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Brotherhood, Oriental Philosophy,
Art, Literature and Occultism

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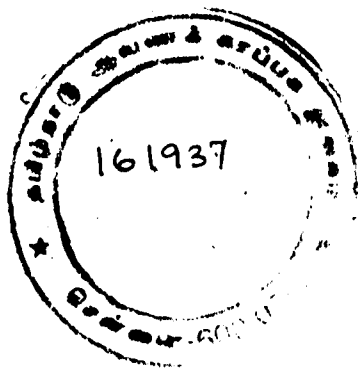
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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

OUR new Volume opens in the midst of War, as did the last. But for us, who are Theosophists, the War is but the inevitable forerunner of a great change in civilisation, the dying throes of a civilisation based on conflict, on competition, of which War is the supreme embodiment, the birth-throes of a new civilisation, based on peace, on co-operation, of which Brotherhood is the informing spirit. The old civilisation is going down in blood, as is fitting; for has it not been based on the oppression of the weak by the strong, the exploitation of the coloured races by the white? Has it not had its base washed by the waves of poverty, of misery, of starvation, and has not every civilised country had its submerged classes? Older civilisations perished by the practical denial of the Law of Brotherhood, and this is going the same way. But we can look beyond it to a fairer future; the western sky is red with the setting sun of a dying civilisation; the eastern sky is beginning to redden with the dawn of a New Day.

*
* *

H. P. Blavatsky told us that the twentieth century would see the settling of many long-standing accounts between the Races. and in this, as in so many cases, her words are proving to be true. There is nothing to regret, Brothers, nothing to fear. Look around you, and see the signs of the Coming of the World-Teacher. Men's hearts are failing them for fear on every side. But for you, lift up your heads, and be exceeding glad; for the Regenerator is on His way, the Teacher whose Name is Compassion, the Master-Builder of Religion, and your salvation draweth nigh, it is even at the doors. "Endure, endure; be faithful to the end."

* * *

Our new year, the birthday of our THEOSOPHIST, and by a curious co-incidence, of its Editor, is born amid the roar of cannon and the moaning of mutilated men. The science of 1915, like the science of thousands of years ago, has produced deadliest weapons of destruction. It has brought back the poison-vapour, which in the days of the Great War in India, on Kurukshetra, destroyed a whole regiment as it spread. It has brought back the "War of Eagles," in which air-ship battled with air-ship for the mastery. It has brought back the Greek fire, which scorched and slew. And so it must be; for each great Race must rival and overtop its predecessor in knowledge, and, until the social conscience has developed, knowledge may be turned to murder and torture as to the saving of life. For humanity in warfare is based upon feeling more than upon logic; when Nations set out to murder each other, the fashion of the murdering depends upon the general level of humanity in the Nation in times of peace. The Nation in which the general level of humanity is low will use any method of destruction, careless



of the agony inflicted so long as the enemy is slaughtered, and will hold that the more the agony, the more quickly is the enemy Nation likely to submit. Since victory is the aim, all means are justifiable, and the greater the "frightfulness" the nearer the victory. Hence poison-gas, torpedoing without warning of passenger ships and merchantmen, burring the foe with liquid fire in his trenches, the dropping of bombs on unarmed places—all are justifiable and right as means to speedy victory. To shrink from them is maudlin sentimentality, unworthy of a Nation in arms. As in vivisection, judicial torture, and other crimes, the end justifies the means; the stake, the rack, the boots, the lash, all were justifiable from the standpoint of mediæval religion; why not in the twentieth century for the cause of our Lord God the State? There is no answer to this save that which comes from the higher moral law, and where that is not acknowledged, there pitilessness reigns supreme.

* * *

Many letters have come to me from members of the Theosophical Society, thanking me for resuming the outspoken character of these monthly Notes. One correspondent may represent many:

We are so glad that you are speaking freely in THE THEOSOPHIST once more, and are deeply indebted to you for the light you have thrown on the principles underlying the great world-struggle in which we are engaged. We can endure trials and difficulties if we see even dimly the plan and purpose of life. You have enabled us to understand these things, and so we may remain calm and confident in the darkest hour, and continue to work with the courage of unshakable conviction.

One of the services an Occultist can render to the world is to use his fuller knowledge for the illuminating of problems which, in the reflected lights and inter-crossing shadows of this world, are obscure or distorted. But the clearer light of higher worlds,

utilised to discern the one right path amid the many-branched paths of error, will often bring him into conflict with the ever-varying opinions of the day, and he will sometimes find himself in agreement with part of the views of opposing parties.

* * *

Thus from the standpoint of the Occultist the view that no peace must be concluded until the German Empire is so crushed that it cannot any longer menace the liberty and peace of Europe is true. To use the current phrase: "The War must be fought to a finish." It is necessary for the ordinary non-religious man that he should feel anger against his enemy and be filled with detestation of brutality and tyranny, in order that he may face the hardships of long struggle, and have the strength of endurance to carry out this determination to the end. It is not therefore desirable to exhort him to love his enemy while he is engaged in the actual struggle. A comparatively small number of people, at the present stage of evolution, can love a man and strike him down at the same time. There are some who can do so, and they are of the salt of the earth. For the most part, the man who loves his enemy as he charges down upon him with bayonet fixed would be a poor soldier. Every instinct of the civilised man revolts against the slaying of another, and he needs to feel anger, fury, tempestuous energy, in order to do his terrible work on the battle-field. But, when the charge is over and the wounded lie upon the ground, the bulk of average men recover from the brief madness of the struggle, and German, Frenchman, Englishman, lying side by side in helplessness, share their water, their morphia, try to bandage each other's wounds—anger is dead and brotherliness revives.

* * *

There are, unhappily, some, below normal evolution, who can rob and murder the wounded, who can mock at their sufferings when they are prisoners of War, refuse even "the cup of cold water," look upon the starving with pleasure, and strike the helpless. But these are not men, save in outward semblance. "They have assumed the human form too soon." They are wild beasts who snarl and snap, and the beast-nature glooms savagely through the thin covering of human appearance.

* * *

But while the Occultist acknowledges that, for the sake of the world, Germany must be rendered impotent for harm, he cannot hate. He knows that the divine Will in evolution must be done, and having learned that that Will is directing evolution to the shaping of Co-operative Commonwealths, linked into great Federations acknowledging International Law, he realises the absolute necessity of destroying autocracy, of substituting law for force, of maintaining the sacredness of a Nation's word, and the inviolability of a treaty until the signatories thereto have annulled it by common consent. Germany has identified herself with autocracy, force, the permissibility of breaking her word, and of tearing up a treaty, if either proves to be a hindrance in the path to her own aggrandisement. These principles imply the recurrence of wars—she has provoked four in Europe during living memory—and they are incompatible with the coming civilisation. She must therefore be deprived of the power of enforcing them, and the Occultist would deprive her of that power, not because he feels any hatred for her—he can feel only a profound pity—but because the divine Will in evolution is against her principles, and she, as their embodiment, must be taken out of the road. The best

available means of taking her out of the way is the present War. Hence it must be fought till its object is accomplished.

When this is fulfilled, the Occultist finds himself in opposition to those whose determination to "fight to a finish" he has encouraged and applauded. Through this fierce day of War he is aiming to secure centuries of Peace. Hence he cannot applaud the proposals to make Germany a hated outcaste from the Family of Nations, to close the countries that are now at War with her against her entrance after Peace is re-established. When she is rendered innocuous, as she will be, then should she be helped back to her place among the Free Peoples, and not be embittered by ostracism. Hence the Anti-German League seems to me to embody a wrong principle, to be a perpetuation of National antipathies, to be of the same spirit as the "Hymn of Hate," the present German spirit, which is anti-human and degrading. Like the "Hymn of Hate," it is the offspring of the War, but is contrary to the gallant spirit of our soldiers. Cannot all emulate their forgiveness, their readiness to save a wounded foe? Germany will be sore wounded at the end of the War. The Red Cross should float over her, and under the Red Cross is protection.

Some of my good friends wonder why I work in the political field, which for some years I left entirely. The answer must be a little bit of autobiography. I left it, because H. P. Blavatsky wished it. She thought, and thought rightly, that under the new conditions into which I entered when I became her pupil in the Divine Wisdom, it was necessary for me to devote myself to the mastering of the Theosophical

standpoint, to the adjustment of the focus of the mental and emotional eyes to the new Light. Socialist as she declared herself to be—of the Socialism of Love and not of hate—she would not have me teach Socialism, until I had seen how, in the age-long evolution of mankind, the Socialism of child-peoples, under an autocracy of Wisdom and Love, had necessarily passed away—exquisitely beautiful and happiness-giving as it was—to make way for the struggles, the antagonisms, the wars, in which adolescent Nations hewed their ways to Individualism and Self-reliance. In the old Pythagorean way, she imposed on me silence on the subjects I cared for most, to which my public life had been devoted. She did well. For my old crude views were thrown into the fire of silence, and nothing was lost of the gold that they contained; that remained. She had learned in the wild days of the French Revolution the danger of such views among a people starving and ignorant, and she knew that in silence wisdom grows. Gradually, over here in India, I studied India's past, and learned how great had been her people's liberty in ancient days. In the early nineties I saw the Pañchāyat system at work, that I had read about, and found it wise. From time to time I gave a lecture on the problems of National life, and in England, now and again, I lectured on England's neglected duties to India, on the place of coloured races in the Empire, on their grievances, recalling old studies, when I had published a strong attack on England's dealings with India, the black story of Clive and Hastings, and the tyrannies and wrongs. Hotly had I written also on England and Afghanistan, protesting against the invasion and England's policy, against English policy in Egypt and towards Arabi. The study of those days remained, and laid the groundwork for the future. For all the love for India, and the

sympathy with her wrongs, and the knowledge of her sufferings, of her awakening in the eighties, and her struggles, the work for her with Charles Bradlaugh, the meeting with the Congress deputation, and with Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji in his election fight—as he reminded me the other day—all this flowered when I first touched Indian soil into the intense devotion for the Motherland which has animated me ever since. But all my first years of work went to the uplifting of eastern faiths, and especially of Hinduism—the work that had the honour of being condemned by Sir Valentine Chirol, as helping Nationalism—as indeed it did, for all great National movements in India are rooted in religion: as witness the religious movement before Shivaji and the Marātha Confederacy; and the Brahmo-Samāj, the Ārya Samāj, the Theosophical Society, preparing the road for the National Movement, and the nourishing thereof by Svāmi Vivekānanda. Then came the educational work, and the lectures to the Hindū College students, and the inspiring of them with Patriotism, with devotion to the Motherland, the experience of the treatment of my Indian friends by Anglo-Indians, the meeting with Mr. Gokhale, the sad Viceroyalty of Lord Curzon, the shock of Surat, the wrath of my Bengali friends over the Partition and my sympathy with them, the anarchical troubles, the saving of boys from the police, and so on and on, till I knew the time had come for letting my tongue speak freely that which had been burning in my heart, and to which all led up—the Freedom of the Motherland, the dignity of an Indian Nation self-ruled. To have a share in the winning of that Freedom, a share however small—what greater gift could come into hands which fold themselves in the cry of homage: VANDE MĀTARAM.



NEUTRALITY

By ANNIE BESANT

MANY difficulties have been and are experienced by thoughtful and earnest people as to the right inner attitude which should be taken as regards the present War. The sincere Christian feels puzzled as to how to reconcile his duty to his country, recognised as his duty by an instinct more powerful than his religious belief, with the principle of non-resistance laid down by the Founder of his faith. Some, who have philosophically accepted this principle, like Tolstoy, boldly apply it nationally as well as individually, and dream of a "martyr Nation," which, unarmed and defenceless, should acquiesce in its own subjugation,

and unresistingly permit itself to be subdued and enslaved.* They would definitely permit murder and theft to go unpunished within their borders, as they would allow armed force to invade their shores, and would carry out to the uttermost the principle laid down by earth's greatest Teacher: "Hatred ceaseth not by hatred at any time; hatred ceaseth by love."

Those who hold this view and are willing to put it into practice are obviously more rational than those who, rejecting the principle of the relativity of ethics in theory, are not the less practising it, while maintaining the absolute nature of Right and Wrong. The majority of average men and women do not trouble themselves about intellectual consistency, and are content to "muddle through" life, to adopt at any given moment the theory which fits their instinctive action, or even to act without any theory at all.

Instructed Theosophists recognise, of course, the relativity of ethics, the only theory consistent with evolution, and see that "right" is that which works with the divine Will in evolution, while "wrong" is that which works against it. Knowing that, in any human society, there will be souls at very different stages of evolution, they will realise that the wisest and best should try to embody in the criminal laws the highest morality which the lower types of average men and women will accept, as conformable with their own practice, and which, for the common comfort, they are prepared to enforce. Children will be taught this code, and it will be generally observed without undue strain. A criminal code only embodies the morality of the less evolved average man, and forbids the things which he is not inclined to do—murder, theft, and the more palpable

forms of violence and swindling. Types which are still inclined to savagery are not allowed to trouble the order of society, but are restrained, or punished—generally in unwise and unintelligent ways, which do not improve them.

Now so far as such offenders go, most people would agree that Society should not allow itself to be ridden over rough-shod by them, and that if one of them is committing a crime, it is the duty of the good citizen not to be neutral, but to interfere with the criminal and to rescue the victim, if some agent of the law is not before him in the task. If a man sees a woman or a child being cruelly ill-used, he will interfere, and use such force as is necessary to save the helpless from violence. To stand aside and to allow the ill-usage to go on would stamp the passer-by as a bad citizen.

On the other hand, if he saw two ruffians fighting over the possession of some object, he might leave them to settle their dispute in their own way, without feeling that he had failed in his civic duty.

Within the small areas of Nations these duties are fairly well agreed upon, and the duty of the good citizen to preserve the peace, to help in its preservation, and to maintain the social order, is recognised. It is seen that to permit violence, to permit the brutal use of strength to override right, would be to allow society to retrograde into barbarism. To be neutral in such conditions is a social crime.

But where international relations are discussed, much difference of opinion is found to exist. International morality cannot as yet be said to exist. There is no moral code recognised by Nations in their relations

with each other; the strong bullies the weak, robs, annexes at its will. Nations do not interfere with each other when a powerful Nation crushes a feeble one and enforces its will upon it for its own gain; if it is one to-day, it is another to-morrow. "National security," "necessity for expansion," and similar phrases cover unwarrantable aggressions, indefensible injustices. No Nation's hands are clean. When Prussia, the big bully, beat little Denmark and stole Schleswig-Holstein, Europe looked on indifferent, remained neutral, and felt no shame in remaining so. When Belgium allowed the Congo atrocities, and Germany murdered the Hereros, Europe remained silent and neutral. When Austria stole Bosnia and Herzegovina, Europe remained neutral; and no one interfered with Britain in the Soudan, with Italy in Tripoli, with France in Morocco.

The first gleam of international morality has appeared in relation to Belgium. Here we have a clear case of certain Nations guaranteeing the neutrality of a small and weak State, which acted conveniently as a buffer; France had respected it in 1870, to her own great disadvantage, and Britain had many ties with the little State. Most fortunately, a definite step was taken towards the recognition of international morality, when Britain drew her sword to defend the treaty which guaranteed the safety of Belgium. The act is specially valuable, because at that time it did not seem that Britain was in danger if she stood aside; Germany's plots and her far-reaching schemes had not then been unveiled, and Britain did not realise that when France was crushed, her turn would follow. So that her action was a proclamation that she would stand by her signature, and would not

remain neutral when a treaty which bore it was torn up.

Then arose another question, The Hague Conventions had come into existence while Europe was at peace. The sanctity of a Nation's signature was on one side in the balance and War on the other. The decision, in this case, was offered to America. Would she defend her signature or not? No, was the answer. And international morality received a set-back. I do not think America was particularly to blame, for international morality is not yet recognised, and to defend public faith with the sword is, we must admit, a new thing. All Nations have torn up treaties when they were inconvenient, and Britain's stand was a new departure in internationalism. It arouses a hope that, after the War; the more civilised Nations may perhaps determine to establish an international law, which they will uphold, as all law at present must be upheld, by force against the criminal who disregards it. An international police, at the disposal of an International Court, will mark a distinct advance in international morality. We may hope that some day the Nations will recognise as regards each other that which Society now recognises within the national pale, that the good citizen ought not to remain neutral when might overrides right. But even less than this, the recognition that a treaty at least must be observed, will be a step forward, if the Nations are not yet prepared to protect the weak, where protection has not been pledged. Even to be ready to defend the pledged word would be an advance from the present unmoral condition, a step out of the barbarous state of international ethics—or the want of them.

Another question as to neutrality has arisen with regard to this particular struggle. In most wars there is not much to choose between the combatants; they are but too often like the two ruffians struggling over some object which each covets, as to whom the good citizen may remain neutral without breach of civil duty. They want a market, or a piece of some else's land, or a sphere of influence, or a mining concession, or a port, or a stronghold. Whichever wins, humanity will not be much the better, or the worse; evolution will not be quickened or retarded. But in this War, it is quite otherwise. In this War, great principles are battling for the victory, opposing ideals are at stake, evolution either goes forward or receives a distinct set-back. If the Allies triumph, liberty, the independence of Nationalities, the faith of treaties, justice and the right of human beings to live at peace and free, will all triumph with them: Russia will become a free Nation, and we shall have in northern and western Asia a mighty free Empire, enjoying Self-Government. Persia will escape from the conflict of opposing spheres of influence, and have some chance of ordered progress. India will become a Self-Governing unit in another great Empire, and will have no cause to look enviously at Russian Asia; both will have escaped from autocracy, and will enjoy freedom. In Europe autocracy will have been crushed, and liberty secured. But if Germany triumphs—she cannot triumph—then autocracy will triumph with her, and she will impose her authority on the world, enthroned on the ruins of human liberty. She will have inaugurated savagery in warfare, and have vindicated her theory of frightfulness to non-combatants on land and of piracy

at sea. The evils which the world has grown out of will be re-established with her, cruelty and brutality will be proved to be the best policy. The mailed fist will strike down freedom, and the jack-boot trample down all hope of liberty.

We had in our own Theosophical Society an example of the methods of Germany before they were displayed on the great stage of the world. The denial of liberty, the unscrupulous plotting, the resort to the most outrageous lies, the clever misrepresentation, the hatred of England, the effort to impose German views and authority, the underhand action in many countries simultaneously, in America, Italy, England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Russia. To pull down and destroy the Theosophical Society was to destroy one of the great forces working for progress in the religious world, and the whole work of Germany has been aimed at checking evolution and setting back progress. The powers that have obsessed the German Nation have worked in every department of human thought, degrading science to the demoniacal labour of inventing new machines for human torture and for making war more cruel than it has ever been.

To be neutral under such conditions is to betray humanity, for the fate of the world for generations hangs in the balance, and the neutral helps to weigh it down on the wrong side.

Annie Besant

PANTHEISM

O SOUL! why weary in thy quest?
God is around thee everywhere,
The flowers grow at His behest,
Their scented fragrance fills the air.

The trees bow down in reverence
Before His Presence in the wind,
Knowing by some strange inner sense
The truth that thou hast striven to find.

The birds each morning chant His praise
Theirs, too, a knowledge hid from thee;
Nature in all her ordered ways
Proclaimeth His eternity.

O Soul! dost thou not feel His power?
In earth and fire and air and sea
He dwells. From every tree and flower
His life breathes forth unstintingly.

And in thy heart, though all unknown,
He dwells, a radiant Spirit-Guest;
When thou hast won unto that Throne
Then is the ending of thy quest.

T. L. CROMBIE

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE STAR

By C. W. LEADBEATER

*A Lecture delivered to the Order of the Star
in the East in Sydney*

A FEW days ago a public official, who knew nothing about our Order of the Star, asked from a group of our very young members:

"Why do you wear those silver stars?"

Fortunately one of them had the courage to speak up, and he said:

"It shows that we expect the coming of a World-Teacher; it is the symbol of the Order of the Star in the East."

The official was mystified and turned away, without asking any further questions. Again, a little while ago, another who does not belong to us, seeing the reverent care which we take of our stars, said:

"Why do you think so much of the star? It is only a symbol."

That is true, but you know the cross of Christ is only a symbol, and yet thousands of martyrs have died for it, and it has been an inspiration and a help to millions who understand its meaning. The British Flag is only a symbol, yet men are dying by thousands for its honour now. The star may be only a symbol,

but it means a great deal to us who are Brothers of the Star. I trust it may mean a great deal to the world in a few years' time, when our Organisation has spread further and when we have done more of the work to which we have pledged ourselves.

What then does the Star mean? Our Order is the Order of the Star in the East, and to hear that mentioned at once suggests to us the Gospel story of the Three Wise Men (the Three Kings as tradition says), who came and said, "We have seen His Star in the East and are come to worship Him." And when they saw the star again, it is written that "they rejoiced with exceeding great joy". Most people go no further than that story to find why we wear the star, but there is more than that in it. The five-pointed Star has a symbolism which goes far beyond that; for when a candidate reaches the portals of Initiation the Star flashes forth above his head. Why? It flashes forth to indicate the approval of the One Initiator, the Great Ruler of this world under the Solar Deity, the Great One who is put in charge of evolution down here. The Star is His symbol: the five-pointed silver Star. When that Star so flashes out, we must not think of it as sent there by an effort of His will, because it was there already long before it was visible. His mighty aura, the influence of His Power, surrounds the whole globe on which we live, but when for purposes of His own He chooses to make that tremendous power manifest at a certain spot, that portion of that mighty aura flashes out for a moment (or longer, as may be wished) in the likeness of the Star. Therefore the silver Star is the symbol of the Immanence of God. It is the sign that He is everywhere; that at any moment He can

show Himself, can manifest His power at any point in this great world.

Our silver Star, therefore, means much more than merely the Star in the East; it signifies something which will certainly be a prominent part of the teaching of the Great Lord when He shall come—the knowledge that God is everywhere, that we are all alike Gods in the making, and sons of God; and that therefore brotherhood is a reality which cannot be disputed, which cannot be doubted, because God is in us all, because the Divine Star may flash forth at any moment in any human heart. That is the real meaning of your symbol of the Star. It means that God is within us and without us, and that because we recognise the divine in every man, therefore we have a perfect brotherhood of man; not a brotherhood only of those who know that fact, or believe it, but a brotherhood of every human creature, and going beyond that, a brotherhood which includes all that lives, animal, vegetable, or mineral, for all those live in their respective degree, all are permeated by the same Divine Life; and so very truly is the Star the symbol of brotherhood.

In our Theosophical seal we show forth another star that which has six points. The two triangles of which it is made are interlaced: the upward-pointing triangle signifies Spirit and the other matter, and they are interlaced to show that we know nothing of Spirit unless it be manifest in some sort of matter and nothing of matter unless it be ensouled by Spirit. There we have another star, another suggestion.

From yet another point of view this five-pointed Star signifies God in man. If you will look at some

of the Theosophical diagrams you will see how that fivefold man is represented there; Spirit, Intuition and Intelligence—the three qualities which in man represent the three aspects of the Godhead—are manifesting now through two vehicles, the mental and the astral bodies. You will notice that that is the level which humanity has at present reached. The physical body is not counted in that enumeration at all, because that was fully developed long ago. The development of the astral body is being perfected; the development of the mental body is progressing. That is the stage at which humanity now stands, and therefore the man is counted as fivefold in that theory of occult development. There will come a time, perhaps, on some other planet than this, when the astral body will be neglected as already done with; when the mental body will be the only vehicle and then the Star will have only four points. Then the symbols of the star and the cross and the rose will all blend together, as they are meant to do, but that is in the future.

For the moment the five-pointed Star represents the fivefold man, and therefore emphatically the God in the man, so to us it is a great and a glorious symbol because of its signification; because we have learnt through much study to understand a little more of what it means than would be apparent at the first glance. So our Star to us is an embodiment of our deepest and holiest beliefs. Therefore we reverence it; therefore we wear it; we delight to explain all about it to those who do not yet know. When He, the Lord, shall come to teach us, no doubt He will carry our thought on much further, but even already this symbol is one which brings us hope and love, and our faith in it and

in all that it means carries us through our worldly life and makes us far happier, far more useful than if we had not known it.

Such thoughts will widen out your perceptions very much if only you will study them, if only you will understand. There is so much that is beautiful, so much that is well worthy of your understanding, of which the ordinary man knows nothing whatever. We say in these modern days that we have transcended many of the beliefs of the Middle Ages: so we have. We have learnt that many of the things which men then believed are superstitions, but we shall be seriously wrong if we decide that all ancient beliefs were superstitions.

If we reject them all indiscriminately we shall lose a great deal that is of the deepest importance; and there is no doubt that our modern incredulity—well, perhaps it is only semi-modern now, because it was at its acme about the middle of last century—the scepticism which culminated about the middle of the last century or perhaps a little earlier, had distinctly cast away much of the truth along with many things that no doubt were unworthy to be kept. Now people are beginning to feel a kind of reaction from that scepticism, they are beginning to see that though our ancestors believed a great many things which we now know to be untrue, along with those very things they had glimpses of many truths which we have thrown aside because we did not understand.

Remember how they believed in the fairies and in the angels. The scepticism of fifty or sixty years ago cast all that aside as nonsense, but people now are beginning to understand that there is a truth behind it.

We find a book like that of Professor Wentz, *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*, in which a man of science, a man with degrees from several universities, takes the trouble to go forth and collect evidence from different countries and put it into a book, and after much careful examination of it comes to the conclusion that the evidence is irrefutable—that fairies do exist. Then he proceeds to classify and talk about them. He discusses the whole thing on the basis of their actuality. He is quite right; such things *do* exist. The great angels also exist, though men have denied them.

It is well that we should use discrimination because, although eager blind credulity is certainly a bad thing, equally ignorant incredulity is perhaps, on the whole, rather worse. It leads men far from the truth; it cuts out of their lives all that is beautiful and poetical, and absolutely without giving them any compensation. It is for us, then, to use our intellect, to decide for ourselves that this belief has in its favour a vast amount of evidence, and therefore we accept it. There are other beliefs for which as yet we can see no evidence, and so we lay them aside, not, if we are wise men, denying them, but saying simply: "I will put that aside until I know more about it."

I have studied these things now for nearly fifty years, for I went into such matters long before I joined the Theosophical Society; and the end of all that study for myself is assuredly that I have evidence of the reality of a great many of these things—also that I have learnt never to deny, never to say this or that is absolutely impossible, because there are so many things in earth and in heaven which are not included in our philosophy up to the present, that it is not safe ever to

might gain the praise of. We can ever wisely say is: how the Christ said of the things, therefore for the they have their reward." Each thing, therefore for the men and they got it, but depended on the point; I put not seek an answer from it, therefore, is often a more outpouring of the Divine love credulously, and I hold that but what they see more effectually from the higher but therefore be eclectic in our belief, but wisely so. Let us beware of accepting without evidence, but equally let us beware of rejecting without evidence, of casting aside new thoughts or new facts because we have not seen anything like them before, because they do not seem to us congruous with other things that we know. Remember that the most studious of us knows but very little as yet: remember how Sir Isaac Newton spoke of the scientific man as only "picking up pebbles on the shore of a mighty ocean". It is not for us to deny: it is wiser to be cautious both in accepting and in rejecting.

All that is included in this higher symbolism is something for us to study carefully and intelligently, in the hope that such study may lead us to a truer understanding of nature, a truer understanding of this wonderful and beautiful old world in which we live, and so to a closer touch with Him who made that world, with Him who informs it, who is in it everywhere, in it and through it and beyond it—Him whose symbol is the silver Star.

But there is another side of its symbolism. We have considered the external, the cosmic side; now let us turn to the human and practical side. He who wears the Star should himself be a star; the qualities and the powers of the Star should show themselves in him in daily life. Every one of us has a special duty

to perform because of his Professor Wentz, *The Fairy* to think of and to try to put in which a man of science, Coming of the World-Federal universities, takes the prepare ourselves, and also of evidence from different help in the preparation of others and after much careful undertake, to develop certain virtues conclusion that the fastness, gentleness; and if all those understood. The with all that they imply, were fully carried out we should indeed be an organisation of wondrous power for the benefit of humanity. But our members sometimes forget that the duty of the member of the Star is not merely to attend Star Meetings, to read and perhaps to distribute Star literature, but also and quite definitely to lead a certain life because of the Star and all that it means.

The first thing that we know of a star is that it shines forth for all to see. It is the duty of each member of the Star so to live that *his* light may shine forth for all to see. That idea is put before you in the Christian scriptures too. You will remember the expression: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

I have always felt myself that the wording of that text in our English version needs a slight revision or qualification, because it is so written that it might bear the implication that you ought to let your light shine *in order that* it might be seen of men. There are plenty of other texts showing that the man who does his good works to be seen of men is in reality doing little good. There is the story of the Pharisees who for a pretence made long prayers in public places and at the corner of the streets in order that they

might gain the praise of men, and you will remember how the Christ said of them: "Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward." They sought the praise of men and they got it, but that is *all* they got. They did not seek an answer from on high, they did not seek an outpouring of the Divine Spirit, and they did not get it; but what they sought, that they did get.

We would then warn our members most earnestly that this does not involve any idea of posing or of setting themselves upon a pedestal for others to see; but nevertheless we have to remember that we do stand as representatives of our Order to those around us who know that we belong to it; and although it would indeed be evil for us if our good works were done only for the good report that we should have among men, yet we must not forget the cardinal fact that, as we are taken to represent our Order, in a very real sense the honour of the Order is in the hands of each of its members. He can cause it to be lightly spoken of, he can—I will not say disgrace it, because none of us would do that—but he can diminish its power for good by not acting as a member of the Star should, and by forgetting sometimes the great object that lies before him and the brotherhood to which he belongs. Therefore it is the duty of the brother of the Star that he should shine forth before men: that he should never bring any thought of discredit upon the Order of which he is a part, but should always ray forth help and love upon all.

The Star shines; it steadily goes on shining; the light flows forth from it in all directions and all the time; just so should love towards all flow out continuously from every brother of the Star. I am afraid

that people often to some extent misunderstand such a remark as that—that it seems unreal to them. We are constantly told in Theosophical teaching that since all men are brothers we must pour out brotherly love upon all, and people think, therefore, that they are expected to feel towards every one the same keen affection that they feel towards a brother, a sister, a father or a mother. They naturally say:

“Surely that is impossible; I cannot feel towards all these people whom I do not know personally, as I feel to those with whom I am closely associated, those whose love and kindness I feel and return.”

Certainly you cannot, and no one has ever for one moment expected that you should. That is something in the future. There will come a time when you will feel just as strong a love for all mankind as now you feel for those who are nearest and dearest to you; but when you have reached that stage your love for those nearest and dearest to you will be a thousand times greater than it can be now, because that will mean that you have advanced, that you have grown greatly in evolution. It is not reasonable to suppose, and it has never been expected, that you should feel alike towards all.

What is expected is that you should be in a brotherly attitude towards all, that your feeling towards them should be one of kindness and of readiness to help. You love them all because they are men, and men are our brothers, but that you will love better those you know better is an absolute certainty, and I think that from a misunderstanding of that really obvious fact has arisen an unfortunate attitude in which the love for all has been regarded as merely a sort of sentimental idea, and

not a real thing. People have felt the impossibility of feeling towards all as they feel towards a few, and therefore they have thought:

“This is a counsel of perfection; it cannot be done now; it is one of the things one reads in the scripture, but one never hopes to realise.”

There is nothing written in any scripture which you may not hope to realise, for God is within you, and the Divine Power can bring you at one or another stage of your evolution to the level where all that is written can be done. This at least you may do immediately: you may adopt the attitude of general friendliness instead of general suspicion, and in that sense the kindly feeling (which after all is love, though not the intensity of love that is poured upon those we know best) shall be radiating out from you in all directions all the time.

The attitude of the average man is to radiate suspicion. When he comes into contact with people whom he does not know, he is at first reserved and irresponsive; he has a certain amount of suspicion; he thinks: “What are these people going to get out of me? how are they going to use me?” I do not deny that, as the world stands at present, the man has a certain amount of justification for adopting such a position, because there are many people whose chief idea is to exploit everything for their own advantage; but I do say, also, that there are many who are not in that attitude, who are ready to welcome a friendly advance and to think nothing much as to what will follow it. Therefore the man who stands in a suspicious attitude provokes from others the very thing of which he is afraid. He verily by his own suspicious

thought puts into the other man's mind the idea that he may make something out of him; whereas if he approached him with the feeling of potential love, of kindness and readiness to help, he would evoke that thought and call forth that part of the man's nature, and assuredly would find himself far better treated than he is at present.

The world, is to you, to a great extent, what you are to it. It is a mirror, it is a reflection: as you present yourself to it; so in many ways will it take you, and in turn present itself to you. If you go about full of suspicion you will find plenty of reason for suspicion, and you will suspect in a thousand cases where it is not justified because of, perhaps, one or two where it would be justified; and that is an evil thing to do. If, on the contrary, you go about full of the loving and the confident feeling, you will sometimes be deceived, no doubt; but it is a thousand times better that you should sometimes make a mistake on that side, even though you may suffer somewhat from it, than that you should once make a mistake in the other direction of suspecting the man who did not deserve suspicion.

Therefore shine forth as those who love, as those who are kindly, as those who expect the best from every man, for if you radiate forth that feeling it is wonderful and beautiful to see how many people will respond to it—in how many cases where you expect the best confidently and show that you expect it, people will rise to it. You will find it over and over again. But your shining forth must be irrespective of their response; you must pour out your good feeling equally without thinking what their reply will be, and without minding what it is. You are always giving; do not

think about receiving, do not pour in order to evoke from them some return. Pour out your kindness and your affection because it is your nature—because that is you.

Some people may say: "I am afraid it is *not* my nature." If it is not your nature then make it so, and make it so at once; for you are God, and it is the very characteristic of God that He pours Himself forth into all His creation, and that His stream of Love is never failing, that it rains alike upon the just and upon the unjust. The sun shines upon all, and the Divine Love pours upon all. There are those who shut themselves away from the sun in caverns and in vaults. There are men who shut themselves away from the Divine Love in the shell of their own sin or sorrow or distrust, but the Love is there for all who will take advantage of it. So in your smaller way should your outpouring of love and good feeling be always there quite irrespective of the reply; but it must have that great characteristic that it does not expect return. If once you sully it with selfishness, with thought of what you may get, then it becomes no longer Divine, for that is not the thought in the Divine Mind.

We have not the right to live carelessly when once we are brothers of the Star, for the Star itself and all which it means may be blamed for our carelessness, and that should not be. There is far more harm done in this world by want of thought than by want of heart, as a poet has said. There are perhaps people—very few—who definitely do evil, knowing it to be evil, for some object that they wish to get. None of you would do that; but many a time through want of thought we produce the same evil result that we might

have produced intentionally if we were wicked. We are not wicked, but yet we produce that result; it is a pity.

The first thing to remember, if our lives are to be like the Star, is that those lives must constantly shine. The second is that they must shine with a pure white light. Now what is the white light? The white light contains within itself all other lights. The colour of white is the combination of all colours. The pure white light can respond to everything, because it contains within itself that which can so respond. Whatever colour you may wear, whatever colour you may paint in your picture, the white sunlight will show you that colour, because it is contained in that white light. If you use a light of only one colour—a perfect red or blue or yellow light—and throw that upon your picture or your clothing, you will see at once that you do not get the proper hues, because that is only one part of light and not the whole. It cannot respond to the other colours, it cannot give them their true value, because it does not contain them.

That also is an allegory. Your light of love and sympathy must be the white light, because that alone comprehends all. You may have a light that may be never so powerful and beautiful, but if it is a light of one colour it can respond only to that colour. If you have within yourself the white light, the pure light of tolerance and of comprehension of all, from that white light each can take what is necessary for him, and so you are able to respond to all; you can provide for all, you can sympathise with all, you can meet all, because your love contains all. You comprehend, you keep the true proportions; you do not let one colour

become so emphasised that you cannot respond to any other.

A man of one religion follows that as his colour of the light of truth, but he must be prepared to understand and to respond to the different colours of other men's religions. It is not only in regard to religions; it is true also of types of disposition. One man is an emotional man; another is an intellectual man; one is always pessimistic and critical in his attitude, the other is optimistic, on the whole confiding, and willing to make the best of everything. These men distrust one another and misconceive one another's actions to the very point of hatred, all because they do not understand one another. No one asks you to give up your own point of view; it is probably just as good as any other man's, or at least it has *some* truth behind it; but you must be prepared to make allowances for the other man's point of view also, because if you do not you cannot help that man; you have not the pure light of truth, and therefore you cannot respond equally to all. That is another important characteristic of the star.

Again, the star guides men; the mariner steers his course across the trackless deep by reference to the stars. The compass guides him, but constantly he checks his position by reference to the stars, so truly the stars are the guides of men. In the same way you who are brothers of the Star should naturally be guides to others, because you know more. It is sometimes true that it is only a little more, that it is only more in one direction, and perhaps less in others; but still that which you know more than others is the very part of the great encyclopædia of life which is most important to know, especially just now. You know of the Coming

of the World-Teacher. You know of the way in which men must live to prepare themselves for Him, and just at the moment that is of the greatest importance; for a little child who knows the way can guide better than the wisest philosopher who does not know it. So the fact that you know that one thing makes you to some extent able to take the position of a guide in life to those who do not know it. But see to it, that you *do* know more; see to it that you *do* understand why you belong to the Order of the Star, and all that it means. Knowing that, having that knowledge to give, always be ready to give it, always be ready to give any help that you can in any way and on all planes, night and day. For many of you, whether you know it or not, work much away from the physical plane at night, and do good, earnest and valuable work. Night and day, on this plane or on the other planes, always be in the attitude of being ready to help. If anyone wants a friendly hand or a word of advice, there you are ready to give it; but be careful how you offer it. The word of advice may be of the greatest value if it is given tactfully—if it is put in the right way with no thought of yourself, but with only the desire to help. On the other hand if it is thrust forward officiously it may be resented as an intrusion, an impertinence, instead of a friendly offer to help where help is needed.

Therefore you must have wisdom besides your enthusiasm; otherwise you may often do much harm, and fail in doing good where you might have succeeded.

Then another quality of the Star which you must have strongly is its steadfastness. That is one of the qualifications which we undertake to develop within

ourselves. The star is *always* shining. Sometimes clouds arise and get in the way, but that is not the doing of the star. The star is there, is always dependable; so surely, if we wish to imitate the star, and to show forth the virtues of the star in our daily life, we must see to it that *we* are always dependable, that we are not swayed by the storms of the personality, that we are not people of moods. Many a person spoils his usefulness by not being always the same, by not being available or dependable when wanted. Remember (for that may help you in this matter,) that those moods and their changes do not belong to you at all.

You are an ego—more truly, you are a Monad, a spark of God's own fire—but the manifestation of that down here is the ego which is dominating (or should be dominating) your personality. That is the nearest representative of You, the Monad, which you can touch or at present realise. Therefore you must be that—that Inner Soul. That is steadfast as the needle to the pole; the real man, the Soul within, has no object but development, unfoldment. It is for that that he is here; for that that glorious Spirit, the Monad, has put himself down into the ego, for that in turn the ego has also put himself down into this personality—for that one object and no other, for the realising of the power, for the becoming one with God, for the unfolding of the God within him. It is only for that that he has come, and therefore he has no other object.

Down here you seem to find yourself pursuing all kinds of other objects; but that which is pursuing is *not* you, and you should realise it. When you find sweeping over you at times moods of irritability, of blackness and spiritual dryness, remember that it is

not you, but an elemental—that it is the living matter of your astral body, and the living matter of your mental body. These things which you have created for yourself and for your service, should be acting merely as vehicles; but, like a horse which runs away, they have a will of their own, and are taking you in the wrong direction. It is only that, and you should not be a slave to them. You are to assert yourself, and be the true You.

So you must have the steadfastness of the Star. All these things are merely the earthly clouds that rise and dim your light. You are the Star, and you must shine steadfastly through it all; you must triumph over it, and like the Sun, which for us is the greatest Star of all, you must disperse the clouds by that steadfast shining. The personality must be the mere expression of the individual, because in that way only are you reflecting the great Light. For remember: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, in whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning." And so there must be no variableness or shadow of turning in *you*—the Star down here.

Yet one more quality you must have in your Star. You must be steadily increasing in the light that you pour out. You are an evolving entity; remember what evolution means. "*Volvo*" means I turn, and "*e*" means out. You are constantly turning out, developing, unfolding the latent Divinity within you, and that evolution cannot stand still. It may drop back, sometimes, unfortunately; it may be decreasing or it will be growing, one or the other. See to it that your light is growing all the time. You must never allow it to wane, but

always see that it steadily increases, that you must grow ceaselessly, because in that very growth you are drawing in power from the Father of Lights. The growth that we see around us day by day in nature comes always from drawing in and from giving out again. So if you draw in the Power and the Strength and the Glory of God into you, pour it out again, for in that way a constant flow of the Divine Strength will pass through you, and you will truly grow. You must continue to draw this power from the Father of Lights until you reflect Him perfectly, until you shine even as He shines forth.

Yet another text from your Christian scripture: "The path of the just is as a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day." Remember that when you see the Star; so shall it be to you a blessing and a help; so shall you also bear aloft the Star, and do such justice as you ought to do to the splendid opportunity, the glorious karma, that has made you a Brother of the Star.

C. W. Leadbeater

THE MIRROR

By MARY MACCAUSLAND

A YOUTH, all eagerness, sat at the feet of an old priest in the temple. Outside there were heat and strife and the buying and selling of men's souls. Inside the temple there were the cool and dusk of perpetual evenings and everlasting peace.

"Tell me, O Master," said the youth, "what shall I do to reflect the Light?"

Slowly and solemnly the old man spoke:

"Hast thou ever seen the sun strike a burnished mirror, O Simple One, and reflect on thy eyes till the light caused thee to be blinded?"

"Yea, Father, many times, and so would I be," answered the youthful seeker, "full of such glory as to make a radiance shine about me."

"But, O Youth, the mirror could not reflect the sun had not some humble one prepared it by patient polishing. Thou knowest that a dusty mirror cannot reflect the light. Nor can an unclean man show the glory of the Perpetual Light. Dost thou wish to catch and give forth the Light that thy life will be of a blinding radiance?"

"Prepare thyself as the mirror is prepared. Clean every corner of thy heart and mind until there is no dark

in thee. Then polish and refine thyself till thou art as the sun for radiance."

"Yea, Master, but what are the things with which I clean and polish my heart and mind?" asked the youth.

"To clean thyself, O Ignorant One, Prayer. To polish thyself, Love for thy fellow-men. To refine thyself, Meditation. But, O Youth, remember, prayer is not asking the All-Powerful for gifts for thyself, but for thy fellows; and love means service; and meditation means thinking the thoughts that strengthen the will.

"By this means, and only this, O World Conqueror, thou may'st burnish thy mirror till thou canst reflect the stars."

Mary MacCausland

A GREAT MEMORY

I HAVE seen Knights of gallant behaviour, and my eyes were made proud with the seeing, so gallant their bearing!

The very dust of the Field was made foul for their feet; the weapons against them were poisoned; the blows that they parried sought to strike 'neath the belt; very cunning devices prevented them; but they passed forward gallant and dauntless.

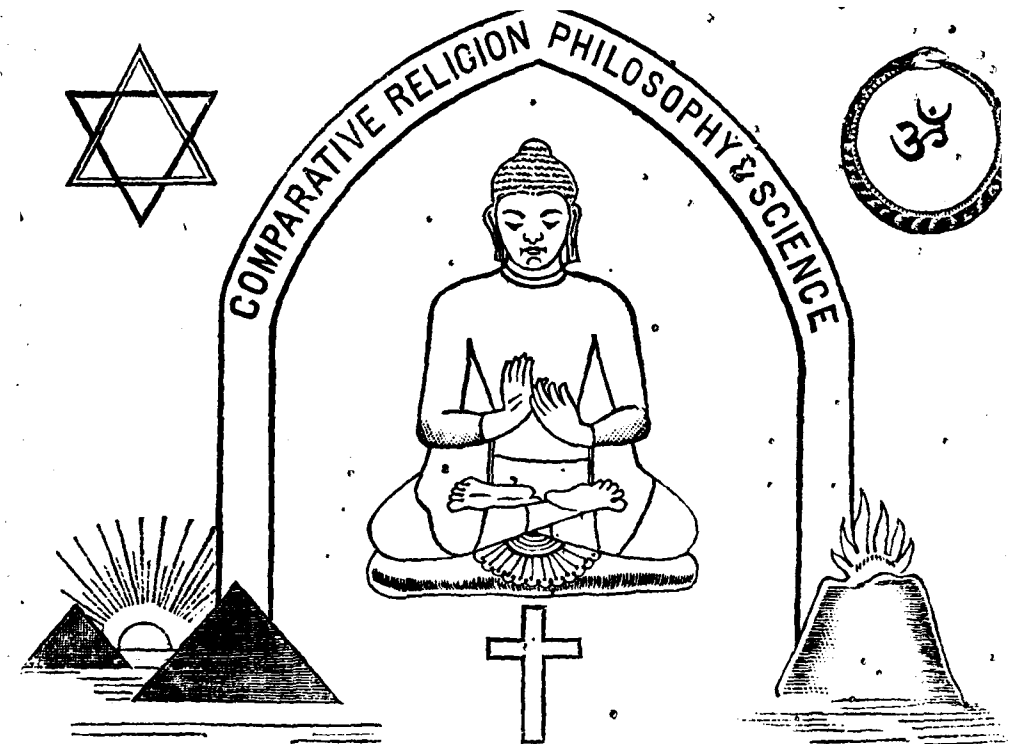
The enemies gathered themselves together for onslaught.

Trembling, I feared the shock of the great encounter; but it was I who trembled; they pressed still onwards, keen, watchful, playing the great Game that was theirs, on to the finish.

Then they rode from that Field victorious, very courteous, they rode and serene, their service accomplished.

My heart grows big in remembering, remembering the dust, and the glory, O Knights of most gallant behaviour!

HOPE REA



PHILOSOPHY IN WAR TIME

By WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE

I BELIEVE there is a very general impression that in War time, philosophy either does cease or should cease; that when any very energetic form of activity is to be undertaken the speculative and reflective faculties of man are to become partially dormant. Indeed, if we could make a survey of public mind in England at the present time, we should find the large

proportion of people everywhere would declare, with a certain degree of impatience, that this is not the time for philosophy. *The Westminster Gazette* of November 19th, 1914, quotes a passage from Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, which is appropriate to the present discussion:

"We talked of war," says Boswell. Johnson: "Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier or for not having been at sea." Boswell: "Lord Mansfield does not." "Sir, if Lord Mansfield were in a company of general officers and admirals who had been in service, he would shrink; he'd wish to creep under the table. . . . No, sir; were Socrates and Charles XII of Sweden both present in any company, and Socrates to say, 'Follow me and hear a lecture on philosophy'; and Charles, laying his hand on his sword, to say, 'Follow me and dethrone the Czar'; a man would be ashamed to follow Socrates. Sir, the impression is universal; yet it is strange."

The writer adds: "The impression at any rate continues wide-spread to-day."

Now, although to a certain extent this impression is a natural one, and has some good causes behind it, yet on the other hand I am inclined to regard War itself as actually providing an important spur towards philosophy. In consequence of War, men have to think very much harder than formerly; there may be fewer thinkers but there is deeper thinking; and this is provided by the War. The impression that I have mentioned is also supplemented and modified by another one, namely, that in due time we shall return to philosophy; we shall not be "ashamed to follow Socrates," but will begin to reflect and to debate about what we call the "problems of philosophy".

Now one of the greatest philosophers of the world, Plato, was set thinking by similar circumstances to

those which stimulate many of us to-day. Socrates, his Master, had taken part in that long Peloponnesian War between the great Greek States; he had given up fighting, but in his advanced age there continued a series of outbreaks and tyrannies, culminating in his death. These events so disgusted Plato with politics that he retired from public life, and made that almost unparalleled effort in education when he founded his Academy. Would that there were a Plato among us to-day!

The Greeks employed a word which has been rendered in our tongue "to philosophise"; "philosophising" was a definite and very important activity, not merely of intellectual, but of moral significance. And in reading the dialogues of Plato one sees that some of his greatest flights into metaphysic began from quite simple and practical issues which had been raised among the friends of Socrates. Philosophy, therefore, is of practical importance; it is not a side issue or, as commercial men are wont to say of some of their activities, a "side line"; really it is for the intellectual life the main line.

I have drawn some diagrams which are meant to aid the mind to understand what I have now to say.

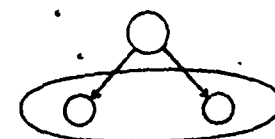


The first one represents two different spheres, which I call C and D respectively; and if we choose to imagine that C represents the whole outlook and mental activity of, say, the race of cats, and D that of dogs,

we may well believe that these two races each have a specially limited outlook. Whatever thought there is among them relates entirely to the cat world, or the dog world, as the case may be. It is really very much the same with us. I mean to say that at certain times we are wont to "philosophise" within a limited circle which contains no more than our own empirical experiences and concerns; what is outside this is considered alien to us; but if we would philosophise *really* we must leave for a moment that limited circle of our own affairs and rise to a higher one. It may be that with animals there is no higher sphere which transcends their own little world, but for men surely there is; so that if two nations are found at war with one another, philosophy for each one of these nations will not be that which goes on within the limits of these lower politico-centric spheres, but it will be that which is found in a higher sphere to which the persons of both nations can rise. I say this because I think it is necessary at the present moment to contradict an impression for which perhaps the Germans of the "real politik" school are largely responsible, that one cannot transcend the limitations of one's own personal interests or the interests of one's nation. Against this I urge that in order that there may be philosophy, a man must cease to be English, or German, or French, as such; he must rise to that realm where his intellectual speculation and judgments cannot be, must not be, interfered with by the accident that he happens to be born in Paris, or Berlin, or London. If philosophy is changed by that accident it is not philosophy at all.

If it be possible, then, for man to leave his limited personal or national sphere in order to think about

these great problems of life, it is also possible, for him, reaching that height, to look down again upon the lower spheres, and he will then see that which is naturally his own and that which is not naturally his own. He will see them with a degree of relativity and unity which he cannot possibly appreciate while he is himself circulating in one of the lower spheres.



A man will not be able to *understand*, although he may feel, precisely what it is to be an Englishman or a German until he looks down upon the English way of thinking and the German way of thinking from the philosophic standpoint. That of course is a theoretical way of speaking, but I do not think it is altogether unpractical. The insistent problems of life force us in two directions; one towards the special and emphatic interest in ourselves, that in which we begin our thinking; and the other the point that I have been suggesting, that higher one from which we can survey and *understand* the significance of these individual thoughts and empirical experiences, and *judge* them.

It is the custom to speak of "Greek philosophy," "Scottish metaphysics," and "Teutonic philosophy". There are really no such things. There is philosophy produced by Greek thinkers, philosophy produced by Teutonic thinkers, but philosophy itself is really not tainted by national feeling at all. It is worth noting that during the early part of the War the English Press of the baser kind was chiding Lord Haldane for his

interest in "German philosophy," as they call it. Little do these petty scribblers know of the nature of that philosophy with which they think it is a disgrace to be concerned. The translator of Schopenhauer, the student of Hegel, the author of *The Pathway to Reality*, was suspected of being disloyal to his country because the philosophy he loves was "made in Germany". What is wanted now, I suppose, is an "all British philosophy" entirely home-grown, guaranteed innocuous by the patriotic press.

I will now try to correlate what I have been saying with some of the well-known great philosophers. I will try to show the system of philosophising which was entered upon by that wonderful chain of men beginning with Kant and ending with Nietzsche and Eucken. We must also take a glance at the pseudo-philosophers like Treitschke and Von Bernhardt, and relate them to the others, for it is they who, more than the true philosophers, have of late exercised so great an influence on the thought of their time.

Kant is noted for the fact that he made the first acceptable analysis of the human understanding. On this his true greatness rests. He is also noted for his very great insistence on the nature of the Moral Law. So important did he regard this that after having dethroned all theological authority, he found, or professed to find, in man himself what he called "the Categorical Imperative" towards action of a moral character. He argued that if men would really with perfectly clear mind subject any issue which was before them to the judgment of their reason undisturbed by any alien influence, they would, as it were, hear "the Categorical Imperative" commanding them to do or not to do, as

the case might be. One thing Kant did not discover was the basis in nature of what he called the Moral Law. This was left to his great successor, Schopenhauer. Kant was firstly a great metaphysician, secondly a moralist, and in his old age he turned to politics; he produced a very remarkable tract called *Perpetual Peace*, the result of lifelong thinking of the way in which men might live together. It is but a small work, but it is of very great interest at the present time because in it he shows how it is that men and States go wrong; how it is that they are plunged into this frightful warfare which in his time was bad enough but to-day is a hundred times worse. He traced the political and social disasters of his day to the declension from the Moral Law which every man can know. He proposed a series of moral and political principles upon which States should regulate their relations with one another. The most remarkable of all the clauses is a secret one that rulers should always consult philosophers before plunging into war.

Kant was followed by a very enthusiastic pupil of his, Fichte. He enlarged and beautified Kant's Categorical Imperative. It was an "Absolute Ought"; it was the Categorical Imperative raised to a pedestal, less in man than above him. It was almost a deity which thundered down its proclamations to man below. Fichte was an ardent patriot as well as a moralist of a high order; he believed that it was possible to transform the human race by true teaching into being perfect, harmonious and truly illumined.

I cannot condense Hegel into a sentence, but will merely name him in due order here, remarking that he has a considerable following in England.

The next thinker who raised the philosophy to a much higher point than his predecessors had done was Schopenhauer. He was very familiar with the thought of the East, being saturated in the lore of the ancient Upanishats. They were his consolation to the day of his death. He wrote a great work, entitled *The World as Will and Representation*. His explanation of the world was, first, that it is Will, irresistible, forceful Will, in every direction struggling to attain to manifestation in some of these myriad forms. Will first of all exists and is entirely non-moral; the visible world is its "idea" or representation in the mirror of man's intellect. The primary form of man's will is "the Will-to-live" which leads him in every direction to affirm himself, leads him to personal strife, to tribal strife, leads him obviously into great wars. Schopenhauer showed that as this impulse of the Will-to-live is pressed further from the centre, so to speak, towards the periphery of life, it becomes increasingly non-moral. It seems to me that this is exactly what we may say is happening at this moment. The Will-to-live in the nations of the world at the present time is so intense, it leads them to such extremities, that they are ready to attack one another with the greatest and most hideous engines of destruction, and to turn Europe into a shambles.

For Schopenhauer morality consisted in the cessation or the diminution of this forceful Will-to-live for the sake of other creatures. Wheresoever a man willingly reduced his claim to life for the sake of others, or even, as in rare cases, laid down his life, there and there alone was exhibited the only morality that had any value. Schopenhauer proved that this morality

was not based on something that had been declared on Sinai, or that had been given out in the Mysteries, or that was wrapped up in Kant's "Moral Law". Morality, he said, was founded on the fact that man is able to feel another's pain; it rests on the phenomenon of compassion. So that if we act morally, if we desire to make true human progress in the world, we should act always as our compassion and sympathy direct; this will bring the whole human race away from the terrible sufferings and cruelties that are involved in that incessant struggle which proceeds from the "Will-to-live". And Schopenhauer went further: he remembered what the Upanishats, Plato and the Christians had taught, *the unity of all life*. That compassion which you feel in your own heart for your fellow is founded on the hidden fact which can perhaps be perceived only mystically, and understood intellectually, namely that *you and your brother are one*. In going back to the Upanishats, he affirmed and elaborated that great dictum *Tat Tvam Asi*, "That thou art"; therefore, said he, trust that compassionate feeling which is in your own heart; if you thus act, happiness of an order altogether unfamiliar will descend upon you and will confirm the essential rightness of your choice. It is this turning away from Will-to-live, and all that it involves, that gave to Schopenhauer the misnomer of "pessimist". He was not a pessimist in the ordinary sense; he but estimated truly, where most men estimate falsely, the value of the empirical existence. To see the truth and be sustained by it is the privilege of the philosopher.

I can conceive of no more emphatic proof of the soundness of Schopenhauer's analysis of human will

and the correctness of his discovery of the basis of all morality than the events now daily recorded in the trenches. There is nothing men will not do in defence of their lives; they recoil from no horror; but when their lives are swiftly leaving them they learn in a flash and without instruction or any doubt, the illusion of it all. To many compassion returns with immense relief and condemns all they have done hitherto. Unfortunately, this lofty view has not gained much popularity and is generally misunderstood. Another teacher has suddenly had a great vogue and we hear nothing of Schopenhauer except a stray suggestion that he was nearly as dangerous as his friend and disciple, Friedrich Nietzsche, to whom we must now turn.

Nietzsche was the ardent admirer of the philosophy of Schopenhauer; in association with Wagner he joined a crusade which was to regenerate the world by means of Wagner's art with Schopenhauer's philosophy behind it. But this did not last for long. First a breach with the composer, then, with great pain but great boldness, a complete turning away from his grim master. Schopenhauer's metaphysic was cast to the winds and his ethical system went with it. So far from minimising the Will-to-live, it was to be intensified, said Nietzsche. We learn that the very idea itself came to him during the war of 1870, when he saw a Prussian cavalry regiment go thundering by. "*The Will-to-Power*," said he, "rather than the Will-to-live, is my Categorical Imperative!" He saw that men value power more than life.

Nietzsche, in a wonderfully brilliant and courageous series of works, startled and shocked the world. The

impulses which for centuries men had been taught to control he would have them *strengthen*. Indian, Socratic and Christian morality were totally rejected, and the great immoralists were held up as patterns for those who would transcend man and aim at Superman. Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* is the embodiment, the personification, of his philosophy. As to war he there declares: "Ye say it is the good cause which halloweth every war. But I say unto you: it is the good war that halloweth every cause."

There is no doubt that Nietzsche hated Christian morality. I think he misunderstood it. There is no doubt at all that he glorified war and expected much good would come to the race thereby. But as for Germany, he hated it and all its institutions more than any other country. France and Italy were his ideal nations, England and Germany his pet aversions. He wanted "the good European" to emerge. But Nietzsche was not always speaking with one voice. In what we are warranted in thinking one of his calmer moments he wrote the words that I quote:

The Means towards genuine Peace.—In this attitude all States face each other to-day. They presuppose evil intentions on their neighbour's part and good intentions on their own. This hypothesis, however, is an inhuman notion, as bad as and worse than war. . . . The doctrine of the army as a means of self-defence must be abjured as completely as lust of conquest. Perhaps a memorable day will come when a nation renowned in wars and victories, distinguished by the highest development of military order and intelligence, and accustomed to make the heaviest sacrifice to these objects, will voluntarily exclaim, "We will break our swords," and will destroy its whole military system, lock, stock, and barrel. Making ourselves defenceless (after having been the most strongly defended) from a loftiness of sentiment—that is the means towards genuine peace, which must always rest upon a pacific disposition. The so-called armed peace that prevails at present in all countries is a sign of a bellicose disposition. . . .

Better to perish than to hate and fear, and twice as far better to perish than to make oneself hated and feared. The tree of military glory can only be destroyed at one swoop, with one stroke of lightning. But, as you know, lightning comes from the cloud and from above.—*Human-all-too-human*, Vol. II.

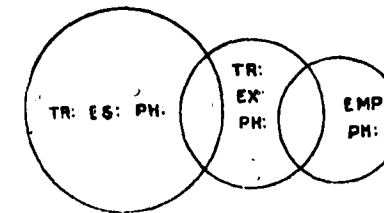
I need only say a sentence or two more about the satellites who circle around the memory of Nietzsche. Treitschke, the great German professor, simply took this essential thought of Nietzsche—a thought that was designed for the individual man alone—Treitschke took this thought and made it the impulse for Germany. Bernhardi took the thought of Treitschke and applied it to the activity of the army. He showed how war might or must be waged. It only remained for the pseudo-philosophical pamphleteers to begin; and that is the point that we have reached in a continuous stream of thought that began with Kant and has not yet ended. Professor Cramb is our Treitschke!

Rudolf Eucken, the Jena professor, should be mentioned here; he may be regarded as leaving Schopenhauer at the same point, and for similar reasons, as Nietzsche. Eucken dislikes what he considers pessimism, and propounds a doctrine which has been called *Activism*. In relating it to the other teachings which I have briefly sketched, I might define it as a doctrine of "good-will-to-power". It is really an attempt to rehabilitate Christianity. The *Geistesleben*, or Life of the Spirit, lies before man as the potential condition of his existence. If he will, he can go forward to it; if he will not, he relapses. For the moment Eucken and the materialist, Haeckel, have each become a Treitschke!

The subject is one which no doubt many have been thinking about and will continue to think about, but I

should not like to finish this study without trying to make a summary of what seems to me to be the true position about philosophy in War time.

I have drawn a further diagram of three circles; the lowest one represents that limited sphere of thought, emotion and action, which we may regard either as that of the individual, if we are thinking in terms of individuals, or of a nation, if we are thinking in terms of nations; it is there that we evolve an empirical philosophy which only has to do with that which can be seen and touched, with that which is the ordinary experience of man.



But man does not only live within that limited sphere; there has been produced for him by the thinkers of the race what we will call "Transcendental Exoteric Philosophy". No particular occult powers are needed to pass into that second sphere. It is the sphere of philosophy *per se*; it is that sphere of transcendence over the empirical which any man of ordinary intellect can enter with the necessary philosophical guidance. It is there where Schopenhauer and Kant philosophise; it is there where nearly every philosophy is found; it is there where we really always ought to be. But I imagine, as well, a third and larger sphere which it is possible to produce—a "Transcendental Esoteric Philosophy".

I have drawn the diagram in a way to suggest that the Transcendental Exoteric Philosophy is what

astronomers call an epi-cycle upon the greater cycle of Transcendental Esoteric Philosophy. Of this larger sphere we know very little. Some mystics profess to have invaded it and to bring to us what there they find, and it is the source from which must ultimately be drawn all Truth; for it is the Divine Wisdom, the Brahma-Vidyā, the Nous Koinos. The lowest, the "Empirical Philosophy," is also, as will be observed, an epi-cycle upon that above it, and though we are by nature denizens of this lowest world, it should be our aim to seek always to reach and to circulate in the larger and still larger cycles that are open to us.

What, therefore, I wish to say in conclusion, is this: in War time we ought not to philosophise as Englishmen or as nationals of whatever nation we belong to. We ought to try at least to reach this Transcendental Exoteric sphere, to live in an atmosphere of much greater intellectual and moral freedom, and thence looking down upon the present War, I believe we shall not be able to say and think the things we have been thinking and saying in the lowest sphere. We shall regard war as a mistake, an illusion, as a great and terrible inordination. If we are able to reach the highest sphere of all, I do not apprehend that we shall find the moral and intellectual conceptions that we form in the central sphere contradicted by those of the highest. For there we shall see the ultimate roots of the good and the evil laid bare. A flood of light will illuminate our dubious judgments and our highest moral convictions may perhaps be seen to be derived from a deeper and diviner spring than ever we could have believed.

But let me nevertheless say this: If I hear some message that comes to me by some one who professes

to have attained to Transcendental Esoteric Philosophy, a message that contradicts the deepest convictions of my soul, and if an effort is made to turn my compassion aside, then I shall beware of that Transcendental Esoteric Philosophy, and warn others to depend on what light they have, rather than to rest upon dogmas which they cannot themselves verify.

William Loftus Hare

CLOUDS PASS AWAY

CLOUDS pass by,
The Sunshine stays;
Light endures
Through endless days;
Mists may gather,
And then fly,
But the Light
Can never die.

Though the soul
Be clouded o'er
A little while,
Evermore
The Spirit lives
Calm above,
And ever gives
Light and Love,
Life and Light—
Day and night.

L. M. W.

THE ANCIENT HINDU COLONIES

By P. L. NARASIMHAM

THE ISLAND OF SUMATRA

THE Hindūs of ancient times were bolder and more enterprising than those of the present day, and about two thousand years ago they made long and tedious voyages on the high seas—a strong proof of their seamanship and spirit of adventure—and established colonies in countries and islands beyond the then Bhāratavarṣha, or India. The islands in the Indian Archipelago were the settlements to which the ancient Hindūs resorted for temporal and spiritual conquest. Java (or Yava-dvīpa) was the most important, and in fact the Queen, of this Archipelago. But the island of Sumatra (Sumitṛa Dvīpa), the earliest colony of the Hindūs in the Archipelago, is the biggest island of the whole group and is no less important than Java, for it (Sumatra) was the stepping-stone by which the ancient Hindūs could reach and occupy the other islands, *viz.*, Java, Borneo (Bharāṇi Dvīpa), Celebes (Shalabha Dvīpa), Madhura, Bali, Sambawa (Sambhava Dvīpa), etc. It behoves us, therefore, to know something about this island, in size as big as the Madras Presidency. It is, however, regrettable that there is very little record of its ancient history; there are some inscriptions found here and there, but most of them have been destroyed or disfigured by the hand of time and to attempt to decipher them appears to be a hopeless task. It is

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THE ANCIENT HINDU COLONIES

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confidently expected, however, that in the near future those of our enlightened and enterprising countrymen that can afford money and leisure, will pay a visit to this interesting island and gather reliable information to give shape to its ancient history.

SUMITṚA DVIPA

Sumitṛa (meaning in Samskr̥t, a “good friend”) is the name of the person who is said to have headed the first immigration party from India to the island of Sumatra, which was therefore named after him. It appears that the modern (western) province of Achini was, when first occupied by the colonising Hindūs, called Sumitṛa, which name gradually extended to the whole island, and that the town known as Sumitṛa, close to the modern town of Achin, was for many centuries the capital of the island. The ruins of the ancient capital are said to be still visible. The name Sumatra must, therefore, be taken as the corruption of the Samskr̥t word Sumitṛa. (As we proceed we shall find several Samskr̥t names in use in the island). Owing to the existence of numerous herds of monkeys throughout the island, living on the branches of big tamarind trees, some natives of the island believe that Kiṣhkindha, described in the *Rāmayaṇa*, is no other than their own island; and they point out certain places as the abodes of Vāli, Sugrīva, etc.

PHYSICAL FEATURES, ETC., OF SUMATRA

As it is not easy to understand the history of any country without a knowledge of its geography, a brief

geographical survey of the island is necessary. The greatest length of the island from south-east to north-west is 1,047 miles and its greatest breadth 230 miles; while its area is about 161,612 square miles. It is at present very thinly populated, its population being about three and a half millions—in thorough contrast with the much smaller island of Java, whose population is about forty millions! All along the length of Sumatra, and close to its western coast, is a long chain of mountains called by the natives “Bakutibarusam,” literally “mountain chain”. They are just like the Western Ghats of India. The soil is generally rocky and the rivers fall from great heights. There are many terrific volcanoes in the island. Its chief rivers are: (1) Inḍragiri, (2) Jambi or Hari, (3) Asahan, (4) Pāṇi, (5) Syaka, (6) Kampa, (7) Moosi, (8) Koobu, (9) Palembang, (10) Tāmiṅg, and (11) Simpang. All these rivers rise in the Bakutibarusam mountains and, having a north-eastern course, fall into the sea; and most of them are not navigable except for short distances. There are very big and beautiful lakes such as Tōmara, Maṇḍi, Shaṅkara, etc. The big forests of the island are inhabited by numerous families of monkeys of several varieties.

Paddy, sugar-cane, coffee, maize, yarn, potato, spices, etc., are abundantly grown. Fauna and flora are the same as in India. The ancestors of the Battacks (Batahas), Koobes, and other tribes who resemble the aborigines of India, are supposed to be the pre-Āryan inhabitants of the island. When the Hindūs first landed there, a little before the Christian era, they called the aboriginal tribes of the island Dāsya and Rākṣhasas, because they were cannibals; and it is most probable that the

earliest Hindū immigrants suffered much, at the hands of the man-eaters. It is supposed that, unable for a long time to humanise the wild tribes, the earliest Hindū settlers went in search of other and better colonies such as Java. However that may be, the fact remains that some of the immigrants made this island their permanent home and gradually succeeded in civilising the wild tribes and cannibals.

THE FIRST IMMIGRANTS

The historians are agreed that the most probable date of the Hindū occupation, or colonisation, of the island of Java is A.D. 78, and that they must have occupied Sumatra much earlier than Java. And Mount Stuart Elphinstone is of opinion that Sumatra was first occupied by the Hindū immigrants about 75 B.C., which may therefore be taken as almost correct. A party of Hindū immigrants headed by Sumitra, their Chief, started from Shrikakulam in the Kistna District, a town at the mouth of the Krishna River at that time. This successful adventure in all probability encouraged similar ventures on the part of the Hindūs on the east coast of India. Further, the first invading Hindū immigrants having met with fierce opposition from the aboriginal tribes of the island, they would have required help from India and thus fresh immigrations became absolutely necessary. In the long run the superior, and probably well-trained, arms of the invaders were generally successful against the brute force of the savage tribes of the island.

natives of the island pride themselves in tracing their descent from the solar or lunar line of the Indian kings, or from Alexander the Great, and quarrels in regard to this are not infrequent. As already observed above, the inscriptions that are so far unearthed are unintelligible or illegible, so that nothing can be gathered therefrom. The temples of Ramo (Rāma), Sito (Sītā), Hanumo (Hanumān), Sugurivo (Sugrīva), Mahākāla, Rudra, Sivo (Shiva), Mahādeva, Mahesa, Buwano (Bhavāni), Durago (Durga), etc., are all in ruins and very little of historical knowledge can be obtained from them.

The ancient province of Menangkabau (Mīnāṅkabhava) was formed in the southern part of the island in the fifth century. This province played a very important part in its relations with Java. Hayavarḍhana Mahārāja (or Hayam Wurook), who was the ruler of Mojopahit province in Java, from 1359 to 1389, defeated the kings of the old provinces of Aru, Palembang and Mīnāṅkabhava, in Sumatra, and ruled over them. "Southern Sumatra, by its geographical position, has always been fated to be in some degree dependent on the populous and powerful Java." The history of Java has several references to this island and shows that for centuries the internal affairs of Sumatra were managed by the kings of Java. Says one historian :

Indian civilisation, it would seem, had considerable influence on Menangkabau for, according to the native traditions of the Malays, it was Sri Turi Bumana, a prince of Indian or Japanese descent—according to the legend he traced his lineage to Alexander the Great—who led a part of the people over the sea to the peninsula of Malacca and in 1160 founded the centre of his power in Singapore.

Sri Turi Bumana being the corruption of the Samskr̥t name Shrī Tribhuvana, he cannot be said to be of Japanese descent. The name of Alexander the Great (Alaku-Sundaro, as pronounced in the island) who did not know even of the existence of this island was held very sacred by the natives of Sumatra. Singapore was a colony of Sumatra and was conquered by the King of Mojopahit in Java in 1252, when it became a Javanese province. Malacca was subsequently founded and it became the important centre of trade.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century the State of Malacca was far more powerful than the old Menangkabau and became the political and ethnological centre of Malay life.

The ancient province of "Sri Bhodja" (or Shrī Bhōja), which was founded between the years 850 and 900, was famous for its Samskr̥t and Pāli literature for some centuries till it was broken up by the Muhammadans after the advent of Islām in the island in the fourteenth century.

The kingdom of Palembang was in high eminence till it was conquered in 1544 by Geding Souro (Jady Sūri) of Demak in Java. Geding Souro ruled there until 1649, when he was overthrown by another Javanese power which continued up to 1824.

The political supremacy of the Hindūs in Achin was maintained till the end of the fifteenth century, when Islām, with all its terrors appeared there.

ISLĀM IN SUMATRA

Islām takes its way to Sumatra in the wake of trade ; conversions *en masse* seem to have first occurred in Pasie and Acheh, while merchants of Arabian and Persian nationality prepared its advent also in other regions of the north and later of the west coast.

According to Marco Polo there was a Muhammadan kingdom in the northern part of the island in the thirteenth century. Says another historian :

At the beginning of the thirteenth century the first preachers of the new doctrine appeared in the Strait of Malacca and at first gained influence over the Malays—in the narrower sense of the word—who came originally from Sumatra and ruled the peninsula of Malacca and the adjacent islands.

Islām, with its fire and sword, wherever it went, struggled hard with the unyielding province of Achin for a long time, when Sultan Ali Moghayat Shah overthrew the Hindū King and became the first Sultan who reigned there from 1507 to 1522. Ala-ed-din al-Kahar, who ruled in Achin from 1530 to 1552, annexed a "Battak-Hindū" kingdom and extended Islām to the north.

The province of Sri Bhodja was forced to accept Islām in the fourteenth century and Palembang in the seventeenth century. Thus by the end of the seventeenth century, Islām became a powerful religion in Sumatra.

At the same time Menangkabau, ruled by Mahārājahs proud of their descent in the right line from Alexander the Great, Iskander Dzu'l Karain, reaches its apogee as a formidable Moslem State, and remains the stronghold of Malayan true believers until the fanaticism of the *padris*, stirred by the Wahabite movement, ends, in 1837, in the submission of the last Prince of Pagar Rujoong to the Dutch Government, which annexes his already much diminished empire.

