everywhere in the world—  
Loud, soft, and all is said:  
Give it to me to use! I mix it  
With two in my thought:  
And, there! Ye have heard and seen:  
Consider and bow the head!

What mighty vistas open for us in the words:

And I know not if, save in this,  
Such gift be allowed to man,  
That out of three sounds he frame,  
Not a fourth sound, but a star.

Shall we not name Poet, Artist and Musician the tones of the common chord reverberating through life, and endeavour to suggest the framing of the star? Their inspiration is consciousness of the immanence of God. When we are gathered into the complete harmony of a great picture and of a great poem, we shall hear:

Life answering life across the vast profound,  
In full antiphony, by a common grace.<sup>1</sup>

Let us think of Holman Hunt's famous picture "The Light of the World". There is the far-seeing Christ knocking at the fast closed door. Could he but gain admittance, the Light of Divine understanding would shine upon the inmates. But great sprays of bramble and undergrowth bar the door; while the expression on the face of the waiting Stranger is one of eternal patience. To find in Literature such sublime

<sup>1</sup> E. B. Browning.

expression of the soul's need of God, let us quote from Francis Thompson's poem "In No Strange Land".

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,  
The eagle plunge to find the air—  
That we ask of the stars in motion  
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,  
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—  
The drift of pinions we would hearken,  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

In the works of G. F. Watts we find the conscious realisation of a great ideal. One picture I should like to describe to you. It is a picture symbolical of young manhood and is called "Aspirations". The fair face of the youth is so illumined, we call to mind the words of Festus, addressed to Paracelsus on the eve of his departure—"As if, where'er you gazed, there stood a star!" In the great crisis of the present day our young manhood is leaving us as Paracelsus left his friends. How many of us have seen on the face of the departing one the ideal depicted in G. F. Watts' "Aspirations". Were such expression to find utterance in the last supreme moment, would it not be in the words of Paracelsus himself:

I go to prove my soul!  
I see my way as birds their trackless way—  
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,  
I ask not: but unless God send his hail,  
Or blinding fireballs, sleet, or stifling snow,  
In some good time—His good time—I shall arrive:  
He guides me and the bird.<sup>1</sup>

The "Angel Choir" of Joshua Reynolds is a picture which has given and surely will always give great delight. Christ, we remember, set a little child in the midst, saying, "and whoso shall receive one such little

<sup>1</sup> Browning.

child in my name receiveth me". The words are for ever new when the wide, unspeakable gaze of a child flashes for an instant across our travel-weary soul, and the immortal verse of Wordsworth breathes in transcendent harmony :

Out birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar :  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home.

The beautiful impressionism of Joseph Israels must hold great sway with us, because of its essential spirituality. The vast yearning of the mother's face, in his picture entitled "On the Look Out," possesses our imagination. It is wonderful to observe how oblivious, in his painting, Joseph Israels is to all except the supreme suggestion of soul. Mother and child are by the sea. This much we know. What does the exquisite pathos of the picture suggest? Whose are the gentle words we hear wafted across the wind?

Deep, deep Love, within thine own abyss abiding,  
Pour Thyself abroad, O Lord, on earth and air and sea ;  
Worn weary hearts within Thy holy temple hiding,  
Shield from sorrow, sin and shame my helpless babe  
and me.<sup>1</sup>

Turner, we believe, was the great interpreter of light. Infinitely caressed are his wonderful pictures by an all-pervading sunshine. To infinite distances our eye carries us o'er his majestic scenes, and how shall we worship as we travel, except in the words of Carlyle :

O ye deep azure Heavens, and thou green all-nursing  
Earth ; ye Streams ever-flowing ; deciduous Forests that die  
and are born again, continually like the sons of men . . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Kingsley

O thou unfathomable mystic All, garment and dwelling  
place of the Unnamed<sup>1</sup>

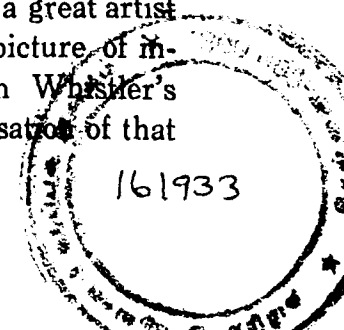
Who has ever failed to be impressed by the poetic humility of the two labourers in Milet's "Angelus"? The sense of cessation of work in the pregnant evening stillness enthralls us. With bowed heads, scarce breathing, waiting for the infinitely profound, there comes the whisper :

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and  
Spirit with Spirit can meet—  
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer  
than hands and feet.<sup>1</sup>

There is another picture, lesser known than those I have referred to, and symbolical of greater pain. It is by a Florentine artist, Masaccio, and represents the "Expulsion from Paradise". The face of Eve is alive with anguish, whilst from the avenging wrath of God Adam hides his face. I say—"from the avenging wrath of God"—but is it so? Or rather is it, as the Roadmender says, that "while we proclaim from the housetops that which we have learnt, the manner of our learning lies hid for each one of us in the depths of our own soul". Saul became blind before the manifested glory of God. So in a lesser degree we learn that there are sights a man dare not look upon. Again I quote from Michael Fairless in *The Roadmender*, the story of Gawdine the organ-grinder who, drunken and sin-besotted, looked on the face of a little child and saw God.

I remember hearing it said that when a great artist paints a portrait of his mother, it is a picture of inexpressible charm. Who can look on Whistler's Portrait of his Mother and not feel the pulsation of that

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson.





beautiful relationship? The very atmosphere of the picture suggests the influence which from birth tended our great impressionist. Wordsworth paid reverential tribute to womanhood when he wrote:

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A Traveller between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;  
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of angelic light.

Whistler also immortalised his ideal.

Before Burne-Jones' picture of the "Golden Stair," we stand as in the presence of a divine phantasy. In imagination the white-robed figures appear:

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way.

Let us welcome such bright spirits to our world in the words of Matthew Arnold:

Ye like angels appear  
Radiant with ardour divine;  
Beacons of hope ye appear;  
Langour is not in your heart,  
Weakness is not in your word,  
Weariness not on your brow.

For are not these the nameless Saints of God?

I have endeavoured to suggest how the manifold thought-waves of the spirit-world are received and expressed in Art. I have shown pictures after their completion, and now wish to introduce you for a little while into the artist's creative world.

Thoughts hardly to be packed  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language and escaped.

These are they which, continually and sub-consciously, are building up our great inspirations. How wonderful it is, a work of art created, to trace its primal influences, and in the words of Browning to cry:

And I shall behold Thee, face to face,  
O God, and in Thy light retrace  
How in all I loved here still wast Thou!

Picture to yourselves an artist seeking inspiration in a shady country lane. Tall trees are arching overhead and forming a wonderful lattice, through which shines the flickering sunlight. An unutterable cry is on his lips, for he distrusts his own power of self-expression. Every throb of his being is a throb of pain.

Ah! Must—  
Designer Infinite!  
Ah! must thou chide the wood ere thou  
canst limn with it?<sup>1</sup>

All creation is born in travail, but joy shall surpass sorrow, even as the rainbow transcends the storm. Who shall define the rainbow's span, or who shall translate its radiance from the sky? In Heaven our joys and sorrows intermingle.

With paper and pencil before him, our artist will soon be transported into the highest Heaven, or we shall see him wending his way homewards, the full weight of the unexpressed in his soul. To the onlooker the shady lane is apparent, and the harvest field bordering a rustic wall. But, behold the picture! Whence appeared the woman and child, enthroned, just where the flickering sunlight concentrates on verdant grass and shadowed wall? Impressions garnered in the treasure house of the artist's mind have become a part of his being, and are now made manifest. The shadowy

<sup>1</sup> Francis Thompson.

country lane and the harvest field are only the touchstone whereon the story of Elizabeth Banks is through him again interpreted!

In the figures of mother and child we recognise one who left her home a maid and returned with a child and without a name. "The Lord's hand is heavy, an' a brat's a curse that cannot be hid," Old Dodden had said, when Elizabeth appeared to help with harvesting. But the mother found her sanctuary in a quiet corner of the field, where, bending over her child, her face became illumined and transfigured. So runs the story in *The Roadmender*, and the artist's picture, drawing thence its first inspiration, suggests the Spirit of Motherhood permeating the Solitude of Nature.

Witness the women of his children sweetest—  
Scarcely earth seeth them but earth shall see,  
Thou in their woe Thine agony completest,  
Christ, and their solitude is nigh to Thee.<sup>1</sup>

Let us open still another door in the palace of the artist's mind. Enter quietly, for we are in the sanctuary of a sorrowing soul. On a long, low, crimson sofa the figure of a young girl is lying in utter abandonment. Her black draperies, against which a listless white hand is lying, droop towards the floor. Her face we scarcely see or know; for the window forming the background of the picture holds a beautiful design in stained glass, representing a conventional vase of lilies, interwoven with an inscription of the Beatitude: "Blessed are the pure in heart." The radiant sun in warm reflected light illumines this design on the figure of the girl who

Liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;  
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine.

<sup>1</sup> F. W. H. Myers.

Her soul, for the time being, is fled on the rays of the shining sun across the bosom of the infinite deep. In silent communion she had breathed the prayer:

...Jehovah Lord,  
Make room for rest around me! out of sight  
Now float me, of the vexing land abhorred,  
Till in deep calms of space my soul may right  
Her nature, shoot large sail on lengthening cord.  
And rush exultant on the Infinite.<sup>2</sup>

Finally there arises triumphant in my mind G. F. Watt's beautiful picture of "Love and Life". Surely Love, the angel, who guides the young and trembling figure of Life over the stony places, is the guardian of every human soul. With what sublime trust does Life gaze in the face of the angel, availing herself of his tender help. Is she conscious of how his shadowing wings shelter from her the interminable worlds beyond which she has traversed?

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest holiest manhood thou:  
Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be:  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.<sup>3</sup>

Miss Harris

<sup>2</sup> E. B. Browning.

<sup>3</sup> Tennyson.

## A HETERODOX STUDY IN KARMA

By MARGARET E. COUSINS, MUS. BAC.

THE publication in the April THEOSOPHIST of the very fine article on "Fate and Freewill" encourages one to bring forward thoughts regarding cognate subjects which have sprung from the same root—best described as Optimistic Determinism. Allied with a belief in the Law of Evolution is a belief in the Law of Karma, and if the process of thought and logic bring us to the point of seeing that every "choice" is but the illusion of free will, and that we are agents rather than initiators of a Universal Purpose, then certain current ideas relating to Karma become unsatisfying, appear misleading, and have to share in the new process of reconstruction.

Our idea of Karma is the mental and partial form of a Truth whose life-force must continue to expand as time, experience and meditation play upon it, enabling its full significance to unfold, even though in the process the older conceptions have, for the individual, to be modified, shattered, or supplemented. One follows up the points of reasoning and the flash-lights of intuition humbly, in the spirit of a student and seeker, yet realising that there is a duty of expression, especially when the new aspect has proved a source of strength and helpfulness to oneself in dealing with life's problems.

For instance, is it accurate to say we are making "bad karma"? Can "good karma" bind us to rebirth? Can we consciously affect karma? Is the nature of karma such that it can have attributes applied to it?

H. P. B. says: "All want of harmony produces karma." Karma arises with any disturbance of equilibrium in the Unmanifest, with any appearance of a partial in a totality; it is a concomitant, in degree, of every expression of manifestation. One may overcome the karma which binds us to this earth, but only to discover a new form, or degree, of karma still to be transcended. While differentiation continues, karma exists in a manner analogous in its nature to the "constant" between the radius and circumference of a circle, the ratio between stress and strain, the correlation of forces; it is proportion in the realm of the Relative.

Philosophy insists that all want of *Unity* results in or produces karma, and the greater the departure from unity the greater the amount of karma contracted, which will have to be paid off in the future. Karma is not an *active* agent, it is passive; it is not a cause in itself, but is the Law regulating cause and effect. It is only a secondary product of Will acting on Substance in the media of time and space. Nothing can bring karma into operation but Will, and as there is only One Will in the Universe (making use of an infinite number of vehicles), one is forced to the conclusion that all karma is resultant from the action of that Will, whatever be the agents of which it makes use; and that, whereas Omniscience has no karma, every step outwards from Omniscience, every step towards greater and greater limitation and ignorance, constitutes a heavier bondage of karma, and that its maximum must have

been attained when the lowest point of the outgoing arc of manifestation was reached. Karma in itself is neither good nor bad, but as it affects our evolution we have to apply these terms to it to express relativity.

Now all Occultists agree in teaching those who have no faculty for judging for themselves that humanity is now on the upward evolving cycle of manifestation, and at a comparatively high point on it as compared with minerals, for example. If this then is so, the process which is now going on must be one of dissipation of ignorance and limitation; and the maximum of karmic tension having been reached (if karma be defined as the elasticity of Spirit in its mode as matter), then we seem face to face with the conclusion that in this cycle, no new binding karma is being, or can be, made, but that everything that takes place is, instead, sharing in the work of gaining liberation from karmic fetters: the many are being absorbed into the One.

If, then, according to occult knowledge, the Good Law, or the One Will, is now taking every possible means to dispel all bondage, it will be practical to consider wherein our bondage lies, and how our lives and actions may affect it. The generally accepted, all-inclusive rule governing the laws of progress is that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," but this is a statement that must not be accepted literally, nor through the medium of our Western ideas of Justice must it be converted into the old Jewish idea of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," which is merely punitive, and not reformatory. In connection with karma one so often hears the first quotation that it is worth while looking into it and seeing whether the latter interpretation will fit it.

The scriptural aphorism, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is usually considered to stand as a simile of perfect balance, but a little deeper thought shows that if this were true, the sower would reap only one seed for the one seed he sowed; whereas Nature ensures that each one seed shall bring forth many, and even the exceptional seed which fails to reproduce, is made use of in the economy of nature and becomes food for the birds! Implied also in the loose application of this text to karma is the idea that action and reaction are equal and opposite, but if this were all, then there could be no progress in life. The Law is ever subject to the Lawgiver, and the One Will ever works for its own purpose through its agents; and now, when its purpose is to get rid of the accumulation of karma, in every one's life that One Will Godward may be likened to the action of the most perfect harvest-producing weather, which would cause every seed sown to bring forth its best result, whatever be the ground and the seed. Thus when one does what we call a wrong or ignorant action, one will suffer for it according to the laws of the physical kingdom; but this is not the only thing that will happen. The seed was sown in ignorance, *i.e.*, want of *realisation* of the laws of good, but the harvest reaped will not be ignorance, but knowledge. The action will have to be repaid according to the laws of Nature governing it on the physical plane, but on the higher planes the action and its reaction will be quite different in quality. In the insistence laid on the law of exact retribution, the greater truth of the unavoidable urge forward of the Life-Force, the Cosmic Will, is lost in the customary definition of karmic

action. Whether aware of it or not, each one "must be about his Father's business". No mistakes will be made in the administration of the Good Law; the laws of Compensation and Retribution will deal just reward and just punishment, but ever there will be "the little more—and how much it is!" thrown into the scales, a greater incentive of joy in well-doing, a greater experience of the evils of wrong-doing gained through the suffering; in both cases a shattering of sheaths, an expansion of consciousness, an increased realisation of Good. Accordingly it is necessary to bear in mind that the quality which one may call  $x$  (the unknown quantity) which always accompanies kârmic action and reaction; it is usually considered personal free will, but is in reality the Grace of God, the Divine Will working through us. If Man could tell all results from all causes, then he would be God; but while he is Man, he is ever in the presence of a Mystery.

One of the ideas that lead to a misconception of karma is the belief that people can do wrong in full consciousness. Every one knows that there are certain classes of actions which he or she could not possibly do, so strongly would they be felt to be wrong, and these are the promptings of the soul, the results of suffering experienced many times till the lesson of the right action was burnt into the soul; and such knowledge once attained can never be forgotten or gainsaid, for it is against all ideas of a unified, well-ordered cosmic scheme that a soul, having attained a certain soul-consciousness of good through much suffering, will go back on its path. But there are many actions about the right doing of which the intellect may have an opinion or

a theory, while its possessor may act contrariwise; for mental perception is very different from soul-realisation, and is indeed only a step towards the latter. Mental acquiescence, apart from that inner compulsion which cannot be denied, is required for the building up of realisation and soul-consciousness, but it is the rough stone which needs much hammering and chiselling and modelling before it is fit for its niche. The doing of wrong is, then, but an evidence of ignorance and limitation, and when it is seen as a kârmic necessity, since only through the suffering consequent on such action can knowledge and realisation be attained, then we are forced to conclude that at the present point in the evolution of each one, our wrong acts are not kârmic fetters to bind us to matter all the more tightly, but are the necessary grindstones on which we sharpen our instrument (the soul and the desire-nature) for the breaking through of existing fetters.

Omniscience, as already stated, has no karma; that which is of the nature of omniscience, namely, good or knowledge, has no karma. Only that which is contrary to knowledge, ignorance, calls forth the agency of karma so to work that the ignorant one may be made to suffer through the bad actions done ignorantly, and through the suffering attain to wisdom, joy, knowledge. Science has rightly proved that the trend of all evolution is to turn ignorance into knowledge, incapacity into efficiency, consciousness into self-consciousness. Metaphysicians and psychologists will prove that self-consciousness is ever seeking to attain Cosmic Consciousness, while Mystics will seek in all the processes the return of the Spirit through matter.

It is sometimes maintained that good karma binds us as strongly as does bad karma: it cannot be the good in any action that binds, for good is a positive quality of the nature of that which began manifestation and is now engaged in the work of dissolving it. That which retains the burden of karma is rather the amount of ignorance, of evil, with which such a good action is intermixed. The aspiration to do good, the burning desire to gain liberation, to attain Nirvāṇa, which subdues all other desires to itself, is the agent of the One Will for freeing Itself from Its self-imposed karmic bondage. Through this positive, never-to-be-conquered "power" within us "which makes for righteousness" we are driven towards the goal of liberation-from-effort. If the effort towards good were considered to be as binding to earth as the effort towards evil, then a feeling of reaction would set in and progress would be given a set-back. We must go with the stream, *for we are part of it*, and we can neither go against it, nor sink to its bottom. It is only in the Unmanifest that there exists a pair of opposites equally balanced, and this opposition of equal forces is that which produces its equilibrium, its quiescence, its absence of motion as such, its state of Be-ness as well as of non-form, non-everything. One only gropes after words in following out thoughts on this plane. But the point is that, as a condition of manifestation, there cannot be such a thing as two equal forces, good and evil, pulling equally in opposite directions. Christian Theology intuitively taught this when it denied that God and the Devil were co-equals. Instead, it said that God—Good—allowed the Devil—Evil—to range round the world for a certain space of time, after which he was to be chained up, and Good would set

to work to counteract and repair all the harm Evil had done in the time. We must then work through, and with, the Will Godward which is now leading all to liberation from the Wheel of Life, and far from thinking that striving to do good for good's own sake will bind us to that wheel quite as firmly as doing evil, rather strive to increase our knowledge of good, refining it from its impurities, ever transmuting it into the fine gold of spiritual wisdom and activity, realising that we are using the omnipotent force which is working for the liberation of the Cosmos.

Considering how often one hears the remark, "it is my karma," made to cover a multitude of sins, both of omission and commission, it will not be amiss to touch on the point of what knowledge one can have of karma. What has happened, those good and bad actions that have been done, the circumstances in which the past has been played out, this *was* karma; but who can tell what the future, which is every moment beyond the one in which we live, may bring forth? All causes are not known; some may be, but such can be the effect of an unknown act in some other life on these, that the new factor will bring about an entirely unexpected result. And always has the *x* quantity of our own rate of evolutionary momentum to be remembered. We cannot know enough of our past lives to be able to say what our karma may be in the future, and we cannot consciously change what is unknown to us.

The only chart of karma given to each is God's map of the life inscribed in the heavens at each manifestation of the physical form, at the birth moment of each child; and while believing it is written there in every detail, as the notes, one might say, to which the

astrological Kārmic Lords refer, yet the reading of it must ever be limited by the inevitable ignorance of the earthly astrologer to such a degree that while seeing causes and probable effects, at no point can he or she say what *exact* action karma will bring forth right through every moment of the life. We are ever in the presence of a great Mystery, meditation on which should make us humble and reverent, while yet not crushing the desire for expansion in us, for we are indeed One with that Mystery of Self, if we could but realise it. One of the shortest routes to Liberation is the belief that we are but instruments for the Cosmic Mind to work out its own good plans, by the agency of inevitable change. Let it be remembered that in the light of optimistic determinism, which deep down in the heart every one clings to and believes intuitively, the world task and the individual task is the discharging of the kārmic cargo of limitation and ignorance, and no just master will allow us to load and unload at the same time; that therefore we cannot be making fresh bad karma, nor are we being bound by our good actions; rather, that everything that happens is leading each and all on in the only possible way to that "divine event to which the whole creation moves"; and that it behoves us ever to keep before us, in thinking of karma, the words of the inspired *Gītā*: "All actions are wrought by the qualities of nature only. The self, deluded by egoism, thinketh: 'I am the doer'."

Margaret E. Cousins

## BEAUTIES OF THE QURAN<sup>1</sup>.

By ZIAUDDIN AHMAD BARNI, B.A.

OF all the sacred books of the world the Qurān is, in my opinion, the one book which has been least studied by the educated non-Mohammedans at large. This idea has been present in my mind for the last four or five years, and then I was altogether at a loss to know its cause. But when I began to study such authors as Sir William Muir, Tisdal and Washington Irving, its clue was not far to seek. These people have, through their writings, so much prejudiced the minds of non-Muslims that they seldom think of studying this Book which has been a fruitful source of life for hundreds of millions of Mussalmans all over the world. That such a system is altogether neglected is really a pity. But I hope that this state of things will not last for ever, and that the sincere efforts of the Theosophists, who look at every religious problem in an unbiased manner, will some day or other break the mist of prejudice, both religious and political, against Islām, by encouraging the study of comparative religion, for in that case only the world will be able to see the oneness and unity of life underlying all the religions. May that day come nearer!

<sup>1</sup> This address was read at the Chohan Lodge, Cawnpore, on the 7th May, 1915.

So much, then, for introduction. And now I come to my subject.

The word "Qurân" is the title of the Muslim Bible, and it means "Reading". It is called Al-Kitab, "the Book". Al Furgan, "the Distinguisher," is another title. Some sort of epithet is generally prefixed to such titles, as Majid, "the Glorious," or Sharif, "the Noble". Fifty-five various names are attributed to it in the Qurân.

The delivery of the Qurân occupied twenty-three years. After some passages were revealed to Mohammed, they were taken down by some scribe or committed to memory. Writing was in its primitive condition then, and so the rude materials in vogue among the Arabs were used. Verses were generally written on palm-leaves, bones, tablets of white stone, inner barks of trees, and pieces of thin skin. But as the passages of the Qurân were revealed in the most sublime language, they were very soon treasured up in the memories, and were like proverbs in the mouths of the Arabs. It is not proved that in the lifetime of the Prophet any man had in his possession the whole Qurân written or even preserved in his memory. But among the Companions of the Prophet the whole Qurân was preserved. In this connection it should be borne in mind that in the partial absence of printed or manuscript books the peoples of those days had to depend more or less on their memories, which, by the way, were very strong and retentive. Mohammad, in his lifetime, had given titles to various chapters of the Qurân and had also arranged them in proper order. Whenever he received a revelation from above, he asked his people to insert it in such and such a chapter, and at such and

such a place. It was Abu Bakr who first collected all the chapters. He sought out the fragments from every quarter, and gathered them from the leaves, the bones, stones, barks of trees, and also from the "breasts of men," where they were treasured up. The manuscripts thus collected were committed to the honest care of Hafsa, one of Mohammad's widows. After some time Hadrat Othman sent many copies of the work to various places, and all other fragments were called in and burnt, lest some difference in the text might arise afterwards. This recension has been handed down to us unaltered even in a single vowel. Since its completion thousands of Mohammadans have been eager to treasure the whole Qurân up in their memories in order to recite it, chapter by chapter, in the month of Ramazan (fasting). Now it can be said with certainty, and without using the language of exaggeration, that if all printed or manuscript copies become extinct—and God forbid that such a calamity should ever befall Islâm—there would not be a single portion of the earth where you would not meet such men who have the whole Qurân by heart. From their memories which are always being sharpened by constant and, in most cases, daily revision, one can of course take it down word by word and vowel by vowel. Besides, no mistake can ever occur, as the chapters, the verses, the words, and the letters are all enumerated, a labour of love no doubt. To wit, the Book is divided into 114 Suras or chapters, containing 538 Rukus or paragraphs, 6,666 Ayats or verses, 86,430 words—and 322,671 letters. I do not know whether this sort of schedule has ever been prepared by any community other than the Muslims. But anyhow this was done by the more



devoted Mohammadans in order to ensure the text of the Book throughout the ages to come. This is undoubtedly a unique feature of the Qurân and is a standing miracle of it.

Another chief feature of the Qurân is the miracle of the language, which remains unchallenged even up to this day. It is the purest kind of Arabic dialect, and whenever the unbelievers who, by the way, were themselves the masters of the language, came in contact with the verses of the Qurân, they were really wonder-struck at the sublimity of the language, the writing of which was far beyond the scope of the unlettered Prophet. They were thus forced to believe intuitively that the Qurân could not but be the Word of God. In this connection I would like to refer to Hadrat Omar's conversion to Islâm. Like Abu Jehl (the father of ignorance), Omar—who afterwards became one of the staunchest champions of Islâm—was deadly opposed to the Prophet. He was not only a brave personage, but influential too. His enmity towards the cause of Islâm was a great hindrance to the spread of the religion of God. About the time of which I am writing the story, the Qureshites gathered together, and, after mutual consultations and thoughtful consideration, came to the conclusion that some one should be appointed to bring the head of Mohammad. A prize of 120 camels was also announced. The task was very hard and naturally all eyes turned towards Omar who was ever ready to do even what was considered to be impossible by ordinary folks. The Prophet at that time used to repair to the house of one of his Companions, Argam by name, for his house was spacious enough to have a big audience. There all the

Mohammadans congregated, and listened to the talks of the Prophet. When the announcement concerning the prize was made, all the Believers were in the house of Argam. Omar, with his sword in hand, was hastening to that building when all of a sudden some one on the way informed him of the conversion to Islâm of his sister and her husband. Omar was wild with fury, and at once betook himself to the house of his sister. There the husband and the wife were listening to a chapter of the Qurân recited by a Companion. Omar on entering was very hard on his sister who, pale with fear, ventured to make a request to her tyrant brother to listen to the same passage, and if it failed to move his heart, he was quite at liberty to put her to death. Omar consented, and wondering listened to the passage, the first few verses of which are as follows:

Ta, Ha. Not to sadden thee have We sent down this Quran to thee, but as a warning for him who feareth; it is a missive from Him who hath made the earth, and the lofty Heavens! The God of Mercy sitteth on His Throne; His whatsoever is in the heavens and whatsoever is in the earth, and whatsoever is between them both, and whatsoever is beneath the humid soil. Thou needst not raise thy voice, for He knoweth the secret whisper, and the yet more hidden. God! there is no God but He! Most excellent are His titles.

The chapter was over and Omar was standing mute and dumb. At last he broke forth and said, "These are not the words of man." He then repaired to the house of Argam, and there the people, being under the spell of terror, were not ready to receive him. Omar, who a short time ago, wanted to cut off the Prophet's head, was about to prostrate himself, with tears in his eyes, at the feet of the Master, when the latter held him up and embraced him. Omar was

now a friend and not a foe, and the terror-stricken band of early Muslims was full of joy at this marvellous incident.

The psychology of this conversion is not difficult to understand. An outward stimulus sometimes is sufficient to bring about a spiritual change which is even too deep for arguments. History can furnish examples of such men who, though wretches and irrecoverable, yet turned out saints after the death of some one whom they dearly loved. Human nature is a complex affair, and no hard and fast rules can ever be laid down for it. What is sufficient for one, may be insufficient for another. But an effect is surely there, provided the stimulus is sufficiently strong. Now in this particular example the sublimity of the language, coupled with its rhyming sound and high thoughts, did not fail to touch Omar's heart. The powder was there, and only a match was needed to explode it.

But the greater beauty of the Qurân consists in the preaching of great truths and beautiful precepts in the most appealing style. Even the greatest adverse critic of the nineteenth century, I mean Sir William Muir, had to admit that "the language of the Qurân was cast in the purest and most persuasive style of Arabian oratory". Now I will quote a few passages of the Qurân in order to bring home to you some of its great truths. The following gives the lofty description of God's greatness, the fundamental truth of Islâm:

God! there is no God but He, the Living, the Self-sustaining; neither slumber nor sleep seizeth Him; to Him belongeth whatsoever is in heaven, and whatsoever is in earth. Who is he that can intercede with Him, but through His good pleasure? He knoweth that which is past and that which is to come unto them, and they shall comprehend anything of His knowledge, but so far as He pleaseth. His

throne is extended over heaven and earth, and the preservation of both is no burden unto Him. He is the High, the Mighty.

The "Initial Prayer" is too important to be omitted here. The Mohammedans hold it in the greatest reverence and it is recited in each of the five daily prayers, and also on several other occasions. It corresponds to the "Lord's Prayer" of the Christians. It reads:

Praise be unto God, the Lord of creation, the All-Merciful, the All-Compassionate; Ruler of the Day of Reckoning; Thee do we worship, and Thee do we invoke for help. Lead us in the straight path, the path of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, not in that of those who are the objects of Thy wrath or who walk in error. Amen.

Another beautiful feature of the Qurân is that it has laid down duties towards others. For us Mohammedans it is a code of morals to act upon. A Muslim is required to treat his parents in the most respectful manner. Now listen to the Qurân once more:

The Lord hath ordained that ye worship none but Him, and that ye show kindness to your parents, whether one or both of them attain to old age with thee; and say not to them "Fie"! neither reproach them, but with respectful speech address them both, deferring humbly to them out of tenderness; and say, "Lord, have compassion on them both, even as they reared me when I was a little one."