EUROPEANS IN SUMATRA :

The famous Italian traveller, Marco Polo, visited the island early in the year 1295. In 1509, Diego Lopez de Sequéira, a Portuguese Admiral, landed with his fleet on the coast of Sumatra; defeated by the natives of Malacca, he made good his escape. In 1511, Alfonso Albuquerque visited the island, defeated the

Sultan of Malacca and established his power there. In course of time, the ruler of Achin and the Malay Prince of Bintang began to attack and defeat the Portuguese who, however, vanquished in 1527 the Prince of Bintang. The Dutch appeared in the island in 1596 and they were frequently invited by the natives to assist them against the Portuguese whose power, therefore, gradually weakened and disappeared. The Dutch erected a factory in Palembang in 1618 and, after several struggles with the Sultan of Palembang, the province was finally annexed to the Dutch Colonial Empire in 1823. The province of Achin always proved a formidable foe to the Dutch and its ruler Mahmed Shah, who ascended the throne in 1760, "resolutely resumed the struggle with the Dutch". And by the Treaty of London, in March, 1824, Achin was allowed to remain a sovereign State. But in March, 1873, the Dutch declared war against Achin which ended in January, 1879, when Achin was annexed to the Dutch Colonial Empire.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

His Majesty Somdetch Phra Paramindr Chulalongkorn (or His Majesty Somadatta Paramendra Chūdhā-lamkār), the late King of Siam, paid his second visit to this island and to Java in 1896, in order to study the ancient temples and religion in these islands. A Buddhist of Hinayanic faith, he was particularly overjoyed at the sight of the Buddhistic temples of Chandis Mendoot and Boro Budoor, in Java. In December, 1909, Lord Kitchener also paid a visit to the island.

P. L. Narasimham

TRANSCENDING

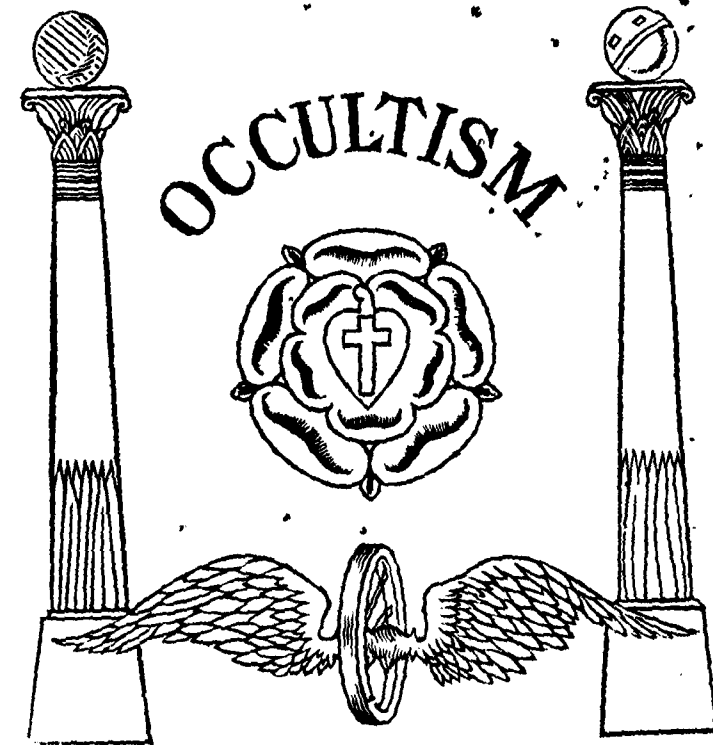
LOVE is so great a thing, I am afeared,
As men will sometimes shiver in the sun.
I laid out my heart's treasury at his feet,
I poured out all the passion of my soul
As wine into his cup. I am afeared,
For Love was not filled, nor was Love spent.

I weep continuously, a fount unsealed
Mine eyes. For I shall never know of Love—
A tide without beginning and without end,
A fire consuming utterly, nor leaves
The ashes of a thought, or flick'ring sigh.

I shall not know of Love unless I die,
Till life my spirit deals a mortal wound,
Till I have mourned for everything that lives,
And garlanded the heavens with all my tears.
Till bodiless I mingle with Itself,
I shall not know of Love. Too deep, too vast,
The melody has broken the strings of this lute.

Through roads running with blood I shall come to
my love,
Through the winter snows I shall reach my dear
one's door,
When I have forgotten everything but his face,
When I have forgotten language, save but his
name,
In the dead of night, I shall come to my dear one's
home.

C.



THE PRESENT WAR AND THE DARK POWERS

By N. D. KHANDALAVALA

MR. A. P. SINNETT in his latest book, *The Spiritual Powers and the War*, states:

A spiritual hierarchy presides, under divine guidance, over the evolution of humanity on this planet, and is resisted on all planes of activity by a formidable organisation, itself persistently inspired by the desire to impede the spiritual progress of the human race; to retard, if possible to defeat, the divine scheme altogether; to engender suffering instead of

solitary entity. He is working for himself, as a separate entity, and for his own ends. You cannot have a hierarchy of people who distrust one another. In the White Brotherhood every member trusts the others; but you cannot have trust with the dark people, because their interests are built upon self.

You must, however, take care what you mean when you speak of evil. The principle of destruction is often personified, but it is only that old forms are broken down to be used as material for building new and higher ones. The principle of the destruction of forms is necessary in order that life may progress. There is a Great One, a part of whose function it is to arrange when the great cataclysms shall take place—but He works for the good of the world. The physical plane experiences give a definiteness and precision to our consciousness and powers, which we could never acquire on any plane unless we had spent the necessary time on this.

Wicked men aspiring to power and the gratification of their selfish desires made considerable progress in the Black Arts during the Atlantean period. The men of those days possessed certain astral senses, and they came easily into contact with the elementals whose assistance they learnt to command, to carry on their nefarious practices. It is the numerous uncontrolled bodily desires, and the continuous longing after the desired objects, to the utter disregard of the interests of others, that is the bane of humanity. When these desires cannot be gratified by physical means and forces, some men seek the aid of invisible powers, and betake themselves to revolting practices to gain what are called magic powers. A great deal of deceit and fraud is practised by the so-called teachers of magic and a great deal of exaggeration is always to be found in tales regarding the exploits of sorcery. The Atlantean magic has also been made too much of. The Atlantean and other magicians craved for unholy power on this earth while they were in their physical bodies which required various gratifications. Those cravings would follow them (after the death of the body) into

the lower astral planes, whence they would now and again obsess susceptible individuals on earth prone to similar weaknesses. There must be many such wicked disembodied entities on the astral plane but they can by no means be said to form "a formidable organisation, itself persistently inspired by the desire to impede the spiritual progress of the human race; to retard, if possible to defeat, the divine scheme altogether". What sort of organisation can there be among wicked, and highly selfish human souls, fumbling about in the dark astral planes, when each one steeped in pride would be circling about in a whirlpool of ungratified passions? Each one of these has a wickedness of his own, which it nurses blindly, and to say that these dark entities combine together and make a tremendous organisation to spread confusion and misery throughout the whole world is a statement that we cannot help calling into question. It may at once be said that no organisation of any magnitude or power can possibly be conceived among low entities, each one working for its personal and selfish end. They cannot go beyond the lower astral planes or at most the lower mental planes. What can they know of all the other higher planes, or of the Divine scheme? Their vision, power, resources and knowledge are limited and isolated. Much as they may hate the spiritually-minded human beings, they can accomplish very little in the way of thwarting evolution. All their efforts were directed towards obtaining earthly greatness by crooked ways, when they were on earth, and they cannot long remain on the astral plane; but the great law of Karma would bring them back into human bodies again and again till they saw the error of their aspirations.

A great deal has been said about Black Magicians, and their powers. The African and such other low witchcraft of other countries need not frighten us. But where are the formidable Black Magicians to be found on this earth? Are they to be searched for in Bhutan? From Mr. Sinnett's book it appears that they grow strong after disembodiment, and work upon the astral plane. It is a relief, however, to turn from such speculations to the statement of Mr. Leadbeater, that "There is no hierarchy of evil". You cannot have a hierarchy of people who distrust each other like the Black Magicians. The supposed formidable organisation of such practitioners of the Black Art on the astral plane requires explanation.

GERMAN AMBITIONS

The late Dr. Emil Reich, an Hungarian educated at the Universities of Prague and Vienna, where he had ample opportunity to study the German Empire and interpret its thoughts and aspirations, wrote a book in 1907 called *Germany's Swelled Head*, with the express object of waking up the British nation which, he thought, was by no means alive to the nature of German aspirations, which were fraught with menace to the well-being of the British Empire. He made a startling exposure of the Kaiser and of the governing classes of Germany who, he showed, were inspired by bitter enmity to the British Empire. He says:

The Germans are afflicted with the severest attack of swelled-headedness known to modern history, and the British are practically ignorant of this dangerous state of mind in their greatest rivals. The Kaiser is a man of ripe, sober and

substantial judgment. On all outstanding questions of European policy he is undoubtedly the best informed individual in existence. Twelve experienced men of his Cabinet never stop paying the minutest attention to all military movements and resources of the British all the world over. No Minister or Potentate in Europe can compare with him in point of real information on European politics. Knowledge of this kind is power. The Kaiser clearly and definitely knows what he is about. In Germany alone of all the Continental great Powers is there a European policy clearly grasped and energetically carried out. That the future of the Germans lies on the water is the key-note of his policy. The Kaiser and the Germans believe that all great men from Jesus downwards were either pure or mixed Germans, who are said to be the elect of God. The Germans boldly say that the twentieth century is theirs, just as the sixteenth belonged to the Spanish, the seventeenth to the French, and the eighteenth to the English. In England, Germany and the Germans are practically as unknown and as poorly understood as if they lived somewhere in Central Asia and not within eight hours' sailing of England. What indeed does the average Briton know of the vast wave of imperialism that has flooded the hearts and minds of the Germans. The German is an upstart. The Germans outside Germany and Austria are very numerous. Millions and millions of them are in the demoralised condition of expatriated denationalised men and women. All that rankles in the heart, it embitters, it pricks and prods, until one day the mass of moral kindling takes fire, and then we have the prairie fire of a nation inflamed with a secular cry for vengeance, for the rehabilitation of their status as nations and individuals. Professor Treitschke writes: "When the German flag flies over and protects this vast Empire, to whom will belong the sceptre of the Universe? Will it not be Germany that will have the mission to ensure the peace of the World?"

It is under the pressure of such ideas taught in Germany by their foremost writers and thinkers that the Germans have persuaded themselves of the necessity of occupying vast territories both in their neighbourhood and in foreign continents. The blood of all the nations is said to be in the Germans. The Theologian Lezius proclaimed that "Solomon has said: 'Do not be too good, do not be too just.'" The Germans are suffused with a profound and passionate belief in their great historical vocation. Bernhardt spoke in 1905: "The English peril haunts Germany, it is still by steel that great questions are settled." Pere Didon says: "Germany lays claim to being militarily, politically, scientifically, religiously, morally and cerebrally the first nation in the world."

In Germany every able-bodied man is a soldier. Together with his education as an efficient unit for military purposes, he is taught a little history, and the great spirit of an aggressive and growing nation is infused into him.

In all international matters, the nations of Europe stand to one another nearly always in a "state of nature". They recognise but too frequently nothing, but the law of might or the law of the stronger fist. It is historically certain that in all very serious historical questions the nations of Europe have almost invariably behaved like egoistic savages. Undoubtedly the Germans will, in case of actual conflict, declare that they have been "outraged," "bullied" or "deceived" into it by the "perfidious British". Every German is actuated by the spirit which makes him think that if he were not ready to die for his country what on earth is he living for? This spirit shrinks from no sacrifice from no self-denial, from no hardship of discipline.

Nearly all other nations have shown a marked tendency to the artificial restriction of the growth of population as soon as they reached the state of inordinate material prosperity: not so the Germans. Although their material prosperity has in the last generation risen by leaps and bounds, their population, far from decreasing, is rising exceedingly quickly. Again in Germany the people itself wants, believes in and demands imperial expansion. In fact it must be admitted that no State in Europe is in a position so favourable for imperial expansion as is Germany. The British know much about the French. They know practically nothing about the Germans; whereas the Germans are well acquainted with everything British.

Imperialism is the great passion of the Germans. Every one of them is brimful of it, and no power can stop or retard that mighty current. The Germans are bound to strive for more expansion; for imperialism. They do so, they will do so, they are bound to do so.

Dr. Reich's conception of the Kaiser's objects and the temper of the German people has proved substantially correct. The Kaiser's ethics are to be seen in his address to the German soldiers despatched to China in 1900: "When you meet your foe defeat him, give no quarter. Just as the Huns a thousand years ago, under the leadership of Attila, gained a reputation in virtue of which they still live in historical tradition, so may the name of Germany become known in such a manner

in China that no Chinaman will ever again dare to look askance at a German."

The old savagery of the Huns, the Goths and the Vandals is still ingrained in the blood of the Germans. The veneer of modern civilisation had hitherto concealed the spirit of cruelty, barbarism, spoliation and wilful destruction that lay asleep in their bosoms. The unexpected opposition of Belgium which spoiled all their plans, and the immediate declaration of War by Great Britain made them lose their heads, and aroused the bitterest vengeance. The astounding cruelties they have practised everywhere, show that their inner development has been one-sided, and the low passional nature within them has not been purified. The human animal is the most ferocious brute in existence, and humanity has yet to go through a long course of evolution before it is able to tame its savage nature. This savagery is dormant in a greater or less degree in all nations.

It is not necessary to assume that dark influences from the astral world have obtained complete control of the German character, and have been obsessing the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, the military Staff, the German leaders and vast numbers of other Germans, making them the tools of Black Magicians. It is only those who have not made a very careful study of German history, past and present, and of German progress in numerous directions that can make such strange assertions. If such superstitious beliefs were instilled into the minds of seekers after truth, and of the young rising generation, mental, moral and spiritual as well as physical progress would immensely be hampered. Atheism would prevail and the great truths regarding

the laws of Karma and Reincarnation would be disbelieved and disregarded.

The bogey of Black Magicians, and formidable organisations of Dark Powers has, like the mythical Devil, been now and again brought forward, to the detriment of true progress. The loathsome and most regrettable effects of the War can all be accounted for by looking into the German character, their aspirations and preparations, as well as by taking into account the natural causes preceding the War. For the last forty years Germany has been preparing for this great crisis, and the indolence and the want of watchfulness on the part of the allied Powers has enhanced the horrors and the carnage of the War. If there were unseen influences aware of the coming death-struggle they could easily have in a general way made the different Powers to take stock of their preparations for so gigantic a struggle. Even a month before the War was declared no one had any inkling that the most disastrous conflict the world ever saw was coming on.

We knew but too well how vile, despicable, and cruel is human nature in its lower aspects. We have to strive hard to overcome by degrees the ruthlessness of that bestial nature, and we must therefore always be wide awake and must keep ourselves acquainted with all that is transpiring around us. Rather than blame imaginary Dark Powers, let us set ourselves to purify our lower nature. The fact that the Germans have the seed of ruthless cruelty in them, is a stain upon the whole of humanity. In our higher nature we are all on the side of the Good Law, but in our inferior nature, the heresy of separateness

makes us blind destroyers. In the Theosophical Society let us not show a partisan spirit. We have no need to take any sides. We are in the midst of a diabolical War, and we must keep our tempers, and act with equanimity. We need not create splits by making any declarations. It is scarcely necessary to say that we side with the good and condemn the evil. The important point to consider is how we are going to remedy the evil even in a small way now or hereafter. The Theosophical Society is certainly not called upon to take any side whatsoever. Such vast issues, many and difficult, are involved in this War, that inopportunely to make statements which would create ill-feeling among certain sections of our members is highly inadvisable. We all deeply lament the depravity of human nature shown in this War, and we have to find out the ways and means, by which, after the War, better and nobler ideas may be accepted and prevail among the different nations.

My son, the World is dark
with griefs and graves,
So dark that men cry out
against the Heavens,
Who knows but that
the darkness is in man?

N. D. Khandalavala

MR. LEADBEATER IN AUSTRALIA

By GERTRUDE KERR

“IF Australia is really likely to play an important part in the early future of the world drama, why not stay here for a while and help things along?”

It was in some such casual manner, I am told, that the invitation to stay was given to Mr. Leadbeater during the progress of what was to have been merely an Australian tour. The “tour” as first arranged extended from May to November, 1914, and December was to see the visitor safely home again in India, for the 1914 Convention.

At the very outset of his visit, before indeed he had travelled further south than Brisbane, Mr. Leadbeater had announced that in the semi-tropical north he had already seen numerous specimens of young Australia foreshadowing the formation of quite a new type. Later, he was able to say definitely that the Continent was being used by the Manu for the development of a branch of the new sixth sub-race, and that the very prejudices of the country's politicians, whose endeavours have all been directed to the shutting out as far as possible of alien races, were apparently being made use of to form a cradle for the new type. It was after this definite pronouncement on the subject, that the suggestion with which this article begins was

made to him, and he responded in characteristic fashion: “Well! we will consult the President and hear what she has to say.” It was with much self-congratulation that those who were “in the know” heard in November that the President's approval had been received.

Mr. Leadbeater was then in Adelaide, on the eve of embarking for West Australia, en route for Colombo, and by some act of magic on the part of Fate, similar to the transformation worked by one wave of a magician's wand, Mr. Mazel, retiring to rest that night as a mere private secretary, arose the following morning a fully fledged and duly accredited “Substitute Public Lecturer,” and was forthwith despatched to the West to fill the place for the time being vacated by his Chief, and to complete the “tour” in the leading cities of West Australia.

Mr. Leadbeater retraced his steps to Sydney, and quietly settled down in the home made familiar to him by more than one stay in the Mother-City of the Antipodes. Few people living in the other hemisphere realise the magnitude of this Queen City of the Pacific. Australia itself is a vast Continent with a total population of less than five millions: but far more than one-fourth of these people dwell in the two great capitals of New South Wales and Victoria while Sydney, the capital of the former, now numbers seven hundred thousand souls, ranking as the twelfth biggest city of the world, and one of the foremost in the British Empire.

It is not population, however, that makes Sydney wonderful to a visitor and also indeed to its inhabitants, who are far from blind to its beauties; it is one of the most delightful of places. The main streets of the town do

not lose in picturesqueness from having grown up, as it were by accident, following often a tortuous rather than a straight course, and it is a fact that the main centre of thoroughfare, George Street, evolved from the track of the early bullock teams, as they made their lazy, winding way through the trees and scrub of primeval "bush".

Not the "City" itself, however, is it that one pictures as Sydney, but rather the various and pretty suburbs which climb over the adjacent hills overlooking the glorious harbour, a harbour broad and expansive, with waters on a sunny day gleaming blue as sapphire: a harbour with scores of deep curving bays and jutting promontories, to say nothing of the stretches of navigable and tributary rivers which lose themselves in its great basin as they flow towards the sea. "Circular Quay" is a part of the City. It is also the head of the harbour, and from it radiate out in every direction a great fleet of ferry boats, each bringing to "the City" and bearing back to suburban homes a large proportion of the population.

These ferries, with their brightly lit double decks, illuminate the harbour at night with a thousand sparkling gleams, casting deep and radiant reflections upon the waters. Viewed from any sort of altitude, they give the appearance of a fairy water-way, and indeed the scene across the harbour, whether by day or night, must certainly take rank with some of earth's fairest prospects.

It is on one of the most favoured points of vantage that the home, which now shelters Mr. Leadbeater, is situated. It reminds him, he says, of ancient Taormina. Its altitude is only about two hundred feet, but from it one is enabled to gaze

out over the broad expanse of harbour waters and neighbouring suburbs. Across to the left, through a hollow in the hills, the glistening sands of an ocean beach are visible, with a glimpse of ocean beyond; while, to the right extends a great vista of inland residential quarters, ending some thirty miles away, where the Blue Mountains are shadowed in a filmy line, almost cloudlike at that distance. At night, ten thousand street and other lamps glisten and twinkle on the opposite shore, and that, combined with the effect of the silently gliding ferry-boats, produces a scene of unique and fascinating beauty.

A great Port also is this City of Sydney. Huge liners float gently past the house, down there on the placid water, and incoming and outgoing coastal steamers all in their turn add life and interest to the view, while on Sundays and holidays the white sails of hundreds of pleasure yachts are dotted o'er the wide expanse, as far as eye can reach. Truly it is a pleasant spot in which to dwell: and it was amid such surroundings that I renewed acquaintance with Theosophy's great exponent.

Mr. Leadbeater's "study" or writing-room to-day is the glassed-in end of a wide verandah, which looks out over velvet lawn and waving tree-top to this harbour scene which I have striven to portray.

Introduced to it proudly by its owner, it was easy to see that there is plenty to do, even in Australia! Here were trays containing big bundles of what were rumoured to be—low be it spoken—unanswered letters! but they *are* to be answered in due course: so I was assured. There, files of addresses and big ledgers filled a shelf and sheaves of notes of lectures which had been

carefully typed by the reporters, and were awaiting correction before being circulated, or, as in some cases—printed.

Besides all the literary work, there are nowadays also what may be described as “family” obligations to be observed. Residents at Adyar know perhaps little more than one aspect of their Teacher; a few weeks in Sydney would probably surprise them into the discovery of others, more or less undreamed of.

This home seems full of children: an unabashed small boy of four summers, with rosy cheeks and lips, and bluest eyes, was seated at the table of the writer of books, asking solemn questions of a patient Mr. Leadbeater, when I was announced, while in the adjoining room, a little girl with a soft-sounding name, dressed dolls, what time an elder sister practised on the piano.

Mr. Alexander, known to some of our friends in India, was at his morning task of imparting knowledge, but not in a school-room, the sunny part of the lawn being chosen for his tutoring; the class consisting of two bright-eyed, bare-footed, Australian boys of some ten or eleven years.

Having been shown round and duly introduced to the young and charming “mother” of the establishment, I found myself installed in a big arm-chair on the verandah, and invited to indulge in the—to me, unknown, but to the Australian heart dear—institution of 11 o'clock morning tea. It was poured out and presented to me by this new Mr. Leadbeater, who handed my cup in courtly fashion, and made enquiries, full of vivid interest, into the life of Adyar, which I had but recently left behind. All the morning we sat there,

gazing out on to the blue harbour below, touching on many subjects, grave and gay, while children came and went, and a laughing hostess at intervals left her household affairs to enquire how we were getting on? and, would I not “stay to lunch?” an invitation not to be resisted.

So, later, I found myself at a busy dinner-table, children to right of me, children to left of me, Mr. Leadbeater smiling and full of conversation opposite, while my hostess and Mr. Alexander dispensed large plates of vegetarian dainties to a hungry family.

When, later still, I took my leave, duly escorted by one of the boys who was charged to see me safely to the ferry, my last glance as I went down the steps leading through a rock garden to the road, showed me a happy smiling group, with Mr. Leadbeater in the midst, waving me adieux as they stood on the grassy slope above my head.

So much for Mr. Leadbeater at home.

Another phase that contrasted with the familiar Adyar life was reflected in the public work of the Lodges in Australia.

When I arrived in Sydney, the Lodge there, which, by the way must be one of the largest in the Society, had recently sold its Hall and Lodge rooms with a view to building some of a larger and more commodious nature, and meanwhile, the propaganda work was being continued in a hired hall, with seating accommodation for some seven hundred people. A syllabus is issued quarterly, and Mr. Leadbeater figures as lecturer to the public, on the whole series of Sunday evenings. A large audience drops in regularly, a particularly

good type of audience too. The plan adopted is to open the meeting with some suitable music, vocal or instrumental, and I am told that the Lodge has at its command quite an orchestra of various instrumentalists, mostly professionals, who gladly give their help to aid in making the public lectures attractive.

After the music, the doors which have been closed are re-opened to the late comers: then there is a short reading, followed by a couple of minutes' silence for "aspirational and devotional thought," as the chairman put it on the first evening of my attendance: after the silence, the lecture.

A long series has been given, extending over some months, on the subject of "MAN, and his Various Phases of Conscious Existence". Mr. Leadbeater has not, as far as I know, done much public lecturing in India, but in this direction it is needless to say he is entirely a success, owing to his clear, deliberate delivery, and to the wonderful skill with which he takes his argument step by step, so that the veriest "beginner" can follow it and understand.

After the lecture comes more music, a collection and another brief silence, then handshakings and farewells, which usually extend to the utmost limit that the boat time-table will permit, and the chapter is closed with a final dash for the street and tram which leads to the harbour ferry.

Tuesday evenings in Sydney have been devoted for some time past to a series of talks on *At the Feet of the Master*. These have been given to the E. S., but it is understood that an attempt will be made on their completion to cut them down sufficiently to permit of their publication in book form.

The meetings which apparently are most highly appreciated, not only in Sydney, but in other centres visited by Mr. Leadbeater, are those of the "Order of the Star in the East". These are held in the same Hall as the Sunday evening lectures, and are on Sunday morning once a month. They are usually confined to members, the attendance approaching a couple of hundred. Occasionally, however, they are thrown open to friends of members, which means practically the public.

There is a certain amount of congregational singing at these meetings, a few good hymns having been either written for the purpose or adapted. After opening with a hymn, the audience remains standing and chants the beautiful "Invocation" composed by the "Protector". Then comes a selected reading—by the way a rather interesting point is that all the members put forward to read in Sydney seem trained speakers, there is nothing amateurish about their methods; then another hymn, perhaps from the *Lotus Book for Children*,—I have noticed quite a number of children attend—and this is followed by the address.

Mr. Leadbeater is never, so it seems to me, more happily inspired than when speaking at the "Star" meetings, and all of his addresses are, I am told, reported and are finding their way gradually into print. After the Address comes the inevitable collection, and the meeting closes with the Benediction, which the lecturer intones in orthodox "High Church" fashion, the audience joining in the final Amen.

Referring once more to "the inevitable collection". Here it seems to be an axiom that each department shall pay its own way, and somehow the thing appears

to work. For instance, the National Representative told me that these monthly collections, after paying the Hall rent, enable the Order to launch out in various directions, and I had an example of one little effort while in Sydney. Two Christmas addresses were given by Mr. Leadbeater last winter, specially designed to introduce and explain the object and expectations of the "Star Order"; these were reported verbatim, published in the local magazine and finally issued as a pamphlet in an attractive form at threepence each. The book depôts were supplied with them at a lower price, and the whole issue was rapidly taken up by the various concerns and the primary cost returned, ready to be used over again.

Mr. Leadbeater, when he saw these little pamphlets, side by side with his *Outline of Theosophy*, offered in comparatively expensive form, suggested that it be printed like the pamphlets, and I hear that five thousand are being struck off, with additional Australian matter, which will reach the public for threepence, and the book depôts at correspondingly less.

Yes! I fear I am talking most unromantic "shop," but out here one comes rather to appreciate the business-like methods adopted by those who run the propaganda work of the Lodge. It apparently makes things "go" without in the very least suggesting "money-changers in the Temple".

Another thing: at all the public lectures a big table is placed at the end of the hall, covered with books and attractive signs indicating their titles, and quite a great deal of literature is sold in this way. On the first Sunday of their arrival, I am informed that over a

hundred of the pamphlets mentioned were disposed of, and sometimes a special announcement by the chairman will clear off a pile of some popular book.

"We don't want their money so much," remarked one of the energetic booksellers to me, but "we think we score when we *sell* anything, for what people *buy* they are likely to read, whereas, when we *give* things away, we are not at all sure that they will do so."

Mr. Leadbeater is naturally in considerable request by the neighbouring States. Melbourne secured a visit of two or three weeks' duration at Easter time. There, audiences of some eight or nine hundred attended the Sunday evening lectures, and the work of the Lodges, for at Melbourne there are three, was considerably stimulated. Now, in July, while I write, Brisbane is enjoying a fortnight's visit, which opened with a Reception and Social Evening. The long hall of the T. S. Headquarters was charmingly decorated with clusters of ruby *bourgainvillea* and masses of roses, a platform at the far end, covered with palms and ferns was for the use of the musicians, who beguiled the time with strains of melody. Small tables with white lace cloths were everywhere, each with its little vase of sweet-scented violets.

A Reception with C. W. L. as a guest is something of an event in the Theosophical world, so, donning our best frocks, we strolled down to await his arrival, making our way through the masses of "wattle" (to me, as an Englishwoman, more familiar under its western name of *Mimosa*) which decked the entrance, only to find the rooms already in possession of a gay and eager throng.

Presently, with royal punctuality, a distinguished figure in immaculate evening dress appeared—wearing across the shirt-front, the Ribbon and Insignia of the “Star”—and for two hours a sort of Levée took place, almost every one in turn being brought forward and presented. “Tell them I want every member to be introduced to me,” said Mr. Leadbeater before we started, and although that proved impracticable, owing to the many present, yet the greater number had the privilege of a warm grasp of the hand and a smile, accompanied by some words of friendly greeting, from their revered Teacher.

The evening closed with a festive gathering round the little tables, where tea and coffee and the daintiest of cakes and sandwiches made their appearance, and then “God Save the King” was sung by all, standing, Mr. Leadbeater insisting on *all* the verses being given, and leading the singing with immense enthusiasm himself! A most successful evening, without a jarring note, and one which will be pleasantly remembered by many of us when we find ourselves far away in the near future.

At Brisbane the appreciation of the public lectures is very marked, the one held on the first Sunday evening drew an audience of about eight hundred, and although I cannot speak personally, having been unfortunately obliged to leave at the end of the first week, I am told that at all the lectures, the audience constantly increased.

Special children’s gatherings are organised wherever Mr. Leadbeater goes, and to see one of them conducted by him would prove a fine object-lesson to many a Sunday School or other teacher. Those who

are now children in Australian Lodges will grow up with the most delightful feelings of shall we say “friendly comradeship” for their elder brother. These gatherings are mainly held in connection with the “Lotus Circle,” “The Round Table,” and the “Servants of the Star,” and a great impetus is given to each of them as the visitor goes round.

In Brisbane, the programme provides for a Children’s Reception, with a “little” Lantern Lecture by Mr. Leadbeater, and, as an extra treat, one hears of a picnic afternoon in the Botanical Gardens, for which an indulgent Lotus worker has issued invitations.

The “Servants of the Star” Order is growing rapidly and excellent meetings have been held in the big centres already, which have been promoted and presided over by children, and at which addresses, readings and recitations have been practically confined to boys and girls of tender age. One cannot but see in these young people the certain promise of the greatest utility. Boys of ten and twelve are already seriously training themselves as public speakers, and doing it successfully in the “Servants of the Star” Order. The impetus given to the younger people has brought several of them into the T. S., and Lodges here have been amending their bye-laws to provide for this new accession of youthful members, who, of course, can apply only with the approval of their parents.

What of the FUTURE?

Australians, rejoicing in the present good, are hoping that it denotes permanency, and refuse to harbour any idea of losing the one who has become almost as one of themselves. Invitations to visit Adelaide, in October, and Auckland, (N. Z.) at the end of the year, have been

provisionally accepted, and it is quite understood that the Australian Convention, to be held in Sydney, at Easter 1913, is to be graced by the presence of Mr. Leadbeater. This next Convention is important in so far as the new Headquarters of the Section, and of the Sydney Lodge, are to be opened then. An invitation has been sent to the President to pay a visit of long or short duration, as may be convenient, with this Easter function as its central point. Whether she will, in the midst of her many preoccupations, find time to accept it, is not yet known, but the occasion will certainly be one of much interest to Australians as it marks a substantial growth which is almost startling.

Imagine! A Lodge of the Theosophical Society, laying out some £35,000 on a property for itself, with provision for its Sectional officers and asking no one for contributions or donations!! That is just what is happening, however. How it became possible would take too long to relate, but generally, it may be said that the Sydney people had the good luck or the good sense, or both, to do in business the right thing at the right moment, and previous building schemes have proved serviceable for the work and profitable as investments, providing a handsome capital, available for this new enterprise. The executive work, as also the financial responsibility, for the new building is handed over to trustees; meanwhile, in the hands of a leading firm of contractors it is materialising and steadily rising above the foundations which are already finished.

The site selected is a very fine one, suitable in every way, the building is to run up to eight storeys, the Society occupying the ground and first floors, the

upper ones to be let off as residential flats. A Commemoration Stone is to be laid by Mr. Leadbeater shortly and, as a link with the present, a casket is to be enclosed, containing a brief history of the T. S. in Australia, with signatures and mementoes of most of the leaders of the movement.

It will thus be seen, in spite of the fact that America for more than a year has been urging a visit, and that other countries are, I believe, putting in claims, that, so far as indications point, Australia promises to be the home of its honoured guest for a considerable time to come. Honoured he certainly is here. Australians are by no means ignorant of all that has been done to injure both the President and himself in the past. But there is a deeply rooted conviction in this country that the efforts in that direction have all emanated from the same source, a small but malicious body of conspirators, working from their secret hiding-place somewhere in the United States, who, in the endeavour to carry out their nefarious designs and injure the Theosophical Society, have used, and perhaps are still using, unscrupulous agents in all parts of the world.

Such treacherous attacks are out here regarded from a very matter-of-fact standpoint, and the average Australian will tell you that all pioneer efforts, whether relating to commerce, politics, philosophy, or religion, must, of necessity pass through the crucible of opposition, contempt and hatred; he shrugs his shoulders as if it were too evident for argument and takes it all as a matter of course. There are, or have been, so I am told, one or two here and there, who have become infected with the poison disseminated and consequently disgruntled, but their voice is as the voice of one crying

in the Wilderness and if it be true that a tree is to be known by its fruit, they are likely to lead a somewhat unappreciated and barren existence, at any rate during the life-time of our present leaders.

To conclude: the following list of lectures compose a special series that it is proposed by Mr. Leadbeater to give shortly, with a view to interesting the public in the pronouncement that Australia is to be used for the segregation of a branch of the new sixth sub-race.

SPECIAL SERIES BY MR. C. W. LEADBEATER

"AUSTRALIA, AS THE HOME OF A NEW RACE"

A COURSE OF FOUR ADDRESSES

July 25th. The Youth of Australia—Evolution through Races and Types—Lemuria and Atlantis—the Great Aryan Race: Its Migrations and Subdivisions.

August 1st. The Old Era and the New—Cycles and Progress—the Great War—the Changing World.

August 8th. The Birth of a New Sub-Race—Australia as Its Home—A Country in Travail—Environment and Character—How to Prepare for the New Conditions—the Best Sort of Home Life—the Opportunity of Parents.

August 15th. The Education of Children—the Old Plan and the New—Education as Service—the Quality of Kindness—the Body the Shrine of the Mind—the Best Sort of Body—the Best Sort of Food and Hygiene.

These, as will be evident on perusal, explain the position generally, and point out the necessity on the part of parents of adopting the plan of *Education as Service*. It is proposed that they shall be reported

verbatim, with a view to their publication in book form.

* * * * *

And so, with this busy programme of work before him, I take my leave once more of Mr. Leadbeater, although with the affectionate hope that it may be only for a short time.

Honoured and loved he is in his present home, but also honoured and loved is he in the hearts of thousands all over the world, thousands who look forward to the time, when, his work accomplished in this hemisphere, he may once more turn his face towards the Old World, where old friends and followers, as well as numberless new friends and followers, are longing to greet him.

Gertrude Kerr

THE DREAM-FLOWER

By D. M. CODD

THERE once lived an unwedded queen, renowned throughout many kingdoms for the surpassing wonder of her beauty. Many were the princes and kings who desired to wed her, but none of them would she have. She said:

"Never yet have I found the man that I could love utterly," and she sighed for reason of her great loneliness.

One beauteous morn when the world seemed glad with a bliss unspeakable, when the mated doves coo'd lovingly, and the butterflies made love to the flowers, she stepped down to the fountain in her palace gardens and there plucked a rare and beautiful flower. This flower had been the gift of her godmother, an old fairy, at her christening and it was not known to grow in any other spot in the world. The fairy had said:

"In the day that you pluck it shall it bring you your heart's desire."

The queen carried it, holding it meditatively to her bosom, down to the edge of a fast flowing stream, and placing it upon the flowing tide, she said:

"Go to the best man in the world and there in his abode take root, and I will wander through every country till I find thee and him."

As she stooped above the blossom, the image of her lovely face fell reflected beside it in the water, and lo! when her hands let go, the blossom floated down the stream bearing away with it that beauteous image.

On and on it was borne, till one day, when the sun had set and it was grey evening, some wayward weeds caught the flower and gathered it to the river bank. In that land there was mourning, for the king had just died, and the new king, his son, desiring to be alone with his grief, wandered down to the banks of the stream. Beholding the strange flower, he stooped to gather it and then started—for there, mirrored in the waters, he saw the most beautiful face that man had ever seen. He said:

"The woman with such a face I will wed, and none other." And he planted the flower beside the fountain in front of his palace.

Great therefore was the grief of his subjects and his courtiers, because he would not yield to their entreaties and choose a queen to rule with him over his kingdom. None the less they yielded to him, for he was greatly beloved, and throughout many countries he was called "the Compassionate Prince". None ever made petition to him without a just hearing, and when the beggars assembled at the palace gates, he would feed them with his own hands, giving them often money and shelter, and sometimes a home as well.

One day there came into that town a beggar-woman, wearing a tattered veil over her head, and with bleeding feet, for, she said, she had travelled through many countries in search of a rare flower, which she described, enquiring everywhere if such a flower was known. The people said she was mad and

laughed at her, but one said that he had seen such a flower growing beside the fountain before the king's palace. Then she went and sat among the beggars before the gates of the palace, and the king brought her food. She bowed her head low, and said:

"O King! Men call thee 'the Compassionate Prince,' and none petitions thee unheard! Grant me a boon."

"What desirest thou?" asked of her the king.

"That I may bathe my feet daily in the fountain that is before thy palace, O King!"

"At sunrise daily thou may'st so do," said the king.

Thus was it the beggar-woman came every morn as the sun rose to bathe her feet in the fountain, and beheld the wonderful flower. One morning she sat gazing into the fragrant petals, her feet in the water, when lo! the king stepped down the terrace towards her. She bowed low her head.

"What was the reason of this thy strange request?" asked he of her.

"I come daily, O King! to look upon this beautiful flower."

The king was moved with wonder and pity to hear such words from a beggar-woman.

"Thou hast but to ask of the gardener, and he shall cut for thee as many flowers as thou desirest."

"Nay, King! I desire not other flowers, but this flower give to me."

The king was strangely disturbed. "Thou knowest not what thou askest. I cannot give thee this flower." He paused. Then he said: "This blossom stands to me for the most sacred ideal of my life. It is the blossom of my heart's desire. It keeps alive in me the

memory of a beauteous vision, which by daily pondering has become the undeparting dream of my soul." And he recounted to her the story of his finding of the flower, and of the image he had momentarily glimpsed in the waters and had never forgotten.

"Nay, then, King," said the beggar-woman, "men call thee not rightly 'the Compassionate Prince'. All these things which cost thee nothing thou hast offered me, but the one thing I have desired, causing thee the pain of sacrifice, thou refusest—and thou a king, and I a beggar-woman!"

Strange feelings disturbed the breast of the king. None had ever spoken to him as this humble woman with lowered head.

"I will give to thee the flower," he said, and as he gathered it, she standing beside him, her face was mirrored in the water beside it. He started, and gazed up at her in wonder, for she had thrown aside her veil and stood face and head bared to the early morning sun. It was the face of his dream!

Smiling, she said:

"Thou hast yielded thy dream for reality," and she related to him the story of her quest.

D. M. Codd

CORRESPONDENCE

INDIA AND ENGLAND

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

No one could have read "Brotherhood and War" in the June number of THE THEOSOPHIST without feeling that sense of upliftment which is experienced when an ideal (not necessarily one's own) is presented in language that both touches our hearts and appeals to our intellects.

In dealing with some aspects of the sex problem the article states:

The tremendous wastage of prospective fathers will be another fact to be dealt with. How are the depleted ranks of the masculine population to be filled?

Here the writer puts a definite question, and leaves her readers to find an answer, and although, as so often is the case, fools step in where angels durst not tread, it is better, when we cannot be the latter, to take the risk for, in the minds of those who are interested in the future of the race, this question must have arisen again and again, because the wholesale destruction of the flower of our manhood is a matter that, while naturally causing the gravest misgivings, does instil in us the earnest desire to find a remedy, since a remedy there must be.

The spiritual evolution of humanity is certainly one of the objects of Divine manifestation, and, in order to further it, suitable vehicles for the development of the indwelling Spirit have to be provided, so it is therefore obvious that, with the "cream" of our male element whipped off, so to speak, a degeneration of the vehicles is threatened if the marriageable women of this country have only the "skim" left to them.

The other European Nations from whom suitable males might be drawn are all engaged in this gigantic conflict and the ranks of their manhood are similarly depleted.

It seems, therefore, that a solution of the problem might be found in the more highly evolved of the earlier Aryan types, and, when it is stated that the Sixth Root Race that is to be will be a darker skinned people, mainly because they will in the far distant future inhabit a land the climate of which should approximate to that of Northern Africa, it would appear that an eastern influence is just what is needed, and that not only for purely physical reasons but for others which will be shown later.

I know that this idea will arouse the greatest opposition, and also that it will be pointed out that, so far as experience goes, intermarriages between the East and the West have only produced a degenerate type, with of course those brilliant exceptions which are always inseparable from any rule.

Having lived for over a quarter of a century in the East, I am perfectly aware that the particular blend which has produced the Eurasian population of India has not been a conspicuous success, but this sort of union is very far indeed from what this article is intended to suggest, for, whereas the bulk of the Eurasian element is the product of the union of the white man and the lower type of eastern woman, we have practically no data on which to base an assumption that marriages between the higher types of eastern manhood with the womenkind of Great Britain would be otherwise than beneficial.

But we are again confronted with the fact that instances of this, which are "fortunately rare," have not only been failures but have turned out disastrously from the point of view of the woman brought up with western ideas and especially from the standpoint of the conservative Anglo-Indian.

Yet I would not advocate, at this stage, that the wives should go to India and rear their offspring there, but rather that the men of India should come to live in England and have their children brought up here; climate and environment are factors that must be taken into account, and these have

been, in my opinion, the great stumbling-blocks in the way of that drawing together of the two peoples which it is the earnest endeavour of some of our leading thinkers to promote.

To see that this is so, one has only to compare the attitude of English people towards Indians in this country with the conventional barrier which separates the two communities in the East. Yet that barrier is by no means in such good order as it used to be, and the last twenty years or so there have been many signs of decay and, in some places, actual gaps in its structure.

Now while there undoubtedly is a spiritual affinity between the earlier and later types of the great Fifth Root Race, the divergences that exist in their physical and emotional natures are so largely the result of environment and physical heredity that, although at first sight these may seem impossible to overcome, I feel that with the growth of the West out of its materialism and the acquisition by the East of the more practical virtues, both of which are proceeding apace, we have no reason to be otherwise than optimistic of what may be termed a great *rapprochement* in the not very distant future.

Now as regards the Indian man, I am not thinking of him as he was, not of the Indian of Kipling or of Flora Annie Steele, and not of the semi-educated Indian who has acquired a certain amount of western polish and manner, but of the Indian who is "just about to be" the well-educated, broad-minded and cultured Oriental who has outgrown the idea that in a woman's body there is only to be found the lower type of soul.

And the children, what of them? Born and brought up in a less enervating clime, I am convinced that they would be so totally unlike the product of the mixed marriages in the East (where they are brought up in a grotesque imitation of European manners and customs) that no comparison could be drawn, and while in physique they would certainly be less coarse and not quite so "rudely healthful" as the average English boy or girl, that would be more than compensated for by finer sensibilities, and increased sensitiveness and brain power that would accrue to them from the Father's side.

Race prejudice is so very largely due to a want of understanding that anything, even the War, that helps to clear our vision is welcome from the view-point of the future of the human race.

It may be thought that a suggestion such as this is, if anything, too premature but I do not think so, for in times like the present when ideas and conventions are being shattered and old standpoints ruthlessly torn down and demolished, sheer necessity, which is always the mother of invention stirs within us the constructive element which for so long has been lying dormant except in those who have overcome the average inertia.

The old Age is in its death throes; are we to go down with it clinging tenaciously to our out-of-date stock-in-trade of prejudices, conventions, castes, and creeds, or are we to divest ourselves of such, and thus unhampered, strike out from the tossing waters which ere long will close over this great tragedy of the nations?

Let us then, stripped bare of all the worthless impediments of the past, be ready with open arms to welcome the advent of that New Day, the dawn of which will assuredly arise on a new, and it is to be hoped, a better world where the welding together of nations, which will have come to their senses, will be one of the greatest factors for the furtherance of the Divine plan.

M. R. ST. JOHN, F.T.S.

BROTHERHOOD—A NEW VIEW-POINT

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Brotherhood is the first object of our Society and its acceptance as a principle is the only condition of entry into the Society. In spite of this and in spite of our usual habit of looking at most things from all possible points of view,

Brotherhood seems so far to have been treated and accepted almost entirely from one point of view. That this is a pity few can doubt, since it must keep out of the T. S. many who are really in full accord with our objects and principles but who cannot sympathise with this particular view of Brotherhood, although both in practice and theory they may do so more fully from another standpoint than many who are actually members.

We know of the existence of seven rays along which individualities develop and of the seven corresponding sub-rays in each of which in turn the individual is incarnated. These seven rays are the permutations and combinations of the three original rays of Wisdom, Power, and Action, and we know that individualities and personalities on a ray and sub-ray which does not include Wisdom will probably be but very little attracted by any intellectual arguments or points in favour of an idea. Similarly a personality who does not include any of the Action (or Love) rays in his personality or individuality will respond but little, if at all, to an appeal along these lines, and it seems to the writer that the appeal generally adopted for the ideal of Brotherhood always does come along this line.

Now in a large family of brothers, ranging from grown-up men to crawling infants, we shall probably find several types of the different rays and sub-rays. The eldest brother may be quiet, studious, and intellectual, the next a loving and affectionate boy, the third disposed to spend his time in organising and arranging things. Both the first and third may be equally unselfish in their desires to benefit their brothers and humanity generally as the second, but will feel indisposed to crawl about on the floor slobbering at the mouth and making gurgly and foolish noises in order to attain their ends. Then there may be another brother, also affectionate but strictly bound by the conventions of the private school to which he goes not to show anything but scorn for babies, although at heart he may be ready to do a great deal for his infant brother, and we know that such worldly conventions are not altogether and always foolish. All these types we see in actual

¹ This is the classification which has crystallised in the writer's mind but he is aware that there are other and possibly more correct renderings of it.

humanity, and yet, owing to a narrow view-point and narrow expositions, we do not allow the first, third, and fourth types to lay any claim to an acceptance of the principle of the Brotherhood of Humanity. In our Society, which we try to make the widest in the world, we should do our best to make people realise that the "Affectionate" view-point of "Brotherhood" is not the only true one. If it once be recognised that all unselfish work for the good and uplift of humanity is a tacit admission of this great Brotherhood, a very large amount of the opposition to our Society might die out. We need not cease to try to make the scientific and power types strive towards an all-round conception of the idea, since eventually we know that this must be attained, but there should be no dragooning in the matter, nor any assumption of superiority because one belongs to the affectionate type or has managed to assimilate a sufficiency of its outward forms to pass muster. Our Society is in the world and should be of the world. Our recruits are often at a critical period where to them conventions have mattered enormously and to try to make them give these up all at once may often drive back the recruit and offend others.

E. G. H.

161937

H. M. LEIGHTON: We regret we cannot publish your letter. You may not be aware in free Australia that there is a Press Act in India under which your remarks about the British Foreign policy would be considered seditious. The Editor would gladly print your criticism of her views, as she has often done, but she cannot risk THE THEOSOPHIST being taken up for propagating what are called "seditious views" calculated to upset His Majesty's Government "established by law." When India has won Self-Government, as Australia has, and the Press Act is abolished, such opinions as you hold could be preached and published. Meanwhile you will excuse us.—ED.

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"SWIFT IN ACTION"

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

I should like to point out with regard to several articles and letters lately published in THE THEOSOPHIST, that some people seem to have a difficulty in getting away from the personal standpoint and realising the spirit of a larger body. They strive to impose upon their nation, the society they belong to, probably their families too, the standard which they have adopted for personal conduct. Boys at school, and men in public service, learn to look on such separativeness and lack of public spirit almost as a crime, and we are all dimly aware that a higher virtue than personal righteousness is this power to co-operate in the action of a bigger self. These people who will not kill a brother, will stand by and see hundreds and thousands of brothers killed, and self-righteously refuse to protect and save them. If one of them should be the father of a family living in a cannibal neighbourhood, are we to believe that he would see his wife, children, even the humblest of his servants, murdered before his eyes and that he would desist on principle from killing their murderers? Yet the position is the same, for the nation is also a family. The conclusion we may draw is that, however much we may disapprove of a course of action individually, where others are involved the personal view must be sunk for the sake of a larger self. The need of the moment demands swift action and when we have fulfilled the duty of the moment, let us afterwards persuade men to better ways, though many will then think the time for preaching is over and relapse into silence.

D. M.

REVIEWS

How We Remember Our Past Lives, by C. Jinarājadāsa, M.A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 35c.)

The book bears the title of the first of four essays dealing with the subject of reincarnation. The author has, alas! no magic wand with which to touch our foreheads so that the memory of our past lives lies unfolded before us. This can only be done by each man for himself, and for it "the brain of the personality must be made a mirror on which can be reflected the memories of the Soul; and before these memories can come into the brain, one by one the various biases must be removed—of mortality, of time, of sex, of creed, of colour, of caste". But, even now, ere we have climbed the heights of the Soul's development, we can catch glimpses of former times, subtle, almost imperceptible, yet still within our reach. And so it is in this sense, by pointing out such indications, that our author shows us how we remember our past lives. Falling in love at first sight, intuitive appreciation and comprehension of a race alien to one's own, the understanding and grasp of experiences that one has not personally undergone—all these to the wise are indications of lives lived in the past, and further point to certain experiences in that past of which memories, sometimes faint, sometimes strong, come to us in the present. Mr. Jinarājadāsa shows us how certain phenomena, e.g., the phenomenon of genius, can only be satisfactorily explained in the light of reincarnation.

This very illuminating essay is followed by one on "The Vision of the Spirit," which traces the history of a soul from its earliest incarnations until it reaches its goal. It is in fact a study in spiritual evolution, by which the soul progresses

either by development of the emotions or intellect to the possession of the intuitional faculty and from thence rises to the supreme vision—the Vision of the Spirit. "Henceforth he lives only that a Greater than he may live through him, love through him, act through him."

Another study of spiritual evolution is given us in "the Law of Renunciation," where are shown to us the different stages of progress in the life of a reincarnating ego. At first the young soul, immersed in the service of the little self, finds happiness, but ere he can win to bliss—the archetype, if one may so express it, of happiness—he has to learn to serve the Greater Self and in so doing he is taught the meaning of pain; he has to find the joy of renunciation—a hard path which at length leads him to the Path of Bliss.

"The Hidden Work of Nature" is the last essay, and in some ways, perhaps, the most beautiful and helpful.

The author shows how if only nature's *visible* work be contemplated, "not the greatest altruist but must now and then feel the shadow of a great despair". We must consider nature's work of building and unbuilding in the light of reincarnation, with the aid of the Spirit, and then the revelations of science, which seem to expose nature in ruthless and pitiless guise, take on new form. In reality nature "is but one expression of a Consciousness at work with a plan of evolution; and that Consciousness carries out its plan through us and through us alone". What possibilities, past imagination almost, does not this view open out for us? And then the closing pages unfold the hope that a great Leader shall soon come among us, to lead us aright through the maze of present confusion, and show to us the order that underlies the apparent chaos.

So Mr. Jinarājadāsa persuasively gives us his contribution to the literature on Reincarnation. He gives his message in his own way, and all who know his writings will know, that it must be a beautiful way—and those who learn from him for the first time of the great "fact in nature" are especially fortunate in having such a clear, and yet so gentle a teacher.

T. L. C.

The Thirty Days, by Hubert Wales. (Cassell & Co., London.)

"What do you think of Theosophy?" I asked him. "Do you know anything about it?"

"Anything about it!" he exclaimed. "I used to know a man who talked of nothing else."

"Well what do you think of it?"

"Theosophists," he replied, "are people who believe everything. They believe in angels, devils, fairies, vampires, salamanders, werewolves—everything. Their credulity is without limit."

"You must keep those views to yourself when our visitor comes," I said. "She is a Theosophist."

"Oh! I see." His face was screwed up in a way which indicated a satisfactory comprehension of human guile. "She has been talking to me on the astral plane, evidently, and that explains the letter. Very simple. Does she see elementals under the chairs?"

"She never mentioned the word."

"Oh, she doesn't play her part well. The correct form is to gaze for half a minute into vacancy with glassy eyes, then to point with the forefinger outstretched, and say, 'There's a horrible elemental under your chair.' That makes you jump."

"What's an elemental?" I asked.

"A horrid beast, resembling your sins, gibbering at you. It's beneath the dignity of a Theosophist to say he believes in devils, so he calls them elementals. Did she tell you about the loathsome seventh sub-plane?"

"She said something about sub-planes."

"But the seventh," said Brocklebank, "is a very special dish. It is reserved for you and me and others and the carnally-minded. A Theosophist is too much of a philosopher to say he believes in hell, so he calls it the seventh sub-plane."

"According to Mrs. Stuart," I said, "so far as I followed her, there is nothing worse than this world. She calls this hell in a relative sense."

"Yes, for spiritually-minded Theosophists. But for you and me—for beer drinkers and those who attend to the lusts of the flesh—there's the dickens of a slimy patch, full of creeping things. Did she tell you about the walking corpses you are liable to meet?"

"Not a word."

"Oh, she skipped all the horrors."

"Well, she said that she thought the whole conception was choked with detail."

"I quite agree with her," said Brocklebank; "choked to death."

The above will amuse Theosophists and it might irritate some among them—but the story is not unentertaining. It is one of the modern novels, increasing in number every year, dealing with some occult theme or another. In this well-written story the author displays a careful reading of our Theosophical literature and has a grasp of Mr. Leadbeater's manual on *The Astral Plane*. It is a story of one, Mr. Brocklebank, who dies and takes possession of a Mr. Stuart, a

Theosophist, who leaves his body for purposes of his own—we Theosophists understand what that means! Mrs. Stuart, also one of our fraternity, by the help of her superphysical powers, unveils the mystery, and by the aid of Dr. Jefferson's hypnotisation drives Brocklebank away and brings her husband back to his tenement of flesh provided for him by the Lords of Karma.

We are tempted to give another extract which our readers may find useful:

"Then it comes to this: you don't accept a word of what she says?"

"A word here and there," he answered; "but you can't expect me to believe in astral bodies and mysterious voices."

"Why not?"

"Because I have a rough working basis of common sense about me."

"You might very well have that," I said, "and yet be less obstinately imbedded in sheer materialism."

"Well, but look at the thing," he said. Even you can hardly pretend to think that my address was communicated to her in her sleep by a man who is dead, or who, at any rate, has mislaid himself in Scotland."

"Yes, I do," I said flatly.

He laughed and took out his cigarette case. "Oh, you would believe anything."

"Do you believe," I asked him, "that two people, separated by hundreds of miles and not connected in any way, can speak to each other?"

"You are thinking of wireless telegraphy?"

"I am applying no name to it," I said, "that or any other. I merely make a statement and ask you if you believe it."

"Of course I believe it. It's a fact."

"Yet, a few years ago—twenty or thirty years ago—if I had said that I believed it, you would have told me that I would believe anything."

He laughed again. "Very probably."

"Do you believe," I asked further, "that your body is entirely composed of minute moving units of electricity—that it is, in fact, material only to our coarse senses?"

"Are you talking about the divisibility of atoms, the new electron theory?"

"Again," I said, "I am applying no names to what I say: I am simply making a statement and asking you if you believe it."

"It seems as if we had to believe it. And why not?" he asked. "If a thing exists at all, it's neither more nor less incomprehensible as electricity than as matter."

"Common sense doesn't get in the way," I said, "because science has recently given the theory its blessing. Now I heard to-day—I've been talking about this subject—that Theosophists have been saying the same thing for years, but people like you, who have got a rough working basis of common sense, treated their statements as the meanderings of harmless lunatics."

"If they really said that," Brocklebank declared, "they made a good shot. Even old Moore does that occasionally."

"That might be the explanation or it might not. I'm not prepared to dogmatise, as you are. I can't see that it is necessary to rule a thing out absolutely unless it is a proven scientific fact. Science moves comparatively slowly; its methods necessitate that it should. Other less exact and minute ways of discovering truths go ahead of it; philosophy, for instance. Philosophers have been telling us for ages that there is no such thing as objective reality, that only the ego exists. People called it metaphysical subtlety and took no notice. But science has now cut down the whole objective universe to electricity, perhaps to ether, so we are getting on."

"I didn't say we were 'nt," said Brocklebank.

"Well, but this is my point," I went on: "You will naturally admit that there are still, probably, a good many things in the cosmos which science hasn't found out?"

"Naturally."

"Then why say so positively that occultism, mysticism, psychical research, or whatever you like to call it, cannot have got into touch with any of those things?"

"Oh, the whole thing is tomfoolery."

"That's sheer dogmatism again. And a man who takes his stand by science ought to be the last to dogmatise about what he doesn't know. For my part, I neither believe nor disbelieve; but it seems to me to be quite possible that these people, Theosophists, spiritualists—I admit that many of them are cranks and humbugs and washy sentimentalists, but the genuine ones, the intellectual ones—may be doing things, using forces, without knowing the how and the why of them. Later on, science will come along in its leisurely way, step by step, and tell us the how and the why."

"Well, so long as it satisfies you," said Brocklebank, throwing the end of his cigarette into the fire.

The story gives nothing new for Theosophists, but to the outside world it has a message to give and we must acknowledge our debt of gratitude to the clever author for the distinct service he has rendered to the cause of Theosophy. Our members will find the book handy and useful as an offering and a present to their non-Theosophical friends.

B. P. W.

On Life's By-Ways, by Pierre Loti, translated by Fred Rothwell. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Those of our readers who are unacquainted with the French language will be thankful to Mr. Fred Rothwell for presenting the reading public with such an excellent translation of Pierre Loti's works.

On Life's By-Ways is a series of impressions of travel marked by the exquisite sensibility that characterises all the author's writings. Loti is an artist as well as a traveller; he sees and feels and has the power of making others see and

feel. He transmits to his readers the very emotions through which he himself has passed. Most of the sketches contained in this book are mere impressions without a conclusion, but they are all permeated by the idea that we are merely atoms, specks of dust in a beginningless and endless cosmos.

The description of his visit to Madrid is most interesting, and gives, besides vivid pictures of the capital and the Escorial, an excellent idea of what court life was in the days of Queen Christine's regency.

"Idle Pity" and "My last two Hunts" show us a Loti of ardent sympathy with pain and sorrow in every form.

The most important of the impressions, "Easter Island," is part of his diary when a cadet on board of the *Flore*. It is a continuation of interesting descriptions of that most lonely and mysterious of the South-Sea Islands, alternated with thrilling narrations of his remarkable experiences amongst the Maoris.

On the whole, a book full of charm, full of poetry and well worth reading.

D. C.

Practical Mysticism, by Evelyn Underhill. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

In these days when war is the subject of all men's thoughts and the practical problems of meeting each day's need press hard and insistently upon us, it seems, at first sight, unfeeling, almost inhuman to spend time and money on the publication of a book on Mysticism; futile, and happily so, to recommend the practical and healthy-minded to read it. But on second thoughts one realises that the author is right when she says that its appearance at the present time is not inappropriate. Extremes meet; and it is during periods of stress, of suspense and harassment that more than ever we must do all we can to keep burning the flame of a people's spiritual life.

"No nation is truly defeated which retains its spiritual self-possession" and that self-possession, that dignity which is proof against the onslaught of every external foe, is the result

of experiences which the practice of mysticism, conscious or unconscious, alone can give.

The book is written for the ordinary practical man. It is not intended for the learned or the devout, or for those who have from one source or another first-hand knowledge of the subject. It seeks to answer for the ordinary average man the questions, first "What is mysticism?" and then "What is the use of it all?" The author says:

I have merely attempted to put the view of the universe and man's place in it which is common to all mystics in plain and untechnical language: and to suggest the practical conditions under which ordinary persons may participate in their experience. Therefore the abnormal states of consciousness which sometimes appear in connection with mystical genius are not discussed: my business being confined to a description of a faculty which all men possess in a greater or less degree.

This is the first point of importance which ought to encourage the reader—the faculty by which mystical experience is gained is not the special gift of a few, but part of the nature of us all only awaiting development to blossom and bear fruit. In the first three chapters, this faculty is described and its importance proved. In the next three chapters a sketch is given of the preliminary training and self-discipline necessary for its cultivation. Then follows an analysis of the three great forms of contemplation, and finally we have described, "the use of it all," what it means to have followed the path traced out for us in the preceding pages.

The most striking thing about the whole presentation of the subject is the virility of its conception of mysticism. In the minds of the uninstructed the word mysticism connotes all that is indolent, delicate, ineffective and, perhaps, sentimental. No one who has read this book can labour longer under this delusion. Mysticism makes for vigorous living, arouses the will and drives the man to action. "It is to vigour rather than to comfort that you are called," says our author.

Do not suppose . . . that your new career is to be perpetually supported by agreeable spiritual contacts or occupy itself in the mild contemplation of the great world through which you move. True, it is said of the shepherd that he carries the lambs in his bosom: but the sheep are expected to walk, and put up with the inequalities of the road, the bunts and blunders of the flock.

"The chief ingredients" of the mystical character are said to be courage, singleness of heart, and self-control. "'Smite,' 'press,' 'push,' 'strive'—these are strong words:

yet they are constantly upon the lips of the contemplatives when describing the earlier stages of their art." That which in the pseudo-mystic is weak-kneed sentimentality, in the true mystic becomes a fire of love, illuminating and consuming.

The humility and self-surrender of the student of the science of Love is not a useless acquiescence, but a glowing power by which he is enabled to see all things, "with innocent, attentive, disinterested eyes, feel them as infinitely significant and adorable parts of the transcendent whole" in which he also is immersed.

What can be more valuable to a nation in strenuous times than the numbering among her sons of such men as the true mystic here described—courageous in the face of all things, strong to endure, full of that love which is understanding? In peace or in war any book that helps in the building of such characters is a great and timely gift to the world.

A. de L.

The Poems of Mu'tamid, King of Seville, rendered into English Verse by Dulcie Lawrence Smith, with an Introduction. WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. (John Murray, London. Price 1s.)

Our prosaic world is sometimes filled with strange poetry. This by men and women who tread the walks of real romance. They are rare souls—these true artists and form a kingdom unto themselves. They hail from the East as much (if not more) as from the West. Theirs is an existence of love and luxury, in which woman and wine often play their parts. Their faith is pinned on the passing, their religion lies in worldly enjoyment, their self-expression is couched in the language of sentiment and emotion purely human. Such a rarity has been Mu'tamid—known for the love he bore his Queen Rumaika and the sufferings he endured because of his Vizier Ibn Ammar. Some most interesting incidents of this trio the author gives us in his well-written Introduction.

Mu'tamid's poetry is distinctly eastern, as also original. The Sufistic touch is there though it lacks the spiritual soul of

Jami or Sadi. We may quote a poem, entitled *Woo Not The World*, which the majority of our readers will like:

Woo not the world too rashly, for behold,
Beneath the painted silk brodering,
It is a faithless and inconstant thing.
(Listen to me, Mu'tamid, growing old.)

And we—that dreamed youth's blade would never rust,
Hoped wells from the mirage, roses from the sand,
The riddle of the world shall understand
And put on wisdom with the robe of dust.

B. P. W.

Voices From Across the Gulf (From Souls in After-Life), by a lady through whom they have been communicated. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

These communications from souls "Beyond the Veil" have been recorded by means of automatic writing, inspired by a spirit entity called "Geoffrey". They contain a lesson on the importance of right thought, right living, and the great harm done by suicide. The utter anguish, contrition and despair felt by suicides, is depicted in ejaculations of horror that would certainly deter the living from committing similar crimes, by those who regard these as real messages from the dead. They find themselves as if imprisoned in thick, greyish mists, bewildered, repentant and regretful for the wrongs done to themselves and to others by that act.

The subject is unique, and the book should well serve the purpose for which it was no doubt intended—of preventing self-injury to humanity.

G. G.

Modern Science and The Higher Self, by Annie Besant. (Adyar Pamphlets No. 56.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.)

One may say truly that the present time is not only one of strange happenings, but also one of extraordinary convergences and conjunctions. Just as it was a wonderful idea to our ancestors of one century that carriages should run without horses and that messages should speed across-country without postmen or post-chaises, equally incredible was it to the darkened mind of material science that there could ever be a

day when that science and the teachings of Spiritual Science concerning the soul should find a meeting-point, when its own experiments should lead it to establish the fact of a higher nature, a larger consciousness in man, the existence of which is beyond and independent of this material organism, and bearing out the truth of religious teachings concerning his soul. We have reached that day, and as the author of this pamphlet shows, the ancient teachings of the Spiritual Science of the East are gradually being verified and substantiated by the latter-day discoveries of modern Material Science, and the two systems of teaching promise to join hands "as servants in a common cause". This is a fact of tremendous importance full of inspiration for the future, and constitutes the message of the small work before us.

The term Higher Self is not used herein as in most Theosophical literature, in the sense of the Higher, as distinct from the Lower, Self but it is used to designate the range of man's consciousness which is beyond and independent of the brain consciousness. A very clear distinction is drawn between the unhealthy, morbid brain of the neuropath and the finely trained brain, sensitive to the finer and subtler vibrations, tuned up to a greater tautness as a *vinā*-string, the brain of the Saints, Prophets and Seers. As this greater tautness, this tuning to a higher pitch, naturally involves an increase of sensitiveness and danger, the man who wishes safely to effect the refining should do so by means of the tested and accepted method prescribed by sages and the Adepts of Spiritual Science, that is, by the ancient method of Yoga.

Mrs. Besant's opinion is always of the utmost value, even when so briefly stated, and in this particular case, it would be hard to find any one with so much authority to compare the view-point of Spiritual Science with that of modern progressive thought, possessing as she does a wide knowledge of both.

D. C.

Talks by Abdul Baha: Given in Paris. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s. net.)

The ethical world is again enriched by this volume of Abdul Baha's teachings ever simple and practical in value,

and high in their aim to abolish all prejudices, religious and otherwise. He emphasises the idea of the duty of kindness and sympathy towards strangers and foreigners, and in speaking of the need for union between the peoples of the East and the West, he says: "In these days the East is in need of material progress and the West is in want of a spiritual ideal," and "What profit is there in agreeing that universal friendship is good, and talking of the Solidarity of the Human Race as a grand ideal, unless thoughts of kindness are translated into the world of action?"

The thought of war is saddening to Abdul Baha, and he wonders at the human savagery that still exists in the world. He exhorts people to abolish strife and discord by learning the lesson of mutual tolerance, understanding and brotherly love, and thinks the greatest gift to man is that of understanding.

In speaking before the Theosophical Society in Paris, he expressed pleasure in meeting such men of intellect and thought, with spiritual ideals. He said: "It gives me great joy, for I see that you are seekers after Truth."

G. G.

Love and the Freemason, by Guy Thorne. (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd. Price 6s.)

A story which deals with the second woman Freemason may possess charms for some, but in our days when Universal Co-Freemasonry exists, keeping a door wide open for women to join the Fraternity, it is necessarily shorn of its interest. The volume of 281 pages of close print is rather verbose, with a somewhat weak plot, not quite able to keep up the reader's interest. The character-drawing is good and the cleverness of the artist is not wanting in the author. If you want a long old-fashioned novel, take it—you will not learn much about Masonry, but then novels are not tools with which a Mason works! We regret the book has proved disappointing.

B. P. W.

What is Man? And the Universal Religion of Man, in the Light of Islam? by Shah Muhammad Badi'ul-'Alam. (Munshi Muhammad Yasin, Izzatnagar, Chittagong.) This volume consists of eight lectures on the spiritual philosophy of Islam, and Theosophy in the light of Muhammadanism. It is interesting but rather too marked by the Islamic tendency to make converts. The author claims that Islam is the universal religion towards which the world is drifting, and can see no difference between Islam and Theosophy *except in details*, and therefore invites Theosophists to declare themselves Muhammadans. He overlooks the fact that the universal religion is the basis of every particular religion, and it is precisely in the details that religions do differ one from another. The true Theosophist may be equally the true Christian or the true Mussulman. None the less Theosophy and Muhammadanism have much in common, and Theosophists would find it interesting to study their parallel teachings, which have been ably dealt with herein.

D. M. C.

Beauty and Joy, by Motilal M. Munshi, B.A., LL.B. (Motilal M. Munshi Gopipura, Surat. Price Rs. 1-8.) This is a simple narrative which young Indian readers will enjoy, and western readers find of interest for the sidelights it throws on Indian everyday life. Alongside of western fiction, however, it appears unsophisticated and the choice of English words and expressions is not such as an English writer would make.

D. C.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

THE CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, 1915, AT BOMBAY

THE Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society having accepted the invitation of the Lodges, and the President having given her approval to the same, the T. S. Convention of 1915 will be held at Bombay in the month of December next (Christmas week.)

In the absence of any Headquarters at Bombay, arrangements will have to be made from now for the comfort and convenience of the large number of delegates that are likely to attend this First Theosophical Convention at Bombay. In order that as little inconvenience as possible may be suffered we request the intending visitors:

1. To notify their coming by 31st October, 1915, at the latest. Each member attending the Convention should send in the usual registration or delegation Fee of Rupee One and send notice of his coming to Mr. D. S. Bhandarkar, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay.

2. To bring with them bedding, mosquito-nets (if needed), towels, soap, travelling lantern and drinking utensils.

3. If any persons require a special room they must send word by 31st October, 1915, and cash must accompany the order. A room 10ft. by 10ft. will cost Rs. 5 and a larger one 15ft. by 10ft.; or thereabouts, will cost Rs. 20. The money should be sent to Mr. D. S. Bhandarkar, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay.

T.S. members at Bombay, and those that may make independent arrangements for their stay at Bombay during

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the Convention days, will have to pay the registration or delegation Fee of One Rupee to Mr. D. S. Bhandarkar, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay.

Each delegate requiring meals in the European style (including chota hazri, coffee, tea or milk) is required to pay Rs. 4 per day.

Each delegate requiring meals in the Indian style (two meals per day without lunch, chota hazri or milk) is required to pay Re. 1 per day.

Any delegate requiring any concessions in the above charges or any extra accommodation or convenience, or requiring any separate set of furniture for himself, should make arrangements with Messrs. Jamnadas D. Dharamsi and K. G. Wagle, Hon. Secretaries, Housing Committee, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay.

The arrangements for lectures, delegates' tickets, etc., are in the charge of Mr. P. R. Green, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay.

Persons who do not notify their coming beforehand must excuse us if we are unable to provide lodging and food for them, as we cannot displace those who have given previous notice in favour of those who arrive at the last moment, unexpected.

Arrangements are made only for members and their wives (and children, if the latter cannot be left at home).

Other arrangements regarding lectures, etc., will be notified in due course.

All letters addressed to the persons mentioned herein should be marked "Convention" in the corner of the envelope.

K. J. B. WADIA,
K. G. WAGLE,
JAMNADAS D. DHARAMSI,
V. V. PRADHAN,
TRIKAMDAS DHARAMSI MURARJI,

*Honorary Secretaries,
Bombay T. S. Convention Executive Committee*

A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL
COUNCIL, T. S.

THE voting on the change of Rule 46, recorded in the Minutes of the T. S. General Council Meeting of 27th December, 1914, was not a full three-fourths majority, and as the meeting was adjourned without fixing a date, some of the Councillors thought that a Special Meeting ought to be called to fully register the votes.

As several General Secretaries did not vote, probably thinking that it was a matter for Indian convenience, the President, T. S., issued a circular on 13th May, 1915, calling a Special Meeting of the General Council, T. S., to be held on August 18th, 1915, and asking those who did not vote to send their votes at once for registration.

In pursuance thereof a Special Meeting of the General Council, T. S., was held at Adyar Headquarters on 18th August, at 8 a.m., where, besides the President and the Recording Secretary, three additional members of the Council, viz., Dr. Sir S. Subramania Iyer, Dr. W. A. English and Mr. C. Jinarajadasa were present.

After the Minutes of the Meeting of December 27th, 1914, having been previously circulated, were taken as read, and confirmed, the President announced that 3 more votes had come in favour, viz., one from Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the Vice-President, T. S., and the others from the General Secretary, T. S. in the Netherlands, whose vote, by error, had not been entered, and from the General Secretary of Cuba.

Thus the modification of Rule 46 was finally passed by a majority of 27 for, 1 against, and 1 neutral.

The Meeting rose at 8.15 a.m.

ANNIE BESANT, *President*

J. R. ARIA, *Recording Secretary*

Adyar, 18th August, 1915

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th August to 9th September, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. E. Drayton, C. M. G., for 1915, £1: ...	15	0	0
Presidential Agent, Spain, £2. 17s. 6d. dues of new members ...	42	14	6

DONATIONS

"A Friend," £10: ...	150	0	0
	Rs. 207	14	6

Adyar, 9th September, 1915, A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th August to 9th September, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. C. M. Doraiswamy Mudaliar, Public Prosecutor, Chittoor ...	8	0	0
Secretary, "Nishkama Karma Malha," Poona ...	5	0	0
Miss Nellie Rice, Honolulu, £2 ...	29	15	11
Mrs. A. M. Forsyth, Brisbane, £2 ...	29	14	0
Donations under Rs. 5 ...	1	0	0

Rs. 73 13 11

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.
Adyar, 9th September, 1915

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A....	Cincinnati Lodge, T. S.	16-1-1915
Wallace, Idaho, " ...	Wallace " "	19-1-1915
Dayton, Ohio, " ...	Dayton " "	14-2-1915
Fort Wayne, Indiana, U.S.A.	Fort Wayne, " "	5-3-1915
Detroit, Michigan, " ...	Unity " "	15-3-1915
Peoria, Illinois, " ...	Peoria " "	21-3-1915
Chicago, Illinois, " ...	Herakles " "	9-4-1915
Louisville, Kentucky, " ...	Louisville " "	24-4-1915
Maikar, C. I., India ...	Fraternity " "	13-8-1915

Adyar, J. R. ARIA,
1st September, 1915 Recording Secretary, T. S.

THE FOLLOWING LODGES OF THE AMERICAN SECTION ARE CONSOLIDATED

Millenium and Calgary	(Calgary) to Calgary Lodge	July 1914
Alcyone and Vivelius	(Detroit) to Unity Lodge	" "
Vancouver and Lotus	(Vancouver) to Vancouver Lodge	Oct. 22, '14
Nebraska and Lincoln	(Lincoln) to Lincoln Lodge	March '15

CHANGE OF NAMES

Vivelius Lodge, of Detroit, U.S.A., changed to Unity Lodge, T.S.
Auburn Park Lodge, of Chicago, U.S.A., " " Herakles " "

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 LODGES DISSOLVED

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of surrender of Charter
Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. ...	German Morning Star Lodge, T. S.	9-2-1915
Danvers, Mass. ..	Danvers Lodge, T. S.	12-4-1915
East Orange, N.J., U.S.A. Olcott 		1915
Adyar, 1st September, 1915	J. R. ARIA, Recording Secretary, T. S.	



ANNIE BESANT AND DADABHAI NAORJI

VOL. XXXVII

No. 2

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A **N**OTHER combatant has stepped into the field of War, the unfortunate Bulgarian Nation, dragged into it reluctantly against its will by the obstinacy and ambition of its King. Poor man! he is likely to pay for his folly with his throne, perhaps with his life, for in popular risings royal lives are easily lost. Germany, Austria, Turkey, Bulgaria, a Quadruple Alliance, against Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy, with gallant little Serbia and Montenegro fighting beside them, Rumania and Greece have still to come, and then, leaving aside Scandinavia, Holland, and Spain, all Europe will be ablaze.

For how long? one asks wistfully. Believing as I do that not the passions nor the ambitions of men, but the strong hands of Earth's Guardians guide the destinies of Nations, I cannot but fear that the great strife will not cease until Britain recognises in Asia that for which she is fighting in Europe,

and gives ungrudgingly to India that liberty for which she is standing in the West. I believe that if she acknowledged India's right to Self-Government, and pledged her word to regard her hereafter as one of the partners in her mighty Empire—leaving all details until Peace once more broods over the Nations—then would the end of the War be in sight, and Divine Justice would crown with victory the great Nation that promised to do Justice to another. Judging from the King's appeal, he is in sore need of men; yet the loyal millions who are here, ready to lay down their lives for his Crown, are left useless by his Government. Even those eager and trustful sons of India who have travelled 5,000 miles from home on the chance of giving service to England's cause are rejected; while every English hoarding is shouting to men to enlist, "Indian gentlemen" are coldly warned not to go to England to offer their services. It may well be that victory will be withheld until her need forces Britain to accept the help so lovingly tendered to her by her great Sister Nation. For all the forces that work for Righteousness and Justice, for plighted Faith and pledged Honour, the forces which build up civilisation and make Human Society stable—all these are working for India's Liberty, and are using this great War to bring about—among other things—Justice between East and West. Home Rule for India is one of the conditions of the triumph of the Empire in which she has been an apprentice for a brief space, but is now to be a partner.

For the time is ripening for the coming of the Desire of all Nations, and the Teachers of the world

have ever come forth from the East. Vyāsa, Zarathustra, Thoth, Orpheus, the Lord Buddha, Shri Kṛṣṇa, the Lord Christ, the Lord Muhammad—were all eastern-born. It is ever unto Asia that a Child is born, to the East a Son is given, and none but He, the Prince of Peace, can heal the ghastly wounds made in the West by War. To Him we lift up our eyes, for we know that He draweth nigh, and the East is rosy with the dawn of earth's New Day.

One of the articles in this month's issue is on "The Union of Democratic Control," and is written by a contributor who is thoughtful and well-informed. The four propositions that are laid down as the "cardinal points" of policy on which members agree to concentrate their advocacy" will meet with wide acceptance, and if the Union confine itself to these, it may prove to be of considerable service in the re-adjustment of international relations which must then take place. It has been represented as clamouring for peace now, but is apparently not doing anything of the kind, but is merely claiming for the Nation that which each Self-Governing Dominion is claiming for itself, that it shall not hereafter be plunged into War without its own consent. That is of the very essence of Democracy, and except in the excitement caused by War, no one would be inclined to deny it. The first principle that no Province shall be transferred from one Government to another without its own consent is eminently reasonable. But in practice it will be difficult, where the population is mixed. 2, again, is right. On 3 there will be much dispute, though a Concert of Powers is obviously more rational than the unstable equilibrium of a "balance," and 4 may be also

accounted desirable. All these four statements contain the normal principles of the Internationalism of the Future, which shall surely come. None of them explain why the Union for Democratic Control should have hurled at it the condemnatory "pro-German". Perhaps some correspondent will throw light on the problem for us who are living so far away from English life, and who are barred by the Censor from much that we should like to know.

* * *

It is very interesting to see how, wherever Theosophy goes, the inspiration of Service accompanies it. One of our leading Theosophical families in Bombay has some of its members large mill-owners, and has mills not only in Bombay but also in Sholapur, another town in the Presidency. In this is a Theosophical Lodge, composed of the educated mill-officials, and the mill is very popular among the work-people, because of the relations existing between employers and employed, human instead of mere cash relations. There is a class open for all the women in the factory, where reading, writing and sewing are taught for an hour and a half a day, and, as most of them are mothers, there is a *crèche*, with hot water, soap, oil, etc., provided for their children, all, of course, free. There is a primary school for the boys and girls employed, taught in the vernacular up to the 6th standard, and English is taught conversationally. Drawing, carpentry and weaving are taught. Every pupil bathes, before coming into school, and they are taught a short prayer. Drill and some athletic exercises are practised, and cricket is played. Some of the poorer boys have cloths given to them, on condition that they keep them clean. The third class provided for are the

adults, and for them there are eight classes in the evening, two English and six vernacular. Everything wanted for instruction, including sewing-machines, is supplied free. Already more than 500 workers are attending the classes, and it is thought that the number will reach 1,000. Thus is Theosophy spreading its beneficent influence into industrial life, and leading the way along a new line of usefulness, which, as more follow it, will become of incalculable service.

* * *

Writing of some of our Theosophical large employers of labour in India reminds me of a Theosophical employer of labour in England, the well-known Mr. Joseph Bibby of Liverpool, whose *Bibby's Annual* is the delight of hundreds of thousands of readers. His organisation of well-thought-out benefits for his employees was so efficient and liberal, that Mr. Lloyd George's Act much diminished the benefits they had enjoyed; unfortunately that Act made no exception for good employers, and his men lost by it. Mr. Bibby is to the fore also in patriotism, for three of his stalwart sons have gone to the front—a sore gap in that delightful family circle so familiar to Theosophical Lecturers in England. 700 of his employees have also gone to the front, another testimony to the value of his friendly influence with his men. The time has gone by when Theosophy was looked at askance in England, and Theosophists are welcomed and honoured. Here, in India, some of the belated Anglo-Indian papers keep up the old style of ridicule and depreciation, and the missionary press is venomous as ever. But among the Anglo-Indians the hatred is due to the complete social equality which Theosophists show to Indians, and

have always shown since H. P. Blavatsky and Henry Steele Olcott landed in Bombay.

* * *

This pleasure taken in each other's society was a marked feature in the birthday party given to me by the Adyar residents, who invited also to it some Indian friends from Madras. We had a delightful gathering, as are always our Headquarters parties, and the fine Hall, of which our President-Founder was so proud, looked as pretty as ever. A very large and handsome Japanese lantern, which used to be hidden away in a passage, has now been hung in the centre of the hall, in front of the platform, and is very effective, especially at night. Let me here say a word of thanks to the innumerable friends all the world over who have sent letters and telegrams of good wishes for my 68th birthday. I strive to be worthy of the love and trust so lavishly poured out.

* * *

The movement for Home Rule here in India is going forward well. The meeting of the Conference on the League has been fixed for December 25th at Bombay, when the leading Congressmen will be present, and it is hoped, also, the leading Musalmāns. The Congress meets in Bombay on the 27th December, and in a vast country like India an All-India meeting cannot easily assemble except at Congress time.

* * *

English students of Indian affairs will find in the series of articles in *The Commonwealth*, entitled, "How India Wrought for Freedom," the history of the splendid Congress Movement, the standing monument, as I have often pointed out, of Indian initiative, courage, and

power of organisation. The story is written chiefly for the younger generation, who do not always realise the magnitude of the work done by "the fathers who begat" them, and how they built, at immense sacrifice, the foundations of the rising edifice of Indian Freedom. It is their work which has made possible the forward movement of to-day.

* * *

I am very glad to see what good work is being done by the Leeds T. S. Lodge in England, and how much their efforts to spread the light are being appreciated in the great Yorkshire town. In the last syllabus received, it is noted that Miss Marie Corelli is giving the first lecture of the autumn course, with the Mayor of Leeds in the chair. Miss Marie Corelli reaches hundreds of thousands by her books, with their inspiring message of the reality of the spiritual life, and her appearance on a public platform is sure to be welcomed with enthusiasm.

* * *

Dr. Haden Guest has resigned the General Secretaryship in England, which he took up, with much self-sacrifice, as a temporary service, when Mrs. Sharpe was forced to retire on account of ill-health. His idea was to resign it as soon as Mrs. Sharpe was well enough again to go into harness, and though that day has not, unfortunately, arrived, he feels that his large work in War and National Service occupy him so much that he cannot discharge the T. S. work efficiently. It was practically put "in commission" early in the War, but as the War drags on, the temporary arrangements prove to be inconvenient. As President, I thank Dr. Haden Guest for the

fine work he has done for the Theosophical Society in England and Wales, and I rejoice to know that he will carry the Theosophical spirit into that work of Social Reconstruction which is so dear to his heart.

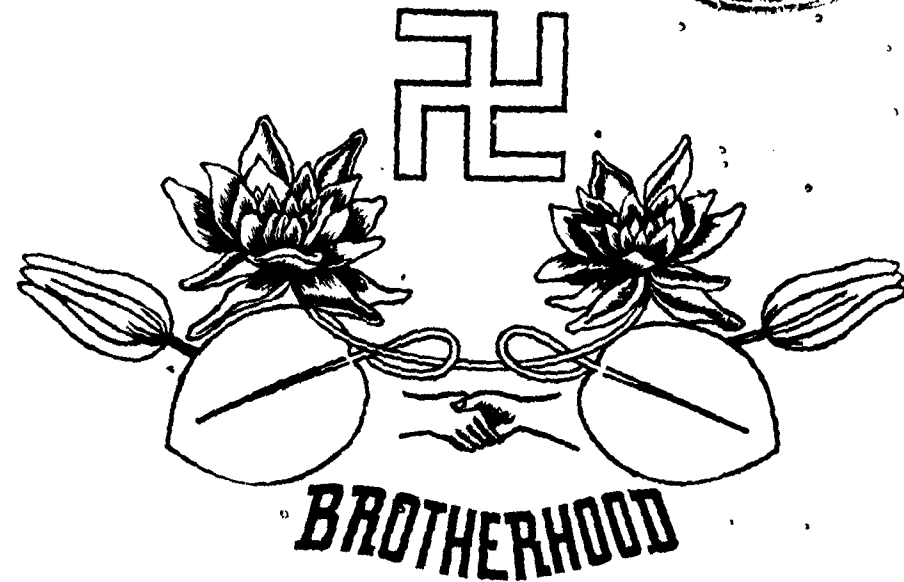
The following is his own statement :

I regret to announce that it is necessary for me to resign the General Secretaryship of the Theosophical Society in England and Wales which it has been for a time my honour and my privilege to hold. It was in my mind to resign months ago but I then thought the balance of advantage to the Society lay with my remaining. Now it is no longer so. The detailed supervision and attention needed I cannot give and my stay in the office hinders another's work. Also I contemplate social work, with which the Society may not desire to be officially linked. The relinquishing of the office is necessarily touched with pain, but what powers I have are always at the Society's disposal and what strength I have at her service.

L. HADEN GUEST

We all affectionately wish him God-speed, for in whatever work he is engaged, he will always be able, candid and strong.

We shall next month give a description, with pictures, of the fine Theosophical School at Letchworth. Our illustration this month is of India's G. O. M., Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji; the photograph was taken when I visited him in his home at Varsova, near Bombay, to consult him on forming an organisation for pressing on the Government here and on the English people the necessity of Self-Government for India.



BERNARD SHAW AND THEOSOPHY

By H. B. HYAMS

IT is often asked why it is that any great scientist or philosopher or saint should be unable to accept certain truths which Theosophists accept, such as the immortality of the soul, reincarnation and the existence of superphysical planes. That these great men are evolved far in advance of the ordinary Theosophist is evident. How is it then that lesser men can claim knowledge which these greater souls have not?

It seems that there are many paths that life may take in its struggle upwards, and the great intellects of the scientific world have taken a certain path and left others open for the Theosophist, who has in many

earth-lives sought a special knowledge. That knowledge is simply certain truths about the plan of evolution and the understanding of how to put forth strength to help. But there are many other truths, equally or more important for us at our stage of evolution, all of which must be used by the will in the desire to help.

If it is true that a Theosophist is one who has an understanding of the plan of evolution, and who does all he can to help that plan, then Bernard Shaw is a great Theosophist. He is an artist whose works exist for helping the Life Force: he is not an artist for art's sake; he believes that the great artist is "an apostle doing what used to be called the Will of God, and is now called by many prosaic names, of which 'public work' is the least controversial". He uses his art to teach, and tries to reach as great a public as possible by lecturing, by his novels, plays and essays. Even his biography is different from other biographies, being full of his teaching and lacking in everything about the physical Shaw and his mode of living, although he himself superintended the writing of it. The British public call him egoistical, not understanding that his egoistical pose is his method of advertising his teachings.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

The purpose of life is described by Shaw as the attainment of consciousness, and it is a definition that all Theosophists would accept, only in their case it would mean so much more, consciousness on the physical, astral, mental, and higher planes. "Life: the force that ever strives to attain greater power of

contemplating itself." Yet this force we are told is "stupid". "Well, the Life Force is stupid: but it is not so stupid as the forces of Death and Degeneration".¹

The Theosophist with his knowledge of the superphysical worlds finds that this force is not so stupid as is thought. He agrees with Shaw that life is producing a superman, that evolution has been making "more or less successful attempts to build up that raw force into higher and higher individuals, the ideal individual being omnipotent, omniscient, infallible and withal completely, unilludedly, self-conscious: in short, a god."²

But the Theosophist does not think this being is to be produced on the physical plane alone. Speaking of Man, Don Juan says: "Here is the highest miracle of organisation yet attained by life, the most intensely alive thing that exists, the most conscious of all the organisms, and yet how wretched are his brains!"³ A Theosophist does not believe that man is the most intensely alive thing that exists. Experiments in hypnotism show that when man's body and brain are put to sleep, there exists something much more intensely alive than any physical brain. From this and other evidence the Theosophist has come to believe in other states of consciousness, higher than the physical, in which now function the supermen. Speaking of immortality Shaw says in his preface to *Misalliance*:

Therefore let us give up telling one another idle tales, and rejoice in death as we rejoice in birth: for without death we cannot be born again: and the man who does not wish to be born again, and born better, is fit only to represent the City of London in Parliament or perhaps the University of Oxford.

¹ *Man and Superman*.

² *ibid.*

³ *ibid.*

And again :

After all what man is capable of the insane self-conceit of believing that an eternity of himself would be tolerable even to himself? Those who try to believe it, postulate that they should be made perfect first.

But the Theosophist does not postulate that we were made perfect in the beginning, his theory is that we all entered life as spiritual germs without knowledge and conscience, but by reincarnating on the earth, life after life, we gathered material for building our characters. Heredity is not the motive power alone that is evolving the superman; intelligence and reproductive power vary inversely: the lower the parents the more prolific they are. Acquired characters are not transmissible: the child of a Saint may be a profligate and the child of a genius may be a dolt. The Theosophist does not expect to have an eternity of himself; he knows that that would be impossible because he is always changing even here on earth. Having thrown aside his physical body at death, he will enter different surroundings and gradually change with those different surroundings.

Another difference between Shavianism and Theosophy is the importance that thought plays in the latter. The Shavian would regard thought as quite useless unless its physical results could be seen in the action of the thinker; but the Theosophist, knowing that thoughts are real things which affect his companions for good or evil, even without visible physical actions of any kind, would be sometimes better able to judge certain questions and be better able to know how to use thought power. Often he would dwell on the good points of any character so as to strengthen it, when the Shavian might be all intent on destroying the bad.

But having recognised these differences between the Shavian and the Theosophist, we find that they have come to the same conclusions with regard to philosophic fundamentals, and progressive reforms.

The Life Force in its attempt to build up higher and higher individuals becomes more and more encased in matter, until it reaches a turning point where the return path is commenced. It is that point in man's evolution when he has built up a self ready to use for helping forward evolution. Up to this time he has been developing all his qualities: he has had duties. Shaw has written some hard things against the Christian self-sacrificer, but it is against the man who would sacrifice himself before he has built his "self". The process of building, and the use of this self, or scaffolding for the finished soul-temple, is shown in the following passages:

As a man grows through the ages he finds himself bolder by the growth of his spirit, and dares more and more to enjoy and trust, instead of to fear and fight.—*Quintessence of Ibsenism*.

A sense at last arises in man of his duty to himself: and when this sense is fully grown, which it hardly is yet, the tyranny of duty is nothing: for now the man's God is himself: and he, self-satisfied at last, ceases to be selfish.—*Man and Superman*.

No one ever feels helpless by the side of the self-helper: whilst the self-sacrificer is always a drag, a responsibility, a reproach, an everlasting and unnatural trouble with whom no really strong soul can live. Only those who have helped themselves know how to help others, and respect their right to help themselves.—*Quintessence of Ibsenism*.

This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one: the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.—*Man and Superman*.

I tell you that as long as I can conceive something better than myself, I cannot be easy unless I am striving to bring it into existence or clearing the way for it. That is the law of my life. That is the working within me of Life's incessant aspiration to higher organization, wider, deeper, intenser self-consciousness, and clearer self-understanding.—*Man and Superman*.

Just as life, after ages of struggle, evolved that wonderful bodily organ the eye, so that the living organism could see where it was going and what was coming to help or threaten it, and thus avoid a thousand dangers that formerly slew it, so it is evolving to-day a mind's eye that shall see, not the physical world, but the purpose of Life, and thereby enable the individual to work for that purpose instead of thwarting and baffling it by setting up short-sighted personal aims as at present.—*Man and Superman*.

The Theosophist believes that the "mind's eyes" that were evolved in the bodies of Buddha, Plato, Christ, and earlier founders of religions, did not die with the death of the physical body, but have lived on through the ages helping the Life Force onward.

THE SPIRIT, THE INTELLECT AND THE PASSIONS

It is sometimes thought that Bernard Shaw places the intellect above all else. This is not so, though he places the intellect above most of our passions. The intellect says that life is not worth living; then so much the worse for intellect, is a thought that often occurs in his works.

Bohun. It's unwise to be born; it's unwise to be married; it's unwise to live; and it's wise to die.

Waiter. Then, if I may respectfully put a word in Sir, so much the worse for wisdom!—*You Never Can Tell*.

The man who listens to Reason is lost; Reason enslaves all whose minds are not strong enough to master her.—*Man and Superman*.

Above the intellect he places the will or spirit. "The will is our old friend the soul or spirit of man."

In speaking of Ibsen he clearly differentiates between the will and the intellect.

His will, in setting his imagination to work, had produced a great puzzle for his intellect. In no case does the difference between the will and the intellect come out more clearly than in that of the poet, save only that of the lover. . . . It is only the *naïf* who goes to the creative artist with absolute confidence in receiving an answer to his "What does this passage mean?" That is the very question which the poet's own intellect, which had no part in the conception of the poem, may be asking him.—*Quintessence of Ibsenism*.

The action of the will or spirit is inspiration, and inspiration speaks to a man against reason in his will to live. "He is, in the old phrase, the temple of the Holy Ghost. He has, in another old phrase, the divine spark within him." How this divine spark flares up in the most unexpected men is shown in many of Shaw's plays, notably in *The Shewing up of Blanco Posnet*, and *The Devil's Disciple*. It needs some violent conflict to kindle this spark into some great act, and so reveal the hidden. Often the merely good man, the man conforming to the morals of his day, is shown, by force of the conflict, under quite different colours, while a ne'er-do-well is seen as a great spiritual soul.

However, most of Shaw's characters live mostly in the intellectual plane, and try to steer through life instead of merely drifting. They usually analyse their feelings, and refuse to be "the slave of love or its dupe". Of sexual infatuation he says:

To ask us to subject our souls to its ruinous glamour to worship it, deify it, and imply that it alone makes life worth living is nothing but folly gone mad erotically.—*Three Plays for Puritans*.

¹ *Quintessence of Ibsenism*.

When we want to read of the deeds that are done for love, whither do we turn? To the murder column: and there we are rarely disappointed.—*Selected Passages.*

The writers of romance would have us believe that all our good actions are done under the influence of love. Says the Devil's disciple:

If I said that I did what I did ever so little for your sake, I lied as men always lie to women. You know how I have lived with worthless men—aye, and worthless women too. Well, they could all rise to some sort of goodness and kindness when they were in love [the word comes from him in true Puritan scorn]. That has taught me to set very little store by the goodness that comes out red hot. What I did, I did in cold blood, I should have done the same for any other man in the town, or any other man's wife.—*The Devil's Disciple.*

All romance Shaw would subject to the searching light of the intellect. The romance of gallantry and chivalry of the past is treasonable to women and stultifying to men; we have outgrown these forms and therefore Shaw speaks of romance as "the great heresy to be swept off from art and life". This romance that he speaks of is that which is holding back the Life Force, but of the romance that is helping forward evolution, his works are full. The critics often complain that there is no passion in Shaw's plays, but that is only because they do not sympathise with its ideals. A disciple of Shaw is put in the melting mood by these plays, while the emotional play of the critics leaves him cold.

This, then, is where the intellect is used in Shavianism: to dominate the harmful emotions and passions, and to steer those that are helping Life in its struggle upwards. Shaw does not belittle love. "How do you know," says Don Juan, "that love is not the greatest of all relations? far too great to be a personal matter."

THE SIMPLIFICATION OF LIFE

Bernard Shaw's works teem with ideas for the simplification of life. He seldom misses a chance to drive home to us the ugliness and complexity of our modern life. In a description of a Palace in Alexandria he writes:

The clean lofty walls with absence of mirrors, show perspectives, stuffy upholstery and textiles, makes the palace handsome, wholesome, simple and cool, or, as a rich English manufacturer would express it, poor, bare, ridiculous and unhomely, for Tottenham Court Road civilization is to this Egyptian civilization as glass bead and tattoo civilization is to Tottenham Court Road.—*Caesar and Cleopatra*, Act II.

The "shiny black and shiny white, and the stiff shirt front" of the nineteenth century man's dress has often been ridiculed by him. "A fabric which drapes in graceful folds and is beautiful in colour, tertiary colours which soften and actually take on a new beauty as they wear," is the contrast he puts forward for our dress. He speaks of our towns thus:

Even if Man's increased command over Nature included any increased command over himself (the only sort of command relevant to his evolution into a higher being), the fact remains that it is only by running away from the increased command over Nature to country places where Nature is still in primitive command over Man, that he can recover from the effects of the smoke, the stench, the foul air, the overcrowding, the racket, the ugliness, the dirt which our civilization costs us. If manufacturing activity means Progress, the town must be more advanced than the country; and the field labourers and village artisans of to-day must be much less changed from the servants of Job than the proletariat of modern London from the proletariat of Cæsar's Rome. Yet the cockney proletarian is so inferior to the village labourer that it is only by steady recruiting from the country that London is kept alive.—*Three Plays for Puritans.*

He has written and spoken against vivisection, corpse eating, slaughtering of pheasants for sport,

tea-drunkenness, smoking and other modern complexities in our search for pleasure.

During our pursuit of beauty and happiness among outward things there comes a time when we despair of success. All our hopes have turned into ashes; we have reached the turning point of the outward path; the scaffolding for the soul-temple is completed. At this stage of our evolution we understand the words of Shaw: "Happiness and Beauty are by-products." "Folly is the direct pursuit of Happiness and Beauty." We understand that, "it is always a case of 'The ideal is dead: long live the ideal!'" And the advantage of the work of destruction is, that every new ideal is less of an illusion than the one it has supplanted." We give up seeking happiness for our selves and work simply to do the world's will. "Happiness is not the object of life; life has no object: it is an end in itself; and courage consists in the readiness to sacrifice happiness for an intense quality of life." In seeking to do the world's will, man finds that the more he simplifies his own physical wants, the better he can do this work.

In *Misalliance*, the play that future critics will place first in importance, there are a few words spoken by Nina, which foreshadow to what simplicity of character the future man will attain:

Sooner than that [become his wife], I would stoop to the lowest depths of my profession. I would stuff lions with food and pretend to tame them. I would deceive honest people's eyes with conjuring tricks instead of real feats of strength and skill. I would be a clown and set bad examples of conduct to little children. I would sink yet lower and be an actress or an opera singer, imperilling my soul by the wicked lie of pretending to be somebody else.

This idea of acting being perilous for the high evolution of a soul is found in Mr. Leadbeater's account of the Sixth Root Race in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* and also, I think, in Well's *First and Last Things*.

CHILDREN

In the preface to *Misalliance* Shaw has given us, perhaps, his most important work, because it treats of the education of the child, who will be some day father of the superman. He voices the rights and liberties of the child. He says:

The people against whom children are wholly unprotected are those who devote themselves to the very mischievous and cruel sort of abortion which is called bringing up a child in the way it should go. Now nobody knows the way a child should go. All the ways discovered so far lead to the horrors of our existing civilizations, described by Ruskin as heaps of agonising human maggots, struggling with one another for scraps of food.

To quote more from this long preface is impossible because every page of it is vital to the understanding of the problem. Freedom for the child to evolve in its own way is the chief thesis: the kind of freedom that is given in the Theosophical school at Letchworth, the lack of compulsion except that which comes from the child's own reasoning powers. No reincarnationist would wish for more. He believes that a child should do some work for the community and for itself, if it can be shown that both would be the better for it.

H. B. Hyams

THE UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL

By W. D. S. BROWN

WHILE the belligerent nations are being exhorted from pulpit and platform to "take up the sword of justice" against one another in the form of high-explosive shells and in the name of God, a comparatively insignificant band of men and women in England (and possibly in other countries) has united to help a distracted public to try and understand something of what justice applied to international relations really involves. At first sight this appears an almost hopeless effort, so blinded are the suffering masses by the cruelties in which the militarist creed of force has found ultimate expression, and by the official use made of such cruelties to strengthen the desire for vengeance. Nevertheless the Union of Democratic Control, as this body has named itself, soon recognised that, unless something was done to grapple with the subversive practice of secret intrigue known as diplomacy whilst disastrous results were still being brought home to the life of the people, there was every probability that this War would be concluded by a repetition of the artificial partitions that have hitherto invariably paved the way for another war. With this end in view, the failing of indefiniteness, so commonly found in similar movements, has been effectively precluded by the formulation

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of four "cardinal points" of policy on which members agree to concentrate their advocacy. These cardinal points are unmistakable in their object, and yet admit of an unlimited scope of treatment. No unprejudiced person can regard them as unconstitutional, however undesirable or difficult of realisation they may seem; in fact they have all been virtually supported by public utterances of responsible members of the Government. They are worded as follows:

1. No province shall be transferred from one Government to another without the consent, by plebiscite or otherwise, of the population of such province.

2. No treaty, arrangement or undertaking shall be entered upon in the name of Great Britain without the sanction of Parliament. Adequate machinery for ensuring democratic control of foreign policy shall be created.

3. The foreign policy of Great Britain shall not be aimed at creating alliances for the purpose of maintaining the balance of power, but shall be directed to concerted action between the Powers, and the setting up of an International Council, whose deliberations and decisions shall be public, with such machinery for securing international agreement as shall be the guarantee of an abiding peace.

4. Great Britain shall propose as part of the peace settlement a plan for the drastic reduction, by consent, of the armaments of all belligerent powers, and to facilitate that policy shall attempt to secure the general nationalisation of the manufacture of armaments, and the control of the export of armaments by one country to another.

Considering them in order, the first point goes to the root of the whole matter by assuming that a country should be governed in the interests of its inhabitants, and not exploited by a few financial and political jugglers. One of the many catchwords that are now being dropped into the open mouths of the thoughtless is "re-drawing the map of Europe," as if years of injustice could be redressed by a few alterations in frontier lines. Europe provides sustenance for a number of human families, many of whom are widely different in their ideals and mode of life. Is the next settlement to be based on the size of the armies and navies remaining to the crippled belligerents, or on the wishes of the peoples actually concerned? Is territory to be bargained over like so much merchandise, or are the victors prepared to become the sponsors for a peace that is something more than suppressed War?

We admit the extreme difficulty of gauging the true wishes of a people "by plebiscite or otherwise," not only on account of the mixture of races within a given area, brought about mainly by the practice of "planting out" by conquering races, but also owing to the pressure that would probably be brought to bear on popular opinion by influential oligarchies. But this is no reason why a move should not be made in the direction of justice by a further application of the democratic principle that a government exists for the people and not the people for a government. Even if a settlement did not give entire satisfaction to all the inhabitants of a country, it could at least be one that did not produce a running sore in the body national.

The second cardinal point, the logical outcome of the first, recognises that the only guarantee

against injustice to weaker nations lies in ensuring that the contracting parties in such settlements are adequately represented by their respective Parliaments and not merely by a few privileged officials. The usual objection urged against this natural extension of democratic government is that foreign relations are mysteries so complicated and subtle that the electorate cannot possibly be qualified to express an opinion on such grave matters. No reason is given why a post in the diplomatic service, the chief qualification for which is the possession of an independent income of at least £400 a year, should confer a superior wisdom denied to the chief legislative body of the nation, a body already entrusted with the most complicated measures of internal administration. Nor does it occur to the defenders of the existing anomaly that, once the people has established its right to a voice in foreign affairs, it will insist on the very desirable simplification of such questions in the form of plain issues.

A more obviously engineered objection is that it would be impossible to consult the wishes of the people on every fresh phase of a negotiation, but of course such a cumbersome procedure is not suggested for a moment. The country does not want to know every card that is played, but it has a right to know the same. The necessity of obtaining the consent of Parliament before any agreement with another nation could be entered into would act as a check on the hasty assumption of ambitious obligations, while the additional responsibility thrown on the individual voter would stimulate a study of foreign policy for which there is at present little or no encouragement. But, we sometimes hear it asked: Supposing the other side did not make its

agreements public? This question presumably refers to agreements made with a third party, for as long as one of two contracting parties publishes an agreement, this is all that is required to make it a matter of common knowledge.

The third point has been publicly endorsed by Mr. Asquith in his famous speech at Dublin, when he spoke of the balance of power as a "precarious equipoise," and pointed to the alternative of an active co-partnership as the aim of our future policy and as a practical proposition already within our reach. When it comes to be recognised that the wealth of a nation lies in the productive capacity of its population rather than in the area occupied, or even in the natural resources of the land, the primitive belief that one nation's gain is necessarily another's loss will give place to the truth that any real gain to one is a gain to all. In the meantime it is desirable that a permanent Board of Conciliation be formed to hear and advise on all international grievances before they reach the acute stage in which they have been wont to burst upon an unsuspecting public.

In national law it is recognised that interested parties are not qualified to give an impartial verdict, still less are they allowed to take the law into their own hands. All that each party can do is to present its own version of the case and submit it to the judgment of a court qualified by experience and the nearest approach to impartiality. It is an indictable offence to attempt to prejudice such a judgment or evade it when once given, even if unfavourable. If an appeal is allowed, this only postpones the final decision. If either party attempted to enforce its supposed rights without

reference to a court of law, it would not be regarded as honourable, still less heroic, even if the case was legally unassailable. Such action would be regarded as a challenge to the common will of the people, as expressed in the law of the land. Why then should it be considered honourable for a nation to take international law into its own hands, and dishonourable to submit, even at the expense of national pride, to the finding of a court that embodied the common will of all the peoples of Europe—possibly of the world?

The Hague Tribunal, like most other efforts for good, has come in for its share of ridicule since the outbreak of War; but the good work it has already done (I am not referring to incongruous discussions on what constitutes "civilised" warfare) will live when war is dead. Have we forgotten that a recent unfortunate incident, involving England and Russia, was disposed of by arbitration, to the eternal credit of both countries, when the yellow press screamed for war with one of our present Allies? Let the passive concert of war that we are now witnessing demonstrate once and for all the necessity for an active concert of peace. I use the word "passive," because every belligerent nation indignantly repudiates its own responsibility for this War, and defends its action on the ground that the sword has been *forced* into its hands. This is one of the few hopeful signs about this War, showing as it does that even the belligerent governments regard war as so atrocious a crime that none of them dare accept any responsibility for it. In this respect they are more humane than most representatives of religion or philosophy.

The fourth and last point follows almost inevitably from the third. When the fear of sudden attack has been diminished by a saner method of political intercourse and an appreciation of the advantage of joint enterprise, the burden of the present scale of armaments will no longer be tolerated, and the continual alarm that a neighbour's preparation for defence is a deliberate threat will gradually cease to jeopardize the progress of negotiations. Never was a more plausible error enunciated than the dictum: "Si vis pacem, para bellum."

In the meantime, the day when private shareholders can fatten on profits derived from the manufacture of armaments must pass. As long as a manufacturing concern exists to make profits, it cannot help stimulating the demand for its wares. In the case of the private armament industry such stimulation can take no other form but that of constant and artificial incentives to war. A nationalised, or, better still, an internationalised, production of armaments would at least be free from the bait of commercialism.

In concluding these random jottings, it would be as useless as it would be endless to attempt to answer even a few of the fantastic charges that have been trumped up against this eminently moderate organisation. Perhaps the favourite stone to be cast by the cheap patriot is that of its being a "peace movement," an expression which presumably implies an attempt to make peace at once, since I suppose no one will deny that peace will have to come sometime or another. But, apart from the absurdity of a handful of people trying to conclude peace in the teeth of public opinion, the policy of the Union as such is not concerned with the

date of signing of peace or even with the actual terms, ardently as the writer, and possibly other of its members, long for a speedy cessation of bloodshed. It merely lays down a broad standard by which the people may be able to judge whether the official terms of peace are likely to result in a real settlement or in another armed truce. It is too much to hope that public opinion may anticipate, if it does not follow, the lead of the U. D. C. in urging this standard before the treaty is finally signed?

Of course it *may* be true, as our opponents say, that it is the people of a country who are the first to clamour for war. If so, the U. D. C. can scarcely be branded as a "peace movement," since it aims at enabling the people of a country to decide whether it will go to war or not, *having first been consulted on the matters under dispute*. But so far from repudiating their pacific aims, members of the U. D. C. believe that public opinion, correctly informed, is naturally in favour of justice and against aggrandisement, and is therefore the most potent factor for peace. On the strength of this belief they are prepared to trust the people to make its own choice; if the people demands war, it must face the consequences; if it refuses to go to war, it must also face the consequences—the price of peace.

We are constantly told that this is no time to discuss such matters, as discussion embarrasses the government. This would be perfectly true if such discussion turned on the conduct of the War—a topic that every schoolboy considers himself competent to discuss. But how can a government consider itself embarrassed by an attempt to awaken the public to a

sense of its responsibility for what will perhaps be the most momentous decision in history? Besides, if this is not the time, when is the time? Before the outbreak of War, no one was interested in the moral aspect of international relations. Foreign politics, i.e., the prospects of war, were little more than an occasional spice to after-dinner argument. On the other hand, when peace is once signed, the answer will most likely be: "We have heard quite enough of foreign politics lately, for goodness' sake let us settle down again to 'business as usual'." At the present moment all who have the true welfare of humanity at heart are stirred as they have never been stirred before, and cannot shut their eyes to the future, even if they would. It is to such that the Union of Democratic Control appeals for consideration, if not for support.

W. D. S. Brown

SONS OF PROMETHEUS

EMILE VERHAEREN

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

"WISDOM is justified of her children," and fails not to produce her immortal sons of the flame. In Rodin, Strindberg, and Verhaeren, three specimens of the genus Promethean, a deep intimacy of spiritual kinship reveals itself; the differences are of that surface quality, apparent to the merest observation.

The most significant and critical period of Verhaeren's life, from a psychological point of view, was that wherein he underwent a dark and terrible ordeal, reflected with macabre power and intensity in those poems which hurl themselves from the lava-centre of their creator, poems which are unrivalled expressions of the agony of a soul on fire, and of that period succeeding the burning, before the phoenix has risen from the ashes, when all the consciousness of "dust and ashes" possesses the poet's worn and shuddering soul. In *Au bord de la route*, *Les Débâcles*, and *Les Flambeaux noirs*, Verhaeren has written the record of "agony and bloody sweat" together with the no less terrible and more mysterious period of void.

Those who wish to read a transcript of that period, through the medium of prose, admirable alike in

sympathy and restraint, will find it in the chapter, "The Break-Down," from the book written by Stefan Zweig.¹ The description of vairāgya will suffice to show the author's penetration.

One of those repercussions of the psychic on the physical system. . . . Fatigue sinks down on his soul. First pleasure in things had died, and then the very will to pleasure . . . The nerves have withdrawn their antennæ from the outer world. . . . Everything remains . . . a dull gnawing pain . . . Travels, dreams, do nothing but deaden the pain.

This period of torture, with its climax in refusal to reply to impacts of pleasure and pain, followed hard on the heels of a "tavern saturnalia," wherein the glorification of the sense-world appeared the apex of achievement, wherein animal heat masqueraded as the divine fire, garishness parodied glory, and fury, in a robe of many colours, reigned within the soul, shouting: "I am King."

But liberation came to Verhaeren through the awakening of the individual; the Genius awoke, the false gods slunk away, the Furies transformed themselves as in the Græek Myth, and those who came to curse and blaspheme, who sought to drive the Poet over the verge of the abyss whose further side is madness, remained to bless. By the road of excess, the palace of Wisdom was reached. In *Les Apparus dans mes chemins* the route of a new safety is traced. The path leads both inward and outward, upward and onward. Zweig describes it in the chapter following "The Break-Down" as "Flight into the World," but it was more than this; it was a sacrificial rite, wherein the individual soul triumphed over the tyranny of kâma-manas, and celebrated a solemn sacrament in the

¹ *Emile Verhaeren*, by Stefan Zweig. (Constable.)

poet's heart. Henceforth, Verhaeren's Genius sings the new day in numbers of ardency and grandeur which, for all their greatness, are but Herald-Songs. Not yet has the full glory of "the Vision Splendid" been vouchsafed, but henceforth he sees the unity of all, and knows that Man is God. But still the prevailing forces are chaotic, rather than cosmic. It is among huge primeval shapes, titanic in proportion, great typical shadowy forms, and glimpses of summits beyond, though these are "seen through a glass, darkly," that he is most truly himself. Yet what a world! Who would not wander through such, with Verhaeren? Such poems as "L'Eternelle" and "L'Utopie" (one of the most marvellous poems of imagery ever written) should be studied by all who would learn to understand that quenchless thirst for the Living God, that search which begins in a darkness that can be felt, and ends by storming the forts of heaven, the victory of him who is strong enough to take its kingdom by violence. The force of imagery in "L'Utopie" fills the mind with shapes and shadows akin to his; with him we wander through those nameless regions where are seen "monuments noirs carrant leur masse, en du brouillard"! "Le naphte en torches d'or y brûle au fond des caves," and we gaze while:

Le vice et la vertu s'y nouent, en des viols
Si terribles qu'en tremble et qu'en pleure la vie;
Aubes, midis et soirs ne s'y distinguent pas;
Et le soleil, telle une plaie envenimée,
Tache le ciel et saigne et suppure, là-bas,
Sous des loques de feu, de suie et de fumée.

In "L'Impossible," he sings the joy of ceaseless effort, and the gospel of freedom, together with the unappeasable thirst of the finite for infinity.

Changer ! Monter ! est la règle la plus profonde.
L'immobile présent n'est pas
Un point d'appui pour le compas
Qui mesure l'orgueil du monde.

.....
Ton âme est un désir qui ne veut point finir.
.....

In "L'Éternelle," almost the veil of the temple of things substantial is rent in twain, and the vision so long desired, so deeply sought, is granted. The passion of life overflows its banks now. Surely, surely it will find its parent ocean? But still, Eternity speaks to the poet from inaccessible height, though with prophetic hope in her accents:

Prends patience, ami ! un jour, peut-être,
En m'adorant plus fort encore, tu comprendras ;
Ce que tu ne sais pas, ce que tu dois connaître
Je te l'apporte entremêlé et troublé, entre mes
bras ;
Tu hésites, à l'heure où j'exulte de vivre,
Tous les désirs divers également m'enivrent
Et je les suis, mon âme au vent, sans savoir où.

And how perfect the expression of that mingling of light unspeakable, love ineffable, which is the aura of Eternity—

Il fait soleil, dans mon amour, toujours !
.....

Mon seul secret est vivre et vivre, et vivre encore.

The cosmic vitality of Verhaeren, his capacity for plumbing depths, scaling heights, only to behold heights beyond, lifts him to the region where dwell individualised types, where personality is negligible, where Man speaks, the Spirit of Man holds converse with cosmic forces, where the cries and clamour of little

men are hushed. His evocatory power is extraordinary. The glow from his fire is contagious, the "rushing mighty wind" of his native atmosphere blows round us as we read. Yet the poet does not lose, rather gains, individuality, through the identification of himself with those forces that unmake, only to remake. His description of "Le Tribun" serves well for himself, and for all Promethean genius.

Il monte, et l'on croirait que le monde l'attend,
Si large est la clameur de ses paroles souveraines.
Il est effroi, danger, affre, fureur et haine ;
Il est ordre, silence, amour et volonté ;
Il scelle en lui toutes les violences lyriques,
Où se trempe l'orgueil des hommes historiques
Dont l'œuvre est faite, avec du sang d'éternité.

It is this "blood of eternity" that sings in Verhaeren's veins. The blood of mighty dead, and of those yet unborn who shall shake the world with a pulse of greatness. All sons of the flame are dowered with the godlike gift, that of evoking an answering greatness, a response of the same substance, however transitory its life. "Those who draw nigh to the fire shall be warm"! There are many (and perhaps not the least among us) who kindle their own flame by drawing nigh to some fiery minister. So Verhaeren's call goes forth, the summons of immortality to the mortal instrument: Come forth! From turbidity, from the fury lurking in *Les Villes tentaculaires*, from the surging molten lava flooding *Les Forces tumultueuses*, from the radiant summer afternoons of *Les Heures claires*, from all these is distilled one fragrant magical essence, and its name is *Life*—"La Vie—Toute la Vie". Suffering is the bread, Joy, the juice of the Vine, and there is the sacrament

for all the faithful. In the ritual of Life all have their part save those who fear to live; fear is the only barrier of exclusion from the Mass solemnised perpetually in Life's "Chapelle ardente".

"Qu'importe souffrir, si c'est pour s'exalter?"¹ seems a natural expression to all Prometheans. Indeed, immolation is so much a law of their life, that one can imagine some fully-grown specimen might even resent any unpunctuality of attack on the part of his particular vulture, "in the region of the liver"! The law of sacrifice is an eternal law; Prometheans are Priests and Servers; their service is neither a fault nor a virtue, but a necessity of their nature.

There is a natural transition period between *Les Forces tumultueuses*, and *La Multiple Splendeur*. The key thereof is found in their titles. Ever nearer and nearer to the threshold of "Things in Themselves" draws our Poet. Now by the road of Affirmations and Admirations, which leads out from the tenebrous depths of *Les Forces* to *La Splendeur*. The key-note of the former was strength—strength won by herculean effort, through agony outworn, through sweat of torment. The new volume has for its key-notes:

Admirez-vous les uns les autres
.....
Et vous vivrez ardents et clairs.
.....
La vie est à monter et non pas à descendre.
.....
Nous apportons, ivres du monde et de nous-mêmes,
Des cœurs d'hommes nouveaux, dans le vieil
univers.²

¹ From *Les Reves*.

² From *La Multiple Splendeur*.

The first poem in *La Multiple Splendeur*, "Le Monde," is a marvellous example of the cosmic spirit using a lyric form. The philosophy is instinctive and intuitive, the philosophy of a creator rather than a logician. The beginning and end of this universal cry is: "Le monde est fait avec des astres et des hommes." We see our world swinging in space, with the gift of flight, winging its way "among flowers, vineyards and gardens of golden ether" with movement obedient to the principles of Rhythm, the outward movement, the free soaring, and the obedience to gravitation shown in the inevitable return from circumference to centre. The earth is seen as a broken fragment of a great diamond, fallen from heaven's universal crown. The stress of elemental strife dims its surface, waters blemish its fiery splendour, and after its subjection to a million rude forces in combat, Man appears at length, Man who shall restore the diamond's pristine lustre once more:

Pareils
À des soleils
Apparurent et s'exaltèrent,
Parmi les races de la terre
Les génies.

The light from the stars of genius, that race with "hearts of flame, and lips of honey," re-illuminates earth's dark places, the rude forces are tamed by these god-like spirits, and the poem ends in a peroration of prophecy, wherein the great principles celebrate their triumphant return:

Tout se renouvelait jusqu'en ses profondeurs;
Le vrai, le bien, l'amour, la beauté, la laideur.
Des liens subtils faits de fluides et d'étincelles
Composaient le tissu d'une âme universelle

Et l'étendue où se croisaient tous ces aimants
Vécut enfin, d'après un loi qui règne aux
firmaments

Le monde est fait avec des astres et des hommes.

It is in *La Multiple Splendeur* that Verhaeren celebrates his joy in the spiritual science of Universality: we use the word "science," for he begins to *know* this truth whose foundations are "from everlasting," whose progressions are "to everlasting".

The voice of the mystic cries from one of the most haunting and most perfectly wrought lyrics, "La Mort," wherein the poet apostrophises the "sad lady of my soul," telling her that he fears the future, because of death, and time, by reason of its treacherous mockery. The soul tells him how life and death weave mingled garlands for the brow of man's eternity, that time is but an illusion, that the creative imagination alone possesses the seed of immortality:

Seul existe celui qui crée
Emprisonnant l'ample durée
Dans l'heure où son génie écrit.

In "La Ferveur," Verhaeren reveals his strength and weakness (according to the joyful paradoxical manner of poets) in his deification of the brain; strength, because he refuses to people the dark corners of life's caves of mystery with chimeras, declaring that ignorance and nescience are better than self-deception; weakness, because he exalts the brain as the apex of all, rather than the power behind the brain, the user thereof. Yet this is but the "clearing-house" stage, the voice of those who will not worship idols, and who pass on through ideals to ideas. The old cry of the seeking soul, on fire for The Most High, "Not this,

Not that," and then the inevitable pause of reaction, when the old world has passed away, and the new has not yet emerged from the cloudy porches of dawn. Yet before Vision comes, to every great spirit comes also the awful hour when, on the threshold of the future, he must wrestle with the Angel of the Presence. Amid the fallen ruins of the past, the desolate bareness of the present, the fight goes on. The Poet knows not that God is nigh, he knows naught save that the old beliefs were delusions, yet that he is being driven on toward some new port of affirmation, and he feels the youth of a new race bounding and throbbing within its prophet-messenger.

Nous apportons, ivres du monde et de nous-mêmes,

Des cœurs d'hommes nouveaux dans le vieil univers.

Les Dieux sont loin et leur louange et leur blasphème;

Notre force est en nous et nous avons souffert.

La Multiple Splendeur ends, significantly, with an invocation to "Les Idées."

Plus haut que la douleur et plus haut que la joie,"—

—Larges et fécondées

Aux horizons, là-haut, les suprêmes idées.

It is hard to leave this collection of poems, wherein life and its joys and sorrows ring changes full of the music of the future. Who but the poet knows with such *instinctive* knowledge, the intimacy of the bond between God and Man, and that sacred immanence which is almost a truism to genius?

J'existe en tout ce qui m'entoure et me pénètre.
Gazons épais, sentiers perdus, massifs de hêtres
Eau lucide que nulle ombre ne vient ternir,

Vous devenez moi-même étant mon souvenir.
.....

Je me multiplie
Si fort en tout ce qui rayonne et m'éblouit
Que mon cœur en défaille et se délivre en cris.
O ces bonds de ferveur, profonds, puissants et
tendres
Comme si quelque aile immense te soulevait,
Si tu les as senti vers l'infini te tendre . . .
Dis-toi . . .
Tu as goûté
La douce et formidable joie
Jusqu'à mêler ton être aux forces inanimées,
T'a fait semblable aux dieux.

This kinship with Deity is the root of the very disintegrative faculty which makes the Poet disdain to worship any forms wherein he does not feel that spiritual exaltation of which the joy-of-life is admiration, and its expression the only ritual of great souls.

This is the message of *La Multiple Splendeur*: the realisation in consciousness of the glory of life universal. Just as an artist may see the foulest pool of stagnant water, irradiated by the reflected hues of sunset, and retain in his memory an impression of the pool as "a thing of beauty," so Verhaeren sees the deepest abysses of life shot with the splendour of which life cannot be despoiled, to all who have the gift of imaginative-vision, the image-making faculty, which creates in a series of progressive truths, wherein Truth herself is the central heart of inspiration.

From *La Multiple Splendeur* we come at last to *Les Heures claires* in which the One is mirrored in the world of two hearts made one. The homing-instinct of the finite to infinity makes of "slight air and purging

¹ From "La Joie" (*La Multiple Splendeur*).

fire" a pathway of return, and these are the two elements of *Les Heures claires*: a flame, still, but now love burns with a clear white and golden radiance, and the airs are those of a summer afternoon. These are among the most beautiful love-poems of our day. Intimacy and reverence have made a missal-book, and the clasp is wrought of purest gold. Jewels and flowers mingle here; radiance, fragrance, tenderness, passionate purity; all gifts the Poet brings to the Beloved, not least among them simplicity and candour of utterance. No rite is left unsung, none is sung unfitly. Human love is a call from Love Universal, and is felt in its supremest moments as a pledge and sacrament of that realisation of Unity which is the Heart of Being.

Me semble-t-il—Oh! qu' un instant—
Que je t'apporte, en mon cœur haletant,
Le battement de cœur de l'univers lui-même.

In "Les Rythmes souverains," and "Les Blés mouvants" we find the same ecstasy of identity, the same fusing of philosophy and devotion which is to be the foundation of the new creed of humanity. "In that new world which is the old," the circle of re-becoming, but with a simultaneous widening of the circumference, together with a heightened consciousness of "the pulse of the machine," the central heart, Verhaeren is the Poet whose inspired utterances ring forth with clearest, most musical tone. He sees the landscape of the new world, though as yet only in the "wizard twilight" of prophetic dawn. The mountain-summits are still veiled in mystery, the outline of many a peak and promontory is, as yet, only faintly and partially glimpsed. The values and proportions of the old world are outworn, the exact scale of the new geography is

not, even now, known to the discoverer of man's latest heritage. But enthusiasm, ecstasy, the true philosophic mind that grows from the present to the future, for whom Time never stands still, whose substance becomes fused into the elixir of life with ever-increasing rapidity, for whom experience spells growth inward, extension outward; of all these letters of the new alphabet, Verhaeren is both learner and teacher. With his flaming wand, he points to the "writing on the wall" of human life—new words, adaptation, old truths re-created.

Fearlessness, an adventurous spirit, an enthusiasm so vast that air cannot chill, earth choke, nor water quench: the Fire of Life. That is the Promethean heritage of Verhaeren. Happy those spirits who can, with him, serve, to kindle, the flame upon the altar of the New Day.

There is no death for those that live in Love.¹

Ceux qui vivent d'amour vivent d'éternité.²

The voice of the Occultist and the Poet. And to those of us who wait an event whose footsteps are even now changing the face of humanity and altering the outline of the earth, these words find an echoing chord the harmonies of which set the "Rythme souverain" of the New Day.

Voici l'heure qui bout de sang et de jeunesse.

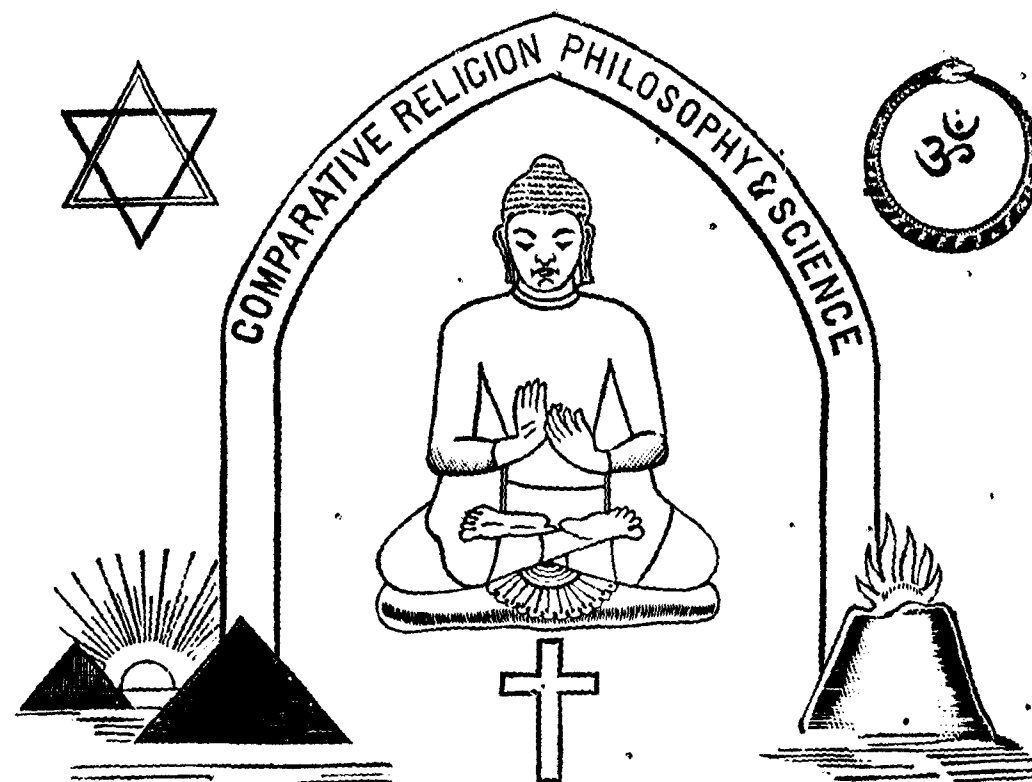
Un vaste espoir, venu de l'inconnu, déplace
L'équilibre ancien dont les âmes sont lasses;
La nature paraît sculpter
Un visage nouveau à son éternité.³

Lily Nightingale

¹ Mabel Collins.

² From "Les Heures d'après-midi".

³ From "La Foule" (*Les Visages de la Vie*).



ABDUR RAZZAK

By V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

ONE of the most interesting and valuable accounts of mediæval India, or rather that portion of India which was under the extensive empire of Vijayanagar in mediæval times, which foreign travellers have left, is that of Abdur Razzak. Born at Samarkhand in November, 1413, Kamalud-din Abdur Razzak was brought up in a scholarly atmosphere by his father,

Ishak, who occupied the dignity and office of Kasi and Imam in the court of Sultan Shah Rukh. A great legal authority and a man of considerable influence, Ishak laid the foundations of his son's greatness by introducing him to the court and the Sultan. Ishak died in 1437, but the son did not lose the patronage of the court. A commentary he wrote on an Arabic grammar gained him the admiration and favour of the Sultan; and the latter signalled his regard by appointing him as ambassador to the King of Vijayanagar. Razzak was a shrewd observer and an inquisitive man, and the description¹ he has left of the great imperial city of the south, its King and court, its riches and glory, its nobles and fortifications, is uniquely interesting, and has therefore always been of great use to the true student of South Indian History.

The reason which Abdur Razzak gives for the despatch of the embassy by Shah Rukh is singular.² He says that there was, in those days, a struggle between Djounah-poor³ and Bengal, that the King of Bengal was hard pressed, and that an ultimatum sent by His Majesty the Khakan to the oppressor checked his ambition and quelled his spirit. This and similar reports induced the Samurai, the ruler of Calicut, to court the alliance of the Khan and to send an embassy to his court. The King is said to have stated in the

¹ For bibliographical notices of Abdur Razzak's works, see *India in the 15th Century* (Hakluyt Society Publications, edited by Major) and *Elliot's History*, Vol. iv. Both these give not only the history of the work, but the translation of it. Mr. Sewell refers to Razzak's account in his *Forgotten Empire* and besides fixing, with its aid, the topography of certain sites and buildings in Vijayanagar, has pointed out certain inaccuracies in Razzak.

² Shah Rukh, the Timurid who ruled part of Timur's Empire from 1404 to 1447 was the only powerful man, after Timur, who "for a while succeeded in subduing the jealousies of his kinsmen and maintaining the power and dignity of the empire". Lane Poole's *Mohammadan Dynasties*, 267-8.

³ Jaunpore.

despatch that the Khotbah of Islam was already celebrated in his port every Friday or solemn-feast day, and that he would see that these prayers were adorned and honoured in future by the addition of the Khan's name and illustrious titles. The Musalman ambassador who brought the royal messages also asked His Majesty to favour his master with the despatch of an ambassador, a man who would "invite that prince to embrace the religion of Islamism and draw from his beclouded heart the bolt of darkness and error, and cause the flame of the light of faith and the brightness of the sun of knowledge to shine in the window of his heart". The result was the choice of Abdur Razzak. Many said that it was a voyage of danger and would not prove a success; but the confidence of Razzak and the determination of his master carried away all opposition. Provisions and post-horses were immediately ordered, and on January 13, 1443, the ambassador set out by the route of Kohistan.

It is not necessary to give here an account of the early travels of Abdur Razzak—his experiences on the journey, his description of the deserted city of Kerman, of the busy port of Hormuz, etc. It is enough to point out that after the voyage of a few weeks he reached the important and flourishing seaport of Calicut. The description he gives of the city is very pleasing and favourable. He notes at the outset that it was a perfectly secure harbour in which merchants "from every city and every country" met and transacted business. Precious articles from maritime countries like Abyssinia, Zirbad, Zanguebar, were imported in abundance, and ships, laden chiefly with pepper, constantly sailed to Mecca. The town was inhabited,

of course, by infidels and "situated on a hostile shore," but there were a considerable number of Muhammadans who owned two mosques in the city and who met there every Friday. They had for their priest (*Kadi*) a man who belonged to the Schafei sect. Both the classes of people were, to use Razzak's language, adventurous sailors. They were called, he says, *Tchini-betchegan*¹ (son of the Chinese), and their valour was so well known that pirates hardly dared to attack the vessels of Calicut. The prosperity of the city was due, not only to the seafaring skill of its people, but the excellent character of internal Government. Says the ambassador:

Security and justice are so firmly established in this city, that the most wealthy merchants bring thither from maritime countries considerable cargoes which they unload, and unhesitatingly send into the markets and bazaars, without thinking in the meantime of any necessity of checking the accounts or keeping watch over the goods. The officers of the custom house take upon themselves the charge of looking after the merchandise, over which they keep watch day and night. When a sale is effected they levy a duty on the goods of one-fortieth part; if they are not sold, they make no charge on them whatsoever.

Abdur Razzak compares this condition with the condition in other ports, and points out that, while in the latter, any stray ship driven from its path by wind or wave was an object of plunder, it enjoyed in Calicut the same privilege and treatment as other trading vessels. It is not surprising that "everything that can be desired" was available in the markets of the city.

Concerning the people Abdur Razzak has not much of an edifying nature to say. His grim and orthodox feeling could not enable him to sympathise with them

¹ This is, as Elliot says, a compliment to the Chinese navigators. Many of these even settled in India. Marco Polo mentions a Chinese admiral of the Zamorin's fleet. See Elliot, iv, 103, footnote.

or appreciate their customs. The moment he stepped into the land he considered them to be extraordinary beings, neither men nor devils! Their mere sight alarmed his mind and made him feel that the sight of them in dreams would exercise his trembling heart for years! He had, it is true, pleasant love passages with a beauty whose face was like the moon, but he could never fall in love with a negress. He notes the meagreness or rather absence of dress, except the *lankoutah*,¹ among these "blacks," and what struck him more, the absolute equality, in the matter of costume, between the King, or Samurai as he was called, and the beggar. In one hand they had an Indian poniard and in the other a buckler of ox-hide. In contrast to this universal simplicity there was the magnificence of the Musalmans. They wore showy and costly apparel and "in every particular" led a life of luxury. The Hindus, points out Razzak, were divided into a great number of classes, for example, "Brahmins, Djoghis and others". All agreed in the fundamental tenets of polytheism and idolatry; but each sect had its peculiar customs. He mentions the Nair custom of polyandry and the general Hindu reverence for the cow. The killing of the latter, or the eating of its flesh, were strictly prohibited on pain of immediate death—a single prohibition, says Razzak, in this city of absolute freedom, a prohibition due to popular feeling. Abdur Razzak saw them take its dung when dry and rub their foreheads with it.

The ambassador was given a comfortable lodging by the Samurai and an audience was granted three days later. The keen Musalman observes the meagre dress

¹ Spelt *Langot* by Elliot. For further early references of travellers to this subject, see Elliot, iv, p. 101.

of the Samurai, as well as the peculiar custom of succession which prevailed in Malabar, the inheritance by one's sister's son, and not by one's own son "or his brother or any of his relations". Abdur Razzak also notes that no one reached the throne by means of the strong hand. He saw the Zamorin in the midst of two or three thousand Hindus. The principal persons among the Muhammadans were also present. A seat was immediately given him, the despatch of his master was read, and the presents he brought—horses, pelisses, robes of gold and caps to be worn on the birthday—were taken in procession before the throne for acceptance. Abdur Razzak stops here, and does not give any more description of what he saw or what happened to him in the court. The reason is not far to seek. He seems to have been entirely neglected by the Zamorin. To use his own language of bitter complaint, he "shewed me but little consideration". It is not improbable that the worthy ambassador wanted to improve the success of his warm reception by securing the conversion of the Zamorin and his salutation of the sacred standard of the Prophet, but received a check in the absolute impassibility of the Malabar Chief.

From November, 1442, to April, 1443, Abdur Razzak stayed in Calicut, in this "disagreeable place where everything became a source of trouble and weariness," where, as Elliot puts it, he was a comrade of trouble and companion of sorrow. While in this dejected mood he had one night, it is said, a dream which foreshadowed a brighter future. The happy Khakhan himself appeared before his faithful servant and spoke of the approaching end of his sufferings.

The eager Musalman was trying, through interpreters, to unravel the meaning of this strange vision, when a solution of it was seen in the welcome news of the arrival of a man from the court of Vijayanagar in search of him.¹ The delegate of the Rai brought a letter addressed to the Zamorin asking him to send the Khakhan-i-said's ambassador. The Zamorin was not subject, says Razzak, to the laws of the King of Bidjanagar, but he looked upon him with respect and awe, as he had a mighty empire and powerful dominion, and as he had three hundred ports in his possession, each of which was equal in size and in riches to Calicut. His territories moreover extended from Serendib (Ceylon) to Kulberga and from Bengal to Malabar, and comprised on terra firma a space of a thousand parasongs and a three months' journey. A request from such a ruler was a mandate, and Abdur Razzak had a very early and pleasant audience of dismissal. He left Calicut by sea, passed the port of Bendinaneh,² which Major identifies with Cannanore, and reached Mangalore which formed "the frontier of the kingdom of Bidjanagar". He stayed here for two or three days and then started inland to the great city.

The first place in the Vijayanagar Empire which Razzak notices was a temple which he reached after a journey of three parasongs and which, he says, "had not its equal in the Universe". That agreeable

¹ It is curious that while Razzak attributes his journey entirely to the influence of the Zamorin at first, he later on makes it appear that he had a letter from the Sultan to the Raja, and that it was to the latter that he was sent as ambassador.

² Elliot spells it "Bandana". He has not attempted to verify it. Is it not probable that *Baidur* or *Baindur* is intended? Its ancient temples and inscriptions show that it was a place of great importance in the time of Vijayanagar supremacy. It is mentioned by Duarte Barbosa, in 1514, as exporting rice to Bhatkal. See *South Canara Manual*, ii, 243.

characteristic of the Hindu, the susceptibility to the charms of beauty and art, which always aroused the interest and admiration of Razzak, is clear in the description he gives of this place.

It is a perfect square of about ten yards by ten, and five in height. The whole is made of molten brass. There are four platforms or ascents, and on the highest of them there is "an idol," of the figure and stature of a man, made all of gold. Its eyes are composed of two red rubies, which are so admirably set that you would say that they gazed upon you. The whole is made with the greatest delicacy and the perfection of art.

Passing on from that place, Razzak came across each day some city or populous town, till he arrived at a mountain whose summit reached the skies and whose foot was covered by a large number of trees and thorny underwood, penetrated neither by sun nor by rain. He then came to a town called Belour,¹ the houses of which were like palaces and the women like the Houris in beauty. A grand temple of the place has been described by the traveller with great enthusiasm and admiration. It was, he says

so high that you can see it at a distance of several parasangs. It is impossible to describe it without fear of being charged with exaggeration. In brief, in the middle of the city there is an open space extending for about ten jaribs, charming as the garden of Iram. In it there are flowers of every kind like leaves. In the middle of the garden there is a terrace (*kursi*), composed of steps raised to the height of a man; so exquisitely cut are they, and joined together with so much nicety, that you would say it was one slab of stone, or a piece of the blue firmament which had fallen upon the earth. In the middle of this terrace there is a lofty building comprising a cupola of blue stone, on which are cut figures, arranged in three rows, tier above tier.

¹ Also spelt by some *Beglour*, *Belor* and *Bidrur* (Elliot). The last writer identifies it with *Bednur*, "which is the capital of a province of the same name, and a place favourable for trade, as the pass leading through it from Mangalore is one of the best roads in the Western Ghats, which comprise the terrific mountain mentioned by our author". (Elliot, iv, 101.)

Abdur Razzak remarks with admiration that such reliefs and pictures could not have been represented upon it by the sharp style and deceptive pencil.

From the top to the bottom there was not a space of the palm of a hand on that lofty building which was not adorned with paintings of Europe and Khata (China). The building was constructed on four terraces of the length of thirty yards, and of the breadth of twenty yards, and its height was about fifty yards.

All the other edifices, small and great, were also carved and painted with exceeding delicacy. Abdur Razzak notes the devotions, the music, and the daily feasts in the temple, the rents and pensions assigned on it to all the inhabitants of the town, and its receipt of offerings from distant cities. After a stay of two or three days, he resumed his journey and in April, 1443, reached Bidjanagar. The King had had the grace to send a numerous cortège to meet them and to appoint, on their arrival, a handsome house for their residence.

Abdur Razzak's description of Vijayanagar is very interesting. He writes about it with genuine enthusiasm and without that sarcastic fling which forms an under-current in his narrative of Calicut and its cold master.

The city of Bidjanagar is such that the pupil of the eye has never seen a place like it, and the ear of intelligence has never been informed that there existed anything equal to it in the world. It is built in such a manner that seven citadels and the same number of walls enclose each other. Around the first citadel are stones of the height of a man, one half of which is sunk in the ground while the other half rises above it. These are fixed one beside the other in such a manner that no horse or foot-soldier could boldly or with ease approach the citadel.¹

The outer citadel was "a fortress of round shape built on the summit of a mountain, and constructed of stones and lime. It has very solid gates, the guards of which

¹ See *Forgotten Empire*, p. 88, for Sewell's attempt at an explanation of the topography of these walls and gates.

are constantly at their post, and examine everything with severe inspection.”¹ The space between the first fortress and the second, and that between the second and the third, was filled with cultivated fields, with houses and with gardens. “In the space from the third to the seventh, one meets a numberless crowd of people, many shops and a bazaar.” The seventh fortress was the palace of the King. The distance between the opposite gates of the outer fortress north and south was two parasangs, and the same between the eastern and western ones. In the measurement of the present day it would have been seven miles; but as Mr. Sewell says, it was “actually eight miles if measured from the extreme south point of the first line of defence northwards to the river. Razzak evidently did not include the walls of Anegundi, the northern lines of which lie two miles farther still to the north”.

Going inside the seventh fortress we can follow, though not quite closely, the somewhat vague description of the worthy ambassador. “By the King’s palace are four bazaars, placed opposite each other. On the north is the portico of the palace of the *Rai*.” Above each bazaar was a lofty arcade with a magnificent gallery, but the audience hall of the King’s palace was elevated above all the rest. The bazaars were extremely long and broad. They abounded in such precious articles as pearls, rubies, emeralds and diamonds, which were publicly sold by the jewellers. They also abounded in roses and flowers. Abdur Razzak notes the elegant taste of the population for flowers. “These people could not live without roses and they look upon them

¹ *A Forgotten Empire*.

as necessary as food.” The tradesmen of each craft or guild had their shops close to one another, so that each trade had more or less its assigned place. The whole locality was made charming by numerous streams and canals cut in chiselled stone, polished and smooth. Mr. Sewell says:

Remains of these are still to be seen not far from the *Ladies’ Bath*. There was a long trough that conveyed the water, and on each side were depressions which may have been hollowed for the reception of round vessels of different sizes, intended to hold water for household use.

On the right side of the palace rose a forty-pillared hall, the *Dewan-kaneh*, the office of the *Dewan* or *Danaik*. In a hall or gallery in front of that palatial edifice, the court-house was placed. There also sat the scribes.¹ At the end of the hall stood a line of *chobdar*’s, or hussars; and every petitioner who came on business first offered a present to the *Dewan*, then prostrated, and then explained his business and got redress.

Razzak’s description of the personal character of Deva Raya is of a most favourable and interesting nature. The Emperor “had an olive complexion, his frame was thin and he was rather tall; on his cheeks might be seen a slight down, but there was no beard on his chin. The expression of his countenance was extremely pleasing.” He was a lover of splendour and of elephants and took delight in hunting excursions.² He was the pink of courtesy. He received Abdur Razzak, for instance, with great kindness, seated him near him,

¹ *A Forgotten Empire*, p. 90.

² Spelt also *Daiang*, which is absurd. He is the same as *Dandanayaka* or *Dalavai*.

³ Razzak notes the two modes of writing then prevalent—one on palm leaf by iron style and the other on a blackened white surface, “on which they write with a soft stone cut into the shape of a pen, so that characters are white on a black surface and are durable”.

⁴ Modern epigraphy clearly bears out this statement.

expressed the heart-felt joy he experienced in "the great King's" despatch of an ambassador, and seeing that the latter was in profuse perspiration from the excessive heat and the quantity of clothes he had on him, had the generous compassion to favour him with the fan of *katai* which he had in his hand. He honoured him similarly with a special audience in the Navaratri festival and with a good habitation in the seventh storey of the gorgeous pavilion erected on the palace arena for the witnessing of the amusements and the festivities of the occasion. A high idea of chivalry characterised him. Once a courtier abruptly asked Abdur Razzak whether the Persians could make certain embroidered sofas which he saw in the assembly. The worthy ambassador was taken aback. He saw that such articles were not produced in his country, but was unwilling to create the impression that it did not know how to do it. He had, in other words, to reconcile truth with patriotism, and so boldly said that they could be made equally well in his country, but it was not the custom to do so.

The king approved highly of my reply, and ordered that I should receive several bags of *fanams* and betel, and some fruits reserved for his special use.

(To be concluded)



TREASURE TROVE OF ANCIENT LITERATURES¹

By G. K. NARIMAN

I. The discovery—Scientific expeditions

THE country of East Turkestan has been one of eternal unrest since the beginning of the second century before Christ. Historical notices especially by the Chinese, supplemented by our find, show that it had as guests one after another Indian clans, Tocharians, Huns, Scythians, East Iranians, Tibetans, Turks, the people of Kirgez and Mongols. The picture of the country as it was in the seventh century, that is, at a time when the majority of the MSS. now discovered were written, is drawn for us by Hiuen-Tsang. He went on a pilgrimage to India in 629. His object was to see the cities between which the Founder of his faith travelled, and to acquire some of the holy books. He chose the northern route and passed through Chotjo, the capital of modern Turfan. On his return he passed through Kashgar, Yarkand, and Khotan. On the eastern confines of Khotan begins the desert, where the sand is kept shifting by the perpetual movement of the wind. The only landmarks visible are the whitened bones of pack-animals. Hereabout lay the ancient kingdom of

¹The writer states that this paper is "mostly a translation of Luder's *Über die literarischen Funde von Ostturkestan*".