Again, we are required to be kind and charitable to those who live with us and around us. The Qurân says:

Be good unto parents and to kindred, and to orphans, and to the poor, and to a neighbour, whether kinsman or new-comer, and to a fellow-traveller, and to the wayfarer, and to the slaves which your right hand holds.

This sort of teaching was just the thing wanted for a people who knew no law, and who did not understand the duties of human beings one to another. Most

of the wars waged during the pre-Islamic times in Arabia, were due to the total disregard of this relation. But with the advent of Islām the era of peace began, and all the fratricidal wars came to a close.

It is said that the Qurān enjoins upon its followers a certain number of ceremonies. Quite true. But one cannot do away with the ceremonial side of religion. It would be absurd, impossible, and against the popular bent of human nature. But the spirit of the Qurān discourages the idea of too many ceremonies. A beautiful passage from the Qurān shows that true righteousness does not consist merely in the faithful discharge of ceremonies, but in *righteous actions*. The quotation is as follows :

There is no righteousness in turning your faces towards the East or towards the West ; but he is righteous who believeth in God, and the Last Day, and the Angels, and the Scriptures, and the Prophets ; who, for the love of God, disburseth his wealth to his kindred, and to the orphans, and the needy, and the wayfarer, and those who ask, and for ransoming ; who observeth prayer, and payeth the legal alms, and who is of those who are faithful to their engagements when they have engaged in them, and patient under ills and hardships, and in times of trouble ; these are they who are just, and these are they who fear the Lord.

After reading it the real catholicity of the Qurān can be best understood. There are numerous other passages expressing the same spirit.

Now I wish to quote some moral injunctions inculcated by the Qurān to a people who were steeped in moral degradation. Here are a few of them :

Have nought to do with adultery, for it is a foul thing and an evil way.

Speak unto the believers that they restrain their eyes and observe continence. Thus will they be more pure. God is well aware of what they do.

Walk not proudly on the earth, for thou canst not cleave the earth, neither canst thou equal the mountains in stature. All this is evil and abominable in the sight of the Lord.

O ye, who believe ! stand fast to justice when you bear witness before God, though it be against yourselves or your parents, or your kindred, whether the party be rich or whether he be poor. God is more worthy than both ; therefore follow not your own lusts in bearing testimony, lest ye swerve from truth ; and if ye wrest your testimony or decline giving it, God is aware of what ye do.

All these quotations reveal the highest truths and "also embody much of a moral earnestness and wisdom". It was due to the Qurān that a nation which was sunk in deep barbarism, superstition and vice, and whose religion was the grossest kind of idolatry, began to believe in God's mercy, offered prayers to the one God, gave alms, did other deeds of kindness one to another, practised justice and truth, and feared to commit sin. Impelled by religious uplift, the Arabs, led by the "deep-hearted Son of the wilderness," rose to a power almost unequalled in the history of the nations. Wherever these occupants of the Arabian peninsula made their way, they carried with them reforms and laws. We see them suppressing the worship of idols, and instead of it introducing the worship of the one God ; we see them abolishing infanticide, and hundreds of superstitious usages and customs ; we see them founding seats of learning even in Europe, and keeping the torch of knowledge aflame during the time when Europe, the centre of modern civilisation, was steeped in utter ignorance. All this is due to the teachings of the Qurān and the noble example of the Prophet. And if again the Mussalmans have to rise, they will do so in the consciousness of the Prophet and by following the precepts of the Qurān.

A few more quotations to show the "fine poetical genius" exemplified "in the illustration of spiritual truths". In the following Sura (the soul) all the imagery of nature is exhausted:

By the Sun and his noon-day brightness!  
By the Moon when she followeth him!  
By the Day when it revealeth His glory!  
By the Night when it enshroudeth him!  
By the Heaven and by Him who built it!  
By the Earth and by Him who spread it forth!  
By the Soul and Him who balanced it,  
And breathed into it its wickedness and its piety,  
Blessed now is he who hath kept it pure,  
And undone is he who hath corrupted it."

Again,

By the Night when she spreadeth her veil!  
By the Day when she brightly shineth!  
By Him who created the male and female!  
Of a truth, at different ends do ye aim.  
But as for him who giveth alms and feareth God,  
And yieldeth assent unto the good:  
Unto him will We make easy the path to happiness;  
But as for him who is careless and bent upon riches,  
And who calleth God a lie,  
Unto him We make easy the path of misery.

The wonderful Arabic of the Qurân is untranslatable, and the "bold" prose versions of Sale or Rodwell can in no way represent the true original beauty of the language. This fact has been recognised by most of the eminent Arabic scholars.

It is often said that the teachings of the Muslim Bible are not in keeping with toleration, charity and loving-kindness. Far from it, for its real beauty consists in preaching these very virtues. Over and over again the Qurân says, that

... There is no distinction between Prophets. . . . .  
Every one of the Prophets believed in God, His Angels and His Scriptures and His Apostles. We make no distinction at all between His Apostles. . . . Say, we believe in God and that which has been sent down unto Abraham, and Ismail and Isaac, and Jacob, and other tribes, and that which was delivered to Moses and Jesus and the Prophets from their Lord; we

make no distinction between them. . . . They who believe in God and His Apostles, and make no distinction between any one of them, unto those will We give their regard, and God is Gracious and Merciful!

And again it is written:

Invite men unto the way of thy Lord, by wisdom and mild exhortation; and dispute with them in the most condescending manner, for thy Lord well knoweth him who strayed from His path, and He well knoweth those who are rightly directed. Let there be no compulsion in religion. If they embrace Islâm, they are surely directed, but if they turn their backs, verily unto thee belongeth preaching only.

These passages have a special message to convey especially in these days when there is very little friendly intercourse among the followers of various cults and religions. One must love one's religion but not hate others. "We make no distinction between God's Apostles." Quite true. But we should lead our daily life in such a way as to put this belief into practice by making no distinctions at all between the followers of those Apostles. This world, otherwise full of hardships and miseries, can be changed into a garden by striving after a life of *brotherhood*, and to me it is *real* Theosophy. If we believe that God's Apostles are not separate from one another, and if we believe that they desire that we should love each other and one another, why, then, is all this disunion and lack of friendliness? "Had God pleased, He had surely made you one people. But He hath thought fit to give you different laws, that He might try you in that which He hath given you respectively. Therefore strive to excel each other in good works; unto God shall ye all return, and then will He declare unto you that concerning which you have disagreed." So runs the Message, and let us all act according to it.

Ziauddin Ahmad Barni

### THE PERSIAN GARDEN

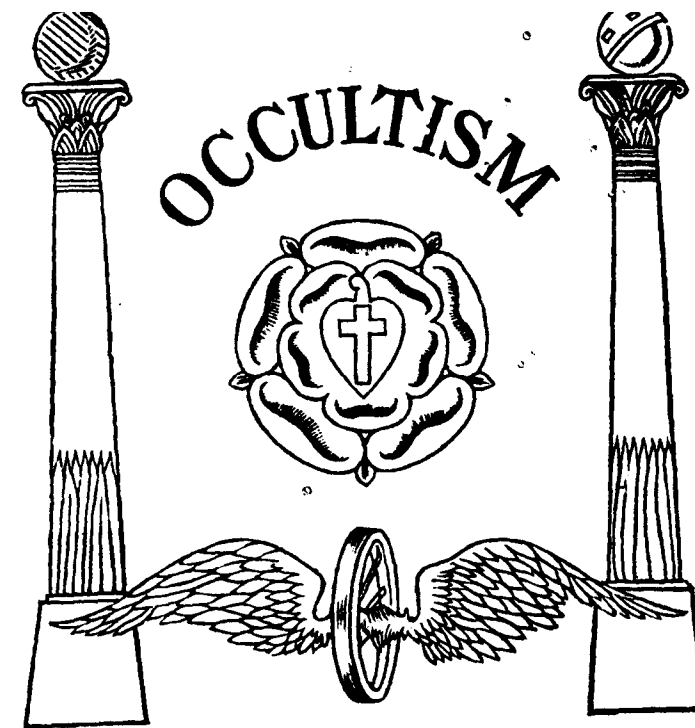
I KNOW a Persian garden where the cypress shadows fall;  
And the jasmine spreads festooning o'er its tessellated wall;  
Where the fountains murmur music, melodies of old Iran;  
And Beauty loves to linger on the scenes I love to scan.

There is Peace within that garden so delicious and divine,  
No human voices there intrude, none seek to undermine  
The rapture which reposes and the ecstasy which blows  
Alike from songs of nightingales and fragrance of the rose.

O my lovely Persian garden, one fair spot upon this earth,  
Where I have loved to linger and to feed my spirit's dearth;  
Though of much faith hath bereft me, yet it spared to take  
That region where from infancy I learnt to love and pray.

Do you ask "Where is thy garden?" then in answer I'll  
That garden is the verdant bower within a withered heart:  
It is peopled with pure fancies and it harbours no regret,  
And 'tis there I often wander when the world I would forget.

KAI KUSHROU ARDASCHIR



### WAR AND CIVILISATION<sup>1</sup>

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

WAR! This is the great thought obsessing the whole world to-day. And what war means to the individual and to the nation you know now well here in France. For all these months at Verdun men are being butchered by the terrific powers of nature; the forces of tiny atoms are gathered together in

<sup>1</sup> A lecture delivered at the Headquarters of the French Theosophical Society, May 28, 1918.

powder and in shells, and the dead matter of the chemical elements is triumphant over the living bodies of men. I have just come from far off Adyar, where in one of the most beautiful and inspiring places in the world we Theosophists work out our plans one by one for the helping of men; yet in the serene atmosphere of that home of idealism we too have contacted war directly; for there we heard the guns of the German warship *Emden*, and we saw from the roofs of our great buildings the flames in Madras of the oil tanks set on fire by the enemy's shells. A week ago I was in the Mediterranean, and as the steamer left Port Said for Genoa, not an hour passed but was full of the possibilities of death. To travel in a ship, with the life-boats all ready for launching, with your life-belt near at hand night and day, with your place assigned in your life-boat; to hear what warnings have come by wireless to the officers of the ship as to the presence of submarines in the vicinity of the ship, to hear too the roar of the gun at practice, ready in case it should come to a battle to the death with a submarine—all these things bring near what war is.

Yet what has not this War done already for France? Have not the eyes of the world been turned to the marvel of her regeneration, has not France added one more wreath to her many laurels of glory? Is there the humblest peasant in France who does not feel more dignity, more strength, more sacrifice—in other words is more spiritual, and is more the soul and less the body—because of what this War has called on him to do? Why should war that is the ghastliest element of our civilisations yet have in it great blessing?

It is for us Theosophists to understand these problems, and to explain them to those who seek comfort and light. The principal idea that will guide us into truth is the realisation that man is a spiritual entity in a body, and that he is a soul that cannot be harmed by death, for whom life and death are like the light and shade the artist uses in composing a picture, that he is an immortal fragment of God, who has come out into existence from the bosom of God to look at His universe, to test its powers and to delight in its beauty. But in so coming into existence, each individual soul is not alone; he lives as a unity in a great Brotherhood of human souls; and more important for each soul to realise than all else is the fact that the growth of each is dependent upon the well-being of all.

It is just for the lack of understanding of this great fact of Brotherhood that all miseries arise for individual man and for humanity. War is one of these means of suffering; but we err if we think that war brings suffering; it is suffering that brings war.

Men, and sometimes even the most religious, have failed to realise that we live not in two worlds, a material and a spiritual, but in *one* world, God's world. Heaven and hell are not separated in space from our work-a-day world; there is no point in space where God is not thinking and feeling. Did not the Psalmist say: "If I ascend into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me." But we profess this belief with our lips and not with our hearts, with the result that we divide life into two halves,

first our life with regard to God, and second our life with regard to all else. It is this separation of life into two halves that all the great Founders of Religions have protested against, for it is from that separation all evil arises; therefore They have proclaimed the doctrine of Love as an integral part of life. One religion will emphasise the love of God, but that love will include the love of the neighbour too; another religion, like Buddhism, will perhaps say nothing of God, but will speak of compassion on all that lives, and this compassion leads to the realisation of Love as the law of life. Yet in spite of the Great Teachers, Their followers have made two worlds out of the one world of God; and hence century by century there have come, side by side with civilisation, all the elements of barbarism.

For is not our civilisation still barbaric? True, we do not kill at first sight, we do not steal openly from the weaker because we are stronger; but are there not murders and robberies more terrible than anything merely material? Let us look at our factories; what shall we see there? Before a machine which is more ingenious almost than the human brain, we shall find a man who works at the machine; but what does he do? He will feed that machine, he will guide it, eight hours, ten hours, perhaps twelve hours. That machine will only produce one little thing; if it is a factory for making bicycles, a particular machinist will only make perhaps the spokes of a wheel; he will never have the satisfaction of making a complete wheel, he will never know the joy of putting together a bicycle all of his own making. And all our modern factory system is like this; we have killed the joy of creation, and made of

our brothers who must work at machines, mere machines themselves. Is this not a kind of murder, more awful because it is murder of the soul and not of the body? Yet our civilisation has raised no voice against this kind of the murder of souls. Except in rare cases of really philanthropic employers of labour, what is the usual conception of the workman? That of a toiler, a beast of burden, whose labour is rewarded by *money*. But money is no acknowledgment of real labour; money is the equivalent of the mere brute force expended in labour. Is there no equivalent for the energies of attention and concentration in all labour, the daring of risks in dangerous employments? Would not the warmth of heart, the sense of kinship of brother and brother, between employer and workman, be the equivalent for what is more than mere brute force? Do we never think that these expressions of Brotherhood are essential in labour and commerce? Yet we call ourselves civilised; in reality we are still barbarians.

Look too at our commercial life. It is the life of competition and the survival of the strongest. Trade must expand; factories must be built; raw materials must be brought from far off lands. So companies must be formed, mines must be dug, railways opened; and there-with come speculation in bonds, strengthening the cupidity of weak-willed investors, and failures, and ruin. We read of these things, but they do not touch our hearts; our civilisation goes on talking ideals, whilst our neighbour is being exploited.

What now of the women and children who take part in our industries? Do we not know of the existence of sweat-shops, of miserable insanitary rooms where they are forced to work, of the insufficient wages of women?

Many employers know that many a woman has only one course open to her to add to her income, to make of her life something more than that of a slave; can we be called civilised while round us there is this tragedy facing women who are forced to go out and earn their daily bread? Are there not also employments at which children work when they should be at play? Are many children to a poor man and wife a blessing—or a curse? Are there not factories where children work day after day, helping to add to the material wealth of the country, while their employers are depleting its spiritual vitality? Can we go into any shop, however expensive, and buy any object, however luxurious, and not find, if we trace its fabrication, how this tiny piece was made in a sweat-shop, and that other piece has behind it the history of the degradation of women and children? All the life of ease, our boasted civilisation of art and culture, has behind it a ghastly tragedy. We live, in times of peace, in a civil war of brother and brother, nay more, in a war of the brute where only might of brain or purse is what is recognised as law and right.

Now since there are not two worlds, one spiritual and another material, what is done of evil in the world brings in its train as karma evil of both material and spiritual kinds. Poverty of soul is the spiritual evil of our modern civilisation, and the material poverty of millions is the karma of our unbrotherly material progress. It is this that provokes war, and not the ambitions of rulers. The ambition of rulers is the direct result of the seen and unseen cruelties of our civilisations; our factories, our stock exchanges, our sweat-shops, these vitalise evil dreams of expansion

and conquest; thence a nation arms itself against a neighbour nation; thence all nations distrust each other's word and motive; and finally war results. But war is the result of the tragedies of the times of peace; every tear shed by man, woman or child, in slum or in factory, blinds the eyes of statesmen at national crises; nations go to war because they do not see the ways of peace, and they cannot see because they have blinded their eyes by hardening their hearts. And when I say "nations," I mean you and me; we have been blind to these tragedies of peace, and on you and on me, as on all other men and women too, is the responsibility of war.

Friends, let us be thankful for this War to-day. It has made us know the horror of warfare as never before; there is the strong thought all over the world now that this must be the last great war. Has not many a man in our trenches determined to fight to the end, be killed too, in order that at least his children and grandchildren may not see another war? They are doing God's work, and, living or dead, they are the great heroes of humanity. But the ending of this War will not mean the ending of all war, unless we begin a real civilisation. That true civilisation can only come where there is no war at all—neither of the trenches, nor in the factories, nor in the miserable hovels and slums. We as Theosophists must point out the true causes of all war, and they are all thoughts, feelings and actions that directly or indirectly deny the Brotherhood of Man. We must work to show what real civilisation is; how while there is one man or woman in any state of poverty or degradation or ignorance, there the causes of national wars are at



work; and how where men are ignorant of the Spiritual Life, of the Science of the Soul, there begin rivalries, ambitions, hatreds, both individual and national, that finally issue in war. Ours specially is the task of preaching against poverty of the spirit—that poverty which manifests itself in bigotry, intolerance, race-pride, sex-pride, self-assertion and selfishness of all kinds. We must show that it is possible to live a life of Brotherhood, for a nation to work out Brotherhood in every detail of political and economic life, and be a successful nation too. We have the Wisdom, our Theosophy; it has a message for the king and statesman, for capitalist and workman, for the man and the woman, for white men and brown and yellow and black, truly as says our first object “without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour”.

When this war of guns is over, there will be other wars, and first the civil war of capitalist and workman. What horrors that will bring, who knows now? We know the miseries that are inevitable in strikes; but the miseries to come will, I fear, be greater still. And there is bound to be also another war, that of the women of all lands for equality before the law of women and men; while the present inequalities remain, many a social and economic injustice is bound to persist.

But let us not be afraid of war. The war of guns has aroused the conscience of the world against the brutality of war; but there are the brutalities of peace against which our consciences have not yet spoken. We shall gain much if the warfare of capitalist and workmen, and other civil wars, will also wake the conscience of the world till finally there shall be no man or woman who will not

be ready to take up arms against not only the military oppression of armaments, but against oppression of capital, of disease, of ignorance, and of poverty of spirit.

We must all work for peace, but we must not forget that peace of the wrong kind begets new wars. The peace we desire must be that true peace of the outer world which strives for the realisation of Brotherhood in civic, industrial and political life. Let us not be content with a mere political peace; we must work for the abolition of the horrors of the many civil wars already existing in the nations, in all our factories, and in our slums. Let us as Theosophists give the world the true statecraft for the governing of nations; it is for this work that Theosophy has come to us with its message of the immortality of the soul, and of the governance of the world by the Elder Brothers of Humanity according to a Divine Plan. In Theosophy we have for the world the bread of life; let us organise ourselves to give to the world what it needs. So shall we work to bring a true and lasting peace for all nations, the peace that is only possible when all men feel the power of the Spirit of God not only in the Divine Men of our race but also in the humblest man and woman we meet in the street. But when the world has this outer peace among nations, will all be well? Will that bring us the highest civilisation?

No; for without war there is no civilisation. Yet civilisation must abolish war. But this is a paradox. Yes, but it is the truth. For as peace, with slumber of the Spirit of Brotherhood, begets evil, so is it in the mental and moral and spiritual field; our Spirit must never sleep if we are to advance. We must abolish

physical War, but we must pray for spiritual struggles. Day after day we must be fighters in our inner life of the Spirit; so only shall we feel our immortality and Divinity closer each day. Peace is indeed the greatest of blessings, but so also is war to him who dreams of ideal Futures.

Happily for us in the present War those nations to whom we belong are fighting in a righteous cause, in a war thrust upon us; and Shri Krishna has said that there is nothing nobler for a warrior than such a war. Let us not forget that that must ever be our attitude—to be ready to battle always in a righteous war, not only on the physical plane, but on all planes. For the Spirit of God speaks to man not only in peace but also in war, not only in the temple but also on the battlefield; let us be ready to accept whatever God gives, Peace or War; let us train ourselves to do our work of each day as God's work, and say *Thy will be done*. Greater than Peace or War is to do His Will; and as, at our stage of evolution, without struggle there is no life, no advancement, let us go forth to battle on all planes; and Victory is always ours, though after many defeats, because man and God are one.

C. Jinarājadāsa

## THE DAY OF JUDGMENT AND THE COMING RACE

By G. E. SUTCLIFFE

(Continued from p. 422)

THE Bodhisattva of the sixth root-race left the moon-chain, with His brood of Servers, on globe D, in the seventh round. The Bodhisattva of the fifth root-race continued on to globe G, taking the vow of Buddhahood on globe F (*Man*, p. 75). Now the Servers of Group (2), being more developed than Group (1), would remain longer on globe D of the moon-chain, and hence would be the close companions and associates of the Bodhisattva of the fifth root-race and its Manu; some of them seem to have followed them on to globes E and F (*ib.*, p. 73). This close association with the fifth Bodhisattva in the moon-chain, after nearly all the other monads had left, will thus account for the statement that they follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

Since this Group (2) would have come direct from the moon-chain, in its seventh round, where both sexes were united in each individual, and had not yet incarnated in the earth-chain, the further statement that they are virgins is also explained. But the virginity is not of the type of the monosexual Virgo, the earthy

sign of Mercury, but of the type of the other house of Mercury, the airy sign Gemini, the Heavenly Twin, the virgin Hermaphrodite. The airy signs govern the mental plane, Manas, where the sexes are unified, and generation is by Kriyāshakti, which has to be re-established during the sixth root-race. It should be noted that the Christian religion, which is under the control of the Master Jesus, has laid stress on the celibacy of the clergy, established monasteries and nunneries, whilst the early Christians often lived solitary lives in the deserts around Egypt. This may have been intended as a preparation for developing Kriyāshakti, and largely failed owing to the withdrawal of these 144,000 virgins.

The division of the above group into twelve classes may be compared with other facts of a cognate nature. Jesus had twelve disciples, and Jacob, the prototype of a Manu beginning a new root-race, has twelve children, which are the origins of the twelve tribes of Israel. When the sixth root-race is formed in California, the Manu will have twelve children, or one for each sign of the Zodiac (*Man: Whence, How and Whither*, p. 355).

The above twelve classes of virgins, therefore, have the same relation to the Manu of the fifth root-race, as the twelve children of the sixth root-race Manu have to Him.

This suggests a question of great interest. Is the suspension of some of these twelve sub-groups of virgins the occult fact which is told symbolically in the story of the lost ten tribes of Israel? For it would appear that the existence of these ten tribes, and also of Kings David and Solomon are pure myths. Solomon and his Temple are the basis of Masonry, behind which

lie hidden the Ancient Mysteries. If this surmise be correct, the known Servers of Group (1) are the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin, who incarnated in the fourth root-race, leaving the "Lost Ten Tribes" in the interchain Nirvana, until the fifth root-race was ready for them. What of the strange belief held by many, which is quite contrary to the evidence of history, and yet is so persistent, that the English and other nations are the lost ten tribes of Israel? This belief is only held by the ignorant, but ignorant people have their uses in the economy of things. They serve to carry over valuable traditions that would otherwise be lost, and they may also serve to indicate future events which cast their shadows before. Their monads are not ignorant, but are probably in communication with the monads of Group (2), the lost ten tribes which are now incarnating in these nations to bring the fifth root-race to its spiritual zenith, and to welcome the Lamb whom they follow whithersoever He goeth. On the above theory the monads of Group (1), the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, had to incarnate earlier because they were only circumcised, had the sex instinct only partially cleaned. But the monads of Group (2), or their lower vehicles, were baptised, their feet had been washed in the blood of the heart (Buddhi), and they were able to stand in the presence of the Master. (*Light on the Path*.)

These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: they shall hunger no more; neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. (*Rev. VII, 14—17.*)

monads of Group (1), the tribe of Judah, are immature lions, and for a little while are born in humiliation, for "Judah is a lion's whelp". (*Genesis*, XLIX., 9.)

The monads known as the "Fiery Lions," and the "Lions of Life," who represent the Christos born in triumph in the zodiacal sign of Leo, are the highest group of the Divine Flames. (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, 234.) They are probably the portion of Group (2) who were able to continue their evolution into globes E, etc., along with the Manu and Bodhisattva of the fifth root-race. They are the *nucleole* of the superior Divine World. They are "identical in one aspect with the upper Sephirothal Triad" (*ib.*). They take their birth from the triple sign, Virgo-Libra-Scorpio, unified in the airy sign of the balance Libra, and transform the twelve signs into ten. They are the "Ten Limbs" of the Heavenly Man formed at the end of the moon-chain, and "emanate from the Heavenly or Celestial Virgin, the Great Mother in all religions, the Androgyne". Their symbol is the six-pointed star or Double Triangle, the interlaced triangle of the Theosophical Society (*ib.* pp. 235-6).

But between the Chrestos born in humiliation and the Christos born in triumph, there is an intermediate stage, a time of struggle which leads to final victory. With this intermediate stage the Servers of Group (2) are more directly concerned. This Second Order of Celestial Beings are the Prototypes of incarnating Jīvas or Monads, which they furnish with the Divine Soul, Buddhi. (*ib.* pp. 236-7.) Now Mercury is the planet of Buddhi, and its airy house is Gemini, which the sun enters in May. The month of May derived its name from Maia, which is from the root *ma* (nurse), and

among the Greeks came to mean "mother". The month of May in consequence was consecrated to Mary, the mother of Jesus (*ib.* p. 426). Maia is the mother of Mercury, or Hermes, who has Jupiter for his father. Hence Gemini, the Heavenly Twin, or bisexual Virgin, is the airy or mental house of Mercury. He is the "Messenger" of his Father Jupiter, the Messiah of the Sun; his name Hermes means the "Interpreter," the Word, the Logos. (*ib.*, vol. II, p. 571.) "I am he whom you call the son of the Father (Jupiter) and Maia. Leaving the King of Heaven I come to help you mortals." Mercury heals the blind and restores sight, mental and physical (*ib.*). Diametrically opposite to the sign Gemini is the sign Sagittarius, the fiery house of Jupiter, and their interaction, as in previous cases, generates Mercury, or Buddhi. The sun is in Gemini in May, and the usual period of pregnancy brings the sun to the sign Pisces, in February—March. Pisces is a watery sign, and its symbol, the two fishes, may represent the coming bisexual man temporarily submerged in the astral. It is the womb of the future Hermaphrodite Mercury-Venus, or Hermes-Aphrodite, for Venus, or Aphrodite, is exalted in the sign Pisces, and becomes the mother of a higher race of men, the bisexual virgins of the next root-race, the sixth. Jesus chose fishermen for his disciples. "Now as he walked by the sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men." (*Mark*, I. 16-17.) Now a fisherman is one who lifts up fishes from the water to the air, or raises them from the astral to the plane of

Manas, where the sexes are unified, so that "fishers of men" are those who raise humanity from the monosexual state to that of the Hermaphrodite. The children born in the submerged bisexual sign Pisces, grow at maturity to the stage of the parent, the Hermaphrodite or Heavenly Twin of Gemini.

Both Sagittarius and Pisces are the houses of Jupiter, the father of the race, the one sign being fiery, and the other watery. The fiery sign, Buddhi, generating with the airy or mānasic sign, Gemini, is Buddhi-Manas. This emerges temporarily from the watery house of the father, Pisces, as the separate-sexed Kāma-Manas, but as it contains the germ of Buddhi-Manas, it grows to the stage of the mother Maia, the dual-sexed Virgin, or Heavenly Twin, Gemini, the home of the son Mercury. Mercury is the metal of Alchemy, which transmutes the lower metals into Gold, and restores the Golden Age. Hence the significant words of the Sybilline Prophecy.

Now a new progeny descends from the celestial realms. Do thou, chaste Lucina, smile propitious to the infant Boy who will bring to a close the present Age of Iron, and introduce throughout the whole world the Age of Gold . . . . . Come then, dear child of the Gods, great descendant of Jupiter.

"When the Pharisees sought a 'sign from heaven,' Jesus said, 'there shall no sign be given . . . . . but the sign of the prophet Jonas,' (*Matt. XVI. 4*) . . . . The sign of Jonas is that of the Oan or Fish-Man of Nineveh . . . . . Assuredly there was no other sign than that of the sun reborn in Pisces. The voice of the Secret Wisdom says those who are looking for signs can have no other than that of the returning Fish-Man Ichthys, Oannes, or Jonas—who could not be made flesh." (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 717.)

The type of progeny generated as above appears to be that represented by the Greek Goddess Athena. In Athena masculine traits predominated, and she was connected with the water, one of the titles applied to her, Tritogeneia, meaning "water-born". She was the Goddess of council, of war, and of female arts and industries. She later develops into the Goddess of peace, but takes special interest in the occupations of women, and the whole intellectual side of human life. Statues of Athena represent her as a brilliant type of female beauty, and from the time of the sculptor Pheidias, calm earnestness, self-conscious might, and clearness of intellect were the main characteristics of the Goddess. The eyes, slightly cast down, betoken an attitude of thoughtfulness; the forehead is clear and open; the mouth indicates firmness and resolution. The whole suggests a masculine rather than a feminine form. (*Ency. Brit.* vol. II, p. 829-30.) This rather implies the independent and economically free type of womanhood that is developing in the new race of women at the present time. Athena was a child of Jupiter, and like her male counterpart was remarkable for council and wisdom. Her father swallowed his wife before her birth, and Athena sprung triumphantly from her father's head (*ib.*). This clearly indicates generation by Kriyāshakti, and the vanishing of the separated sexes. The Roman counterpart of Athena was the Goddess Minerva, whose festival was celebrated on the 19th of March, when the Sun is still in Pisces, though near to where it is joined to the sign Aries (*ib.*, vol. XVIII, p. 523). Jupiter commanded his daughter Athena to call forth a new race of men from the mire left by the waters of the Deluge (*The Secret*

*Doctrine* vol. II, p. 546). Pisces is the twelfth sign of the Zodiac, and represents the last of the twelve labours of Hercules, which are the labours of humanity on its ascent from the stage of the Chrestos born in humiliation, to the stage of the Christos born in triumph. On the 19th of March, the sun is in, or close to, the last degree of Pisces, and this last degree is said to symbolise the phrase "it is finished," the last words of the Christ crucified on the cross of matter (*John* XIX. 30).