Tokhara—already in ruins—and beyond was the silence of death. Flourishing life was, however, visible towards Khotan. All along, Buddhism was the dominant religion. Many thousands of monks lived in the monasteries of the countries, the northern side belonging to the school of the Sarvastivadis, Yarkand and Khotan being Mahayanists. The Chinese traveller has noted for us the various characteristics of the people who had nothing in common except their religion. They were various as regards dress, customs, manners, languages and modes of writing. The last was borrowed no doubt from India in each case. A new period of culture began for the country with the appearance of the Turkish clan of the Uigurs. They absorbed the inhabitants and united them into a people known to this day by their name. East-Turkestan in the matter of religion was only a province of India. Then side by side with Buddhism appeared Nestorian Christianity and Manichæism. The ruler of Turfan was the first to embrace it. Soon after came upon the scene a new arrival which showed itself to be stronger than Buddhism, Christianity, or the doctrine of Manes. The first conversions to Islām took place in Kashgar and the first Islāmic dynasties took their rise there. The older faiths continued their existence, but there was no stemming the tide of Islām. From the fourteenth century onwards Turkestan became definitely Muhammadan. China acquired the country in 1758 without altering its religion.

The words of the Buddha, of the Christ, and of Manes ceased to be heard; yet the works which embody them survived. Ruins of monasteries, which are proved to be Christian from wall-paintings, inscriptions,

and the find of MSS., have come to light in the capital of Turfan. In the centre of the city there was a large Manichæan colony. In this part was discovered a wall-painting, which is the most valuable find of an original fresco in the Berlin collection. It is the picture of a Manichæan priest, surrounded by believers, men and women, in their characteristic dress. The building was ransacked by the peasants in search of buried treasures when the German scientific expedition arrived. It appeared just at the moment when the real treasure would have been destroyed. The place abounds in traces of Buddhistic monuments. Without the help of illustrations it is difficult to gain an idea of the architecture of the times—the temples, the stūpas, the monasteries. The art of Gāndhāra was transferred from its home by India to Central Asia. Over all a strong Iranian influence is noticeable. The further we come down the stream of time, the more mixed and complex becomes the style and the problems of civilisation studied by Stein, Grunwedel and Le Coq. It will require several decades to study the entire find. Philologists and archæologists will not be the least interested investigators.

The first find of MSS. by a European, which gave the impetus to further archæological search in Central Asia, was a bark MS. which was found by two Turks in 1890 in a ruined stūpa. They sold it to Lieut. Bower, who was then the British Resident at Kucha. Bower presented the find to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. The next year, Dr. Hoernle, the Secretary of the Society, published a report on the MS. which evoked considerable interest. The antiquity of the MS. was noteworthy. Indian MSS., according to the western

standard, are relatively young. The destructive effect of climate and the pest of insects require their continual renovation. The oldest MSS., preserved in Nepal on palm leaves, date back to the beginning of the eleventh century. Only two palm leaves were hitherto known which had crossed the Indian border in 609 and reached Japan through China. They were preserved there in the celebrated monastery of Horiuzi, as venerable relics. The Bower MS. however was a considerable and complete one. It was written in the Gupta character, and hence had come undoubtedly from North-West India, and dated at the latest from the fifth century. Later investigations have proved that it must date from the second half of the fourth century. The possibility of such a discovery incited to further research. The Russian Archæological Society asked the Russian Consul-General in Kashgar, and the British Government commissioned the political agents in Kashmir, Ladak, and Kashgar, to look out for similar MSS. Thus have been acquired the MSS. which are known as the Petrovski, the Macartney and the Weber. They are housed either at Petrograd or Calcutta. They belong to a large find made soon after the discovery of the Bower MS. by Turkish peasants in Kucha. For a long while the collection had remained in the house of the local Kazi, as a plaything which amused his children!

Meanwhile there was another discovery in 1892. The French traveller Dutrenil de Rhins found three MSS. in Khotan which he despatched to Paris. In 1897 Senart made known their contents and value. By now we are quite used to surprises from Central Asia. At that time, however, Senart's communication created a

sensation in the Āryan section of the Oriental Congress held in Paris. The find represented a Kharoshti MS. The Kharoshti character till then had been known only from inscriptions in the outermost boundary of North-West India. Epigraphical comparison proved the date of the MS. to be the second century. As to its contents, it was a recension of the Pāli *Dhammapāḍa* in a prākṛt dialect, which was till then unknown in literary compositions. The manuscript was only a fragment. Another portion of the same MS. was brought to Petrograd.

The impetus given by an accident transformed itself into systematic research. The Russians were first on the scene. In 1898 Klementz set to work on this spot and the next year Radloff started the initiative which formed an International Association for Investigation in Central and Eastern Asia. What surprise awaited the seeker was shown by the results of the labours of Sir Aurel Stein supported by the British Government in the country round Khotan in 1901. Stein's personal travels led to a secondary discovery. He found out and exposed the manufacture and sale by Turks of fabricated MSS.

Stein's success led to the German expedition under Grunwedel and Huth to Turfan in 1902. Meanwhile with the exertions of Pischel there was formed a German Committee of Research which, with State help, in 1904 and 1907 sent out two expeditions under the leadership of Le Coq and Grunwedel. And Kucha and Turfan were thoroughly searched. The result was brilliant. In 1906-1908 Stein set out on his second journey. His most beautiful discoveries he made in the territory of Tun-huang. He came across

a portion, altogether forgotten till then, of the great wall built by the Chinese as a protection against the incursions of the Huns. Here a windfall awaited him in the shape of a literary treasure. A few years before Stein's arrival, a Taoist priest in the hall of the Thousand Buddhas, or Tun-huang as it is called, discovered among the 500 caves a cellar which had been walled up. It contained a huge library of thousands of MSS. To judge by the date of the MSS., the cellar must have been closed up in the beginning of the eleventh century. Stein secured a considerable portion of the MSS. A portion fell to the lot of the French scholar Pelliot, who journeyed to Turkestan in 1906-07. Even Japan was not behindhand. In 1902 it sent a Buddhist priest who made excavations with some success. To preserve the remains of the Tun-huang library from destruction, he despatched them to the National Library of Peking. Thus, in addition to archæological discoveries, there has been collected a huge mass of MSS. and block-prints in the libraries and museums of Petrograd, London, Oxford, Calcutta, Berlin, Paris, Tokio and Peking. Almost every material used for writing purposes is represented—palm-leaf, birchbark, wood, bamboo, leather, paper and silk. The number of alphabets represented is very large. The languages in which these MSS. are written are counted by the dozen, including several of which, till the other day, we had no knowledge.

Among the first find which reached Calcutta and Petrograd, there were fragments of MSS. written in a variety of the Indian Brāhmī character. The language, however, was not Samskr̥t. The writing was tolerably clear and Hoernle succeeded in deciphering Indian

names and expressions of Buddhist terminology and Indian medical terms. Next Leumann proved that we had here to do with two different tongues. The merit of discovering the exact nature of the first of these belongs to Sieg and Siegling, who in 1907 proved its Aryan character from the names of domestic animals, parts of the body, terms of relationship, and figures. The name of this language was the Tocharian. It was mentioned in the colophon of a MS. deciphered by F. W. K. Müller. The manuscript represented the Turkish version of a Tocharian translation from a Samskr̥t original. One dialect of it seems to have been widely common. Caravan passes written in it have been discovered, and dated and deciphered by Pelliot and Sylvain Levi. Further results may be expected from the studies of Mironov and Meillet. There is a vast number of MSS. which represent translation and redaction of Samskr̥t works relating to Buddhism and medicine. There are also some Buddhist dramas; they can be traced to Indian models, as is shown by the mention of the Viḍūṣhaka.

The second new language is represented by two groups of texts, and is studied especially by Stael-Holstein and Konow. The first represents business papers, mostly dated, though the current era is not known. The second group embodies Buddhist texts, partly dated. While the Tocharian fragments are of works belonging to the Sarvastivādi school, the texts of the second language belong to the later Mahayanist literature—for example the *Vajracchedika*, the *Aparimitayū-sūtra*, the *Suvarṇa prapṇasa Sūtra*, *Samghata Sūtra*, and the *Adhyardhashatika prajnaparamita*.

II. *New-old Tongues—Resurrection of dead languages—
The lost creed of Manes—Pahlavi the religious and
secular idiom of mediæval Iran*

In 1904, F. W. K. Müller succeeded in deciphering a couple of fragments of paper, letter, and silk, originating from Turfan. He declared the alphabet to be a variety of the Estrangelo, the language as Middle Persian or Pahlavi, and the contents as pieces from Manichæan literature believed to have been lost. This was the commencement of a long series of brilliant discoveries, the results of which have been registered in contributions to learned journals. A heap of dogmatic and liturgical works has been recovered of the religion of Manes, which spread from further Asia to China, and in spite of sanguinary persecutions of centuries asserted itself on the coast of the Mediterranean as a rival to Christianity. It is, though but débris, a priceless possession, because for the first time we perceive here from its own books the doctrine, for a representation of which, up to now, we had to rely on the hostile writings of Augustine, the *Acta Archelai*, the formula of abjuration of the Greek Church and the celebrated Fihrist, a kind of detailed catalogue of contemporary Arabic literature by an-Nadhîm. So far as can be ascertained the principles of the doctrine have been correctly characterised: here the ethical and physical elements have been indissolubly united in a fantastic fashion. Kessler was inclined to see in it a preponderating influence from Babylonian sources, and now it can be asserted as certain that at least the immediate basis of Manichæism was the religion of Zoroaster. Apart from the pronounced dualism which is common to both the religions, the names bear

witness to this. Here we find the whole Mythology of the *Avesta* reproduced. A fragment from the *Shapurakan*, composed by Manes himself, makes mention of Mihir, and the demons Az, Ahriman, the Parikas and the Azhidahaka. In a fragment which according to the superscription belongs to a hymn of Manes himself, he is named as a son of God Zarvan, who represents Time in Zoroastrianism and who in later times is exalted as the highest Principle. In a hymn, Fredon is invoked together with Mihir. Fredon is the Thraetaona of the *Avesta* and the Faridun of the *Shahname*. Many of the Zoroastrian angels like Srosh and Vohumano occur side by side with Jesus. For Manes claimed to be the perfecter of Christianity. In the fragment discovered by Müller, Manes calls himself the apostle of Jesus, as has already been told us by Augustine. To judge, however, from the fragments, the syncretism of the Christian elements has not been perfectly achieved. There has been no perfect amalgamation. The different layers of belief lie one over another. Thus the description of the end of the world in the *Shapurakan* presupposes the Day of Judgment and has a close connection with the words of the *Gospel of Matthew*. Further Christian influences are evidenced by reference to the history of the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ.

Manes acknowledged the Buddha as also a predecessor of his. Clear evidences of Buddhistic influence, however, only appear in the fragments belonging to later times, like the confession of sins. It is quite possible, therefore, that what we meet with here is a later development of Central Asian Manichæism. Probably here in the ancient soil of Buddhism it took the

Buddhist colour, just as in the West it assumed a Christian tinge.

In their exterior get-up Manichæan MSS. are distinguished by the great care bestowed on them. Many are adorned with pictures, which must be regarded as magnificent specimens of miniature-painting. This taste for artistic book ornament was a legacy from old Iran. Augustine, as we know, turned with flaming wrath against these bibliophiles. Manes' name has been connected from ancient times with painting, and legend ascribes to him the knowledge of secret signs. In Persian he is always known as Manes the painter.

From the philological standpoint the Iranian writings of Manes fall into three groups. The first group is composed in a dialect which comes very near to the Pahlavi, the official language of the Sassanian empire. We know this language from a few inscriptions and texts of the Zoroastrian religion, and especially from a translation in it of the *Avesta*. Accordingly, the texts from Turkestan published by Müller and Salemann indicate an infinite advance of our knowledge. The writings on the monuments known up to now are wholly uncommon. They do not give back the pronunciation of the time, and they employ Aramaic cryptograms for ordinary words, so that, for example, people wrote *Malika* while they read *Shahr* or King. In the script of the fragments recently discovered this method is avoided, so that here for the first time we find an actual presentment of the proper Middle Persian language.

The second group is composed in the dialect of North-Western Persia, which no doubt was the language of the Arsacides who proceeded from these regions and who

preceded in sovereignty the Sassanians. Andreas surmises that the so-called Chaldeo-Pahlavi, which appears in the inscriptions of the Sassanian kings, is identical with this tongue. He has now in hand a rich amount of inscription material for the investigation of the question, and we may hope in the near future to hear from himself the confirmation of this theory.

The third group occupies the premier position in importance, if not in number. It is written partly in the Manichæan and partly in a younger alphabet, called the Uigurian. Andreas sees in this the Soghdian dialect. It was only an accident which has preserved for us in al Beruni the names of the months current in this language. The discovery of the Soghdian has led to another important discovery. F. W. K. Müller has ingeniously succeeded in showing that in the celebrated polyglot inscription of Kara-Balgassum, which informs us of the introduction of Manichæism into the land of Uigurs, the difficult text in a character which was up to now regarded as Uigurian is in reality composed in Soghdian. He also demonstrates that the Iranian terms in Chinese astronomical writings of the eighth century do not belong to modern Persian but to the Soghdian idiom.

Another find furnishes a proof to the fact that Soghdian was used not only by the Manichæans, but was the common language of intercourse of all the Iranian inhabitants of Turkestan, while to Pahlavi was assigned the rôle of a written language.

Among the MSS. which are acquired in the northern parts are found pages in Syriac writing and language, which have been published by Sachau. They are connected with the hymns of Nestorian Christianity.

The activity of the Nestorian missions, which starting from Assyria and Babylonia spread into the interior of China, is attested further by 12 leaves from a charming little book, the Pahlavi translation of the *Psalms* with the canon of Mar-Abba which to this day is in use in the Nestorian church. The MS., to judge from the characters, must date from the middle of the sixth century. But the translation lies some 150 years before the oldest MS. of the Peshita Psalter, and promises to prove of the greatest importance for the history of the text criticism of the Syriac originals. Then, in Syriac writing, but in a language which owing to certain peculiarities can be designated as a younger phase of Manichæan Sodhein, considerable fragments relating to Christian confessions of faith, legends, and acts of the martyrs are found. The major portion has been edited by Müller. They show that the Christians employed the Pahlavi and the Soghdian languages for the spread of their doctrine quite as much as their Manichæan rivals.

Also the third religion, Buddhism, made use of the Soghdian for its propaganda. The Berlin collection possesses fragments of the *Vajrachedika*, the *Suvarna prahasa* etc. The cave of Tun-huang is, however, a peculiar treasury of Buddhistic Soghdian texts which are written in a particular alphabet of Aramaic origin. Among the texts published by Gouthiot, the most interesting is that of the *Vesantara-jataka*, the gem of didactic story-literature (forgotten in India but known to every child in Burma and Ceylon), which we find here in a new version. Gouthiot has deciphered also the oldest form of this writing as well as language, which was found by Stein

in the desert between Tung-hung and Lop-nor, along with Chinese documents of the beginning of the first century. Above all there can be no doubt as to the character of the Soghdian. It was the language of the Iranian population of Samarkand and Ferghana, and was spoken as a kind of *lingua franca* from the first to the ninth centuries in Turkestan and farther in Mongolia and China. From a Buddhist MS. of Stein's, it appears that it was written in Singangu. An echo of the Soghdian is still found in certain modern dialects in the higher valleys of the Pamir. Especially the Yaghnobi can lay claim to the designation of modern Soghdian.

When it is further mentioned that the Stein collection also contains a document in Hebrew letters, and written, according to Margoliouth, in the year 100 of the Hegira, the most ancient Judo-Persian piece of writing, which at the same time is also the most ancient piece of writing in modern Persian, it must suffice to measure the importance of the Turkestan finds for the Iranist; and yet Turkish philology is in greater debt to the country. Up to now there was almost an entire dearth of its ancient literature. The earliest Turkish book known to us was the *Kutadgu-bilig*, written at Kashgar in 1069. Now we have acquired an ample collection of MSS. and block-prints in the land of the Uigurs, which is 200 years older in language and in character than that book. A splendid number of old Turki texts which, however, represent only a small portion of what we possess, have been edited by Radloff, Thomsen, Müller, Le Coq, and Stonner.

G. K. Nariman

(To be concluded)

THE GREAT WAR AND EVOLUTION

By A. M. URQUHART

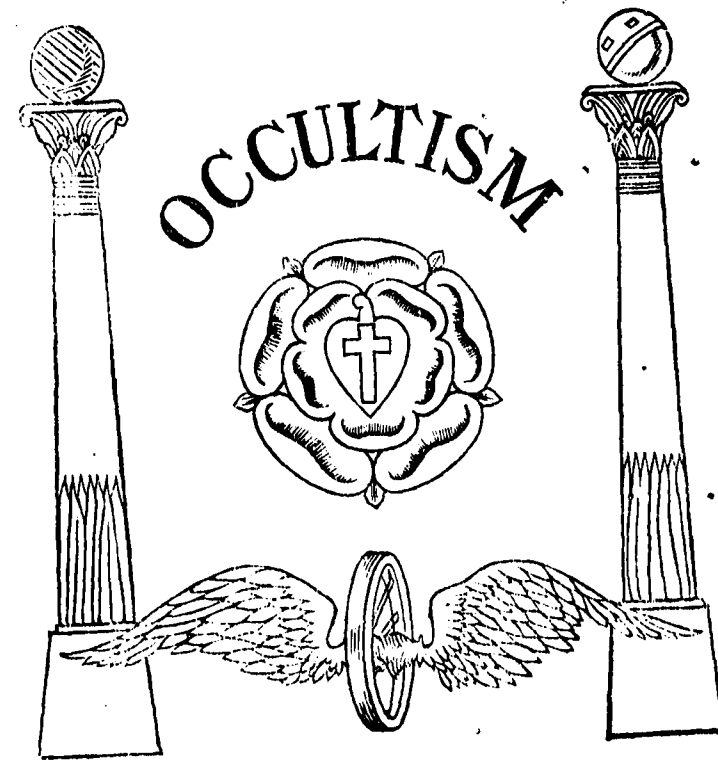
THE part played by war in quickening the evolution of nations and individuals has often been dwelt upon. Painters and poets have depicted the warrior and his steed in the "fierce joy of battle," but the effect of the great struggle, the fierce instrument of destruction, the great world of metal, should not be overlooked. To the student of the occult, the whole fabric of evolution is a sensitive organism pervaded by the One Life, though that Life may to us be deeply veiled. One Life, kingdoms. The rare genius of Professor Bose has demonstrated to the world of science the continuity of consciousness in the vegetable and the mineral, so the idea of the "fierce joy of battle" finding its reflection in the latter may not seem so far-fetched.

If all life manifests as vibration, the field must be a centre of intense realisation. modern battle-kingdoms of nature. Anyone who has listened in all the hum of smooth running machinery, or the purr of a perfectly tuned engine, can realise to some extent the joy of the mineral monad in its activity. limited though it be, and the impetus which it thus gains in its evolution. Think for a moment what is entailed in the process of manufacture and use of modern instruments in the process of the glow of the melting furnace, the squares of war. We have mill, the mighty blow of the steam hammer, the rolling turning, the fashioning of gun and shell, the forging, the heat, the vibration of bombardment, the thunder, the flight of projectile and the shattering blow, the rapid of detonation.

The modern Dreadnought is a veritable little universe, living an intense manvantara of action, lavished by the magnetism of the sea, guided by the hierarchy of its crew, and pervaded by their influence, thrilled to the very core by the vibration of its own armament as well as by the blows of its antagonist, and mayhap shivered by torpedo or mine, ere it plunges to its pralaya beneath the waves.

The mineral kingdom is continuously affected by the human in the ordinary social and industrial requirements of the age, but modern war provides a special impetus to its evolution.

A. M. Urquhart



INSPIRATION

By C. W. LEADBEATER

IN all great spiritual movements outpourings of force from higher planes have taken place, and there is no reason to suppose that the latest of such movements will vary in that respect from the older manifestations. Most of our members know that we have already had a remarkable example of such a downflow at one of the meetings of the Order of the Star at Benares, and there

must be many who have felt the same thing in a lesser degree at other meetings.

The whole subject of such inspiration, of such pouring out of influence is one of great interest; one that it is profitable for us to try to understand. We talk habitually of inspiration, but it is not generally at all understood. The Christian will tell you that his Scriptures are directly inspired by the Holy Ghost; many Christians hold only to a general inspiration, which would prevent any serious error, but many of them carry it further and say that the actual words are so inspired. I am sorry to say that they sometimes make themselves ridiculous by carrying it further still, and saying that every word of the English translation must necessarily also be directly inspired by God. In fact, I fancy that many of the people who hold that view believe that the original messages were given in English! The nearest approach to rationality along this line is the theory that the same Holy Spirit who inspired the original writers also descended upon the translators and made them do their work with verbal accuracy.

I am afraid the verbal accuracy occasionally fails us, but there is this much to be said in favour of their idea, that the English translation of the Christian Scriptures is far finer in many respects than the original. If it ever comes in your way, as it did in mine as a student of Divinity, to consult the original and compare it in considerable detail with the translation, I think you cannot but be struck, especially with regard to the Old Testament, with the fact that the original does not seem so poetical, so splendid in many respects, so beautiful and so musically expressed. There is some justification

for the theory that King James's translators were the really inspired people, and those of you who know something of the influence which He whom we now call the Comte de St. Germain exercised over that translation will be prepared to believe that there is a great deal of truth behind that theory of the rendering into such magnificent English of that Scripture which was to have under that particular guise so world-wide an influence. If you will compare the French translation of the Christian Bible with the English, I think you will agree that the former is a poor thing in comparison, and does not give at all the same effect—that our Christian brothers in France lose much by the fact that their Scripture is by no means so poetically and so felicitously expressed—as our own translation. Luther's translation into German is somewhat better, but even that, I think, falls much below the English version. I mean the old English authorised version; the revised version is more accurate in some respects, but in many cases it has lost the old poetry and the old inspiration.

But the reality of inspiration is not as orthodox people imagine it. I suppose we shall do no injustice to our Christian friends if we think that many of them really believe that God the Holy Ghost dictated word by word those very Scriptures, though that is obviously untrue. Yet there is a vast amount of inspiration of different sorts going on, not perhaps from so high a source as the Christians suppose, but perfectly real inspiration nevertheless, even though it does not take just that form.

Any student of Theosophy must be aware that our Masters, the true Leaders of the Society, have

frequently inspired its speakers and writers; but They have not done so, as a rule, by any sort of verbal dictation. Far more frequently They have done it by projecting into the mind of the speaker or writer certain ideas, leaving the man to clothe them in his own words. That is unquestionably an inspiration, because "spiro" means "I breathe," and inspiration is something breathed into one from without; and those ideas in that sequence would not have occurred to the speaker or writer without that interference. Of that kind of inspiration I think we have had a great deal.

Those who have heard lectures of our revered President can hardly fail to have been struck by the wonderful eloquence with which she speaks. That is of course native to her; it is a priceless talent which she holds in this life because she has won it by many lives of assiduous practice in public speaking. But should you hear her as often as I have done, many hundreds of times probably, you will soon learn that besides her magnificent flights of eloquence other and different forms of speech sometimes fall from her lips, and that she is unquestionably sometimes guided from without as to what she shall say. I think she would herself say: "Sometimes I feel that my Master is putting ideas into my mind, and I simply express them"; she would even tell you that there have been occasions when He has actually used her organs and spoken through her Himself. I have myself heard that happen on several occasions, and the change is most marked. When left to herself our President speaks always in splendid flowing sentences. I have heard her say, when asked about her eloquence: "While I am speaking one sentence I see the next sentence in the air before me

in two or three different forms, and I select from those that which I think will be most effective." Now I have no personal experience of that sort of thing; that talent has not been given to me; I have not this wonderful gift of eloquence. We use that expression, "a gift," because as far as this life is concerned it is a gift; but remember that it is the result of work done in the past.

Those glowing periods, those balanced and modulated sentences—that is her style when left to herself; but her Master, the Master Morya, speaks usually in short sharp sentences. In this incarnation, before He resigned His place in the world and became—not an ascetic exactly, but at least one who devotes the whole of His life entirely to spiritual work—He was a King in India, a commander of troops, accustomed to state exactly that He wanted in strong brief military sentences. He does so still, and it is striking indeed to watch the President's style suddenly change into the tone of command, to hear it alter from measured cadences to short strong sentences—a most interesting study for a student of psychology. That is another form of inspiration.

Sometimes a spiritualist says to us: "In what way does such a condition as that which you thus describe differ from mediumship, to which, I am told, you have a decided objection?"

I answer that the difference is fundamental; the two conditions are wide as the poles asunder. In mediumship a person is passive, and lays himself open to the influence of any astral entity who happens to be in the neighbourhood. When under the influence he is usually unconscious, and knows neither what is being done through his organism nor who is doing it; he

remembers nothing when he awakens from his trance. His state is really one of temporary obsession. There is generally supposed to be a dead man in charge of the proceedings, who is called a spirit guide; but I have seen several cases in which such a guide proved utterly unable to afford efficient protection, for he encountered a force far stronger than his own, with results disastrous to his medium.

If one of our Masters chooses to speak through one of His pupils, the latter is fully conscious of what is being done, and knows perfectly to whom he is for the moment lending his vocal organs. He stands aside from his vehicle, but he remains keenly alert and watchful; he hears every word that is uttered through him, follows with reverent interest all that occurs, and remembers everything clearly. There is nothing in common between the two cases, except that in both of them the body of one man is temporarily used by another.

Our Masters not infrequently make use of Their pupils, not always in speaking or writing only, but in quite other ways. In the great case at Benares on the 28th December nothing was spoken by Alcyone beyond a word or two of benediction at the end of the meeting—nothing more than that; but still the outpouring of the influence was clearly felt by many. It is the custom of the Master to pour influence through His pupil, and often that influence may be not such as we class under the term of "inspiration"; that is to say, it will not prompt the pupil to do or to say anything whatever, but it will be simply a tremendous outpouring of spiritual force which may be employed for various purposes; sometimes for the healing of some disease, but more

often for the comforting of some one who is in trouble, for the guidance of some one who is in great difficulty.

Perhaps that is one of the ways in which prayers are answered. Most Theosophists would say that prayer, in the ordinary sense of the word, is not a thing to which they attach great importance—not a thing which they would recommend. I myself feel still as a Theosophist what I always felt as a Priest of the Christian Church—that to pray to God for anything personal for oneself implies a lack of faith in Him; it distinctly implies that He needs to be told what is best for His people. I never felt myself so sure of what was best for me as to think that I was in a position to dictate to the Supreme Ruler of heaven and earth. It always seemed to me that He knew so far better than I did, and that, being a loving Father (as I was absolutely certain inside of me that He was), He was already doing all for me that could be done, and needed no requests from me—more especially as my request might very likely be for something which I wished, and yet which was not at all the best thing for me. Therefore I always felt that anything in the nature of personal prayer was to some extent an exhibition of distrust. I felt that as a Christian Priest; I feel it still more as a Theosophist. I am so absolutely convinced that what is being done is beyond all question the best that can be done under all the circumstances and taking everything into account, that it would never occur to me to ask the Great Architect of the Universes to alter His arrangements in order to suit me. I cannot think, therefore, that prayer is a commendable thing. I should consider meditation

or aspiration a better form in which to express one's spiritual need.

But vast numbers of people do pray; and the Christians, the Hindūs, the Muhammadans will all agree in telling us that prayers are often answered. They *are*. It may be that theoretically they ought not to be, but they *are*, and it is useless for scientific investigators to blink facts. If prayers are sometimes answered, how does it happen? because of course we cannot suppose that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe turns aside in His scheme at the request of man. Who then hears these smaller prayers, and to some extent deals with them? Obviously lower entities of some sort. Our Roman Catholic friends would tell us that each man has his guardian Angel, that there are great hierarchies of Angels always surrounding us, and that any one of these may be reached by a prayer, and may do in response to it whatever "in the providence of God," as they would say, he is permitted to do.

There is a great deal of truth in that idea. There are hosts of non-human beings peopling the space around us. As a general rule they have nothing to do with us nor we with them; but it is humanity that loses by that state of affairs, and it exists only because people know as a rule nothing about them. It would indeed be well for humanity that it should sometimes be helped by these greater people; and indeed even now it often is so helped without knowing it. I have given some instances of this in *Invisible Helpers*, and they are only examples; one could find hundreds more in which some external interference in the way of assistance of one kind or another is given.

Some such cases of help are instances of the work of those disciples of our Masters who are working constantly during sleep in the astral world; they see cases where they think some help can safely be given and they step in and give it. Others show the interference of some non-physical being, but there is no evidence to show who the being was. It may have been what is commonly called a dead man, or it may have been one of those other spirits, but the facts that such entities do surround us, and that now and again interference of some sort does take place—these are facts which you can verify for yourselves. Read the published accounts of such interventions. Look round and inquire whether any such instances can be found in the lives of those whom you know. Remember that we do not as a rule lay ourselves out at all for any such assistance, or for any suggestion from non-physical sources. Remember that the world around us is blankly unintelligent on such matters, and blatantly sceptical about them, and that those are clearly not the conditions which would encourage such intervention.

But if you go to Catholic countries where people do realise the possibility of such interventions, you will find that they much more often take place there, simply because the people, believing in the possibility, lay themselves open to it in various ways. The ignorant sceptic always says: "These things do not come to me because of my superior discrimination; I should at once see through the fraud, whatever it may be." That is a foolish attitude to take; and the reason which his vanity gives him for his lack of experience is not the true one. The sceptic erects a barrier round himself by his aggressive unbelief—a barrier which it is not worth

the while of the non-physical entity to pierce; and so he goes unhelped, and consequently does not believe that anyone else can be helped. But such help does come undoubtedly, and sometimes it takes the form of inspiration.

It has often been my own experience, and I think it will be that of many Theosophical speakers, that when speaking on any given subject new ideas are suddenly put into one's mind. I am quite aware that those sometimes come from one's ego, the higher self, who takes an interest in the work which is being done by the lower self, and contrives to flash down a fragment of information; but also sometimes they come quite distinctly from outside and from somebody else. It does not at all follow that the suggestions are necessarily in every respect accurate. They represent the opinion of the person who gives the suggestion, and a person in the astral world is no more infallible than one in the physical world. Here on this plane if you heard a person talking about some subject, and had the opportunity without seeming intrusive, you would probably suggest to him anything that you knew on the matter. You hear a person explaining something to others, perhaps, and you observe some gaps in his explanation which you happen to be able to fill. If you are on friendly terms with that person, so that you can do it without hurting his feelings, you will make your contribution in order that the instruction given may be fuller and better. Just as you would do that in a friendly way on the physical plane, so does the dead man, so does the Angel, from the astral plane.

Many members of the Theosophical Society have passed over into the other world, but naturally they

still retain their interest not only in the Theosophy which they studied, but in their own friends who are studying it. They still come back and attend meetings and lectures, and if an idea occurs to them on the subject under consideration which is not in the mind of the speaker or the lecturer, they will endeavour to insert such an idea. They do not materialise (which would be a great waste of force) in order to get up and speak themselves, but they can without much difficulty put the idea into a mind which is already in sympathy with them, and that is often done. Some entirely new idea, some fresh illustration, is as it were thrust before the mind of the speaker. He may think, especially if he does not know much about the matter, that this is his own cleverness, that he himself has invented this new illustration. It does not matter. The point is to get the point put before the people; the entity does not care who gets the credit of it, naturally enough. So there is a great deal of inspiration about, even now, and there might be much more if people had an intelligent grasp of the subject, and if they laid themselves out for such inspiration.

It will frequently happen to you, if you are writing an article, that these new ideas will come into your mind. You have no means of knowing whether they are your own ideas sent down by the ego, or thoughts sent down by some other agency; but after all it does not matter; there is no question of plagiarism here. Whoever gives them, gives them voluntarily. Any man preparing a subject should prepare it meditatively, with his mind open to new impressions; and he will often get those impressions. What of our poets? A poet is generally a man who is open to impressions.

Whence those impressions come matters but little, so long as the ideas themselves are good. They may come from other poets who have passed over; they may come from Angels; they may come from his own higher self. What does it signify, so long as the thoughts are good and beautiful? They are sent down for him to utilise, but it must not be forgotten that it is his responsibility to see that the ideas *are* good and true.

If a man accepts every idea which comes to him, he may truly claim that he is acting under inspiration, but he will often find that the inspiration is not a reliable one, because he cannot as a rule know the source from which it comes. There are cases in which a man does know perfectly well. Those of us who have the privilege—the stupendous privilege—of communication with some of our Masters soon come to know at once Their touch, Their magnetic influence, and so to recognise at once when an idea comes to us from Them. Such ideas we should of course accept with the deepest reverence; but be very sure of their source, for there are those who are eager to deceive, and diabolically clever at the work of misrepresentation.

Remember, too, that anybody, with the best possible intentions, may put before you ideas which are not correct. A man is no more infallible because he happens to be dead than he was when he happened to be alive. He is the same man. He certainly has now the *opportunity* of learning more than he knew before, but not every man takes his opportunities in that world any more than in this. One meets numbers of people who have been for twenty years in the astral world, and yet know no more than when they left this physical life, just as there are many people who have lived

through fifty, sixty or seventy years of human life, and have contrived to imbibe remarkably little wisdom in the process. The advice or suggestion of those who have taken advantage of their opportunities is worth a great deal, whether it is given from the astral world or the physical world; but the two admonitions stand absolutely parallel, and you must attach no more importance to communications from the astral world or from any higher plane than you would to a suggestion made on the physical plane. You ought to be equally willing to receive them both, and you should attach to them just such importance as you feel they intrinsically deserve—that and no more, whencesoever they may come.

Inspiration is not so infrequent: neither is that other form of influence of which I spoke—the spiritual force which is poured through a man who is in connection with a Great One. That also takes place quite often; and it is not only our own Masters who make use of physical people in that way. Other entities of all sorts may have their channels, through whom their force is poured out, and a great deal may be done in the world either by those who are dead or by those who belong to other systems of evolution than our own—those whom the Indians call *Devas*, though the Christians know them as Angels.

To take the ordinary sceptical or indifferent attitude would in many cases shut one off from the possibility of learning a great deal about these higher matters. When we come back to the more childlike attitude, which is at least receptive, though it may not be critical, we shall certainly find that there are possibilities of which now in our self-sufficiency we hardly dream.

Inspiration is a mighty reality, and so is the possibility of the outpouring of helpful force. Those who come into daily contact with it know well how constantly these things take place; and the blank prejudice against them, the sceptical attitude taken by so many people is a source of wonder and pain to those who know, because it would seem as though men were intentionally of malice prepense shutting themselves away from one of the most interesting aspects of life—from one that may often be useful and helpful beyond all expectation.

Keep, then, an open mind with regard to such things. Inspiration may come to *you*. Helpful force in some measure may flow through *you*. Be ready to be utilised in that way if your karma is so good that you can be so utilised; and when you see evidence that the same thing is happening through others, again keep an open mind, and do not shut yourself up in your own prejudice against the possibility of being helped and guided. That I think, is the best that we can say with regard to it.

Of course the other side needs emphasis too. Do not too readily believe that which comes. Take everything on its own merits, no matter though it appears to you to come from a great Master—from a source to which you look for inspiration and for help. Even then, weigh it always on its own merits, because these higher planes are full of pitfalls to those who are unaccustomed to them. It is always possible that a higher power may be imitated by a lower one; it is possible that there may be some one who is jealous of the influence over you of a greater soul, some one who may take the shape for the moment of that greater soul, and

endeavour to mislead you. Therefore the one and only safe ground is to keep your mind open. Do not rashly reject, but also do not accept merely because the message comes to you with a high name attached, or with an influence which seems to you to be beautiful. Most things from other planes seem beautiful to us down here just because they come from a higher level, and bring with them something of its greater luminosity, of its more delicate vibrations, and of all the glamour of the inner world. As S. Paul said long ago: "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind: try the spirits and what comes from them, whether they be of God." See for yourself by all means, but do not shut out the possibility of influence by prejudging the whole question and saying that inspiration is an affair of thousands of years ago and can never take place now and here in the present day.

C. W. Leadbeater

AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA: IV¹

"By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

A QUESTION has been raised by a learned Correspondent, as to my identifying Nārāyaṇa the Adhiṣṭhātā of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam with Him who is spoken of in Theosophical literature as the One INITIATOR. Attention was also called to the fact that, in the same literature, that INITIATOR is sometimes referred to as Sanaṭkumāra. The Correspondent further wished that the statement that Nārāyaṇa was the One INITIATOR be reconciled, if possible, with the view of *Sūta Samhitā*, viz., that that Initiator was Dakṣhiṇāmūrṭi.

An answer to the questions thus raised is desirable, and that answer is that the mighty Being, who is the Head of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, is the sole INITIATOR on this globe, though He is called according to circumstances by one or other of these three names among others. In H. P. Blavatsky's eloquent description of this wondrous Being, she observes:

He is, as said, the "Nameless One" who has so many names and whose very nature is unknown.²

The *Mahābhārata* again and again speaks of Him as Nārāyaṇa. *Chhāndogya-Upaniṣat* refers to him as

¹ Copies of articles Nos. II, III and IV can be had from Ramalinga Mudali, Beach House, Mylapore, Madras on a remittance being sent to him of Rs. 3, which includes postage. As. 2 for No. IV alone.

² *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, first edition, p. 208.

Sanaṭkumāra, and *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrika* expressly states that Dakṣhiṇāmūrṭi is no other than Nārāyaṇa. It would seem that it is, in the aspect of His position spiritually and otherwise, in relation to humanity as a whole on the globe, that the name Nārāyaṇa is applied to Him for reasons which will appear more fully in the course of this article. The next title, that of Sanaṭkumāra, is used apparently with reference to the aspect of His relation to a limited number of highly evolved human beings. Lastly, the term Dakṣhiṇāmūrṭi indicates His position as the Teacher to that still smaller class of egos—the most advanced in spirituality.

As denoting these differences in His position, the Adhiṣṭhātā, according to *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*, uses three distinct kinds of Muḍrās or symbols with reference to the three classes of persons He has to deal with. The names of those symbols respectively are Samuchchaya or Brahma Muḍrā; Eka Aṅguṣṭha or Viveka Muḍrā; and Chit or Ātma or Mauna Muḍrā. The reader will remember that, in the appendix to my second article, mention is made of Brahma Muḍrā and its import is explained. It is the one constituted by the disciple clasping the hand of the Guru who admits him into the organisation on behalf of the Head of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam.

Now, as to the next, the name Eka signifies a singling out and specialisation which mark the first great stage in the progress of those who have begun to practise Yoga Brahma-Vidyā. The name Aṅguṣṭha is in pursuance of the Shruti saying:

अङ्गुष्ठमात्रः पुरुषोऽङ्गुष्ठः समाश्रितः ।

Puruṣha is of the measure of the thumb; by it He is recognised.

The meaning is that a Yogī, at this particular stage of his growth, possesses, as it were, a body of the size of the thumb, seated in *Ḍaharākāsha* or the space in the heart. In one instance, the pupil was made to develop this thumb-sized body and thereby learn how to construct a *Māyāvirūpa* or vehicle to be used for a temporary purpose and discarded and disintegrated when that purpose was served. The name "Viveka," in this context, points not so much to general discrimination, as to the special knowledge by the Yogī of the state of his progress at that stage. The third and the last symbol is represented by the circle formed by the thumb and forefinger touching each other. Its first name *Chinmudrā* implies and involves the fundamental idea of the unity of all the apparently separated selves, among themselves on the one hand, and with the Supreme Self on the other.

The other name *Ātma Mudrā* goes further and denies all real phenomenal existence to Brahman; the term "*Ātma*" being taken to mean "*at*," movement, and "*ma*," no. The name *Mauna* is meant to teach that the nature of the Absolute, the One Reality, transcends all speech.

Let me now turn to the specific statements in the three works mentioned in regard to the three names of the *Adhiṣṭhātā*. All the 49 verses, constituting the 49th chapter of *Uḍyoga Parva* in the *Mahābhārata*, are devoted to an explanation of the nature and functions of *Nārāyaṇa* and *Nara*, they being identified with *Kṛṣṇa* and *Arjuna*. It will suffice to quote here but the following passages as summing up their general relation to our humanity as a whole.

एष नारायणः कृष्णः फल्गुनश्च नरः स्मृतः ।

नारायणो नरश्चैव सत्त्वमेकं द्विधाकृतम् ॥

एतौ हि कर्मणा लोकानश्नुवातेऽक्षयान्धुवान् ॥

This *Kṛṣṇa* is known as *Nārāyaṇa*, and *Phalguna* as *Nara*; the same Being acting as the two. The two by their work make the world imperishable and stable, and dwelling therein protect it.

The passage in the *Chhāṇḍogya-Upaniṣat* runs thus:

आहारशुद्धी सत्वशुद्धिः सत्वशुद्धी ध्रुवा स्मृतिः स्मृतिलम्भे सर्वग्रन्थीनां विप्रमोक्ष-
स्तस्मै मृदितकषायाय तमसः पारं दर्शयति भगवान् सनत्कुमारः तं स्कन्द इत्याचक्षते
तं स्कन्द इत्याचक्षते इति ।

When the food is pure, the intelligence, the mind, ("the *saṭṭva*") becometh pure. When the mind, the soul, the subtler astral and causal bodies, become pure, the memory of past births is attained with clearness and certainty. When the memory, the knowledge of endless past and future, is attained, then the knots of the heart, the egoistic attachments of self, unravel and become loosened of themselves under the touch of the Universal Self. And then, to such a self, the Great INITIATOR, the Lord *Sanatkumāra*, unveileth the Light that is beyond the Darkness, the Lord who slayeth *Tārakāsura*, the enemy that prevents selves from crossing beyond "initiation".

The *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrika* statement is as follows:

नारायणः कुमारश्च दक्षिणामूर्तिरेव च ।

ज्ञानोपदेशकर्तारश्चैते श्रुतिनिरूपिताः ॥

नारायणस्तु भगवान् एक एव सनातनः ॥

Nārāyaṇa, *Kumāra* and *Dakṣiṇāmūrṭi* are shown by *Shruti* to be the bestowers of Wisdom. *Bhagavān Nārāyaṇa* is all the three, (and) the ancient.

There is a passage to the same effect in *Kāṇḍa-rahasyam* which it is unnecessary to quote here.

That those who come to be initiated, as stated in the *Upaniṣat* text quoted above, must be highly evolved

¹The Science of Social Organisation or the Laws of Manu, by Babu Bhagavan Das, p. 299.

egos is patent from the very description of them in it. As regards the spiritual greatness of those, who have the privilege of being taught by the Adhiṣṭhātā, in the character of Dakṣiṇāmūrti, that is manifest from the very fact of their needing nothing more, by way of instruction, than the exhibition by the Guru of the Mauna Mudrā which, by itself, puts an end to all their doubts, as stated in the well-known *Sūtra Samhitā* Shloka, which runs thus :

चित्रं वटतरोर्मूले वृद्धाः शिष्या गुरुर्युवा ।

गुरोस्तु मौनं व्याख्यानं शिष्यास्तु छिन्नसंशयाः ॥

There sit at the root of the Banyan-tree, disciples and Guru, the former old and the latter youthful. The Guru teaches by silence! and the doubts of the disciples scatter and vanish! What a wonder!

Turning again to the *Chhāṇḍogya* text, the term Skanda, by which name also the INITIATOR is there stated to be known, points to the advent of the Great Being, millions and millions of years ago from the planet Venus (Shukra), in order to take charge of the evolution of the several kingdoms, from the elemental to the human, on this planet. He has, it would seem, to continue to hold this stupendous charge, until the evolutionary life completely passes on to the next globe in our Chain. It was on His advent, as just stated, that He became the Lord of the World and in it the sole representative of the Ishvara of our solar system whose name, *par excellence*, is Nārāyaṇa. The reason why the sacred books call the representative also by the same name, is that He rules over and protects the world in His charge, with a power and capacity similar to those possessed by the Ishvara Himself, with reference to His universe. Here it is worth pointing out that to

think of the Lord of the World, as having little more to do than to look after the spiritual needs of the human race, is to take a very mistaken view of His actual position in the World and the nature of His authority and power. In a word, He is the head of the Hierarchy, and is the One exercising the highest sway in everything that concerns the globe. For example, it is in obedience to His command, old continents sink into the sea and new ones emerge out of it. The rise and fall of nations and civilisations are likewise controlled by Him. Take now the devastating War which is raging in the West. The attention of none is more keenly fixed on its progress than His, which reminds one of the observation in Udyoga Parva, from which quotations have already been made.

तत्र तत्रैव जायेते युद्धकाले पुनः पुनः ।

These two (Nārāyaṇa and Nara) are ever present wherever there is a battle.

It should be added that manifold are the purposes which this terrible conflict between good and evil is being made to serve, under the Lord's vigilant guidance. One of the most interesting of such purposes, in the cause of humanity, is to provide for the speedy re-incarnation of the many heroic souls who have sacrificed their lives on the altar of the battle-field, in the discharge of their duty to the countries to which they belonged. Such speedy reincarnations are in order to hasten the evolution of the sixth sub-race, now taking place particularly in parts of America and Australia. It is well known that, among the great characteristics of this sub-race, will be co-operation and unity, in contrast with the competitive and individualistic nature of the peoples in the West, which, at the

present day, has been the cause of so much misery and unhappiness among the lower classes there. It is scarcely necessary to say that only such heroic souls, that are thus to reincarnate speedily, will make true pioneers in the building up of a community, the social life of which will demand from them much self-abnegation in the interests of others. In this necessity for providing such pioneers at the present juncture, in connection with the evolution of the sub-race referred to, will be found the clue to the fact, that the very flower of the population in the United Kingdom, France and the Colonies rush to the front, there but to find an untimely end. This flow of the most precious life into the thick of the fight, there to be consumed by fire and sword recklessly, as it were, is assuredly not without a design, on the part of the Lord. For it is He who is pulling the wires from behind the scenes, in the great drama that is now being enacted on the blood-stained soil of Europe.

Now turning for a moment from that West to this part of the world: the growth of the spirit of nationality here is in pursuance of the Lord's plan for the betterment of the three hundred and fifteen millions concerned. Surely, in such circumstances, that spirit is bound to grow and fructify, in spite of the blind self-interested attempt of those who are trying to crush it.

From all that has been said above, it must be clear there is nothing that affects the welfare of our world which is not in the consciousness of the Lord, whose aura of tremendous power ever surrounding it, flashes forth at any given spot for purposes of His own in the likeness of the beautiful five-pointed silver star.¹ Such,

¹ THE THEOSOPHIST, Vol. XXXVII, October 1915, p. 18.

in brief, is the Mighty Being with whom even the lowliest man, who enters into the organisation in question, comes into a very special relation. It may be very very long before such novitiate will be able to stand face to face with that Great Presence, the Light of which is so dazzling as to make it almost impossible for some to gaze upon it for the first time.¹ Nevertheless, that time is sure to come to those who set their hearts upon the attainment of such a consummation, and ceaselessly labour for it, by utterly unselfish work in the cause of human advance. It is to emphasise this duty of utterly unselfish service, as members of the organisation, that the first and the lowest order bears the name of *Dāsas* or Servers, as fully explained in the *Chandrika*, and a routine of daily life on their part inculcated such as would give practical effect to the object in view.

¹ When Initiates make obeisance to the Lord, His appearance is that of a youth of sixteen, which, as the Dictionary tells us, is the age when "Kaumāram" begins. Hence it is He is spoken of as *Kumāra*. Such terms as "Sanaḥ" and "Saḥ," which latter occurs in the *Anugthāna-Chandrika*, are but honorary prefixes. A very striking confirmation of such youthful appearance of the Lord is furnished by the statement in the verse quoted from *Sūta Samhitā*. In this verse the Guru, who is described as seated under the Banyan-tree, is also described as *Yuvā*—youth.

It may not be out of place to add a few words with reference to the description "seated under the Banyan-tree". Familiar as such a description is to Indian readers, it is doubtful whether the real allusion is correctly understood by many. The true explanation is probably to be found in the very remarkable observations of H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I. pp. 207—209. In one place she writes: "The *Arhats* of the 'fire-mist'—of the seventh rung are but one remove from the Root-base of their Hierarchy—the highest on Earth, and our Terrestrial chain. This 'Root-base' has a name which can only be translated by several compound words into English—the ever-living-human-Banyan." (*ibid.*, 207). These sentences doubtless must seem quite enigmatical to the ordinary reader. But the learned writer's meaning is made fairly plain in the course of the remarks taken as a whole. It is however unnecessary to take up the readers' time except in reference to the words, the "Root-base" and "the ever-living-human-Banyan". The substance of the explanation is this: The Lord constitutes "the Root-base" of the Hierarchy, because it was He who, on His advent from the planet Venus into this globe eighteen million years ago, founded the Occult Brotherhood which has ever since been the nursery from which Adepts, Munis and Teachers, that have ministered to the spiritual wants of our human race, have been produced. Again, He is the "ever-living-human-Banyan," because though most of those Adepts, Munis and Teachers have

It only remains to point out, that the difference in procedure, indicated by the use of the three symbols of Muḍrās, already explained, has its foundation in the existence of the three special *Trimūrṭi* characteristics in the Lord of which He necessarily avails Himself, in the exercise of His functions as the Supreme Teacher. The passages from *Kaṇḍarahasyam* extracted in the foot-note are in point with reference to this question.

Now first, as Nārāyaṇa, He exercises, in the matter, the Viṣṇu or protective function, and maintains, as it were, the *status quo* by making due general provision for meeting the spiritual needs of mankind. In other words, He arranges for securing to every individual whatever instruction and training each, for

passed away to other spheres of work, yet He still remains the Head of that Brotherhood and will continue so to the end of this world-cycle, creating Initiates who resemble the branchlets thrown off by the parent stem of that gigantic species of Asiatic vegetation, seemingly capable of perennial growth. The words of the *Sūta Samhitā* verse *Vatātarōrmūlē* (Root of the Banyan-tree) are almost exact Samskr̥t equivalents to the English words "Banyan" and "Root-base" used by H. P. Blavatsky. It is sad to think that for all the Occult knowledge which this messenger of the White Lodge brought to the world, the only return she got was vile calumny. Such however seems to have been ever the lot of those who, like her, came to bless humanity.

एतेषां मूर्तित्वमपि—तथा च श्रुतिः । “ब्रह्मा च नारायणः, रुद्रश्च नारायणः, कुमारश्च नारायणः सर्वे च नारायणः” इति । एतेषां नारायणः ऋषिः सर्वेषां तत्तद्रूपेण ज्ञानमुपदिशति । पूर्वं कुमारः ध्यानादिसाधनं आत्मविग्रहं समुपदिशति । दक्षिणामूर्तिः सर्वोपसंहाररूपमुपसंहृतिमुपदिशति मौनमुद्रया । अतः एतेषां ब्रह्मा कुमारः, स च सर्जति ज्ञानसाधनं ; नारायणः ऋषिः । भगवान् नारायणः तत्तद्रूपेण ज्ञानं समुपदिशति, रुद्रो दक्षिणामूर्तिः सर्वोपसंहाररूपं अज्ञानसंहारमुपदिशति । अतस्त्वेषां मूर्तित्वं सिद्धम् ।

Shruti ascribes the characteristics of Trimūrṭi to them thus: “Brahmā is Nārāyaṇa, Rudra is Nārāyaṇa, Kumāra is Nārāyaṇa, all these are Nārāyaṇa. Nārāyaṇa Yogi imparts wisdom to each according to his capacity and qualification; Kumāra antecedently gives instruction as to meditation, etc., leading to the knowledge of the Self; Dakṣiṇāmūrṭi through Mauna Muḍrā teaches unity reducing all into the One. Therefore, of these, Nārāyaṇa as Kumāra or Brahmā creates the means by which wisdom is attained; Bhagavān Nārāyaṇa, as Nārāyaṇa Yogi, imparts wisdom according to capacity. Dakṣiṇāmūrṭi as Rudra Nārāyaṇa, by the reduction of all into unity, destroys avidyā, nescience. Thus are established the characteristics of Trimūrṭis.”

the time being, requires, with reference to his then capacity and qualification.

Next, as Kumāra, the Lord exercises the Brahmā (or creative) function. By showing the “Light beyond the Darkness” and by causing “the Key to Knowledge” and “the Word of Power” to be communicated to aspirants, the Lord enables them to take the four great Initiations of Parivrāt, Kutichaka, Hamsa and Paramahamsa, and thus to complete the treading of the narrow path which leads to liberation.

In all such cases the Initiate, for the first time in the course of his long evolution, is made able to use and function in his Buddhic vehicle or Ānandamaya-Kosha; and this carries with it the power of uniting his own consciousness with that of another and thus, for the time being, of sharing fully the experiences of that other, as if the two were one. This is essentially creative capacity, so far as such capacity is possible for a jīva in a universe, subject as he is in it to the vibratory limitations (तन्मात्र) inherent in the atoms of the system, and imposed upon them by the Ishvara unalterably for the lifetime of the universe.

Lastly, the name Dakṣiṇāmūrṭi marks out the aspect of Rudra in the Lord. By teaching the final truth of non-separateness, the Lord destroys Avidyā or nescience, the last fetter which has to be dropped before the goal of human evolution is reached, and one becomes, according to Buddhist nomenclature, an Asekha, he who has to learn nothing more in this Chain and, according to Hīndū nomenclature, a Jīvanmukta or the liberated. That it is to render this most exalted service to humanity of destroying nescience the Lord continues an exile on earth, is told

by H. P. Blavatsky in words so impressive and felicitous as irresistibly lead me to conclude this article with them.

He is *the* "Initiator" called the "Great Sacrifice".

For, sitting at the threshold of Light, He looks into it from within the circle of Darkness which he will not cross, nor will he quit his post, till the last day of this life-cycle. Why does the solitary watcher remain at his self-chosen post? Why does he sit by the fountain of primeval wisdom, of which he drinks no longer, as he has naught to learn which he does not know—aye neither on this Earth, nor in its heaven? Because the lonely, sore-footed pilgrims, on their way back to their Home are never sure to the last moment of not losing their way in this limitless desert of illusion and matter called Earth-Life. Because he would fain show the way to that region of freedom and light, from which he is a voluntary exile himself, to every prisoner who has succeeded in liberating himself from the bonds of flesh and illusion. Because, in short, he has sacrificed himself for the sake of mankind, though but a few elect may profit by the Great Sacrifice.¹

S. Subramania Iyer

ANGELS AT MONS

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

THERE has been, and is likely to be, a good deal of discussion in regard to the appearance of angels at Mons and other psychic phenomena in the War zone. As usual we have had the doubting Thomases and a type of sceptic who made up his mind beforehand never to accept cumulative evidence of unquestioned veracity. As usual we have had those whose one and only gift in life is to accept the incredulous, the supernatural and the superstitious with a belief which nothing can surprise or shock. Finally we have had those who have kept an open mind, prepared to believe or disbelieve that there is, or is not, some strange divine power made manifest on the battle-field. Between them we have had a most interesting controversy.

If the psychic phenomena which thousands of soldiers, English, French, Russian, claim to have seen in Europe during the present War were the only examples of their kind we might, perhaps, be tempted to dismiss them as hallucinations and of no spiritual significance whatever. As a matter of fact they are very far from being solitary examples. History, religion, myth and legend throughout the world repeat, not the same story with the same detail, but precisely the same

¹ *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, first edition, p. 208.

belief. This belief in direct spiritual aid during a great crisis is so palpably evident that it amounts to a psychic law, which must operate under certain given conditions. We may, with no lack of reverence, regard prayer as a kind of telepathic message to the spiritual world. It is no less a message from an agonised soul, from an aching heart, without a single word being spoken. It is not necessary to speak to angels: they can read our thoughts, understand our dearest desire without our halting speech. We know that such a desire, if it is worthy and sufficiently intense, is answered. We may see nothing, hear nothing of the divine being who is instructed to answer that imploring cry for help, but the fact remains that the burden is lifted from our shoulders, and we find the night of sorrow give place to a day of joy.

Now in the great retreat from Mons the British and French armies were in a most perilous position. It seemed that nothing could check the oncoming Germans, that nothing could prevent them from taking Paris. What were the thoughts of those rapidly retreating soldiers? What were the thoughts of those in England who had been told on a certain terrible Sunday that the British army had been wiped out? One thought and only one thought dominated us all—the retreating soldier at the front, the civilian in his home—and that thought was a cry for divine assistance. The same thought was uppermost in our brave subjects in India, Canada, Australia and throughout our great widespread Empire. What a message that must have been. What a prayer must have rushed up from tens of thousands of soldiers and civilians, and, quicker than a flash of lightning, entered Heaven.

It is only in the time of a grave crisis that a whole nation is moved to its depths, for joy laughs in the market-place, but sorrow weeps in all the world. It is only on the very moment of pending disaster that our prayers become united, and because united irresistible by the will of the Most High who has ordained it so. A child asks the Almighty for a fine day. Who shall say that some angel hand does not keep back the clouds for that little one? We too prayed when our soldiers were retreating from Mons. We prayed almost with the agony and bloody sweat of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, that the cloud of defeat and utter ruin might not fall upon England and her Allies. The prayer was a miracle of compelling power, and the answer to that prayer was a miracle of divine mercy.

There are many accounts of the sudden appearance of angels in the hour of our greatest need, but I shall only give those which have been carefully verified. A lance-corporal became aware of a bright light in the sky. It increased in intensity, and presently he saw three angels arrayed in golden garments and with their wings outspread. Another soldier also refers to divine beings in a luminous cloud, and as soon as the apparition appeared, the enemy received a check, and their horses, utterly, panic-stricken, refused to advance. On another occasion angels were seen on the edge of a quarry, and as soon as the Germans saw them they hastily retreated. It is also recorded that celestial bowmen, not to be confused with Mr. Machen's story in *The Evening News*, were led by one who rode upon a white horse. It is claimed that a German prisoner saw this shining leader, inquired who he was, and

admitted that, mortal or immortal, he had been proof against the most persistent attack.

All the witnesses did not see precisely similar apparitions. Some saw S. George, others S. Michael and Joan of Arc, while it is recorded of the Russians that some saw the spirit of General Skobeleff, while to others was vouchsafed a vision of the Virgin Mary, bearing in one hand the Infant Christ, a divine spectacle which was followed by "a great image of the Cross, shining against the dark night sky". Some English soldiers, whose psychic powers were not so fully developed, saw their dead comrades rise and continue fighting. The diversity of the phenomenon is not surprising. Mr. Arthur Shirley, Editor of *The Occult Review*, explains this point by observing that the spirit "is clothed upon by the imagination of the beholder to an almost limitless extent". This seems very feasible, for the spirit can adapt its manifestation in accordance to the race before which it appears. Had the Japanese been fighting with us in the West we should not have expected them to see S. George or the Maid of Orleans. The guiding hand would have been made manifest in the spirit form of the Empress Jimmu, Hideyoshi or some other great Japanese character of the past. So far from destroying the evidence of spiritual phenomena, its very variety is in keeping with what we know of psychology.

Why, it may be asked, have these spiritual visions only appeared to English soldiers and their Allies? Has not the German army been in grave peril too? Undoubtedly, and I would not go so far as to admit that it has not received help from some spiritual power. There are, however, spirits of Light and Darkness,

Good and Evil, and so long as the Germans continue to act as fiends they will continue to attract the power of fiends.

We devoutly believe that we are fighting for a righteous cause, that we are out to cut away the canker of militarism and tyranny, to destroy that malign power that stops at no kind of barbarity. We believe this, and it would seem that the good angels believe it too. But those of us who look forward to a universal brotherhood and a complete cessation of race hatred cannot be content with angels only on our side. Because we believe that the Almighty is the Father of us all, we hope to leave the gun and the sword behind some day. We hope to forgive, even as we have been forgiven, and to call our enemy to-day our brother to-morrow. Then we shall have the vision which Mr. Barry Pain has so finely described in the following poem:

I dreamed that overhead
I saw in twilight grey
The Army of the Dead,
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely one could guess
That they in war had been.

* * * * *

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls:
Beyond these tangled spheres
The Archangel trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led
Far up the exalted sky
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by—
Look upward, standing mute,
Salute!

F. Hadland Davis

CORRESPONDENCE

THEOSOPHY AND THE WAR

[A LETTER from Dr. Kappf, General Secretary of the T. S. in Germany, has been sent round the Theosophical press, charging the President and Vice-President of the T. S. with unbrotherly and unconstitutional conduct in their writings on the War. We cannot print his letter, because it attacks England, and such attacks here would be a breach of the law, but his attack is based on the view that the condemnation of German policy and action is a breach of Theosophical principles, and that officials have no right to express such views. To this thesis of his the Russian General Secretary has answered as follows:—ED.]

A letter from Dr. S. Kappf (of the 16th June) asks me to state what my standpoint is as to the policy of the President and the Vice-President which he qualifies as "unbrotherly" and "unconstitutional". He asks me also to propose what I think could be done for the protection of the constitution of the T. S.

To this I must answer:

(1) that I do not see any breach of the Constitution of the Theosophical Society in the fact that the President and the Vice-President have expressed their views on the matter of this war. I think that the President and the Vice-President are not only individuals occupying a high office in this Society, but also human beings, who have a right, as much as we, to hold and to express their personal views on any question they choose. The T. S., as a body, is an unpolitical body, but its members are free, for individuals are citizens, who have a right and a duty to hold political and social opinions, as well as to express them;

(2) that I do not see any breach of the principle of Universal Brotherhood in the fact that the President

and the Vice-President of the T. S. have stated their standpoint, judging severely the policy of Germany in this war. Stating one's view is *NO* animosity. As Theosophists, we must not hate, but we must fight and struggle, and see the truth. No brotherly feeling can and must make us blind and we must, while remaining calm and ready to forgive, be able always to see and say that white is white and black is black. Brotherhood does not mean sentimentality or untruth. We must be true to the end, true in all circumstances of life. It is very difficult to say an unpleasant truth, especially when a whole national group is concerned, but we must have the courage to say it when the hour of Karmic expiation has struck. Those of us, who see the higher realities on higher planes, have a special duty to help us by telling us what they see. We ought to be very grateful to them for this. Common patriots feel offended, when their country is blamed, but we must rise higher, we must transcend our nationalities and see the right where it is, independently of our racial ties. If our country happens to be wrong, we must have the courage to see it and say it. If another nation does wrong, we have the right to say that it is wrong, and I think that it is more brotherly to say that it is so, than to avoid the necessity of saying an unpleasant truth.

It is of no use to take the matters in a metaphysical way, and to say that war being a horrible thing, we all are wrong and so we have not the right to blame especially any nation or individual. We certainly have all sinned, preparing this frightful struggle on earth, and certainly this is a just, although a terrible expiation, but it is *not* true that in this war we are all alike wrong: this war has been incited and begun by Germany *not* by other nations, and the methods of war, used in Belgium and Poland, have been used by Germans, not by other nations. Those methods are so vile and inhuman, that no nation has yet ever dreamt of such a breach of honour and humanity. It is a fearful example as to what extremes can go a barbarous civilisation, founded on a materialistic ground and on selfish passions. It is not the sin of Germany alone certainly, but Germany has gone to the extreme and has prepared itself, more than any other nation, to be the instrument of the Dark Night, which now is struggling with the Rising Sun. How did it prepare itself? By cruelty, conceit and sensuality: cruelty to children, to women, to animals (vivisection), by roughness of life and speech, by the roughest tamasic and rajasic food, by greed and self-adulation.

When this terrible struggle will be over and Germany shall have learned its lesson, and we also shall have learnt ours, all nations shall be once more friends, united by a deeper tie, and we shall try together to build a better life in a better

world, but now we must understand with what and whom we struggle, we must SEE the force which goes through the darkened vehicles of Germany, and when speaking, we must call the white—white, and the black—black.

(3) For the protection of the T.S. that its "life and reputation might NOT be "imperiled," I propose to all members to cultivate mutually the most chevaleresque courtesy in speech and action, an attitude full of love and confidence, and this quite especially towards those, who being our leaders, give not only their thoughts and love, to the Master's work, but also their very life.

The Italian General Secretary writes :

Since you request me to do so, I consider it my duty to give you, with all sincerity, my opinion on the questions raised by you, and I will try to be as brief as possible.

In my opinion, then, Mrs. Besant has not only exercised what is her right, but has also accomplished a duty in publishing with all frankness her ideas on the present world conflict.

No one who is capable of thinking can shun in times such as these his duty to himself, namely of forming his own opinion as to the present conflict, as to its fundamental principles, its significance, its possible consequences. And the more elevated is the intellectual and moral development of the one who is judging the matter, the more clear and precise will be the form of the final judgment emitted.

In the present case "judgment" implies the taking of a side. Neutrality is impossible in such a world-wide crisis. Only Egoism of the crassest type or an equally deplorable Apathy could presume to avail themselves of "neutrality" as of a mask that seemed convenient.

Now, above all, in the Theosophical Society we have ever considered unlimited freedom of our personal convictions as one of our most precious privileges, and we have striven to maintain this. How then could we, in the present instance, deny to our President the right to formulate an opinion and to take sides, a right enjoyed even by the humblest amongst us?

The fact, moreover, that Mrs. Besant rendered public, in THE THEOSOPHIST and in other periodicals, the standpoint she took up, I consider not only as her right, but also, as above said, almost as her duty to the many thousands of persons who feel it useful to know, in so grave a contingency, the view held by so eminent a personality, not indeed in order to follow her blindly, but to instruct themselves more fully in the matter.

THE THEOSOPHIST is the "official" organ of the T. S. only in so far that sometimes it contains official documents concerning the whole Society; but for the rest (as is officially set forth in each number, and as Mrs. Besant and her predecessors have never been tired of repeating), neither THE THEOSOPHIST nor the T. S. are in any way to be considered responsible for what is otherwise printed in the pages of the said periodical. The responsibility of each signed article rests only with the author; and this holds good whether it refers to what is written by Mrs. Besant or by any of her collaborators.

It is therefore clearly established that the "life" and "neutral constitution of the T. S." can neither be compromised nor hurt by publication in THE THEOSOPHIST of the President's personal opinion, and it is anyhow futile to speak of an "unprecedented breach of constitution," as mentioned in your circular.

In the same circular of your's you further stigmatise Mrs. Besant's actions as an "incitement of national animosity" and as a "gross breach of the principle of Universal Brotherhood". I will permit myself, in this connection, to make you a demand to your conscience: Would the German Section have formulated similar accusations and have protested against what Mrs. Besant has done, had she, peradventure, pronounced her opinions against England and its Allies? I fear, not. But, in any case, even assuming that the protests of the German Section are directed more against the principle than against the actual opinions of the President, I cannot consider justified the terms above quoted that you have employed. Mrs. Besant has often pointed out, notably too in some of her recent writings, the good characteristics of the German nation, and has ever laid stress on the fact that even in the event of a war, which has become inevitable between two peoples, hate is one of the ugliest products of the conflict, and that an open and loyal strife can and should be carried on without adding thereto the hate between the combatant individuals or peoples. She is therefore very far from inciting people to reciprocal hatred, whereas indeed the ordinary press usually takes pleasure in fomenting and increasing its cruelty.

You speak furthermore, in your letter, of a "gross breach of the principle of Universal Brotherhood". Now I ask only: Which is the more brotherly action: to let pass without remark the errors of your brothers, or rather to call their attention to these their faults and to their inevitable consequences? And which of these two is, in such cases, the duty of the elder brothers?

With this, one would enter upon the special merits of the question contained in Mrs. Besant's remarks, but it does not appear to me to be here the place to discuss them. Moreover it is probably of little importance to you to learn that I myself personally, though born a German, divide almost entirely Mrs. Besant's point of view in this matter and this not only at the present time, but since the very first fatal days of August 1914.

I can well understand—and it is an interesting aspect in connection with our studies—how the great bulk of the German people, and even many among the more intellectually and morally developed, find it extremely difficult to withdraw themselves from the influence of the Collective German Group-Soul, which (like the Group-Soul of all other nations involved, each according to its nature) is pushed by the force of the present circumstances into a condition of exceptionally intense affirmation and activity, and must react almost irresistibly on its millions of individual souls which represent the cells of the great national organism. Nevertheless, I should have thought the wider outlook, obtained by Theosophists in the course of their special studies, should have rendered them capable of considering this state of things from a loftier standpoint than that of mere nationality.

Mrs. Besant, according to her own affirmations, which we can well believe, has expressed her opinions not on the basis of predilections or of national interests, but on the firm foundation of higher principles, important to the evolution of Humanity; nor has anyone the right to suggest that she acted from any lesser motive.

I would ask you, in fine, to consider that one of the worst consequences of this world struggle will be the continuation of national hatred for several decades to come. Let us take great care to do all that is possible for us, to bring nothing of such feelings within the Theosophical Society, which both by its constitution and by its principles is perhaps the only body of beings constituted to act as a barrier against the flood of feelings of hostility and of hatred.

The General Secretary in South Africa writes:

I have duly considered your circular letter of the 16th July but am not sure whether you desire a reply from me personally or as General Secretary of the T. S. in South Africa. I am not authorised to speak for the whole of the constituency and there may be a few who might dissent from my view of the matter, but I think that in giving my own thoughts I shall be reflecting these of the majority of the F.'s T. S. in South Africa.

In the first place many of the F.'s T. S. and others outside the T. S. quite naturally expected from the President and Vice-President an expression of their view on the question of this great War and its ultimate bearing on the fate of nations; an expression as individuals and not as officials, for they are not entitled to make any official pronouncement on the questions at issue neither are they at liberty to in any way bind others to their ideas. Therefore in order to meet this desire they published their views, fully understanding and stating that they were only making known their private opinions and were not speaking for the Society as a whole, and in order that the majority of the Fellows might be reached their views were published in "official organs".

Under existing conditions and considering the issues at stake it would have been unwise, almost impossible, for our leaders to have stood aside and made no statement whatever on the question: such a course might have looked like neutrality but it would not have been such in reality, rather would it have been the opposite.

I must differ with you in regard to the statement concerning "national animosity and their ceaseless attacks towards our country": to me it appears that the attacks are not against any people or any nation but against the principles which appear to underlie the methods of those who, as far as can be seen, are responsible for the War. Principles which themselves strike at the very root of Brotherhood and methods which are a direct violation of Brotherly action.

I feel quite sure that our Officers are not acting with the idea of favouring one nation in preference to another, but that their whole attitude is against evil and selfishness by whomsoever displayed and that it would not matter to them one iota which nation was acting upon wrong principles and using unbrotherly methods, the condemnation would be equally severe. Surely all must know how in the past our President has dealt with no sparing hand and has condemned with unflinching severity the methods of the British in their treatment of the Indians. It is no national feeling which draws from our President the policy and action of which you complain but the higher and wider one of humanity and brotherhood.

With reference to the second paragraph of your letter you will gather from the above that it is not my intention to take any action upon the lines suggested by you as I do not consider that there is any such danger as your words imply.

Your circular and this reply shall be sent to the Editor of the "Official Organ" of this Section with a request for its publication should he see fit.

Theosophists will be interested in reading these views.

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER 1914

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In regard to my letter, written in November 1914 and published under the above title in THE THEOSOPHIST for March 1915, relative to your comments on the War, I will be glad if you will permit me to apologise for the language I use therein. I would like it clearly understood that I do not imply by this that my attitude towards the utterances is in any way changed but that I sincerely regret that I should have expressed my views in language that could hardly do other than offend. Especially do I regret, apologise for and withdraw the sentiment and the words of the final sentences.

I might perhaps be permitted to add that this apology is entirely spontaneous, and is not in any way the outcome of anything that may have occurred since my letter was published. As a matter of fact since before my enlistment in the Australian Imperial Force early in May last I have been entirely out of touch with Theosophists and THE THEOSOPHIST. As my letter has appeared in other journals, I may say that carbon copies of this are being sent to all who received copies of my original letter.

Trusting that you will be able to find room space for this in any early number, and that it will not give rise to any further correspondence,

Cairo, Egypt

J. M. M. PRENTICE

I sincerely thank Mr. Prentice for his statement; differences of opinion are inevitable in these serious times, but if we can maintain each his own opinion, with kindly feeling to each other, we shall all learn the great lesson of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, to fight hard without any hard feeling.

ANNIE BESANT

REASONS FOR CONFIDENCE

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In the mind of many a student of the writings of the clairvoyant leaders of the Theosophical Society, writings setting forth details stated to have been observed in the course of

self-conscious functioning on higher planes, must arise the reflection: "I think, I hope, and somehow I almost *feel* that these things are true—but I do not *know*." Now I believe it is a very good plan, when unable to find corroboration of a teaching for oneself with respect to a fact beyond one's own possibilities of observation, to mentally, and very carefully, and with concentration, reason with oneself with a view to arriving at a conclusion as to the strongest probabilities of the case. There is a great deal of satisfaction to be obtained from being able to decide that the strong balance of probabilities points to affairs being more or less as reported by occult methods of research, even when it is beyond our power to employ those methods oneself in checking what has been told. By the processes of logical inference it is possible to strengthen one's hopes almost to the point of actual conviction, perhaps sometimes *quite* to that point.