The Goddess Athena, therefore, is the type of the "new woman," the modern Eve, the mother and nurse of the new race of men, and the worthy consort of the coming Adam, the Christ-man. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. . . . The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." (1 *Corinthians* XV, 22-45.)

The seventh root-race, like the first, will not see death, for death is due to the absence of balance or equilibrium (Libra), due to the division of the sexes.

G. E. Sutcliffe

(*To be concluded*)

## THE FIRE LILY

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

[Our readers are familiar with the name of the writer of this fine story. In a letter accompanying it he writes: "I have to inform you that on Saturday next, June 10th, I voluntarily join the army. I still hope to be able to send you contributions from time to time. . . . Please remember me to Mrs. Annie Besant. Long may she be spared to carry on her great work." We shall pray for high deeds of valour falling to the lot of Mr. Davis as in the case of the hero of his story, but a different fate—we would pray for his safe return to a victorious Britain to carry on his work as an author.—ED.]

WHEN Austria-Hungary proclaimed war against Serbia there was considerable excitement in the Austrian village of Filzmoos. Men and women discussed the matter in the fields, in a forest of firs, through which a stream rushed as light-heartedly as ever, and on the mountain-side. The village streets were thronged with peasants who had suddenly thrown off their immobility of manner and were talking excitedly. The valleys were golden in the evening light, and so, too, were the snow-capped mountains. Mountain and valley alike suggested ancient peace and an aloofness that had nothing to do with war. The contrast between nature and human nature at this time was marked—the one stood for beauty, the other for the din of battle, for possession, vengeance.

The news of war was rapidly followed by marching orders. The men of Filzmoos were in receipt of a formal note instructing them to take up arms and fight for their country. Life in the field was instantly forgotten, and there was much cheering and singing and drinking, much playing of skittles in the village for bets that exceeded a ten-heller piece. The men were only too anxious to reach the battlefield and fight for their Emperor. They had heard the God of War call lustily. It drowned the clang of cowbell and all the familiar sounds of village life. It was a call that made the blood tingle and rush joyously in their veins; a call that over-ruled all peaceful domestic ties.

The women heard the call too—in a different way, with death murmuring back a plaintive echo. Already they were fighting a silent battle in their hearts. They would be left behind to work in the fields, to gather in wood for winter, to keep the homes together. No drums sounded for them, no banners waved. They had to endure, to wait, to hope, that was all; and of the agony of these things they never said a word. Their men were soldiers and not peasants now. The War God's call had made a mockery of the very name of husband, brother, lover. Their long pipes were laid aside, the flower-worked knickers, the gay waistcoats, and green Tyrolese hats, in exchange for military uniform, a gun and a sword.

Most of the men of Filzmoos took their marching orders with unbounded delight. They rejoiced to be able to leave behind them the dull routine of an agricultural calling. It was an honour to fight for their country, to join their patriots, and to strike a blow against a nation that had assassinated their Crown Prince Ferdinand.

There was one man in Filzmoos to whom the marching orders brought no pleasure. Joseph Metzel was his name, and when he heard the news of war, and was commanded, like the rest, to fight for his country, he turned pale and stole away from the bands of merry-makers. Battle filled him with horror, disgust, for this gentle soul had not the heart to slay a bird. The spirit of slaughter was not in him. He loved the mountains and valleys, the village church and priest. The priest, Father Bonner, was the one man who understood his craving for beauty. They had spent many an evening together poring over books. Rosegger, Hans Anderson, Goethe, Heine, a translation of Shakespeare, had all been read and discussed. Father Bonner had a genuine affection for Joseph Metzel, for he recognised in him a man with the heart of a poet, a man of deeper sympathies and wider intelligence than was to be discovered in other village folk.

When Metzel slunk away from the merry-makers, who had pointed at him and jeeringly called him "Coward," he went to the house of Father Bonner.

Father Bonner was pacing up and down his room. "I have taught the way of peace," he said wearily, bidding Metzel be seated, "and now all my teaching is of no avail. The beast of war has awakened in our people. They go to slaughter their enemies, not knowing that their enemies are their brothers and that the Almighty is the blessed Father of us all. We remember God only as the God of Battle. We think to please Him with the incense of human sacrifice.... And you, Metzel, you will answer the call too?"

"I shall answer it," said Metzel quietly. "Already I have been called a coward and jeered at because I see no glory in war. But I shall go. I shall fight. I shall try to do my duty."

"Since negotiations for peace have failed," observed Father Bonner, "it may be that war is inevitable after all. Whether this is so or not, you, Joseph Metzel, will not be found wanting when the time comes. God, knowing your heart, will give you strength and cast back the lie that came from these men who called you coward. Joseph Metzel, my friend, something tells me that in spite of fear, loathing, you will prove yourself to be a brave man in battle, a man we shall be proud of, and I most of all."

Metzel's handsome face was very grave. "I am sorry to disappoint you," he said, shaking his head despondently, "but I am a coward, and I deserve all the jibes that have been thrown at me. The other men are buoyed up by excitement. Many of them have sweethearts who favour them with smiles, and more than smiles, and the love of these maids makes their hearts bold. I know nothing of these things, Father, and knowing nothing of them there is no fire to quicken my step, to steady my hand, to make me shout for joy at the very thought of a cannon's roar."

Father Bonner smiled. "Romance is a poor substitute for the love of God," he said. "Take heart, Joseph, and look only to Him for strength that shall not fail you in your hour of need."

"We leave early in the morning," said Metzel, his voice shaking. "Let us say good-bye now."

Priest and peasant held each other's hands in silence.

"If I do not come back," said Metzel at the door, "try to think well of me."

"I shall always think well of you," replied Father Bonner. "I shall be at my bedroom window when you pass. My thoughts, my prayers, will go with you

on the battlefield"; and with these words the men parted.

At dawn next morning all were astir in Filzmoos. The men had assembled together and were cracking jokes, many of them showing signs of the previous night's revelry. When Metzel, pale and trembling, joined the ranks, they laughed at him: "You had better mind the goats and sheep, Metzel, for you will be useless in battle," said one. "Let Joseph stop behind with the women," said another, "for we all know him to be a woman-hearted man, who would faint at the sight of blood and make a gun or sword shake like grass in the wind." At these sallies, and many others of a more brutal kind, the men laughed heartily, and even the weeping women standing in the road tittered and whispered and pointed their fingers scornfully at Metzel.

Metzel pretended not to hear, but as he stood, shuffling from foot to foot, his heart ached with bitter humiliation. To know that there was something in these taunts, cruel as they were, only tended to make his sufferings more acute. He looked about him helplessly, feeling himself to be the village fool, the village coward, the despised of all.

There was one woman who took no part in this unseemly behaviour. She was looking at Joseph as no other woman looked. Her cheeks were flushed with shame at the coarse jibes she heard on every hand. She carried a fire lily freshly gathered from the fields that morning.

"Joseph Metzel," she said suddenly, "come here, I want you."

Metzel stepped out of the ranks. The men had stopped talking and laughing. Could this be the beautiful Roselle who had spoken? What could she want



with the miserable Metzel, the coward Metzel, who had not the heart to fight for his country?

"For you," said Roselle, thrusting the fire lily in Metzel's coat. "The others may mock you, Joseph, but I do not. For long I have secretly loved you. Now I wish you to know my secret because I want my love to make you strong."

She uttered these words in a loud, clear voice, and the men who heard her stood abashed. Roselle, acknowledged by all to be the most beautiful girl in the village, one who, with a high hand, had sent many a would-be wooer away, had publicly proclaimed her love, and shown a feeling as warm and brilliant as the glow of the fire lily she had picked for Metzel.

Metzel looked into the blue eyes of Roselle for a long time. Her words had rushed to his heart and suddenly made it strong, suddenly made war possible, nay, glorious, even for him.

"Thank you," he said simply, looking down proudly at the flower in his coat. "I shall wear it always. Thank you."

He extended his hand. Roselle held it for a moment, then she leant forward and kissed him. "Go back now," she whispered with a smile, "and if you love me as I love you, something very splendid will happen."

"Something splendid shall happen," said Metzel, holding his head high and walking with a firm step. "Something splendid shall happen . . . because of you."

A signal sounded. The men moved forward, accompanied by many women and children who were crying and clinging to those they loved. But Roselle sat on a gate smiling at Metzel and waving her handkerchief till the soldier-peasants were out of sight.

Metzel looked up at the priest's house. He saw his old friend peeping out of the window. Joseph smiled at him and pointed at the fire lily in his coat. But Father Bonner did not see the lily. He only saw the radiant smile.

"God has given him strength," he said, turning away with tears in his eyes, turning away to pray for one who was laying down his life for his country, an unwilling victim of the madness of war.

About a month later a messenger came from Gratz. He came at a time when the women, Roselle among them, were gathering in the hay. They were still working in the moonlit fields when the man slowly walked by.

"This is Filzmoos, is it not?" inquired the messenger.

"Filzmoos," replied Roselle. "Do you bring news of the war, news of our men?"

"Joseph Metzel," said the messenger deliberately, "was he a Filzmoos man?"

"Yes," came a chorus of voices. "Born here."

"Then Filzmoos is a thrice-honoured village because of him."

Roselle's cheeks burned. Her eyes shone brightly. "Go on," she said quickly, "go on!"

"Joseph Metzel is a great hero," said the man. "When the odds were against our army and panic and flight seemed certain, he rallied the men with a message all Austria will remember to his glory. He fought with a bravery that was almost miraculous. For a moment it seemed as if his life were a charmed one. For a moment nothing seemed to impede his progress. He became a commanding force that impelled the service of the men. He gave them courage, he who was courage itself."

'The Serbian standard', he shouted; 'we must take it!'"

The messenger paused for a moment. Then he said, looking straight at Roselle: "It was Joseph Metzel who captured the Serbian standard."

A murmur of applause went up from the women, while Roselle stood with parted lips and clenched hands.

The messenger began to move away. Roselle came forward and stopped him. "You have not told all the news," she said in a whisper.

"Not quite all," replied the man, unable to look at her now. "Joseph Metzel is dead. He was shot down with the Serbian standard in his hand. He was buried with military honours, and before he was laid to rest they found, tacked to the inside of his shirt, a piece of paper containing the faded petals of a flower."

Roselle walked quickly to a wayside shrine and wept before a figure of our Lord.

Father Bonner found her thus. He stood by her side for some time. Then he touched her on the shoulder.

"My poor Roselle, my poor Roselle!" he said softly. "There is a glory in our sorrow. Joseph Metzel is a great hero. The Lord gave him strength."

Roselle looked up at the priest and smiled between her tears. "Love gave him strength," she said quietly, "my love that glowed in the fire lily he wore for my sake."

F. Hadland Davis

## THE PILGRIMS' WAY :

A PILGRIMAGE TO ADAM'S PEAK, CEYLON

By F. GORDON PEARCE

UNIQUE among the holy places of the earth is the great mountain-pyramid of Ceylon. Jerusalem can claim the veneration of Jews, Christians and Muslims; Benares that of Hindūs and Buddhists; but there is no shrine save Adam's Peak, so far as I am aware, which is a sanctuary to the pious believers of every one of these religions alike.

It is true that the pilgrims to Adam's Peak are for the most part Buddhists and Hindūs, together with a few Muslims, but the Muslim traditions concerning the Peak are based on the Jewish story of Adam's expulsion from Paradise, which is the common property of Christians also.

Briefly, the Muslim tradition is thus. Adam, hurled from the seventh heaven of Paradise for his sin, fell upon this mountain, on the crest of which he was doomed to stand upon one foot, until by long years of suffering he should expiate his crime. There, imprinted in the solid rock of the summit, may still be seen his footmark. It marks his sepulchre too; and glory and merit are obtained by the devout Muslim who looks upon it.

Probably the oldest tradition is that of the Hindūs, who assert that the footprint is that of the God Shiva, whence the mountain is called by them "Shivanadi-paḍam," or Shiva's first footprint.

But without doubt the most beautiful of the traditions belongs to the Buddhists. It is as follows. Ceylon, though called "The Isle of Buddha," never beheld the bodily presence of the Blessed Lord Himself. He lived and died in India, which has now largely lost His teachings, though the effect of them remains, and Ceylon was evangelised from India by Mahinda, son of the great Emperor Ashoka—the Constantine (on a far nobler scale) of Buddhism.

Now there dwells upon the sacred Peak of Laṅkā (Ceylon), a mighty Deva, or Guardian-Spirit, of a very high order. By some He is regarded as the Guardian-Spirit of Laṅkā; and, unlike most Devas (who are beings connected with an evolution outside that of our ordinary humanity), He is keenly and actively interested in the affairs of men. Knowing that many thousands of years intervene between the passing away of one Buddha and the attainment of the next, Saman-Deviyo—for that is His name—bethought Him that it would be well for the people of His island if they could have some sign whereby they might be reminded of the last earthly life of the Blessed Lord. So He begged the Blessed One to imprint in the enduring rock of the mountain summit, by His supernatural power, the mark of His left foot, so that devotees might come there and worship; and recall the perfect life and noble teachings of the Buddha. And the Buddha did this ere He passed away. Then Saman-Deviyo took a great rock and placed it over the holy footprint, lest any being

should defile it; and upon the top of this rock He caused to appear another shape like a footprint, but of giant proportions. And this He guards with His holy presence as He broods over Laṅkā; and this it is which one may see to-day. But the holy footprint itself one may not see, for it is far beneath, covered with the massive rock.

No less beautiful is the story of how the place of the shrine was first revealed to men. It is these stories, and others similar, that the pilgrims chant as they climb, step by step, the precipitous ascent.

There was once a king in Laṅkā who possessed many beautiful gardens, whereof he used to pluck the flowers to offer each morning at the Temple. But one day he awoke to find every blossom vanished, and not a sign of the thieves. So watchmen were set, that night, to protect the gardens. Yet, on the morrow, the same thing was found to have happened; and again on the next day, and the next.

So the king caused it to be proclaimed by beat of tom-tom that whosoever could discover the thieves should be handsomely rewarded. This induced many people to try, but not one was successful—and the flowers still vanished each night.

At length there came to the palace a blind cripple who begged to be allowed to try also, and the king, nothing loath, though very doubtful of the success of such a man where able-bodied ones had failed, granted him his boon, and good-naturedly caused a little hut to be erected in the middle of the gardens, according to the man's desire.

There the cripple took up his abode, and at sunset began to chant stanzas invoking the Devas to reveal to

him how the flowers disappeared. All night he continued his chanting, and for several nights, with no success.

At length, one night, he heard sounds approaching him, and very sweet voices as of beings consoling him for his blindness and deformities. Then he cried aloud: "O beautiful ones, who may ye be? Would that I could behold you! but I am blind and cannot; yet your voices are sweet as the voices of divine beings." Then a sweet scent was wafted towards him and a gentle touch came upon his eyelids, and he perceived that he was no longer blind. And he lifted up his hands for joy and looked, and behold! he was surrounded by radiant Devīs, divine maidens; and he saw that they carried baskets filled with the flowers of the king's garden, and it was one of the Devīs who had touched his eyelids with a blossom and had restored his sight. Then she spoke unto him, and said: "The gods have compassion on thee, for thou art a good man, and thy bad karma has spent itself through thy long sufferings; now also thou shalt regain the use of thy limbs." So she murmured hidden words, and touched him again with the blossom; and his limbs were straightened, and he stood up, whole and strong. And when he felt himself healed, in gratitude he cast himself again upon his knees and bowed his head to the ground before them. Thus he remained some time, and getting up, he perceived the Devīs were gone, and the flowers also. Now he was about to run eagerly to the king in his joy to tell him all things and show him how he was healed, when suddenly he recollected that even now he did not know whither the Devīs had taken the flowers. So he determined to reveal nothing, but to

wait for the following night, which was Full Moon. Then, all throughout the day, he prayed more earnestly than ever. At last, night fell; and in the moonlight he beheld the Devīs again gathering the flowers. Then he sprang out, and seizing the end of the scarf of one of the Devīs, fell at her feet and implored her to tell him whither they went with the flowers. Seeing him catch hold of the garment of the Devī, the remainder fled, for they dreaded mortal touch as a creature of the woods fears fire—and the Devī herself begged him to let her go. "That I will gladly do," said he, "if only thou wilt tell me whither thou goest with the king's flowers." And the Devī answered him, smiling: "To-night I will strew behind me, as I go, a path of flowers: follow thou that path." Then he released her, and she vanished, and he was left alone in the moonlight.

But when dawn came he saw the track of the flowers, and followed it. On and on he went, until at length the path led him up the steep slope of a high mountain; and on the summit was a shrine; and there were the king's flowers, placed all around as offerings at the shrine. For the shrine was Shrī-pāda, the holy footprint of the Lord Buddha.

Then he worshipped there, giving thanks, and returned and told all to the king. And when the king heard, he was glad. And since that time nobody wondered at the disappearance of the king's flowers; and many began to go on pilgrimages to Shrī-pāda.

Chanting in verse this story and many others relating the deeds and teachings of the Lord Buddha, the pilgrims climb the mountain. Truly do they need such aids to enable them to forget in some measure the rigours of the way. Many of them have already

walked a score or two of miles before they begin the actual ascent of the Peak, which is well over seven thousand feet in height and, even by the easier route from the north, four miles of as hard climbing as one will find anywhere, short of actual mountaineering with ropes. Except for the topmost two or three hundred yards of the cone itself, where one pulls oneself up rough steps cut in the rock, by the aid of great rusty ancient chains, the path goes through thick jungle.

A path, in the ordinary sense of the word, it certainly is not; for no attempt has been made to clear away anything except the undergrowth, and one goes up and up the most precipitous gradients, over rocks and roots and boughs and boulders, step by step, stopping every few yards for breath; hour after hour, without a glimpse or an indication of the summit. Then there will come a break in the thick roof of leaves and creepers, and, craning back one's neck, one sees the cone of rock, still far above, like a great pyramid set on top of a forest.

And yet old women, their backs bent with age, and old men, sometimes even carrying a grandchild on their shoulders, essay this arduous pilgrimage. It is true that some never reach the top. They either reach it or die in the attempt, from heart-failure or by falling over one of the numerous dangerous precipices on the way. Many such accidents have occurred.

But if it is humanly possible, the summit they will reach somehow, once they have set out. "Sādhu! sādhu! sādhu!" is the cry that breaks forth from Buddhist lips in the intervals between the chanting of stanzas. "Glory! glory!" it may be translated. That is the cry when the Peak is first seen in the distance;

it is constantly repeated as an encouragement to all to keep their minds fixed on the object of their long toil; it cheers the weary; it puts heart into the timid; above all, it breaks forth in glad triumph when the crest is reached, and the devotees prostrate themselves at the little shrine which covers the footprint.

Of the many features of this pilgrimage there is perhaps none more beautiful than the manner in which every pilgrim endeavours, for the time at any rate, to live "pure religion and undefiled"—to show forth perfect goodwill, tolerance and helpfulness to every other creature. This is the more marked, considering that the pilgrims include adherents of at least three distinct religions, if not more. There are no separate little shrines at the summit; all worship together—yet under three distinct and separate names—Shiva, Buddha, and Allah. Buddhists and Muslims keep wayside resting-places and booths; these are used by all alike. Numerous beggars of every description sit by the way and drone out their monotonous petitions promising manifold blessings, both spiritual and corporeal, to the giver of alms. All give to them, be it only a half-cent. I did not see a single pilgrim refuse. A Hindū sannyāsī (devotee) is building a large shelter for pilgrims at the foot of the mountain; all alike subscribe. Another Hindū has devoted himself to the improvement of the path; all help. The torrent known as Shīṭa-gaṅgula (cold streamlet) in which the pilgrims must bathe, is purifying not to Hindūs only, but to all. "Karunāwai! karunāwai!" ("Goodwill! goodwill!"), is the greeting as one party descending meets another going up. "Karunāwai! sādhu! sādhu!" is the fervent response.

It is the custom to climb by night, if possible at Full Moon, partly in order to avoid the heat of the day, and partly so as to arrive shortly before dawn, for reasons which will presently be clear. At two or three places on the way rough shelter huts have been erected, within which one may dimly discern, by the light of a flickering fire, a huddled mass of humanity, packed tight for warmth—for, although we are but a few degrees north of the equator, the night air at an altitude of seven thousand feet is a terrible contrast to the noon-day heat of the valleys and plains.

At length, after innumerable pauses for breath, and many an anxious glance towards the far off, rarely visible summit, we find ourselves at the last stage of the climb. There, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet above us, glimmers in the moonlight the white wall of the little shrine, perched on the very apex of the pyramidal cap of solid granite. Up the steep slope of this pyramid we have to climb. It would be impossible, were it not for the fact that rough steps have been cut, and great iron chains have been riveted to the rock to provide something for the hands to grasp.

That these chains have been there for hundreds of years is evident from their worn and ancient appearance, and naturally legend has gathered about them. The topmost one is said to have been made by Adam himself! A more likely indication of their origin is given by a Persian poet, who states that Alexander the Great, visiting Ceylon about 330 B.C., caused them to be affixed to the rock so that he and his followers might ascend the mountain. Much later also, in the thirteenth century A.D., we find their existence referred to by another famous European traveller, Marco Polo the Venetian.

Pulling ourselves up the slope by the help of these chains, we find ourselves, at last, upon the top—or rather, upon a small space of flat rock, some fifteen yards square, with a low parapet of masonry built round it. In the centre of this platform, upon a great boulder of granite, up which steps have been built, is the footprint—or what stands for the footprint—covered by a picturesque little tile-roofed canopy.

We go at once to the shrine, to see the footprint. Whether or not there be any actual footprint at all, it is nevertheless a holy place, and even if we are not Buddhists or Hindūs, we remove our shoes, or at least our head covering.

The mark upon the rock is roughly the shape of a gigantic footprint—quite three or four feet in length and one and a half in breadth. But tradition has said that it is a place of worship;—and that is sufficient for the oriental. Let us stand aside, and watch a group of Buddhist pilgrims.

They approach, falling on their knees, crying repeatedly "Sādhu! Sādhu!" Their faces show with what real devotion and piety they have awaited this supreme moment of the attainment of their goal. They then light candles and draw near to the wooden railing of the shrine, chanting stanzas in praise of the Lord Buddha. One of them, the leader, unrolls a strip of five yards of white cloth, and folding it to a suitable size, places it over the sacred footprint. More cries of "Sādhu!" are raised; the candles are fixed around the shrine; the pilgrims prostrate themselves once more and retire to repeat their devotions before another little shrine at the side of the rock. Here they offer the flowers of the coco-nut palm—brought from the plains

below, candles, coins, incense, camphor, etc. Close by there are several large bronze bells, hung upon an iron framework, and each pilgrim rings one of them; one stroke, it is said, for each time the pilgrimage has been accomplished—the purpose being to call the attention of the Devas to the meritorious deed, and to secure Their blessing.

If the pilgrims are Tamils, that is, Hindūs, the little ceremony is somewhat different. Their procedure seems more excited—has, in fact, perhaps a touch more of fanatic zeal about it. One notices the same thing about the pilgrims coming up—especially the men—whereas, in the case of the Buddhists, the women appear the more devout. The cries of the Tamil pilgrims are triumphant, almost warlike: “Hari-hara!” they shout aloud—this being a name for the divine duality, Vishṇu-Shiva, Preserver and Dissolver. “Hari-hara!” comes back the response from the depths of the jungle-covered slopes below, where other parties are climbing. Then, as they come to the shrine, “Shiva! Shiva! Mahādeva!” (Shiva! Shiva! Mighty God!), is the resounding shout. They gather round the holy place, and led by one of their number, chant hymns of praise to Shiva, invoking Him under many names. Strangely different, too, from the Buddhist stanzas, are these Tamil hymns. The former are slow, impressive, with a ringing nasal intonation which calms as well as thrills one. The latter are sharp, staccato, full of tremendous resonance and force; and, one must admit, as much more conducive to wild religious ecstasy as the Buddhist chants are to meditative trance.

The singing over, with almost business-like energy two of the Hindū pilgrims climb over the rails nearly

on to the very footprint itself, and having first swept the sacred mark with a little brush provided for the purpose, they sprinkle sandal wood dust and rose water over it, filling the whole place with sweet, if rather heavy, odours.

Close by, there are several tall candelabra and tripods, and presently the pilgrims may be seen at these, lighting little sacrificial fires of coco-nut oil, candles, and incense, which serve also, by the way, to warm numbed hands and chilled feet.

All through the night this goes on; and the night seems long enough too, for there is but little shelter from the wind, and what there is, in the lee of the parapet and the rock, is speedily occupied by huddled groups vainly trying to keep warm. Fortunately, on this particular night there was no rain; but what it must be like, and what these poor folk must suffer if it does rain, I can hardly imagine. Considering the age and the infirmities of many of the pilgrims, not a few must ultimately pay with their lives for the privilege of a night on Shri-pāda. It is a costly experience; but I doubt not that they deem it worth while, for at all events, the merit gained is sufficient to secure them a rebirth in heaven.

As for ourselves, we sat on the rock, trying by all manner of devices to hide from the wind, and endeavouring to doze—but it was impossible; our feet got so cold that sleep refused to come, and at length we gave it up in despair and sought some other remedy. In the dark, on the summit of a shelterless mountain, waiting for a dawn still many hours distant, one sets aside many scruples which one would humour under better conditions. Normally, a dark, dirty hovel, with

leaky, thatched roof and a never-swept mud floor, littered with old sacking upon which lay several pariah dogs, would not strike me as a desirable resting-place for civilised human beings. But this was what we found a few yards down the mountain slope on the other side. And this was what we entered, with positive gratitude; and having found some dry leaves and sticks, we lit, after a few abortive attempts, a smoky fire. In another five minutes I found myself seated on that unspeakable sacking (better not examined in daylight), warming my numbed feet as best I could between the intervals of stoking the fire and wiping my eyes streaming from the effect of the pungent smoke.

Our practical belief in the First Object of the T. S. was soon tested severely. Other pilgrims discovered our retreat, from the light of the fire, and presently a small crowd gathered, till the little hovel was full to overflowing, and we, the original occupiers, were imperceptibly elbowed into the furthest and most insanitary corners. Moreover, most of our companions were ladies and gentlemen from the estates—in brief, Tamil tea coolies—and, unlike their more aristocratic Indian countrymen, these good folk are not in the habit of taking regular baths, nor, unfortunately for us, had they any scruples whatever in running the risk of ceremonial defilement by contact with our persons. For about ten minutes I struggled hard, meditating curiously (if such an expression be permissible) upon the First Object, and inwardly murmuring “*karuṇāwai! karuṇāwai!*”; then, at length, I found the physical plane too powerful for me; I could *not* forget the lady who was even now elbowing her way, via the tenderer regions of my anatomy, towards the fire. Moreover, I was choking with the smoke,

and I had disturbing visions of the germ-laden condition of the atmosphere of that hut. Making, for the benefit of my conscience, a rapid mental excuse out of the last two facts, I got up and stumbled hastily out of the hovel, muttering to my companions unintelligible remarks about the smoke. They soon followed; in fact, I flatter myself they would have been before me, had they not been seated somewhat nearer than I to the door of the hut. The next day, one of the pilgrims thanked us for having so considerably given up our places at the fire!

At any rate we were warmer, and we determined as far as possible to keep warm by walking up and down upon the restricted level space at the summit. It was not an easy matter to walk at all, for there were so many people lying about, rolled up in wraps and blankets, that one feared lest one might tread upon them.

At length, at last—the silver of the moonlight began to give place to the grey of the dawn, and a tinge of light appeared in the east. Then, too, we began to perceive what manner of place it was around us. At first nothing seemed visible save a sea of clouds in which were set innumerable dark islands, the jungle-covered tops of the neighbouring hills. On the eastern horizon we could not make out, at first, which were hills and which were banks of dark cloud; but the clouds soon changed their shapes, and we amused ourselves for a time in weaving all sorts of fanciful descriptions about them.

Then we began to see the landscape more clearly, for the sea of cloud lifted as the dawn approached. Far beneath us—very nearly sheer beneath us—were the tops of the densely packed trees, the jungle through



which we had climbed the night before. It has an almost evil aspect—this jungle. It is of such a forbidding colour and mien. The green of the beech woods is gay and lightsome, inviting mankind to wander down its sunny glades and picnic upon its soft carpet; the pine forest is dark, but not hostile; it is unearthly because its long fingers point ever heavenwards, but it has, like the will-o'-the-wisp, a kindly spirit, friendly to human kind, though much misunderstood and not a little feared. But the tropical jungle—with its long, creepy, clammy fingers, ready to weave the winding-sheet of any unfortunate mortal who strays from the path—has something terrible about it. It does not mean to be evil, any more than the python with his deadly coils, but like its wild inhabitants, it is simply alien to man; it knows not his ways. The oak and the pine, the laurel and the palm are, after all, more than half within man's world; they bow to his laws; they submit to be planted and lopped and fashioned to his needs. They are natural, yet civilised. But the jungle is "Nature, red in tooth and claw". You can have parks of oaks and beeches, pine copses, laurel bowers, palm groves—in all of which man and his tree comrades are on the best of terms. But who ever heard of such things in the jungle? Man comes to the jungle; he knows instinctively that he cannot tame it. If he wins the battle, the jungle vanishes; if he loses, then, in a few years, the very stones of his temples are torn down and tumbled in confusion by innumerable soft unearthly fingers; and the moss grows over his sepulchre and hides it.

Such is the work of the jungle here. We are told that, in ancient days, the larger part of Lankā was

under cultivation. We have some proof of it, at least, in the ruins of the great buried cities—Anurādhapura and Polannaruwa—cities of kings, covering in their time more ground than Greater London itself. And see how the jungle has dealt with them. It has lifted up and overturned blocks of granite which must have taken the labour of scores of men to put into place; it has pulled down palaces and covered them up, till the very shape of their foundations is doubtful. And the solid masses of masonry which it could not level to the ground, the dagabas, relic mounds, some even four hundred feet high, it has covered over with great trees and creepers till they are scarcely distinguishable from the hills of Nature's own making.

That is what the jungle has done to these great cities of the past, the temples and palaces which their royal builders vainly hoped would stand for ever. What, then, may it not have done to the lesser works of men? What secrets, buried beyond recall, lie all around us? What homes and hamlets, what smiling fields and humble fanes may have stood here, where now we look down upon the impenetrable web of the dark branches?

Practically all the peaks around us are jungle-covered to the very top, except where the sheer granite is so bare and steep that it offers no hold to the tree-roots; and, even then, ferns and small shrubs will find a footing somehow in the crevices of the rock. Shrī-pāda is encircled with a ring of lesser peaks, several having the same comely and characteristic shape of a regular pyramid. In fact, they are so placed that, from the south, it appears as if there were three peaks, side by side, rising in progressive stages up to the highest

and most easterly one, on which we now stand. It is not so in reality; the lesser peaks surround Shrī-pāda like satellites.

And now we begin to get the colours of a fine sunrise, and the more distant features of the landscape become visible. Beyond the encircling peaks are lesser ranges, all jungle-covered, and beyond them, the plains, misty-grey in the morning. Still further away, a faint grey line—which grows clearer. It is the sea.

All eyes are now turned to the east, expectant of the sunrise, and awaiting what is the most wonderful and unique feature of this glorious spectacle. For, when the sun appears, the great mountain casts a vast shadow over the country. Away to the west it stretches, growing shorter, of course, as the sun gets higher.

We wait; the spot where the sun will come over the horizon is already golden with light, and the clouds above are radiant. The danger is that there will be too many, for the sun has apparently come over the actual land horizon and is behind the heavy strata of the cloud bank, tinging its borders with every shade of orange and gold, and lighting the sky above with those ineffable green-gold hues which are, to my mind, the most lovely of all the lovely features of a dawn—or sunset sky.

For a moment, we turn away, disappointed; the shadow does not last more than ten minutes or so after sunrise—and we have missed it—almost the chief object of our tedious journey. To make the best of what we can see, we begin to look around again, towards the hills and the distant sea. Suddenly we observe a glow upon a distant peak, and glancing sharply round, we

see to our joy that the sun has come over the cloud bank. Then, far out at sea, as it were—for it is above the grey line of the coast—there rises a strange, dark triangle, somewhat faint at the base, as if it were part of the sea. The apex grows clearer, the sides extend downwards, they become further apart, they glide on-wards and outwards, immense, enfolding the whole foreground—until they stop at the foot of Shrī-pāda itself.

"There! look! the shadow! the shadow!" breaks forth from many lips in many languages, and all faces are eagerly craned towards the marvellous sight.

And marvellous it is, indeed. I have described its outward appearance, but how shall I describe the feelings which it awakens? To me it was far more inspiring than the footprint, or the shrine, or the mountain itself.

The moment I beheld it I was reminded of the picture of the thought of devotion in Mr. Leadbeater's book *Thought-Forms*. The shadow has such perfect symmetry and such an unearthly radiance. In colour it seems to lie between purple and azure, and set, as it is, upon the background of the blue-grey sky, the silver-grey sea, and the green-grey forests, with the sun's gilding upon the mountain tops and the far horizon, it presents a radiant harmony of soft celestial hues, such as no earthly colours could reproduce.

I thought to myself of all the pilgrims there, and of the millions before them, with their thoughts of goodwill and reverence and devotion; and of the great Deva, the Guardian of the Shrine, Saman-Deviyo who broods over Laṅkā. And it seemed to me that the great shadow was the Thought of Saman-Deviyo—the gathering up into one mighty thought-offering of the myriad

prayers and devotions and offerings of all these pilgrims of diverse races and religions. He takes them, one and all, unto Himself; He perfects them and glorifies them and offers them, one sublime sacrifice to the Supreme, —His Lord and ours.

F. Gordon Pearce

## BOOK-LORE

*Cosmologie*, by A. E. Thierens, (Electrische Drukkery "Luctor et Emergo," The Hague.)

For some considerable time a large work under the above title has been lying in the Editorial office of our Magazine. It is written in Dutch and consists of three stout volumes, of which the sub-titles are: (a) Practical Astrology, (b) Astrology as a principle of life conduct, and (c) Scientific essays. The author is one of the most talented, original and independent of Dutch Theosophical authors and all that he has written up to now has been of interest and has deserved attention. The contents of the present volumes are, as the title and sub-titles indicate, disquisitions, expositions and speculations on cosmological and astrological problems and principles. These are treated from a standpoint semi-scientific and semi-mystical, in which philosophical considerations and Theosophical views have an equal share. It has, unluckily, been impossible to find a reviewer who combines a knowledge of Dutch with the necessary special bias for the subject and the requisite special knowledge enabling him adequately to review these solid volumes in which fact and speculation are too closely packed to allow for competent criticism on the part of a layman. We can therefore, to our regret, do no more than announce the appearance of the work and recommend it to such readers as can profit by it. It appears to be a solid and striking piece of work well worth close study, but it is beyond the *anima non naturaliter astrologica* to pronounce upon it fairly. In order to avoid its escaping attention altogether we insert this notice, and no doubt the author will believe us when we say that we regret having to declare ourselves incompetent to do more. We wish him all the success with his labours he appears to merit, and reiterate that his other writings make us expect that the present work too is of high quality. What glimpses we have had of its contents strengthens this impression. A word of praise too should be given to the excellent get-up of the book and of the illustrations it contains.

J. v. M.

*The Great War: Some Deeper Issues*, by W. Tudor-Pole. (G. Bell and Sons, Ltd. London, Price 2s. 3d. net.)

In this book the deeper issues of the War are considered from the point of view of the visionary. Part I deals with the underlying causes of the War and the meaning of the struggle for each one of us. The eye of the visionary has watched a great spiritual wave descending towards the world of men and women and coming into conflict with the forces of darkness, symbolic of man's selfishness, sensualism and ignorance, the first wide external effect being the present War. "Superficially it would appear that Germany has plunged the world into war. This is partially true, but if we look back into the last few centuries we shall see that nearly all the countries of Europe are responsible, among them Great Britain, which now at last is fighting a war on higher principles, and she and her Allies will therefore in the end prove victorious."

With regard to the question: What does the War portend for us?—the visionary sees a new light dawning within the individual consciousness. Selfish individualism is giving place to a broader view in which each becomes a part of the whole and as this new light illumines the individual and the nation the two great evils now rising to the surface—wars and the sex evil, will be destroyed. Wonderful spiritual illumination will shortly become apparent in Poland and Russia—particularly through the Slavonic race. The author does not believe in a Russian danger, but on the contrary bids us look out towards the East, the Slavonic child-soul being destined to bring new light into the world.

Part II is the reprint of an article from *The Quest* on the passing away of Major P., giving an interesting account of the phenomena clairvoyantly observed by the writer, and of the experiences purporting to be those of the dying man himself. The description of a shadowy form hovering over the physical body, connected by two cords which are broken at the moment of death, is familiar to students of Theosophy, though the idea of two cords, instead of one only, is new.

Part III contains "Leaves from the Notebook of a Visionary," suggestions about prayer, meditation, preparation for sleep, etc., also some visions and prophecies about the War which is said to have been lost and won already on the higher

planes, though destined to go on down here. The powers of spiritual darkness, having been ejected from the higher regions, have descended towards lower states of evolution and will continue their descent until ultimate destruction overtakes them. 1915 was given as a likely date for the ending of the War, and succeeding years are said to be full of opportunities for securing illumination and help from the invisible world. Central Europe will probably become a group of Federated States, like America, the dominion of the larger Powers disappearing. This will presage the coming of universal brotherhood.

Such are, briefly put, the contents of this little book. Full of the highest aspiration it affords instructive reading and meets one of the demands of the present time, for there can be no doubt that the great war has among other things caused a greater interest in the deeper problems of life, an eagerness to be convinced of the continuity of life and a readiness to listen to messages from the invisible world. We heartily recommend this book, hoping that the author's visions may become true and that the dawn of the new era will be close at hand.

A. S.

*Saint Catherine of Siena*, by C. M. Antony. (Burns and Oates, Ltd., London, Price 6s.)

Tender indeed and delicately sensitive must be the fingers that unravel the threads of truth and fiction in the lives of the Saints for they are bound up with so much passionate devotion and reverence. Only skilled hands can be trusted to remove the strands of blind credulity without wounding the hearts round which they are entwined.

In reviewing this book then we will not attempt discussion of the super-normal phenomena that it records; but we believe it would be an excellent thing if some trained observer of psychic phenomena, either within the church or outside it, would make a scientific study of the lives of the Saints, sift the wheat from the chaff, and properly classify the phenomena.

"Miracles" apart, however, Catherine of Siena was a sufficiently remarkable woman. From earliest childhood she gave evidence not only of mystical tendencies but of a very

unusual development of will power. This gave her not only the mastery of the appetites of her physical body by means of long fasts and "disciplines," not only the control of her character, but also an extraordinary influence in the highest political and ecclesiastical circles of her time. It was she who induced Gregory XI to return from France and make Rome once more the "home" of the Popes and the true "heart" of the Church. It was she who continually advocated the organisation of Crusades to the Holy Land so that the unrest, which was raging like a fever throughout Italy, might be directed into a safe channel. And she took a prominent part in the great Schism which occurred in 1378. In it she naturally supported Urban VI, the Pope whom she at last regarded as "the true Christ on earth". She worked assiduously to avoid this great breach and her failure to do so was her death-blow. The account of this momentous happening in the Church of Rome provides the historical interest of the book and it is instructive to have the views of those "within" the Church. Brother or Father Antony has taken some pains to verify dates, etc., given in the books which he has consulted in writing this biography.

Catherine of Siena exerted a very wide and strong personal as well as political influence. She had a perfect genius for friendship and the devotion she inspired was, in some cases, extraordinary. She was loved and revered by all classes though she was the daughter of a dyer, and it seems probable that her power over both men and women was quite as much due to the magnetism of an unusual sweetness of nature as to her reputation of saintliness.

The book is well worth reading as the biography of a truly noble woman, as the account of a very fateful epoch in the history of Roman Catholicism and as a record of mystical experiences, not the least of which was the book written by Catherine in five days in a state of trance. This book "written in the purest and most idiomatic Tuscan" places her in the front rank of writers of the 14th Century.

There are several interesting illustrations, the binding and printing are good and the whole appearance of the book reflects credit upon the publishers.

A. E. A.

*Muthumeenakshi, The Autobiography of a Brahmin Girl*, by A. Madhaviah, translated from Tamil by one of his daughters. (Law Printing House, Madras, Price Ten Annas. Copies to be had of K. Raghaviah, Cheyur, Chingleput District.)

The aim of this little book is to help social reform by boldly exposing some of the evils existing in South India. It gives a realistic picture of the unhappy fate of a Brahmin girl, of the cruel treatment of many young widows, of the superstitions still too prevalent in Indian homes, of the mercenary proceedings in the matrimonial market and of some of the evils of the caste system. Written in Tamil and translated into English by the author's daughter, the style and mode of expression are purely eastern; it is a plain story told in simple Indian fashion and for this very reason the picture impresses one as true to life, though to the Western reader the conditions described would seem incredible if the author's name did not guarantee their accuracy.

May this story find a wide circulation and thus be one of the means of bringing about much needed social reforms.

A. S.

*Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution. 1914.* (Washington, Government Printing Office. 1915.)

The chief interest of this well-known annual publication to the general public outside the U. S. A. lies not so much in the report proper, as in the general appendix, which contains short popular articles, written by scientists of repute (chiefly though not exclusively American) on various scientific subjects, embodying specially the more recent work. Out of the seven hundred odd pages of the present volume the report takes up only 132, the rest being occupied by the general appendix. The articles, as usual, are of a very representative character, no branch of science being omitted except psychology. I am glad to note that Professor J. C. Bose of Calcutta writes one about his own work on "Plant-autographs and their revelations".

G. S. A.

*Peeps into the Psychic World*, by M. Mac Dermot Crawford. (The Eveleigh Nash Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This volume deals with "the occult influence of jewels and many other things," and is sure to create interest just now when the world in general is turning its attention to psychic matters. To a lover of jewels, the chapter dealing with their occult influence will be eagerly read. Here we find stories illustrative of the good fortune or ill fortune attendant on those who wear certain gems, and we gather that their influence depends on two factors, namely, the wearer of the "stones," and their history, for the great jewels of the world have a history and seem in some subtle psychic way to influence the wearer by reason of that history. We hear of lucky diamonds, and of the unlucky opal. Altogether a most entertaining collection of facts, and legends—which may be true, but for the truth of which, of course, the author cannot vouch.

Later we are given instances, among "the many other things," of people who have glimpses of their past lives, stories of those who have had presentiments which were justified afterwards in the light of subsequent events; communications from "the other side" are recorded; the work of "invisible helpers," especially during the present war, together with mysterious apparitions to the soldiers—all find a place.

The whole book is a collection of facts and historical traditions, which have been most carefully compiled. It is interestingly written, and the reader who takes up the book will have a pleasant two hours before him. We do not think, however, that the book will have—perhaps it is not intended to have—that arresting power concealed within its pages which influences life. It is not to be compared, for instance, with the *Letters from a Living Dead Man*. But, as an entertaining potpourri of psychic tales, it is quite a success.

T. L. C.

*Studies in Love and Daring*, by A. S. L., (Mrs. Hugh Jones.) (Wm. Rider and Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Almost everyone has known the pleasure of "making up" the life-story of people met casually in tram or train who show a few outstanding characteristics in exceptional circumstances. It is the same faculty which A. S. L. possesses in a superior degree, and by which she creates "fiction founded on fact" out of the slight incidents recounted in the Gospels about the minor characters whose lives were changed by contact with Jesus. By her imagination she conjures up the causes which eventuated in the recorded result, as in the case of Joseph of Arimathea, and by her interpretative power links a story of the past to its elucidation of the problems of the present

in a way that shows she is one of Emerson's "Unitarians of a United World". Thus the searchlight of a unified vision of past, present and future; of an individual with a type; of a single incident with a world wide root-problem, illuminates many dark corners in life, and reveals how the Master could transform them, if served by bold, ardent, self-sacrificing followers.

It is lack of earnestness in living the spiritual life that has deprived Christianity of the attractive power, of romance, heroism, and altruism such as the present Armageddon, for instance, has called forth, but these valuable studies clearly demonstrate that the Divine Adventure is instinct with superlative demands for love and daring, and brings opportunities for the expression of these to "the man in the street"—as with Cyrus suddenly ordered to carry the Cross—or the woman at the well, to rich and poor alike. Indeed they form an illustration of Christ's power working without distinction of race, creed, caste or sex, which will prove an incentive to every Theosophist reader to live more strenuously than before, strengthened by the watchword "The readiness is all."

M. E. C.

#### NOTES

*The Hound of Heaven*, by Frances Thompson, printed in a neat, handy and clear form, is welcome. Messrs. Burns and Oates deserve the thanks of the reading world for this shilling publication.

Who has not heard of *The Great God Pan*, by Arthur Machen? All Theosophists find the tale more than interesting. It ought to find a very wide sale published in this cheap shilling volume by Messrs Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton Kent and Co., Ltd. Copies are available at T. P. H., Adyar.

The name of Edward Carpenter is well known as the writer of very thoughtful books. His readers will enjoy the beautiful essay on *The Story of My Books* published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. for 6d. Copies are available at T. P. H., Adyar.

*Fellowship with God* is a compiled Message of joy, peace, and reconciliation from the utterances of the Rev. R. J. Campbell at the City Temple from 1903—1915, published by The Christian Commonwealth Office.

*In the Hours of Meditation*, by A Disciple, comes from The Prabuddha Bharata press and contains 30 meditations.

Principal Paranjpye of Fergusson College, Poona, has written in his usual able manner a life-sketch of Professor Karve, the well-known Patriot and selfless worker in the cause of the regeneration of Indian women.

## CRIMINAL STATISTICS

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

With regret many of us have seen Mr. Leadbeater's statistics on the German Criminals in the April THEOSOPHIST. Our regret has been greatly increased by finding his article incorrect, as the enclosed cutting will show. Duty to the movement calls for an effort to undo the harm done as far as possible.

A nation is not judged by its criminals, any more than a school is judged by its bad boys.

Militarism has been rampant in Germany and would naturally increase the number of criminals.

If statistics are given, all nations of the world should be included.

The birth of a child out of wedlock is not necessarily a crime.

Statistics of rape out of wedlock are given, but nothing is said of rape legalised by marriage, of which thousands of women complain. Submission to the marriage law is not necessarily a sign of virtue.

"Terval," Paignton, England

H. B. HYAMS

## HYSTERICAL STATISTICS

By HAROLD PICTON, B.Sc.

The Anti-German Union and the writers of such books as "Degenerate Germany," have a genius for transforming everything into hysteria. Even cold figures begin under their influence to palpitate with hate. Such a transformation, however, does not make for accuracy. Figures are difficult things to handle, and they yield us truth only when our one desire is to find it; even then not without much labour and trouble. A little personal acquaintance with people tells us more than volumes of statistics about them, but statistics are a facile method of giving misleading information about those whom we do not know.

The chief device of the hate-mongers is to take any figures that serve their end without further investigation into their validity. For instance, if we use the Statesman's Year Book, we find under "Criminal Statistics" of the United Kingdom, the number of persons convicted after trial. Taking the year 1908 (of which I happen to have a good many figures by me), the figures for England and Wales are about 12,000. Our somewhat unpractised friends compare this figure at once with convictions in the German Empire and obtain a result highly favourable to their cause, namely, 3.11 convictions per ten thousand inhabitants in England and Wales, as against 124 in the case of the German Empire. The Germans, they conclude, are forty times as criminal as we are, and they are so satisfied with this result that they carry their

## CORRESPONDENCE

## A POINT OF DOGMA

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

It is seldom that I ask you, my dear fellow-worker, to allow me to speak a word through THE THEOSOPHIST, but I am to do so now.

In this May number, in the article by our esteemed and well-loved brother, C. Jinarajadasa, and which otherwise, as usual, I appreciate well, he says: 'As a mighty atonement takes place when a consecrated priest transmutes bread and wine into the body and blood of a saviour, etc.' Now I do think that, as this is an article passed by you, and not a letter, a note from your hand for the sake of the public should have been added to this very clear declaration of the essentials of this dogma of the old Churches. For on the face of it, it is as potent a declaration for the priestly power as could be expressed, it being, one would presume, implied that only through a consecrated priest can this miracle be effected.

Surely the lack of this note cannot signify that you accept this literal interpretation of a word which, [even without any reference to those recorded to have been used by Jesus (see St. John's Gospel, chap 6.) wherein he, over and again, tries to let these Jews see that he speaks symbolically of the spiritual essences that come out of Heaven for the nourishing of the spiritual nature] is recognised by the enlightened to be a word for the use of "babes," and to refer really to the spiritual and not to these physical elements, the symbol being here used as always for the "babes," which "babes" fellows of the T. S. are surely understood not to be. I am desirous, my dear Editor, that you print this, as many things I have written might, if thus literally interpreted, lead astray those very souls whom I have desired to serve in the Truth.

I thank you, my esteemed fellow-worker, in anticipation.

JAMES L. MACBETH BAIN

investigation no further. Did they do so, they would make the (for them) unpleasant discovery that they have in the figures quoted for this side omitted 148,000 summary convictions. The mistake is easily made, but to publish such careless figures, and to base upon them a lesson of undying hatred, surely calls for condemnation.

Let us, however, pursue our investigation. The corrected figures give for England and Wales about 45 convictions per ten thousand inhabitants. The members of Anti-German Unions may at this point still assert that the criminality of Germany is nearly three times as great as that of England and Wales. There will, however, be one little fly in the ointment. In Prussia, the focus of most anti-German hate, the convictions are only 88, as against an average of 124 for the whole of Germany. This might (if they stopped to find it out) make them suspect that criminal statistics are not necessarily a sure guide to the hatefulness of a people. Further investigation would bring even more startling evidence in support of this conclusion. In France, the number of convicted persons, "excluding those under 16 and certain others," amounted in 1907 to 698,000. On a population of about 39 million this gives us 178 convictions per ten thousand inhabitants. On the basis of these figures, the anti-Germans should surely become even more anti-French.

Indeed, our own Empire should certainly not escape their condemnation. In Canada, the convictions amount to about 126 per ten thousand inhabitants. If the sacredness of the British cause is to be based upon statistics of crime, it is plain that Canadian troops should be hurried back to their degenerate home! But, alas, there are worse cases! In New South Wales there were in 1908, 63,393 convictions in a population of 1½ million, or 422 convictions per ten thousand inhabitants! It is, on the whole, better not to play with criminal statistics, when one is wishing to inculcate doctrines of hate. The serpents fashioned by hate have a way of turning round to bite their creator. This war has, I confess, made a complete Pacifist of me, but if I were a fighter I think I would try hard to fight without indulging in abuse. One is less likely to be ridiculous.

#### SIR THOMAS MORE

In the July issue of THE THEOSOPHIST you printed a correction by "A Student of English History" of a supposed assertion of mine that Wolsey betrayed to death Sir Thomas More. But I say nowhere in my article (June number) that Wolsey betrayed Sir Thomas More to death. I use the word "betrayal" on page 315 to refer to the attempt of Wolsey to have More banished by the King.<sup>1</sup> Will you therefore acquit me of this gross error—or perhaps my kindly critic will read me more carefully and make the correction?

Ananda College, Colombo

FRITZ KUNZ

<sup>1</sup> See pages 312 and 313.

## SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT

#### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th June, to 10th July, 1916, are acknowledged with thanks:

#### ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

|                                          | Rs. | A. | P. |
|------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| French Section, T. S. for 1915 and 1916, |     |    |    |
| £33. 18s. 2d....                         | 503 | 10 | 1  |
| Mr. Meuszer Foues, Singapore, 10s. ....  | 7   | 8  | 0  |

#### DONATIONS

|                                      |     |    |   |
|--------------------------------------|-----|----|---|
| Mrs. E. Hay, Edinburgh, £10. ....    | 148 | 3  | 2 |
| A Friend, Madras, .....              | 50  | 0  | 0 |
| Poona, T. S. ....                    | 33  | 2  | 0 |
| Bankipore T. S. Lodge ....           | 30  | 12 | 0 |
| Lotus T. S. Lodge, Mandalay ....     | 25  | 0  | 0 |
| Mrs. Maxwell King and Mrs. Davidson, |     |    |   |
| Guildford, Surrey, £1. ....          | 15  | 0  | 0 |
| Lahore T. S. Lodge .....             | 8   | 0  | 0 |
| Donations under Rs. 5 ....           | 3   | 0  | 0 |
|                                      | 824 | 3  | 3 |

A. SCHWARZ,

Adyar, 10th July, 1916.

Hon. Treasurer, T. S.



# OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th June, to 10th July, 1916, are acknowledged with thanks:

### DONATIONS

|                                                      | Rs. | A. | P. |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| "A Friend," Adyar, for repairs to Olcott Free School | 534 | 12 | 0  |
| Mrs. Grace Shaw Duff, New York \$25.                 | 76  | 3  | 0  |
| Melbourne, T. S. £3.                                 | 45  | 0  | 0  |
| Mr. Frank, L. I. Leslie, Harrogate, £2.              | 30  | 0  | 0  |
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| Mr. A. S. Rajagopal Aiyangar, Dindigal               | 13  | 0  | 0  |
|                                                      | 738 | 15 | 0  |

A. SCHWARZ,

*Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.*

Adyar, 10th July, 1916.

## NEW LODGES

| Location                               | Name of Lodge             | Date of issue of the Charter |
|----------------------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.   | Hermes Lodge, T. S.       | 1-1-1916                     |
| Ocean Park, California, U. S. A.       | Crescent Bay Lodge, T. S. | 17-1-1916                    |
| New York, U. S. A.                     | Vipunen Lodge, T. S.      | 23-1-1916                    |
| Red Bank, New Jersey, U. S. A.         | Red Bank " "              | 1-2-1916                     |
| Stratford, New Zealand                 | Stratford " "             | 7-2-1916                     |
| Pomona, California, U. S. A.           | Pomona " "                | 11-3-1916                    |
| New Plymouth, New Zealand              | New Plymouth Lodge, T. S. | 17-3-1916                    |
| Thenkomputhur, South Travancore, India | Madhusoodan Lodge, T. S.  | 7-4-1916                     |

Adyar,  
26th May, 1916.

J. R. ARIA,

*Recording Secretary, T. S.*

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# THE THEOSOPHIST

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IN the course of a long life, I have never seen the clouds so thick as they are to-day. They enshroud Christendom in darkness, and mark the failure of Christian civilisation. For the so-called Christian countries have wholly disregarded the teachings of the Christ; strength, which He said should be used for service, has been used for oppression, the poverty of the masses in the great cities is terrible, and the competitive system, the creation of Christian civilisation, has divided each Christian Nation into two classes, the rich and the poor, multi-millionaires at the head of the one, and paupers at the base of the other. Out of this has been born the Socialism of hatred, with its illegitimate offspring, Anarchism.

In the terrible death-roll of the battling Nations, we see the karma of the roll of the myriads slaughtered by the Christian Churches. Since the coronation of Christianity as a State Religion, innumerable are the heretics slain by the officialised Church, and in A. D. 382 is the first murder-edict, issued by Theodosius against the Manichæans, the first blood shed by the State Church.

The first edict of Constantine, confiscating heretical goods only, dates from 316. Then followed the wave of blood that swept over northern Africa, the crushing of the Arian heresy, and the trampling out of Gnostic learning in blood. Græco-Egyptian culture was smothered, until its embers were gathered up by Ali and his followers, and these, after blazing up again in Arabia, were brought by the Moors into Spain, and lighted the European Renaissance. In A. D. 1163, at the Council of Tours, the name "Inquisitor"—a tax-enquirer originally—was first used for officials enquiring into the orthodoxy of religious opinions, and eleven years later the Synod of Verona cursed at large, ordering confiscation and murder. The Albigenses began their four centuries of martyrdom in the crusade against them by Simon de Montfort, who, in the sack of Toulouse, where Catholics and Albigenses were mingled, issued the famous order: "Kill them all; God will know His own."

\* \* \*

At this stage S. Dominic appears, with his definite organisation of the Inquisition, beginning with three orders, established to overthrow heresy in 1215; the Preaching Friars, the Women's Order, and the lay Familiars of the Holy Office. In 1224, they organised the work of the Inquisition in Italy, and gradually spread their ghastly work. In 1229, the Council of Toulouse ordered that inquisition should be made as to heretics suspected of heretical wickedness, and five years later S. Dominic's Order, with a tribunal from which appeal was permitted only to the Pope, was given authority in Toulouse. The Templars were among the famous victims in France, and the Bastille was built by Charles V to help in the accommodation of its victims.

\* \* \*

But the greatest triumph of the Inquisition was won in Spain, where it was established in 1480; in its first year of work, 1481, it burnt alive 2,000 heretics. Two years later the infamous Torquemada became Inquisitor-General. In 1492, the Jews were plundered and driven out of Spain; the expulsion of the Moors, and later of the Morescoes followed; the roads were cumbered with the dying and the dead; the exiles starved as they struggled on. "In seventy years the population fell from ten to six millions." "For the love of Christ and His Virgin Mother," said Queen Isabella, "I have caused great misery, and have depopulated towns and districts, provinces and kingdoms." In Spain alone the Inquisition burnt alive 31,912 persons, its victims reaching a total of 341,021. Its work in the Netherlands, where it began in 1552, is well known. It is the blood of these victims which is choking Christian civilisation to-day on the battle-fields of Europe. It may be said of it, as in the cry against Robespierre, struggling to speak: "The blood of Danton chokes him," that the blood of the victims of the Church in the days of its power is choking Christendom to-day.

\* \* \*

The account of its system is interesting: first, a general spy system; then a secret report to the officials of the Holy Office; then the arrest and production of the secretly accused; then torture to extort confession; "the shameless union in one person of accuser and judge"; the difficulties placed in the way of the defence. "We can trace the absolute injustice of the institution on every page, and must only wonder that even in those days men could endure its existence." What could they do? The system described established a reign of terror, and how could they organise, when any man might be a spy, and the secret denouement was

followed by arrest, and the disappearance of the victim? The English writer, accustomed to freedom, cannot put himself into the position of the people of Spain in the grip of a system of espionage, with its secrecy, and its "shameless union in one person of accuser and judge".

\* \* \*

A very wicked attack is being made on the Theosophical Society in India by Miss Elizabeth Severs of Bath. Having lived in India, she knows that, from its inception, the Theosophical Society, in common with other reforming religious agencies in India, has always been regarded with suspicion by the authorities. The fact that it opposed proselytism aroused against it the missionary agencies, which wield enormous power over the Local Governments, especially in Madras; and the public admission of Colonel Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky into the Buddhist religion, his strenuous efforts by speech and writing to arouse Indians to a realisation of their splendid past and to the priceless treasures of their own ancient faiths, checked the spread of western materialism and of the imitation of western ways, and aided immensely in securing the seeds of the National revival. When I came over to help him, with my ingrained love of Hindūism, he rejoiced that I could do for Hindūism what he had done for Buddhism and Zoroastrianism, as his own work among Hindūs, great as it was, was, he felt, handicapped by his preference for Buddhism. Sir Valentine Chirol, in his famous letters to the *Times*, reproduced in his cruel book on *Indian Unrest*, was good enough to denounce me as one of its factors, by my arousing in Indians feelings of National pride, and by my share in the Hindū revival. A Government Blue Book had before stated that the Theosophical Society has played a large part in the Hindū revival.