Take the question of trained students leaving the body and working on a higher plane and bringing back the memory of what they have done, and reporting the results to those who are hopeful of doing all this themselves in due course, and let us see where the employment of this process of logical reasoning will bring us. Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater state their ability to leave the body as above mentioned and bring back the recollection of the higher plane activities. There are only three possibilities open with regard to this: (1) Either they are not telling the truth. (2) They are under constant glamour. (3) They can and do leave the body. Possibility No. 1 can be dismissed. Possibility No. 2 being something to which these keenly intelligent students cannot possibly be blind, they would naturally devise tests for themselves individually very early on in their investigations in order to satisfy themselves on this important point. No one who has read Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography* for instance, could doubt that she would devise a variety of tests with a view to satisfying her clear and critical mind that her absence from the body *was* a fact, or that she would very easily find a way of checking in the waking consciousness the accuracy of certain facts she remembered having seen when out of the body. Therefore the balance of probabilities points to possibility No. 3 with tremendous emphasis.

Let any student of occult mysteries ask himself whether, if he found himself out of the body one night in his particular neighbourhood, he could not think of numerous ways of arranging to test the accuracy of a number of simple facts of observation if he were one of those fortunate ones who brought through the unbroken recollection into the waking consciousness. The mere fact that he was out of the body could of course be easily established for his own satisfaction by going to some

unfamiliar portion of the country and examining some characteristic feature, and checking the facts physically the next day in the body. I think we may feel sure that people of the level of intelligence of the clairvoyant leaders of the T. S. do not neglect to take steps to satisfy themselves on important points connected with at any rate their observations on the astral plane, before coming out with the direct statement that they can consciously leave the body, function and observe on the next plane, and bring through the accurate recollection next day. Outward tests, for others, it should be recollected, the T. S. does not allow, in respect of super-physical adventures, but that these trained clairvoyants take steps to satisfy themselves as far as possible when they feel any sense of conjectural uncertainty as to the reality or otherwise of an experience, we can feel reasonably sure, I think.

Then again, with regard to the Akâshic Records, how far it is possible to be misled in this direction I do not know, but one reflection which occurs to me is this: If the clairvoyant leaders of the T. S. feel confidence regarding details of a distant past which they believe themselves to have read in the Akâshic Records, it is reasonable to suppose that this confidence is based on the making of experiments in the reading of Akâshic Records of events which they were able to check by reference to verifiable history and which were found to be accurate.

With regard to the question of Masters, here again of course the main fact that such elevated beings do exist must be an obvious fact, a necessity of logic, once Reincarnation is granted. Let us take Reincarnation for granted, I believe many students feel they can now, and then, balancing the probabilities of the case, see if they do not point to the T. S. being broadly what many believe it to be, an agency in which certain Masters take an interest.

Firstly such beings as more or less or exactly correspond to what have been termed Masters exist, as the flowers of vast processes of evolution they must. Secondly, since they exist and have reached such a moral and ethical altitude, interest in their younger brothers, love and helpfulness, must necessarily be a part of their constitution. Thirdly, for the foregoing reason it is obvious that high beings of this nature are, owing to their very ethical qualities, interested in the progress of us, these younger struggling brethren. Fourthly a careful consideration of the nature of the teachings of Theosophy and the fact that it contains a mass of such luminous teachings, that it is to its literature that we can look and find more information on the greatest truths with which

this earth has been blest within our knowledge than we can find elsewhere, all this tends to inspire the feeling that the balance of probabilities strongly points to the Theosophical movement as being the one in which we would expect Masters to have particularly concerned themselves.

Now again there are three possibilities regarding the beings said to be behind the T. S.: No. 1 is that they are entities either on or off the physical plane, at any rate able to function in the superphysical, who, however, while possessing much knowledge of occult things, deliberately assert themselves to be occupying a status in evolution which they have not reached, for some misleading purpose, but able to inspire wonder on account of what they can undoubtedly do, and possessed moreover, of great power of casting glamour; or No. 2, they are beings with or without physical bodies, able to function as stated, who *really believe* that they occupy the important occult status claimed for them (much as a Devachanee might be imagined as regarding himself as working out a great system in Devachan, with himself fully convinced he is the Founder of a Root Race), but who in point of fact are self-deceived (as the Devachanee might be regarded as self-deceived), but who as they could not be regarded as deliberately trying to mislead could not be branded as *sinister*. If the beings especially under consideration were in category No. 2, they would be much like very exalted "Spirit Guides" convinced of the great mission it was their task to carry out, but unconsciously overestimating their importance in the scheme of things.

Possibility No. 3 is that the Masters at the back of the T. S. are broadly what the leaders of the Society state them to be: Beings who deserve all the love and faithful service that can be shown in the great work which is their concern.

In thinking these things over and trying to decide where the finger of strong probability points, it is well to remember the work, ideals, and actual objects of T. S. activities, the nature of the teachings it promulgates, and what has once been said about gathering "figs of thistles".

Clairvoyance may, or may not be, of assistance in estimating whether certain entities are Masters or not; it seems to me this depends on the clairvoyants, and their level of occult attainment. What a magician of the undesirable sort might do in the way of casting glamour over half-fledged clairvoyants is something enormous, I imagine; but where we have some one like Mrs. Annie Besant, the President of the Society, with a clairvoyance so trained as to be able to conduct experiments in chemistry and test their accuracy by repetition of the experiments, where a great and balanced intellect like

hers is concerned beside which one feels oneself a veriest pigmy, an intellect to whom all the tests and safeguards that would occur to less minds must suggest themselves with probably a great many more and better ones besides, in a case like this, I say that *probabilities* point in a direction which it is of considerable comfort to look to.

As we grow in love of service, in Wisdom to direct that service, and as we live so truly that the false shall more and more jar owing to its difference from our very constitution, then to the aid of the reasoning mind which balances probabilities will come with greater distinctness the voice of high intuition which recognises Truth when it sees it by virtue of its consonance with itself.

J. CHILLINGHAM DUNN

A CORRECTION

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The July number of THE THEOSOPHIST published some photographs of the fine Theosophical headquarters at Louisville, Kentucky, and credited me with being one of the workers responsible for the enterprise. The modesty of the real promoters probably caused the error. I had no connection with it except that I received an invitation to reside there which I was obliged to decline because I am almost constantly on tour. I had the pleasure of giving the first course of public lectures in the building, which is undoubtedly the finest structure in America used as a T. S. headquarters. We also had our general propaganda office there for several months.

L. W. ROGERS

REVIEWS

The Path of Life, by Stijn Streuvels, translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. (George Allen and Unwin, London. Price 5s. net.)

Very few people in England probably knew that there was such a language as the West-Flemish or had ever heard of Stijn Streuvels, before Mr. Teixeira de Mattos introduced him to the English-speaking public. In Holland and in Belgium, Streuvels is considered as one of the most distinguished Low-Dutch authors of our time and the translator of *The Path of Life* goes so far as to call him "the greatest living writer of imaginative prose in any land and any language". This will, I fear, seem exaggerated to those who cannot read his works in the original, for although Mr. Teixeira de Mattos' translation is an excellent one, and is as close a rendering as one could possibly expect (it certainly cannot have been an easy task), a great deal of the local colour, as also the poetry, of the Flemish soul is necessarily lost, when the essentially Flemish peasantry types express their feelings in English words.

The West Flemish is a very interesting, very beautiful dialect spoken by perhaps a million of people inhabiting that part of Belgium called West Flanders and which for over a year has been the principal theatre of War as far as Belgium is concerned. Bruges, Ostend, Poperinghe, Ypres, Menin, Courtrai are West Flemish towns, but the dialect is so subtly subdivided that an inhabitant of Ostend and one of Courtrai will each of them have a whole vocabulary of his own, which the other will not understand. Its richness, for it is one of the richest dialects of the Netherlandish language, consists in its possessing such a considerable amount of words expressing physical sensations and human characteristics. It has a word which renders our feeling when we hear silk torn, a word that tells what we feel when

we are in deadly fear and our hair "stands on end," in fact there is hardly any physical sensation which cannot be expressed by an appropriate West Flemish word, and no type of man or woman in whatever condition of life which has not a denomination of its own.

Stijn Streuvels is a nephew of Guido Gezelle, the poet-priest, whose fame must have crossed the channel now that so much more is known about Belgium, for he was one of her greatest sons. Streuvels' real name is Frank Lateur, and until ten years ago, when he began to come into his own, he lived at Avelghem near Courtrai and the River Lys, and was a village baker.

The stories and sketches we are dealing with belong to that period. In these pages the author lays down scenes of the everyday life of his country folks, at first sight nothing very exciting, nothing very thrilling, but so absolutely true and so carefully observed into the very details, that the pictures gradually unfold themselves before the reader's eyes, and the men, women and children whose doings are told of, seem to live and breathe and move.

His descriptions are like some of the best pictures of Flemish *Primitifs*. He paints minutely, but the lightest dash of the brush has an intense significance. When he tells us of three little children who are caught in a thunderstorm, everything seems to vanish but the three little ones and their agony. While reading the tale of the naughty little boy who is punished and shut up in the loft, one actually dwells in that loft and goes through the poor sinner's emotions. And in "Spring" a longer story, he tells us of a little girl who is being prepared for and makes her First Communion, and for the time nothing seems so important as the "great day". One lives the child's pure innocent life, feels her wonderful devotion, enjoys her beautiful new frock and the festivities held to celebrate so important an event. And the little girl's humble, very human home, her kind fat mother, her little brothers and her peasant father, who kills and skins rabbits for the First Communion feast, it is all there before one, and one cannot but admit the genius of an author who can so masterfully work opposites into a single piece of pregnant beauty. A sharper contrast arises when one is made to realise that

the so pure and innocent maiden of eleven is already doomed to fall a prey to the hard-hearted and debauched farmer, for as the father says: "When you live in a man's house and eat his bread you've got to work for it and do his will: the Master is the Master." The whole story is a real gem and so are various other sketches, and Mr. de Mattos is to be congratulated for the good work he has done by enabling the English readers to get acquainted with this, for them, unusual and interesting piece of literature.

D. CH.

Flaxman, Blake, Coleridge and other men of Genius Influenced by Emanuel Swedenborg. Together with Flaxman's Allegory of the "Knight of the Blazing Cross," by H. N. Morris. (New Church Press, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

The sketches included in this volume were written with the object of showing how some of the great people of the last century were influenced by the philosophical and theological writings of Swedenborg. They are written, simply and pleasantly, for the young. The "other men of genius" alluded to in the title are Hiram Powers, Henry Septimus Sutton, Emerson, James John Garth Wilkinson and the Brownings. The book is illustrated with portraits of the various persons whose life story is told and other pictures connected with them. Perhaps the most valuable portion of the whole work is the reproduction of the outline drawings of "The Knight of the Blazing Cross," an allegory by Flaxman, hitherto unpublished.

A. de L.

The Magic of Experience, by H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc., F.C.S., with introduction by Sir W. F. Barrett, F.R.S. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Redgrove introduces his book as a contribution to the Theory of Knowledge, and while admiring the sound value of many of his views, we consider much of the first and longest of the book's three sections could have been effectively dealt with more shortly. Treating of Idealism, it devotes most of

its space to a comparison of sense impressions and mental images in human perceptions; these may be briefly described as follows. Sense impressions, the author tells us, arise from contact with the physical world through our senses, and consequently are controllable or mentally changeable only within the limits of weight mass and volume characterising the object. Mental images, however, are on the contrary usually changeable at will, and constitute our perception of things with which none of our senses at the moment are engaged. Where mental images are not controllable, the brain is in a dream state, or diseased, as in hysteria and madness. The remainder of the section treats of matter, its constituency and existence within the Divine Mind, and the Universe as an idea of that Mind.

The succeeding two parts are more readably put together than the first section, which as far as clarity of expression goes, falls short of the standard. The subject of the second section is Mysticism, for which, we gather, the author has but a tempered enthusiasm. As far as he deals with it, however, we are quite in agreement with him, and it may be well to give here the three main points he states. The first is that Mysticism must be followed as a mode of life rather than admired as a system of Philosophy; the second that psychic experiences where they appear, should not necessarily be regarded as arising from a Divine source, and he quotes in illustration the writings of August Strindberg with which most of us have some acquaintance. The third point he raises is Asceticism, and this we should have liked to see more fully dealt with. The topic is only briefly touched upon in saying the natural life is the best one. This is not very adequate treatment for a subject so far reaching, and a more full examination of it would not have been misplaced. For instance, we should like to have had Mr. Redgrove's remarks on the wide variety of perfectly natural lives found in the world at the present day, the diets sustaining the different individuals and the relation, if any, of diet to a capacity for psychic experience. Perhaps, though, we are grasping. The section closes with the testimony of Emanuel Swedenborg upon Mysticism, with comments upon the value of that philosopher's analytical mind in classifying the visions he beheld for so many years.

In the third section, "The Nature and Criteria of Truth," is found the author's own views of this life and the heavenly one, again with a long reference to Swedenborg. The latter's genius sounds a strong note throughout this book.

Before closing we quote the following passage.

To be reasonable is really to transcend oneself; it is to lay aside all that pertains to self in the bad sense of this word; to desire not that this theory shall be true and that false.

Altogether, the book has given us pleasure, and the sincere manner in which the subject has been dealt with should commend itself to the student of psychology. The author's pious hope of the book becoming a "popular" one, we fear will not be realised. Our feeling is that Humanity is not yet ready for it.

An excellent introduction is written by Sir W. F. Barrett.

I. ST.C. S.

From Existence to Life: The Science of Self-Consciousness. (Price 5s. net.) *The Way.* (Price 3s. 6d. net.) *Illumination: Spiritual Healing.* (Price 3s. net.) *Inspiration: The Great Within.* (Price 2s. net.) By James Porter Mills. (A. C. Fifield, London, 1914.)

In the pages of a Theosophical magazine it is not so much our business to talk about the literary merits of books, as to reckon as nearly as we can their usefulness from the standpoint of Spiritual Science, and the service which they may render humanity. In this light the above series of works, of which three have attained a second edition, deserves our attention, for evidently they have been the means of bringing light and inspiration to many. The books deal with the subject of mental, or spiritual, healing, and the outline and theoretical side of Dr. Mills' system is to be found in the first-named—*From Existence to Life*; the later volumes are elaborations on particular sections of this work. The author treats his subject in an entirely scientific fashion, basing it in the first place on a knowledge (which as a medical man gave him his first suggestions for treatment), of the two nervous systems, namely, the sympathetic and the cerebro-spinal. For the accustomed religious nomenclature he substitutes scientific terms, thus

defining those experiences hitherto associated with religion in terms which can be comprehended by practical, unreligious and critically-minded people. This is rational since, as the author points out at the outset, the body has been constructed for the use of the mind, and it has been constructed on scientific principles. His method is "to de-hypnotise the mind from the belief in its sensuous enmeshment and to awaken it to the consciousness of its original inheritance, Omniscience". This is Mendel's "unlocking" process applied to the soul instead of to forms, the process of getting rid of inhibiting factors.

There are points on which Theosophists will not agree with the author, as for instance, the statement that "the babe, when first ushered into the objective world, is the man in blank," and elsewhere, that "he has only just emerged from a state of oblivion into his first and relative Self-Consciousness. He is now entering upon his career from a state of ignorance of himself, the universe and his Creator, on his way towards the knowledge of all, through knowing his Creator." Very well, that this knowledge of all is before him Theosophists also believe, but that this wonderful mechanism of nervous apparatus and body has been built up—which, as the author declares, can itself give him all knowledge—and that such vast knowledge is to be the fruit of a life of sixty, or seventy years, they refuse to accept. All psychic phenomena, genius and infant prodigies, are thrown wholesale and indiscriminately on to the sub-consciousness. A very sweeping statement also is made on the subject of "spirits" and spiritualistic phenomena, to the effect that:

Whatever spirits may do through the sons of men, innumerable experiments with hypnotised subjects have proved that there is also a natural scientific interpretation of the phenomena. It is claimed that the feats of the subjective mind compass the whole field of transactions that have been looked upon as supernatural, and that all the phenomena of clairvoyance, clairaudience, spiritualism, etc., may be accounted for thus.

This is a sweeping generalisation, meant to put difficult points, not easily to be explained, all on one shelf safely out of reach, and will not bear any sorting out, but as the points in question do not materially affect the art of healing, and Dr. Miller's practical philosophy, we may leave them on the shelf without more than this passing comment. We think

our readers will find the following extract more in line with Theosophical thought and worthy of study:

The real use of the senses is to bring things, which already lie in the subjective state, up above the threshold of consciousness, to be translated into self-conscious feeling. The senses are a grand possession; we could not do without them. They are true to their office; it is the judgment that is deceived. When we use the senses rightly, we may perceive Truth through the objective form; but in the kindergarten stage we judge falsely, and so the Master said, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment." Judge according to knowledge, not from a fancied idea of right and wrong. Right is. See what a great thing it is to judge right judgment.

The Way is an elaboration of the teaching, pointing out the way to regeneration, the key-note of which is that "Infinite Health is within thee". It has the additional interest of showing some of the processes of spiritual healing. Still more so is this the case in "Illumination," where the author's method of curing disease by meditation is more fully set forth. It is an elaboration of a section of his first book, *From Existence to Life*. The basis of the method is to unite the consciousness with the Eternal Principle.

Inspiration, as its name implies, does not deal with the formulated side of healing as the other three works do, but is intended rather to inspire the reader with the thoughts and feelings which give healing. It comprises the report of Dr. Miller's talks to his pupils.

We recommend this series to those who are interested in mental science healing. They are full of lofty inspiration and, though there are points of divergence from our own lines of thought, the method can be easily adapted by Theosophists.

D. M. C.

Science and Religion, by Seven Men of Science. (W. A. Hammond, London. Price 1s. net.)

This volume records seven lectures delivered during Science Week, November 22nd—29th, 1914, in Browning Hall, Walworth, London, by seven men of science, as a suitable sequence and counterpart to the five Labour Weeks of the Robert Browning Settlement.

"Science and Religion: are they enemies, neutrals or allies?" was the theme of the discussion, purposing to show that Religion has not been exploded and supplanted by Science, that

the two are on the contrary close allies. The lecturers were : Professors Sir Oliver Lodge, J. A. Fleming, W. B. Bottomley, Edward Hull, Dr. J. A. Harker, Sims Woodhead and Silvanus Thompson, each drawing from his own special field of study suitable facts and arguments for presentation in an interesting, simple form. The lectures were intended to be popular, being addressed to working men and women, teachers and students. They contain in a small space a mass of scientific arguments destructive of Materialism, are fascinating reading, and deserve a wide circulation—especially among the Labour class, for whose benefit they were delivered by the above eminent scientists.

A. S.

BOOK NOTICE

The Age of Patanjali, by Pandit N. Bhashyacharya. (Adyar Pamphlets, No. 57.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras.)

This is a scholarly essay written with the purpose of enquiring into (a) the probable date of Patanjali, the author of the *Mahābhāṣya*, and (b) the supposed identity of the author of the *Mahābhāṣya* with that of the *Yoga Sūtras*. The writer of the pamphlet believes him to be the author of the *Yoga Sūtras*, and places him about the 10th century B. C. It is tabulated in a way easy to follow and remember; the arguments are logical and the fallacies of judgment of the western Orientalists are commented upon with justifiable criticism. Full references are given, and it is a valuable essay for the careful study and research made in its accomplishment.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST CONVENTION PROGRAMME

Friday, 24th December, 1915

6.30 P. M. Masonic Meeting

Saturday, 25th December, 1915

8.30 A. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant

1.30 to 4 P. M. General T. S. Convention

5.30 P. M. Public Lecture by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa

Sunday, 26th December, 1915

8.30 A. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant

10.30 A. M. E. S. Section

1.30 to 4 P. M. Convention of the Indian Section

5 P. M. Anniversary Meeting

Monday, 27th December, 1915

8.30 A. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant

1.30 to 4 P. M. Convention of the Indian Section

7.30 P. M. E. S. General Meeting by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa

viii SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST NOVEMBER

Tuesday, 28th December, 1915

8.30	A. M.	Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant
10 to 11	A. M.	Star Meeting at the China Bag
1.30 to 4	P. M.	Convention of the Indian Section
7.30	P. M.	E. S. Section Meeting by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa

Wednesday, 29th December, 1915

8.30	A. M.	Public Lecture ¹ by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa
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(Amended by the Executive Committee in their meeting on 10th October)

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 10th September to 10th October 1915, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	RS.	A.	P.
Trinidad Lodge, fees and dues of 4 new members for 1915, £2	...	...	...
Mr. V. R. Menon, for 1915, 5s.	...	...	...
Mr. George N. Wattley, Trinidad Lodge, T. S., entrance fees and annual dues for 1915—16	...	...	...
	30	0	0
	3	12	0
	7	8	0

¹ This was arranged formerly on the evening of 30th December but it should be taken now on the 29th and in the morning at 8.30.

1915. SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST ix

Mr. C. C. Halling, Singapore, for 1915—6, £1. 5s. ... 18 12 0
Indian Section, T. S., part payment of dues for 1915. 1,800 0 0

DONATIONS

Through Mr. Sam Studd, Melbourne, £26 ... 390 0 0
Rs. 2,250 0 0

A. SCHWARZ,

Adyar, 11th October 1915

Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 10th September to 10th October 1915, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	RS.	A.	P.
Blavatsky, Dharmalaya and Srikrishna Lodges, Bombay, on behalf of the White Lotus Day Fund	...	...	...
	...	...	...
	37	0	0
	Rs. 37	0	0

A. SCHWARZ,

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

Adyar, 11th October 1915

x SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST NOVEMBER

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Sikandara Manjil, Banki- pore, India	... Dhruva Lodge, T. S.	4-9-1915
Adyar, 6th October 1915	J. R. ARIA, Recording Secretary, T. S.	

VOL. XXXVII

No 3.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

DEATH is busy among our members, who have offered themselves to the country's service, and in the news received since our last issue three of our leading members in Italy, one Englishman and two Italians, have passed away through the door of battle into the larger life. The two Italians were quite young, Gian Giacomo Porro and Luigi Ferraris; the Englishman was of middle age, Dr. James Richardson Spensley, who had lived for twenty years in Genoa as British physician and surgeon in the Port. Let me put here, in memory of these, the records sent by Mr. W. H. Kirby, one of the pillars of the Theosophical Society in Italy, and a near friend of all. Of Dr. Spensley and his many-sided activities he writes:

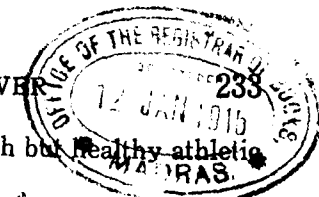
He had offered his services to his country as soon as the great War broke out. For a long time his offers were shelved, and he chafed at the thought that he was unlikely to be called to serve his country, when his profession and his freedom from family encumbrances fitted him so well to fill the post of surgeon in the army. But as the War went on his repeated applications were rewarded by a call early in the year to enrol, and he was given a commission in the

R.A.M.C. attached to the 8th Battalion of the Buffs. After a short period in camp in Sussex he was sent out to the Dardanelles, and, though no details are at present known, he died serving his country, killed instantaneously about the 26th or 27th September, 1915.

All Theosophists who have visited Genoa will remember Dr. Spensley. He was one of the first Theosophists here and the founder with several others, including the writer of these few words, of the first group, the "Giordano Bruno," in Genoa. Mr. Leadbeater, who had been on a visit to Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, passed through Genoa in 1899 and had met Dr. Spensley, who at once threw himself heart and soul into the study of Theosophical literature. A chance meeting and a chance remark between Dr. Spensley and the writer of these notes set alight the lamp of remembrance and, after some months of assiduous study, a little group of friends, on the occasion of Mrs. Besant's first visit to Genoa, founded the "Giordano Group" of Genoa. The first meetings took place at the Union Hotel in Dr. Spensley's rooms, and the arrival of Mr. Jinarajadasa soon after produced a bright and steady light of study and enquiry.

A strange and eccentric character, but a heart of gold. Ever ready to render service to the poor and needy, he was also a thorough and tried friend. A student and a scholar, he affected a superficial and almost whimsical attitude towards subjects he had really probed to their depths. He often affected to turn the truth over, as one does an object in one's hands that one is examining, taking now this line of argument now that, contradicting himself purposely, and delighting in paradoxical statements, often puzzling his hearers, yet having really foremost in his mind the desire to test by the strain of conflicting reasoning the solidity of his inner conclusions. Many misunderstood him, because of this method of examining truth. But his meticulous and straw-splitting methods were in effect often the reflection of his scientific training, and he was certainly not without gifts of intuition that enabled him to see the truth beyond the tangle of argument.

His great love of young people, brought him and them endless benefit. All small boys and girls liked him at once. He organised the little street ragamuffins into a corps of match sellers, and their muddy little faces and ragged clothes could not hide from his seeing eyes their needs and their possibilities. By stealth he did his good works and many constantly benefited by his personal trouble and generosity. He started football in Italy, and founded one of the first clubs for the purpose. When all was in order and the movement spread to other towns and all over the country he withdrew, and few probably of the thousands who play and watch the great matches realise his early efforts and not easy beginnings



to induce young Italy to take to a rough but healthy athletic sport that builds character.

Dr. Spensley was among the very first to take up vigorously and organise the Boy Scout Movement in Italy. His knowledge and love of boys made it peculiarly easy for him to fire their enthusiasm and his Sundays were of recent years devoted to those marches, expeditions, and miniature adventures in the country that fire the youthful imagination and open up the ways to manliness and character as well as to devotion to King and Country.

The Boy Scout Movement only passed from his hands when a great national corps of very fine and promising young fellows had been instituted with all the patronage of the highest quarters. In this present War we see every day the hundred and one uses of the Boy Scouts in daily and hourly acts of service and sacrifice among all organisations of charity and succour to those who are directly or indirectly fighting for their country's ideals.

Gian Giacomo Porro was the son of the well-known astronomer, Professor Francesco Porro; he was killed in the trenches by a bullet through his forehead. Of him Mr. Kirby writes:

His short life was full of promise. Endowed with an ardent nature and an exceptionally brilliant intellect, he won distinction and honours at the University at which he attained the degree of Doctor in Letters, after which he took up special studies in Archaeology, being sent successively to Athens, Rhodes, and Libia, and obtaining finally an important Government post as Inspector of Excavations and Monuments in Sardinia, until recalled for military service at the outbreak of War. An ardent patriot, with the temperament of an artist and an idealist, he was also a force and a worker for Theosophy. Many of the best Italian translations of Theosophical works, as also most of the best-written articles in the *Bollettino* and elsewhere, are due to his pen. To him Italian Theosophists owe the especially beautiful translation of H. P. Blavatsky's *Voice of the Silence*. The Italian Theosophical Society and the "Giordano Bruno" Lodge of Genoa lose in him one of their best and most valuable workers for spreading Theosophical literature. And as he wrote, so he lived and so he died, loved and honoured by all, a soldier and a pioneer.

The second young man was Luigi Ferraris, and of him W. H. K. writes:

We have to record also the death at the front of this young Theosophist and distinguished artillery officer. He

was on duty as observer of gun-fire and received an Austrian shell in his chest. No one in Italy has worked more assiduously or more devotedly for Theosophy than Signora Teresa Ferraris, his mother, and it is in her loss of her favourite son that all Theosophists in Italy must unite with her in sympathy.

Few young men can boast of so pure a life, so unblemished a character, and so noble a temperament as Luigi, or better known as Gino, Ferraris. Fervently devoted to his country, an idealist in everything, he had his future assured as an Engineer, and on account of his technical skill was offered a place in Government Service connected with munitions; but he was deaf to all counsels of safety for himself, and insisted on serving at the front, using his technical skill for an especially dangerous post. For his country's ideals he gave his life and all he was and had. To his memory and to his devoted mother all fellow-Theosophists will send their sincerest sympathy.

They have passed into the light, but the younger ones, at least, will soon return into the shadows of our mortal life.

* * *

We hear from France of a brief leave after so many long months of War, allowed to our French General Secretary Charles Blech. Very welcome was he to sisters and friends alike, and they report him as in splendid physical health and serene in mind; his hair has grown grey under the strain, but mind and body are but the stronger. Our Scotch General Secretary also is at the front, Major D. Graham Pole, and we hear of his brief words to his "boys" before a great charge, to keep calm and do their duty. Major Peacocke, of the Artillery, reports hard work and "fire problems for new positions," and his battery was one of the two specially thanked by the French General for the very valuable services rendered, when several English batteries were sent to support the French flank during the big attack at the end of September. One brave Theosophist writes: "I hate War, and quarrels of any kind, but as fighting has been laid on me as the

duty of the moment, I endeavour to excel in that duty." That is the spirit of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*.

* * *

It is interesting to note how the War has aroused interest in Theosophical ideas and its larger views of life. The *Evening Star* of Dunedin, New Zealand, reprints part of my Watch-Tower notes of August last, on the offering by Britain and the Dominions of their most "fit" on the battle-fields, the draining away from the Nations of their best. The *Star* reprints all that follows of the swift evolution and return, and of the work of the Manus. The message of Theosophy comes as a strong consolation, and its reasonableness recommends it, as it "justifies the ways of God to men".

* * *

Here our excitements are other than those in Europe. Theosophically, all our work goes very well; arrangements for the coming Convention in Bombay are all well in hand, and the fine Opera House has been taken for the four Convention lectures, to be given by myself, and also for a second series, by our brother C. Jinarajadasa, whose knowledge and culture are winning for him ever larger influence and deeper appreciation. At present he is away in Burma, where he has been making a long and most successful tour, and where, a Buddhist among Buddhists, he has done most admirable work.

* * *

Politically, things are not so well. There is a widespread resentment against the refusal of Great Britain to accept the eagerly offered Volunteers, who longed to give their services to the Empire, and have been deeply hurt by the refusal. Had they been accepted, there might have been another couple of million men trained by this time for military service,

and there would have been no need to talk about conscription in Great Britain, and the end would have been in sight, if not already here. Moreover, the maintenance of all the coercive Acts which discredit British Rule here is felt as another proof that "England does not trust us". Various contentious measures are, moreover, being pushed on. Our Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, is the only man who really grasps the situation, and the love and trust felt for him are Britain's greatest asset here. And she is taking him away.

* *

In all the rumours about possible Viceroys there is one idea that no one puts forward, and, as it is an old fancy of mine, I throw it again into the melting-pot of public discussion? Why not a Royal Viceroy? At the present crisis in Indian affairs, when the whole country is deeply moved with the sense of a National life, and when a National Self-consciousness has arisen, it is necessary to gather together every force which can make easy the transition to Home Rule. The admitted conspiracies in the Panjab, the U. P. and Bengal are the sign of wide-spread unrest, and while it is probable that they are largely due to German influence, exercised to a great extent through German missionaries, and financed by German money, they could not, have spread as widely as they did unless there had been discontent to strengthen the appeals of the conspirators. Secret conspiracy is the inevitable fruit of coercive legislation, and it will never disappear from India until the whole of the coercive legislation, *lettres de cachet*, and the rest of the anachronisms which the bureaucracy here cherishes, are swept away into the lumber-room of archaic curiosities. But more serious than the conspiracies is the distrust of the bureaucracy towards educated India, despite all that she has done

for the Empire, and the growing answering distrust of the Indians. A change *must* be made, not the change of a few more posts in the Public Services, but the definite recognition of the right of India to rule herself, and the formulation, after the War, of the legislation necessary to bring about that Home Rule. Many questions will rise, especially questions concerning the Feudatory States, in which a Royal Viceroy would be of inestimable value. It is, of course, obvious that "Provincial Autonomy," making each large division an autonomous State, fits in perfectly with the autonomy of the Feudatory States, and that a Federal Government, with the Viceroy at its head, will be the unifying National authority. The United States of India is the ideal of the future, and the Constitutions of the United States of America and of the Commonwealth of Australia offer materials for their construction. Over such a reconstructed India, and especially during the transition period, a Royal Viceroy is the ideal head. Why not the Duke of Connaught, a Prince of wide experience, no stranger to India, and well liked in the land? The Connaught family is one of the best branches of the Royal Family of the United Kingdom—Prince Arthur, Princess Patricia, would both strengthen the Viceregal Throne. The appointment would be welcomed by the proud Chiefs of the major States and by all those of Rajputana; it would soothe the feelings of the ancient aristocracy, would be approved by the thoughtful, and move the enthusiasm of the masses, who reverence the idea of Royalty. Why not, then, a Royal Viceroy?

* *

We must raise a note of protest against the statements made in the article in the present issue, entitled, "The Problem of our Attitude towards Physical Life"

—not on the opinions expressed, which belong to the author, but on the statement that “the Theosophist is taught to draw a sharp line of distinction between the interior and the exterior life How is he, with that exalted inner life of his in view, to live in the world as it is to-day?” The whole para on p. 250 expands a similar idea, and suggests that normally, the Theosophist should be “wrapt in preoccupied indifference,” should “devote himself wholly to the contemplation of transcendental glories and the cultivation of virtue in his own soul”. The author comes on pp. 253, 254, to conclusions which, we submit, are right and true, though there is only one life, not two. But with regard to the teaching of the Theosophist, I must say that I have never been taught, nor have I passed on, any teaching of the nature described. On the contrary, I have been taught that the one life, the life of the Spirit, which is myself, should show itself out through its incasings of matter, and perform every “action which is duty”. That the life of the Spirit is a joyous life of service, service of God and Man, and that no action which is Right—that is, which is in accord with the Divine Will in evolution—can be unworthy of the Spirit. Hence 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. “Working together with me, render all action attractive,” said Shri Kṛṣṇa. “My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,” said the Christ. The divorce between the religious and the secular life is not made in Theosophy; to the Theosophist nothing should be secular in a world where God is all and in all.



WHAT WILL HE TEACH?

By C. W. LEADBEATER

WE are often asked what the Boḍhisattva will teach when He comes, and how the world is likely to receive His message. The religion which He will preach cannot be new in its essence; it must be the old, old teaching, but He will put it in some new and beautiful form which will make it suitable to the needs of the present day. People often speak of religion as something which cannot need any new form. Our Christian brothers especially say that religion has been fully and finally stated.

"It is the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints," they cry. "How can you alter it? how can you add to it?"

The Faith no doubt may have been once for all delivered to the Saints, but we are not told anywhere that it was once for all fully understood by the Saints or by anybody else; and as mankind develops, as intellect grows greater and love grows wider and stronger, it is quite certain that we can understand more of the great truths than our forefathers were able to understand; otherwise human evolution would be a farce. We can understand more, we do understand more in daily life, we know more about nature and more about science than men did when the Lord Buddha preached, or than they did in Judæa two thousand years ago. Therefore the religion which is to be a real and living faith in the hearts of men in the present day must take account of this wider knowledge, and must show that it enfolds it within itself—takes it as part of itself.

We must have no longer what we have had through many centuries—an opposition between science and religion, or at any rate, between science and the Church. That must never be so again, because men know in their hearts, and they cannot but know, that the scientific teaching represents an actual reality. Science makes its mistakes—has made them again and again, and has been persuaded to abandon them only with reluctance in many cases; but nevertheless its broad bases are true, and every one knows that, and consequently a religion which does not harmonise with scientific teaching stands to a large extent self-condemned in the minds of thinking men. It is not that religion does not perfectly harmonise with science; it

is itself the science of the higher worlds, the science of the spiritual; and since God is One, and His laws are the same on every plane, true religion must accord and does accord with everything that we see about us.

It does not follow that all *statements* of that religion will necessarily be in unison with scientific knowledge. The older statements often are not, and the reason is that those through whom they were made did not then know the scientific facts, and consequently the language in which they clothed the truth was often unscientific. They could but represent the truth as it appeared to them. Although in the various scriptures you have records of what the Great Teachers are reputed to have said, you must remember that in no case have you any writings of those Great Teachers. Neither the Buddha nor the Christ wrote anything which is known to the public; we have only the reports, and in most cases reports prepared long after the time, of what They were supposed to have said, and those reports must always have been coloured by the knowledge of the writer.

The hearer understands a certain thing by what he hears, and when it is his turn to teach and to become the speaker, he reports, not what his Great Teacher said, but his own individual understanding of what that Great Speaker said, which may or may not represent Him accurately. In many cases it *cannot* represent Him accurately, from the obvious fact that the apostle is not greater than his Master, but less; that he will understand less of the depth of meaning than the Master, and consequently his representation is sure to fall somewhat short of perfection, and may in some cases be quite inadequate.

We see that for ourselves in ordinary life. If you are set to describe something which you do not fully understand, it is quite sure that your report of it will be inaccurate, in the sense that a technical student who does understand the subject can find flaws in your statement of it. It is the same here, and so those men who knew nothing of science, who were not endeavouring therefore to make their statement square with this science of whose existence they were unaware, often put it in a form in which it would not harmonise. Not that the original truth would not correspond perfectly; all truths are one, and they must agree with one another; but a partial statement is very likely to disagree. We cannot revise the truth—that is God's; but the statement, which is man's, we may revise. We may put the thing in a new dress which will be acceptable to the wider knowledge of the present day, and not do violence to it in any way, as the ignorant statement so often does.

It will not, then, be anything *new*. The teaching must be the grand old teaching which is the Eternal Verity, but it will be clothed in a new form; that much is certain.

What will happen when that Teacher comes? Let us hope that the many thousands of members of the Order of the Star in the East will have done something, at least, by that time to accustom the world to the idea of His coming. We, let us hope, shall recognise Him at once, because we shall all have been trying to some extent to prepare ourselves to know Him, by developing within ourselves those qualities which He mainly preaches. Therefore at least there will be many thousands of us scattered over the world who will

acknowledge Him; and there will assuredly be many others, whom by that time we shall have influenced, who will also be ready to own Him. Therefore a congregation, an audience, will be assured for Him. Remember also that, although we have been given to understand that He will visit all the civilised countries of the world, whether He does so or not, all that He says will be reported all over the civilised countries: it will appear in the newspapers; it will no doubt call forth much of criticism, much of argument, much of dissent. But all that will be an advertisement; all that will help to spread the knowledge of the new Great Teacher who has come.

How may we suppose that His own Churches, the result of His last effort to teach the world, will receive Him? I suppose that in every Church there will be some who will recognise Him, some whose intuition will tell them that this is He in whom they have believed, that this is He whom they expected. But certainly there will be a large number, perhaps a great majority in His Churches, who will *not* own Him, and for this reason: His teaching will come in a new and wider form. We know that it is characteristic of many of those Churches now that they cling to their own usually somewhat narrow statement of His older teaching. We know that in many cases they have abandoned His teaching altogether, and have set up instead of it a system which assuredly is not His, although it may be based upon a distortion of certain things which He is reputed to have said.

You may remember, if you read the Higher Criticism, how an accomplished writer on biblical subjects

once published a book called *Not Paul but Jesus*. He made the statement (and there is a great deal of truth in it) that the theology of the present day in the Christian Church is largely to be attributed to S. Paul, and most of it is not based upon the reputed sayings of Jesus Christ Himself. The sayings of Jesus Himself, as reported in the Gospels, are simple, direct, and clear, and bear no relation to the curious theological puzzles about which so much difference of opinion has arisen. One can quite imagine how He might come and say to His Churches:

"What is all this about which you are quarrelling? What has it to do with My teaching? Get to work and *do* the things that I told you last time, and then perhaps you may some day know something about all these other matters, about which you are so unnecessarily troubling yourselves."

His own directions are clear. Remember His account of what is called the Last Judgment. Remember how He calls the people up (and since He is to be the Judge on that occasion, one must presume that He knows something about the procedure), and asks them certain questions. What does He ask? We should expect from all we have ever heard, from what we have been taught in any Christian Church, that the first question at least would be: "Did you believe in Me?" And probably the second, "Did you attend Church regularly?"

The Christ unaccountably forgets to ask either of those questions, but simply says to the people: "Did you feed the hungry? Did you give drink to the thirsty? Did you clothe the naked? Did you visit those who are sick and in prison?"

That amounts to asking whether you behaved in a decent and brotherly fashion towards your fellow-men, and if you did, then you go straight off to the kingdom, without any question as to whether you believed *anything whatever*; and that is the direct teaching of the Head of the Christian Church Himself. It is a significant fact that according to this clear and unmistakable teaching of the Christ, any Hindū, any Muhammadan, any freethinker will go straight into heaven, if only he has lived a kindly life and done his duty to his neighbours. If you ask any Christian about this, he will probably shuffle, and say that of course Christ *did* not mean it, that He was taking for granted that they all believed in Him. However, there is His own plain statement: it seems curious that so little attention is paid to it.

So He might very reasonably call up some of these people and say:

"What are you quarrelling about in My Name? Is that what I told you? Do what I said; follow what I taught you, and not the commandments of men."

They will not like such a rebuke, because they have erected a vast scheme on the foundation of those commandments of men, and suddenly to be called back to first principles—to be told that all their tests of Church membership do not matter in the least, that it does not matter what anybody believes so long as he behaves as he should—will be startling. I think we can hardly expect that those Churches *en masse* and officially *can* accept Him; and so I imagine that many of them will reject Him. There is the prophecy that in the latter day there will be many false Christs, so they will have an opening to say: "This may be one of the

false Christs." Many others will take the general attitude of holding back. They will say: "If this thing be of God it will prevail, if not it will presently come to naught." We cannot blame them for being cautious where they have no compelling intuition; but there will certainly be a great number who will reject Him in His own name.

Those who have read the later Theosophical books will remember how the Manu, when He was trying to found a Root-Race, established a number of people in Arabia, and imbued them strongly with the idea that they must not intermarry with other races. Then later on He found the conditions unsuitable; He left them there and withdrew only a small number of them, and went and founded His new race elsewhere. After many centuries He with His men came back to Arabia, with the hope of persuading those (who already had so much in their traditions of what He wanted) to fall in with His plans. But they rejected Him in His own name.

"You cannot be the Manu," they said. "We have directions that we should not mix with other people. We are the chosen people, and you are trying to mislead us." I am afraid it is reasonably certain that in this matter history will repeat itself—that the same thing will happen with the Bodhisattva when He comes.

Yet there will be those who will know and receive Him, and it is our business to try to increase that number—to spread the good news of His coming as widely as possible, and to bring as many as we can into the condition in which they are open to His influence, and ready to hear the wondrous message that He brings. That coming is our gospel; let us see to it

that it is preached with assiduity. And as a first step let us fill our own lives with it; let us live in the spirit of that noble verse from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*:

Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
 Thou art coming, O my King,
 In Thy glory all transcendent,
 In Thy beauty all resplendent;
 Well may we rejoice and sing.
 Coming! in the opening East
 Herald brightness slowly swells;
 Coming! O my glorious Priest,
 Hear we not Thy golden bells?

C. W. Leadbeater

THE PROBLEM OF OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS PHYSICAL LIFE

By M. A. KELLNER

THE present War is an event such as the world has never known, a convulsion of the social frame of so overwhelming a magnitude that no part of existing society can possibly remain unaffected. Everything to which we are accustomed seems slipping away, and to keep pace with the changes around us, many of our thoughts, feelings, opinions, have to be readjusted—we are in the midst of a mental, as well as a physical upheaval.

There is a special reason why this upheaval should be greater and more productive of difficulties for Theosophists than for some others. The Theosophist is taught to draw a sharp line of distinction between the interior and the exterior life. 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. But life in the world at the present moment is far from ordinary. It is altogether abnormal, and abnormal in the direction of emphasising and intensifying all the stronger and lower passions. Men at the present moment are lower, and also higher, than in normal times. It is a time of sharp contrast, of startling

extremes. The ordinary tenor of life is broken, not only on the physical plane, but also on the emotional and mental planes, where everything has become intensified. The emotional plane is now a seething mass of fierce, unbridled emotions—deadly hate, murder, treachery, the lust of killing, all the lowest, most animal and least human emotions of which man is capable. And side by side with these, we see correspondingly intensified virtues—heroism, public spirit, magnificent courage, willing sacrifice of comfort, money, prosperity, of life itself, to the general good. Heroism to-day is becoming a commonplace, and the heart swells with wonder and pride to learn the number of heroes there are in the world. We thought them ordinary, commonplace men and, but for this War, should have thought them so to the end, but we were wrong. When the need arises, they calmly throw aside the disguise and show us their true selves.

In the present state of things, these two elements, the high and the low, cannot be dissociated; they must exist side by side. We cannot take the one and leave the other. Here comes the Theosophist's special difficulty. How is he, with that exalted inner life of his in view, to live in the world as it is to-day? How is he to keep himself unaffected by the violent and undesirable emotions raging around him? What precise attitude is he to take with regard to the virtues; for though sufficiently accustomed to admire courage, self-sacrifice, heroism in the abstract, here these virtues are wholly directed to a physical, and what must be admitted to be a highly untheosophic end, namely, the overthrow and destruction of other human beings whom he is taught to regard as brothers.

The question of establishing a right balance between the inner and the outer lives is always difficult, but at the present time it has become far more so, for while the two lives have become more hopelessly incompatible than ever, it has surely become glaringly unjustifiable for any man to withdraw himself from things mundane, and, wrapt in preoccupied indifference, to devote himself wholly to the contemplation of transcendental glories and the cultivation of virtues in his own soul. Whatever one may do normally, surely now a man must feel that he cannot remain aloof, but is bound, being man, to range himself with his fellows and play *some* part in the great events of the world's life.

It is this contrast which makes the Theosophist's position so difficult. His familiarity with the idea of an inner life of perfect calm, of utter selflessness, makes it infinitely harder for him to choose his line of action in the present crisis. How can he who believes in the brotherhood of all men, in the supremacy of the law of love, and who, glorying in sacrifice, thinks little of success—how can such a man make a good soldier or a patriotic Englishman? How can he throw his whole soul into killing and maiming as many Germans as possible, when an inner voice constantly persists in reminding him that the Germans, like ourselves, are children of the All-Father and, even as we, are but human beings, wending their appointed way slowly, blindly, painfully, towards perfection?

The answer to this problem is a difficult one—hard to grasp intellectually, and harder—infinately harder—to carry out in practice. The problem is simply that of the right relation between esoteric and exoteric life; a

problem which is always with us, but is presented to us now in an acute and accentuated form. And because it is always with us, as well as because of the importance of the present crisis, it is worth any effort we can make to find a clear and definite answer, for without this we shall never be able to see clearly what line we ought to adopt, and having chosen, to pursue it consistently and without fear. Mental confusion on this point leads, at the present time, to such mistakes as trying to send out thoughts of peace and love to soldiers at the front. This, surely, is manifestly useless and even undesirable. Indeed, its safety lies in its complete futility. No ordinary man, if filled with thoughts of peace and love towards the enemy, could possibly fight as we should wish our soldiers to fight, and as we are proud to know that they are doing. To do what many of them have done requires, it is to be feared, a great deal of very untheosophic emotion in a man's mind with regard to the Germans, and if we really succeeded in filling a certain number with thoughts of peace and love, we should simply make very poor soldiers of them. This cannot be desirable. Whatever we do, let us do it thoroughly. Let all the hesitation and half-heartedness be got over before we start upon any line of action: once started, let us pursue our course, whatever it may be, with vigour and determination.

It is an ancient stumbling-block, the unsuitability of Christ's injunctions to everyday life. We hear various explanations and evasions, but there is no getting over the fact that anyone who follows them literally would come to grief with regard to everyday life. If sufficiently far advanced, they would not mind this;

in fact, when the consciousness is centred in the inner life, the apparent failure is accompanied by the feelings of success; the martyr who died by Nero's command enjoyed a sense of triumph such as the Emperor had never known. But if people are not sufficiently developed, if the consciousness is centred largely in physical life, then there is no possibility of this joy; the failure seems complete, the calamity final. Naturally to such people, to follow these commands seems sheer lunacy—and from their point of view they are right. Hence it is impossible to persuade them to take the Sermon on the Mount as a practical guide for conduct.

So far all is simple: there are two lives, the exoteric and the esoteric, each with its own laws and conditions, which, being entirely different, and often antagonistic, present a wholly different code of rules for the attainment of success. If we could leave it at that, we could simply choose for which life we were going to live, and having chosen, we should know by which code to regulate our conduct.

But there is one important fact which we must not forget, and which entirely robs the problem of this delightful simplicity. The fact is this: that this earthly life is the instrument and means whereby we progress spiritually. Therefore if, being drawn to higher things, we should renounce the outer life and turn to the inner, determined to live for that wholly and alone, we should, in reality, be renouncing the machinery by means of which the product we desire is manufactured. All that has been said about the non-reality, the unimportance, the illusion and transitoriness of everyday life is true; and yet the Great Wisdom has ordained

that by means of that non-reality, that passing illusion, we are to develop that which is real and lasting.

Here, then, is the problem by which we are faced: if we live for the outer life, throw ourselves, our energies, into that, we shall almost certainly lose sight of, and taste for, the inner, for the still, small voices of the unseen world are all too easily drowned by the clamour of earth. If, on the other hand, choosing to live for the inner life alone, we shut ourselves away from the turmoil of exoteric life, then a fate not far removed from stagnation—at best very partial and restricted progress—awaits us, for we have cut ourselves off from the instrument by which alone we can attain our end. What, then, are we to do?

There is only one answer to the riddle. We must choose, not one of the two lives, but both. We must live in the world—live vigorously, strenuously—and at the same time keep a part of ourselves aloof, so that with even greater vigour we may pursue the life within. A common illustration of the requisite attitude frequently presents itself; it is exactly that of a well-bred person playing a game. The man of breeding will throw himself heartily into whatever form of sport may occupy him, he will give it his whole attention for the moment, he will do his best to win, otherwise he would spoil the pleasure of all concerned; but he will never allow the fortunes of the game to affect in the slightest his equanimity; he will win or lose with equal good temper, and he would consider himself disgraced were he to allow any sign of annoyance to escape him however much fortune, or superior skill, might favour his opponent.

That is precisely the attitude to be desired with regard to everyday life. We must live it vigorously;

we must throw ourselves into it, play our part to the full, accept—nay, go forth to seek—its manifold experiences. But all the time we must preserve a consciousness within, that however poignant or overwhelming our experiences, none of them really matter. However, wild and devastating the tempest to-day, all will be calm to-morrow—all *is* calm, even now, at the heart of things.

We must learn to watch the process of manufacture of our souls much as the clay, if endowed with consciousness, might watch its moulding in the hands of the potter. Everything that happens to us in daily life leaves its mark, and it is our business to see that the mark made is the right one. We should welcome experiences, for a crowded life may mean rapid progress, but we must keep our minds fixed on the subjective, net result of each event, not on the event itself, for that net result is the only thing that matters. For instance, suppose a bank fails and we lose some money. Habit and convention have taught us to think that the possession of money is essentially a good thing, and its loss, therefore, a calamity. This, of course, is a mistake, or rather, a distortion of the truth. Even from a purely selfish point of view, the one thing that matters to us is happiness. In so far as money tends to bring happiness, it is to be desired; and although it is a truism among moralists to say that money does not represent happiness, we have all of us yet to learn how intensely, vitally true that saying is. After a time, when we have grown accustomed to the changed circumstances which the loss of the money entailed, we may realise, with much surprise, that we are really no less happy than we were before; but the chances are that instead of

being wiser next time a calamity befalls us, we shall be equally downcast, or equally overwhelmed. This appears all the more foolish when we remember that in the nature of things the calamity, even if it actually were one, will pass and be forgotten, whereas its effect upon our character, whether for good or ill, will remain for ever, in the sense that we shall never be exactly as we should have been had that mark never been made.

Events, as well as individuals, have their "souls," their inner significance and import, and it is to the souls, rather than to the bodies, that we should accustom ourselves to attach importance. When the bank fails and you lose your fortune, the "body" of the event is your deprivation, henceforward, of a certain amount of material wealth, which will prevent you from buying certain material things you would otherwise have bought. The "soul" of the event is the abstract loss—your concept of what has happened, which, by its subjective effect on your mental state, alone has power to affect what really matters, your character and your happiness. As a rule, we fix our attention on the "body" of events, altogether overlooking the fact that there is, or can be, a separate "soul," and further failing to realise that, though we may not be able to control exoteric events, and prevent the arrival of misfortunes, yet it is within our power to ensure that all happenings shall be blessings as regards their "souls".

If we think only of the "body"—the loss, or whatever it may be—and forget that to lose some things may be no real disadvantage, then, in failing to see that the event has a soul, we miss the subjective effect which it

was designed to have, and the mental and spiritual parts of our being, robbed of their intended blessing, share in the depression attendant upon a material loss, and the event becomes an actual, instead of only an apparent misfortune. Had we, on the other hand, forced ourselves to discriminate between the outer event which did not matter, and the inner effect which did, and, fixing our attention on the latter, had realised clearly that, to the inner man, the loss of a thing was as much, if not more, productive of good as its acquisition, that here was a blessing knocking at our door if we would have it so; then, in a wonderful way—wonderful to those who are not used to the experience—the “loss” would have been entirely swallowed up in the gain, and in looking back afterwards, we should never feel any inclination to regard the failure of the bank as a calamity.

Could we but see clearly what is actually in the balance on either side, we should be amazed at our previous blindness; for what have we to put in the two scales? In the one is a certain material loss, a necessity to do without certain things—it may be also certain pleasures—which we should otherwise have had. In the other scale is the possibility of remaining cheerful in spite of an inclination to do otherwise, of rising superior to outside circumstances, in short, of acquiring the power to find happiness within ourselves, rather than in external and material things, this eventually rendering us completely independent of, and indifferent to, whatever may betide in physical life. Now, since we shall all admit that, from the most selfish standpoint, happiness is the only thing that matters, which is better, to depend for this one desired object on

circumstances which are at least as often hostile as friendly, or, by deriving happiness from within ourselves, to remain absolutely assured of possessing it, whatever may betide? There can be no two replies to the question, put thus. It is the philosophic discovery that the man who desires no material thing is richer than he who, having many desires, possesses also the means to gratify them.

Of course, the difficulties appear when we come to put the theory into practice, otherwise we should all be possessed of a perfect and unassailable beatitude. But the thing can be done—and chiefly by habitually fixing the attention, as previously said, on the soul of events, rather than the body. This habit established, in a short time, the occurrence of any of the small misfortunes or annoyances of life will act as a tonic, a spur, a call to our stock of energy, and in the mere overcoming of the natural feelings of vexation or depression, we shall take the same pleasure that a healthy body feels in physical effort; and in the enjoyment of this bracing sense of moral exercise, we shall quite forget that, by all our former standards, the event was a misfortune.

The moment the annoying or distressing thing happens, let us say to ourselves: “Am I being annoyed or depressed by it? If I am, I am failing; if I am not, I am succeeding, and have a right to feel pleased with myself. This is not an annoying thing really, it is simply a test to see how far I have progressed, and a means of practising what I have learnt. If I did not have occasions for practice, I should never improve, therefore I myself *wish* to have them, since I want to make progress, and I recognise this event as an opportunity, not as a misfortune.” If we did this persistently

for a time, before long we should really begin to feel rather pleased when anything annoying happened, paradoxical as this may sound.

This is one of the supreme facts of life, and it contains within itself the solution of our problem, how we are to bear ourselves in everyday life. If we have learnt to live in the world, to face whatever daily life may bring, whether good or bad, able always to fix our attention on the inner, subjective aspect of the event, rather than on its material, outer aspect, then, as we have seen, "misfortunes," "calamities," are over for us; henceforward every event, great or small, good or bad, fortunate or unfortunate, according to the world's reckoning, will be for us but an instrument for progress and increased happiness, an occasion, an invitation, to take another step up, and hence a priceless opportunity, and the supremest blessing we can desire.

Indeed, when we have reached this point, it would seem probable that we are approaching proficiency in the art of living and, it may be, nearing the end of our course; but since we are most of us as yet only beginners, it is the elementary steps which claim our attention, and which we should do well to study further.

This method of living is the link between the two lives which are apt to appear so incompatible. We have seen that it is necessary for us to live fully and energetically in both the outer and the inner lives; that we cannot cut ourselves off from either without hindering, if not altogether arresting, our progress; and if, as Theosophists, we have chosen first as indispensable the inner and higher life of the Spirit, we want to know how we should also live vigorously in the life of the world, and especially how we should bear ourselves in

the present difficult time, when worldly life seems to demand of us total contradiction of all our ideals and aspirations.

The problem of how to live both lives at once is solved by the acquirement of this power of fixing the attention on the soul of events, and regarding everything that happens, good as well as bad, as a means of education and progress. When we are able to do that, we shall find, as a secondary result, that when we come to voluntary actions, we are able to perform them without feeling the appropriate emotions. We have grown into so impersonal a habit of mind, as regards our lower selves, that, while directing their actions, we do not experience the feelings which formerly would have prompted and accompanied those actions. Since our conduct is now determined from a standpoint quite outside worldly life, since our motives are now above and wholly unconnected therewith, in a similar way is the result of actions (so far as our feelings are concerned) dissociated. To take an example. Ordinarily, when a man kills another, he is led to do so by feelings of hate, anger, revenge, or some such motive, and while committing the deed, his whole being is dominated by these emotions. But if a man should kill another from some impersonal motive—because, for instance, he knows it to be necessary for the future safety of others and not from any personal feeling whatever—then he may escape entirely all the attendant violent emotions; he may even experience nothing but pity and regret from beginning to end of the proceeding. Clearly the result on the characters of the two men—both of whom are murderers in the eye of the law—will be wholly different. Whereas one has committed a terrible crime

for which he cannot but suffer terribly, the other may have performed an act of heroism and self-sacrifice from which nothing but good will result to himself.

Here we have an illustration of the way in which the method of living recommended above has the power to alter entirely the values of actions in the physical world: it makes it possible for us to do things, if we should find it necessary, not only without detriment to our highest welfare, but in actual furtherance of this welfare, which formerly would have seemed to us wholly incompatible with our ideals and professions. In short—it enables us to live energetically in earthly life, while still pursuing with all the strength that is in us the inner life of the Spirit.

This, it may be objected, is simply saying that, in the appraisal of any action, it is the motive alone which counts; a fact generally admitted, which might have been stated simply and at once, without so elaborate a prologue. Every one agrees that a good man may do an apparently bad action from a motive which will free him from all blame. That is perfectly true, but the prologue nevertheless has its justification. The good man, performing the numberless small acts of daily life will not, by reason of his goodness alone, be able to keep his motive always pure and himself free from the emotions naturally aroused by his actions: and when it is a question of events which come to him from outside and in which his part is primarily passive, there will be no question of motive, and he will see no better course than to strive after resignation, which is very far from being all that is wanted. If, by cultivating a correct attitude towards the events which

come to us, we acquire the habit of detachment, the custom of dwelling on the soul rather than the body of the occurrence, we shall go much further than resignation towards the misfortunes of life, and when we are called on to take an active, rather than a passive, part, we shall further find that we have acquired the power previously referred to, of performing actions without experiencing any of the appropriate feelings.

Is this, then, not a solution of our original problem? We wanted to know how it was possible for a Theosophist to conduct himself at the present time, when war and hatred and violence have convulsed society, and when many things which he has always been taught to regard as vices have now become virtues, without, on the one hand, withdrawing into selfish and callous isolation, or on the other, playing traitor to all the best that is in him.

If what has been said above be accepted, we shall see that it is possible for him to do things in outer life completely at variance with the whole trend of his inner life, and yet progress thereby in his spiritual development; provided only some adequate motive exists for the apparently retrograde action. Is there, then, any such motive at the present time? Or, to put the question in a practical form, is there now any sufficient reason why a Theosophist, who has always been taught to regard all men as brethren, and to cultivate the virtues of charity, tolerance, self-effacement and non-resistance, and above all to respect the sanctity of human life, should now take up arms and devote himself to the task of killing as many Germans as he can possibly compass?

The writer would reply in the affirmative, and would submit that there is a reason why such a course should be justifiable.

Every kingdom of life, every stage of development, has its own proper code of conduct, its own standards of right and wrong. That which is blameless and right for the tiger becomes wrong for man, and in the same way, what is right and permissible for man, becomes wrong for super-man. As we ascend, constantly there appear before us new and ever higher ideals. Our inner life is leading us up the steps to a goal above ordinary humanity, and therefore, in that inner life, the ideal of those beyond humanity prevails. But this inner life, with its lofty ideal, being a step beyond the stage which average humanity has yet reached, consequently embodies a standard of conduct not yet accepted by the ordinary man as the one to be aimed at. As individuals, this need not affect us—we are at perfect liberty to regulate our lives, if we please, by a code other than that of the people round us: but as members of a nation, this is not so. In that capacity we must be prepared to submit to the code appropriate to, and accepted by, the State at large, and this code will be, not that of the lowest in point of development, nor of the highest among private individuals, but a mean between the two. This is that mysterious thing to which we give the name “public opinion”—mysterious, because it never seems to constitute the opinion of the people present at the moment, and yet proves its foundation in reality by the overwhelming force which is undeniably behind it.

That it is fatal for us, as members of a State or nation, to attempt to hold to our own private ideals of

right conduct, will be easily seen when we reflect that a nation or State is, or should be, in reality a single entity composed of the separate individuals belonging to it, just as the individual cells constitute in their totality the human body. But the harmonious adaptation of varied activities to one common end is the essential idea of a “body” as distinguished from a collection of independent units; hence it follows that it is the primary duty of every unit (in its capacity as part of a whole) to see that it contributes to this harmonious working, and subscribes to this common end.

As members of a nation, then, duty requires that we should rule our actions by the nation's standard of conduct and not by any private standard of our own, even though this latter may be higher than the former, and consequently duty requires us to do things on our country's behalf which we should never do on our own. Indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, our own private, lofty standard demands of us, in this special capacity, action in accordance with a lower one, because otherwise, though we might be good individuals, we should be bad Englishmen, and we have to strive after perfection in *all* the relations in which we find ourselves.

There is, then, nothing necessarily incongruous in a good Theosophist doing things incompatible with good Theosophy; but how is such a one to know what to do and how far to go in actual practice? He must bear in mind the principle that his aim as an Englishman is to act up to the best national standard of right and wrong. In detail this may be a little difficult to define, but broadly we need be in no uncertainty. To give a few examples. Our national code most assuredly declares that it is right to fight, right to kill,

wound, outwit your enemy by any lawful means, in defence of your country, your loved ones and your life. It declares that in such a crisis as the present it is wrong to hold back, wrong not to do everything one can, in some way or other, to help forward the cause, at whatever sacrifice of private advantage. But while advocating no hesitancy and half measures in the making of war, there are things which this national code absolutely forbids. You may kill your enemy, it says, but you must not torture him; you may outwit him, but you must not tell him a direct lie (as by abusing the white flag); as soon as he is wounded, he is an object for pity and an enemy no longer; you may kill as many men as you like, provided they are soldiers; but non-combatants, women and children are sacred, and to harm them intentionally is an unspeakable disgrace.

These, and a thousand more dictates of our national code show, if placed beside some other codes, or our own of long ago, that even as a race we have made considerable progress on the upward path. The standard has risen, and will continue to rise higher and higher. Let us be thankful for that, and in the meantime realise that we must not expect, or even aim at, perfection too soon. This is true even in our individual lives. Although we cannot be too much in earnest in the pursuit of our ideal, we *can* be too rigid, and hurry on a little too fast. Even here, existing conditions require to be taken into account, and they will, or ought, at times to act as a brake on our ardour for rapid progress, as, for instance, in the matter of vegetarianism. When once convinced on intellectual or moral grounds that vegetarianism is desirable, we are

apt to plunge headlong into a revolutionised diet, in many cases ignoring the fact that our bodies are not quite as far advanced as the rest of us, and require a little consideration and leniency. Any injury to physical health by the adoption or practice of vegetarianism, while commanding our admiration in one direction, indicates, nevertheless, a failure to take into account existing conditions, and an undue haste and rigidity in our efforts after progress.

If this is possible in our efforts to reach our individual goal, how much more so is it possible in the pursuit of national ideals, which are admittedly lower. If we aim too high—if, for example, we go about at the present time preaching universal peace and brotherhood, and expatiating on the wickedness of taking human life—we shall achieve no result other than to put ourselves entirely out of touch with our hearers and to arouse their antagonism or contempt.

A little thought should prevent our making such a mistake. For the ordinary man to wish and work for peace at the present moment would be wrong, not right. It is those who go out to fight, not those who, when they might go, stay at home, that command the nation's respect and admiration. Never for one instant do these men doubt that they are doing their duty—how, indeed, can anyone doubt? Does anyone, Theosophist or other, make immense personal sacrifices and voluntarily face discomfort, hardship, death and worse than death, for the pleasure of it? What more conclusive proof could these men give, that at present the national code of ethics does declare that at such times as these fighting is right, justifiable and a sacred duty?

Let us then see to it that we do not commit the terrible mistake of blaming people for acting nobly and with magnificent heroism in pursuit of their ideals, simply because, looked at from another point of view, which we, perhaps have reached, but they have not, there is a still higher ideal for which to strive. Let us rather, in our public capacity, be proud to take our place beside them, realising that for the time being we are accepting a lower standard of conduct, but realising also that the one thing more important than the elevation of our ideal, is the spirit in which we strive to attain it. That which a man sees as good, is good for him, however shortsighted he may appear to another; and it is infinitely greater to strive earnestly toward a low ideal, than half-heartedly towards a high one.

We must be prepared then, as English men and women, to do things at this time which are totally at variance with our private standard of right: we are to accept the common standard, but let us not think that because this is lower than our own, all will therefore be easy. Very far from it. If it is difficulty we want—something hard of achievement—we shall not be disappointed. For this is the task before us: to act according to the common standard, while refusing to feel as the ordinary man feels. We must perform actions tending, by their nature, to arouse the most violent emotions of which mankind is capable, without experiencing these emotions; we must oppose without dislike, we must fight without hatred, we must kill without feeling one shade of animosity. Few of us, even the most advanced, could do this with ease or complete success.

We come back here to that lesson which, as Theosophists, we should have learned, and which

constitutes our right attitude towards ordinary daily life: the power of inner detachment, the habit of fixing our attention on the soul rather than the body of events, the ability to realise clearly that the one thing that matters is the subjective effect of occurrences—our attitude towards them—and since this is a matter within our control, it is henceforward of entire unimportance what may befall us, or what actions circumstances may demand of us, for all may equally be transmuted into the pure gold of spiritual progress, by which not we only, but the world in which we live and all with whom we come in contact, shall infallibly be benefited.

M. A. Kellner

IN KYNANCE COVE

(SPRING)

By EVA M. MARTIN

AT Kynance when the wind and tide were high
 I climbed down to a narrow, grassy ledge
 That overhung deep water, milky green
 In the swirling hollows, and like emerald glass
 Where the proud billows arched their shining necks.
 Between the cliff and one huge island-rock
 The tide surged strongly, and two currents met,
 So that the waves were locked continually
 In close embraces, while the impetuous wind
 Blew their wild, radiant manes of snowy hair
 Backward along their shoulders like thin smoke.
 Above, the white gulls floated tranquilly
 Across the rain-washed sky of early spring,
 And the bright-flaming gorse on every side
 Breathed forth its almond scent upon the air:
 Below, the impassioned waves flung up wild arms
 And met and clasped and parted in a whirl
 Of foam and song and rainbow-tinted spray.
 There, as I leaned above the unresting sea,
 I saw a figure lying in a curve
 Of emerald water. From a flower-pale face
 Two lambent eyes, green as the wave, held mine
 In a long look, while a melodious voice,
 Clear as the limpid ripple of running streams,
 Floated upon the wind despairingly.
 "Long I dwelt in a moorland pool,
 Deep, deep and cool,
 Under the brow of a purple hill,
 Where the cloud-shadows fly
 O'er the earth, and the sky
 Is high and still.
 Where the winds are free,
 And the golden gorse

Floats like a golden sea,
 From a hidden source
 A stream arises.
 Full of sudden, sweet surprises
 It takes its course
 'Mid rocks and ferns,
 With headlong leaps and silent turns,
 Far from that foamless pool of dreams—
 Mother of streams.
 And the stars, who mirror their heavenly faces
 In the still water through the night,
 Crossing the sky in their ordered places,
 Lured me away to find the bright
 Sea of green and tossing waves,
 And the mermaid-haunted caves
 Where the lucent sea-weeds grow,
 Paved with silver sand below.
 On and on one travelling star
 Led me o'er the moorlands far,
 Down the splashing waterfalls,
 Past the green, fern-covered walls,
 Through the primrose-lighted woods
 Where a holy silence broods,
 'Mid the rocks, across the sands—
 Till a wave stretched forth her hands,
 Caught me, clasped me, held me fast,
 Drew me out to sea at last.
 Now my heart is cold as foam,
 Longing for my moorland home.
 Spirits of the sea, your flight
 Is too fierce and wild and white
 For a moorland water-sprite.
 Fled, fled is my delight!"

I gazed into her luminous green eyes,
 And fain was I to leap to her, to clasp
 Her snow-white form and bear her swiftly back
 To that far, silent pool upon the moors
 Where the stars washed their faces in the dusk.
 But lo, the wave on which she floated met
 Another wave, and the two leapt in air,
 And kissed and clasped and parted, in a whirl
 Of foam and song and rainbow-tinted spray.
 She sank into the opalescent depths. . . .
 I saw her face no more. . . but o'er the spot
 Where the waves met, a white-winged sea-bird hung,
 And rose, and soared in circles overhead,
 While the sun gleamed through its wide-beating
 wings.
 With strange, mysterious cries it rose, and then,

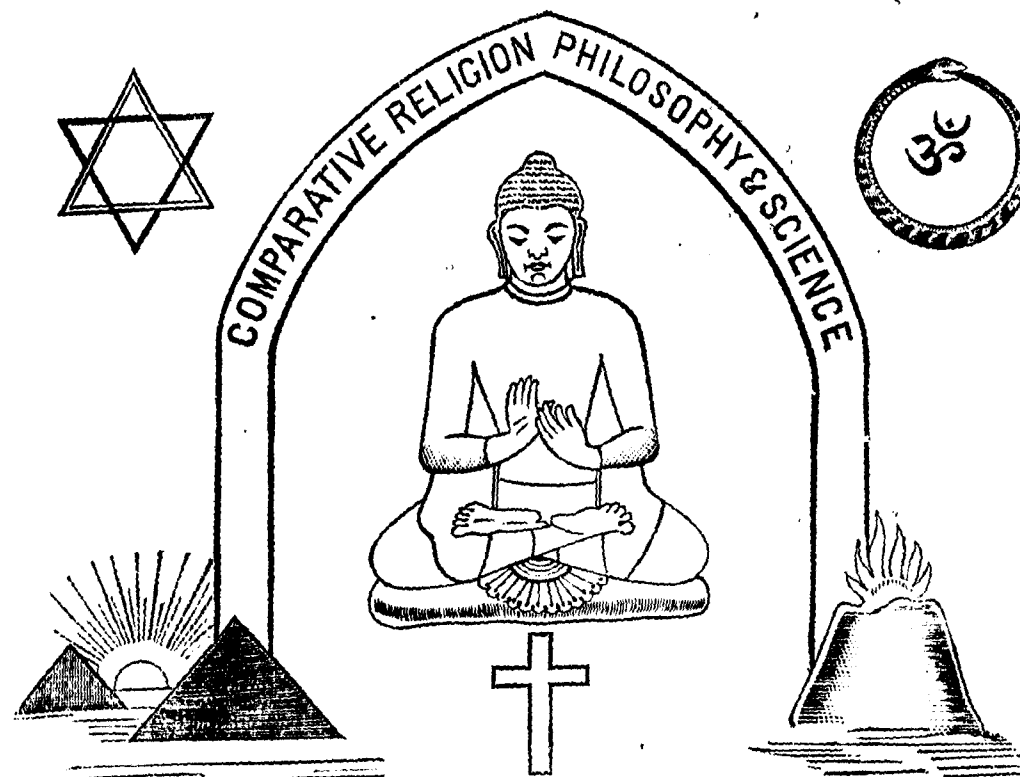
Uplifted by the wind, flew out to sea,
Far out to sea, a wonder and a joy.

* * * * *
Even so are we frail human spirits caught
In the wild clash of the world-forces, while
Our hopes and thoughts and dreams are dashed to
spray,

Shining an instant only in the sun.
Even so the star of life doth lure us forth
From many a tranquil haven of repose,
Down through the sunlit moors and shadowy woods,
Across the sands of birth, into that sea
We call the world, where meet in tireless war,
The eternal elements of life and death.
There are we tossed and carried to and fro,
In passionate unrest, till all the waves
Of the world meet o'er our heads, and we must sink,
In fathomless depths of unknown mystery.

*Yet there shall rise from out the swirling gulf
A foam-white bird, with strong and vibrant wings,
To circle the illimitable sky,
And ride upon the wind far out to sea. . . .
Far out to sea, a wonder and a joy.*

Eva M. Martin



ABDUR RAZZAK

By V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

(Concluded from p. 166.)