\* \* \*

Under these circumstances, the Theosophical Society in India has always been suspect, as are all patriotic religious movements. Those in Government Service who have joined it have always known that their hopes of promotion were small, that they were likely to be posted in the more undesirable places, and to be coldly treated by the officials. Despite all this, we have many Government officials in our ranks. When a few members began the Central Hindū College in Benares, Sir Antony Macdonnel, Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, denounced it as a seditious movement, in a published official document. His successor, Sir James De La Touche, opposed the visit to it of the Prince and Princess of Wales. His successor again, Sir John Hewett, sharply cross-examined me on my political views, and said that it was only my loyalty to the Empire that prevented the Government from regarding me as seditious; and later, he tried to have me prosecuted for an appeal to Englishmen to abstain from roughness and violence towards Indians. It was only Lord Minto's wiser statesmanship that saved me, stimulated by Mr. Gokhale, whom he consulted on the matter.

\* \* \*

The Society here consists practically only of the educated, and they are suspect, as a class, unless they are Christians. This, again, adds to its difficulties, as it is tarred with the general brush of suspicion decorating the educated Indian class, the *bête noire* of the *London Times* and of all Anglo-Indian newspapers. It has only 5,900 members in a population of 315,000,000. It is this Society, which, for thirty-seven years, has struggled on amid endless difficulties, that Miss Elizabeth Severs chooses this moment to attack. She tells the deliberate falsehood, according to the *Madras Times*, that the organisation of the T. S. in India is used

for the propagation of my political views. I have not given one political address under the auspices of any Lodge of the T. S., nor circulated through its organisation one political pamphlet. When an effort was made to send out from the Lodges a resolution on my exclusion from the Bombay Presidency, I stopped it as unconstitutional the moment I heard of it. The fact that I am a Theosophist is constantly used against me in the press, even the Congress Press, in my political work, many of the older Congressmen being Free-thinkers and opposed to what they call "superstition," while others are rigidly orthodox, and object to a "Mlechchha" meddling with the Hindū religion. In Madras, it is my greatest obstacle. If I were coward enough to drop Theosophy, my political path would be immensely smoothed, but that I will never do.

\* \*

Other Theosophists suffer in a similar fashion. Sir S. Subramania Iyer, LL. D., K. C. I. E., retired Judge of the High Court, revered and admired all over India, was lately insulted in a paper edited by a Congressman, as being wholly submissive to me, because a Theosophist. A letter, in a prominent Congress paper in the north, says that my "followers" are hypnotised by me, while others accuse me, as a Theosophist, of drawing men away from usefulness into dreamy Mysticism. Every Theosophist who goes into politics or social reform must be prepared to face calumny and abuse because of his beliefs. This makes Miss Severs' attack peculiarly mean.

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There is a very feeble movement in England to narrow the broad platform of the Theosophical Society, and to force its members into only one activity—if it can be so called—the discussion of certain doctrines

perennially, with no application to the burning questions of the day. We may be, theoretically, Universal Brothers, but we must not engage in any practical brotherly work; we may accept Reincarnation, but we must not apply it to education; we may lecture on Karma as a theory, but not as explaining current events; we may believe in superhuman Good and Evil Powers, but we must not recognise their workings in the struggles of Nations. Against these limitations, which deprive our knowledge of all practical usefulness, against this selfish isolation from a suffering world, against this futility of a dozen old women meeting in a Theosophical Bethel to chatter over a Wisdom they are incapable of either grasping or applying, I protest with my whole soul. With a great price I won the freedom to think and to speak, and while I live, I will never surrender it. If the T. S. disapproves of it, let it say so. But I will not shackle either the T. S. or myself in obedience to the prattle of Anglo-Indian Bath tea-tables.

\* \*

A centre has been formed in Heliopolis, in Egypt, by three soldiers—a Sergeant, a Staff-Sergeant and a Corporal—all members of the T. S.; two other non-commissioned officers and two ladies will be joining. The little group meets twice a week, on Sundays and Wednesdays, and those who are interested are made welcome. The local Lodge at Cairo has been obliged to suspend its meetings during the War, and the Ra Centre will be glad to see any Theosophists who may visit Egypt. Corporal V. Kipping, Imperial School of Instruction, Leitoun, Egypt, is the Secretary, and the members will be very glad to receive any Theosophical literature that may be sent to them.

\* \*

Miss Arundale's many friends will be glad to know that she has settled down at Benares, to help in the building up of the Women's College there. She is starting a Women's Educational Society, to work for education on National lines, similar in principle to those of the Central Hindū College and our Theosophical schools, so that the girls, like the boys, may be brought up in an atmosphere of religion and patriotism. All lovers of India will wish her success in her noble work.

\*\*\*  
Our readers will be glad to learn that at the first meeting, on August 12th, of the Court—the Governing Body—of the Hindū University, the members of the Board of Trustees of the C. H. C., elected by that body to represent them on the Court, were duly accepted by the Court. They were the original group of workers who founded the College, one name only being perforce omitted, that of Mr. Bertram Keightley, in consequence of the fact that the 'Court' is composed solely of Hindūs, with the solitary exception of myself. I feel grateful for the unique honour, though I fought hard on the University Committee to retain for the Court the liberty—which it would only have exercised at its own will—of admitting any future lover and servant of Hindūism, who, not having been born in the country, could not technically be a Hindū. The great majority, however, were in favour of the restriction. The Court elected me also on the Council, the Executive Body of the Court, and on the Senate, the Court having the right to elect five Fellows of the Hindū University to represent it on the controller of the Educational Policy of the University. It is a pleasure to be thus closely connected with the Hindū University, and is a gleam of sunshine in the midst of the clouds and storm.



## WHAT IS BEAUTY?

By W. WYBERGH

MAN has been called a "religious animal," and there is reason in the description, for religion in one form or another, the aspiration after what we call Goodness, is one of the chief preoccupations of all men, though the conception of the goal that is aimed at varies enormously. Still, we are all aiming, no doubt, at the same thing, whether from the point of view of the Christian, or the Hindū, or the Jew. Religion is certainly of universal human interest, but it would be a very great mistake to confine the idea of religion to what is commonly known under that name.

<sup>1</sup> One of a series of lectures given to the Johannesburg Lodge.

Many people think of religion as a matter exclusively of morality or theology, of conduct or of dogma, and that no other way leads to the goal that lies before humanity. But the old Greeks certainly had a different and in some ways a wider outlook, and their way of looking at things is a very necessary addition and complement to our way. They did not pretend to be able to describe the goal in the sense that we find it described in current Christian theology, for they had too much real reverence to attempt it. The goal presented itself to them as a Trinity indeed, but not a theological Trinity, and this Trinity was recognised as a presentation only, behind which the Reality was "hidden in a triple darkness". The highest conception that the human mind could form of this Trinity was that of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

Now you will see that these Three are not artificial divisions, but that they correspond with three recognisable human faculties. They appeal to different kinds of people, and to different sides of the same individual. An individual may sense the Divine in all three aspects, but almost certainly one or other will predominate. The way to the Good is not really different from the way to the True—that most of us are beginning to realise, but comparatively few perhaps realise that the way to the Beautiful is also no other than the way to the Good and the True. We must try to understand that the path, though one, is threefold. Those who seek the Good lay emphasis upon morals: those who seek the True lay emphasis upon science, upon thought, upon metaphysics: those who seek the Beautiful turn towards Nature and towards Art, not as fact or as representation of fact, but as expressions of consciousness.

The Greek Theosophy included all these three—the purest morality, the deepest metaphysics, never surpassed in modern Europe, and a vital sense of beauty such as modern Europe has never even approached. The practice of morality, and the inner side of theology, science, and metaphysics were taught in the Mysteries. The series of Gods and Goddesses was a part of Greek theology no doubt misunderstood by the masses of the people, just as the loftiest Christian theology is misunderstood to-day.

I think that the embodiment of beauty is the greatest legacy that the ancient Greeks have left us. We are all to some degree open to that appeal, but what is the meaning of that mysterious attraction which we feel for what we call beauty? We admit the appeal, but most of us have given up trying to find out what the nature of beauty is. The artist seeks the ultimate Reality through his art directly, as a matter of experience, and rightly, in his capacity of artist; but he seldom, unless he is a thinker as well, pauses to consider whither he is going and why. And yet if, as the Greeks themselves believed, the Beautiful is only another aspect of the Good and the True, it is worth while, even for those who are most devoted to the way of Beauty, to try and realise Beauty as Truth also, to try and understand Beauty as well as feel it, and again to realise Beauty as Goodness, that is to say to live and practise Beauty as well as to feel and to understand it. So will Beauty shine forth more clearly, and so shall we best approach the source of its light.

Now if we want to examine this great legacy of Beauty which the Greeks have left us we cannot do better than take what has been said by the greatest

Greek Philosophers and Theosophists, and I think if their words can in some sort be translated not merely into modern language but into modern terms, their interest will be found to be not merely historical but vital, and of permanent value.

Let us take Plotinus. We find, not only in his discussion of the nature of beauty but in many other things, that he is extremely modern. Plotinus says that we may consider beauty in three ways; the beauty of sense, the beauty of soul, and the Divine Beauty. There are some poor narrow beings who shun the beauty of the senses; they think such beauty a snare, —something incompatible with the spiritual life. I need hardly say that the Greeks held no such miserable view. The beauty of sense is the foot of the ladder which will ultimately lead us to the very highest to which human consciousness can ever attain. And what is the nature of this most primitive kind of beauty? You no doubt heard it said that beauty is a matter of proportion; that proportion and harmony and balance are indeed the very essence of beauty itself. Plotinus, and I think modern critics also, are agreed that beauty of the senses is something both simpler and more subtle than this. If this were its essence, then only complex things could be beautiful, for a perfectly simple thing has no parts and therefore no proportion. And yet many of the most exquisitely beautiful things are, to the senses at any rate, perfectly simple. One knows, as a matter of experience, that it is possible to be carried away by the beauty of an exquisite colour, apart from any question of outline or form. A single musical note may produce an impression intoxicatingly keen, which can only be called a sense of beauty. Such

beauty as this, found in simple sense impressions, is clearly not a thing built up by the intellect. Neither is beauty of soul a matter of proportion, for when we see such a thing as purity we do not regard it merely as a useful thing worthy of imitation, but recognise in it that peculiar quality of attractiveness which produces the thrill which we call the sense of beauty. This beauty, again, is not necessarily complex. The artist feels instinctively that there is a fallacy underlying the idea of a beauty that can be weighed and measured, and his whole consciousness revolts against the absurdity. Of course there is nevertheless a beauty belonging to proportion itself, both in sensuous and soul qualities, but in reality the beauty of proportion belongs to the intellect and not to sense impressions, and when we consider in what the beauty of a "well-balanced" soul consists, it will be found, I think, that what is really meant by "well-balanced" can be otherwise expressed by "stable," "temperate," or "self-controlled," that is to say that the beauty is due to the presence of certain elements of a higher order, which do certainly unify, but also transcend the lower psychic qualities, not to the arrangement or symmetry of these qualities themselves.

We may next ask ourselves whether indeed beauty resides in any object at all, or whether it is due solely to something in the beholder. How is it that one man sees beauty where another entirely fails to see it? How is it that an object appears at one time more, and at another time less, beautiful?

Plotinus' explanation is somewhat on the following lines. In every material object there can be distinguished two elements. The first is that which we call its form, that which makes it an object, that which

constitutes the difference between a chair and the parts and materials of which it is composed, that which constitutes it a chair and not a table. It is a manifestation of the principle of Unity. The second, in contrast with this, is the matter of which the chair is composed, which, in itself, might just as well form part of any other object, and is relatively vague, inchoate, indefinite, a manifestation of the principle of Multiplicity. If either of these were lacking there could be no chair, and in fact they cannot exist without each other. In this lies the central mystery of all manifestation. No form can be manifested without matter, and no matter can be without form, so that every object represents a combination of what is relatively form with what is relatively matter. If we use the language of modern Theosophy we should perhaps say that every object is an embodiment of Spirit in Matter, a revelation of Unity in Diversity. Spirit can only be realised or appreciated, or indeed come into the realm of consciousness at all, as it is embodied in Matter. That is the duality which is as eternal as the manifested universe and co-existent with consciousness.

And what has beauty to do with that? The great Greek Theosophist said that beauty is found in the due and fair combination, not of physical part, but of Spirit and Matter. Beauty is the revelation of Unity in Diversity, and he who sees the All in each one, the One in all, he is the perceiver of beauty, of beauty in essence. If that is the best definition that can be found for beauty, it means that every object is beautiful. Here it is that we enter the inner consciousness of the artist, and here the artist and the Theosophist come very close together. Beauty is inherent in everything;

it is not a thing which exists in the imagination of the perceiver only, nor is it an extraneous quality which may or may not be present in any object, nor is it a particular arrangement of parts. Beauty exists in every perceiver and in every object of perception.

We often hear people speak of beauty which is evil. There is no such thing as evil beauty. Think of the beauty of a beautiful but wicked person. There is no truth in the supposition that such beauty is evil. The beauty of that body, whatever soul may be inhabiting it, is real and divine. The awful beauty of the advancing hurricane, the spring of the leopard, the swift and deadly stroke of the lightning, are not less beautiful, not less glorious, not less divine, because they shatter the physical form into pieces; yet it may well be that we are blind to their true nature.

How then do we perceive beauty? The perception of beauty is the result of harmony, of communication being established between the beauty in the perceiver and the beauty in the object. It is the manifestation of a higher Unity, and it is possible because of the universal Spirit inherent in all. The amount of beauty that is perceived by us depends upon how far we are able to unite our consciousness with the Universal Consciousness, how far we are able to see as God sees. Deep answers unto deep, and God knows Himself. To the Divine Consciousness all is beautiful, because all is Himself.

Now we know that between the bodily organs through which we apprehend beauty and the Universal Consciousness by which we ultimately realise it, there is a chain or ladder of faculties—sensuous, psychic, and intellectual. Thus the eye passes on its impressions



through the nerves to the psychic faculties, and the psychic impressions are collected into a unity by the mental faculties. The quality and meaning of that concept are then apprehended by the intellect, which is the conscious individualisation of the Universal Spirit. It would seem then at first sight that if any one of these faculties were deficient, the sense impressions could never reach the essential Spirit at all—that, for instance, one who is not highly intellectual could never appreciate the beauty revealed through the senses. And yet we know that this is not so. Very often the artist is not at all what we should call an “intellectual” man, sometimes not a moral or a “good” man, and yet there are revealed to him visions of a truly divine beauty for which many a good man sighs in vain. To many an intellectual giant God speaks in vain through earth and sea and sky, and many a good man thinks that the beauty of the human form is something to be ashamed of and kept covered up as far as possible. What is the reason for these anomalies? There are doubtless many, but one at least seems to depend upon this—that Spirit, besides being progressively embodied in sheath below sheath of intellect, mind, feeling and bodily senses, is also directly embodied in each one of these, without reference to the others. Spirit penetrates and informs every part of us, and each one of our faculties, from the highest to the lowest, is divine in itself and in direct and immediate as well as indirect touch with the Universal Self which is the true Perceiver of Beauty in whomsoever perceives. To some extent at any rate, each of the faculties may be brought into harmony with the Universal Self separately, as it were, and communication so established with God in the world

around, and although the current that passes through the senses is of a low potential compared with that which results from the harmony of the higher faculties of soul and intellect with God, yet so it is that the things which are hidden from the wise and prudent are oftentimes revealed to babes. Not the intellect of the philosopher alone, not the holiness of the saint, but the eye and nerves and hand of the poor silly lover of beauty may reveal God. For He is not far off but very close, and the gate of heaven is in everyone's backyard.

Although the power of appreciating sensuous beauty does not in itself involve the power of perceiving beauty of soul, the Greeks held that it is valuable not only for its own sake but because it may be used as a ladder by which we may attain to the perception of soul beauty and beauty of intellect.

When we endeavour to follow Plotinus to the consideration of beauty of a higher order, to “see the beauty not visible to the corporeal eye, but alone manifest to the brighter eye of the soul,” we must particularly beware of materialising his conceptions. He himself tells us that “we have to leave every object of sense far behind”. I think he means also by this that we cannot argue from a beautiful outside to a beautiful inside. Beauty of body does not imply a corresponding beauty of soul; and further, a man must have a beautiful soul himself before he can recognise a beautiful soul in another. Beauty of soul and the power of perceiving beauty of soul imply harmony with the World Soul, and this harmony is what we mean by virtue. We call virtue “beautiful” because to the good man it presents that same attraction, causes that same thrill, that sensuous beauty causes to the faculties

of the artist, and this thrill is, once more, deep calling unto deep. Virtue answers to virtue because, in the psychic world, it is itself the manifestation of the unifying principle, of the one that we are all seeking. Only so far as it is virtuous can the soul be said to exist at all; otherwise it is without form and void—really nothing but an incoherent mass of sensations and impulses. Yet, let us remember that without those sensations and impulses the soul could no more exist than the chair without the wood of the chair. It is therefore a mere piece of self-contradiction to starve the psychic faculties in order to make the soul virtuous!

Why is vice ugly? It is because it is essentially that which disintegrates—the negation of Unity. Vice inevitably eats its own heart out, inevitably in the long run destroys itself. It is "*der Geist der stets verneint*," and it ends by denying itself into nothingness, for it is of the very essence of non-being. In the great world-process involution and evolution go on side by side, or rather through and through and by means of each other. The descent of Spirit into Matter is a process of separation, whereby the primal Unity becomes Multiplicity and matter comes into being. As part of the whole movement this process is not evil, but for man, who is on the upward curve of the great arc and whose proper path is towards re-integration, the disintegrating tendency which in him we call vice, spells disaster, destruction and death of the personality. Vice consists not in "matter," not in materialisation, but in the setting of one's self against the life-current of the Universe, in the materialising of that which is tending towards Unity. Baseness and ugliness of soul,

the opposite of beauty, Plotinus declares to be the result of "*too great* an immersion in body" for "the baseness of a soul consists in not being pure and sincere". Beauty of soul or virtue, on the contrary, consists not in dissociating one's self from matter but in controlling it and permeating it with the sense of unity. To become beautiful is to become pure, and purity is only another name for unity, because unity is conscious only of itself. That consciousness is bliss: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Plotinus' final word on soul beauty is that "beauty and good of the soul consists in similitude to the Deity". The Beautiful itself is "that which is called beings (*i.e.*, the essential nature of all beings) and turpitude partakes more of non-entity".

There is a passage in which Plotinus maintains that fire surpasses all other objects in beauty, which at first sight seems rather a fantastic assertion to make, and the reason he gives seems if anything more fantastic still, for he says that "compared with the other elements it obtains the order of form". But the passage becomes luminous with meaning when we realise that Plotinus, like other teachers whose knowledge goes beneath the surface, deliberately uses language whose meanings are deeper than they appear. "Fire," in the language of the Greek as well as the Hindū mystic, has reference to the intellect, and in the ascending order of the human faculties it is intellect, not body or soul, in which dwells the essence of form, in which indeed Spirit, the universal formless Essence, first becomes individualised and translated into the concrete, and thence dominates and inspires all the lower worlds of soul, sense, and body. We shall here

more than ever go astray if we try to take Plotinus too literally, or forget that under the forms of the intellect he is ever telling of the great World Mystery to those who have ears to hear. And what is the nature of this highest of all manifestations of beauty, and why is it the highest? The beauty of intellect is none other than truth, just as beauty of soul is virtue; and there is no religion higher than truth.

And so we come to speak of Divine Beauty. Even Plotinus cannot describe it, but he tells us nevertheless that he has experienced it. What is particularly significant is that he declares, as a matter of personal knowledge, that, while the object of aspiration appears to be "The Good," so long as it is not yet attained, when the goal is achieved it is actually experienced no longer as "The Good" but as "The Beautiful". The Beatific Vision is not a vision of Goodness but an experience of Bliss and Beauty.

And because that supreme Beauty is of the nature of Unity, the way to it is by the enhancement in ourselves of all that is of the nature of harmony. Now we find that the inner faculties, the soul and the mind, have a wider capacity for harmony than the bodily ones. The beauty and the harmony that are expressed through and sensed through them are of a wider scope than any harmony that is achieved by the body alone in its commerce with the outer world. And, going a step further, that Divine Beauty, which even soul and mind, though they seek, can only attain each after its kind, is seen and known in its fullness only by the very God which dwells in the innermost sanctuary of every man, which is indeed his own inmost being, "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into

the world," that Light which is Beauty itself. The material objects of the outer world, the minds and souls that surround us, are not evil but good, not ugly but beautiful, and yet, as Plotinus says, only "an image, a vestige, and shadow of beauty". And so, if we would seek the Divine Beauty, we must turn inwards, not because of any deficiency of beauty in the world, but because our own faculties for coming in contact with the world and finding the All-Beautiful therein are in their very nature limited and veiled. When we have sought and found the Divine Beauty within, then in very truth shall we be able to see it in all its fullness in the world around us. But that world is after all not our real home: "Our true country is from whence we came, and where our Father lives." And to reach that country we must train and utilise the appropriate faculties. "It is in vain," says Plotinus, "that we prepare horses to draw our ships to transport us to our native land." St. Paul has put the same truth into plainer and less metaphorical language. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit," he says, and yet "the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

No tongue can describe that beauty, and yet we may catch glimpses of it by the way. The true artist has the seeing eye which discerns the beauty in common things, the transforming hand which embodies some of the infinite beauty within him in everything that he touches, making it more visible to his fellow men, and this was pre-eminently true of those who followed the religion of Beauty among the Greeks. It is the simplicity, the directness, and at the same time the touch of universality in their work that charms us even to-day. Common things become infinitely beautiful and

significant because through the veil of matter the Divine and universal Beauty is seen, and because the eyes of the beholder and his soul and mind have become the organ of the Divine Beauty within. Thus through the harmonising of the vehicles is communication established, and God knows Himself. To the artist no less than to the lover, the Universal Brotherhood is a living reality. To him nothing is common or unclean, and so at the end of his quest will he reach the Beatific Vision, and stand ever in the presence of God the Beautiful.

W. Wybergh

## THE TRIANGLE OF IMAGINATION

By JAMES H. COUSINS

THERE is an old myth story in Ireland which tells of a King who went on a journey, and was brought to a halt by the sight of five rivers that flowed forward and backward at the same time. He was a brave King, and not easily scared by happenings which are now quite respectable, since Science has deigned to look into them and given them names derived from Greek or Latin. So he inquired as to the meaning of the phenomenon, for he knew it was something more important than a matter of fact. A voice from somewhere told him that the five rivers were the five senses by which man gives and receives knowledge.

The interpretation is good enough as far as it goes; but the experiences of life lead us to look for something more as part of the process of give and take: we look, in fact, for just that power that brought the story and its interpretation into existence—the power of Imagination. Sense by itself is dumb: it is a telephone wire; but I have never yet known a telephone wire that I would put a question to: it is solely a conveyer; its purpose is unfulfilled unless there is an utterer at one end and a receiver at the other. A series of sense percepts would be as unneighbourly and disconnected in utterance as a series of dots. Even with a remembering faculty,

the memory would be only of a series of dots, not even at the level of the little girl's definition of memory as "the thing you forget with".

There is, however, a power within the human mind that moves in a region coincident with, but not bound by, the senses; which, like a spider of the brain, can run through the web of things in all directions and link up the extremities in a symmetrical relationship with the centre and with one another. We may not be able to say how that power works; but we know that it *does* work: Science has watched it, and has called the invisible process "psycho-physical parallelism".

This power, which acts as the coherer, the interpreter, the maker of conclusions in that area which we recognise as our deeper selves, has many departments of activity and many degrees of efficiency, but I shall refer to it in a general sense as the power of *Imagination*: the power of *image-making*: the power of making out of the phantasmagoria of life an image that the inner eye may see and understand; the faculty also of bringing from the inner world some image, built out of all its predecessors, that will bring a step closer the outer world of reality—which is not real, but transient—and the inner world of the ideal which is the truly real.

It is this power of Imagination, its lack or its abundance, that distinguishes the types of human beings. However we may departmentalise human distinctions, they come down to the fundamental matter of the contents of the "chamber of imagery," and the speed and efficiency of access which the person has to it. In short, the power of Imagination is the link between

the individual and the universe. That universe consists of the deeper self of the person, which is never fully engaged in the activity of the passing moment: it consists also of all the other beings with whom the person has to deal, and of the great powers that humanity has always felt to be standing behind and influencing the phenomenal world.

Here we have the three sides of what I shall call the Triangle of Imagination, which relates the active personality with his or her greater self, with his or her immediate surroundings, and with the hidden world of causes and ultimates. This triangle covers the entire area of life, personal, social, and spiritual. I shall indicate the place of Imagination on each side.

We are all well aware of the fact that the sum of things which we refer to as *Ourself* is very much bigger than the fragment that may be in activity at any particular moment. We stand, as it were, on the threshold of our "local habitation," and when some caller salutes us, we send our Ariel of the Imagination to rummage through the bric-à-brac that we have stored in the weirdest confusion in our house—trivial gewgaws standing flauntingly in prominent places, jewelled treasures flung in dusty and inaccessible corners—and expect him—or is it her? or both?—to fetch promptly and sequentially such items as are in keeping with the caller. Sometimes Ariel fails to bring something that we know to be somewhere. Then we say: "My memory is failing; I remember it well, but I forget"; and we put the blame on the wrong shoulders; for the truth is, memory never fails; it remembers always: it is Imagination that performs the forgetting process. We have allowed the feet of Ariel to become

laggard, and one of the ways of our so doing is the modern bad habit of relying on notes in order to save "memory," when here, if anywhere, the great spiritual paradox is true: "He that saveth his memory shall lose it."

There are of course, certain departments of life in which some delegation of the work of remembering is necessary. A merchant on a large scale would hardly find it possible to remember all his customers with their requirements and obligations. Personally I should be a warm supporter of a movement to prohibit anyone from entering on more activity than could be carried in the head: thereby would come about a simultaneous simplification and enrichment of life. In my peregrinations in Ireland, and between Ireland and England, I have often enjoyed studying the characteristics of my fellow-travellers. I have listened to the conversation of commercial travellers whose memories were in note-books, and I have observed that the average of their thought and expression was poor. Their clients appeared to be inventions for the production of profits: the things they sold—miracles of natural or scientific production—were "goods"; life itself was a mere shop. I have also listened to the conversation of horse-dealers whose accountancy was all done on their fingers, and I have noticed that their thought was quick, their language vital and picturesque, and that they had a direct and speculative interest in a multitude of things that one would have considered outside their province. To be sure, their outlook was "horsey," but life to them appeared to be alive, and at least it was an adventure.

This is the lowest phase of the process of Imagination in its relationship between the active personality

and the sub-active individuality. There is another phase in which the ministrations of Ariel take him through secret passages into deeper regions of our house, and, perhaps, through doors of which we are only dimly aware into great spaces of sun and air; and what he brings back to the threshold are not simply things remembered: mixed in with them are glimpses and touches that seem to come from a Memory deeper than memory, from a Life within life. For these things the prose of life is a poor expression: they move naturally into poetry, music, painting, sculpture. Indeed, all effort is art-creation in, but the struggle of the artist to realise his true inner magnitude by the capturing and fixing of some quality or vision that will last beyond the passing moment, and be a perpetual reminder that "we are greater than we know".

But the impacts and faculties that result in art-creation are beyond the ordinary. With the average of awakened humanity Ariel, with his burdens from the dim hinterland, does not get beyond the threshold. In other words, the most that is ordinarily made out of the inspirations that reach us from the deeper degrees of our nature is some addition to character or some modification. Such changes are imperceptibly effected in the course of the experiences of life; but a point is sometimes reached when the personal consciousness determines to give more prominence and activity to certain desirable qualities that have been touched in higher moments, and this is expeditiously achieved by the persistent and regular use of the Imagination in dwelling upon such desirable qualities, and in projecting the personality into circumstances in which

those qualities will be shown; and so they become in time part of the automatic action of life, and our best use of them will be found in greeting them familiarly and without emphasis, otherwise we may discover that a wall of virtues is hardly less passable to the soul's necessity for growth than a wall of vices.

These considerations apply in theory to the personal unit, but a very thin film separates the person from the community. Activity of any kind—the work of the artist, the practice of life—moves across the threshold and presents itself at the doors of others: then complications ensue. The activities of life represent a constant effort at readjustment between the single will, with its attendant desires that intensify or deflect it, and the other wills with which it comes in contact. The more quickly and efficiently this can be done, the better and happier it will be for every one concerned, and the way to adjustment is through the exercise of what I shall call Social Imagination.

Now the most complete and typical social activity is in the legislative department of a country. However remote it appears from a particular detail, it is still in the background as the ultimate decisive factor, and here undoubtedly should be found the fullest use for the Social Imagination. Unfortunately, in a world that is mainly governed by self-interest, what *should* be is not always what *is*; and in legislation the world over, the faculty of Imagination has been used almost exclusively for the purpose of anticipating the movements of opposing parties or interests: it runs along the surface of life in a series of crab-like outflanking movements. What is wanted in legislation is not the superficial Imagination which is mere *foresight*, but the deeper

Imagination which is *insight*: the ability to realise the aspirations, the needs, the possibilities, the limitations of the various groups within the evolving human family, and to have the courage of Imagination. With such a faculty in operation, anticipating the tendencies of progress, not hanging unimaginatively to things that were or are, there would have been no woman's suffrage or labour troubles in the West, and there would be no political trouble in either the East or the West.