THE time came when Razzak was in serious danger of his position, if not life, in the court, in consequence of the machinations of certain people from Hormuz who were residing in the country. These circulated a rumour that Razzak was an impostor, that he was

not the accredited representative of His Majesty, the Khakan-i-said, but a mere merchant with the diploma of his master. The nobles and ministers came to be influenced by it and Hambah¹ Nurir, a low vile man who officiated as Danaik, during the absence of the permanent Danaik in a campaign against Kulberga, believed in this representation and stopped the daily allowance hitherto assigned to the ambassador. Not satisfied with this the Hormuzians, with that characteristic "devilry which formed the leaven of their disposition," spread "several other lies in the hearing of the infidels," and they produced such an impression upon them that for some time the author was, to use his own language, reduced to a state of misery and uncertainty "in the middle of this unholy country". And from this anxiety it was the Emperor that saved him. Incapable of small feeling, he never gave way to resentment; on the other hand, when he met him several times on the road, he treated him with much graciousness, asked how he was going on, and did not object to the assignment of a daily allowance of seven thousand fanams on the old Danaik's return. Their King was indeed not uninfluenced by the whispers of calumny; for when in December, 1443, he dismissed Razzak and sent two ambassadors—Khwaja Mahsud and Khwaja Muhammad of Khorasan—to Mirza Shah Rukh, he told him plainly that it had been represented that he was not really the envoy of his sovereign, that otherwise he would have paid him greater respect:

If you should come again into this country, and I should ascertain that you are really sent on a mission by His Majesty,

¹ Major adds that he was a *Christian*. He also gives his name as Nimah Pezir. But Elliot points out that *Hambah Nurir* is the right name. Again, unlike Major, he says that Hambah was "a temporary substitute". Does the word *Christian* occur in the original MSS.?

I shall pay you such attention as becomes the dignity of my Empire.

In a similar vein he wrote to the Shah himself:

It was our intention to commend myself to His sacred Majesty by royal presents and gifts, but certain parties represented that Abdur Razzak is not His Majesty's servant.

It is to the remarkable credit of the Emperor that, in the face of this suspicion, he was so generous, kind and hospitable to the stranger; and it is not surprising that the latter naïvely and curtly remarks: "In very truth, he possessed excellent qualities."

Abdur Razzak does not give us much information about the system of government which obtained in the country. All he says is that "one might seek in vain throughout the whole of Hindustan to find a more absolute *rai*, for the monarchs of this country bear the title of *rai*". One administrative officer alone he mentions, the Danaik or Vizier. He had his office in the Dewan Khana, where he heard people's affairs and heard their petitions. There was no appeal from his decisions. Every day after the conclusion of business he was to make a report of the affairs to the King. The Danaik was also a military officer; for Abdur Razzak mentions two occasions on which he went abroad on military expeditions, one against Kulberga and the other against Ceylon. The Danaik of Deva Raya was, says Razzak, a very able and trustworthy eunuch, in whose valour, fidelity and capacity the King had absolute confidence. This is illustrated by a tragic incident which Razzak describes in detail, which took place during his stay in Calicut and which gives us a clue as to the insecurity of the imperial crown. The King's brother who had just constructed a house for himself invited thither the monarch and the principal magnates.

Now it is an established usage of the infidels never to eat in presence of each other. The men who were invited were assembled together in one grand hall. At short intervals the prince either came in person or sent some messenger to say that such or such great personage should come and eat his part of the banquet. Care had been taken to bring all the drums, kettledrums, trumpets and flutes that could be found in the city, and these instruments playing all at the same time, made a tremendous uproar. As soon as the individual who had been sent for entered the above-mentioned house, two assassins, placed in ambush, sprang out upon him, pierced him with a poignard and cut him in pieces.

They removed the fragments of his body and then sent for another guest; and no sooner did he enter the hall than he found himself sacrificed. The noise of drums and the clamour of festivities prevented the cries and denunciations of the unfortunate victims from being heard, and the grim carnage therefore went on unrecognised and undisturbed. In this manner all those who had any name or rank in the state were removed. The bloodthirsty monster then enticed the guards of the palace and despatched them. The palace was now defenceless and the villain was able to enter into the King's presence. With a dish covered with betel-nuts in which a brilliant poignard lay concealed, he approached the unsuspecting monarch and invited him to his house. The King instinctively did not want to go, and pleaded ill-health. The unnatural brother now gave up his secrecy and gave vent to his design. He drew his poignard, struck the King, and practically left him dead, entrusting one of his confidants to complete the sanguinary task by cutting off his head. The murderer then ascended the portico of the palace and delivered an address to the people in which he spoke of his slaughter of the King, his brothers, his nobles, his Brahmanas and his Viziers, and of his sole right to claim and receive their allegiance. In the meanwhile

the King, who had not lost his life, recovered his senses, killed his brother's emissary with the aid of a single guard who had accidentally happened to witness the horrible transaction, and emerging out of the palace to the scene of his brother's harangue, instantly proclaimed his existence and his safety and ordered the seizure of the wretch. The furious crowd immediately responded to the royal mandate. They fell on the traitor and tore him to pieces. From amidst this tragedy only one had escaped, and that person was the Danaik. An expedition to Ceylon had sent him out of the country and therefore out of danger; and now when the King recovered from the shock of the huge outrage committed on him, his very first act was to send an urgent courier to the Vizier, asking him to return forthwith and informing him of the events that had transpired in his absence. The advent of the Danaik was the sign of a speedy punishment of those who had been involved in the conspiracy. They were "either flayed alive or burnt to death, or destroyed in some other fashion and their families were altogether exterminated". One of the other fashions referred to is the trampling by an elephant, so that the criminal would be crushed to death. The Danaik was, says Razzak, a firm friend of his and treated him in a noble and generous manner. This generosity shone by contrast when his temporary successor, Hambah Nurir, a man who was "diminutive in stature, malignant, low-born, vile, savage and reprobate" listened to the enemies of Abdur Razzak, and withdrew the allowance hitherto granted to him.

It is unfortunate that Razzak gives no more information about the actual administration of the country

or the duties and functions of its great officers. All that he enlightens us on is the police system of the city and the administration of the mint. Regarding the city police he points out that, to the office of the Prefect which lay opposite to the Mint there were attached twelve thousand policemen. Their daily pay amounted to twelve thousand fanams, and the whole of this amount was obtained from the proceeds of the brothels of the city. The brothels were in a definite quarter of the city, and the business of collecting the revenues was not difficult. Razzak describes it as situated behind the Mint, and as a fine, well-built street, three hundred yards long and twenty broad, lined by mansions in front of which were fore-courts and platforms on which figures of lions, panthers, tigers and other animals were "so well painted as to seem alive". At the doors of the houses, on chairs and settees, were seated, after the midday prayers, the courtesans themselves, in all their finery and their charms, attended by one or two slave-girls, experts in the art of "blandishments and ogles" beyond description. The business of the policemen who were maintained out of the revenues from these pleasure-houses, was

to acquaint themselves with all the events and accidents that happen within the seven walls, and to recover anything that is lost or that may be abstracted by theft; otherwise they are fined. Thus, certain slaves which my companion had brought took to flight, and when the circumstance was reported to the prefect, he ordered the watchmen of that quarter where the poorest people dwelt to produce them or pay the penalty; which last they did, on ascertaining the amount.

The worthy writer does not tell us whether this urban police system was a feature in every city of the empire or whether its existence was a feature of the

capital only; but we may perhaps believe that it was a common institution in every well-populated town or city.

Regarding the Mint and its activities, Abdur Razzak tells us that it discharged the duties both of coining and of the State Treasury. The Mint and the Treasury offices, in other words, were combined. Razzak mentions three gold coins, one silver and one copper as current in the Empire. The gold coins were the varaha, the partab or half-varaha, and the fanam which was one-tenth of the partab. The silver coin, or the tar, as it was called, was one-sixth of a fanam in value, while the copper jital was, it is curious to note, a higher coin, equal to one-third of the fanam. As the Treasury Office, it received the revenues and disbursed them.

The usage of the country is that, at a stated period, every one throughout the Empire carries to the mint the revenue (*zar*) which is due from him, and whoever has money due to him from the Exchequer received an order upon the mint. The Sipahis receive their pay every four months, and no one has an assignment granted to him upon the revenues of the provinces.

Of the sources of revenue, Abdur Razzak does not speak. All his information in this respect is a statement which he incidentally makes in the course of his description of Vijayanagar to the effect that at the gates of the city were posted guards who were very diligent in the collection of taxes (*jizzat*). These taxes were evidently, as Sewell points out, octroi duties. One other source of revenue, the licence for prostitution, has been already referred to.

With regard to expenditure, Abdur Razzak takes care to inform us of the lion's share of it in the military department. The Rāya, he says, had more than a

thousand elephants, resembling mountains in size and devils in form, and a gigantic army of 1,100,000 men. Next to the military defence, the King's own personal expenses formed an important item. The Rāya's harem, which contained seven hundred ladies, purchased from their parents from every part of the empire, and into which no male person above ten years was admitted, naturally absorbed a good deal of the revenues. The amount spent on palaces and pleasure houses, on elephants and horses, for the private use of the Emperor, was proportionally great. Abdur Razzak speaks of gold and silver walls and nails, doors and ceilings. Pearls and gems were in profusion and played a conspicuous part in the adornment of men and things. The Emperor's throne, for example, was "made of gold and enriched with precious stones of extreme value," and, adds Razzak, was nowhere excelled in the other kingdoms of the earth. The cushion on which the Rāya sat had three rows of exquisite pearls on its edges. The roofs and walls of his throne-room were entirely formed of plates of gold enriched with precious stones. "Each of these plates was as thick as the blade of a sword, and was fastened with golden nails."

The large scale of palace expenditure can be inferred from that of the department of elephants. These huge and costly 'beasts were required, in those days, for a variety of purposes. They were, in the first place, valued for their contribution to the grandeur of State processions and State celebrations, for war in the second place, for games and amusements in the third, and lastly for the execution of criminals who were cast down before them to be crushed to death. Elephants were numerous in the country, but the biggest were reserved

for the palace. A particular part of the capital was assigned for the taming and breeding of these. The King, we are informed, had a white elephant which he held in superstitious veneration, and which he ordered to be brought every morning to his presence so that he could see it first in the day. No expenditure was spared in the proper construction of elephant stables and in the method of feeding them. Each elephant was housed in a separate stall, the walls of which were very strong and high and covered with strong wood. "The neck and back of the elephant were attached by chains to the beams above, and the forelegs were similarly bound." The elephant's food was sumptuous! In fact an elephant of the Rāya seems to have commanded more comforts and luxuries than many of his subjects! Razzak says they were sumptuously fed on *kichu*, which, after being cooked, was turned out from the cauldron before them. Sprinkled with salt and sweetened with moist sugar, it was then made into a mass out of which balls of about two *man's* each were dipped in butter and then placed by the keepers in the mouths of the animals. So habitual did the latter become in the expectation of their meal that a negligence in the refining process was chastised with death by them; and if the negligent keeper escaped the elephant's fury, he was not likely to escape his sovereign's. The elephants were fed in this way twice a day.

It is in the description of court life, of court etiquette, court customs and festivals that Abdur Razzak excels. When he was first introduced to the court he found the Prince seated in a hall surrounded by the most imposing attributes of State.

Right and left of him stood a numerous crowd of men arranged in a circle. The king was dressed in a robe of green satin, around his neck he wore a collar composed of pearls of beautiful water, and other splendid gems.

The custom of the day necessitated the gift of presents by an ambassador, and Razzak presented to the Rāya, in the name of his master, five beautiful horses and two trays each containing nine pieces of damask and satin. And the Rāya, in accordance with the etiquette of the age, gave an ample present in return—a tray, two packets of betel, a purse containing five hundred fanam's and twenty mithkal's¹ of camphor. His generosity at the same time ordered the daily provision of two sheep, eleven couple of fowls, five *man*'s of rice, one *man* of butter, and one *man* of sugar, together with two varaha's in gold. Thrice a week the ambassador was received by the King and engaged in conversation on matters concerning his country and King, and always dismissed with a packet of betel, a few fanams and camphor.

Abdur Razzak was struck with amazement and wonder at the numerous festivals and celebrations, and the games and amusements of the court. He gives a glowing and realistic picture of a certain festival of which he was the eye-witness. It is not clear what festival he refers to. Razzak himself calls it *Mahanadi* or *Mahanawi*, which evidently stands for *Mahanavami*. But the *Mahanavami* was a nine days' festival which began with the New Moon of the month Asvina, whereas Abdur Razzak says that the festival which he saw was a three days' festival which began with

¹ Major says that the *Mithkal* was the name both of a weight and of a coin, the present weight being three pennyweights. As regards the *Mans*, the same scholar points out that as there are ten sorts in Persia and India it is impossible to fix the real weight intended by Razzak and that, if the market weight is meant, it should be 7½ pounds. See *India in the 15th Century*, p. 31.

the full moon of Kartika. Mr. Sewell¹ therefore surmises that the New Year's Day festival might have been intended by him. However it was, the account he gives is so beautiful and so realistic that it has become a classic in the eyes of the indigenous historian. Razzak says how in pursuance of orders issued by the King of Bidjanagar, the Generals and principal personages from all parts of his Empire presented themselves at the palace, and paid their tribute and allegiance. They brought with them a thousand elephants, "tumultuous as the sea and thundering as the clouds, arrayed in armour and adorned with howdahs on which jugglers and growers of naphtha were seated". Their interview with the Rāya over, the games and amusements began and endured for three days. They were conducted on a broad expanse of ground, magnificently decorated, in which the numerous elephants provided, to the eyes of the traveller, the appearance of the waves of the sea or of "that compact mass which will be assembled together at the day of Resurrection". On this space were erected a number of enchanting pavilions, from two to five storeys high; and on these pavilions there were painted, from top to bottom—

all kinds of figures that the imagination can conceive—of men, wild animals, birds and all kinds of beasts, down to flies and gnats. All these were painted with exceeding delicacy and taste. Some of these pavilions were so constructed that they revolved, and every moment offered a different face to the view. Every instant each stage and each chamber presented a new and charming sight.

In the front of the plain, there was a pillared edifice, nine storeys in height on the topmost of which the Emperor was seated. In the open space between

¹ See *Forgotten Empire*, p. 93.

this palace and the pavilions, the games were enacted. They were endless. Sometimes singers and story-tellers exercised their respective arts. "The singers were for the most part young girls, with cheeks like the moon, and faces more blooming than the spring." They were adorned with beautiful garments and displayed "figures which ravished the heart like fresh roses". They were seated "behind a beautiful curtain opposite the King. On a sudden the curtain was removed on both sides, and the girls began to move their feet with such grace that wisdom lost its senses and the soul was intoxicated with delight". Besides these, there were a number of miraculous and marvellous feats performed by trained elephants. Abdur Razzak mentions a feat in which three beams were placed one on another, and an elephant was made to mount on the topmost of them, and "beat time with his trunk to every song or tune that the minstrels performed, raising the trunk and lowering it gently in accord with the music". Another feat was to construct a gigantic horizontal bar, attach a long weight on one side, and place an elephant on a plank on the other, so that it had to go up and down, marking the tune of the musicians with the motion of his trunk.

One cannot, without entering into great detail, mention all the various kinds of pyrotechny and squibs, and various other amusements which were exhibited.

Regarding the outdoor amusements of the monarch, Abdur Razzak is comparatively meagre, and gives a short account of elephant-chasing, of which the Rāya was very fond. Deva Rāya stayed sometimes for months in the jungles in this exciting game. The way in which the elephants were caught was very

¹ Students of epigraphy will see how true Abdur Razzak is in his representing Deva Rāya as a lover of the elephant chase.

skilful. A pit was dug in the way which the animal frequented and covered lightly, so that the beast fell into it. For three days it was not approached; but on the fourth a man would come and repeatedly strike it with a bludgeon, while another would appear in the guise of a protector, drive off the oppressor, seize the bludgeon and throw it away, and retire after placing some forage before the beast. The process was repeated for days till the animal became friendly to the protector and allowed him to come near and scratch and rub him till, deceived by this kindness, he would submit his neck to the chain. Elephants were also purchased from Ceylon, their price depending on their height.

In regard to the material condition of the people, Abdur Razzak has some favourable remarks to offer. In a single passage he notes the thick population of the country, the colossal wealth of the Emperor, and the jewellery which the people, as the result of their prosperity, possessed.

This country is so well-populated that it is impossible in a reasonable space to convey an idea of it. In the king's treasury there are chambers with excavations in them, filled with molten gold, forming one mass. All the inhabitants of the country, whether high or low, even down to the artificers of the bazar, wear jewels and gilt ornaments in their ears and around their necks, arms, wrists and fingers.

One other common but cheap luxury among them was the betel. Both as a digestive after meals and as a mark of courtesy, it was used by all classes of people. Ministers and ambassadors, noblemen and courtiers, made presents of it on occasions of State or private entertainment. Regarding its virtues, Razzak observes:

It lightens up the countenance and excites an intoxication like that caused by wine. It relieves hunger, stimulates the

organs of digestion, disinfects the breath, and strengthens the teeth. It is impossible to describe, and delicacy forbids me to expatiate on, its invigorating and aphrodisiac virtues.

We may note also that Abdur Razzak mentions the high position occupied by the Brahmanas both in the order of society and the counsels of State. He places the influence of Brahmanism only next to the absolutism of the monarch.

The book of Kalilah and Dimna, the most beautiful work existing in the Persian language and which presents us with the stories of a *rai* and a Brahman is probably a production of the talent of the literati of this country.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the later career¹ of Abdur Razzak. For the moment he left India he ceased to take any interest in her affairs, and the historian of India does not miss him. As has been already mentioned, he left Vijayanagar somewhat discredited, and two men of Khorassan who had been in Vijayanagar, Khwaja Mahsud and Khwaja Muhammad, were sent as ambassadors to his sovereign. He received, however, a kind and cordial treatment at the hands of the Rāya on the occasion of his bidding farewell to him. A journey of eighteen days brought him to the port of Mangaluir (Bakrur or Mangalore?), where he had the privilege of an interview with a Muhammadan saint, a hundred and twenty years old, and where one of the two ambassadors, Mahsud, died. The Rāmzan over, Razzak set out on his voyage, and after an eventful journey, reached Hormuz in April, 1444. He was to live for thirty-eight years more and distinguish himself as an historian and diplomatist.

V. Rangachari

¹ See *India in the 15th Cent.*, Introduction, and Elliot's *History*, iv, p. 90.

TREASURE TROVE OF ANCIENT LITERATURES

By G. K. NARIMAN

(Concluded from p. 179.)

III. *Enormous Buddhist Sanskrit literature in original and vernacular versions—Great discovery of the century: Pāli not the mother tongue of Buddhism; Pāli represents translation from perished vernacular*

THE varieties of scripts employed in these manuscripts are as curious as their contents. We meet with a Manichæan Estrangelo, the Uigurian alphabet, the Brāhmī, the Runes of a particular kind, (which the genius of Thomsen was able to read twenty years ago for the first time on the stones at Orkhon and Jenissei). From the standpoint of their contents the texts fall into three divisions. The Christian literature has up to now been very sparsely encountered, the largest document dealing with the adoration the Magi who are here described after the manner of the Apocrypha. Among Buddhist texts, those of a comparatively later date, occupy a large place—the *Saddharma puṇḍarīka*, the *Suvarṇa prahāsa Sūtra*, (of which both Berlin and Petrograd boast of complete texts), passages from the

diaries of travellers, from the peculiar species of literature, not always of a cheerful nature, the Dharanis, and the penitential formulas with their lively portraiture of all manner of imaginable sins. They bear a strong resemblance to the Zoroastrian *Patets*. Then there are again fragments of works with interlineal versions, which are not without value for the originals, since though they are somewhat younger in age they reflect the oldest accessible texts. From the standpoint of history and literature the most interesting of our acquisitions are the miscellanea of Indian legends. Who could have ever conceived an expectation of coming across in Turfan the old legends of the *Mahābhārata* related by Bimbāsena or more correctly Bhīmasena and his fight with the demon Hidimba, or of the *svayamvara* of Indian princesses? We have confessional formulas of the Manichæans which are without doubt framed after the Buddhist exemplars, like the *Khuastuanift* which is valuable even in its dogmatic contents, and another which witnesses to a considerable tolerance of Buddhism. In this text, in the same breath, are enumerated the sins committed by one against one's own brother in religion as well as the sins shared in Vihāras dedicated to Shakyamuni! Further, our inventory of the treasure trove has to notice fragments of hymns, sermons, divine judgments, and dogmatic transactions; next, a small complete book of prognostications or a dream book in the Rune script. It bears resemblance to similar products of China, but is of Manichæan origin. A special value is to be ascribed to two leaves from Berlin which from their exterior can be marked as Manichæan and not Buddhist. The first relates to the setting out of the Bodhisattva or as

he is here called, the Bodisav, on the path of renunciation, and those who meet him. The other contains the revolting story of the youth who in his intoxication embraces the dead body of a woman. It is of Buddhist origin and S. Oldenburg has shown that it occurs as the first parable in the Persian version of the legend of *Balaam and Joasaph*. This discovery as good as confirms the conjecture of Muller and Le Coq, to which the peculiar name Bodisav had led them, that here we have to do with the vestiges of the Manichæan version of the celebrated Buddhist romance. But it is not at all impossible that the original was a Manichæan work possibly in the Soghdian language. It would constitute a remarkable instance of involuntary syncretism if the Manichæans had contributed to the turning of the founder of Buddhism into a Christian Saint.

There is hardly a single nation among those of the East Asiatic continent possessing any civilisation of its own, which has not left literary traces in Turkestan. Müller has in certain fragments recognised the script employed by the Hephthalites or White Huns on their coins. We have Mongolian letters and xylographs in the enigmatical Tangutian writing language. Tibetan manuscripts are numerous of which only a few, the fragment of a sūtra and a couple of religious songs, have been brought out by Barnett and Francke. The number of Chinese writings is enormous. The oldest of these excavated from the sand by Stein are now before the public in a magnificent work by Chavannes. Of the paper manuscripts a few go back to the second Christian century. They are at any rate the oldest paper documents in the world. A large majority of

the documents are on wooden tablets. Some are on bamboo chips: they mark the condition of the oldest Chinese books. The wooden pieces, the oldest of which date from 98 B.C., come from the archives of the garrisons stationed here in the outermost west of the empire on the Great Wall. Here are gathered the detailed particulars regarding the daily life of these military colonies in the first centuries of Christ. They deal with the duties, the wages, the equipments of the soldiers, an optical telegraphic service, a postal department; and, a complement to the picture of the realities of the day, a poem of later days describing the miseries and dangers of the frontier legions guarding against the barbarians of the West. The mass of later Chinese manuscripts seems to belong to works of the Buddhist canon and to business documents. A stranger has sometimes strayed into the collection as is shown by the "Lost Books in the Stone Chamber of Tun-huang," published five years ago in Peking. It is a pleasant sign that China is willing not merely to guard the ancient literary treasure entrusted to her, but also to make it useful.

For us, in India, the manuscripts in Indian languages are of supreme importance. Historic interest is claimed before all by documents on leather and wood discovered by Stein on the Niya river. They contain, as is evidenced by the publications of Rapson and Boyer, dispositions and reports of local authorities, instructions, regulations, official and private correspondence—all inscribed in the Kharoshti script and drawn up in a Prākṛt dialect. The date of the Prākṛt documents is fixed by the Chinese wooden tablets which have been mixed with the latter, and one

of which is dated A. D. 269. In the third century, therefore, there were Indians in Khotan of Gāndhāra origin who were living mixed with a Chinese population. It is, therefore, not improbable that an historic fact lies at the basis of the legend according to which Khotan in the days of Ashoka was colonised by Chinese emigrants under the banished son of the Emperor as well as the inhabitants of Takshashila whom the Indian king, wounded over the blinding of his son Kunala which they had not prevented, had accordingly ordered to be banished to the deserts to the north of the Himālayas. In the circle of these Indian colonies lies also the Kharoshti manuscript of the *Dhammapaḍa* which is known after Detrenil de Rhins. Professor Lüder thinks that it is by no means a private anthology, but the remnant of a particular tradition of the word of the Buddha which up to now has undoubtedly remained the only one of its kind.

Since the time of Pischel, who deciphered the first pages of the xylograph of the *Samyuktāgama*, the remnants of the Buddhist canonical literature in Samskr̥t have been infinitely multiplied. What up to now has been placed before the public out of the *Vinaya* and *Dharma* of the Buddhist Samskr̥t canon by Sylvain Levi, Finot and de la Vallée Poussin is only a small portion of the salvage. Of the *Uḍānavārga*, which seems to have been unquestionably the most favourite Samskr̥t Buddhist work, 500 leaves are preserved in the Berlin collection alone, out of fragments and leaves belonging to some 100 manuscripts, so that the text is almost completely restored. Pischel recognised that these vestiges belong to the canon of the school of the Sarvastivadis lost in the original Samskr̥t. He already

noticed that the Samskr̥t texts were not translations from the Pāli canon, which is the only canon preserved intact to us. A penetrating research has revealed that both the Samskr̥t and Pāli canon are traceable to a common source which, as is proved by mistakes in the translations, was drawn up in the Eastern dialect which was spoken as the common idiom in the territory of the Buddha's activity. THIS IS AN EVENT WHICH IS OF DECISIVE CONSEQUENCE IN THE HISTORY OF BUDDHISM. We are now in a position to restore the Samskr̥t canon from the débris of tradition. It existed in the pre-Christian centuries in Magadhā. That, however, is not equivalent to saying that we have come upon the original word of the Buddha. What the Buddha himself exactly taught will always remain a subject of speculation although Professor Lüder believes we are not yet justified in resigning ourselves to the position of *ignorabimus*. That, however, which the Church thought He taught at a time to which no direct documents go back, is now in our hands, thanks to the Turkestan discoveries.

Another region in literature has now been made accessible from this quarter—the pre-classical Samskr̥t poetry. Thirty years ago the Kāvya appeared to begin with Kālidāsa who was placed in the sixth century. Before that seemed to lie centuries of complete sterility and Max Müller coined the phrase about “Sanskrit renaissance”. To-day we are positive that Kālidāsa lived in the beginning of the fifth century, that his name signifies the zenith of courtly poetry, and that it was preceded by a spring. Inscriptions and a couple of lucky discoveries in India have given us an idea of the beginnings of the Kāvya. Turkestan intimates to us the

existence of an unsuspected wealth of hymns, epics, romances and anthologies which in the majority belong probably to this period. The material is always religious but the form is that of the secular Kavi. This differentiates the poetry from the old Buddhistic, though the old Church did not by any means stand hostile to poetry.

The present writer may be allowed to dwell for a moment—a moment only—on the brilliant confirmation of the discovery of the Buddhist canon in Samskr̥t. A short eight years ago his refusal to look upon Pāli as the prime word of the Buddha, and Samskr̥t Buddhist books as later fabrications, drew on him a storm of indignation from Burmese monasteries. Unfortunately for the time-being the excavator's spade is left for the shrapnel; else it were easy to make a present to the Shwe-da-gon shrine of an anthology of Samskr̥t Buddhism as voluminous as any in Pāli issued from Leipzig or New York.

IV. *The hiatus in classical Samskr̥t literature supplied—Buddhist poetry or drama in Samskr̥t—Matriceta and Ashvaghosha the forerunners of Kālidāsa—Authenticity and verification of Tibetan treasures*

People appropriated the popular species of poetry called the Gāthas by putting over it a Buddhistic veneer. The first age of profound religious passion gave rise to a number of poets who, however, had not the ambition to hand down their names to posterity. Many of the strophes which were placed in the mouth of the Buddha himself or his disciples are among the finest produced by the literature of any age. But only when Samskr̥t was given the position of a church language, instead of the popular dialect, doubtless with a view to a wider spreading of the doctrine, it was then only that

poetry began to be composed according to the rules of the Samskr̥t court singers. Our manuscripts prove how much under the influence of this artificial poetry gradually the ear of the monk himself in the Turkestan monasteries was refined. Scholars were constantly at work improving upon the old translations of canonical works which were in many ways crude and unpolished. They laboured to reduce the text in language and metre to the stricter requirements of later ages.

Two names belonging to this early period are mentioned in the Middle Ages with enthusiastic admiration, Matriceta and Ashvaghosha. Both belong as it seems to the beginning of the second century. Matriceta's fame is based on his two hymns to the Buddha, which according to I-tsing in the seventh century every monk in India learnt by heart, whether he was attached to the *Hinayāna* or the *Mahāyāna*, and gave rise to the legend that the author in his previous birth had rejoiced the Buddha with his songs as a night-ingale. They were up to now known only from Tibetan and Chinese translations. From the fragments in the Berlin collection about two-thirds of their text has been restored. The work of Matriceta has great value in the history of the Samskr̥t literature as the earliest example of Buddhist lyrics; although the enthusiasm with which the Chinese Buddhist scholar and translator I-tsing speaks thereof is not altogether intelligible to us. Dogmatic accuracy can scarcely compensate us for the monotony with which synonym after synonym has been heaped. Also the *alankāras* which constitute the regular decoration of a *kāvya* are only sparingly employed. Incomparably higher as a poet at any rate stands Ashvaghosha.

Fragments of his epic, the *Buddha carita* and the *Saundarananda* in the original Samskr̥t are found in Turkestan. Here we have also palm leaves eaten up and ruined on which was inscribed the *Sūtra alankāra* which is at present known only from its Chinese translation. A French version of the Chinese rendering was done by Huber. The ruined remains, however, give us an idea of the style of Ashvaghosha. We likewise possess a wholly unexpected fund of remnants of dramas of which at least one in the colophon is expressly designated as Ashvaghosha's work. One of the two palm leaf writings in which it is preserved to us is a palimpsest prepared in central Asia. The other was probably written in northern India during the lifetime of the poet. It represents the oldest Brāhmī manuscript we know. One leaf has come out of a dramatic allegory in which Wisdom, Endurance, and Fame entertained themselves on the virtues of the Buddha. Probably it is an epilogue or an interlude. A fragment represents a comic piece in which the principal part seems to have been played by a courtesan. The drama which undoubtedly is a production of Ashvaghosha treats of the story of the two chief disciples of the master, Shārīputra and Maudgalyāyana, up to the time of their conversion to Buddhism. The fragments do not suffice to enable us to judge of the individuality of Ashvaghosha although they furnish valuable suggestions for a general history of the Indian theatre. We here come across, apart from divergences of little consequence, forms as in the classical period. The speeches are in prose intermixed with verse. The women and the inferior *dramatis personae* speak a Prākṛt dialect which undoubtedly stands here on a

more ancient phonetic level. The comic person of the piece, the Viḍūṣhaka, is also here a Brāhman perpetually suffering from hunger in the company of the hero, and the manner of his jokes is the same as in *Shāकुन्तला*. All this demonstrates that the Indian drama at the close of the first Christian century was fully developed in all its peculiarities, and this has been completely established by the discovery in Southern India of the dramas of Bhasa, by Gaṇapaṭi Shāstri. Bhasa is one of the poets mentioned by Kālidāsa as his predecessor.

It is a variegated picture this, presented to us by research in Turkestan. It is all still almost in confusion, the flickering light of accident. It will require years of labour before we are able to judge of the whole huge collection. The question with some is whether the results will be commensurate to the labour. There are many in the West who have hardly any appreciation for the work of scholars engaged on the investigation of peoples and speeches of Southern and Eastern Asia. But the sinologues' views at least must count. Chinese is a "colonial language". The Samskr̥tist, however, is something more than a tranquil man who worships dead deities worlds apart. These Gods are not dead. The knowledge which Gauṭama Buddha acquired in the holy night under the Bodhi tree is still the *credo* of millions of mankind, and thousands and thousands of lips still repeat the prayer at sunrise composed by a Ṛshi thousands of years ago. Nor are those countries far from us. Only 18 days' journey divides the heart of Europe from Colombo, in whose harbour steamers from their journey to the ends of the earth take shelter. The world has

become narrower, the people of Asia have been brought close to us and will be brought still closer. Whether this will be peaceful or will lead to strife, this nobody knows. It is nevertheless our duty to endeavour to study the ancient systems of culture, to endeavour to appreciate them in the only possible way—that of historical research. In the history of this research the discovery of the Ancient and Middle Ages of Turkestan constitutes only a single chapter but that happens to be one of the most important.

G. K. Nariman

SILENCE

Be still and know that I am God

WHEN with hearts high bounding, full of joy and hope,
Bravely go we forth to meet Life's swelling flow,
When Love's whispers thrill us with their music sweet,
Be still, and know.

When from cloudless sky of noontide heat and strife,
The Sun's strong rays fall, blinding in their glow,
When Life's success and glory veil the sight,
Be still, and know.

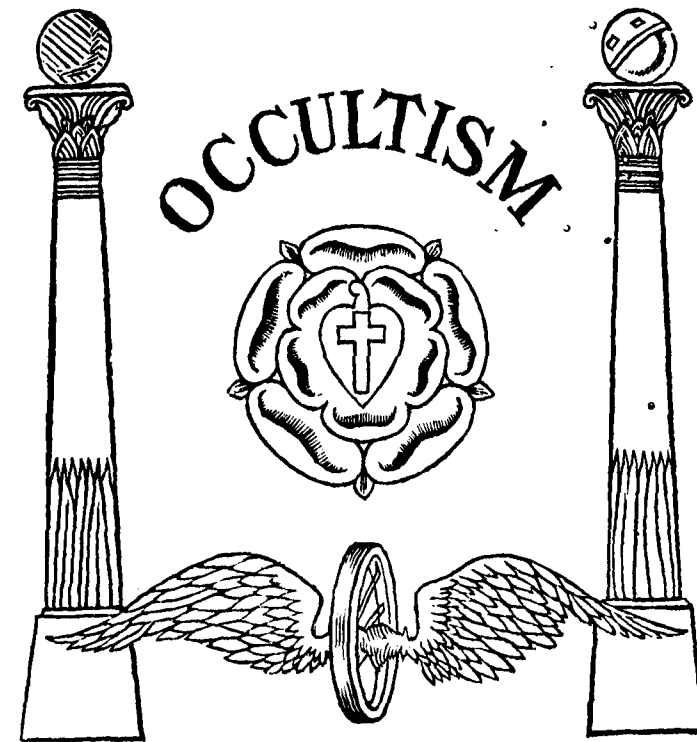
When Evening comes, the hour of retrospection,
While yet the red illumines the peaks of snow,
When Life is all behind, and Death before us,
Be still, and know.

And when the Day is done, with all its pains and pleasures,
And to us comes the whisper soft and low,
The message that the Angels bring at night-time,
Be still, and know.

Be still, at Life's glad morning and at noon-tide,
Mid scorching heat, when tempests loudest blow ;
Remain unswerving, still, midst all Life's turmoil ;
Be still, and know.

Be still, and know that God is in His Heaven ;
Be still, let Life's mad swirl unheeded by you go ;
Be still, from out the Silence comes the Knowledge,
Be still, and thou shalt know.

E. B. YEOMANS



INWARD SIGHT

By THE REV. S. BARING GOULD

ALTHOUGH in so-called thought-reading there is usually a good deal of imposture, there is certainly a substratum of truth. To certain persons is given a faculty of "taking stock" of another that is justified by after revelations. We are all conscious of entertaining sympathies or antipathies for which we are not able to give a rational explanation. Children, to whom experience in human character is wholly wanting, possess it:

and in the same way animals—dogs and horses—entertain strong and unaccountable likes and dislikes for special human beings. It is certainly true that the judgment we form at the first sight of individuals hitherto unknown to us is often more correct than that which is the result of a longer acquaintance. The first impression that through some instinct of the soul attracts or repels us when encountering strangers may, by further acquaintance, be weakened, yet it is never altogether shaken off, and in the long run is not infrequently justified. This is a faculty of peculiar value in the East, where every native lies, and in a court of justice no witness can be trusted to speak the truth.

In some persons the gift is very strongly marked. I had an intimate acquaintance, now no more, who could read the mind of an interlocutor; and, quite involuntarily, when engaged in a conversation he would read off the mind of the person with whom he was engaged in talk, and startle him by saying, "You are speaking of this matter, but your mind is full of something quite different; and what that is I will tell you." And I have known him to frighten people out of all equanimity by thus revealing to them what was passing in their minds.

I remember one special occasion when he suddenly interrupted a young lady with whom he was conversing by abruptly telling her of a passage in her past life known to no one but herself. She turned livid, and went off into a dead faint. It was not, I presume, that he saw her past portrayed before him, but that he read her thoughts, at that moment recurring to the incident which was thus disclosed to him.

He told me that this faculty of his had estranged so many friends and acquaintances from him that he

now never spoke of what was present to him in inward vision. He was quite unable to exercise this power at will; nor could he exercise it on whom he would.

A person of lively imagination might perhaps form a correct picture of the actions and passions of another person, but this would be due to deliberate exercise of the mind, whereas in such as are gifted in this particular manner it is almost always involuntary. As my friend said to me, it was usually when talking with individuals who did not interest him, or about subjects that bored him, that, as by a flash of inspiration, he read their minds; and if the mind at the moment were engaged on some passage in the past life he saw that.

Zschokke, whose autobiography was published in 1842, informs us that he possessed this power. "It has happened to me on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some peculiar scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinctly, before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger's life that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read and distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of the features."

Here, in my opinion, Zschokke was mistaken. He could not possibly see the incidents of the past life of a total stranger; but by means of thought-reading he might follow the thoughts of the person who was before him, as that individual recalled the incidents of his

past career. Zschokke, on making the acquaintance of John von Riga, related to him his past life with the avowed purpose of learning whether he was correct in his revelation or not, and Von Riga was constrained to admit that what he had said was true. He gives an instance: "One fair day, in the town of Waldshut, I entered an inn in company with two young student foresters. We supped with a numerous society at the *table d'hôte*, where the guests were making merry over the peculiarities of the Swiss. One handsome young man who sat opposite us had allowed himself extraordinary licence. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him and asked whether he would candidly answer me if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me. He promised to admit frankly if I spoke the truth. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of this young merchant—his school years, his youthful errors, and, lastly, with a fault committed with reference to the cash-box of his principal. I described to him the unoccupied room with the whitewashed walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confessed every particular, even—what I hardly expected—the last-mentioned."

Zschokke says that this faculty of his was never of the slightest material service to him. "It manifested itself rarely, quite independently of my will, and several

times in reference to persons whom I cared little to look through."

This was precisely the experience of my friend. The power was exercised quite unexpectedly, as it were involuntarily, and generally when he was in a listless mood.

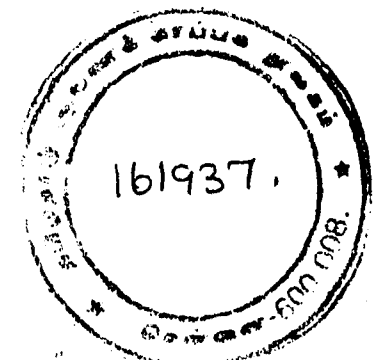
Zschokke says that once, when on an excursion with his two sons, he saw an old Tyrolese seller of oranges and lemons who possessed the same gift and exercised it upon Zschokke himself.

Dr. Mayo, in his *Essay on Popular Superstitions*, mentions a Scottish lady of his acquaintance who had a cook who was invested with the same power, and whom she had to dismiss on account of the annoyance caused her by this domestic being able to read her purposes before they were expressed.

Probably, when her mistress was entering the kitchen to order dinner, the cook told her what she had purposed ordering. That there is a faculty of this sort lodged in all, but not in all developed, we can hardly doubt; and we cannot but be grateful that it is not in its perfection in very many, or social intercourse would be at an end. It is not always pleasing for persons to give us a bit of their minds, but it would be far less pleasing if they could give us a bit of our own!

S. Baring Gould

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GRAIL-GLIMPSES

"THE CUP OF SACRIFICE"

By E. M. GREEN

THE hot August sun flooded the long clean room with an unshrinking glare; it lit up the rows of beds with their checked cotton quilts and high white enamelled rails, like an infant's cot, upon some of which a blue and white chintz curtain had been hung in such a manner as to shroud the occupant from the view of anyone not standing close by the bedside. Twenty such beds occupied the room, ten on either side; and at each end a table, covered with a blue and white check cloth, and two wicker chairs completed the furniture of a place which seemed neither hospital ward nor work-house infirmary, though resembling both in its clean bareness. Complete silence brooded over the hot air, the room seemed motionless as a place of death, yet strangely filled with a sense of some presence, tense with a sort of breathing as of some creature of the desert crouching in its lair alone, and waiting.

Upon eight of the cot bedsteads the chequered quilts were drawn smooth and flat, the oblong of the trim pillows undented by the pressure of any resting head. Upon the other twelve the quilts hung with the same perfect precision of arrangement, neither tumbled

nor pulled awry by the restless movements of a sleeper, the pillows lay straight and orderly in their white cases; but beneath these latter quilts the outline of a human form showed vaguely, and on each pillow a head lay still and motionless, as if in deepest sleep or the yet deeper sleep of death. A clock outside the house struck three deep notes whose dying vibrations pulsing through the hot stillness seemed to mingle with, and be absorbed by, the strange breathing motionlessness of the atmosphere.

The silence was broken by a long sigh, one of the wicker chairs creaked as a figure rose from it and stood stretching and yawning by the table. It was the figure of a woman, tall and well formed, the white skin of throat and wrists and the auburn of the hair coiled thick beneath her white cap thrown into strong relief by the sunlight on her blue linen dress. Beautiful, young and vibrant with physical life, the life of the supple body that stretched and curved itself as she raised her arms over her head and yawned again, she seemed to strike upon the heavy sagging stillness with the note of some wind instrument piercing the drone of muted strings, or the rhythmic throbbing of muffled drums.

"Only three! two hours more before tea-time! Can I stand it?" she said aloud and glanced at the bed nearest to her and then quickly away with a kind of restrained horror in her eyes. Stooping she picked up the crochet work that had slipped from her lap to the floor and laid it on the table, then with an air of pulling herself together and bracing herself for an effort, moved briskly towards a bed on her right. The figure that lay there straight and still upon its back might have been man or woman, the cropped scanty hair and heavy

features could equally have belonged to either sex, and the face so like a mask in its utter expressionlessness gave no hint of character or personality. The eyes, open but apparently sightless, showed no speculation in their fixed stare, the puffy lids neither quivered nor drooped, the open mouth showed no change of expression as the nurse bent down and slipped the clinical thermometer into it. Lifting the motionless wrist she felt the pulse, then entered that and the temperature on the chart at the bed's head, and moved to the next bed. No pen may paint the picture of that ward in Dr. Wilmot's Institute for the congenitally Insane and Paralytic; no pen should trace the secrets which are there locked away for ever from the eyes of the world! Only those to whose care are confided the monstrosities of human birthing, the idiot and the paralytic, the abortions that had been better had they been "consumed away" before ever they saw the light! only those men and women whom the exigencies of the struggle for existence induce to undertake such a charge, only such may know in detail the dread mystery of such a place, or bear to gaze upon the sights it hides within its walls.

It is sufficient here to say that as the nurse went from bed to bed no answering glance met hers, nor was there any movement in the still forms whose wrists lifted mechanically, her own radiant vitality seeming to fade and shrink into itself as she performed her monotonous task. The sunlight lit up her red gold hair and turned the ivory pallor of her skin to a pale gold, showing up the delicate modelling of her chin and sensitive mouth, the broad brow and fine arch of eyebrow above the hazel eyes whose light seemed now to veil itself beneath a load of shrinking horror and pain.

As she finished marking the last sheet, the door opened, and a short stout woman of about thirty years of age, with a high colour and beady black eyes full of a sharp inquisitive expression, entered noisily, shutting the door with a bang behind her. The fair nurse started and the colour flooded into her face; the noise seemed an insult in that silent place; it was to her imagination, sensitive as only the imagination of the pure Kelt can be, as if a blow had been aimed at those motionless forms.

"Well! Nurse Graham, and how are you getting on?" asked the new-comer cheerily. "Bless me, my dear, don't look like that, it *has* been getting on your nerves with a vengeance. Come, buck up, you'll get used to it. The first day in this ward is always the worst, or the night I should say; it *is* a bit nervy then, I'll own. But even then it's not as bad as the freaks, none of us can stand that for more than a month at a stretch; my word, I can't see you in there. I can tell you, my dear, there are times when even I feel a bit jumpy, and I'm good and tough and not one for nerves. But what with that little imp Jacky, much more monkey than boy *he* is, and then the woman with—good sakes, my dear, are you going to faint? here catch hold of me, there that's better, sit still while I get you a drop of sal volatile; poor dear, I forgot you were the tender sort, wait a minute, I won't be half a tick," and voluble still, the stout figure bustled away.

Let alone, Nurse Graham laid her arms on the table at her side and laid her head upon them in an abandon of misery. A sick faintness took hold upon her and her body shook as if with ague. "My God!" she moaned, and again, "My God!" Nothing stirred in

the hot stillness, but a robin piped upon a branch outside the window, and the sunlight fell like gold upon the floor.

Nurse Atkins was back in a moment, and the girl drank the nauseous mixture she had brought, caught her breath and shuddered violently, then came to herself again.

"Thank you, you are very kind," she said with white lips and a wan smile as she handed back the glass. "I am all right again now, I am not usually so foolish, but the time has seemed rather long and—and the stillness is—is rather unusual. I shall soon get quite used to it."

"That's right, my dear," the other answered kindly with a reassuring pat on the arm, "you won't care a pin in a day or so! Well, I must go back, just thought I'd look in and see how you were sticking it. Tea at five you know, and it's just upon four now; I'll look in and fetch you when Nurse Jones relieves me, and Fletcher will take this room for a half hour. You will usually have your tea up here, / can't, they'd pull it to pieces in a minute, but as you are new you can come down to the refectory for the first week. Ta—ta, look out of the window a bit and forget the cases; pity we mayn't read, we used to be allowed to, but a case in bed 4 rolled over once on to her face and got suffocated, so now, law! child, there you go again as white as death; you aren't what I should call cut out for this job; well I must be off, keep your pecker up," and with another pat the kindly creature stumped noisily away.

Nurse Graham turned to the window mechanically, and stood for a few minutes looking out upon the gravel

sweep bordered with shrubs leading to the high wall that shut the place of horror away from the dusty high road. She could see the road from the window, and now her eyes rested upon it with a very sickness of longing in their gaze. Only yesterday, yesterday at about this hour, she had driven along it in the old yellow cab from the little wayside station—had turned in at the solid wooden gates which the porter had unlocked and had entered the big red brick house which was to her worse than a prison. She knew that the gates had been locked again after her cab had gone away; that the little postern by the porter's Lodge was locked also; that very fact made the blood of the Kelt, the wild free soul of the Gaelic people, stir in her pulses and mount hotly to her white brow; as the first touch of bit and bridle to the unbroken colt, so was the sense of restricted action to this woman, and beyond it was the horror, the nauseating disgust and invincible repugnance with which the atmosphere of the place filled her, till her very soul seemed sick within her, and all her will was in rebellion against the world as she now contacted it. Pale, mutinous and lovely she stood in the hot sunlight, the thoughts crowding fast through her brain as her fingers twisted the hanging cord of the window blind, knotting it so tightly round themselves as to cause physical pain.*

She reviewed the circumstances that had led to her applying for this post, the vague desire she had felt to do something really worth while with her life, the half formulated emotions that had stirred within her, when she had read of such sacrifices as that of Father Damien in devoting his life to the lepers, the indefinite imaginings she had indulged as to the way in which

the terribly afflicted from birth, the abortions and human monstrosities, should be cheered and uplifted by her care and tender nursing. She had all the mystic romanticism of her race; her nature, full and rich in imaginative idealism, had painted the picture in rich and glowing colours, had even in its inmost sanctities dwelt upon the knowledge of her own physical beauty and had added that final offering as the consummation of her sacrifice. And now, . . . she was here, face to face with the reality, with the hard glare of the untempered sunlight leaving no mental or actual corner in the shadows of merciful obscurity. Here were no half shrinking, half tentative sufferers craving the heaven of her loving sympathy, no bitternesses over which her tenderness could pour a healing balm; she had been into the adjoining wards that morning—Merciful God! what saving love or grace may touch an abortion of mentality, more awful in its manifestation than even its physical expression. From those rooms she had turned, almost with relief, to this, where those who from birth had exercised only the physical functions of breathing, sleeping and taking nourishment were passing the hours of an awful living death. But now—she knew that her resolution was failing, that her will was giving way before the agony of repulsion and revolt that rioted through her senses. Gripping the window ledge with one hand while the other twisted the cord tight and more tightly round her fingers, the sweat breaking out upon her forehead as her breath came quick and uneven, she bent like a reed to the rush of thoughts that swept over her. The great ward of the London Hospital, the bright walls and tables of flowers; the familiar scent of

iodoform and the fresh uniforms of the nurses and sisters; home-sickness for each well-known detail possessed her with a very nostalgia of desire; words broke from her white lips as she murmured audibly, "I must go back, I *must*! Sister Raphael said she would take me any time! I can't stay here. Oh! my God—is there a God? I should doubt it in time, if I stayed here! It is not cowardly, but strong to go; *no one* could expect me to stay!" The breathing silence answered by no vibration, even the robin was silent, but from the distant fields the call of the outer world came to her in the whirr of a reaping machine, and the sound of children laughing as they came home from school. The fair nurse listened and grew calmer as the dear, simple joys of life beckoned her soul to return to their safe entrenchments. Musing of happy bygone days she stood and dreamed of freedom, till Nurse Atkins came to call her to tea.

* * * *

It was Christmas Eve; Christmas even in that place of gloom. Snow had been falling all day; but now, as the short winter twilight faded, the clouds broke, and in the east a star shone faintly above the pale struggling moon.

Nurse Graham fixed the last sprig of holly above the head of the last bed, and stepped back to survey her work. The room looked bright enough with its festoons of ivy and holly hanging from the gas brackets and over the mantelshelf, and Nurse Atkins entering at the moment exclaimed in surprise:

"Good gracious, my dear! you've never been and decorated the place up like this! Last year I stuck a bit of holly over the fireplace, but afterwards I didn't

see much sense in it. *They* don't notice it, and *we* don't want to think of Christmas and this place together. Blest if the girl hasn't stuck a sprig of holly over the head of each bed, and what's that for, if one may ask?"

"I... I just had some over so I put it there," Nurse Graham answered flushing. "It's beautiful holly this winter, isn't it, I can't remember when I've seen so many berries."

"Yes, the hall and refectory look lovely. Oh! and that reminds me, Dr. Wilmot asked me to go into the conservatory and get some flowers for the table, and I came to see if you'd do me a favour and go for me. I do want to get a few cards done up for post; I'll bring them in here if you'll be an angel and go for me."

"Not much of an angel to do such a very pleasant commission," smiled the other, "I shall love a breath of air."

"Oh! well, take your time, I'm off duty for an hour, and can write here as well as anywhere, it's quiet enough in all conscience; so long!"

With a deep-drawn breath of pure joy, Nurse Graham closed the garden door behind her and stepped out into the gathering night. The wind had dropped suddenly and the snow lay white and crisp, expectant of the coming icy grip of frost. The sky had cleared towards the east and south where the moon, mounting as she sailed, caught an ever deepening gold from the wings of departing day.

The girl walked slowly, drawing her dark blue cloak more closely round her, her footsteps showing clearly in the untrodden snow. An impulse drew her towards the shrubbery that ran round the garden beneath

the high brick wall; her mind was far away; the laurustines and evergreens with their weight of snow, the tall Scotch firs and larches bent beneath their unusual burden, the unruffled silence which snow imparts even in busy places; all brought back vividly to her remembrance the wooded heights of the Swiss village where she had been to school. She could see again the faces of her school fellows, the figures of the French Nuns who had taught her, the little Oratory where she had kneeled so often, her face uplifted to the bronze Crucifix over the Altar, her soul full of dreams of the dedication of her young life to the One who hung thereon. So filled was she with memories and dreams that she started violently as, detaching itself from the shadows upon the unsullied snow, the figure of a man moved towards her. A man wearing a long dark cloak, with a soft hat, whose shadow partly veiled his face. The Stranger did not speak at once, neither did she; only the night drew closer and more still as if to shut that moment from the rest of time. Nurse Graham started as she heard his voice, it was so low and yet it seemed to fill the space around them like a wind. He said: "You go to gather flowers, I think. I will go also if you will permit." Taking the key she held, he led the way, and presently they came to where the large conservatory gleamed like crystal from amid the snowy trees. The Stranger stooped, unlocked the door and entered first. Half timid and afraid, she knew not why, yet with a strange delight that drew her on, the Nurse came in, stood beside him, waiting what might come.

"See here," he said, and bent to touch a blossom with his hand, "gather your flowers, I will wait for

you; give me the piece of holly that you hold, it will be in your way."

In silence still she cut the white blooms one by one, then turned to him with a quick smile.

"How still it is, how far we seem from all the world in here, yet I am not afraid now you are here; are you the gardener of whom Dr. Wilmot spoke?"

The Stranger smiled;

"I have been thought to be a gardener before," he said, "and by a woman then. No! I am not the gardener, my child, nor does your Dr. Wilmot know me—yet. I came to see you only, and to speak with you."

Nurse Graham flushed:

"With me!" she faltered.

"Yes, with you alone in all this place. Tell me; I think you wrote a letter yesterday, a letter that you found it hard to write, in which you put away a great desire. That letter has been seen by me, and it is that of which I came to speak."

"Oh! Sir, forgive me pray, I did not mean to be so rude, what must you think of me," Nurse Graham said in great distress. "I took you for the gardener, and now I know that you are one of the Directors of the Hospital. You could not well have seen my letter else! And you have come to see *me* only! are they angry that I have refused? I never meant. . ."

The Stranger raised his hand: "Be calm; no one is angry, least of all myself. I came to ask you if you would explain; I should be glad to know your reasons, if I may; the post of Sister for the children's ward, the salary raised because they knew your worth; tell me!

was it not good enough? and they thought you were longing to escape from here."

"I know, I know! I was at first," she said and lifted eyes to his that searched her face. "I wanted so to go, I feared to stay! in this sad place God seemed so hard to find; I longed to leave even without a post."

"And yet you stay! tell me the reason why," he asked, and touched the flowers she held, reading her eyes with his.

"I hardly know, I fear it sounds so strange," she answered slowly, "yet to you I feel I may perhaps explain; it seems to me as if those dreadful lives, those lives I watch and tend and keep alight, are not lived here at all but in some place close by, *so* close to those poor bodies, that the souls who wear them see, yet are not in the dreadful shell at all. I think it may be punishment for them, that so they pay for some great wrong they did, and wear the weary years away and learn, and then come back to earth and truly live. And it has come to me to feel that *they* do know and feel as we do, and that their shame and pain is most, at some unreverent touch or careless word, or worst of all when some one loathes to think of them or tend them as we have to do. I think those awful bodies are their Cross, and that they hang upon them till their sin is cleansed." She paused, and in her eyes the light grew deeper yet.

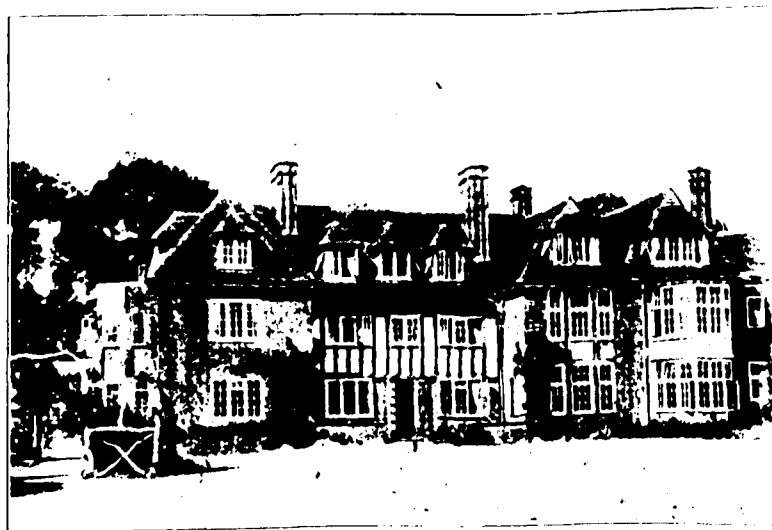
The Stranger did not speak, and she went on: "And so I stayed because I love to feel that I can minister to souls in pain and not tend bodies merely; so I just stay and touch them as the Christ would have them touched, I know; I try to bring the chalice of His Passion to their lips and give them of *His* Love to drink . . . is it a dream of mine, or may it be?"

The moonlight fell across her earnest face, the stillness woke to echoes of her voice; the Stranger answered, and his voice was low.

"No dream, but very truth, my child; of such as you, the Christ does choose his ministers of love. The souls shall drink His cup and find therein *through you*—not only bitterness but healing too."

He bent, and laid his hand upon her brow, then left her; and the silence grew, but first: "Here is the holly that I held for you," he said, and gave into her hand a Christmas rose.

E. M. Green



The Garden City Theosophical School

THE GARDEN CITY THEOSOPHICAL SCHOOL

By G. E. ROGERS

IN January of this year a Theosophical School on co-educational lines was opened in Letchworth, (the Garden City) Hertfordshire, England, with fourteen pupils, in two ordinary semi-detached houses, which were connected by the making of a doorway between two of the downstairs rooms. The Principal, and ruling spirit of the School, is Dr. Armstrong-Smith, who came back to England after three months' Red Cross work in France, to devote himself to the development of the School.

Under his magnetic influence and experienced management the number of pupils increased so rapidly that before the end of the second term it became a serious question as to where more space was to be found for their accommodation, the only solution to the problem apparently being to take another house in the same road which happened to be vacant. But suddenly and most unexpectedly a beautiful school building was offered to the Doctor if only money could be found for the purchase. It had been built only six years ago, by a first-class architect, and stood in a fine position in the town, about 300 feet above sea-level, in its own grounds, and surrounded by fields and well-grown trees. But how was it possible at such short

notice (a few weeks only being allowed for final decision) and in war time, to raise sufficient money to obtain possession of such a beautiful, and in every way desirable place?

A hurriedly-called meeting of Committee Members was held in June, and it was decided to make all possible effort to obtain the necessary money either by gift or loan; Mr. Baillie-Weaver, our Deputy General Secretary, at this juncture came forward with a most generous offer, to give his time and the benefit of his legal knowledge until the matter was concluded in one way or the other. The result was, however, satisfactory; the purchase was rendered possible by the generous devotion of some two or three persons who came forward with gifts and a loan on favourable terms, so that on September 1st, the School's Trustees entered into possession of the beautiful new premises, and after a very busy three weeks of preparation, the School itself re-opened for its third term with forty pupils, eleven of them being boarders; and with the prospect of yet more to enter after Christmas.

As regards the building, all the principal rooms face south or south-west, and look over a wide lawn and flower garden, where roses bloom in luxuriant profusion. There is sufficient bedroom accommodation in the house for forty pupils, with the requisite teaching and domestic staffs; while there are good kitchens and all the necessary offices for working a large establishment; two large upper rooms isolated from the rest, are designed for use in case of illness. There is a laboratory completely fitted up, a carpenter's workshop equally well furnished, and the greater part of the building is steam heated, and there is also a most useful

convenient lift for luggage. The rooms reserved for the staff are bright and charming; a good gravel-laid play ground, a Fives Court, a cricket field, together with three extra class rooms apart from the house, complete the sum of the new purchase.

It is calculated that by the time the boarders number twenty-five, the undertaking will be self-supporting. In the meantime there is the loan of some £3,500 which we hope may be paid off in part, if not entirely, at an early date.

Donations will be gladly received by either Dr. Armstrong-Smith himself—address, Garden City Theosophical School, Letchworth—Herts, England, or by the Hon. Treasurer, Miss Hope Rea, Overhill, Letchworth—Herts, England.

G. E. Rogers

THE BEGGAR DANCE

By THEODORE LESLIE CROMBIE

I

THE following story was found amongst some old papers of a novelist who has recently died. Permission has not been given to reveal the name, but it may be noted that his work was characterised by a wonderful insight into life, and by the peculiar literary charm which he brought to bear on every incident he portrayed. The story given below must have been one of his earliest efforts, as it bears distinct marks of immaturity and gives few indications of the literary greatness to which the author afterwards attained. It has, however, a certain touch of realism which makes the reader wonder whether or not "The Beggar Dance" may be a fragment of autobiography.

II

Cold, sleet, slush, fog—one of these ghastly November evenings which bring despair to the hearts of the homeless and make even the rich shiver beneath their furs. The Thames rolls its brown waters unconcernedly, heeding not the poor wretches that lean

over its bridges and wonder whether it were not best to fling themselves into the murky depths and for ever find rest. The lamps shine strangely on the Embankment, each surrounded by a misty halo. Up Northumberland Avenue it is a little clearer, the lamps shine brighter, life takes on a less gloomy shade. Across Trafalgar Square, down Charing Cross Road, there is still more light, great patches of bright haze proclaiming the presence of theatres.

This evening the Crown Music Hall stood forth with a certain dignity. Large posters, well-illuminated, displayed the full-length portrait of a woman—a beautiful woman—and underneath the portrait was written: "To-night at 9.30 CONSTANCE RÉVEILLON in her famous BEGGAR DANCE." In letters of fire, round the porch of the theatre the same tale was repeated—"CONSTANCE RÉVEILLON—THE BEGGAR DANCE."

And here I found myself this dreadful night. Only one sixpence between myself and beggary. I, a gentleman by birth, but fallen so low as scarce to remember even that. Educated?—yes; but with the education of some twenty years ago that was worse than useless. Fit for nothing, unable to get any work after weeks of honest striving. The one poor room which I inhabited would to-morrow be no longer mine, for I could not find the rent; henceforth I must be one of the homeless wanderers. My God! how the mother who gave me birth would weep if she could see me now—and yet the worst had not happened. I had not yielded, though so strongly tempted, to the seduction of the river. I must and would fight it out.

I was standing near the stage door when a motor-car drew up from which emerged a lady clad in beautiful sables. I knew her at once; she was the great Réveillon. And then to meet her came a tall man, a typical manager, and the two stopped on the street, talking earnestly. I was near enough to hear what they said, but they took no notice of me. Why did they not go inside the theatre? It was cold enough. But fate plays many games, and in this one she had decided to include me.

"But Mr. Barker, what is it you would tell me? My beggar is run over at Wimbledon. So? poor devil. Unable to play—Eh! But of course: the understudy? A fool I know, but he will do all right though. I will dance, Oh heaven, I will dance so that they shall not know whether there is a beggar or not."

"Madame, you do not understand," replied the agitated manager. "The understudy, Irwin, has telegraphed us he cannot come to-night. He has got pneumonia. He will not be here, and there is no one."

The despair in the manager's voice roused La Réveillon.

"Mon Dieu! What *can* we do? Is there no one?"

"We must find some one—but at such short notice, barely an hour. I wired Jacques if he would help us out, but he is on at a show in the Frivolity, and I can think of no one. Stay! there is Mark Lord; he would do at a pinch *if we can get him in time...*"

So saying the manager rushed off to the telephone, leaving La Réveillon alone on the street.

"Madame, I will play the part," I said moving forward as if impelled by some irresistible impulse.

"You," she exclaimed, glancing at me half angrily, half critically. "You," she repeated, and then she laughed.

I should have been abashed, I should have turned away with an apology, but the words framed themselves again on my lips and I repeated:

"Madame, I will play the part."

She looked again at me, more carefully; the light from one of the lamps caught my face, and she gazed for a few seconds earnestly; then she grew pale, seemed almost to stumble forward, but recovered herself instantaneously. Her right hand was pressed against her heart. Just then the manager hurriedly returned:

"Wire engaged," he explained briefly. "They'll ring me up in a moment. A thousand apologies for having left you. Let us come in out of the cold."

"I have been well entertained," Madame replied laughingly. "This man, he has offered to what you call 'save the game,'" and she pointed to me a little derisively.

The manager turned on me angrily. "Has he annoyed you, Madame? Be off with you. Poor devil, he looks a bit down in his luck though."

My impulse had been to move away, but I was held, as it were by force, to the spot. My clothes and shoes were evidence of my ill-fortune, if evidence were needed. This was only another rebuff. What did it matter? But the woman looked at me again.

"Poor devil," she murmured, "he has a queer face. After all there isn't much to do, and he is better than nothing. Come," she said, "I have a presentiment. You shall act to-night with me. We will do great things together, you and I, and you shall

have as your reward the money they throw you on the stage. For to-night then? To-morrow—what matters to-morrow? Is it agreed then? Come.”

A fervour of gratitude rose in my breast. I had never realised before to such an extent my utterly desperate state. Tears dimmed my eyes, as I half unconsciously offered her my hand to seal our contract. She took it, and we three passed within the precincts of the theatre, the manager expostulating in vain. The French blood of La Réveillon was revealed in her impetuosity, her obstinacy, and her kind heart.

III

I stood before a mirror, clad in appalling rags—a veritable beggar. My face was emaciated by recent starvation, but the make-up brought this out even more strongly. I gazed at myself. In fifteen minutes more I should be on the stage. Several thoughts, unbidden guests, coursed through my brain, strange questionings obsessed me. What strange freak of fortune had ever made me dare to approach La Réveillon? *Then* I felt strong, purposeful, impelled as it were to some end. *Now* my courage was completely gone. The next hour loomed before me in horrid guise. I knew not what it would bring forth. What was the part that fortune had cast for me? A man had come and told me what I was to do. I had been shown where to stand—near the footlights, to the side. I was to appeal dumbly for money, raising my sightless eyes to the audience for pity, while she danced for me and claimed by her art the charity which would have been denied to my rags. Above all I was not to get in the

way. This was all I could remember. While it was explained to me, I seemed to grasp it all, to understand, and my informant appeared pleased. He had called me “intelligent,” and said he thought we should get through all right. But now! now it was all going from me, and a chill terror was possessing me.

Great heavens! Only ten minutes more! No, I could not do it. I must escape while there was yet time. I turned; surely there was some one in the room; yet where? I looked round, there was no one. I glanced back towards the mirror; I *looked* the part, a new courage seemed to be coming to me. *Could* I go through with the thing. Again, the impression stronger this time, I felt I was not alone; again I turned and gazed upon nothingness. Yet stay! A shadowy misty figure was forming itself by the corner near the door. As I looked, my fears seemed gradually to disappear, my courage seemed to strengthen, yet I could not speak. Closer and closer drew this figure, still shadowy, yet the form more clearly defined, but the face was clouded and misty. At length it came near to me, so near that I could have touched it. I even wished to do so, but the power to move seemed to have left me. Slowly it approached, and still I could not move. Fascinated I watched; at last so near it came, I could not understand why it did not touch me. Nearer even yet, and I lost the sense of its outline. It was there, I knew, and now I could not see it. At last I realised; it had *passed partly through me*, enveloped me, and stopped.

There are some things which cannot be written down. I was now possessed of an indescribable sensation. I was myself, and one other. There

was one part me, and another part not me, and this other part was in command. What did it all mean? It was now time to go on the stage. I looked once again in the mirror and saw myself—myself yet not myself. Some one now came to call me. A thrilling inspiration filled my being. I was no longer Stephen Margrave; I was the beggar for whom the lady danced. Confidently I pursued my way to the wings. The mocking glances of the stray players I met did not touch me, although they eyed me curiously. Were they conscious of the change in me, I dimly wondered; and then my other self impelled me forward. La Réveillon met me, and scarcely heeding me said:

“Go on first, and stand there, and don’t get in my way. Courage! I come immediately behind you.”

I nodded. All fear had left me now and, lost to everything save an overwhelming sense of excitement, I stepped upon the stage.

IV

Strange and conflicting emotions held me as I took my place close by the footlights. At first I had no fear; I shuffled on, just as a sightless man might do, groping my way to the destined position, my right hand grasping pathetically some sort of bowl in which to receive the charity of the casual passer-by. My eyes were open, gazing, as it were, into an impenetrable darkness. In truth, the glare of the footlights at first dazzled them, but soon I became aware of a sea of shadowy faces, and tier upon tier of figures with eyes intently turned towards me. The sense of duality which had taken hold of me in the dressing

room and borne me safely behind the footlights seemed to be deserting me. The other presence began to recede from me. As in a dream, I observed that “it,”—the other me—had deserted me for a while and was standing close to where La Réveillon would make her entrance.

She was coming—only fifteen seconds after my entrance, but what an eternity these fifteen seconds had seemed. A hush fell upon the audience, a silent expectancy made itself felt. *She* was coming—and a ripple of applause, growing louder and louder, heralded her coming.

She came on quietly, apparently unconscious of everything save her desire to dance for the beggar, to bring to an unfortunate fellow-being some of the happiness that was surely hers. Her movements were grace personified, and she approached me with a smile full of heavenly pity. Closer she came, and behind her glided the shadowy figure. When she was almost at my side, the figure moved forward more quickly, and once more enveloped me. Again I was Stephen Margrave and once more, again courage possessed me; all strangeness left me.

The dance began; La Réveillon stretched forth her hands towards me with a gesture of exquisite compassion, and then turned thus towards the audience in a mute appeal for help. Slowly she swayed to and fro, as if possessed by a sense of her own inability to aid; then her movements became gradually more quick, almost imperceptibly so, until at last a realisation came to me that she was caught in the toils of her art, lost in the maze of a wonderful whirl of movement. Not a sound could be heard in the theatre, save the weird

music from the orchestra, which wafted to my ears as it were the strains from some other world.

I could not be still. The Presence yet with me seemed utterly to possess me. A blind man often displays powers which seem incredible to those with sight. He develops a sixth sense; thus was I. I had ceased to be Stephen Margrave, had ceased to be the presence; *I was the beggar*. Seeing nothing, yet governed by this sixth sense, I turned and followed with my sightless eyes, wide open, staring, every movement of La Réveillon's dance. For one moment the audience gave their attention to me. I pleaded with my hands, I showed by my gestures the work of mercy this wonderful woman was doing by dancing for me, a beggar from the street. My adoration for her was manifest in my every movement, and it was not feigned; it was a reality. Love—I had never known what it meant before—filled my being. I loved Constance Réveillon, or was it the Presence that loved her, for it dominated me completely now? My actions shewed my love. I moved towards her as if to bid her cease her work of mercy, as if to tell her how unworthy I was. My face was turned towards hers. For an instant she met my look, seemed to falter. Again, as at the stage door, her hand sought her heart; an answering look of love leaped into her eyes, succeeded by a puzzled and disappointed expression. On she danced, but every moment the triumph of her dancing was more and more apparent. I moved from side to side of the stage—all orders forgotten—worshipping her, asking the people to crown the appreciation of her art, by rewarding her in the way she would have wished—by rewarding me.

My musings were suddenly disturbed. Something whizzed through the air, struck me and rolled to the floor. It was a sovereign. Carried away by the impelling magic of the scene, some spectator had thrown it. It fell at my feet unheeded. The spirit of art had entered into me. I would not spoil her dance by groping on the stage for a sovereign. More coins were thrown, even some jewellery—charity for the beggar.

At last the movements of La Réveillon grew slower, slower, still slower. I moved back to my original position, holding out my hands once again to the people. Then a strange thing happened. She came close behind me, laid her hands lightly on my shoulders, bent forward and smiled.

"Thank you! my beggar—my mascot—you and I will dance for ever, will we not?"

One last gesture of appeal from her, a shower of coins, a bow, and she drifted from the stage, amidst thunders of applause. I stood where I was, the Presence was leaving me. I was conscious of gold lying at my feet. I bent down as if to feel for it; the curtain had begun to fall. Another burst of applause, as the audience were slowly hidden from my sight.

Could it be that this applause was for me?

V

The memory plays strange tricks with one. I have but a confused recollection of what happened to me between the time of the fall of the curtain and my waking up next morning in my dingy little lodging in Pimlico. The first thing my eyes lit on were my

clothes, still wet with the rain of the night before, lying as if hastily thrown about the room. How I had returned from the theatre I could not remember. Suddenly a wave of doubt came over me. The whole thing was a dream, an elaborately constructed dream, a fantasy born of my wretched state to cheat me of my misery. But it had been marvellously realistic. Even now, I could scarcely reconcile myself to the theory that it was all a dream, albeit I had no evidence to prove that the wonderful events I have just set down had ever taken place, but for my knowledge that I had been out on the streets for hours last night as my wet clothes testified.

I got up wearily. To-night must be spent entirely on the streets; save for my sixpence I was utterly destitute. Then suddenly something lying on a table in the corner of the room attracted my attention. It was a bag, and to that bag was attached a card. A flood of recollection swept over me. I remembered, at first dimly, then more clearly, that after I had left the stage, I had changed my clothes, and then some one had given me a bag—the very bag lying on the table before me—tied up with La Réveillon's card, and on it, pencilled in her handwriting: "From the Lady to the Beggar." A message had also come; she wished to see me in half an hour. Had I gone to see her? I could not tell. Perhaps in time I should remember details. Now all was vague, shadowy, except the bag; it was tangible. I opened it; and the glint of gold caught my eye. My recent experiences had dulled my brain, or I would surely have known what it must contain, but perhaps this was because my thoughts were elsewhere recalling the wonderful dance, or rather fragments

of the wonderful dance I had seen. Still man must live. Our contract came before me; the bag contained my earnings. I turned them out on the table—a diamond ring, a gold bracelet, fifteen sovereigns, six half-sovereigns, twelve half-crowns, and four shillings. In all, nineteen pounds, fourteen shillings. Riches, indeed! I counted the money over and over again, mentally assessing the value of the ring and bracelet. For the moment the theatre, the dance, all were forgotten; my horizon was limited by nineteen pounds, fourteen shillings, a diamond ring, and a gold bracelet. La Réveillon had nobly kept her part of the contract. The sudden revulsion from hopeless poverty to comparative wealth overwhelmed me. I sat down, unnerved, put my face in my hands, and wept.

After a little, I began to grow accustomed to my change of fortune. Then the thought of the theatre again swept over me. La Réveillon's whispered words as she left the stage came back to me:

"You and I will dance for ever, will we not?"

She had not understood; that was it, she had not, understood. How should she know of the Presence, how should she guess that, had not something that was not me allied itself to me for a brief hour, I should have ruined and not helped her dance. I could not go back to the theatre. Having once tasted the fruits of a success which was not mine, could I bear the horror of a failure which would be mine alone? It was impossible. Still she counted on me—that I knew—and in a few short hours would expect me. And I must not go, for something within me told me firmly and inevitably that the Presence would not come again. Better surely she

should think me faithless, than that I should fail to repeat the wonderful performance of last night—and my performance had been wonderful. The beggar had been no adjunct of the dance, he had been part of it; in his way, he had performed his duty as marvellously as she, and surely no dancer had ever danced as she did last night.

I sat and argued with myself, but all my deliberations ended in one determination; I would not act to-night. Still, I must warn her. I would send a telegram to her, breaking my engagement, if engagement it had ever been. Sooner starve than go with the certainty of spoiling her triumph.

£19.14s. I could well spare sixpence on a telegram. I would spend the very sixpence that had stood between me and beggary. The idea appealed to my imagination. I dressed hastily and went out quietly. Somehow I wished to avoid my landlady, a person whose mental horizon never extended beyond the idea of her rent. I could satisfy her now, but I would not see her yet. I was cold and faint for want of food. There was an A. B. C. shop close by. I should have toast, poached eggs and coffee—a glorious meal. Anticipation hastened my steps.

Just at the door of the shop a boy was selling newspapers. I must allow myself one luxury. I bought one, changing a shilling,—my sixpence I kept for the telegram—but I did not open it until I had given the order for my breakfast. A penny paper must not be treated lightly. I was perusing the advertisements first when my ear was caught by a sound outside. My newsboy was calling out in strident tones: "Sudden death of a famous Dancer."

Something in the tragedy of the words struck me, and I opened my paper feverishly, but I knew before I opened it what I should read.

We regret very much to announce the sudden death of Mme. Constance Reveillon this morning at her residence in Eccleston place. The death was due to failure of the heart, and must have occurred in the early hours, for her maid found her dead when she took in the morning tea.

Then followed an account of the actress' career. I read it eagerly; all the facts had been pigeon-holed by some enterprising journalist, in readiness to be brought out when occasion arose. They were well strung together. Further on I read:

Last night Mme. Reveillon seemed to have reached the height of her triumph. Many spectators say that she has never before danced so divinely. One curious incident occurred prior to the performance. We believe that the part of the beggar owing to an accident to Mr. Devereux, and, almost simultaneously, the sudden illness of his understudy, was left absolutely unfilled, until just at the last moment an actor out of work offered his services, which were, *faute de mieux*, accepted. What threatened to ruin Mme. Reveillon's dance proved only to enhance its perfection. The stray "beggar" acted marvellously, interpreting the part in a new and inspiring manner, and Mme. Reveillon declared last night that she would never dance her Beggar Dance again unless this man acted with her. His name is unknown, but his acting was so fine that he is sure never to be overlooked in the future. His performance was reminiscent of the work of Arthur Gerrard who, it will be remembered, died under painful circumstances only a year ago. He was at the time of his death engaged to be married to Mme. Reveillon, and it is said that the heart trouble from which she suffered and from which she eventually died was largely accentuated by her grief.

VI

La Réveillon dead! I tried to realise it, to understand all it signified, but even at such moments when we would be most alone, the outer world interrupts. A

waitress came, bringing my meal. The thought of food sickened me. I gave her some money and went towards my lonely lodging almost dazed. Up the long stairs I slowly climbed, and then having reached my room, I locked the door and sat down to think.

La Réveillon dead! I understood now what the world would never know. The love of Arthur Gerrard for Constance Réveillon had lasted beyond death. Have the dead prophetic insight? did he know she was so soon to join him? Be that as it may, it was he and he only who had inspired me that wonderful night. His love for Constance had brought him back to the physical world to do one last service for her. And in a sense she had known this, for twice—once at the stage door, once during the dance when the stranger completely dominated me—she had faltered, and pressed her hand against her heart as if to quieten its beating.

Surely it was the inspiration of his presence that had made her dance that night as she had never danced before, gaining a veritable triumph, reaching the culminating point of her art.

While I was thus musing, my mind came back with a sudden jerk to practical affairs. £19. 14s. will not keep a man for ever. I must get work, the future must be faced. And as I was grappling with my problem, once again the strange, the weird, the supernatural occurred. The Presence was again with me. I felt, rather than saw, this time. For about five minutes it seemed to linger with me, and then left me, as it were, reluctantly; but a distinct impression remained with me that it had tried to do me some service for what I had done for her in her hour of need.

The impression persisted, and gradually, as if from some other world, an idea seemed to filter down into my brain. I could not act, and yet I had the instinct for art. It has many branches, and I might be true to her in one though false to her in another. A fresh hope began to take birth in me. Was it not possible? One thing at least I could do. I might try to write the story of that wonderful night. Filled with the idea, I found a pen, some paper and wrote for a couple of hours the story which is here set down. But I owe it to her that it should never see the light of day, for it holds a part of her life-history which is known to but three persons—herself, Arthur Gerrard and myself. And two of these are dead. Still the hope remains . . .

[The manuscript here comes suddenly to an end.]

Theodore Leslie Crombie

FOLLOWING UP

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In modern business the term, to follow up, has acquired a very definite and particular significance. Most readers have probably experienced the process after having made an enquiry relating to some attractively advertised article which did not, however, lead to a purchase. Regularly thereafter, for possibly two or even three years, they will have received further letters, circulars, and advertisements of the same or similar goods, sometimes offered at less and less rates. This is being "followed up," for it is recognised that the spark of interest which led to the original enquiry is one which may sooner or later be fanned into a flame of purchase. So up-to-date business concerns find that the time, labour, and money spent on thus following up potential customers is more than worth while in the addition to trade it brings in. In modern business magazines constant notes and articles on this method of securing custom will be found and most elaborate indexes, registers, and statistics are maintained in connection with it.

Now every Theosophist yearly meets with a number of people who betray some spark of interest in matters Theosophical and occult, and some of these sparks he or others doubtless manage to fan into a steady and increasing flame of interest. But probably the greater proportion are allowed to smoulder until accidentally fanned again into transient brightness. This is where, it seems to the writer, that we might well adopt the systematic methods of modern business, since a potential Theosophist is surely worth at least as much trouble as a potential buyer of a half-crown article. Exactly what methods should be followed can only be determined after experiments in various places have been carried out and the suggestions which follow are put forward merely as suggestions to be modified as experience may dictate.

Directly, then, anyone has shown any interest in Theosophical matters it should be reported to the Lodge headquarters, where the name and all possible particulars, especially those in connection with the particular trend of thought of the individual should be registered, preferably on cards in a card index. Thereafter, at regular intervals, definite efforts should be made to fan the spark into life again, due records of the efforts and results being kept. To carry out the campaign really well, of course, will demand the services of an energetic Theosophist versed in the diabolical intricacies of the card index system with its cross references, shaped and coloured signals and other maddening devices. Further he must be a

CORRESPONDENCE

BALANCE IN CRITICISM

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

When I from time to time read the various criticisms levelled at our President and the leaders of the T. S. I often wonder why it is that some members of the movement seem incapable of grasping the fact that there is such a thing as evolution, and that some of our members are much older in evolution (older egos) than a great many of us. These older Souls also have developed certain faculties which we at present do not possess, faculties which enable them to a certain extent to look back into the past, as well as into the future, and they are thereby enabled to trace certain causes to their effects, etc. Now therefore when they make statements which we may not agree with, as they do occasionally, we should be very careful in passing judgment, for our President may have reasons for doing so undreamt of by the great majority of us. And when we do criticise, and no one welcomes honest criticism more than the President, let us at least keep a level balance and do it consciously remembering whom we are criticising—one who has devoted many lives in various ways to the service of Humanity. I can perhaps quite understand some of the younger members making these errors of judgment; but I can find no excuse for the older members making such mistakes. (Mr. Jinarajadasa's explanations in the June number of THE THEOSOPHIST may meet the case to some extent.)

Germiston, Transvaal, S. A.

HOWARD ARNOLD, F.T.S.

man of some judgment able to guess from often slight indications what will be the best methods of attack. This does not mean to say, however, that the system should not be given a trial even where a lodge or centre has no one answering to this description. A little enthusiasm will make up for a great lack of the necessary qualifications, which may quite probably be lying dormant, and may require but a little study and experience to render them most serviceable.

Needless to say that when these potential Theosophists leave the town in which originally registered, their cards should at once be transferred to the lodge in their new place of residence, so that the campaign once started may not be stopped through a mere accident like a move. It would also seem desirable in the case of important and influential people so registered, whose further interest in Theosophy would be a valuable asset to the cause, to report particulars of them to sectional headquarters in order that their cases may be given special treatment by those peculiarly trained and experienced. In such cases the fullest particulars regarding tastes, characteristics, idiosyncracies, etc., should be gathered and sent in.

E. G. H.

REVIEWS

The Triumph of Death and The Flame of Life, by Gabriele D'Annunzio. Translated from Italian. (William Heinemann, London. Price 3s. 6d. each.)

It was Poe, we believe, who spoke of the poetry of words and defined it as the "rhythmical creation of beauty" and we did not quite fathom the inwardness of the expression till we read the English versions of the Italian (rendered, we believe, with care and devotion), *Il Trionfo della Morte* and *Il Fuoco* by Georgina Harding and Kassandra Vivaria. If the translations are so poetic, what must be the original in soft and rhythmic Italian we can imagine, especially when we find our author remarking about the Italian language: "In a page it can fix with graphic precision the slightest and most elusive waves of emotion, thought, and even of incoercible dreamland." However accurate and faithful the translation, it leaves the natural feeling on the foreigner-reader that over-rich oriental cooking produces in the case of the average Westerner even accustomed to rich food of French or Dutch origin. Over-richness tires, and that is the only irremediable defect these translations present.

Born of Italian brain, manifesting the beauty which Dante saw in Beatrice, permeated with the fragrance of Italian flowers, expressing the glow of the warm Latin blood that flowed in the veins of Tasso, these two volumes bring their message, their excitement and their thrill. D'Annunzio is a poet-soul and he cannot help talking in poetry for it seems to be the natural medium in which he can think and write, feel and speak. Next, he is a symbolist, a ceremonialist, a sort of magician to whom Nature reveals certain of her secrets and sings peculiar songs. To him is vouchsafed a particular vision of The Beautiful which enables him to evolve a system in which The Good and The True play their part. He is

an abnormal psychologist who enters into the working of other peoples' brains and hearts, understands it in his own fashion and enables his readers to understand it by his peculiar and certainly original exposition. He reads the history of the past repeating itself in the present, and has the power of interpretation and prophesying for the future. He writes what he has felt, experienced, gone through. He portrays what he has seen, and more enchanting still what he has idealised. He paints his inner emotional realisations with a master hand: there is strength of the whole and magnificence of detail. Emotions find embodiments, desires gain incarnations, passions don shape and weep, feelings take birth and sing, sentiments come to life and speak, aspirations assume form and chant.

While the Beauty of form is as perfect as possible, the author's inherent outlook on life and the universe creates a gap which an idealist fails to fill up with his optimism as he reads, understands, and appreciates D'Annunzio. Our author is a materialist; not perhaps of the ordinary type but one whose materialism is removed to a subtler plane of being. Theosophically he is a materialist of the Astral Plane: he sees in emotional existence the power and potency of Man, son of God. He is a voluptuary—not of the gross, slum type. His centre of consciousness abides in the world of emotions and his knowledge and culture are dominated by Kāma. His love for and appreciation of the Beautiful enables him to live in a garden, but that garden is the "Garden of Kāma" familiar to the readers of Laurence Hope.

On the side of form he is a master. His pen pictures are superb. Whether their respective messages are true or not is "another story". What he paints one cannot help admiring for its wealth of details, its beauty of colour. The vivification of life he produces by vitalising dead old forms is grand. The sensuous illusion of reality he fashions forth and catches his reader into is an experience. But when that beautiful, gorgeous, living form is pierced by Idealism it proves to be a bubble—it bursts. There is no spirituality in it. Its soul is desire-nature—unstable, ever-changing, evanescent. Therefore D'Annunzio's philosophy is a kind of subtler materialism whose central theme is voluptuousness. His language is the language of certain music—passionate but spirit-less.

Take for instance the first of the two novels. It is the diary of a morbid soul. Our author has the great gift of recording in graphic ways desires and passions, their cogitations and struggles, and their final expression in the body of sensuous flesh and hot blood. There is hardly a volume that can beat *The Triumph of Death* in that respect; and yet at the close of the volume if the reader asks: "Where will Giorgio and Ippolita turn up after their tragic end in this world?" or "What would be the future destiny of the hero and the heroine when, under cyclic laws, once again they descend to earth to love and suffer or to repent and grow?"—we get no answer. Death has triumphed as far as the passionate flesh of the people is concerned but what of their passions? D'Annunzio may himself feel satisfied that nothing more remains, and that Giorgio in murdering his much-loved mistress and dying with her has gone to eternal "love-making" and rest, but neither psychology nor philosophy can lend him a support.

Or take *The Flame of Life*. It preaches the creed of the Beautiful, but the Beautiful is once again looked at by the eye of passion and interpreted and understood by the brain of a voluptuary. Such passion and voluptuousness are not expressions of vulgarity; they are not even rude, shocking or grotesque, but they are vital. The author seems to belong to that class of people to whom he refers as "those who feel an obscure necessity of raising themselves by means of Fiction out of the daily prison in which they serve and suffer". His philosophy is sybaritic. Build your soulless castles of emotional illusions and live therein and laugh and weep and have thrills, thrills, thrills—and then death which has its "triumphs" and "silences". It is all very clever, and it is art of its kind, but truth—?

But the volumes are a veritable treasury for artist-souls. There is material to work upon and ideas to get hold of for purposes of expansion in directions other than that which our author has achieved. Much will be missed by those who have no art in them, but for the votaries of *The Beautiful* D'Annunzio certainly opens a new way to worship.

B. P. W.

Telepathy, or the Power of Thought Transference, by J. C. F. Grumbine. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London, 1915. Price 2s: 6d. net.).

This is not a very interesting book, and we should imagine it was intended by the author rather for the more advanced student of matters spiritualistic than as a study of telepathy. The latter, as far as its practical value and operation are concerned, receives from the author little more than a very superficial treatment. The small instruction we get is found in the last chapter and though the directions are few in number they are very correct. Disharmonious thoughts should never be entertained. Corrupt and selfish ideas should not be allowed to darken and harden the mind. Free meditation is to be practised, with a close observance of diet. We welcome these observations but cannot help remarking that they have been demonstrated by the Indian Yogi and others for many centuries past. Compared with the rest of the book this last chapter, which should be a luminous summing up, rather disappoints us, and as the contribution of fresh light upon the subject is so insignificant, we are tempted to wonder why the book was written. Our predilection in books of this class is for the sincere attempt to enlighten, and we cannot truthfully place the present work in this category.

The earlier chapters deal with the powers of thought and their origin, the brain and its relation to mind. Continuing, they treat of aspiration and inspiration, spiritualism and its connection with incarnate spirit thought. The style is somewhat involved and sentences frequently occupy a quarter of a page, but the subject matter for the most part follows the generally accepted lines of modern thought.

I. ST. C. S.

Council from the Heavenly Spheres and Thoughts Thereon, by H. B. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 1s.)

We have here twenty-five short meditations on the conduct of life. The author received counsel from a "spirit-guide" and in this volume presents it to the world, together with reflections of her own on some of the subjects dealt with.

The object for which the book was written is this: There are many struggling souls who, in their endeavour to live the higher life have left the beaten track and, as a result, find themselves lonely, left without earthly friends and sympathisers. To these it would be a comfort to know that in the invisible worlds which surround us there are discarnate beings who know them, feel for them, and are anxious to befriend and help them. The author wishes to witness to the truth of this consoling fact: to pass on to others this knowledge and some of the fruits of those faculties that have enabled her to gain it.

How the spirit communications were made we are not told, but certainly the counsel received is very much above the average of "teachings" purporting to come from "Heavenly Spheres". It holds up a high ideal of service and impersonal love; it is sane and balanced and full of common sense.

It is a pity that here again as in most writings of this class there is a hopeless confusion of thought in connection with the word "spirit". If only it could be kept clearly before the minds of writers and readers alike that the "spirit" from which the word spiritual is derived is not a human being who has passed beyond the grave, *i.e.*, dropped his physical body, nor even an "angel" or a highly evolved being from "the other side"! H. B. evidently recognises the danger of misunderstanding. She warns us that not all spirits are good; that the development of psychic faculties must not be made synonymous with the unfoldment of spirituality. Yet she speaks of the "World of spirit" as being "very near"—evidently meaning the invisible world to which conscious access can be gained only by the psychic, and she leaves us with the impression that her spirit guide is, by the fact of his being a "spirit," a more direct messenger from the great "Over-Soul" than Canon Wilberforce to whom, as she tells us in the Introduction she is indebted for much help in her "dark days". The work of the writers on what one might call ethical spiritualism would be more convincing, would appeal to a larger public, if this confusion of terms could be avoided.

A. de L.

Some Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 1s.)

The present volume represents an effort to compress within a modest compass, and to sell for a proportionately low price, a selection of the well-known "*The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*" by his friend Sir Sidney Colvin." Thus is the book described by its compiler, Lloyd Osbourne, R. L. S.'s stepson. What can the reviewer do or say but joyfully pass on the good news of its existence and add that the "modest compass" means 299 well-filled pages, and the "comparatively low price" only 1 shilling, bringing this mine of profit and pleasure "within the reach of all," as the phrase goes!

A. de L.

South Indian Bronzes, a Historical Survey of South Indian Sculpture with Iconographical Notes based on Original Sources. By O. C. Gangoly. (Thacker Spink, Calcutta. Price Rs. 15.)

It has been the fashion amongst European art critics to disparage the merits of Brahmanical sculpture on the ground of the alleged monstrosities of the Hindū paurāṇic conceptions, which, it is said, are incapable of artistic treatment.

On the other hand, the masterpieces of South Indian Art have received but little honour in their own country, as the modern educated South Indian still continues to cultivate a philistine indifference for the works of art produced by his ancestors. Mr. Gangoly's effort will, let us hope, serve a double purpose. His work will be a valuable reinforcement to that of Mr. Havell and Mr. Coomaraswamy in making Hindū Art, as art, apprehensible by the western world, and it might be a spur for the generation of to-day to devote more attention to the treasures of old Indian art, which have survived in ancient temples and shrines in a bewildering variety, and which, little known as they are, offer a source of captivating research and fascinating study.

The specimens of Indian sculpture dealt with in this volume belong to the South Indian Shaivaite School, which constitutes the *bella epoca* of Indian art. The author has based his study on original sources, namely three Samskr̥t

manuscripts—one in possession of an hereditary craftsman in the Tanjore District—dealing with the sculptor's canons, Kasyapiya, Agastiya and Bramhiya, which have not yet seen publication nor have they been used by any previous writer.

The first and second chapters of the volume deal with the history of South Indian sculpture, with reference to the writers commencing with Agastya, the first Āryan missionary who came to the South, and whose influence was an epoch-making one. He is the reputed author of the first Tamil Grammar and he did for Tamil what Pāṇini did for Samskr̥t. He also seems to be the first author to systematise the practice of image-making in South India, and the rules and proportions laid down in his work are practically the same as those elaborated in the later works on South Indian sculpture, such as *Kasyapiya Saraswatiya*, *Anghsumanaveda Kalpa*, etc., and they are still followed by modern South Indian sculptors.

The author says that it is difficult to ascertain the exact time when Shaivism introduced itself in India as a definite cult, but that it probably came along with the advent of Brahmanism led by Agastya. From the ninth to the thirteenth century a wave of Shaiva fanaticism practically swept over the whole of South India and Ceylon, and was enthusiastically supported by the Kings of the Chola dynasties. The series of temples built by these Shaivaite princes constitutes one of the best schools of Indian architecture, witness the famous Brhadeshvar temple at Tanjore erected by King Rāja-Rāja. No less was the patronage accorded to religious sculpture, and most of the specimens in this volume are of that period."

The third chapter, well illustrated by figures and diagrams, is devoted to the canons of the Shilpashāstras, with an account of the system of proportionate measurements and rules, which, although they for ever reduced the art of the Indian sculptor to a formula, do not appear to have hampered the artistic perception of individual workers, and they only paralysed now and then the freedom of expression of the less gifted craftsman. The pose, hand-action, characteristic ornaments, and decorative accessories of the figures are fully dealt with in this chapter which gives us also a detailed account of the process employed in casting the images, namely the well-known *cire perdue* or the "lost-wax" process.

Chapter IV deals with the history and evolution of Chola Art, of which the bronzes are but a ramification. Of not less interest is the information given about the stone sculpture of the same period with several illustrations of statues and bas-reliefs existing in the different temples, especially in the Brhadeshvar temple at Tanjore. This chapter further tells about the evolution of the image of Natarāja (Shiva) and the excellent pieces the cult of Rama contributed to the South Indian School of bronzes; the relationship between Sinhalese and South Indian Art, and many more interesting items are dealt with, in reference to the numerous illustrations—about ninety-five of which follow the text.

In the fifth and last chapter Mr. Gangoly treats Buddhist and Shaivaite sculpture and considers the effect of the canons. Further, comparing Indian and Greek art he points out that the Indian idol-maker has symbolised a spiritual image in an ideal type or superman owing to his essentially religious outlook on life. The Greeks on the contrary have made but grand and beautiful *men* of their Gods, for their conception of life, their love and care for the human body confined the artist's conception of the Deity to a perfectly developed human form. "The vocation of the Greek sculptors was not to bring the people nearer to the Gods—to the conceptions of the super-human as in India—but to bring the Gods nearer to the heart of the people by making their images in human shape." "The Indian conception of the Divine has uplifted the human form out of the realm of the merely physical and has transfigured it with spiritual meaning."

Each plate is accompanied by notes as to locality, probable date, etc., and usually by a verse from the Shilpashāstras enumerating the chief characteristics of the deity or figure depicted. More than one process has been employed in their reproduction, and some of them are very well-executed. The printing and general get-up of the book are very good; on the whole a valuable acquisition for any library and a work all lovers of Indian art will be glad to possess.

D. CH.

"I Promise": *Talks to Young Disciples*, by C. Jinārāja-dāsa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d.)

There is one little book unique, probably, in the literature of the world, written in English by a little Indian boy, and it set before the world in simple language the teaching given by a Master of the Wisdom to His little boy disciple. That book every Theosophist knows—*At the Feet of the Master*, by Alcyone. It caused much questioning and discussion, it was received with incredulity by some; and for others, for many, it became a little scripture. Why? Because written in a language which any child could understand, it yet contained the time-old message of the Ancient Wisdom for the soul that is about to tread the Path of Discipleship. That is why we are put in mind of that little book by the one which we now have under review. There is a parallel to be drawn between them, for both contain a deep spiritual message for the grown-up soul in a child body.

The small volume before us has simple lessons, written in the bright descriptive fashion which is easy of appeal to the child-brain, and would prove an invaluable guide-book for conduct for all the children in the world. It teaches manners, it teaches thoughtfulness for others, it inspires them with the examples of the world's great heroes and knights—the highest teaching we can give to children—and this is made the more attractive and easy by formulated promises and verses, which can be learned and repeated.

And yet, this is not a book for children, really. It contains a deep lesson of life which every grown-up needs to learn and few have as yet learned. Under the heading "Bright Looks" we are told:

If you say: "But I do not feel bright always," my answer is, "Whatever is your feeling you must have a bright face." You may perhaps then say, "Is not this pretending?" No, because deep down, as a soul, you are bright, and full of sunshine and happiness; and when you promise to yourself, "I will give Bright Looks to all I meet," you are really bringing into your brain something that is inside you; therefore you are not pretending at all.

In "Brave Words" is included kind words, beautiful words and true words. The author points out the necessity for using words appropriately and accurately, and avoiding

ugly words, that is, "a word which describes what is not in the Master".

The key-note of Mr. Jinarajadasa's message, which we may discover, more or less, in every work of his, is the fact that we are souls and not bodies. The following passage bears out this view-point more vividly than we have found it in any other words written by him:

It does not in the least matter that men should injure you, or even kill you; you are souls, and as souls you cannot be killed. And do not forget that the Master always knows what is happening to His pupils everywhere; if His pupils are in danger, the Master knows; if they want help, the Master knows. You can always trust in him that He knows; and if He knows that is all that matters. Because whatever help you want, He will give you; and if there comes a time that you are to be killed, well, that only means that the Master wants your death, because your death can help the world more just then than your life.

The value of this little volume for the purpose of propaganda will be considerable, for in itself it stands for a teaching of reincarnation, wherein the youth of the body and maturity of the soul are clearly distinguishable, and explains without intent something of what it means to become a pupil of the Great Masters. It will lead to many questions, perhaps to a deeper search in our Theosophical books, for information concerning these facts which seem to render the vista of earthly life all at once wider, deeper, and more full of inspiration. We recommend this book to the perusal of "old souls" and "young bodies" alike.

D. M. C.

The Holy Fire, by Jamshedji Dadabhoy Shroff. (Sethna Building, Thakordwar, Bombay.)

This little booklet is a good attempt at expounding some of the inner meanings of the visible symbol of fire so much venerated by every devout Zoroastrian. It is written in a very easy and simple style, and the ideas expressed therein are well substantiated by apt quotations. The third chapter on "Aspects of Fire" is particularly interesting and illuminative. The author has harmoniously blended some of the western ideas of art and beauty with eastern conceptions of contemplation, and though, in some cases, the conclusions drawn are stretched a little too far, still they afford ample

scope for serious thought and careful study, and we have pleasure in recommending its perusal by all who are interested in symbology, especially those Zoroastrian scholars who are apt to take rather a materialistic view of many of the Zoroastrian rituals and ceremonies, and see nothing beyond the concrete materialised forms.

J. R. A.

The Heart of Things, written down by Edward Clarence Farnsworth. (Portland, Maine Smith and Sale.)

This book will prove gratifying to the occultly curious, for it is full of information on occult matters. It consists of a statements of facts concerning the occult workings of our universe and man's nature, written down in a straightforward manner, without much comment or suggestion. We are unable to say as to how far it is accurate, but most of it is knowledge familiar to Theosophists, and at least the tone of the book is thoroughly pure and, unlike some of the automatically written books, is, we judge, quite harmless. We are inclined to think the author has not done justice to his work in the choice of its title, for until one examines the contents one has an expectation of some hazy pseudo-mystic effusion. The get up of the volume fails in the same respect—it is not so dignified as its interior matter.

D. M. C.

From Faith to Certainty, by Chaudri Mohammad Sayal M.A.

This is an attractively written pamphlet dealing with the progress of the religious life through the stages of instinctive and traditional belief in God to intellectual examination of its truth, and final realisation of its power as a living force in the life. It forms an introduction to the Muhammadan presentment of spiritual truth which should rouse further interest in the reader. Copies may be had from the Author (enclosing postage), 39 Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, W. C.

M. E. C.

ON THE VALENCY OF THE CHEMICAL ATOMS

IN CONNECTION WITH THEOSOPHICAL CONCEPTIONS CONCERNING THEIR EXTERIOR FORM

THE article under the above title, published in THE THEOSOPHIST for July, 1914 (Vol. XXXV, No. 10), p. 535, was translated from the Dutch. The Author has sent the following list of corrections of the translation (* indicates line from bottom):

P.	L	FOR	READ
541	5	Often, also, other negative poles will exactly then absorb the opposite stream issuing from a positive pole:	Often, also, negative poles <i>other than the one exactly opposite</i> , will absorb the stream issuing from a positive pole:
543	4	heptavalency $\text{Cl}_2 \text{O}_7$	heptavalency <i>in</i> $\text{Cl}_2 \text{O}_7$
544	4	cube faces	cube <i>directions</i>
552	10	ring three	ring <i>the</i> three
553	3	pounds in their normal condition, are	pounds, in their normal condition are
555	10*, 9*	physical or around an immaterial axis formed by one or more spikes, so that	physical axis formed by one or more spikes, or around an <i>immaterial axis</i> , so that
558	11*	poles of the bottom	<i>pole</i> of the bottom
558	5*, 4*	position which . . . occur	<i>delete</i> : which . . . occur
559	13	valence with ever constant polarity we	valence—with ever constant polarity—we
559	11*	recall to mind	<i>imagine</i>
559	1*	explain	<i>lay out, spread out</i>
560	8	disturbances	disturbances <i>of symmetry</i>
560	20	linkings of	linkings
560	5*	hyphothesis	<i>hypothesis</i>
561	6	, that is forced and unstable,	(that is forced and unstable)
562	note 7*	Pringadie	<i>Pirngadie</i>
570	18	have	<i>has</i>
571	5	all	<i>each of</i>



C. JINARAJADASA HOLDING THE BUDDHA RELICS

VOL. XXXVII

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A SECOND Christmas has passed in the midst of War, and has been a scene of mourning to countless families instead of a season of innocent family joy, of children's laughter, and the patter of little feet. And another New Year is dawning after Christmas, dawning red with blood instead of with the rosy glow of love, and Aurora's fingers are blood-bedabbled, and her cheeks are splashed with blood and not with blushes. Maitreya! Christ! Compassionate and tender; when will the harvest of men's lives be reaped, and the karma of broken hearts be exhausted? When this volume of THE THEOSOPHIST shall close, shall we be within sight of the closing of the War? Some Yogis here, in India, put the ending in April, but I know not whether they speak sooth, or only guess, as do others. For myself, I have heard naught of an ending, so far.

We none of us understood, when Dr. Steiner, supported by M. M. Schuré and Lévy, made his carefully planned attack on me and tried, by the most unscrupulous misrepresentations, to eject me from the Presidency of the T. S. and put himself in my place, that his policy was the policy we have since become so familiar with as the German *par excellence*. The extraordinary mendacity had not then become familiar as peculiarly Teutonic, and the ingenuity of the tangle created was so great that even I, who knew the falsity of the statements made, was at a loss how to straighten out the twisted coil. M. Schuré was, obviously, for the time, under the spell of a subtler and more powerful intellect than his own, and saw the distorted representations as truth, in all honesty. M. Lévy was malicious, but probably thought himself justified in being so. The whole plot was intended to put a German at the head of the Theosophical organisation, and thus to influence the various countries over which that organisation spreads. Dr. Steiner would thus have had a powerful instrument for circulating German views in all civilised countries, and for colouring public opinion in favour of Germany.

* * *

It was always a puzzle to us how he, apparently a poor man, obtained the large funds which enabled him to circulate his mendacities in many languages, and to scatter them gratis in all directions. But the world has now learnt that the subsidising of such plots has been part of the German policy for years. It would have been a great thing to have had a German President of the T. S., seated at Adyar, working for Germany through our hundreds of Lodges, a centre of danger in

India. As it is, he has had to send out his poisonous pamphlet, revealing himself as an apostle of Pan-Germanism, from Switzerland, and his influence, such as may remain to him outside Germany, receives thereby its *coup de grâce*. We have, however, heard nothing of him and his Society, since his fiasco in relation to myself, until the issue of this pamphlet.

* * *

The pamphlet seems to have come as a great shock to M. M. Schuré and Lévy, who had been deceived by his pretensions, and who now find that he is one of the many Teuton agents who use all means, religious and political, to spread the German claim to world-domination. Naturally the War has evoked the Gallic enthusiasm in the hearts of Dr. Steiner's French followers, and he is not able to lead them astray any longer into the forwarding of Germany's plans for crushing Europe under the German heel. He had also started one or two Lodges in America, through which to aid the German propaganda there.

* * *

Among the many signs of the awakening of Indian Womanhood, the Ladies' Association of Masulipatam has for some years been doing very valuable work. They have lately held their Anniversary, and had a prize distribution for the Lady Ampthill's Girls' School. At Gwalior, whither I went to preside over the Rajputana and Central India Federation, T. S., I found a Ladies' Association active, and had the honour of addressing it in a pleasant garden where they held their meeting. Some of them had also formed a Women's T. S. Lodge there, and I initiated eleven ladies, the charter members. The Mahārāja Scindhia—who

was looking much pulled down by his recent severe illness—is very deeply interested in girls' education, and has allowed a school to be named after his baby daughter, a very bright-looking little lady, who sat quite amiably in my lap, and clutched and cooed over H. P. Blavatsky's ring, with which she seemed much fascinated. H. H. is no mere figurehead to his State; he is an indefatigable worker, and devotes himself to the welfare of his dominions with strenuous energy. Gwalior City—three cities really—can boast of some splendid buildings, due to his guidance, and the State enjoys some of the reforms which the Congress has been vainly urging on the British Government for thirty years. One speciality of the Gwalior buildings is the beautiful pierced stonework, looking like embroidery in stone. It is interesting to see how the advanced Indian States are showing the way now-a-days to the British Government, and are proving how thoroughly "fit"—odious word—the Indians are for Home Rule. They are a standing proof of the ability of Indians to rule themselves better than the English can rule them.

* * *

Our T. S. Convention is at Bombay this year, the first time that it has been held away from Adyar or Benares, although the Bombay Lodges urged the new move strongly in 1907. So far, the change seems to be popular, as we hear of 900 delegates already notified. There is, of course, the practical advantage that as very many of our members are Congressmen, it enables them to attend both functions, and many other associations to which different members belong—Social Reform, Temperance, Theistic, orthodox Hindū—all

have their annual meetings in the "National Week," as we call it, and the Theosophical Society thus becomes recognised as a unifying Society, an organ in the mighty body of the Motherland. Our subsidiary activities also link us with many organisations of service, and, in addition, there is the pleasure of meeting many friends, belonging to all sorts and conditions of good work.

* * *

The T. S. Convention is the first in the field, opening with the first of my public lectures on December 25th, at 8.30 a.m. The lectures are to be on some of the great teachings of Theosophy; I. God; II. Man; III. Right and Wrong; IV. Brotherhood. Then, at 10.30, we have an E. S. meeting, and at 5.30, Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa lectures, on World Reconstruction. At 1.30, I have to attend a Congress Committee, and at 4.30 the Conference on the Home Rule question, at which an important gathering of Indian leaders takes place, and the discussion is likely to be long. Intense interest has been aroused all over the country. The General T. S. Convention is to be held on December 26th, but it will be shorter than usual, for we have no reports, of course, from Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Bulgaria, nor from Finland nor Russia, nor from martyred Belgium. Spain and America, which are at peace, have not reported, unless the letters have gone wrong, as so often happens now-a-days. On this same day also we hold the Anniversary Meeting, at 5 p.m. at which many languages usually fall into the surprised air. On the next two days, the Indian Section has its meetings, and on the 28th December, a day ever memorable for us, is

held the Anniversary meeting of the Order of the Star in the East.

* * *

The National Congress is to be held on the 27th, 28th and 29th, and the great Pavilion built for it holds 20,000 people. It will be seen from this that a huge attendance is expected, and we have no doubt that the expectation will be realised. India is fully alive and is throbbing with repressed hope. How much of this it will be thought politic to show, one cannot guess, but for all who know, as those who compose that huge assembly will know, what is seething under the surface, the meetings will be intensely interesting. So also will be the meetings of the Muslim League on the 30th and 31st December. The President of League meetings and the General Secretary of the All-India Muslim League Council, are both enthusiastic supporters of the Home Rule movement, and are among the signatories of the invitation convening the meeting.

* * *

I should be very glad if the class, or classes, formed in England for the study of Indian questions, would read and circulate my new book, *How India Wrought for Freedom*. It is the complete story of the National Congress taken from the official records :

It is a plain story of India's constitutional struggle for freedom, a story so pathetic in its patience, so strong in its endurance, so far-seeing in its wisdom, that it is India's justification—in any justification can be needed for asserting the right to freedom—for her demand for Home Rule.

Much good would be done by placing the book in public libraries, especially in those of towns where there is a large artisan population, and where political interest is strong. India's hopes and India's

struggles only need to be known in Great Britain to cause an overwhelming movement in her favour. The great mistake made in England, since Charles Bradlaugh's death, has been the restriction of argument and appeal to the upper and middle classes, whose husbands, brothers and sons profit by the keeping of India as a preserve for Englishmen.

* * *

A very pleasant new departure was taken here in Adyar on December 16th, when the Arts League was inaugurated in the large Hall at Headquarters. A pretty little collection of Indian silver and ivory work was shown on a table, and two or three effective water-colours by members of the League helped the decorative side; Mrs. Cousins, who is a brilliant pianist, Mrs. Edwards and Mr. Schwarz, violinists, Mme. Petrini, a Swedish prima donna, Mr. Cousins who has a soft and sympathetic light tenor voice, provided a pleasant musical programme, and there was some exceedingly good Indian music by a Musalmān player. Some short addresses were delivered by Mr. C. Jinarājādāsa, Mr. Cousins and myself, and the gathering was an enjoyable one. The League is to meet twice a month in Olcott Gardens, and there will be occasional meetings in the Headquarters' Hall. Adyar residents seem to run to music. Mr. Kirby, for several winters, was a joy to us, with his exceptionally fine playing, but Italy has kept him this year.

* * *

Adyar is not so full as usual, nor so cosmopolitan. We have lost, of course, our German residents, and of foreigners have only Swedish, Dutch, Swiss and American. So we are much less many-sided

than usual. From within the United Kingdom, we have English, Scotch and Irish, but we have no Welshman.

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The news that George S. Arundale had been elected General Secretary for England and Wales came just after my Watch-Tower notes last month were printed off, so I could not send then my warm congratulations to the Section on its good fortune in securing his invaluable services. For he is one of the best workers of the Society, with his energy and initiative, and, as a centre for the work of others, his inspiring personality is priceless. A week or two ago I was in Benares, and found there the old love for him and the longing to see him come "home" again, for, naturally, there is no second Arundale available there. The heads of Madanapalle College, of the Benares Theosophical School, of the important Kāyastha Pāthashālā at Allahabad, are all "Arundale's men," and spread his spirit through staffs and students. He will have a royal welcome when he comes back to India, for England cannot always hope to keep him.



EURHYTHMICS

By E. AGNES R. HAIGH

THE name "Eurhythmics," by which M. Jaques-Dalcroze has chosen to describe his system of rhythmic gymnastic, is vaguely and variously interpreted by the general public. Most commonly it is understood to refer either to a particular school of physical culture with musical accompaniment, or to some special method of interpreting music by dance. Students of Eurhythmics alone realise how wide of the mark are all such conjectures—but the difficulty of correcting them in plain language remains. The misunderstanding arises in great measure from our habit of expecting a descriptive title to define that

which it represents, or of demanding that a system of education must necessarily be capable of precise definition. Eurhythmics certainly cannot be defined; it can only be partially explained in words; to be in any sense comprehended it must be seen, studied, lived. To quote from its founder: "One does not learn to ride by reading a book on horsemanship, and Eurhythmics are above all a matter of personal experience."

The ideal training of the Greek world was summed up in "music and gymnastic"—an education which, in its practical workings, no classical scholar has ever yet intelligently explained. To regard it as a hazy ideal which every teacher might, within certain limits, interpret according to his own talent or fancy, is to ignore the intellectual precision with which the Greeks always followed up their acknowledged aims: to regard it as a mere curriculum of subjects, is to mistake its method completely. In his *Republic*, which Mahaffy calls "the finest educational treatise which the world has ever seen," Plato makes it clear that reform must base itself on education, and that education has as its first object the formation of character. The acquiring of knowledge and the training of special talents are important but secondary. Of the manner of this education he finds that "it is hard to invent a better than has been discovered by the wisdom of ages—the education of gymnastic for the body, and music for the soul". Music is to harmonise the soul, giving to the young character an "unreasoning love for the good and beautiful—so that later, when reason comes, he salutes her as a friend with whom knowledge has made him long familiar". By gymnastic the body is made active and healthy, fit for physical

exercise, enduring, a controlled and efficient tool of its master, the mind. Moreover, music and gymnastic are not independent agents, any more than are body and soul separate departments. Music inspires and controls the body through rhythm, gymnastic helps to produce strength and endurance of character. Body and soul assist and reinforce one another, acting in harmonious combination. With Plato's ideals the critics have never quarrelled: it is because this "slender curriculum," so-called, has been judged to be unpractical and visionary or, at best, only fitted for a privileged class, that the principles and practice of Greek education have been ignored in modern life.

The whole question turns, of course, upon what we understand by "music and gymnastic," and what method we should employ in the teaching of them. I can myself conceive of no interpretation of music and gymnastic, which would wholly satisfy the Greek ideal, as in substance differing from that upon which the practice of Eurhythmics is founded. It should be understood, however, that the Dalcroze system is no mere revival, no attempt at re-introducing ancient forms and usages, but a free and direct application of Plato's principle in the education of the modern world. Hence it is seen that Eurhythmics is not a special study, or branch of learning, such as a University course involves, nor does it in the least attempt to replace any special study: its purposes are different. Eurhythmics is a musical training of the entire human being through movement; its method is to educate the whole personality through discipline and development. By discipline brain, nerves and muscles are to be brought into true relation, and co-ordinated with one another.

Disorder of mind or body results from lack of rhythm or balance, confusion of duties in the parts of the human organism, whereby the components deviate from their proper reaction to the requirements of life. Only by an educated control, which eliminates inhibition of excess of activity, can the true balance be preserved, in the harmonious interaction of all the faculties and parts, and that perfect health of mind and body be effected which is the foundation of all sane endeavour. So far the ends accomplished may seem to be purely hygienic, but, if we look deeper, we must recognise how wide is the gulf separating health which is an attribute from the quality of health. The just equipoise secured by education in discipline and control gives to the student a marvellous efficiency for any task either of assimilation or of expression. To quote from the words of M. Jaques-Dalcroze: "There must be created an automatic technique for all those muscular movements which do not need the help of the consciousness, so that the latter may be reserved for those forms of expression which are purely intelligent. Thanks to the co-ordination of the nerve-centres, to the formation and development of the greatest possible number of motor habits, my method assures the freest possible play to subconscious expression." By freeing thought from the multitude of minor preoccupations which usurp attention where subconscious activity is insufficiently automatic, by training out involuntary resistances of mind and body, by eliminating leakage of energy through a more perfect economy, such a discipline enables mind and will to devote their highest concentrated capacity to any given voluntary task.

From discipline we come to development. The one is an introduction to the other, although there is no actual priority in order of teaching. The two proceed side by side, each essay in free expression gaining in security and coherence as control gradually asserts itself. Eurhythmic development is essentially individual—not the less so because taught in class work—and aims at equipping the student, first to realise, then to express himself according to his own temperament and genius. The rules are few and simple, the mere alphabet of the language of rhythmic construction. No attempt is made to train according to a pattern, or to give models for the student to imitate and reproduce. Whatever is expressed must be an independent spontaneous conception, the form of its creation determined by the student's individual taste. Yet, because of long discipline in the school of control and balance, originality can never become spasmodic or unbridled. Very few, it may be, have it in them to become true creative artists, and the merit of different attempts at self-expression must necessarily vary according to the capacity and endowment of the pupil. Notwithstanding, each individual has something to communicate—something his own, and therefore new in nature, given but the means of translating himself intelligibly to the world. The true education of every human being, as M. Jaques-Dalcroze holds, is that which teaches him to realise his personality; and the expression of that personality, under disciplined control, in its reaction to the stimulus of external impression, is his life's work in whatever calling or pursuit he finds himself engaged.

Such a view of the purpose of education is as strictly in accord with the conclusions of modern

psychology as with the unconscious ideals of the Greek world—that the training of individual powers is accomplished by liberation rather than by assimilation. Specialising, a vigorous application of the mind to a single subject, or set of subjects, before the balance of natural powers is effected, may develop certain important faculties, but leaves out of reckoning the co-operation of the whole personality. The education of the powers in combination, and harmonious interaction, towards a communal goal of endeavour, releases a far richer capacity, which may be directed towards any purpose upon which choice determines. This “focusing,” so to speak, of the whole personality, can only be achieved by such co-operation of all the instinctive, as well as conscious powers, brought into trained accord under the direction of the will.

The question naturally suggests itself, why does M. Jaques-Dalcroze found his system upon a musical basis, and why should a training in rhythmic gymnastic be more valuable for character-building than physical development combined with scientific, literary, or other artistic study? M. Jaques himself gives the answer. He says: “If I base my system on music it is because music is a great psychic force, the result of human thought and expression, which, through its power to stimulate and control, can order all our vital functions. ...By music I understand what the Greeks so called; that is, the sum of our powers of feeling and thought, the ever-changing symphony of spontaneous ideas, first created, then modified, given form by imagination, ordered by rhythm, and harmonised by consciousness. This music is the character of the individual.” It is essential for the understanding of Eurhythmics to

remember that by “music” its founder means “what the Greeks so called”. To the modern mind the word is bound to suggest definite compositions, or schools of composition—anyhow, certain fixed forms and immutable rules. We need to remind ourselves of the Greek conception of music as a creative energy expressing itself in ordered sounds, always fluid and productive, never static and final; an inward process, or activity, (with rhythm as its dominant factor), not the outward manifestation or concrete example. Rhythmic gymnastic, in consequence, has as little to do with preordained gestures moving to fixed measures, on the one hand, as with plastic reproductions of ancient statue-groups, on the other. It is a common misconception of Eurhythmics to suppose that it models itself on ancient types, illustrating or translating their characteristic features into movement. Whatever may be true of some schools of dance-culture, Eurhythmics is above all things an independent art, finding its incentive to creation in the basic instincts and experiences of the individual. The music of Eurhythmics, which is generally improvised, never dictates the movement; it suggests an idea or impulse which finds form in spontaneous rhythmic expression, and infinite is the variety of impressions which the same musical piece can make upon the different personalities of the pupils. The very presentation itself is a motive rather than an explanation, for the rôles may be reversed, the pupil suggesting the idea in rhythmic movement for music to interpret: in other words, true rhythmic interpretation is no definite conception plastically or picturesquely reproduced, but a root perception full of meanings still

undefined, a theme containing the germs of ideas not yet comprehended in reasoned thought.

It might be supposed that the power of plastic interpretation was a gift of nature which would be found in a few only of the pupils, but this is not the case. It seems, on the contrary, that rhythmic expression is a universal instinct which needs only to be aroused and trained. The impulse towards self-expression in bodily movement exists, in a more or less rudimentary form, in every child, and leaves him only as he learns to confine expression to the more limited medium of speech. Festival and religious dances—all founded mainly on a rhythmic basis—are a prominent feature in the culture of all simple and primitive peoples, especially where the natural movement-instinct is not hampered by a conventionalised dress; and it has been noticed by anthropologists that savage races are more sensitive to subtleties of rhythm, and more accurate in the rendering of them, than are many of our trained musicians.

Of the practical workings of the Dalcroze system it is difficult to speak without seeming to attempt to reduce it to rules. Its founder is by far its most eloquent exponent, and he tells us more by what he indicates than by means of actual description. In demonstrations given by advanced pupils we see how a musical idea is first conveyed to them, perceived—not emotionally only, but with all the æsthetic faculties trained to act in concert—firmly grasped by the intellect, and then translated into free and coherent expression under the control of the will. The effect—a test of all true art—is as effortless as a bird's flight, but one may conjecture how severe is the discipline which must



precede such perfection of freedom. In the earlier stages the pupil's consciousness is more occupied with the need for energetic mental concentration, an intending of the sum of the faculties upon the task in hand, than with the movements of the body: yet an active pleasure accompanies all stages of the work because the exercises are founded upon natural instincts. By slow degrees the body becomes schooled to a precise and orderly translation of the commands which it receives, and by slow degrees the faculties learn to grasp the musical impression in a lucid unwavering concept. "The independence of the different parts of the body becomes so complete that the times of entirely different measures can be beaten concurrently—movements of the head marking a $\frac{1}{4}$ time, of the left arm a $\frac{3}{4}$ time, of the right arm a $\frac{1}{2}$ time, of the feet a $\frac{5}{4}$ time, all simultaneously." By exercises such as these can the power of mental detachment and intensive concentration be cultivated to an extraordinary degree, while corresponding bodily movements, serving as a free outlet, react most healthfully upon the nervous system, and exclude the danger of exhaustion. Moreover, the infinite variety of the exercises, which are hardly ever repeated in the same form, and the study of antagonistic movements, "of the balance of contraction in one limb against relaxation in another," protect effectively against strain or over-fatigue of individual muscles or nerves.

To take another illustration; the pupil expresses a rhythm¹ (or rhythms) with the body while mentally attending to another which is being played, and

¹ A rhythm is well described by Mr. P. B. Ingham as "a regularly recurring series of accented sounds, unaccented sounds, and rests, expressed in rhythmic gymnastics by movements and inhibitions of movement."

prepares, at the word of command, to take up and realise in movement the new theme, again listening to a third, and so on. Such an exercise insensibly trains the faculty of abstraction and of rapid accurate memorising, and this by no tedious distasteful process, but by a voluntary effort both interesting and congenial.

Or again, a long and complicated rhythm may be given, to be doubled, trebled, halved, or otherwise multiplied or subdivided—perhaps even reversed, so that mathematical problems of varying difficulty frequently arise which must be worked out by the pupil in bodily experience. Similarly, exercises in syncopation and counterpoint, from the simplest to the most abstruse, must be translated into visible form.

The accurate performance of complicated bodily movements, of which these are examples, requires a mental poise and sureness, a power of grasping the essential, of “seeing whole,” if one may so express it, which are looked upon usually as a rare and special endowment. In developing such qualities as these, by a systematic and calculated process, Eurhythmics is, as I believe, unique among educational methods.

Speaking from some personal experience of rhythmic gymnastic training I may mention one or two impressions in which I find other students also concur. The first is the spontaneous pleasure of the exercises as a more positive state of feeling than that induced by other forms of activity. Each exercise, which consists of an idea perceived, assimilated, and translated into expression, forms an entire individual achievement, and brings with it the peculiar satisfaction which only a sense of fulfilment, independent of external aid, can confer. Secondly, the complete relief which Eurhythmics gives

from tension of mind or body. Fatigue and nervous strain, resulting from the excessive use of certain nerve or muscle-groups, cannot survive the surrender, for the time being, of all the faculties to an absorbing and congenial task. The recreative value of rhythmic gymnastic exercises, wherein body and mind recuperate themselves almost as in sleep, bears out the statement of Dr. E. Jolowicz¹ that “the experience of these feelings” (induced by certain rhythms) “stimulates the metabolism of sensation, and results in an increase of vitality.” And thirdly, the feeling of self-reliance, of resourcefulness, which results from the training. The personality, educated to react in the method proper to its nature to every stimulus of external impression, tends to acquire a confidence in its ability to deal with the difficulties of daily experience, since the whole modus of the teaching is to refer each problem which the work presents to the pupil’s own powers for its solution.

The question of ethics should find some place in a general survey of Eurhythmic development. The modern world does not look to secular education for results of permanent ethical value, outside of the specific virtues of diligence, application, and so forth; these are to be achieved through “influence,” or the inculcating of definite moral ideas. The best of Greek thinkers, on the other hand, valued a training in music and gymnastic above all things for its ethical results. On what did they base this expectation? The question is a large one, and it is not possible to do more than suggest certain ideas for consideration. In Greek belief moral excellence was united with, and indicated by, the beauty of physical excellence. Where there was a

¹ Resident physician and lecturer in Psycho-physics at the Dalcroze College, Helleran, Dresden.

pervading harmony there could be no excess, no training of certain faculties at the expense of others, no throwing the judgment and resultant action out of perspective. Hence the Greek "good man" was the *kalos k'agathos* the man whose outward comeliness bore witness to his inner integrity—a "proper" man. In this respect, also, is the founder of Eurhythmics inspired by the ideals of the Greek thinkers. Training in rhythmic gymnastic is the most complete education in harmonious well-being that one can imagine; and there is no surer security for well-doing than a consistent state of well-being. The quickness of decision, self-reliance, and clearness of vision which the exercises produce go far to eliminate the bias of disorderly thinking, of irrational impulse, which, more often than deliberate evil intention, lead to ill-regulated conduct.¹ "Probably, owing to the permeation of the whole mental life with rhythmic values, the effect of the exercises is so far-reaching that even areas apparently quite unconnected with the faculties involved are indirectly influenced." Following up this suggestion we may conjecture how the human system would involuntarily correct error or excess in itself in obedience to its own law of balance and harmony.

Of Eurhythmics as an art, of its musical possibilities, of the incentive it gives to sculptor and painter in the exploration of new ideas and fresh effects, of its heightening of the natural human instinct for beauty and for joy I have said nothing. On this side of the subject each observer and student must receive his own impressions and form his own conclusions.

E. Agnes R. Haigh

¹ From a translation of Prof. Jolowicz.

POVERTY AND PATRIOTISM

By THE REV. CANON BARNETT

(*President of Toynbee Hall, and Author of*
"Practicable Socialism," etc.)

THE poor pay the taxes and fight the battles of the country. The heaviest burden always falls on their shoulders and in old times they have willingly paid and willingly fought because of their patriotism. They were proud of being Britons, quite certain of British superiority to all foreigners, and very fond of the country into which they had put the work of their hands and the thought of their heads.

The Industrial Revolution which changed the condition of the poor has also gradually changed their mind. The invention of machinery and the introduction of the modern business methods which have led to such a vast increase of wealth drove the poor to crowd into the towns and gave another direction to their thoughts. Much has been written about the consequent loss of health and happiness among workers who left the hand loom and the country cottage industry to live in crowded alleys around giant factories. But conditions which affect people's bodies also affect their minds, and thus it comes to pass that the basis of the old patriotism

has been shifted. British workmen, who have become familiar with the ways of trade—its sharp practices—the oppression of the weak by the strong and the poor physique which follows long hours and habits of drink, are no longer so proud of being Britons. They are not quite certain that they can say, “Britons never shall be slaves.” They may not like foreigners any better than their fathers liked them but pride has now become jealousy. They dislike foreigners as competitors who undersell their labour and outwit them by superior knowledge, but they have not the proud consciousness their fathers had of a courage, or a love of freedom or a care for justice which proved them to be “sprung of Earth’s first blood, by titles manifold”. They have no clear hope of an England which, forged out of memories, would draw them on to willing sacrifice. They have little vision of a country where the people, sitting in the shelter of their own homes, united to their neighbours by the bonds of peace and goodwill, and set on doing justice to all men, would command the respect of the world.

The poor by their poverty are shut out from much of the knowledge on which patriotism depends, as they are prevented by their separation from the land from putting their labour into the earth and from making homes they might love. People’s hearts are where their treasure is. Workmen who have put their labour into the earth and waited for its fruits, householders who with years of care have dug their gardens and furnished their houses, have their hearts involved in the care and future of their country. The poor who occupy rooms in the long rows of houses which with monotonous uniformity form the streets of our towns,

where house is so like to house, that the owner can recognise his home only by its number, where the stay is so short that decoration seems waste, are never called to spend their time or their labour on house making. They, as birds of passage, have little sense of ownership and no heart’s treasure in the country. How can they whose home is squalid flooring, and without any character of its own, be moved by the thought of “Home Sweet Home”—how can they be patriots?

Poverty therefore, we may conclude, largely prevents patriotism. Workmen feel Class to be a greater bond than Country, and stretch out hands of fellowship to foreign workmen that together they may assist their rights against Capital. Young people say, “What is there for which we should fight, we could live as easily in other countries, and all we have we can carry in our pockets.” It may be possible, as I already said, to excite jealousy of foreigners by suggestions that they undersell our labour and to raise passions by talking of their evil designs, but the patriotism so excited is not the patriotism which makes a country great. Bad thoughts do not make good deeds, and suspicion is a bad thought. Vain, therefore, is it to attempt to revive the old noble feeling by increasing suspicion of foreigners, or by flag-waving and shouting. Patriots like those of Italy, just made familiar to us in Mr. Trevelyan’s *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, faced foreign host, waved their banners and shouted together, but it was not the banners and the shoutings which made them patriots. They had a vision of Italy, and the thoughts of their country’s call moved them to action. It is not enough to put “Union Jacks” in the

schools, or to exhibit maps with English greatness painted red, the poor must have a vision of England and realise their treasure in the country.

The teaching of patriotism to the captives of poverty is no light matter. There is no royal road by which poverty may be abolished, and the problem is how to awaken in the people whose homes must be in dull streets, and whose labour must begin early and go on late, that love of country which will give them a higher self-consciousness. Patriotism, it must be remembered, is not only a national asset which owners of property are concerned to develop for their own protection, it is much more important for the dignity and the consciousness of duty with which it inspires individuals. The patriot is not just the high-spirited boy ready to take fire at any insult to his country or to fight to extend her supremacy, he is the man who feels himself a member of a noble company and concerned to carry forward through the ages a great inheritance to higher issues. How are the poor, while they remain poor, to be given this grace and power of patriotism? How, that is, are they to be given a conception of their country which will inspire them to be its defenders? How are they to be brought to feel that the country is their own?

There seems to be only one solution to every social problem. The poor must be educated and the education must be something more than that which makes them "good scholars" or even good craftsmen. They must be taught to think and to judge for themselves what "deeds have made the Empire," what is the true ground of the nation's greatness. They must be taught to discover in history what their fathers really

won—not just the territory or the wealth—but the qualities of character which have become their inheritance. A man's winnings in life are not to be found in what he has, but in what he is; a man's worth is truly counted not by his possessions, but by his character. Britain's greatest winning, it may perhaps be said, is confidence in liberty. Britons early own for themselves the right of self-government, and when her battles are forgotten and her wealth dissipated it will for ever be remembered that Britain by a mighty sacrifice of treasure gave freedom to the slaves and trusted the government of the Colonies to the free votes of the people. If then by the study of history the children in the schools learn how this confidence in liberty has been won it will not be long before a vision rises of a country where liberty has even a more perfect work, where the people have not only the right to vote, but are equipped with the means—the health and the knowledge to vote wisely, where every one will be able to enjoy the things worth enjoying, when there shall be no more an infant of days nor an old man that hath not filled his days, when they always shall build houses and inhabit them, when the voice of weeping shall be no more heard nor the voice of crying, when none shall hurt or destroy one another.

Patriotism for modern people, as for the Jews, must be fed by visions. Before the poor have visions of a country to be loved, to be defended, and to be worked for, they must have knowledge as to what constitutes greatness. Before they can have this knowledge they must have longer time at school and more opportunities of learning the call of their country. The first things to do, so that the poor may become patriotic, are to raise

the age at which children leave school and to enforce attendance at Continuation Schools up to the age of seventeen.

But knowledge of their country's greatness is not the only need of the poor. They must have in it their own treasure. It is a happy sign of the times that garden suburbs are growing up round our towns, where home-makers can put their labour into their gardens and learn to love their homes. But for the majority of the poor their days must still be spent in close streets where the flowers will not grow. How are they to be given a sense that their country depends on them and that they depend on the country? The pension system has already done something to make them feel that their work is not forgotten, and when, further, workers are insured against unemployment, that sense will be deepened. The country is showing greater care for the people, it is passing out of the stage when it was thought sufficient to leave every one to himself and punish defaulters. The State recognises other duties than that of being a hangman. The greater difficulty is how to lead the poor to put their own treasure—their own work and thought—into the country. It is impossible that the town dwellers can hold land which they might work, it is impossible even that they can have a home which they might love, the only suggestion is that they should use more fully their right to vote. When they feel that it is they who make the Government which can make the city healthy or unhealthy—which can settle the education of their children—which can prevent or develop poverty—which can secure or hinder recreation, when they realise that it is they, by their votes and by their talk,

who make the city, they will have in the city the interest which makers have in their own creations, and so they will become patriotic—proud of its health—its cleanliness—its grandeur. They may be poor, but the city being their own, they will have the ennobling sense of membership in a great society, and there will be good reason why they will defend it against all enemies, whether the enemies arise at home or from abroad, whether they threaten to destroy what has been established or to prevent progress towards a greater greatness.

The Rev. Canon Barnett

THEOSOPHY AND THE ARTS

By JAMES H. COUSINS

FROM the earliest times of which we have record or hint, it has been a habit of the human consciousness to formulate within itself some conception of the universe of which it found itself a part, and of its own relationship thereto. Such conception it has also been a habit of the human consciousness to throw into expression, for the purpose of exchange, confirmation or correction. The very urge to formulation within, drives also to formulation without, where the impact of multiplicity annuls the possibility of the finite in conception becoming the infinite in presentation. Thus the impression and its expression, with their mutual reaction thrown backward and forward—making perpetual modification in one another, yet both being the dual operation of Hermes, the Celestial thief—"robbing Peter to pay Paul," and Paul in turn to pay Peter—are figured in the twin serpents, mutually destroying yet nourishing one another. We observe also the operation of the Divine Messenger, bearing tidings from the shadowy hinterlands of the Spirit to the soul of humanity; and bearing them also from soul to soul in search of the hidden unity.

For these reasons, amongst others, is Hermes the Guardian Divinity of the seers on the one hand, and of the artists on the other; and the immortal foe of those who would withhold from Religion and

Philosophy the comradeship of Beauty, or deny to the Arts the fecundation and inspiration of the soul.

Between Religion and Philosophy in its essence—that is, Theosophy—and the Arts, there is, therefore, not only a historical coincidence in time, but an inevitable co-operation, which, being essential, integral, discloses itself in related laws and activities in Theosophy itself, in its human channels and exponents, and in their expression in the Arts.

Thus, in the interactions of human activity, the first contact is between surfaces. Our existence on the physical level of the universe is possible only through our physical instruments, and their subtle affinities. Our peripheral nerves inform us only of the peripheral universe. A step further, and we have fallen through the physical and sensible to the conceptual. We apprehend behind and beneath the superficial, something untouchable. We admire (or not, as the case may be,) the round face of the girl of Rouen, or the almond eyes of the East; but we cannot put the *shape* of either in a bottle in a laboratory.

To what we may turn the *body of appearance*, and the body of *form*, which, *mark*, are both immobile in nature, we have to add the *body of desire*; the spring of all activity; the secret of evil—and of good. Lacking the movement of desire (or feeling, or emotion) to and from the objects of desire, form would be formless, appearance would dwell in the unapparent. Desire is the urge in the artist towards creation, towards the abysses of imperfection that for ever open between conception and execution: it is the link between Divine and human.

'Because desire, that flung them in the deep,
Called God too from his sleep,

as the seer-poet, AE. puts it.

Deeper still, we apprehend the basis in which these three "bodies" inhere, the *body of thought*—the source of vitality, the centre that is parent of circumference. "I think, therefore I am," said the philosopher. Mr. Chesterton having popularised the journalistic pastime of head swallowing tail, it was inevitable that some one should set the old philosopher right by declaring, "I am, therefore I think." Both are right: it is in the nature of *Amness* to preserve itself by thinking: cease thinking, and you cease existing. It is also in the nature of thought to seek after existence, amness; and this it does by way of desire, into form and appearance. Observe, that these bodies of desire and thought are mobile in nature.

To these telescoped "bodies," or functions, of the human consciousness (speaking only of its general and normal operations,) we may relate the great "Square Deific" of the Arts. The superficial function of life has its counterpart in painting, which conveys to us explicitly only the *appearance* of things, and only implicitly whatever else the looker behind the eye is capable of seeing. For a portrait we go past the door of the poet; but later he will come into his kingdom. So also we pass the door of the painter for a representation of *form*: he cannot put his brush round a corner: he holds us for ever in the front of things, pillories us in the gaze of nature: it is the sculptor who takes us behind things. Still, while the sculptor will make us move as a planet around the magnetic centre of his

masterpiece—thus adding to inanimate form the ironical power of making apparently intelligent beings turn on their own axes—his art, and the art of the painter are as immobile as the form and appearance which they portray.

But neither of these arts takes us to the heart or mind of things. All that they give us of emotion or thought is reflected from the other arts. To express feeling, we need movement; a sensitive medium that will resonate to the increased vibration of the moment, and return to quiescence. The statement that "music is the language of the emotions" is true, even to the extent of the addendum that it is a universal speech. But it must be borne in mind that the "language" will vary according to race and habitat: the music of Europe, and the music of India, are equally the expression of emotion; but there is more of a difference than eighty degrees of longitude and forty of latitude between them: there is all the difference between the throwing of an emotion into expression with a view to its expansion and intensification, and the enunciation of an emotion with a view to transmuting it to its octave or its overtones, and so finding escape from it.

To express thought, we have to go further still. A drawing, a figure, a tone may serve to carry a rudimentary meaning across the great gulf that *ahamkāra* has put between soul and soul. But the advance of consciousness through the physical and lower mental degrees has caused a collateral subtilisation of speech, which has drawn into it the qualities of painting, sculpture and music, and in its highest expression—poetry—has become an epitome of the arts, both intuitively, and

also consciously, in such work as that of Stephane Mallarme, who tries to make every stanza convey an image, a thought, a sentiment, and a philosophical symbol.

Thus the vehicle for the expression of conscious thought is found in the literary arts: and our evaluation of the four fundamental arts will depend on our estimate of the value of the thought-function as contrasted with the feeling-function, or of the qualities of form and appearance. The result will be temperamental; but apart from this, there are clear limitations, such as the impossibility of teaching, say, the law of *Karma* on a piano.

Yet, observe that here we come across a vivid patch on the warp and woof of conscious life that discloses the to-and-fro flying of the shuttle. It is the arts that in presentation are immobile that compel mobility in the beholder. We cannot see a picture by fixing the eye on one spot. We may see that spot with amazing clearness; but the spot on the inner eye will have no relation to mental vision if unrelated to the rest of the picture. You know little of the agony in Hero's eyes, in Leighton's picture, if you have not looked long at her clenched hands. So, too, with sculpture. The will-o'-the-wisp of Beauty gleams from a thousand angles of invitation. The propped chin of Rodin's *Thinker* gives intensity: the bent back puts weight into the thought. Every inch of our orbit finds a new revelation of form; and when we have performed its revolution, and called upon the multitude of voices to speak one synthetic word in the mind, we have the consciousness of an incompleteness that might be made complete if we could enjoy the privilege of the birds of

the Pantheon of Paris, and look at the sculpture from above as well as sideways.

On the other hand, it is the mobile Arts—music, whose life is an instant's articulate football between silence and silence: literature, with its scant garment for some thought, that it has made of pieces torn from the robes of a thousand flying images—it is these arts that impose immobility and single-pointedness of mind on the hearer. An invitation to an impromptu waltz would find little favour in a person who was under the thrall of a Schumann Concerto; and, however highly we may esteem the simple and obvious in the literature of a moral code, it is beyond possibility that, in creative literature, he who runs, either physically or mentally, may read.

So far we have considered the relationship of the nature of humanity to its expression in the arts, and have seen that the exercise of thought finds its articulation in the literary arts. It is necessary (not by way of discovery save in so far as the obvious may be in danger of secreting itself too close to one's eye) to remark that any coherent presentation of truth, such as Theosophy, finds its proper vehicle of expression in literature, and in that presentation conforms with the quaternary of qualities: appearance in its separate teachings; form, in their balanced totality; desire, in their practical outcome in altruistic effort; thought, in the final ratification of the purified reason.

If, however, we shoulder ourselves through the obvious, and enquire which of the phases of literature is that in which we shall find the qualities raised to their highest potency, and therefore calculated to form the most worthy and effective vehicle of

expression, we shall hardly be likely to accept the answer, Poetry, straightway and finally. The first objection of the Theosophist will be the several pages of the book-index of the British Museum which stand under the caption "Besant, Annie;" with perhaps a subtle and malignant thrust at the present pages here set out in prose. The first objection of the lover of Poetry will be the appalling notion of joining in unholy matrimony two members of the family of human consciousness whom some deity of a new Olympus has decreed to be for ever kept asunder, aided and abetted in their divorce by the young men who review books for the London newspapers, and give a line's *coût de grace* (with little of grace) to any would-be poet who betrays the fact that he or she has an intelligent theory of life and death.

I do not purpose here to endeavour to make a case for the burning of our Theosophical libraries, or for being myself burnt at the stake of the new literary inquisition. But I cannot resist the temptation in passing to remark that it might be more than fitting if some closer union were established between the eldest of the creeds, the Divine Wisdom, and the eldest of the Arts, Poetry, even in the matter of propaganda. For what is the Universe but God's exposition of His nature? and what is Poetry but the first Upanishat, and the nearest to His secret? When the spirit of God "brooded" on the face of the waters, then was the first act of consciousness, and the primal poem. Then came utterance. "God said," and the Cosmic music sounded. Afterwards came the fashioning of the terrestrial sculpture, and the clothing of the form in the painter's pigments. Thus the art of

the Genesis was likewise the order of the genesis of the Arts.

Such use of poetry would be no untried innovation, but simply a reversion to the method of the Vedas, and the Psalms of David, not to mention the rhymed legal codes and tribal histories of ancient Ireland. The poetical method was, indeed, the prevailing one of the ancient world; as it is still the method of the unsophisticated, in word and gesture, when the operation of the lower mind is intensified by the nobler emotions, and lifted by increased vibration towards the higher degrees of the nature. It was also the natural way to true memory. It was when humanity began to forget, and had to externalise its memory in written records, that the Poet stepped from his place at the side of the King, to make way during succeeding centuries for the everwidening system of mental anarchy known as education.

To-day, under the imposition of European ideals over practically the entire globe, we are eating the Dead-Sea-fruit of intellectual stagnation, which is the natural fruition of thought unfertilised by the spirit—thought devoid of poetry, with its equally sinister companion, poetry devoid of thought, both crying out for what each alone can give the other, yet both condemned to an arid celibacy through the blindness of mere worldly seership, and the folly of the worldly wise. In another article I shall consider some appearances of Theosophical truth in English Poetry, with a view to finding a clue as to how Poetry may the better serve Theosophy, and Theosophy give a new impulse and illumination to Poetry.

James H. Cousins

HUMAYUN TO ZOBEIDA

(FROM THE URDU)

By SAROJINI NAIDU

YOU flaunt your beauty in the rose, your glory in the dawn,
Your sweetness in the nightingale, your whiteness in the swan.

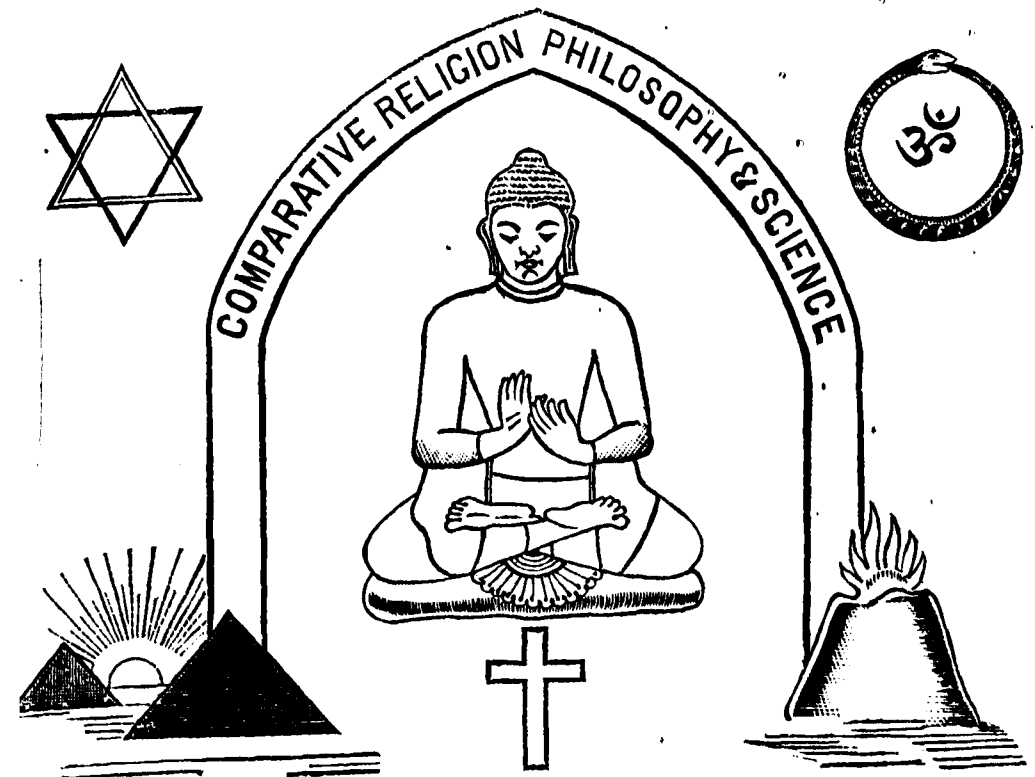
You haunt my waking like a dream, my slumber like a moon,
Pervade me like a musky scent, possess me like a tune.