I do not propose that these strictures be reserved for politicians. They apply equally to those who put the politicians in power, where such power is in being; and where such power is not in being, they apply to all who have an intelligent interest in life, and see it as something more worthy of intelligent beings than a mere struggle for appetitive satisfaction. Within one's own immediate surroundings there is ample scope for the exercise of Social Imagination. I do not mean that we should sit down and work ourselves into brain fever by trying to picture the details of the horrors that are round any corner we choose to turn. Fortunately the very conditions of time and space make so crude an exercise of the Imagination impossible. I once knew a schoolmaster who had a craze for what he called "oiling the wheels," by which he meant all sorts of short cuts in organisation and administration. The craze might have been all right had its aim been directed beyond the short cuts to the real business of teaching. In his case the oiling process became so absorbing that there was practically no chance for the wheels to work, and the end was disaster. Just so an absorption in the process of imagining may shut out the great business of Imagination. If

we could realise imaginatively the total of misery and pain and deprivation within a stone's-throw of any spot where human beings are congregated in towns, we should not be stirred to the Imaginative work of regeneration: we should be reduced to unimaginative fragments. To the individual with a living Imagination, a minimum contact with actualities is enough to set in motion the real constructive work of building an ideal that will exclude

All things uncomely and broken, all things worn and old, and after the ideal will appear the plan and the future unshakable walls of the "City that hath foundations".

And now we come to a deeper and subtler side of our Triangle of Imagination, the side that I have called the spiritual. I have called it spiritual because it relates to a region of our nature that is not accessible to the senses or even to the mind, a region that is

A little past the beating of the heart,  
A little past the finger-tip of faith.

Our Ariel that brings to us the touch that inspires to artistic creation does not move in solitude through the hidden doors. Somewhere beyond them the millions of Ariels find comradeship, and mix into one great Ariel who touches a race to creation, and from the touch come the great Religions that have set in view some element for a perpetual reminder to the race that it, and humanity itself, like its units, is greater than it knows.

A Religion is not an arguable proposition: that is a mistake of unimaginative religionists who have degraded Heaven and Hell to time and space, and lured a host of "rationalist" critics (who mistake a series of "therefores" for a chain of reasoning) and

"higher" critics (who get no further than the dizzy heights of the Earth's surface) on dreary voyages over verbose oceans to the premeditated destruction of realms that have no existence in the dream-world of laboratory facts, but could be found everlastingly established in their own deeper nature had they the skill to obey the ancient injunction: "*Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.*" Religion is an Art, and the parent of the Arts: the expression of the collective Imagination of a race, as any one of the Arts may be the expression of an individual Imagination. It is because of this unity of inspiration in the whole and in its parts that it has passed into an axiom that the artist to whom his Art is not his Religion is no Artist. So, too, the Religion which denies itself the ministrations of the Arts, is no Religion: its ultimate expression may be an arid and peevish Protestantism, without vision and without joy, and its final achievement a European War, but the great urge of Love's creation will pass it by. Creation is the sole test either of Religion or of Art, because Religion and Art are but the symptoms of a vital process—functions of the Divine Artist, and so ever moving beyond the tests and canons of one day to the revolt and fresh generalisations of another: to the one, it is the creation of beauty in form that matters; to the other, the creation of an organ for the attainment of "God-consciousness": to both, the end is realisation, the one personal and outward, the other super-personal and inward.

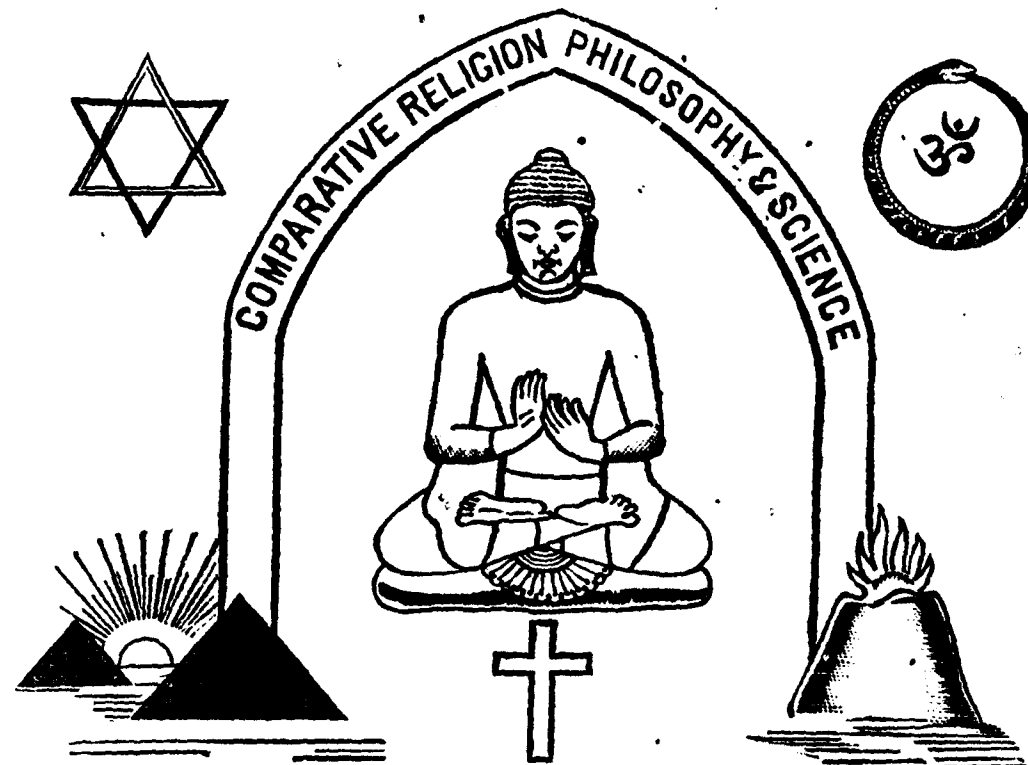
So far, then, as creation in Religions is concerned, it is apparent that the Spiritual Imagination, which sees them as diverse expressions of a hidden vital Unity,



can see no contradiction in them, but a mutual illumination and reinforcement; a casting hither and thither of light from a central and hidden luminary, as the rays of the set sun will glorify the west, yet at the same time lighten the east with the prophecy of a new dawn.

This distinction, however, is requisite for the perfect understanding of our Triangle of Imagination, that, while the personal Creative Imagination tends primarily outward to objectivity and diversity, and must perforce adjust itself to its time and place, the Spiritual Imagination tends primarily inward to subjectivity and unity, and demands the adjustment of all else to it. The ethical and moral code of a race, the product of its Social Imagination, will find its sanctions in its Religion; it has, indeed, shaped itself to the basic ideas of its Religion, as the social polity of Europe is shaped to the Christian idea of a single life and a fixed eternity, and the human corollary of seeking as much material good as possible in the space between birth and death; but when the self-tainted code usurps the place of Religion, and the command of the Master Artist: "Thou shalt not kill," is treated, not as an essential principle of the Art of Religion as well as of the Art of the individual creator, but as an arbitrary injunction to be set aside at the first assault of fear, then we witness the dethronement of the Spiritual Imagination, and the commission of the inartistic Sin.

James H. Cousins



### "AFTER HIS KIND"

*The tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself,  
after his kind.—Gen., i. 12.*

VEX not the perfect rose because  
She knoweth not her beauty's laws,  
Disturb not thou the lily's bliss  
Because each roving bee may kiss  
And bear away her golden dust,  
That is her law and that they must;

Nor murmur that sea's depths are rife  
 With toll of human tears and strife,  
 Life is a force too vast, too deep  
 For thoughts meticulous to creep  
 With clinging tendrils such as these:  
 "Why sun must burn, why frost must freeze?"  
 For birth and death but stages are  
 In the ascent of stone and star:  
 Man must enlarge both heart and mind,  
 Ere he can Nature's Zone unbind  
 Whose mystic jewels star her mines,  
 Whose track aerial bounds defines;  
 We must get back our sense of awe,  
 Our certainty of love and law  
 Wherein Eternity reveals  
 Life's germ in all Time's show conceals,  
 The Dream of One whose lightest thought  
 With form incorporate is wrought,  
 Whose Breath creates what all Thor's strokes  
 Destroy not: never Time revokes  
 Those Measures of Earth's Trinity  
 What Is, Has Been, and What Shall Be,  
 These are the Rhythms of His Song  
 And those the Creatures bright who throng  
 The immemorial Courts of Time  
 Wherein abide those Forms Sublime  
 Who present, past and future blend  
 In One Eternal Now—O rend  
 Your narrow garments of desire  
 And clothe you in Love's robe of fire,  
 Cast off each customary gear,  
 The veil of doubt, the shroud of fear,

And walk, as gods with God, the road  
 Which leads to every man's abode;  
 It lies in sight of all, the door,  
 Yet none have passed that way before;  
 Each for himself must hew the track  
 Nor e'en for Love's dear sake look back;  
 If he would earn the gift of those  
 Who dream the lily and the rose  
 Into that darkness he must go  
 Which all creative spirits know,  
 Into the silence and the void  
 Wherein, the man of flesh destroyed,  
 He lays each secret hindrance by  
 That foils his immortality:  
 Then comes the last great Sacrifice,  
 The will to lose whate'er he prize,  
 The strength to empty Sorrow's Cup  
 To yield Joy's brimming chalice up,  
 Each gain resign and forfeit make  
 Of life itself for The Life's sake.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then only—when the feet that stay,  
 The eyes that weep, the hands that pray,  
 The heart that yearns—when these are laid  
 On the One Altar, unafraid,  
 Then shall that soul above his pain  
 Mount up and win his Joy again,  
*Free to create, with heart and mind*  
*Each bearing fruit of his own kind.*

LILY NIGHTINGALE

## MAN'S MORAL NATURE

By WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE

THE present lecture is one of a series dealing with the Nature of Man. You have been considering his Physical Experience, the Relation of Spirit, Soul and Body, Aspects of Genius and Consciousness, the Senses and other elements of his nature. You will further be considering the Mind and the Soul. It is quite proper then that Man's Moral Nature should form a part of this wide discussion.

### 1. IS MORALITY DEPENDENT UPON FREEDOM OF WILL?

If we speak of Man having a moral nature, we necessarily assume that he has a certain freedom of the will. Imagine, for instance, that the doctrine of the determinists were true, and that everything a man does at any moment is forced upon him by his own heredity and the circumstances that surround him; in such a case it is useless to ask whether he *ought* to have done this or that, for the reason that, according to the determinist hypothesis, he could not have done otherwise. But freedom of the will does not mean freedom

<sup>1</sup> A lecture delivered by Mr. Loftus Hare (Director of Studies in Comparative Religion and Philosophy) at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society, London.

of action; it means, at most, a limited freedom of choice; and within this choice fall all those actions which we judge as moral or immoral according to the criterion we adopt.

This theme of course is a very vast one, and I do not suppose that what I have just said disposes of it adequately; for I only wish now to point out that the concept of morality is dependent upon the assumed freedom of the will.

### 2. THE PLATONIC MYTH OF THE GIFT OF VIRTUE

The next point in order is naturally to ask: How does Man come to be endowed with what is called a "moral nature"? The first answer that I shall put before you is in the form of a myth composed by Plato in his dialogue *The Protagoras*.

Time was when there were Gods, but mortal creatures after their kind there were not. Now when the appointed time came unto these also that they should be born, the Gods fashioned them under the Earth, compounding them of earth, and of fire, and of whatsoever is made by the mingling of fire and earth. Now when they were ready to bring them to light, they gave commandment unto Prometheus and Epimetheus to adorn them, and distribute unto each the powers that were meet. But Epimetheus entreated of Prometheus to let him distribute. "When I have distributed," quoth he, "do thou see whether it is well done. . . ." (*The Protagoras*.)

The story goes on to say that animals were endowed with different qualities, such as strength for those that were without swiftness, and ability to escape to those that were weak. It continues:

Now inasmuch as Epimetheus was not very wise, he unwittingly spent all the qualities he had upon the brutes; and lo! mankind was still left unto him unadorned, and he knew not what he should do concerning them.

While he yet doubted, Prometheus cometh unto him to look into his distribution; and perceiveth that all other creatures are duly furnished in all things, but that man is naked

and without shoes or bed or weapons; and now was come the appointed day on which man also should go forth from the earth into the light.

Wherefore Prometheus, being brought to his wits' end to devise any means of safety for man, stealeth the cunning workman's wisdom of Hephæstus and Athena, together with fire—for without fire none can get this wisdom or use it; and this he giveth as a gift unto man.

When man had thus been endowed with Art, each used his art for his own ends, and,

... when they were assembled together, they wronged one another, because they had not the art political; so they were again scattered abroad, and were like to be destroyed. But Zeus, fearing that our race should perish utterly, commandeth Hermes to go unto men bearing modesty and justice unto men. "Are these," quoth he, "to be distributed as the arts are distributed, the which are distributed after this wise—one man hath the art of physic, or some other art, and is sufficient unto many who have it not? Shall I distribute justice and modesty among men thus, or give them unto all?"

"Unto all," said Zeus.

Now we must not, of course, regard this story as if it were intended to be historical. Its deep purpose is to suggest that man's moral nature exists *a priori*, and though it can be developed, yet "virtue cannot be taught". A dialogue called *The Meno* had made this clear already; Plato wishes to say that bodily structure (*phūsis*) and its special qualities belong to all creatures, that art (*techne*) of different kinds and degree is the lot of men as distinguished from animals, and that virtue (*arete*) or, as he calls it, "the political art," is absolutely necessary to men if they are to live as men. They have it in them to do so.

### 3. TWO DEEP-SEATED IMPULSES IN ALL CREATURES

Leaving aside the myth, we may now turn to examine the question from the point of view of

psychology. Observation and experience show that every creature, from the tiniest infusoria to man, exhibits an impulse towards self-interest leading normally to self-defence. This is called *egoism*, and corresponds to the Indian *ahamkara*, a word which includes both individuation and its consequence, self-interest. We know full well that where this impulse is pushed to the farthest extreme, the animal or the man becomes hostile to all others, and naturally others become hostile to him. While, therefore, it would appear that self-interest administers to individual welfare, it does not necessarily *secure* or *maintain* it. The completion of life's ends would seem to rest increasingly upon the other impulse, generally called *Altruism*, which seeks the welfare of others.

### 4. SOCIAL ROOTS OF MORALITY

Thus we are able to observe that a large group of customs and institutions (that have gained approval of the mass of people) are not traceable to egoism alone or to altruism alone, but to their interaction. It may be said, indeed, that Necessity is in large part the social root of morality, for every member of a society or of a species finds his welfare, and often his existence, dependent more upon others than upon himself. In the human family this is especially so; the young and the old being entirely dependent upon others. In fact it may truly be said: "No man liveth unto himself."

### 5. EMOTIONAL ROOTS OF MORALITY

We may now turn to that phase of the subject where man's moral nature is the subject of everyday

experience, and I propose to quote, by way of illustration of this theme, a certain number of teachings enclosed in the great religious and ethical systems.

(a) *Superior Man*.—First let us hear the catalogue of qualities which go to form the character of "The Superior Man," as described by Kung-fu-Tze (Confucius). They are; (1) *Purpose*. "The Superior Man learns in order to attain to the utmost of his principles." (*Analects*, bk. xix. c. vii.) (2) *Poise*. "The Superior Man in his thought does not go out of his place." (*Analects*, bk. xiv. c. xxviii.) (3) *Self-sufficiency*. "What the Superior Man seeks is in himself; what the ordinary man seeks is in others." (*Analects*, bk. xv. c. xx) (4) *Thoroughness*. "The Superior Man bends his attention to what is radical. That being established, all practical courses naturally grow up." (*Analects*, bk. I. c. ii. v. 2) (5) *Sincerity*. "The Superior Man must make his thoughts sincere." (*Great Learning*, vi. 4) "Is it not his absolute sincerity which distinguishes a Superior Man?" (*Doctrine of the Mean*, c. xiii. 4) (6) *Truthfulness*. "What the Superior Man requires is that in what he says there may be nothing inaccurate." (*Analects*, bk. xiii. c. iii. v. 7) "The Superior Man is anxious lest he should not get truth; he is not anxious lest poverty come upon him." (*Analects*, bk. xv. c. xxxi) (7) *Mental Hospitality*. "The Superior Man is catholic and not partisan; the ordinary man is partisan and not catholic." (*Analects*, bk. ii. c. xiv) "The Superior Man in the world does not set his mind either for anything or against anything; what is right he will follow." (*Analects*, bk. iv. c. x.) (8) *Rectitude*. "The Superior Man thinks of Virtue; the ordinary man thinks of comfort." (*Analects*, bk. iv. c. xi) (9) *Fearlessness*.

"The Superior Man has neither anxiety nor fear." (*Analects*, bk. xii. c. iv. v. 1) "When internal examination discovers nothing wrong, what is there to be anxious about, what is there to fear?" (*Analects*, bk. xi. c. iv. v. 3) (10) *Firmness*. "Refusing to surrender their wills or to submit to any taint to their persons." (*Analects*, bk. xviii. c. viii. v. 2) "The Superior Man is correctly firm and not merely firm." (*Analects*, bk. xv. c. xxxvi) "Looked at from a distance he appears stern; when approached, he is mild; when he is heard to speak, his language is firm and decided." (*Analects*, bk. xix. c. ix) (11) *Benevolence*. "The Superior Man seeks to develop the admirable qualities of men and does not seek to develop their evil qualities, the ordinary man does the opposite to this." (*Analects*, bk. xii. c. xvi.) (12) *The Golden Rule*. "When one cultivates to the utmost the capabilities of his nature and exercises them on the principle of reciprocity, he is not far from the oath. What you do not want done to yourself, do not do unto others." (*Doctrine of the Mean*, c. xiii. v. 3)

What, then, is this will? What, this virtue? The disciples of Confucius handed the secret of it down from one to another, in these words: "The doctrine of our Master is to be true to the principles of our nature and the benevolent exercise of them to others." (*Analects*, bk. iv. c. xv. v. 2)

We also learn that so highly did the Superior Man prize his virtue that, as in the case of Christian Martyrdom or Greek Stoicism, he would at all costs preserve it to the end.

"The determined scholar and the man of virtue," he also said, "will not seek to live at the expense of injuring their virtue." They "will even sacrifice their

lives to preserve their virtue complete". (*Analects*, bk. xv. c. viii.) "I prize life indeed but there is that which I prize more than life, and therefore I will not seek to preserve it by improper means. I shrink from death indeed, but there is that which I shrink from more than death, and therefore there are occasions when I will not avoid danger." (*Mencius*, bk. vi. pt. 1. c. x. 1)

I am now able to add a further statement as to the central essence of this Chinese view of virtue. It is no more than *Jen*, the fundamental virtue; but what is that? Sympathy, loving-kindness, friendly feeling or a feeling of human fellowship; it is an inborn feeling in every man's heart awakened when he meets another; it is the foundation of society, which would fall to pieces if it were lost, and which does, as we now see, threaten to decompose by the universal outbreak of antipathy. *Jen* is like the door that must be used to go out of the house, says Kung-fu-Tze. "A man who has *Jen*, wishing to establish himself, will have others established; wishing himself to succeed, will have others succeed." (*Analects*, vi.)

Meng-tze has refuted for ever those explainers-away of morality in the following passage:

Everybody has a feeling for others which he is unable to endure. . . . Suppose a child is at the point of slipping down into a pit. It awakens in the spectator a mingled feeling of apprehension and compassion which urges him to an immediate rescue of the child. This is not because he wants to confer a favour upon its parents, nor because he wishes to be honoured by his friends and fellow villagers. It is simply because he cannot bear its pitiful screams. Men who have no feeling of compassion, therefore, are no human beings. (Meng-tze, bk. iix.) Fellow-feeling is the highest heavenly honour ever conferred on man. It is the safest abode ever secured for men. There is nothing that could check its course. (bk. vii.)

"Fellow-feeling is the norm of the Universe. When that norm is lost there ensues lawlessness and discord," says Ch'eng-tze, a Confucian philosopher.

I now only have to quote one more passage:

*Jen* is to love others with gladness of heart, to rejoice when they are blissful, to be grieved when they suffer misery. This is because the heart is unable to refrain from being so affected, and has nothing whatever to do with a desire for compensation. (Han-fei-tze's Commentary on Lao-tze).

(b) *The Buddhist Canon of Morality*.—In turning now to another Eastern view of Man's Moral Nature, let me point out that while in the Chinese system *Jen* is like the Platonic *Arete*, given to all men, that peculiar quality in Buddhism which corresponds to it appears to be the result of efforts followed by deeds.

If a dyer should take some cloth that is pure and clean, and dip it in some colour or another, the result will be a good pure tint; and why? Even because the cloth was clean. In the selfsame way a good outcome may be expected from a mind that is pure. And what are impurities of the mind? Covetousness and vicious craving, jealousy, mean grasping, deceit, cunning, obstinacy, clamorousness, conceit, arrogance, vainglory, heedlessness—all these are impurities of the mind.

Now when a man has perceived that these are impurities of the mind, he sets about to rid himself of them. . . . and he abandons self-regarding ends, empties himself of them, frees himself from them, renounces them, and rejects them. And so he comes to comprehension of the Teaching, and the joy that comes of it. From this, lofty enthusiasm is born. The bodily frame becomes quieted, and he is at ease, whoso is at ease attains collectedness and calmness of mind. With a heart overflowing with loving-kindness, compassion, sympathetic gladness and even-mindedness he abides, raying them forth towards one quarter of space, then towards the second, the third and the fourth, above and below, thus all around. Everywhere into all places the wide world over, his heart overflowing, streams forth ample, expanded, limitless, free from enmity and all ill-will (Majjihima Nikāya, VII).

(c) I should like to add also a short though concise statement of the Jain principle of Ahinsa, or non-injuriousness.

As in my pain when I am knocked about or struck with a stick . . . or menaced, beaten, burned, tormented, or deprived of life; and as I feel every pain from death down to the pulling out of a hair, in the same way, be sure of this, all kinds of living beings feel the same pain and agony as I . . . when they are ill-treated in the same way. For this reason all sorts of living things should not be beaten nor treated with violence, nor abused nor tormented, nor deprived of life. . . . (Sutra Kritang II. 1. 53.)

(d) *Christian Love*.—As may be expected, Christianity has a good deal to say about Man's Moral Nature. The New Testament has much teaching regarding "love," and adopts two conceptions regarding it which must be separately examined. The first is *eros*, the passive love of life, of the world, of friend for friend, of man and woman, of all the manifold sensations and emotions that yield us pleasure. This *eros* is not a matter of our choice; we are attracted here and there, and ultimately to life itself, by forces that seem to be greater than ourselves, and to which we, for the most part, respond by appropriate action. For what does *eros* ask? For welfare; for the welfare of that separate personality in which its claims are felt most keenly—for "myself". And that welfare is pursued with egoistic motive through every life, every generation, every nation, growing in intensity and remorselessness until it reaches, as now, the state of world-war.

What, then, we may legitimately ask, was the Christian teaching about this *eros*, this love of life? Was it to be despised, neglected, resisted, or stamped out? Or, was it to be given free rein to attain its ends? All the teachings as to *eros* may be summed up in the simple words: "Your Heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of," and "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." *Eros* is not to be

destroyed, but transposed; a higher aim is proposed by Jesus, which, if attempted with success, will lead to a "more abundant life" in which *eros* has a purified share.

It is here we meet with the essentially Christian Love, called in the New Testament *Agape*. We are able to understand at once its distinctive quality, as compared with *eros*. *Agape* is an act of personal will. It is not a mere following of that by which we are attracted, as *eros* is. It is "Loving-kindness" that disregards attraction and repulsion, and so can be extended to friend and enemy alike. Christian Love emphatically is not, therefore, the weak and sentimental emotion it is so often supposed to be, but is in its very nature an effort of the will that rises above all emotions. It is not merely will, but will qualified by goodness. The Christian's conception of life, therefore, does not deny the claims of *eros*, but emphasises the duty of *Agape*. Christianity is a new life-direction, a turning round from the way of the world, from the seeking of private or national welfare, to positive goodwill and universal welfare. The early Christians were taught like other people "the golden rule," but even though this were intelligible enough, they were taught also something still more lofty—to imitate God; as He is perfect in loving-kindness, so also must His servants be; "because God is Love"—*hoti ho Theos agape estin*.

Finally, therefore, a Christian, anxious to cleave to peaceable tradition, has not to ask himself whether this is practical, consistent with, or harmonious to the present order of things—of course it is not—but whether he has a sufficient conviction as to its essential and prophetic rightness.

(e) *Plato's Developed View.*—In the last work which the great Philosopher composed, called *The Laws*, the subject of virtue is again referred to. Plato finds himself faced by the problem, which is both speculative and practical, of discovering what is that one quality which constitutes the saving element in man's personal, social and political life. It is called virtue (*arete*), but in calling it so we do not learn any more about it! Towards the end of the dialogue the point reached is as follows:

The One End proposed by our city is the virtue of its citizens. But virtue is fourfold, or includes four varieties—Courage, Prudence, Temperance, Justice. Our End is and must be One. The medical Reason has its One End, Good Health; the strategic Reason has its One End, Victory. What is that One End (analogous to these) which the Political Reason aims at? It must be that in which the four cardinal virtues—Courage, Prudence, Temperance, Justice—are One, or coincide: that common property, possessed by all and by each, which makes them to be virtue, and constitutes the essential meaning of the name Virtue. We must know the four as four, that is, the points of difference between them, but it is yet more important to know them as one—to discern the point of essential coincidence and union between them. (Grote's Plato, iii, p. 448.)

It is remarkable that Plato's great work comes to an end without his being able to answer the question which he thinks of the utmost importance to humanity, namely to find the common root of the four virtues, each of which he has discussed many times in his voluminous writings. It is possible, however, to believe that Plato, following upon Socrates, was very nearly being able to get an answer to his question, as the passages I am now about to quote indicate:

O Callicles, if there were not some community of feeling among mankind, however varying in different persons, I mean to say, if every individual had a private feeling which was not shared by the rest of his species—I do not see how

we could ever communicate our impressions to one another. (*The Gorgias*, 481.)

Then in our city . . . as I was describing before, when anyone is well or ill, the universal word will be "mine is well" or "mine is ill". And agreeably to this mode of thinking and speaking . . . they will have their pleasure and pains in common and they will have a common interest in the same which they will call "my own" . . . they will have a far greater community of feeling." (*The Republic*, V. 463.)

The Platonic Socrates, we see, puts his finger on "community of feeling" as being that which enables men to have orderly and stable human relations with one another, and this, coupled with what we have heard from the teachers I have quoted above, leads us to believe that the one root for which Plato is seeking is no other than that human quality which makes it possible for everyone to *feel*, in addition to his own suffering and joy, that of other people also. When this is the case we call a person sensitive, compassionate, sympathetic. And so we come back to the Platonic Myth, able to see that Plato's hint of "virtue as the gift of God" was a sound one. The case may be summed up in the following formula; specific virtues, whether manifold or fourfold, all spring from the phenomenon of fellow-feeling, which in its various degrees is co-existent with life itself.

## 6. METAPHYSICAL ROOTS OF MORALITY

We now come to what is perhaps the most difficult point in our discussion. The hints given by the Chinese, the Buddhist, Jain, Platonic and the Christian systems all seem to point in one direction, namely, that the seed of morality is either in man's nature, or, in the alternative, can be planted there. It is true, of



course, that in some cases the determining power of right action is supposed to lie outside man, and he is the subject of divine or semi-divine authority. Moses, for instance, declares that the Laws were thundered from Sinai, and many followers of the great religious teachers have been satisfied with "the word of the Master". But the fact of Man's obedience to a command given to him as if from above, rests on his ability to appreciate its moral worth, and consequently, his response to it proves that we are justified in speaking of Man's Moral Nature as rooted in himself.

Schopenhauer, in his admirable essay *The Basis of Morality*, has argued that all virtues spring from the single phenomenon of compassion, or the ability to feel in some degree what others feel; and although this may seem a solution of many difficult ethical problems, we still have to ask what is the meaning of the phenomenon of compassion itself? We are thus driven back to metaphysics. Let us therefore now hear what some of the great philosophers have told us on this question.

(a) *The Upanishads*.—There is a general ethical system put forth in these ancient documents, and the first characteristic of it (somewhat dissimilar from Western thought) is that there is greater emphasis laid on the subjective worth of moral action, rather than on the objective. The *Upanishads* advocate asceticism, liberality, right dealing, non-injuriousness, truthfulness, self-restraint, tranquillity, hospitality, and courtesy; and the beneficent results of good actions are beautifully expressed by the words: "As the scent is wafted afar from a tree laden with flowers, so also is wafted afar the scent of a good deed." The reason why there is

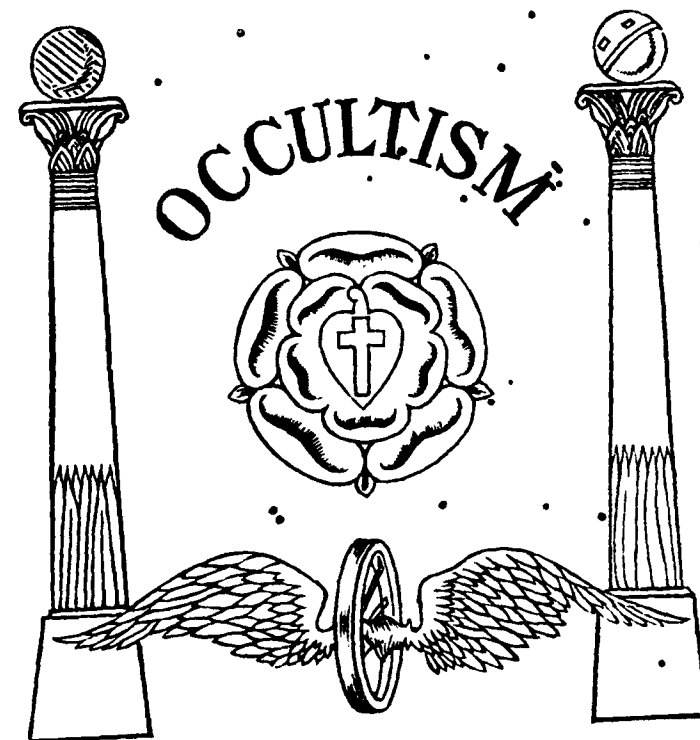
such emphasis on the subjective worth of moral action to the actor himself is perceived when we turn to the metaphysics of the *Upanishads*, which may be very briefly summed up as follows: When we have analysed the external world to its utmost, we find the cosmical principle of the universe called *Brahman*; and when we have likewise analysed Man, we find the psychical principle called the *Atman*, or Self; the *Upanishads* say *Atman is Brahman*. Now to know this great truth, not merely speculatively as an idea, but by experience as a fact, necessitates a special life-discipline which the *Upanishad* system expounds—a system in which the ethics are closely dependent on the metaphysics.

(b) *Plotinus*. I will now quote from one of the greatest mystics a statement which gives the relation between metaphysics and ethics in the simplest form. Writing of the ecstatic union of the Soul and God, he says:

In this way we and all that is ours are carried back into real Being. We rise to it, as that from which originally we sprang. We think spiritual objects and not merely their images and impressions, and in thinking them we are identified with them. And the same is the case with the other souls as with our own. Hence, if we are in unity with the Spirit, we are in unity with each other, and so we are all one. When, on the other hand, we carry our view outside of the principle on which we depend, we lose consciousness of our unity and become like a number of faces which are turned outwards, though inwardly they are attached to one head. But if one of us (like one of the faces) would turn round either by his own effort or by the aid of Athene, he would behold at once *God himself* and the whole. At first, indeed, he might not be able to see himself as one with the whole; but soon he would find there was no boundary he could fix for his separate self. He would, therefore, cease to draw lines of division between himself and the Universe; and he would attain to the absolute whole, not by going forward to another place, but by abiding in that principle on which the whole Universe is based. (VI. 5, 7.)

Putting together these two ideas of the *Upanishats* and Plotinus (there are others of a like nature), we bring them forward to explain the familiar phenomenon of compassion. It would seem to be this: we feel each other's pain and joy *because we are metaphysically all one*—as Christ said in His last discourse to His Disciples. Inasmuch as Man is able to say truthfully: "I am Brahman" or "Tat tvam asi" or "I and the Father are one," he affirms his spiritual identity with God and his fellows. Thus, again going back to the Myth of Plato, we can understand why it was he said that virtue is "the Gift of God". It is part of man's Nature because Man comes from and lives in God.

William Loftus Hare



## THE DAY OF JUDGMENT AND THE COMING RACE

By G. E. SUTCLIFFE

(Concluded from p. 546)

THE Goddess Athena was first a Goddess of war, as was the new woman in the struggle with man over the suffrage, etc., but she afterwards became the Goddess of the arts and industries, the works of peace, which is what the new woman has become since the

War, and this she will continue to be when the War is finished.

The statement that Jupiter ordered his daughter Athena to form a new race out of the mire of the waters of the Deluge is now explicable. The Deluge was the destruction of Atlantis, the continent of the fourth root-race, and the mire from it is the fifth root-race. Mire is a mixture of earth and water, and physical generation is represented by the junction of the earthy sign Taurus, and the watery sign Scorpio. The bull of Taurus is the symbol of the male generator on the physical plane, so that with Mars in Taurus his consort Venus must be in Scorpio, and the earth and water of these two signs constitute the mire, which has produced the fifth root-race. It is the work then of Athena, or the new woman, to bring into existence this higher race out of the mire of the Deluge, the fifth root-race, and this she will do by imposing restraint upon excessive sexuality. Just as the first Eve led to the fall of man, so will the new Eve lead to the rise of man, and introduce him once more to the Garden of Eden.

Athena, or Minerva, has a brother Perseus, who rescues the chained Andromeda. Andromeda was chained to the rocks on the seashore, and exposed to a sea monster whom Perseus slays. The seashore, being the junction of land and water, is generation by Taurus-Scorpio, and Andromeda tied to the rocks is therefore woman made the slave of physical generation. Perseus, the brother of Athena, is the new man, who co-operates with the new woman in combating the excessive sexuality into which humanity has fallen.

The naked Andromeda is pictured with the signs of Aries and Taurus painted on the hips, implying that

the generative principle has risen above these two houses of Mars and Venus, into the mental sign Gemini, the Twin Virgin of Heaven. Below the breast is a ten-pointed star, indicating ten signs of the Zodiac instead of twelve, so that Virgo-Libra-Scorpio has become one sign. On her abdomen is pictured the sun, implying she is *enceinte* with the sun, the triumphant Christos (*Veritas*, A Hall & Co., p. 66). Metis, the mother of Athena, whom Jupiter swallows, is Divine Wisdom or Buddhi (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 412). The sea monster which threatened the life of Andromeda, and from which she is rescued by Perseus, was the model in early Christian art for the fish which swallowed Jonah (*Ency. Brit.*, vol. XXI, p. 187). It is therefore identical with the sign Pisces. All these things point to the conclusion that Athena and her brother Perseus are the prototypes of the new race of men and women that will now descend from the celestial realms, and the beginning of which is so obvious at the present time. They are the missing Servers of Group (2).

Maia, the mother of Mercury by Jupiter, and the source of the coming new race, is one of the seven daughters of Atlas, all of whom constitute the seven stars of the Pleiades. The star Maia has not been situated in the sign Gemini for 25,000 years or more, and the motion of Precession has not yet brought it there. In 1886, its Right Ascension was  $54^{\circ} 46'$ , and its Declination  $24^{\circ} 1'$  North. Its longitude on the ecliptic was  $58^{\circ} 5'$ , or  $28^{\circ} 5'$  Taurus, and latitude  $4^{\circ} 23'$  North. At present (1915), its longitude is  $28^{\circ} 30'$  Taurus, and it will enter the sign Gemini A. D. 2024, where it will remain until A. D. 4000. This will

probably give ample time for the incarnation of the advanced Servers of Group (2).

Taurus the Bull, with its opposite sign Scorpio, was specially related to the fourth race, and Chaldæa, a fourth race people, held it sacred. It is the symbol of physical generation (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 721), and the fourth root-race had to establish the separation of the sexes, so as to replace the *tamas* of the third race with *rajas*, otherwise evolution would have been much delayed. But these two signs are not the ideal of the fifth root-race, which, having acquired the energy to evolve through *rajas*, has now to develop this into *Sattva*, or the higher harmony, by establishing *Kriyāshakti*. The ideal of the fifth root-race therefore lies in the two signs Sagittarius-Gemini. The horns of Taurus to the fifth race represent not only the Bull of physical generation, but also the horns of the devil, for they are a form of evolution that has been passed through, and has to be transcended. To us of the fifth race the horns of Taurus represent the world, the flesh, and the devil; "and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh and the devil, Good Lord, deliver us" (Church Service). This is the petition that good churchmen are instructed to make after "Morning Prayer" on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Sunday being sacred to the triumphant Christos, Wednesday to Mercury, the teacher of spiritual Alchemy which transmutes our passions into power, and Friday to Frigu the wife of Woden, the Anglo-Saxon Mercury, and the Goddess of marriage. Since Mercury, or Woden, is *Buddhi*, which is united to *Manas*, as *Buddhi-Manas*, or the power of *Kriyāshakti*, the married pair Woden-Frigu is generation by *Kriyāshakti*,

and the result of the union is Balder, the Scandinavian Christos. Friday is the day of crucifixion, and Sunday the day of the resurrection of the triumphant Balder or Christ. It would thus seem that the compilers of our Church Services have not been without some occult assistance, for the Master Jesus is always in incarnation, and is in charge of the evolution of the Christian Churches.

The ideal of the fifth root-race, therefore, is not, as with the fourth, the combination Taurus-Scorpio, but the combination Sagittarius-Gemini. This does not mean the birth of the Christos in triumph, but it means the stage that precedes it, the birth in Pisces, the exaltation of Venus, or Eve, the mother of the new race. It is the stage of bisexual humanity in embryo, and the entry of the star Maia, the "mother of Mercury" (*Buddhi*), the messenger of the Gods, into Gemini is an important event. Maia was one of the Atlantides, the seven daughters of Atlas, who are the seven Pleiades, the six sisters being Electra, Taygeta, Asterope, Merope, Alcyone, and Celæno (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 811). These seven daughters are the symbol of the seven sub-races of the fourth root-race (*ib.*, 518). But by the law of analogy—as above so below—they may represent the seven root-races of the fourth globe of the seventh round of the moon-chain. The Atlas mountains were at one time, I think, called the mountains of the moon. The ascent of the seven sisters to the stars of the Pleiades may therefore correspond to their leaving the moon-chain for the interchain *Nirvāṇa*, from which they join the earth chain when the terrestrial evolution is ready for them. We may thus conclude that the seven Atlantides are the seven groups of egos from the fourth globe of the moon-chain as given in *Man*:

*Whence, How and Whither* (p. 69), of which six have previously arrived, and the remaining Group (2), of Servers, from the star Maia, has still to come. The coming race will thus "bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades" to the car of human evolution, as the Initiate Job so poetically expresses it (ch. XXXVIII. 31).

The constellation Sagittarius is represented by a being with the head and shoulders of a man and the body of a horse. Above his head is a radiant cross, indicating his future growth out of the animal of his lower nature into the triumphant Christos. He is discharging an arrow from his bow at the sting of Scorpio, which has a similar meaning (*Veritas*, p. 12).

The two stars which give their name to the constellation Gemini are Castor and Pollux. Their mother Leda unites herself in one night to her husband, and to the Father of the Gods, Jupiter. The consequence is that the son of the husband, Castor, is mortal, and the son of Jupiter, Pollux, is immortal (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 129). Pollux, however, refuses to live without his brother, and eventually obtains a boon from Jupiter, which practically makes both immortal (*ib.*, p. 130). The meaning of Gemini, therefore, is much the same as the meaning of Sagittarius, and the significance of the combined signs is clear. This serves to show that the authors of the symbols of the constellations were Initiates of the mysteries, and gives support to the oft repeated statement that the history of mankind, past, present, and future, is written in the stars.

The history of this world since its formation and to its end is "written in the stars," i. e., is recorded in the Zodiac and Universal Symbolism, whose keys are in the keeping of the Initiates (*ib.*, p. 457).

The "Serpents of Wisdom" have preserved their records well, and the history of human evolution is traced in Heaven as it is traced in underground walls. Humanity and the Stars are bound together indissolubly, because of the Intelligences that rule the latter (*ib.*, p. 368).

In the *Sūrya-Siddhānta* (1, 14) we are told that the day of the Gods is the night of the Demons, and vice versa, and we may apply the same rule perhaps to the worktimes of men and the Occult Hierarchy. During the intellectual night which fell upon mankind in the dark millennium, A. D. 400—1400, the Occult Hierarchy appears to have been exceedingly busy, for on emerging from it, the races of humanity were provided with a new mentality. In the East there emerges the *Mahābhārata*, the *Rāmāyaṇa*, the Purāṇas, and the extensive literature published in the volumes of the *Sacred Books of the East*, which are the fragments and recompilation of a still more extensive literature. In the West we have the Bible, the legends of the Holy Grail, and of King Arthur and his Round Table. In these new scriptures, or revised editions of old scriptures, are hidden under glyph and symbol the Ancient Mysteries, which told the past, the present, and the future of mankind; and the new humanity ponders over these stories with surprise and wonder, as an infant ponders over the fairy tales which are told it in the nursery. They are the mental pabulum with which humanity begins its new incarnation, the newly propounded riddle of the Sphinx which the nations have to solve or die.

But this writing of history in the form of symbolism is not confined to the earth, for the history is also written in the heavens, in the hieroglyphics of the constellations, the origin of which no man has traced.

The nineteenth century, confident in its superior knowledge, began to remodel some of these celestial hieroglyphics, and thus spoiled them for the future Ædipus. The infant had emerged into early youth, and began to despise its nursery stories. Then behold! a strange thing happened. A Master Mason, of the highest order, probably the Count Saint Germain, or a direct emissary from Him, came to London about the year 1820, for the purpose of holding some kind of conclave with the Grand Master of England, the then Duke of Sussex, and the Grand Master of Denmark. He brought with him a set of celestial charts, with figures beautifully drawn and highly emblazoned. These were examined by Dr. Crucifix and other high brethren of the craft, but to all of them they were hermetically sealed.

And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this I pray thee; and he saith, I cannot: for it is sealed: And the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I am not learned (*Isaiah*, XXIX. 11-12).

About this time (1820), Alexander Jamieson published a celestial Atlas, a mere school book, containing these charts; and how he obtained them is a mystery. Henry Melville, an enthusiastic Mason, took up their study, and in 1850, or thirty years after their publication, endeavoured to trace their origin by applying to the engraver Neele, who was then a very old man. Neele told him that it was no use applying to Jamieson, for he was a mere "scissors man," a man who cut out the works of others and pasted them together to form a book. He said the originals from which he copied were very large, splendidly drawn,

and highly emblazoned; and, to use Neele's own words, "seemed to be foreign monkish charts".

In this mysterious way was humanity once more supplied with a true chart of the heavens, one of the keys to the Mysteries. Henry Melville embodied some of these celestial charts in his book *Veritas*, published in the year 1874, the year preceding the founding of the Theosophical Society, and it is from this book (p. 5), that the above facts are obtained. Melville made a desperate attempt to interest leaders in Masonry in these celestial charts, which are the keys to Masonry, but was not successful, for the study of the charts involved labour. As many are aware, Masonry has two functions, labour and refreshment. The labour has been a comparative failure, but in compensation for this, the item of refreshment has been a triumphant success. In this way Masonry has escaped from being submerged along with the wreckage of other Occult Schools; it has floated safely to haven, on its stomach. The success of its other function, labour, will be accomplished in the new age. It is evident that those who devised the procedure of Masonic Lodges understood human nature fairly well.

By means of the celestial charts so mysteriously restored to us, it is possible still further to illustrate the fact that the history of mankind is written in the stars. It has been previously pointed out that the movable Zodiac coincided with the fixed, or the Zodiac of the constellations, at the time of the minor pralaya, A.D. 600. But owing to the motion of Precession, at the rate of about one degree in 72 years, the two Zodiacs no longer agree in position. The sign Sagittarius now lies over the constellation Scorpio, and the opposite

sign Gemini over the constellation of the Bull. Thus the constellation Scorpio is raised from the element water to the element fire, which is equivalent to changing, or transmuting, the astral into the buddhic, whilst the earthy constellation of the Bull is raised to the mental plane. In this way the transmutation of the lower passions into the higher spiritual equivalent is facilitated. Similarly with the sign Pisces, which is the birth sign resulting from generation by Sagittarius-Gemini, for the sign Pisces now lies over the constellation Aquarius, and thus takes on the aspect of an airy or mental sign, where the sexes are unified. The symbol of Aquarius is a series of waves, which do not represent water but the border between water and air; it is thus the junction between the astral and the mental planes. The figure of Aquarius is that of a man emptying a waterpot. As the stream of water descends through the air, the fish whose eye is the star Fomalhaut swims up the descending stream; thus Aquarius supplies it with water until it can develop the power to breathe the lighter element, air.

This overlapping of the constellations Taurus, Scorpio, and Pisces, by the signs Gemini, Sagittarius, and Aquarius, is at present only about two-thirds complete; and since the motion of Precession is one sign in about 2100 years, the process of overlapping will be complete 700 years hence, or about A.D. 2600; and this is the time chosen for the foundation of the sixth root-race in California (*Man: Whence, How and Whither*, p. 350).

We thus see that the time chosen beforehand for this important event is that in which the most elevating influence will be exercised by the overlapping of the above signs and constellations.

If as a further test we apply the same principle to past events, we may take the time A.D. 500, when the signs and constellations were coincident in both the fixed and movable Zodiacs. Then the sign of the Bull was over the constellation of the Bull, and the sign Scorpio over the constellation Scorpio. This would intensify the tendency towards abuse of physical generation, and the empire of Rome went down amidst orgies of sexual excesses. This explains the reason also why the early Christians laid such stress upon restraint of the sex instinct, for it was the great danger of the times, and many of them in consequence lived the lives of hermits.

There were soon more Christians in the desert places of the earth, living in caves and in forests, than there were in the towns and villages. Some fled from persecution, others were driven by the Spirit; and no doubt all, when they found themselves cut off from the world, began to share in the meditative idea of Christianity. . . . . Yet those who went out into the wilderness, alike those who fled persecution and those who went out voluntarily to seek and be alone with God, were tempted "of the devil," as they phrased it. . . . . They were solitary and longed for company, longed especially for the company of women. And the devil who tempted was a dragon that could never be killed. . . . . It became a not infrequent phenomenon—the going into the desert "to save one's soul". The wild places of the earth began to have names and fame. Hermits lived in places where no one had lived before, and the curious came out to see them. By their spiritual virtues they made the desert, which was barren in the material sense, blossom as the rose (*The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary*, Stephen Graham, p. 221-3).

This continued for a few centuries, until the soil of the dying civilisation had been fertilised with the seed of Christianity; then the deserts of Egypt and Arabia, the nursery of the new religion, were overrun by the Turks. "The jewels were plucked from the screens and ikon-frames, the monasteries and churches were pulled down, the monks and hermits put to the sword,

and practically the whole material evidence of the existence of Christianity was swept away as if a storm of the dead sand itself had come over it. One year the desert was a-tinkle with Christian bells, choric with Christian psalms; the next year all was desolation" (*ib.* 233-4). The millennium of darkness had set in.

As a further test of the principle of the mutual influence of the movable and fixed Zodiacs, if we go back half a Precession cycle, or about 13,000 years, which brings us to 11,000 B.C., we have the sign Taurus lying over the constellation Scorpio, and the sign Scorpio lying over the constellation Taurus. We thus have a double intensification of the Taurus-Scorpio influence, and this acting on the fourth-race people of Atlantis, who were specially susceptible to abuses of the sex instinct, we find that the Dark Powers were able to overcome the White, and the people descended into the regions of Pan, the lowest depths of animality and lust, so that it became necessary to destroy the whole continent, 11,000 B.C. (THE THEOSOPHIST, February 1916, p. 514). Mr. Leadbeater tells us (*ib.*, p. 512) that it was nearly thirteen thousand years ago that this victory of the Dark Powers took place, which is in close agreement with the above.

Such evidence will perhaps enable us to realise the following astrological events in their true significance. We are told in *The Secret Doctrine* (vol. III, p. 488) that a cycle of the Kali Yuga came to an end in 1897, and the publication of the third volume of that work was deferred until that year. The cycle that ended in 1897 began with a great planetary conjunction, and two years after it ended, on December 3rd 1899, there was a similar conjunction of the planets. Now all such

conjunctions are of great importance, and constitute a *climacteric* year of humanity, pertaining to universal spiritual changes (*ib.*, vol. I, p. 720). We may regard this date, therefore, as the beginning of a new cycle, the character of which will be indicated by the planetary configuration of December 3rd 1899. When a horoscope is erected for the moment of conjunction, on the meridian of Greenwich, which is now the meridian accepted by all civilised nations, the result is very striking. The time of conjunction is 1h. 1m. 50s. a.m. Greenwich Mean Time, and with two exceptions all the planets are in the two signs Sagittarius and Gemini, and the two exceptions are so close to Sagittarius as to be within orbs. In Gemini, at the top of the horoscope, governing the tenth house, is the single planet Neptune. In Sagittarius are the planets Uranus, Sun, Moon, Mercury, Mars, and Saturn; Venus is in the first degree of the sign Capricorn, but within the constellation Sagittarius, whilst Jupiter is in the 26th degree of Scorpio, and within orbs of Sagittarius. Thus the whole of the planetary influences of the horoscope of the new era are contained in the two signs Gemini and Sagittarius, the signs which, it has been inferred, will be instrumental in exalting the grosser passions of mankind to the mental and buddhic levels, and which are specially concerned with the bringing into incarnation of the highly developed Servers from the Moon-Chain, known as Group (2), which have not yet joined our terrestrial evolution. If we assume, which is probable, that this group began to incarnate about 1899, they will be just too young to be destroyed in the present War, but just old enough to take part in the reconstruction that will follow it.



Such, then, is the position at the present time, and it will be well in conclusion to summarise the principal results at which we have arrived.

(1) We have reached a critical stage in the evolution of the fourth globe of the present terrestrial round, when a Day of Judgment of the third order takes place, and those who have not attained a certain standard will be moved back into the third globe of the round, the planet Mars, whilst the advanced portion of the Mars evolution will join the earth.

(2) The class of advanced Servers, known as Group (2), will also join our evolution from the inter-chain Nirvāṇa of the Moon-Chain. This group is the basis of the story of the lost ten tribes of Israel, which were too far advanced to join the fourth root-race and the early fifth. They are a group specially attached to the Bodhisattva of the fifth race, in the same way as the Servers of Group (1) are specially attached to the Bodhisattva of the sixth Root-race.

The days of Armageddon have always been associated in the thoughts of the West with three other events, viz., the beginning of a new age, the Second Advent of the World-Teacher, and the Day of Judgment; for these four events are definitely linked together in the Biblical Scriptures. This close association should not be ignored by the student, for the thoughts of men, and the scriptures which produced them, have not been left to accident. The Master Jesus has always been behind the scenes to guide and control the religion in his charge. The reported words of the Christ, descriptive of Armageddon, are therefore significant. "For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not from the beginning of the world to this time, no,

nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved; but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." (*Matt.*, xxiv. 21-22.) This agrees closely with the feeling at the present time, that unless these days can be shortened the civilisation will be destroyed. I have shown elsewhere that the astrological progression on the horoscope of the new era indicates that the worst karma of the nations would be precipitated in 1915, and the conflict cut short in 1916 by the victory of the Allies. The elect referred to in the text may be the Servers of Group (2), who come into incarnation about 1899. If the war were prolonged, these also would be brought into the fight, hence the cutting short will save them.

It would thus seem that in the heaven world at the present time the souls of men are being divided into two groups, the sheep and the goats; those who are to remain in the terrestrial evolution, and those who will be transferred to Mars.

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. . . . Then shall he say unto them on the left hand: Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels (*Matt.*, xxv. 31-41).

This may sound harsh if read literally, but we must remember that the separation will be for an Æon, and that, astrologically, Mars is a fiery planet. A spiritually minded person condemned to life on Mars would experience all the horror of being permanently associated with the devil and his angels, but to the materialist of a certain type, Mars will be regarded as an ideal heaven.

In the heavens, therefore, as on the earth, at present, the womb of time is big with fate. From the beginning of evolution on this earth, to the time when humanity will leave it, there has been no period so important, or so critical, as the present. The coming of the World-Teacher, though of tremendous importance, is not a unique event. It has occurred before, and will occur again. But the coming of the World-Teacher simultaneously with the Day of Judgment for the globe, is a unique event, which has no parallel on the fourth globe of the fourth round. It will divide the age of war from the age of peace, and all future history will probably be dated from the era now commencing. It is the epoch of humanity *par excellence*.

It will be evident to those who have read of the state of the world a thousand years hence, when the sixth root-race is formed, as given in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* (p. 341), that no such peaceful type of evolution could be brought about unless some such change as above indicated had taken place. It implies that the plan of evolution by warfare has finished its course. When the days of Armageddon are over, the history of war will be complete, and humanity may be told that its warfare is accomplished. When this is realised, the hearts of the agonised nations will heave forth one tremendous sigh of relief.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; . . . . The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it . . . . . O Zion that

bringeth good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem that bringeth good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! . . . . . He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young (*Isaiah*, XL. 1-11).

Ever since the victory of the Dark Powers in Atlantis, 13,000 years ago, they seem to have been the dominating power, and the history of mankind has been one long nightmare of horrors. The victory was due to the fact that the majority of mankind was in favour of their leadership, and the long night of terror was the natural karma of such a choice; but on this occasion the majority of mankind is against the Dark Forces, and the Occult Hierarchy of the Great White Lodge will win (*THE THEOSOPHIST*, February 1916, pp. 514-5). It may thus happen that this, the greatest sorrow that the earth has ever known, will be also the beginning of its greatest joy; and when we think of this, our hearts go out in love and gratitude to the noble heroes who are fighting the world's supremest battle, who by their sacrifice will restore our freedom, and inaugurate once more a Divine dispensation upon earth. In the early days, the Golden Age of the fifth Root-Race, the glorious Being, the lord of the Earth, known to the East as Sanat Kumara, the Ancient of Days, showed himself annually to His people, and gave them His blessing (*Man: Whence, How and Whither*, p. 269). What has happened in the past can also happen in the future, and His Will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. The brave heroes, therefore, who are conquering the forces of evil, and winning for us spiritual emancipation on the fields of Armageddon, may restore once more the Golden Age, as foretold by the Sybilline prophecy.

They are the "gates," and the "everlasting doors," through which the King of Glory shall come in.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates: and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah. (Ps. XXIV. 7-10.)

G. E. Sutcliffe

## DREAM EXPERIENCES

By CLAUDE TREVOR

LAST summer, of 1915, I was staying at a Villa some distance from Florence, and one day, as I was discussing with my hostess the subject of dreams, etc., she recounted to me the following very interesting dream experiences of her daughter, who later on the same day, knowing nothing of what her mother had told, and being led up to the subject on purpose by myself—to see if the two accounts coincided—narrated to me without the smallest difference of detail what I think may be interesting to those whose attention is engaged on such matters.

Signora P.—the daughter—after some months of matrimony dreamt of her elder sister, who died at the age of sixteen, when Signora P. was only a few months old. The dream in which her sister figured was repeated three times. The first time, she appeared seated on a stone seat outside the cemetery at Pistoia near Florence, where her body was buried; and speaking, she said she was suffering cruelly in her grave and wondered when the time would come for her liberation. The morning following, Signora P. told her dream to her mother, asking her if the cemetery was as she had dreamt it (the dream taking place in Rome, where the family had been living for years, Signora P. having left

Pistoia when too young to remember anything about it), and was assured that every detail was correct—the stone seat, etc. The second time her sister appeared was in the same spot, and she again complained bitterly of what she was suffering, but added that she would soon be free. On the third occasion she said her liberation was imminent, and that Signora P. would be the means of giving her fresh life. The latter, greatly impressed, again spoke to her mother, who reproved her gently; telling her not to take any notice of such trivialities, remarking at the same time how inconsistent it was, seeing that Signora P. had not the least prospect of having a family. *She never dreamt of her sister again*, but in a very short period after the third dream she found she would in due time become a mother—which fact took place, and a son was born to her; and now comes perhaps the most interesting part of the strange circumstances I am writing of. Her little son—whom I saw—has on his left thigh a “mother’s mark” identical with one on Signora P.’s sister, who foretold that the former would give her fresh life.

The second dream experience was as follows. From quite a small girl, at intervals of from three to four years, the same Signora P. used to dream of being in an immense Square, in the middle of which was a huge column, and at each corner four gigantic lions; but it was not in Italy, and the crowd that filled the Square did not discourse in Italian. She herself was a youth in her dream, and was assisting at some demonstration, which ended in a serious tumult in which she (?) was killed. When Signora P. married, part of her honeymoon was spent in London, and as she passed the first time through Trafalgar Square,

what was her surprise to find the exact reproduction of the Square of which she had so often dreamt from childhood at intervals—the first time when she was about six; hence the improbability that at that age the impression of any picture or photograph would have remained in her mind. I may add that Signora P., the first time I saw her, struck not only myself but two friends who were with me, with the singularly *masculine* features and figure she possessed, and we remarked what a much better looking man she would have been than a woman. I had of course heard nothing about the above dreams then.

Claude Trevor

## THE TIME OF TRIAL

By M. G.

BRITAIN, Britain, shalt thou fall?  
Thy people's soul must hear our call,  
Lest we forsake thee, one and all,  
    We who decree thy doom.  
Britain, Britain, dare'st thou fail?  
Thy lands, thy wealth cannot avail.  
Thy sons' heart-blood must weigh the scale,  
    To save thee from thy tomb.

Sluggard thou art, who canst not find  
One man, to rouse thy people's mind.  
They stumble, fearful and half blind,  
    And cannot see the light.  
We train each nation from its birth  
Guarding its growth through Heaven and Earth,  
Then send it forth to test its worth—  
    Lo! can it lead aright?

Now one grows ruthless in its hate  
And one its lesson learned too late.  
Alas! whom can we consecrate  
    To be earth's overlord?  
Thou hast been false to many a trust;  
Thy children starve prone in the dust;  
Thy treasures waste through moth and rust.  
    Now shalt thou meet the sword!

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Two evil figures weave thy shroud.  
"Unjust!" They point to India bowed,  
"Set woman free!" they cry aloud,  
    "Ere this our task is done."  
"Else art thou lost, and sinks with thee  
Europe and all humanity;  
Till ages roll, and man made free,  
    Shall by his love atone."

Arise! now comes thy desperate chance.  
From greed, and worldly circumstance  
Canst thou achieve deliverance,  
    And guide the Coming Age?  
Choose thou a leader who can see  
The Holy Ones that strive for thee,  
That lead thee on, by land and sea,  
    To claim thy heritage.

M. G.

## SISTER ADMIRABLE

A BUDDHIST FORMER-BIRTH STORY

*Translated from the Chinese*

By JOHAN VAN MANEN

### I. NAMES AND TERMS

*Admirable*, Samskr̥t original name unknown, called in the Tibetan translation Uṭpalavarṇa = Lotus Colour.

*Army-Conqueror* = Prasenajit, one of the first royal converts of the Buddha.

*Bliss* = Ānanda, the Buddha's favourite pupil.

*Causality-Knowers*, or knowers of the Nidānas = Pratyeka Buddhas, see Individually Enlightened Ones.

*City surrounded by waters* = Benares.

*Conquest* = Prince Jeta, son of Army-Conqueror, original owner of the park presented to the Buddha, which is known as the Jetavana.

*Cottage of Purity* = Vihāra, monastery.

*Enlightened One* = Buddha, in Tibetan: Completely Unfolded.

*Enlightenment*, in Chinese: Tao, Samskr̥t: Bodhi.

*Cultivate Enlightenment* = to enter the Buddhist order.

*Obtain Enlightenment* = to obtain Bodhi, sometimes to become a Buddha.

*Exercising Charity*, Charity is here the Samskr̥t Dāna, one of the Paramitās or cardinal virtues.

*Fording*, namely the stream or ocean of existence, used much as conversion.

*Friends* = Shakya, the clan to which the Buddha belonged.

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*Garden of Rest* = synonym for Jetavanavihāra,

*Hall of Enlightenment* = temple, monastery.

*Householder* = Gṛhapati, one who lives the secular life.

*Individually Enlightened One* = Pratyeka Buddha, see: Causality-Knowers.

*Law* = Dharma, the Buddhist truth.

*Leave House, or Home, to* = to enter the religious life, to leave the wordly life.

*Listening* = the City of Shravāṣṭi, a favourite resort of the Buddha.

*Little-Bliss* = Chulānanda, in the Tibetan text not named but qualified as Sister Drug-sde-mo, "belonging to the group of six" (heretics).

*Noble-Descent* = Virūdhaka, a cruel persecutor of Buddhism, erroneously called Vaidūrya in the Tibetan text.

*Outside Teachers* = heretical teachers, non-Buddhists, Tīrthakas.

*Path of Great Love* = Chinese name of Gautami or Mahāprajāpati, the aunt and nurse of the Buddha, and the first woman admitted to the order, the same as the Wise Lady.

*Right Purity* = Arhatship, saintship.

*Rule* = Vinaya, discipline, conduct.

*Sages' Peak* = R̥ṣhigiri.

*Saint* = Arhat.

*Sister* = Bhikṣuṇī.

*Spirit Sages* = Puruṣha or Ātma R̥ṣhis.

*Sweet Dew* = Amṛta, ambrosia, nectar.

*Three ages* = the past, the present and the future.

*Three impurities* = the three kleshas: lust, anger and stupidity.

*Thus-Come* = Tathāgata, appellation of the Buddha.

*Tranquillity* = Samādhi, meditative abstraction.

*Voice-Hearers* = (a) those who have heard the voice (of the Buddha), i.e., his personal disciples; (b) those belonging to the first degree of saintship.

*Wanderer* = Parivrājika. Precise value of the term uncertain. Usually defined as a class of Brāhmins who have given up a fixed home. The Tibetan text has the word Wanderer, the Chinese text

the word Fan-chi = brahmachârin. Neither term seems strictly applicable in the context.

*Wise Lady* = Gautami, see: Path of Great Love, the Chinese text has the transliteration, not the epithet.

*World-honoured One* = Lokâdyeshtha, title of every Buddha.

*Worthy* = Arhat, see Saint.

## II. TRANSLATION

THUS have I heard.

Once upon a time The Enlightened One dwelt in the country of Listening, in Prince Conquest's Cottage-of-Purity. King Army-Conqueror died, and the royal heir, Noble-Descent, succeeded to his rule. He was cruel and impious; for instance, he would set loose furious elephants, and goad them on to trample to death countless numbers of people.

Beholding these things, several ladies of gentle birth became much distressed, and no longer took delight in the ordinary life of the world. So they all forsook it, and entered the religious life, as Sisters.

When the inhabitants of the country saw these ladies—some belonging to the clan of the Friends and others to the royal clan, all noble and beautiful, of the foremost in the land—completely relinquishing desire, forsaking the worldly life to cultivate Enlightenment, in number about five hundred, they could not but applaud them and undertake their support.

Now one day, these Sisters spake one to the other as follows: Although we have nominally forsaken the worldly life, we have not yet by the medicine of the Law dissipated lust, anger, and stupidity. It would be good to repair to Sister Little-Bliss, for instruction in the teachings of the Rule, to the end that we may obtain self-control.

So they went to her, and having made proper obeisance, explained themselves: Although we have betaken ourselves to the cultivation of Enlightenment, we have not yet sipped its Sweet Dew. We beg you to enlighten us.

Then Little-Bliss bethought herself: Suppose now I were to instruct them to give up their vow, and to hand back their garments and alms bowls, would not that be a good idea?

So she spake as follows: You belong to noble, illustrious and high-born families; you possess estates, the seven kinds of precious things, elephants, horses, male and female slaves. You do not lack any of the necessities of life. Why have you renounced all these, to observe the prohibitory vows of The Enlightened One, and become Sisters? This is bitter and fruitless suffering! Not so to return to the home life, in which men and women live as husbands and wives, taking pleasure in each other, freely following their natures and exercising charity, so that they may be honoured all their life long!

When the Sisters heard these words, they were exceedingly perturbed in mind, and weeping bitterly they departed.

Then they went to the abode of Sister Admirable, and on arrival made proper obeisance to her, as prescribed. They then explained the object of their visit as follows: We were living the worldly life, and were a long time deluded by the habitual round of every-day affairs; and although we have now entered the religious life, our minds still wander and are unsettled in their inclinations, so that we are unable to subdue ourselves. So we ask for your pity and

sympathy. Instruct us in the Law, and set us free from the bondage of our sins.

Admirable then made answer: Concerning which of your three life periods do you ask [the past, present or future]?

The Sisters said: Leave the past and the future alone for the moment; we wish you to discourse to us concerning the present, that we may be extricated from the web of our doubts.

Admirable spake: Verily desire may be compared with a roaring fire, blazing on hill and dale, spreading and extending exceedingly, causing sorrow on all sides. Moreover, men who dwell in desire injure one another, and this increasingly makes them fall into the three impurities [lust, anger and stupidity]. Thence is no escape. Now in the enjoyment of the worldly life and the yearning for social intercourse, kindness, love, prosperity and pleasure, lie hidden the causes of birth, old age, illness, death and separation. Chafing under the worries caused by the authorities, alternately grieving and yearning, the mind is distressed and perishes. Death is followed inevitably by re-birth. The joys of the worldly life hem us in on all sides, and bind fast the will, verily as in a prison.

I was originally born in a Wanderer's family. My father was of high position, belonging to the foremost in the country. Then a very clever and intelligent youth, of the class of Wanderers, having heard of my beauty, sent a proper go-between to ask me to be his wife, and we were betrothed. After I had given birth to a son, my husband's parents died. Having again become pregnant, I said to my husband: As I am expecting a child, I am impure. The time is drawing

near; perhaps there may be difficulties. It may be well that I should return home to visit my parents.

My husband assenting, we set out. When we were half-way, my travail began, and we halted under a tree, my husband lying down at a short distance. During the night, I bore a son. Then a thick mist arose, and a snake, having scented my husband, came and killed him. During the night I called out to him repeatedly, but no answer came. At dawn I forced myself to rise. Pulling my husband's arm, I perceived that he had been bitten by a poisonous snake, and that his body was swollen and corrupt, decomposition having begun. Seeing all this, I fainted for grief. My eldest boy, seeing the dead body of his father, then broke out into uncontrolled screams, and hearing the boy's cries, I regained consciousness.

Then, putting the older boy on my shoulders, I carried the baby in my arms, and weeping proceeded on the road. This road was deserted and full of difficulties with no human being at hand to aid. Across it ran a great river, both deep and broad. I put down the bigger boy on the bank, and first carried the baby across on my shoulders, and having forded the river, laid him down on the further bank. Then I returned to meet the bigger boy. He saw me come from a distance, and entered the water to meet me, but the current carried him off, and though I hurried after him, I lacked sufficient strength to save him. So he floated away, sank and disappeared. Then I returned, hastening back to the baby boy, to find that he had meanwhile been devoured by a wolf. Nothing of him remained but some blood on the ground. At that I fainted again and



only after a considerable time regained consciousness. Having continued on my way, at last I met a Wanderer, a friend of my father. He asked me where I had come from, and why I was so distressed. I told him all that had happened, including the poisoning. The Wanderer commiserated with me in my bereavement, and we wept together. At length I asked the Wanderer about my parents' home, and concerning their well-being. The Wanderer answered: The whole household, your parents and all their relations, both great and small, were consumed a few days ago in a fire. At the same moment they all perished! When I heard this, I again fainted for grief, and only after a considerable time came to myself once more. The Wanderer comforted me and took me home with him, looking after me so that I lacked nothing, and treating me as his own child. After some time, the Wanderer, seeing that I was beautiful, asked me to be his wife. I assented, and lived with him the married life. Again I expected to become a mother, and one day, when the time was drawing near, my husband went out to drink some liquor, returning at sunset, when I was just about to bring forth the child. Being alone, I had closed the door and sat inside.

When the birth was not yet over, the Wanderer knocked at the door and called out loudly. As no one came to open it, he grew very angry. He burst open the door and entered, and then beat me. I explained matters to him, but the Wanderer flew into a passion, and seeing the baby, killed it. Then he fried it in curds, and commanded me to eat it. I was heart-broken, and could not force myself to eat it, but again he beat me, and finally I did it. I was full of despair,

and thought within myself: truly, to have met this man was an end to all happiness.

So I forsook him, and ran away, going to the City surrounded by waters. There I stayed outside the city wall, resting under a tree.

At that time there was in the district a householder's son who had just lost his wife, and had buried her outside the city wall in a garden. He had been strongly attached to her, and daily came from the city to weep on her grave. He saw me, and asked: Who are you, sitting alone by the roadside?

I explained everything to him, and he said to me: Come, let us go together and have a look at this garden. Will you come or not? I answered that I was willing.

Subsequently we became husband and wife in a few days.

Then that householder's son contracted a fatal illness, and died suddenly. Now in that country it was customary that when during life there had been great love [between husband and wife], on the burial-day of either they should be laid in the grave together.

But though buried, I was destined not yet to die. A robber band came to open this grave. When the robber chief saw my beauty, he made me his wife. Shortly after, when the robbers went out again, their leader was caught and beheaded. His followers took the dead body and myself, and buried us together, according to the custom of the country.

When we had been in the tomb for three days, a number of wolves, foxes and dogs came repeatedly scratching up the soil of the grave, to devour the dead bodies. So I escaped once more. Then I seriously asked myself: What former acts in my past can be

bringing on me such retribution as the calamities I have suffered within a short time, even to dying and coming again to life? What can I do to exhaust the remainder of my destiny?

Then I reflected as follows:

I have formerly often heard of the Son of the Friendly People, who having left the worldly life has obtained Enlightenment, and in the perfection of this Enlightenment is called The Enlightened One, knowing past and future. I had better betake myself to him, and put myself entirely under his protection. Consequently I went in haste to the Garden of Rest. From afar I saw the Thus-Come like a luxuriantly flowering tree, like the moon amongst stars.

Then the World-honoured One, by means of his three kinds of perception from which naught escapes, saw that the hour had come for my Fording, and went out to meet me. At the time, my body was bare, and I had nothing wherewith to cover myself, so I sat down on the ground, hiding my breasts with my hands.

Then The Enlightened One spoke to Bliss: Take a garment and cover this woman. Receiving the garment I prostrated myself at the feet of the World-honoured One. Confessing all my sins and troubles I implored him to take pity on me, and to permit me to cultivate Enlightenment.

The Enlightened One said: Bliss, take this woman to the Wise Lady, to be received into the order.

So Path-of-Great-Love received me, and I became a Sister, and she explained to me the essence of the four truths, that suffering is unreal and impermanent. When I understood the Law to be such, I subdued my heart and advanced in purity, thus reaching the state of

Right Purity, and acquiring a knowledge of the past and future, as well as my present life. And further, by diligent striving, I came to disentangle the troubles created of old, so that not the slightest error remained.

When the Sisters had received this significant explanation, they asked: What had been the former sins which caused you to suffer these calamities? Please tell us!

Admirable answered: Listen quietly. In a former time there lived a householder who was immensely rich but had no children. So he took to himself a second wife, whom, though scarcely matching the first wife in accomplishments, yet he loved dearly. After a time, she became with child, and in the fullness of time gave birth to a boy, much beloved of his parents.

Seeing this, the first wife became discontented, and reflected as follows: Though of noble family, I have not brought forth any offspring to be my heirs. When this second wife's child grows up, it will become the head of the house, seizing fields and property and everything, so that I shall be in great distress. When he gathers together his patrimony, I shall have no means of subsistence. Not so if he should be killed beforehand!

Having conceived this idea, she seized an iron needle, and pierced the boy's fontanel, causing him to perish without visible reason. The boy wasted away, and within a few days succumbed.

The second wife was furious. She fainted, and having regained consciousness, suspecting the first wife, said: You have killed my child, out of jealousy!

Being thus accused, the first wife denied that it was so. [Again the second wife said:] Out of hatred

you have killed my child. The first wife then took the following oath: If I have killed your son, then from life to life may my husband be bitten by a venomous serpent; if I have children, may they be carried away by water and devoured by wolves; may I myself be buried alive; may I eat my own child; may my parents and relations be caught in a fire and perish! Why do you slander me? Why do you slander me?

At the moment that she thus declared herself innocent, her happiness turned into the calamities of retribution, and what she had previously declared in her oath, now she had fully to bear, without change. If you want to know who was the first wife of that ancient time, truly I am the same.

Then the Sisters again asked: What good thing was there in your past which made the Thus-Come observe you, come to meet you and receive you, and which obtained for you a dwelling-place in the Hall of Enlightenment and escape from [the Wheel of] birth and death?

Admirable answered:

Long ago, in the country of the City surrounded by waters, there was a great mountain named Sages' Peak. On the mountain-side perpetually dwelled Individually Enlightened Ones, Voice-Hearers, Outside Teachers and Spirit Sages. There was not a single empty space. At that time, a Causality-Knower went into the city to beg for food. There was a householder's wife who saw him, and rejoiced, and waited upon him and nourished him. After the Causality-Knower had eaten, he levitated himself in space, and caused fire and water to issue

from his body, sitting and lying down in space. When the wife saw these things, she made a vow: May I, in a future life, similarly obtain Enlightenment.

Truly, I myself was the wife of that time, and for this cause I obtained sight of the Thus-Come. My understanding opening, I rose to the Enlightenment of the Worthy Ones. But though I have obtained the rank of a Worthy, [at first] I was perpetually distressed by a hot iron needle, entering at the crown of my head and issuing below at the feet, day and night without ceasing. This now is exhausted without return, and all sorrow and all happiness exist no longer; they are decayed for ever and destroyed.

When the five hundred Sisters of noble birth heard this exposition of the Law, their souls quaked with fear. They understood the root of lust, that thoughts of desire and passion are like a blazing fire, and should for ever be banished, and that the sufferings of the worldly life are as those of a prison.

Having eliminated all impurities, they all at one-and-the-same time entered Tranquillity, and they rose to the Enlightenment of the Worthy Ones.

They all, of one mind, fully understood Admirable, and said: We were wrapped up as in a cocoon, addicted to desire, unable to extricate ourselves. Now, having received your loving and gracious instruction, we have reached the end of births and deaths.

Then was heard [the voice of] The Enlightened One, giving praise: Excellent, Admirable! Whoever cultivates Enlightenment and so masters the teachings of the Law, imparting its precepts to others, may in truth be called a child of The Enlightened One.

Then all the multitude, having heard these words, rejoiced exceedingly, and prostrated themselves in worship.

### III. NOTES

The story here translated is well known to Orientalists but perhaps scarcely at all to the general reader. It was introduced to the West as early as 1843 by the famous Mongolian and Tibetan scholar I. J. Schmidt, who published in St. Petersburg, in two volumes, the Tibetan text and a German translation of *Hdsangs blun, oder der Weise und der Thor*, a voluminous collection of Buddhist former-birth stories or Jātakas, of which the present story forms chapter 25. In his Tibetan grammar, of which a Russian and a German edition were published, the same tale was given as a reading exercise. In 1842 the Parisian Tibetanist Ph. E. Foucaux published a lithograph version of the same chapter (without a translation), according to a slightly different text, as occurring in the copy of the Kanjur of the Royal Library in Paris. Anton Schiefner then followed in 1852 with a valuable monograph on Schmidt's edition under the title of *Ergänzungen und Berichtigungen zu Schmidt's Ausgabe des Dsanglun*, St. Petersburg, and the Japanese J. Takakusu contributed an important article on the *Tales of the Wise Man and the Fool*, in *Tibetan and Chinese* to the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of London in 1901. In 1900 Professor E. Muller published in the *Archiv für Religionswissenschaft*, Vol. III, an exhaustive monograph on *Die Sage von Uppalavannā*, the latter being the name of Sister Admirable in the Tibetan text, who in the Chinese original is not mentioned by that name. From this latter essay is seen the importance of the place occupied by this legend in the history of the world's popular stories, and how its ramifications all over the western and eastern world have come down to quite recent times. It seems that there are at least three elements mixed together in our story as we have it. The first is the story contained between the events of Sister Admirable's first marriage and the birth of her second son. The passage is found in the story of "Little Roadling" in the Pāli Jāṭaka, no. 4.<sup>1</sup> This passage is assimilated in another Jāṭaka story, that of Sister Patāchara, which carries on the story as in the one translated above to the moment when Sister Admirable hears that her parents have perished in a fire. She then immediately meets with the Buddha. This story is translated into English, as well as published in

<sup>1</sup> Vol. I., p. 14, of the translation in 6 volumes edited by Professor E. P. Cowell.

the original Pāli, by Mabel Bode in an article, entitled *Women Leaders of the Buddhist Reformation*, in the J. R. A. S. for 1893, p. 552 fl. The rest of our story has not as yet been traced to Pāli originals. In the literature cited above, further references to collateral and parallel literature may be found.

I have first translated the story from the Tibetan text, which is itself the translation from the Chinese (see Takakusu). Then I translated the Chinese original (which has not been translated before) and a careful comparison of the two texts shows that the story is substantially, and for the most part even verbally, the same. There are however discrepancies, some of which are not without interest, but their detailed discussion would be out of place in this journal. The chief point of difference is the name of the heroine, called Utpalavarna—"Lotus colour" in the Tibetan, and "Admirable" (Wei-miao) in Chinese. There is also an interesting detail in the Tibetan text in that Little-Bliss is called a Drug-sde-mo or Shadvargikā, "one belonging to the group of six," sc. heretics, which indication is not found in the Chinese text. On the whole the Chinese text is a trifle more polished than the Tibetan text, but each of them contains occasional qualifying words, phrases, and even a few sentences which are lacking in the other. Both the Chinese and the Tibetan are, however, far behind the Pāli version, in those passages which all three have in common, with regard to polish of expression and delicacy of thought and literary taste. I have added the above details to enable the reader to pursue the subject further if so minded. As to my translation, it is literal enough, but I cannot pretend that it can stand, in all its details, a vigorous philological test. I have first made a translation as literal as I could, then re-written it with a view to the requirements of the general reader, and lastly given it to an English friend<sup>1</sup> unacquainted with Chinese, to re-write it in easy English with as few alterations as compatible with natural idiomatic expression. Thus the translation is intended more as a rendering of the story than as a philological essay. With this view in mind I have also omitted to mark accents and vowel-lengths, and avoided the use of diacritical signs.<sup>2</sup> It will be observed that all names and technical terms have been rendered into English, thus following in that matter the prevalent Oriental practice. In a religious story like the present, this method has a great advantage in giving greater life to the narrative and in introducing a certain atmosphere. The manner in which this method has been applied here is not quite systematical. Both in the Chinese

<sup>1</sup> Miss Helen Veale, to whom my sincere thanks.

<sup>2</sup> Leaving, however, the press to follow its own practice in this matter.

and the Tibetan texts some names and words are not translated but only transliterated. In such cases the original Samskr̥t word or name has been translated, sometimes according to the popular etymology (not the scientific one) and sometimes according to the Chinese definitions of the name. Instances of the latter are the renderings of Gautami by "Wise Lady" or Benares by "City surrounded by waters". The terms and names in the Tibetan and the Chinese sometimes differ. So, for instance, do we find Buddha (Sangs-rgyas) in Tibetan for Tathāgata (Ju-lai) in Chinese. I have taken the Tibetan form of Wanderer (Kun-tu-rgyu, Parivrajika in Sk.) for the Chinese word Fan-chi (Brahmachārin). Some further remarks might be made, but the above may suffice for our purpose.

Johan van Manen

## BOOK-LORE

*The Way of Divine Union*, by Arthur Edward Waite.  
(William Rider & Son, London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Admirers of Mr. Waite's writings will find in this his latest book what is probably the most serious of many serious efforts. Those who find his language pedantic and difficult to follow will lay it aside as an exhaustive book of reference on Christian mystical terminology. For ourselves, we plead guilty to being among the latter class, though fully recognising the sincerity, purity and distinctive insight of his work. In any case it is not a book for the casual enquirer into the subject of Mysticism; it assumes at least a working acquaintance with fundamentals, and makes no light demands upon the reader's perseverance.

The atmosphere is deeply Christian in feeling, but tolerant and progressive. Passing reference is made to Eastern philosophy, though this is admitted to be a parallel path of attainment to which the writer is not specially attracted. But it is in weighing and comparing the Mystics of the West, from Dionysius the Areopagite onwards, that Mr. Waite is thoroughly in his element; so much so that he seems to forget that such a bulk of second-hand experience is apt to pall. Fortunately, however, the reader's bewilderment is continually relieved by the simple explanation that all these quaint attempts to describe the indescribable may be summed up in the word Love.

Here and there we find happy examples of terseness and lucidity, but they have to be sought out. For instance, we chanced upon the following, which met us like a breath of cool air after a hothouse:

There is in the proper use of words no ultimate distinction between the terms personal and individual, but there is a fluidic distinction, as there is between the terms occult and mystical. This distinction intimates, among

other things, that we are subject to change in our outer, manifested or phenomenal part, yet the self is still one within. The people who speak loosely and glibly of a lower personality mean self in its phenomenal aspect. The higher personality is within us, even as it is by us that the lower is manifested: they are one and not two. Consciousness also is one thing. When it is directed to concerns that are highest it may be called highest consciousness, but it is more correctly the subject of realisation to which the term belongs.

It follows from what has already been said that anything like a detailed account of the contents would exceed the scope of a review, and even then would fail to do the author justice; so we shall conclude this tribute to his learned labours in the *Magnum Opus*, assured that they will bear fruit in due season.

W. D. S. B.

*The Language-Families of Africa*, by [Miss] A. Werner. (S. P. C. K., London, 1915. Price. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is indeed an excellent little exposition of the subject indicated by the title. It is clear and, in a good sense, popular, and gives in compact form an intelligent view of African speech. The classification adopted by the author, who is a lecturer in Swahili at King's College, London, is a fivefold one. It runs: (1) the Sudan family (isolating); (2) the Bantu family (agglutinating); (3) the Hamitic family (inflexional); (4) the Bushman group (doubtful at present); (5) the Semitic family (inflexional). So it will be seen that the scheme adopted in this book deviates somewhat from that embodied in other and previous classifications. The little book gives much information, but even the layman would do well to compare it with other popular expositions of the same subject, which all mutually complement each other. We are thinking of Finck's *Die Sprachstämme des Erdkreises* (in Teubner's *Aus Natur und Geisteswelt*), of Henri Dugout, S. J.'s *Atlas Philologique Elementaire* (Zi-ka-wei, 1910) and Sir H. H. Johnston's article on the Bantu Languages in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. In comparing these works we find one defect in the otherwise admirable little volume before us, namely the absence of a full and synonymical list of names of African languages and dialects, which might be well brought within the scope of the book and which would immensely facilitate further enquiry. A glance at the nomenclature employed on the language map

of the present volume and that on Father Dugout's maps will make the point clear. No student has ever approached the study of the Bantu languages without feeling the fascination exercised by their interesting, yes, even picturesque, family. Even the mere readers of Rider Haggard's South African romances must have felt the attraction of his Zulu words, and Swahili has found many interested friends also. A particularly interesting chapter is that on Fulfulde, or the Fulu language, which is aptly called "The Key to the Bantu Languages". We are glad to see the recognition given to Miss Lloyd's magnificent work, *Specimens of Bushman Folk-lore*, and note the explanation of the Bushman-clicks as "suction-sounds" and not as "sounds of inspiration," as the older definition had it. To a general reader, apart from the strictly philological interest of the book, one of the most interesting parts in the work is the clear explanation of the "Law of Polarity" in the Hamitic as well as in some other languages (pp. 110-113), which makes masculine nouns become feminine in the plural. The explanation is as follows.

Originally people may have divided the whole universe into "persons" and "not persons" (or things). Thus if any change takes place in a given object on which we fix our thoughts, so that its relation to its surroundings is no longer the same, and we want to remove it from its original class, there is only one other in which it can be placed. If we think of a person, no longer as one but as many, we feel that some change is imperative; and as a non-person must, by the terms of the question, be a thing, the plurality of persons is placed in the thing-class. Conversely, a plurality of things must be placed in the person-class. Again the person-class, in the first instance, has no reference to sex. But, supposing we begin to consider persons from this point of view, and start with the assumption that a man is a person. Very well, then, what is a woman? Clearly she is not a man, so some other place must be found for her, and the only place available is the thing-class. And so, in course of time, the not-person class became feminine.

The principle also works the other way, as we saw in the case of the Bedauye people's masculine cow. A cow, being female, should be in the non-person class. But she is far too important to be reckoned a mere thing—she must be a person—and being a person, be a male.

The author has referred throughout her book to the value of phonetics in the study of African languages, and has added several phonetic transcriptions. This element adds again to the value of the book.

J. v. M.

*One Life, One Law, One Love*, by Lily L. Allen. (L. N. Fowler, London. Price 1s. 2d. net.)

The gift to the world of these little books on the philosophy of life did not cease with the death of Mr. James Allen, as his wife, who shares his talent, continues to send them out at frequent intervals.

This one holds out the encouraging assurance that since man can with certainty learn to rule his environment and destiny, his happiness and success in life are assured, when he learns how to discover and to conform to the immutable and eternal Law of Evolution, which in its ultimate analysis is a Law of Love.

Only through man's ignorance of the Laws, or his attempts to defy them, is he kept in the bondage of sorrow and suffering. And only by his knowledge of, and obedience to, them can he attain to harmony and happiness. This can only come about through the natural and inevitable experiences life brings to all humanity, and especially when control of the mind is practised. The doctrine of "original sin," with its consequent injurious teaching, has no place in the author's philosophy, and each has the power to emerge from the "grip of circumstances," if outside things can be regarded as opportunities to serve as a "step to something higher". The example of Socrates, who thanked the gods for Xanthippe in that, he said, she had taught him patience, is a good one to take to heart.

G. G.

## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

### A SECRET LANGUAGE

Arthur Machen contributes a brilliant article to *The Quest* this quarter, entitled as above. Description is obviously out of place where a writer's charm lies in his style, but the questions of practical philosophy that are raised by this literary gem justify what would otherwise be an act of mutilation. Mr. Machen's gospel leaves an impression for which we can find no better term than æsthetic pantheism. He opens with an allusion to the well known anecdotes of Stephenson watching the boiling kettle and Newton contemplating the fallen apple, to illustrate his theme—that the greatest things of life are before us all the time, but that it takes a genius to recognise them. Here he is met by the apparent anomaly that those who are most capable of appreciating one thing are often totally lacking in appreciation for another, as witness Washington Irving and his contempt for the Gothic beauties of Westminster Abbey. It is, however, in the poetry of Coleridge and Wordsworth that the author finds the first instance of an eye open to a spiritual significance informing the entire visible universe, though he regards even Coleridge and his school as "but the forerunners of a new doctrine which was not fully revealed to them," and regrets "that after his first rush and flood of inspiration he went after the strange metaphysical gods of Germany, clouding his soul with a more deadly drug than the opium which he applied to his body". Here we see the deep-rooted antagonism between the super-sensualist and the super-rationalist, that few of the followers of either path seem able to overcome completely. May it not be that Coleridge succeeded, and that his metaphysical leanings were the normal reaction after an overdose of "inspiration"? Again, why "of Germany"? Surely metaphysics were going strong in the East before Germany was heard of! But to proceed.

The message that Christianity brings to one of this temperament, says the author, is consummated in the Sacrament of the Mass:

Let me say here: that in the Catholic Faith the highest and final and uttermost mystery is not contained in the Symbol of St. Athanasius, but in the simplest rite in the world, in the matter of natural, familiar, physical

things which all men know and taste and see—that is, in bread and wine. That is the manner in which the Christian religion protests against all the horrible heresies which under various disguises have taught that the world and all that therein is are the work not of God but of the devil; thus it signifies to us that the way to the spiritual things is by the gate of the sensible things. This is the secret language, open to all men, but disregarded by all, or almost all. This is the witness against those who would maintain that lectures and “jawings” in general, and moralisings and theosophies and philosophies are higher matters than the scent and odour of a rose, rightly apprehended, than the flame of torches, than the odour of incense, than golden vestments, than High Mass—that is, Bread and Wine.

But Mr. Machen has evidently gone further than this, for he recalls that on joining a certain secret society he was given an instruction “that one should so see and so think as to behold and know nothing but God”. His first attempt to carry out this instruction met with a rude rebuff in the shape of some horrible tiles adorning his fireplace, in which he naively refused to see “anything of divinity,” but there follows an exquisitely told reminiscence of one of those rare touches of ecstasy that the true poet lives for. Yet, if we are to see the “*latens deitas*” in all, can we be content to pick and choose our all? This is perhaps the weakness of the æsthetic pantheist, as his moments of exaltation are his strength. In a relative universe, the ugly, the evil and the false must be accepted as well as the beautiful, the good and the true; but the sword of discrimination must not for one instant be sheathed. For the dragon of duality ever guards the temple of unity, and the writer strikes us as one of the many who make a dash for the door while the dragon is sleeping—only to find it awake at the critical moment.

In substance, however, the article is a healthy protest against the “other-worldliness” that turns away from physical nature as something common or unclean, and the vulgarity that affects to despise simplicity. Mr. Machen’s symbols of “bread and cheese and beer” are evidently given an exaggerated importance in order to bring out his point, and he hints at much else that is “known to all and yet hidden from all”; but of the one thing—that is “no-thing”—we find scant mention in his gospel.

W. D. S. B.

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