Yet, when I crave of you, my sweet, one tender moment's grace,
You cry, "I sit behind the veil, I cannot show my face."

Shall any foolish veil divide my longing from my bliss?
Shall any fragile curtain hide your beauty from my kiss?

What war is this of THEE and ME? Give o'er the wanton strife,
You are the heart within my heart, the life within my life.

[Sarojini Naidu is the famous poetess of India of whom Edmund Gosse wrote: "She springs from the very soil of India; her spirit, although it employs the English language as its vehicle, has no other tie with the West. It addresses itself to the exposition of emotions which are tropical and primitive, and in this respect if the poems of Sarojini Naidu be carefully and delicately studied they will be found as luminous in lighting up the dark places of the East as any contribution of savant or historian." We take this poem from *The Golden Threshold*, published by William Heinemann, London.—ED.]



A JAPANESE MYSTIC

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

LITTLE is known of the early life of Kamo Chomei. He was an accomplished poet and musician, and at the instigation of the retired Emperor Go Toba he was appointed to a post in the Department of Japanese Poetry. For generations members of his family had acted as wardens to the shrine of Kamo in Yamashiro, and not content with his position in the Chamber of

Poesy, he petitioned that he might become superior guardian of the Kamo shrine on the death of his father. For some reason or other his request was not granted. Chomei felt the disappointment keenly, and realising the futility of worldly favours, shaved his head, and in his thirtieth year led the life of a Buddhist recluse in a mountain but a few miles from Kyoto.

Japanese literature, perhaps the world's literature, is the richer for Chomei's choice, for while he led a solitary, but far from lonely, life amid the beauties of Nature, he wrote in 1212 his famous *Hojoki*¹ ("Notes from a Ten Feet Square Hut"). His little book scarcely contains more than thirty pages. It is as small and compact as his simple dwelling, but it is a work of singular charm, an autobiographical fragment upon which the literary reputation of Chomei is firmly established. It is excellent in style, and is very far from being an imitation of the classical Chinese manner which is so prominent in much of Japanese literature. More than that, it reflects the character of Chomei, his love of Nature, his devotion to Buddhism, and describes with rare charm his manner of life. He has been called the Japanese Thoreau, but the comparison is rather unfortunate. Both withdrew from the world, both loved Nature and described her moods lovingly and vividly. With Thoreau his withdrawal to the peace of the woods was merely a brief experiment, while with Chomei he was driven to seek solitude, driven to find beauty because the wind of the world was too strong for him. Thoreau was often petulant, and still more often didactic in his seclusion. Chomei on the

¹ Translated by F. Victor Dickins. Published by Messrs. Gowans and Gray in their "International Library."

other hand was a gentler soul, too wrapped up in his own happiness to desire to instruct others in the way they should go.

The twelfth century in Japan was a period of great misfortune, and under the circumstances it is not surprising to find that it yielded a number of recluses. Chomei did not retire from the world simply because he had failed to obtain a certain appointment. He was confronted with a series of appalling disasters against which he was not strong enough to stand. But before we accuse him of running away from difficulties which a more robust man would have faced bravely, we must inquire what those difficulties were and also what manner of man Chomei was. He has given us a most graphic account of the time when Nature became "red in tooth and claw" and revealed a degree of "frightfulness" which even the Teutonic mind, by binding science to hatred, would be powerless to invent.

Chomei was familiar with Kyoto, or "City-Royal," as he calls the then capital of Japan. He saw there palaces and mansions glorious in design and colour. He doubtless met the nobility of the day and saw everywhere signs of lavish wealth. A less thoughtful pilgrim would have been content with the splendour, but not so Chomei. He saw the worm in the wood, the halting step that comes to the proudest *daimyo*, the lines that mar the fairest woman's cheek. He saw change and decay everywhere. To him antiquity was a vain boast and permanence an idle dream. Kyoto, splendid to-day, would be a ruin to-morrow, and not all the human love and ambition could make it otherwise.

He writes:

Of the flowing river, the flood ever changeth, on the still pool the foam gathering, vanishing, stayeth not. Such too is the lot of men and of the dwellings of men in this world of ours. . . Dweller and dwelling are rivals in impermanence, both are fleeting as the dew-drop that hangs on the petals of the morning-glory. If the dew vanish the flower may stay, but only to wither under the day's sun; the petal may fade while the dew delayeth, but only to perish ere the evening.

Chomei was destined to see his words fulfilled in a manner he had not anticipated. In 1177 a great fire broke out in Kyoto. The conflagration was accompanied by a violent storm, and the flames stretched out in the shape of a gigantic fan.

The air was filled with clouds of dust, which reflected the blaze, so that the whole neighbourhood was steeped in a glow of fire. . . Amid such horrors who could retain a steady mind? Some, choked by the smoke, fell to the ground; others in their bewilderment ran straight into the flames trying to save their property, and were burnt to death. . . A full third of the city was destroyed. Thousands of persons perished, horses and cattle beyond count. How foolish are all the purposes of men—they build their houses, spending their treasure and wasting their energies, in a city exposed to such perils!

Three years later Kyoto was devastated by a terrible hurricane. Chomei describes it as "a true hell-blast". Still worse was the famine that followed in 1181. "To till the land in Spring was vain, in Summer to plant was foolishness, in Autumn there was no reaping, in Winter nothing to store." Famine was followed by plague. The dead were strewn upon the roads and under the walls of the city, and there was none to carry them away. Woodcutters demolished their own dwelling for firewood, hoping to sell it for a trifle in the market. Some poor men and women were in such dire poverty that they ravaged Buddhist

temples, broke wooden images of the Buddha, sacred vessels and ornaments, and used them as firewood. Chomei, who on this occasion certainly fails to show the compassion of his master, remarks: "That one should be born into such a world of dross and evil as to witness so sinful a deed, which I, alas, did!" Chomei would have done well to remember that there were times when the Buddha brushed the strict letter of the law aside in order that he might show his mercy in full forgiveness.

Chomei does not spare our feelings in describing the effects of that terrible plague. He writes:

There was a sort of rivalry in death among those men or women who could not bear to be separated. What food one of such a pair procured by begging would be reserved to keep the other alive, while the first one was content to die. Both sexes displayed this tender self-sacrifice. With parents and children it was almost the rule for the parent to die first. And there were cases in which infants were found lying by the corpses of their dead parents and trying to suck the parent's breast.

Yet another calamity fell upon stricken Kyoto, for in 1185 a great earthquake occurred.

Hills were shattered and dammed up the rivers, the sea toppled over and flooded the shore lands, the earth gaped and water roared up through the rents, cliffs were cleft and the fragments rolled down into the valley, boats sculled along the beach were tossed inland upon the shore, horses on the roads lost the ground beneath their hoofs; all round the capital, it is hardly necessary to add, in various places not a single building was left entire, house or temple, tower or chapel [mortuary shrine]; some were rent and cracked, others were thrown down; the dust rose into the air like volumes of smoke. The roar of the quaking earth mingled with the crash of falling buildings was like thunder.

Chomei naïvely remarks of this earthquake, "It was not an ordinary one," and, thoroughly experienced in Nature's most angry moods, he was of the opinion

"that of all dreadful things an earthquake is the most dreadful". He writes:

The son of a *samurai*, six or seven years of age only, had built himself a little play-hut under a shed against a wall, in which he was amusing himself, when suddenly the wall collapsed and buried him flat and shapeless under its ruins, his eyes protruding an inch from their orbits. It was sad beyond words to see his parents embracing his dead body and hear their unrestrained cries of distress. Piteous indeed it was to see even a *samurai*, stricken down with grief for his son thus miserably perished, forgetting his dignity in the extremity of his grief.

Can we wonder that Chomei, who had experienced fire, hurricane, plague, famine, and earthquake, should have decided to withdraw from the world? He had not only witnessed these terrible disasters, but he lived at a time when civil war between the Minamoto and the Taira unsettled the country, at a time when "nephews beheaded uncles, sons fathers, brothers banished brothers, and nobles rebelled against the Emperors, sent them into exile, deposed them, and with the help of mercenary bands kept the land in a continuous welter of civil war." Now Chomei, who was a genuine mystic, hungered after "an abiding happiness," and this he could hardly be expected to find in turbulent City-Royal. He had lived for many years in the house of his parental grandmother. On her death he had no ties. He was free to answer a call that had sounded in his heart so long. He sought peace, not turmoil; happiness, not sorrow. Full of the impermanence of this life, he sought the path where the Buddha had trod; he craved that absolute tranquillity which can alone be found in Nirvāṇa.

Chomei left Kyoto and journeyed to Mount Ohara. Here he built "a house to suit my own ideas, one-tenth

of the size of my former home." He frankly admits that "it was hardly a house at all". It contained only one room, and resembled a shed for vehicles. During a storm it was scarcely safe, the swollen river threatened to wash it away, and to crown these disadvantages it was "handy for thieves". His dwelling was neither well built or well situated, and the reader with no taste for an ascetic life will be inclined to think, with a tolerant smile, that Chomei had not arranged matters very well, and might with advantage have remained in the house of his parental grandmother. As a matter of fact Chomei remained on Mount Ohara until he had reached his sixtieth year.

Whether thieves broke in and stole his few belongings, or whether a storm finally carried away his frail dwelling is not recorded. Chomei writes: "When the sixtieth year of my life, now vanishing as a dewdrop, approached, anew I made me an abode, a sort of last leap as it were, just as a traveller might run himself up a shelter for a single night, or a decrepit silkworm weave its last cocoon." If Chomei himself described his previous abode as "hardly a house at all," who shall describe his final dwelling? The Japanese love of little things amounts to genius. Their miniature gardens, spacious landscapes seen through a telescope at the wrong end; their sword-guards replete with every conceivable design; their tobacco-toggles reflecting history and myth, all are small but exquisitely beautiful. Chomei, bent in figure by this time, wanted not so much a house as a kind of outer shell for his protection. His last hut was only ten

feet square and seven feet high. It was built with remarkable forethought. He writes:

As I had no fancy for any particular place I did not fasten it to the ground. I prepared a foundation, and on it raised a framework which I roofed over with thatch, cramping the parts with crooks so that I might remove it easily if ever a whim took me to dislike the locality. The labour of removing, how slight it would be!—a couple of carts would suffice to carry the whole of the materials, and the expense of their hire would be that of the whole building.

It is at this point that the *Hojoki* becomes most interesting. Chomei writes:

Now since I hid me in the recesses of Mount Hino the manner of my abode is this: To the south juts out a movable sun-screen with a matting of split bamboos, bound together parallel-wise. Westwards-looking is a small shrine with a Buddhist shelf and a picture of Amida so placed that the space between the eyebrows shines in the rays of the setting sun.

This last reference is of importance, for Amida (Samskr̥t, *Amitābha*) was originally symbolical of boundless light. That Chomei should have placed the sacred picture in the way he did was, in itself, an act of profound reverence. The sunshine of this world fell, as it were, upon Boundless Light, upon the holy spot on the deity's forehead that was emblematical of wisdom. Before Chomei's shrine stood figures of Fugen and Fudo. Fugen, usually seated on the right hand of the Buddha (in the Japanese Shaka Muni), is the divine patron of those who practise a certain kind of ecstatic meditation known as *Hokke-zammai*. There is some confusion as to the origin and attributes of Fudo. Hearn is probably wrong in associating the deity with Buddha. We may trace a close resemblance between Fudo and the Brāhminical God Siva, so finely described in one of Sir Alfred Lyall's poems:

I am the God of the sensuous fire
That moulds all Nature in forms divine;
The symbols of death and of man's desire,
The springs of change in the world, are mine;
The organs of birth and the circlet of bones,
And the light loves carved on the temple stones.

It was a strange image to have in so peaceful a dwelling, a deity wreathed in tongues of flame, bearing in one hand a sword, and in the other a coil of rope. The fire and sword suggested the power of punishment, while the rope symbolised that which bound the passions and desires. Chomei writes with great self-sufficiency: "I do not need to trouble myself about the strict observance of the commandments, for living as I do in complete solitude, how should I be tempted to break them?" It is more than probable that he discovered the foolishness of this observation, for the power of evil is often most potent when the unsuspecting soul is exulting in its moral strength. It is recorded of a certain Buddhist priest that he yielded to the beauty of a woman while he was actually reading one of the *sūtras*.

Kenko, another Japanese recluse, in his *Tsuredzuregusa* ("Fugitive Notes"), writes: "There is no greater pleasure than alone, by the light of a lamp, to open a book and make the men of the unseen world our companions." Chomei was evidently of this opinion too, for in the modest hut were "three or four black leather boxes containing collections of Japanese poetry, books on music, and such works as *Wojoyoshiu* [Book on Buddhist Paradise]". In addition he had a musical instrument called a *so*, which was a combination of a harp and a lute. Bracken and straw served him as a couch, while in cold weather his brazier

consumed faggots. He made a miniature reservoir from which ran a bamboo pipe, while his garden was entirely devoted to medicinal herbs.

Chomei's mountain hut must have been charmingly situated. In one direction he looked out upon a thickly wooded valley. To the west there was an open space, "not unfitted for philosophic meditation," suggesting, it would seem, that thoughts are apt to get entangled in a wooded district, even if one merely looks upon it from a distance! He writes:

In the Spring I can gaze upon the festoons of the wistaria, fine to see as purple clouds. When the west wind grows fragrant with its scent the note of the *hototogisu*¹ is heard as if to guide me towards the Shide hill [a hill crossed by souls on their way to Paradise or Hell]; in Autumn the shrill song of the cicada fills my ears; . . . in Winter I watch the snow-drifts pile and vanish, and am led to reflect upon the ever waxing and waning of the world's sinfulness.

In the morning, when tired of reciting prayers, reading the Scriptures, or playing the *so*, he would wander down to a river and watch the boats and the silvery waves. In the evening the rustle of laurel leaves reminded him of a Chinese girl, famous for her skill on the lute. In a more ecstatic mood the wind in the pine trees, the murmur of distant water, suggested celestial joys.

Chomei was not always alone. Sometimes he went out with the hill-ward's boy. "He is 16 and I am 60, yet we enjoy each other's company despite the difference in years." They gathered wild fruit, and sometimes they brought back with them from the paddy-fields rice-tufts, which served as a kind of coarse matting. Sometimes, according to the season of the year, they picked cherry blossom, maple leaves, or

¹ See my *Myths and Legends of Japan*, page 278.

ferns. "Some of these treasures," Chomei tells us, "I humbly present to Amida, and some I keep for presents." There were times when the moon shining through his window moved him deeply, when the mournful cries of the monkeys brought tears to his eyes. The gleam of fireflies reminded him of Maki fishing-boats with their jewel-like lanterns reflected on the water. The call of a copper pheasant made him wonder if it were his mother crying out to him, while "the tameness of the deer that roam under the peak tells me how far removed I am from the world of men."

Chomei never regretted having adopted the life of a recluse. Occasionally he heard of the doings in City-Royal, of great men, and men of no consequence who had passed away, and of many houses that had been burnt to the ground. He found his hut better than a palace. It was enough that it contained his shrine, a bed to sleep on at night and a mat for the day.

A man who knows himself and also the world he lives in has nothing to ask for, no society to long for; he aims only at a quiet life and makes his happiness in freedom from annoyance.

He was content to hide his nakedness in wistaria cloth and hempen fabric, content to eat the simplest fare, his own servant and his own master in all things. He writes:

All the joy of my existence is concentrated around the pillow which giveth me nightly rest, all the hope of my days I find in the beauties of Nature that ever please my eyes.

Only when the aged Chomei chanced to go to City-Royal did he feel a passing shame on account of

his beggarly appearance. In his own hut he knew no shame or fear but "the fullest joy". He does not attempt to describe what that pleasure is, for writing on the life of a recluse he wisely observes, "only those who do choose it can know its joys."

Sometimes the going down of the moon suggested to Chomei that he too was declining, not behind the edge of a hill, but behind the veil that divides mortality from immortality.

"Ere long," he writes, rather wistfully, "I must face the three realms of darkness. What deeds in the past shall I have to plead for there? What the Buddha has taught to men is this—Thou shalt not cleave to any of the things of this world. So t'is a sin even to grow fond of this straw-thatched cabin, and to find happiness in this life of peace is a hindrance to salvation." Had those quite happy years been a failure after all? Had he preserved his own material happiness to lose his own soul? He asked those old questions which we all ask in some form and at some time. Power, wealth, fame, had never attracted him, but what of his love for the wind in the pine trees, of the song of the birds, of the dancing river waves and all the beauties of Nature that meant so much to him? "What answer could my soul give?" he writes. "None, I could but move my tongue mechanically, and twice or thrice repeat involuntarily the Buddha's Holy Name. I could do no more." Who shall say whether Chomei attained Nirvāṇa or not? It would seem that to the last he clung to the beauties of Nature, to the light of sun and moon and stars rather than to the Light of Amida-Buddha. His last words were :

Alas! the moonlight
Behind the hill is hidden
In gloom and darkness.
Oh, could her radiance ever
My longing eyes rejoice!

Perhaps for a little while Chomei touched with spirit hands the falling snow, the cherry blossom, the red maple leaves: perhaps for a little while he wandered wistfully among the familiar, requiring no dwelling however small, watching the rising and setting of the moon with the old sweet rapture. While in human form *Namu, Amida Butsu!* ("Hail! Omnipotent Buddha!") was often on his lips and in his heart and soul. Such a cry is not uttered in vain, and I like to believe that long before he gave me the treasure of his words he had found a greater Peace than the peace of a recluse, a greater Light than the light of the moon, and a greater Beauty than the beauty of cherry blossom.

F. Hadland Davis

THE CURVES OF LIFE

By PROFESSOR G. S. AGASHE, M.A., M.Sc.

WE are told that we are at the dawn of a new era. The prominent characteristic of that new era is to be co-operation, brotherhood; brotherhood, which is based upon the fundamental unity of the essence of all things, however diverse their forms may be. It is, therefore, but natural that all intellectual activity in these days should gravitate more and more towards this idea of Unity. Physics and chemistry are tending more and more to prove that all the varieties of physical matter are but modifications of one and the same substratum. Physiologists are seeing more and more clearly the oneness of all life, while scientists of Professor J. C. Bose's heredity and temperament have gone a step further and have proved that what we call matter, and what we call life, are fundamentally one. All this is more or less familiar to most people nowadays. But very few people, I am afraid, will be prepared for the news that exactly the same thing is being done in the realm of art. Science, they understand, is based upon observation and measurement; and so they do not think it strange if it happens to prove the Unity of all the things it deals with. But art they consider to be somehow different. It is generally believed that art is a thing that transcends or, at any rate, eludes measurement, that we cannot deduce any general laws in art as

we do in science, and that individual idiosyncracies are the essence of art. But a perusal of *The Curves of Life*, by Mr. T. A. Cook¹ will show them that that view is not quite correct, at least as far as beauty of form is concerned.

Mr. Cook has examined many beautiful forms of natural and artistic origin, and has arrived at two principles of universal application. One of them is a number, a mathematical constant. The other is a geometrical figure, the logarithmic or equiangular spiral. His volume can be fitly described as an exhaustive treatise on these two universal principles; and the number of examples of their application which he has collected within its covers is really amazing.

It appears that this constant is also a solution of a very old difficulty. In geometry, a straight line is said to be divided in extreme and mean ratio, when the whole is to the greater segment as the greater segment is to the less. How to demonstrate this is shown in the thirtieth proposition of the sixth book of Euclid. This ratio is obviously a fixed definite number. It seems that up to this time it had not been possible to express this ratio arithmetically with any degree of accuracy. Fibonacci, an Italian mathematician of the thirteenth century, came near to it in an infinite series which he discovered, viz.:

$1+2=3, 2+3=5, 3+5=8, \dots$ giving 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, etc.

Here the extreme and mean ratio is not realised quite accurately. For example: we have here 13 divided into two parts 5 and 8; and if we write the proportion $5:8::8:13$, and take the product of the extremes $5 \times 13 = 65$, and the product of the means

¹ *The Curves of Life*, by T. A. Cook, M.A., F.S.A. (Constable & Co., Ltd., 1914.)

$8 \times 8 = 64$, we find that the two products are not quite equal, as they should be if the two ratios are quite equal. Here the difference between the two products is to the extent of 1 in 64. As we go higher in the series it will be found to become smaller and smaller and to reach zero as the limit. At the same time the ratio itself will come nearer and nearer a certain limiting value. That limiting value is the arithmetical expression of the ratio in question. The value has now been found to be

$$\frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2} = +1.618033988750 \dots$$

$$-0.618033988750 \dots$$

or approximately $+1.618$ or -0.618 . Let us restrict ourselves to the positive value in our considerations.

If we now re-write the Fibonacci series in a new way in the light of this number that we have obtained, we have to put that as our second term, and get the other terms by successive additions as before. We thus get the series

1, 1.618, 2.618, 4.236, 6.854.....

Now it is to be noted that we get exactly the same result if we try to write down a geometrical progression with unity as the first term, and 1.618 as the common ratio. Here, then, is a number with an extraordinary property. Mr. Cook and his mathematical friend, who found out this number for him, suggest that this number should be called ϕ (Phi). They do so for two reasons; first, because it is the initial letter of the name of Phidias, the great Greek Master, in whose work it has been so constantly used, and secondly, because it has a phonetic resemblance to another very important mathematical constant π (Pi).

The division of a straight line in extreme and mean ratio was accorded great importance in the Middle

Ages. It was honoured with names, like *sectio aurea* and *sectio divina*. Why it was so considered in those days is not clear; but that they were right in doing so there is now very little doubt, as Mr. Cook has shown us in this volume.

He has examined a number of pictures and statues by some of the great masters, and finds the ϕ ratio constantly used by them, not only in the delineation of individual figures, but also in the disposition of the several figures in a group. He finds that in the famous Boticelli Venus the distances of the various parts of the body from the crown of the head to be quite accurately expressible by "Phi" and its powers. Exactly the same is the case with the male figure in many pictures. Mr. Cook shows that the ideal male figure will have the following dimensions; total height 68 inches (5 ft. 8 in.); the distance from the sole of the foot to the navel 42 inches; that from the navel to the crown of the head 26 inches; that between the crown of the head and the chest 16 inches; and that from the chest to the navel 10 inches. Now if we divide all these numbers by 10, i.e., make ten inches the unit of our measurement, we get five numbers that form the first five terms of our revised Fibonacci series (see above). These numbers are evidently the different powers of "Phi" from "Phi" raised to zero to "Phi" raised to the fourth power. Mr. Cook can trace the conscious or unconscious use made of this ratio in the grouping of the many figures in Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture "The Last Supper," and also in the general plan of Turner's "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus". So much for the present about the mathematical constant "Phi", the first of the two universal principles of which we spoke

in the introduction. Now let us turn our attention to the second.

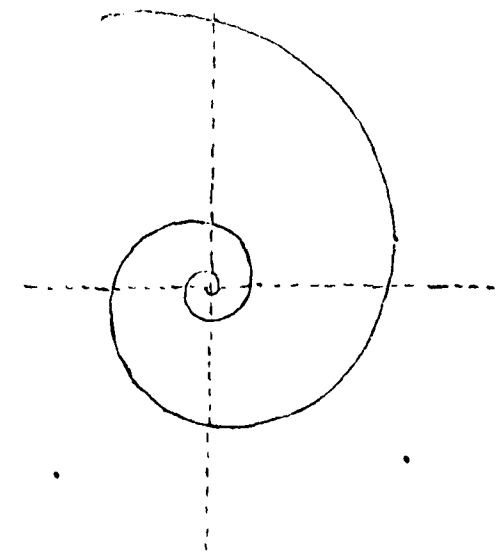
Any one with even very limited powers of observation knows how great a part curves play in the production of beauty both in nature and in art. Of all the curves that we meet with the spiral is undoubtedly the most fascinating. Its charm lies in the fact that it traverses the same region again and again but always at a different level. If we are asked to draw the curve for the Evolution of mankind we shall have to draw a spiral; because we know that history repeats itself, but always on a different plane. The spiral has cast its spell on many a refined soul. The late Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace talked of "That most beautiful of curves, the spiral". The great Ruskin described it as "Eloquent with endless symbolism".

Now there are various kinds of spirals, first of all we have the plane spiral as in the case of a watch-spring. If one pulls out the inner end of a plane spiral one gets the conical spiral; the commonest example of this is the screw-thread spiral. Both of these have one definite end; the other end is indefinite, because the spiral can be extended to infinity. The third variety of the spiral, *viz.*, the cylindrical one, illustrated by a dumb-bell spring, differs from both these in being without even one definite end; it can be produced to infinity both ways.

Mr. Cook has quoted numerous examples of the spiral formation (of all the three types described just now) in each of the three kingdoms of nature, from nebula to man. He has given illustrations of spiral formation in whirlwinds, water-spouts, crystals; in the stems of twiners and the tendrils of climbers, in many vascular cells, and in many legumes; (of both upright and flat spiral formation) in many shells, in the horns

of many animals, the wings of birds and insects, and intestines of certain animals and birds; and finally in many human organs like the umbilical cord, cystic duct, sweat ducts, and some bones.

It is evident that each of the three types of the spiral will exhibit an infinite variety in size and shape according to the dimensions of the elements of the curve in question, and it is pertinent to inquire whether any particular shape of the spiral is more frequently to be met with in nature than any other. Let us consider the plane spiral. Of all the innumerable varieties of the plane spiral Mr. Cook finds the logarithmic or equiangular spiral to be Nature's greatest favourite. The following is an example of the same.



It is called the equiangular spiral because the radius vector makes always the same angle with the curve. As it serves as a graphical table of logarithms, it is also called the logarithmic spiral, (See Clifford's *The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences*, ch. IV, §9).

Everybody knows that Newton explained the planetary motions by postulating the force of gravitation, which is proportional to the reacting masses, and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them. But it is not generally known that Newton also showed that had the force of attraction varied inversely as the cube of the distance (instead of as the square) the planets would revolve not in ellipses, as they do, but in logarithmic or equiangular spirals. We have already seen that according to Mr. Cook's observations the logarithmic spiral is of such frequent occurrence in the organic world. In this connection Mr. Cook quotes Professor Goodsir who put these two things together and suggested that as the law of the square is the law of attraction, so the law of the cube should be regarded as the law of production, and that the logarithmic spiral should be looked upon as the manifestation of the law which is at work in the increase and growth of organic bodies. Mr. Cook further points out that even in the inorganic world we have to distinguish between two kinds of bodies; fully formed bodies like the planets, which revolve in elliptical orbits and thus exhibit the working of the law of inverse squares alone, and growing bodies like the nebulae, which are most probably solar systems in the making, and the vast majority of which show an equiangular spiral structure, thus indicating the working of the law of inverse cubes, which, according to Professor Goodsir, is probably the law of growth.

Any one, who has some knowledge of botany, may know that in phyllotaxis (the arrangement of leaves on the stem) botanists talk of a "genetic spiral," which is an imaginary spiral line drawn on the surface of a stem, so as to pass in the shortest way successively through the point of insertion of every leaf. Starting

from any particular leaf it is found that after a certain number of leaves has been passed over, one comes by a leaf which is exactly over the first. In the meanwhile the spiral has made a certain number of turns round the stem; this length of the spiral is called a cycle. Now if we imagine vertical planes passing through each leaf-base, it is obvious that there will be as many of them as there are leaves intervening between any two successive leaves in the same vertical row. These planes are inclined at equal angles. This angular divergence is expressed by a fraction (of a circle) having for its numerator the number of turns of the spiral in a cycle, and for its denominator the number of the vertical planes. The most common divergences are the following: $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{2}{3}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{5}{18}$, $\frac{8}{21}$, $\frac{13}{34}$, etc. The reader has probably noticed that the numbers occurring here are our old friends of the original Fibonacci series; but the fractions are ratios not of successive but of alternate terms (except in the first case). This is rather a remarkable coincidence. The rationale of it is this. These complicated arrangements of leaves are of use to the plant. The leaves perform their function best in sunlight; so they have a tendency to be arranged in such a way as will give them maximum exposure. It has been calculated by Professor Wiesner that the ideal angle of divergence is roughly $137\frac{1}{2}^\circ$

or more accurately $\frac{360^\circ}{2\phi}$; i.e., the fraction $\frac{1}{2\phi}$ expresses

the ideal divergence. It is obvious that the series of

fractions given above reaches $\frac{1}{2\phi}$ in the limit. This is

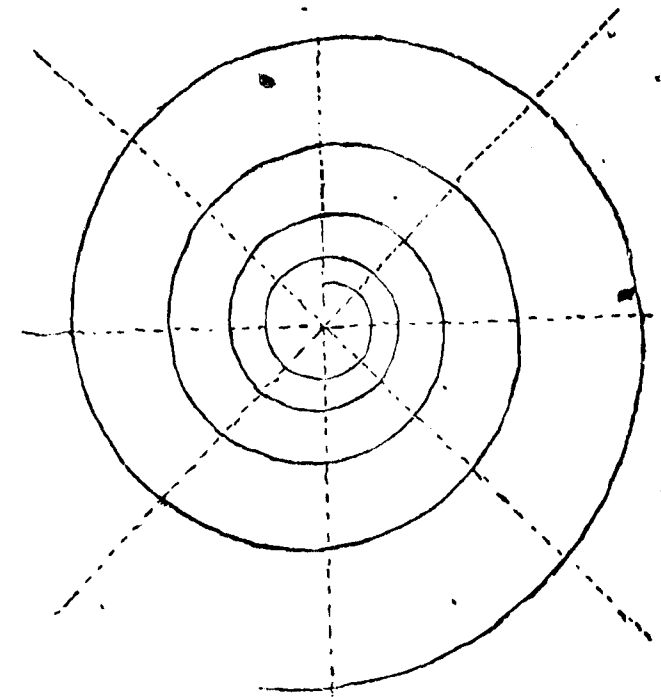
another curious fact emphasising the importance of the

number in nature. More recently Mr. A. H. Church, of Oxford, has shown that if, instead of regarding the genetic spiral as a helix round a cylinder, as we have done in the above discussion, we regard it as projected on a plane surface, we get logarithmic spirals alone as the curves of uniform growth in plants.

Chemists have a method of arranging the elements into a kind of Table known as Mendeleeff's Table. The great value of this tabular arrangement lies in the fact that it brings out very clearly similarities and divergences in the behaviour of the elements. The late Dr. Johnstone Stoney (the author of the term "electron") showed that the elements could also be arranged on a spiral without any loss of suggestiveness, and that the spiral obtained was a logarithmic spiral.

So much for the spiral in nature. Now about the spiral in art. Mr. Cook shows from old relics that the beauty of the spiral must have attracted the attention of mankind even in its infancy. The Greeks, probably the most æsthetic people that ever lived, used it very frequently in their architecture. In the Middle Ages, spiral columns and staircases came into use. The most famous of such staircases is the one in the Château at Blois, which is attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. It is described in great detail by Mr. Cook, who also discusses the question as to whether it was or was not designed by Leonardo. In fact, it was Mr. Cook's great interest in this magnificent piece of architecture, that was the origin of his twenty years' work on spirals. When the late Charles Stewart, F.R.S., was shown a photograph of the central column of this staircase, he recognized the identity of the curves on the central column with those on the shell of *Voluta vespertilio*. It was this observation of Stewart's, which started Mr. Cook on his research.

The mathematical reader may object that this is all rather vague; because there can be an infinite number of shapes for the logarithmic spiral from a straight line to a circle according to the angle which the radius vector makes with the curve. He may want to know which of all these is the most favoured of nature and the most beautiful. Mr. Cook is ready with an answer. We have seen the importance of "Phi", we know the value of the logarithmic spiral. Put the two things together, and you get the most beautiful of the spirals. In this the radii vectores,



when separated by equal angles are in the proportion of "Phi," and the sum of the distances between two successive curves of the spiral is equal to the distance along the same radius to the succeeding curve. This spiral has not been invented by Mr. Cook for the purpose of

replying to the mathematical objector; but he has found it constantly used by that greatest of sculptors, Phidias, in his work. Mr. Cook, therefore, proposes to call this the Phidias spiral.

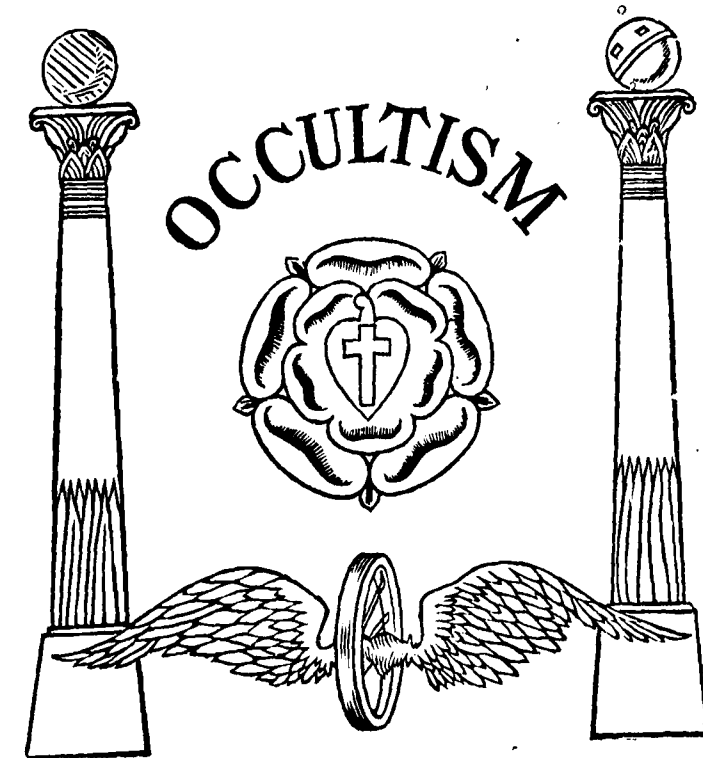
Mr. Cook probably knows nothing about the ultimate physical atom of the Occultist, and of course he makes no mention of it. But I may here take the opportunity of suggesting that the spiral of each of the ten wires that constitute the ultimate physical atom may possibly have something to do with the constant "Phi".

The conclusion from all this is that both beauty and growth are "visibly expressed to us in terms of the same fundamental principles".

Is then all beauty and all organic growth reducible to a mathematical formula? No, answers Mr. Cook. In the first place, "the logarithmic spiral can never be reached in nature, for nature is finite while the logarithmic spiral is infinite." It is only the nearest mathematical expression we can use for the relation of form to growth. But there is something more than the mere mathematical statement, some variation, some inflection, which is Life in the one case and Beauty in the other.

As Ruskin puts it, "All beautiful lines are drawn under mathematical laws originally transgressed." These transgressions of the law are as much an essence of beauty in nature or in art as the law itself. And it is in these that the hand of the Master is seen.

Professor G. S. Agashe



THE NATURE OF MYSTICISM

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

THERE is a saying of the ancient Greeks that "Wonders are many and nothing is more wonderful than man"; and this thought has been worked out in many a philosophy to reveal to man that the highest elements of manhood are of the nature of God, while the dearest elements of the Godhead are of the nature of man. The study of man becomes a spiritual exercise if we seek in man the God; it little

matters of what nature are man's activities that we watch, for man is the shadow while God is the light, and in all men's deeds, good and evil, a World Soul strives for Self-Realisation.

Now men are of many types, and for the present purpose of the study of what makes mysticism, let us group them into three natural divisions, according to their temperaments as they react to the environment round them. There is first the "practical" type; his characteristic is that his reaction to thing or event is according to its *use*. He does not care for abstract truth; when an object or idea is before him, "Of what use is it?" is his first question. He trains himself to know things by their uses. The second type is the "scientific," whose reaction is to the *form* of the thing or event. What is its nature, what is its cause, how did it happen, what can I know from it?—these are the natural questions that first arise in individuals of this type. They desire truth first, and then deduce its use in terms of conduct. The third type is the "mystic," and his reaction is by *feeling*, and the use or value of a thing is seen only after it has passed through the crucible of the feelings. To him the highest criterion is "I feel; therefore I am; therefore I know."

Though men are of these three main types—practical, scientific, and mystical—no one man is of one type alone, without traces of the other two temperaments. But what characterises a man will be one predominant quality, and the two other qualities will be as modifications brought into the fundamental type which he represents. Mystics need not necessarily be unscientific nor unpractical, nor are "practical" people

necessarily without mysticism. But in the main the life of mysticism is a life of the feelings, and the message of mysticism consists of the values discovered to life as life has been transmuted by the feelings.

The first, if not the chief characteristic, that distinguishes the mystic is that the outer world is continually transmuting itself into an inner world of feeling; he lives for that inner world, and his values to life in the outer world are derived from it. He is therefore extremely individualistic, for he knows of one sole authority, which is the growing life of his own inner world, and not another's. Though he is the youngest of the mystics in the company of the oldest, yet is he in a fashion among equals; and when he gives his own message he is *primus inter pares*. Utmost humility and confident self-assertion exist side by side in his character; for such is the mystery of the feelings, that while they may know nothing, from the standpoint of reason, they may know the All, from the standpoint of the Spirit.

We must, as we survey mysticism, distinguish the mystic from the pious man. Both may be "religious," and equally devoted to a creed or ritual; but the latter relies on the authority of church or ceremony in a way it is not in a mystic's temperament to do. The mystic is always a thorn in the side of an established church, because he will be guided by authority only so far as it suits him. While the pious man is ready to bend his will to the will of a superior, the mystic asserts it. In all ways then mystics are fundamentally individualists, though at the heart of

true mysticism is an individualism that enwraps the whole world in one unifying embrace.

So universal is the mystic life, so all-inclusive of life's processes, that it is not easy to say what exactly constitutes mysticism; let us try first to establish by analysis the modes of mysticism that are to be found among men, hoping to come to a synthesis after an examination of the many facts before us.

There are six main types of Mysticism, as follows:

1. The Mysticism of Grace
2. The Mysticism of Love
3. Pantheistic Mysticism
4. Nature Mysticism
5. Sacramental Mysticism
6. The Mysticism of Modern Theosophy

In the study of each type we shall observe four principal elements: (1) the theme, (2) the method, (3) the obstacle, and (4) the ideal.

It should be noted that any one type of mysticism is not limited to a particular religion or creed; mysticism is a life of the Spirit that cannot be held within the boundaries of the religions. It is like a mighty river that cuts out channels for itself according to its need; there may be only one channel of the mystic stream in a religion, or there may be several. And mysticism may also exist where there is no religion at all.

Of a necessity, in our study of mysticism, it will be impossible to trace a particular type of mysticism as it manifests itself everywhere; the examples taken are only illustrative of mystic modes. Keeping in mind then our limited survey, let us pass on to examine one by one the types of mysticism.

THE MYSTICISM OF GRACE

The Theme.—This is the thought that a gulf exists between the nature of man and the nature of God, which can only be bridged by Grace from God. Man is proclaimed as born with a predilection to sin; he is innately weak to resist temptation, and he is bound to fall. So naturally in *The Imitation of Christ* we have these words:

There is no order so holy, no place so secret, as that there be not temptations or adversities in it.

There is no man that is altogether free from temptation whilst he liveth on earth: for the root thereof is in ourselves, who are born with inclination to evil.

When one temptation or tribulation goeth away, another cometh; and we shall ever have something to suffer, because we are fallen from the state of our felicity.

Man must always therefore be full of contrition, for "there is no health in us"; he must confess his sins to his Maker. Repentance is the pre-requisite for the receiving of Grace. The thought of sin looms large in the estimate of man; we must acknowledge our sinfulness before Divine Grace can be ours. Thus in the Christian hymn we have all the elements of this type of mysticism:

But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.

In sorrow true then let us pray
To our offended God,
From us to turn His wrath away
And stay th' uplifted rod.

O righteous Judge, O Father, deign
To spare us in our need;
Thou givest time to turn again,
Give grace to turn indeed.

Sometimes, in this mysticism, so powerful is the thought of the grandeur and omnipotence of God, that it takes the strange garb of fear. "The Fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" becomes inspiring and not depressing. To some the thought is repellent, because they do not understand; it is not indeed any fear at all, but an indescribable awe which stills all thought while the soul gazes at the Godhead before its vision. To one used to the soft yellow light of an ordinary electric lamp, the colourless light of an electric arc-lamp is blinding and cold as steel; yet it is a fuller light in every way. But it is light of an order that our eyes are not accustomed to. Similarly it is with the vision of the Godhead along this path of mysticism; that vision begets wisdom, though the first effect on a nature not used to it is the sense of fear and awe.

It is one form of the "Fear of the Lord" that we have in the great vision of Divinity that Shri Krishna shows to Arjuna in the eleventh chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita*, when the Lord shows Himself as

Time who kills, Time who brings all to doom,
The Slayer Time, Ancient of Days, come hither to consume;
and Arjuna sees all the mighty hosts of heaven gazing
at the Godhead in awe.

These see Thee, and revere
In sudden-stricken fear;
Yea! the Worlds,—seeing Thee with form stupendous,
With faces manifold,
With eyes which all behold,
Unnumbered eyes, vast arms, members tremendous,
Flanks, lit with sun and star,
Feet planted near and far,
Tushes of terror, mouths wrathful and tender;
The Three wide Worlds before Thee
Adore, as I adore Thee,
Quake, as I quake, to witness so much splendour!

In the cult of Shaivism something of this same mysticism appears in the imagery of Shiva the Destroyer, the frequenter of burning grounds, the supreme Ascetic, wreathed with the skulls of men; and in all that is best in Kāli the Mother we have similarly commingled the two thoughts of terror and tenderness, of splendour that begets fear and of motherhood that gives boons.

The Method.—The means of bridging the gulf between God and man is Prayer. Though in his inmost heart man knows God will forgive, is perfectly sure that God's grace will be his, yet that mere conviction is not sufficient. The act of magic that spans the gulf is prayer; without the *act* of prayer the miracle will not happen. Hence in this type of mysticism the emphasis laid on prayer, and man's unworthiness is laid stress upon in order that the virtue of humility may be born in him to make his act of magic by prayer certain of success.

The Obstacle.—The devil that tempts man away from the spiritual life is, in this type of mysticism, self-reliance. The thought that we are not so sinful after all, that we can to some extent go our road unaided, that man made in the image of his Maker cannot be in any danger of damnation by a loving God, is the direst of heresies. Such a thought corrodes the soul, weakens the character; self-confidence is the great illusion that wraps man in the folds of sinfulness. So proclaims this type of mysticism.

Specially noteworthy too is how in this path the acquisition of knowledge is discouraged, for there can be only one knowledge worth the seeking, the knowledge of the grace of God. Arts and sciences are apt

more to lead astray than to guide: "Cease therefore from an inordinate desire of knowledge, for therein is much distraction and deceit."¹ Similarly too there is no message but of distraction in song and dance, and in the theatre; God's face is not to be seen along those ways of temptation. "Endeavour therefore to withdraw thy heart from the love of visible things, and to turn thyself to the invisible."²

The Ideal.—He who is the true mystic of this type is the man of Righteousness. Neither wisdom nor compassion nor devotion are his ideals, but to be righteous, which is to feel within the heart a continuous battle between good and evil, and the attempt to express the victory won for God in being a pattern to men to lead them to Him. The prophets of Judaism clearly are mystics of this type; when they turned their inner realisation to bring changes in the life of their nation they became practical mystics of extraordinary ability.

THE MYSTICISM OF LOVE

The Theme.—The overflowing love of God towards man is the theme in this type of mysticism. The never-ending wonder is that God is so full of love for His creature; if only man would recognise how greatly he is sought by God, then man's salvation is not the work of time but of an instant. The mystic therefore never wearies of dreaming of the open arms that God ever holds out towards him, in spite of his sinfulness and repeated failures. To know his own weaknesses—they are not sins so much as blemishes on the garment

¹ *The Imitation of Christ*

² *Ibid.*

he must wear before God—and yet to feel God will accept him as he is, this is both bliss and pain, both heaven and hell. In the following hymn we have clearly some of the characteristics of this type:

O Love, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who lovedst me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, Who did that ransom pay
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

It will be seen that in such a type of mysticism as this, the Godhead becomes intensely personal, at times almost verging on the nature of a human beloved. In Christianity a hymn such as this above has as its inspiration not God the Almighty but Jesus the Lover of the soul. In the following from St. John of the Cross we have an attempt to describe the rapture produced as the Godhead is loved by many a mystic of this type:

O sweetest love of God, too little known; he who has found Thee is at rest; let everything be changed, O God, that we may rest in Thee. Everywhere with Thee, O my God, everywhere all things with Thee; as I wish, O my Love, all for Thee, nothing for me—nothing for me, everything for Thee. All sweetness and delight for Thee, none for me—all bitterness and trouble for me, none for Thee. O my God, how sweet to me Thy presence, who art the supreme God! I will draw near to Thee in Silence, and will uncover Thy feet, that it may please Thee to unite me to Thyself, making my Soul Thy bride; I will rejoice in nothing till I am in thine arms. O Lord, I beseech Thee, leave me not for a moment, because I know not the value of my own Soul.

It is this phase of mysticism that is so very pronounced in the Vaishnava cult of Hinduism, where

Shri Krishna becomes the Divine Lover in search of His mate, the human soul. With prayer and song His love for man is hymned; it is the intense Personality of Divinity that works the miracle of the soul's salvation.

Wherever exists this mysticism of love, we shall frequently find the object of devotion in the aspect of Woman. The Virgin Mary in Christianity, Kālī the Mother in Hinduism, Isis in Egypt, and Pallas Athene in Greece, bring the thought of God nearer to some hearts than any male presentation of the Godhead. Why this is so is a mystery of the soul that can be understood only by those on this particular mystic path; we can only state here that one of the most beautiful as well as powerful forms of Love Mysticism is that which sees the All-Love as Mother and Friend or Goddess and Beloved.

The Method.—The magic of this mystic path is performed through Adoration. To pour one's heart and soul in streams of love and offering to the feet of our God, to the knees of our Goddess, is the sole heart's desire; and in the act of magic the soul's consciousness wakes to know mystery after mystery of the Divine Nature. It is not prayer; there is no thought of receiving, none of asking. The bud asks nothing of the sun's light; it opens and adores and shows its beauty. Yet is there intense effort; the adoration is not a negativity, but a positive outpouring of the soul.

The Obstacle.—While on the path of the mysticism of grace, man's unworthiness to receive Divine Grace is insisted upon, it is exactly contrary on this path. God so loves man that for man even in his greatest sinning to imagine that God would veil His Face is a blasphemy. What matters our sin and our failure if

God loves us in spite of both? It is the sense of shame, of diffidence, of timidity before the thought of God, that is the obstacle to realisation." Belief in our unworthiness, and doubt in the perfection of His tender love so that our sinning would erect a barrier between us and Him, is the illusion that surrounds the soul on this path of mysticism.

The Ideal.—Naturally on this path the ideal is the devotee, who is the Bhakta, the saint. He shall not be judged by God by the wisdom of his mind, nor by the strength of his practical ability; he stands or falls by the nature of his devotion alone. To grow in wisdom or understanding, or in power to guide men, mean little to his imagination; life grows only as he rises from one intensity of adoration to another. It goes without saying that the more saintly becomes the soul treading this path the more full of wisdom he is, and the greater is the power in him to inspire men and their actions; but the typical saint does not aim at either; his aspiration is to pour out greater and greater love to the Object of his devotion.

One variant of this Love Mysticism proclaims as the ideal an actual union between the Godhead and the soul, so that the twain are one. In Christianity this mystic phase has developed from the teaching of Christ in the Gospel of Saint John, where again and again He tells us of the mystic unity between Him and those that have found Him. "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me and I in you." Such an ideal of union is blasphemous to some Christians, and of course heretical from the standpoint of orthodox Christianity. Yet such a staunch pillar of orthodoxy as Saint Augustine proclaims it as a

part of the Christian doctrine, when he makes a distinction between the two forms of faith, the "belief on Christ" and the "faith in Christ". The former is the mental process, the inevitable acceptance by the mind of the facts before it of His nature; even the demons believed "on Christ". But what is the other form of faith, *in Him, in Christum*? It is: *Credendo amare, credendo diligere, credendo in eum ire, ejus membris incorporari*¹: By faith to love Him, by faith to be devoted to Him, by faith to enter into Him, to be incorporated into His members.²

This type of mysticism has profoundly influenced Christianity, though mystics following this path have been mostly regarded as unbalanced, if not indeed as heretical. The mysticism of grace, involving as it often does a church as intermediary, has felt itself jeopardised by the mysticism of love. What part need churches and priests and sacraments play in a mystic life such as Ruysbroeck describes in these words?

When we rise above ourselves, and in our ascent to God are made so simple that the love which embraces us is occupied only with itself, then we are transformed and die in God to ourselves and to all separate individuality. . . In this embrace and essential unity with God all devout and inward spirits are one with God by living immersion and melting away into Him; they are by grace one and the same thing with Him, because the same essence is in both. . . Wherefore in this simple and intent contemplation we are one life and one spirit with God. . . In this highest stage the soul is united to God without means; it sinks into the vast darkness of the Godhead.

The thought of complete union with Divinity is so prominent in all Hindu thought that naturally this phase of the mysticism of love is well known in

¹ *Milleloquium Veritatis*.

² Members here mean the parts of His very Body.

India. The *Bhagavad Gita* has the teaching as its essence:

Place thy mind in Me, in Me fix thy reason; then with no incertitude thou shalt abide in Me hereafter.

They who worship Me with devotion, they are in Me, and I also am in them.

And since the appearance of Shri Krishna, this thought of mystic union with Him has been as the song of angels in the land, inspiring high and low alike, now driving to waywardness and frenzy the unbalanced worshipper, now raising to supremest acts of renunciation and blessing those who have more strength of character to grasp the Reality. Supremely dear is this mystic path to humanity, since along this road there is always One as the goal, who Himself journeys with the pilgrim to the end.

C. Jinarājadāsa

(To be continued)

SPIRIT-LIFE AND SPIRIT-ACTIVITY

By JOHN PAGE HOPPS

[The Rev. J. Page Hopps is one of the best-known exponents of Spiritualism, and at this time when such numbers of people are eagerly seeking evidence of continued consciousness after death his views are bound to be interesting to our readers, though Theosophy differs from him in differentiating between the quality of the agencies producing the phenomena, and applies the title "spirit" only to the purely spiritual intelligence.—Ed.]

IS the testimony of all the ages to the reality of spirit-life and spirit-activity mere moonshine or impudent fraud? The Bible consists of books or fragments of books written without collusion during, say, one thousand years; and every bit of it is coloured or saturated with the fact of spirit-life and spirit-activity. Is all *that* moonshine or fraud?

That testimony has never ceased. When the Book of the Revelation was written and the Bible was made up, the testimony went on all the same. The early Christians knew all about it, and right away on to the present day every church has had its witnesses: and far beyond the churches, every class and kind, of sinners and saints, has supplied witnesses to the fact, whether acceptable or regretted, that there are unseen people who, at times, and under certain conditions, manifest themselves on the visible plane.

Is it all to go for nothing? Where there have been and are such continuous emissions of smoke, is it possible that there has never been any fire?

The negative view, however, is a quite natural one. Our five senses are our normal limits. We are, in fact, five-sense creatures, and therefore quite reasonably live, move and have our being under the five-sense conditions. Whether we have lived before, or shall live again elsewhere, it is quite obvious that, for all the present purposes of our mundane existence, the five senses describe our educational, disciplinary and practical field. It is therefore not to be wondered at that "ghost stories" should be mistrusted, and that, where fraud is not imputed, illusion or indigestion is assumed.

Still further, it is quite naturally supposed that ignorance and the unscientific mental atmosphere of days gone by are sufficient to account for the old happenings or imaginings. But, strange to say, it is precisely modern science which, while dissipating many old superstitions, is rapidly supplying the best of all bases for belief in a future life and in "ghosts," by introducing and making familiar to us the fact of the infinite subtilty of matter.

So much so is this the case that, with the help of this same modern science, it is perfectly easy to build up the conception of a bodily personality, or the body of a person, which shall be both invisible and intangible, and which shall be possessed of the power to pass through what we usually call solid substances. The spirit-world, in fact, has been made scientifically conceivable.

Still further, we are being made familiar with the remarkable fact that the mightiest forces lie beyond the

region of the solids: in fact, that as we recede from the solids we get further into the realm of the forces. The subtle and the ethereal can go where the solids cannot go, and do what the solids cannot do. The ethereal is the omnipotent.

The mysterious little thrills that travel through hundreds and thousands of miles, and convey messages without connecting wires, practically uninterrupted by mountain masses or stormy seas, are an astounding instance of what the finest vibrations can do. Is it, then, so very difficult to postulate a personality built up of similar vibrations, and possessed of similar powers?

Multitudes who "do not believe in spirits" are fully convinced of the fact of thought-transference or suggestion. But that is on a line with the Marconi telegraphy, and carries us very close to spirit-activity. What is it that, in thought-transference or suggestion, passes from brain to brain, without connecting vehicles of any kind? Surely that must be correlated with telegraphy through space on the one hand, and with spirit-activity on the other; and the last is as rational, as conceivable, and as scientific as the first.

It is often objected that what is called spirit-activity is too fitful, too uncertain, too vague, to be reliable; that experiments cannot be repeated and that results cannot be ensured. That may be so, but what else ought we to expect, at all events at this stage? For how short a time has there been any noticeable care to experiment! how few have cared to investigate! how seldom has anyone seemed to be able to treat the subject seriously! and how little we know of the subtle laws of that etheric world in which the unseen people,

if there are any, dwell! We need to be extremely patient, careful and modest, both in our experiments and in our conclusions.

Another point. We have, one way and another, taken for granted that the unseen people are all intensely serious, and that they are all either gravely saintly and placid, or horribly wicked and miserable. We have imagined two places,—a be-jewelled Heaven and a be-devilled Hell—in which all the spirit-people dwell: and, as one-half are all saintly and placid and the other half are all wicked and miserable, we have been unable to believe in the modern experiences of Spiritualists who tell us that the unseen people can be just as frivolous or insipid, just as silly or stupid, just as mischievous or pompous, as some of the inhabitants of Great Britain: and nothing is more common than to hear it said that it is degrading to believe that spirits "come back" to talk through tables, or rap out ridiculous messages, or call themselves Shakespeare and talk bosh.

Well, it is quite natural for people to say that: but many things are quite natural that are quite wrong; and this may be one of them.

If there is a life beyond the present one, the likeliest thing about it is this,—that the man or woman who passes over to that life begins on the other side as he or she left off here, simply minus the physical instrument we call the body. The selfhood will be unchanged, with all its ruling loves and longings, its tendencies and habits, its capacities and tastes. This is the real meaning of that ancient saying, "Where the tree falls, there it will lie," or of that grave saying, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he who

is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still"; and we might add, "he who is a fool, let him be a fool still,"—until he is taken in hand by wise teachers, and made wise.

It is quite probable that the first surprise of the life beyond is the discovery that there is no such Heaven or Hell as most Christians believe in, but that a new plane of existence has been reached, with a personality to match it, from which plane the spirit can work for the benefit of others, or play the fool as easily as before, only with fresh instruments and other powers. That is all.

Now as to experiments and experiences,—a tremendous field. In connection with these, the names of Sir William Crookes and Alfred Russell Wallace are specially prominent, and not without reason.

They are in the very first rank as accomplished, patient and honest investigators. Sir William Crookes' book *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism*, is still on sale and is still fully acknowledged by him. It records experiments conducted for years in his own house and under stringent test conditions. He began by writing "Hitherto I have seen nothing to convince me of the truth of the 'spiritual' theory"; and he ended by saying, of a crucial test, "I am happy to say that I have at last obtained the 'absolute proof'."

Here is a very brief summary of the results of his experiments, set forth by himself and for which he vouches, with the remark, "My readers will remember that, with the exception of cases specially mentioned, the occurrences have taken place *in my own house*, in the light, and with only private friends present besides the medium."

1. *The movement of heavy bodies with contact, but without mechanical exertion.* "This varies in degree from a quivering or vibration of the room and its contents to the actual rising into the air of a heavy body when the hand is placed on it." (That I have repeatedly seen.)

2. *The phenomena of percussive and other allied sounds*, sometimes heard several rooms off, merely with the placing of a hand on any substance: heard in a living tree, on a sheet of glass, on a tambourine, on a stretched iron wire, on the roof of a cab; heard when the medium's hands and feet were held. (That I also proved when alone with the medium, in my own study). These sounds indicate intelligence, and reply to questions, and "lead to the belief that it does not emanate from any person present."

3. *The alteration of the weight of bodies.*

4. *Movements of heavy substances when at a distance from the medium.* "The instances in which heavy bodies, such as tables, chairs, sofas, etc., have been moved, when the medium has not been touching them, are very numerous." "On three successive evenings a small table moved slowly across the room, under conditions which I had specially pre-arranged." (We must remember this was written by one of the ablest and most careful experimenters in the world).

5. *The rising of tables and chairs off the ground, without contact with any person.*

6. *The levitation of human beings.* On one occasion a lady, who knelt on a chair of which the four feet were visible, was lifted from the floor, suspended for about ten seconds, and then slowly descended. "There are at least a hundred recorded instances of Mr. Home's

rising from the ground, in the presence of as many separate persons, and I have heard from the lips of the three witnesses to the most striking occurrence of this kind—the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Lindsay, and Captain C. Wynne—their own most minute accounts of what took place. To reject the recorded evidence on this subject is to reject all human testimony whatever; for no fact in sacred or profane history is supported by a stronger array of proofs.”

7. *Movement of various small articles without contact with any person.*

8. *Luminous appearances*, (this required a darkened room). “Under the strictest test conditions, I have seen a solid self-luminous body, the size and nearly the shape of a turkey’s egg, float noiselessly about the room, at one time higher than any one present could reach standing on tiptoe, and then gently descend to the floor. It was visible for more than ten minutes, and before it faded away it struck the table three times with a sound like that of a hard solid body. During this time the medium was lying back, apparently insensible, in an easy chair.” (This all occurred in my own experience also, in my study, when alone with the medium; the door being locked, and the hands and feet of the medium perfectly controlled by my hands and feet. The glowing object flew about the room, high up, like a bird, rapped loudly on the table, hit my shoulders and fussed about my face).

9. *The appearance of hands, either self-luminous or visible by ordinary light.* “A beautifully formed small hand rose up from an opening in a dining-table and gave me a flower. This occurred in the light of my own room, whilst I was holding the medium’s hands and feet.”

10. *Direct writing.*

11. *Phantom forms and faces.*

12. *Special instances which seem to point to the agency of exterior intelligence, and miscellaneous occurrences of a complex character.*

Hundreds of thousands of persons in all parts of the world are continuously testifying to similar experiences.

“And what of it?” it is sometimes said. This question, however, can never be asked in real earnest, for, as Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace says, in his important work *On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*, “It substitutes a definite, real, and practical conviction, for a vague, theoretical and unsatisfying faith. It furnishes actual knowledge on a matter of vital importance to all men, as to which the wisest men and most advanced thinkers have held that no knowledge was attainable.”

John Page Hopps

LETTERS TO A GERMAN GIRL

MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

I am writing this letter on the verandah of the "Ramsauhof". Now and again I look at the great company of snow-clad mountains, for I cannot keep my eyes off them for long. Their wonder and glory are a great delight to me. Perhaps they are some of the old Gods gathered together with white and shining mantles spread about them, Gods that can commune with the blue sky, whisper to the moon and throw about her silver head a necklace of stars. In their divine ecstasy they are willing to sit still for a very long time. If you laugh at my pagan fancies, you must not forget that you, O German Fairy, are partly responsible for them, for you belong to a time when the world was younger, more joyous, than it is now.

Fanny has come in to lay the cloth on "our table". Cumbered with more than her share of human flesh, she rolls across the verandah like a ship in a storm. She has either asthma or a Jew's harp in her inside. I rapturously called her attention to the mountains, but all she said was "Yah! Yah!" Fanny has a weight on her mind, but it has nothing whatever to do with snow-clad mountains.

That little grey bird with red on her wings has just flown to her nest. I see extended beaks, almost wide enough to swallow the roof, and hear such

clamorous twitterings. Two peasants are yodelling to each other in the valley. If laughing water tumbling down the hillside wanted to make love to the more sedate pools, it would sing like that. The cows ring their bells as they amble along the fields, and the corn, no longer green, has a golden sheen in it.

I keep on thinking, Rapunzel, that you will come in presently with your face very rosy with the sunshine and your blue eyes full of laughter. But you will not come. Only a few hours ago I saw you leaning out of a railway carriage window, kissing your hand and waving your handkerchief. How I hated that train bearing you away, hated the lines refracting the heat in gossamer-like clouds. My eyes were fixed on yours from the last handshake to the last glimpse of you. Then I wanted magic eyes that would see round the bend and follow you all the way to Dresden. Something was tearing at my heart-strings. Something was being drawn from me more precious than life itself. I felt a great loneliness. It was not till that moment of parting that I realised what you had been to me and what you will be to me always.

There is one great consolation: something very sweet to look forward to. In September you are to come and stay with us for three months. I cannot help trembling at the very thought of it, for something wonderful will happen then. What you have perhaps dreamed of, guessed at, will become a reality. If love is anything to you, and I know it is your very existence, then you shall have all I am capable of giving. We have had delightful days in Austria together. In England, when the right time comes, we shall perhaps know greater joys. Your coming seems much too good

to be true. And yet you must come, you must come, Rapunzel, for I am going to plunge my hands deep into the Kingdom of Happiness, and give it all to you.

Already, like an unwise mortal, I have made my plans. There is a little hill with groups of pine trees upon it that turn red when the sun goes down. There, Rapunzel, I have a fancy that we shall learn together what love means. If it is not on that little hill, then it shall be somewhere out of doors, somewhere where the wind blows gently and is full of the scent of flowers. Are not these things better than a stuffy suburban room?

It is getting too dark to write more. To-morrow you will be in Dresden, and the month after next. . . . Good-night, Rapunzel. I miss you so. I would give much to look into your dear eyes for a long time, then if I found something I want to find more than I can say—something you will find writ large in mine—I should put my arms round you and kiss you for the first time. If I did not find it, Rapunzel, I should wait. I should go on waiting just as long as those mountains are prepared to wait for joys I know nothing of. Good-night, Rapunzel. Sleep well.

MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

We have just received a letter from your Mother telling us that you are not coming to England because your grandparents do not like the thought of your good parent being left alone without you. Can you wonder very much that I want to *strafe* your grandparents? Your Mother tells us that you are very disappointed.

You cannot be more disappointed than I am. Anticipation has been building and building, and now the edifice has come crashing to the ground. I shall have to content myself with letters. You will find, if you care to look, much between the lines. That is the kind of letter I want to write to you.

When I heard that you were not coming, Wisdom said, "How wise!" and Love, "How cruel!" I do not doubt the wisdom of your staying away any more than I doubt the cruelty of your absence. It was not wise of Helen of Troy to inspire so much love and sacrifice. I have a fancy that wisdom of a certain kind belongs rather to mothers than to their daughters, that love has something of glad folly in it all the time. If Cupid were not a child, love would be a very poor adventure.

MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

We are leaving Ramsau to-day. The peasants go on saying "*Gruss Gott*" with the same placidity of expression, the sun goes on shining, and the mountains this morning look like gigantic tents encamped in the blue sky. All is so beautiful, so still.

I went out alone this morning. I looked at the impress your body made when you lay full length in the grass and flowers. I wish you were still lying on your back and singing to yourself. I wish you were dancing along the path with dewdrops clinging to your fair hair and dancing too. If only I could see you with impish humour in your eyes, or better still that look which made my cheeks burn and in a moment flashed forth all that my heart desired.

That last morning, Rapunzel, was a kind of love pilgrimage. Presently I sat not far from the Scheichenspitz where you and I had sat together, and where you rested your head on my shoulder. I shall never forget that morning, Rapunzel. We were lying so close together on the moss-covered rock. I felt the movement of your hands, and that touch, so spontaneous, so intimate, conjured up all sorts of delightful fancies. But it was much more than the touch of your hands, and I like to believe that your whole being was thrilled, even as mine was. I like to believe that my thoughts were your thoughts then I have crossed this out, for I find I was writing on the lines what I meant to suggest between them!

I do not know how Germans woo their women, but I rather think, if one may judge by some of your writers, that they are not exactly subtle in their love-making, that they come forward boldly and arrogantly, and take almost by force the women they love. That is not my way, Rapunzel, and if you think me cold and cautious, it is but a cloak to hide my feeling. At present I have been compelled to love you in thought rather than in action. And so, Rapunzel, I go on building up my love for you, in the hope that some day, when not a little sorrow has made it clean and strong, it will be found worthy of your acceptance. If my wish, through force of circumstance, is never fulfilled, at least remember these happy days, and know that you gave me something that is so radiantly happy that it needs must endure always.

O these last hours in Ramsau! The woods, the paths, the long winding road from Kulm, the little stream where you quenched your thirst, all remind me

of you. Lean over the verandah and say good-bye to it all. Hold out your arms to the mountains and breathe in the scent of fir trees. Dear little Imp, fill my Austrian pipe for me, because then, without your noticing it, I can watch your pretty hands. Now sing once more, and while you're singing by the rickety piano, and while dear old Fräulein Kramer is listening with not a little love for you in her tear-filled eyes, I will look through the window and see the candle-light reflected on your face. Then I would creep away. I would climb down the mountains for the last time to the town where the emerald river flows. That shall be my last Austrian memory of you, singing with the candle-light reflected on your face.

MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

We are in England again. There is little to tell you in regard to the journey. I saw the sun rise at sea, or rather I saw a little of the splendour, for while I was watching the sunlight dancing on the calm water I was interrupted by an agitated little man with eyes like boiled shrimps. He told me that he was the manager of a boot shop, and persisted in pouring forth his troubles into ears that were not, I am afraid, very sympathetic. At last he went away, but not before the sun had performed his miracle and left another prosaic day to fashion its destiny. God punish all people who want to tell their life history to strangers when the sun is just rising over the rim of the sea!

At last a letter has arrived from you. I have been waiting for it with great impatience. I attributed the

delay to illness, and now you tell me that you did not write sooner because you were busy jam-making! jam-making! And here have I been waiting and waiting, and loving you most desperately all the time.

I have been remarkably energetic since my return, and now do more work in a week than I used to do in a month. I get up early and go out of doors. I find, Rapunzel, that I did not leave you behind in Ramsau, but that I brought you with me in my heart. My love for you is growing. Of that I am quite sure. You have filled my being with your radiant presence so that there is no more loneliness. How can I have a single regret when you are with me all the time? And yet I have one regret, one fear. I sometimes wonder if this miracle of love that needs no marriage vow will be suddenly snatched from me. I sometimes wonder if it is a kind of joy intended for Gods and not mortals.

MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

For weeks I have been more sad than I can tell you. England has declared War against Germany, the Germany that gave the world Goethe and Schiller and Heine, the country that gave me you, more precious than all their genius. There was no other honourable course open to England, and though my love for you can never diminish, I cannot help telling you that your country has thrust this terrible War upon Europe. That your own soldiers should be guilty of the awful atrocities perpetrated against the Belgians, and particularly against Belgian women, makes my heart ache and my blood boil. I like to think that the German people,

the civilian classes, do not necessarily reflect the filthy abominations of Prussian militarism. Right or wrong I must believe that. German hate is terrible. I had it recently explained to me by a German friend, and I thought I was looking into a Chinese hell where revenge and blood-guiltiness were marked in thousands of distended eyes that leered up at me. I am not forgetting the cause of that hate. I am not forgetting that England in the past has been largely responsible for it. There is fault on both sides. There always is, but the pity of it is that Germany went war-mad before the fault could be rectified without a single gun being fired.

It is unspeakably sad to think that after nearly two thousand years after the coming of Christ the most advanced nations should be at war. The trouble is that we are too German, too British, too French, too Russian, that our nationality is over-emphasised, and until it is swallowed up in a kind of universal brotherhood, we shall go on fighting each other. There is only one Kingdom that matters, and that is the Kingdom of God.

Forgive this little sermon, Rapunzel, but you have made my love for you part of my love for other people. It is bigger, wider, more tolerant than it used to be. It takes in all the world and has made race hatred absolutely impossible. Centered in you is all the sweetness of womanhood, and because of these things I believe that a time will come when Germany's "will to power" will be changed into the will to love. To-day we have fallen away from Christ and His teaching, and have set up in His place, as much in England as in Germany, the gods of greed and worldly power. Christ

still walks upon the sea with unfaltering step. He is in the trenches, holding a soldier soul in His arms. He is standing by the side of roaring guns, walking softly through a field hospital, the Father of us all and the King of Kings. The great armies do not see Him because hate is in their eyes. When Love enters they shall see Him in all His Glory, and then and only then will the hell of battle give place to the heaven of lasting peace. The very name of enemy will depart for ever and the joyous cry of brother be upon the glad lips of us all.

And now, Rapunzel, if you have read so far, let us go out together. I want you to see what astronomers call the Southern Cross. To me it is much more like a big silver kite which some infant soul is flying through the sky. When we have seen these things, draw close and help me to forget the horrors of war.

DEAR ONE,

I am now a soldier, fighting in what I believe to be a righteous cause, not against the German people, but against their enemy as well as ours—Prussian militarism that has cut off the breasts of women, held children aloft on the point of the bayonet, and perpetrated a thousand horrors in the name of war. I who have dreamed of brotherhood, I who would shrink from killing an insect, have become a soldier! For three nights sleep would not come. Doubts assailed me. I asked myself a thousand times if I were justified in fighting against your countrymen. I made excuses for myself. I tried to shuffle out as medically unfit for

such a project. Gradually the way grew clear. I heard you calling. I saw you smile. You understood the agony through which I was passing, and in a moment I grew strong. I would fight for you. I would crush those very forces that mocked womanhood, those forces whose banner was lust and not love. I would do these things for you.

I am still in training, and have been moved about from one part of the country to the other. I am eager to go to the front. I wear your photo under my shirt. Many times I look at it, and many times I kiss the smiling face. I shall send this letter through a friend of mine. I hope you will get it all right. I don't suppose there is another soldier in the whole of the British Army who is in love with a German girl, or if there is then she is not a little bit like my Rapunzel. Give me both your dear hands. I want you to promise that you will come to me out there. I look into your eyes and know that you will come.

O MY DEAR, DEAR LOVE,

I am out at the front. I cannot tell you of my sufferings, of all the horrors of this awful war. They are not to be written about. The bravery of our men is just splendid, their self-sacrifice something which England can never know to the full. One little Cockney fellow, who used to be dressed in a frock-coat and sell ribbons and lace, has the heart of a hero after all. He dragged in three men under heavy fire to a place of safety. Poor fellow, he's gone now.

Latër. I write, by the fire of burning houses. A moment ago a comrade by my side was blown to pieces. I never knew a body could be blown to pieces like that. I have a shrapnel wound in my right hand, and I can hardly force my pen across the paper.

Last night it seemed that you came to me. You were dressed in black, and I knew that one of your brothers had been killed. You bent over me and kissed me. I held out my arms. I whispered your name. Nothing matters now, dearest. We are travelling to a new shore, Rapunzel, to a port in the Kingdom of Eternity where for the last time we shall unload the harvest of our love.

So happy, so happy, Rapunzel. The Ramsau days crowd upon me. I can see something more than the fire and smoke of battle. There is a Light fairer than the light of sun or moon. I hear your voice above the thunder-roar of warfare. You are yodelling, slowly, very slowly, just as you used to do, only I hear no echo now. I shall never finish this letter, dearest one, and perhaps you will never read it. Fire seems to be rushing through my veins. The snow-clad mountains are rosy in the dawn. Great cloud-banners unfurl over them. You come with masses of gentian in your arms. They are not so blue as your dear eyes. I take your face between my hands. I caress your hair. I see blood. The world rocks. I feel your hair blown against my face. Lift me up, Rapunzel. This is Death. This is Love. Rapunzel.

THE "BUDDHA RELICS"

IN a mound near Peshawar, in north-west India, there was found in 1909 one of the eight portions of the "ashes of the Buddha" famous in Buddhist tradition. This portion consists of three tiny pieces of bone, placed in a cavity made in a rock crystal about three inches long by two inches broad. The rock crystal was placed in a bronze casket bearing inscriptions, giving the names of the Greek artificer of the casket and the donors. As the name of the Buddhist Emperor Kanishka occurs in the inscription, the date of the making of the casket is fixed as the latter part of the first century after Christ.

When the authenticity of the relics was established, the Government of India handed them over for custody to the Buddhists of the Indian Empire, represented by the Burmese. The original bronze casket remains at the Peshawar Museum; the Government gave a gold receptacle to hold the rock crystal, with a suitable inscription recording the gift. The Burmese Buddhists gave the gold casket, decorated with rubies, which Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa holds in his hands in our illustration. A model of the original bronze casket is held in his hand by the Burman Buddha Relics Trustee, who is on Mr. Jinarājadāsa's left.

During Mr. Jinarājadāsa's visit to Burma in October last, one of our devoted members Mr. C. G. S. Pillai,

an Indian Buddhist, and one of the Trustees of the Buddha Relics, arranged with a fellow-trustee to open the safe where the relics are now kept at Mandalay, pending the construction of their final resting place on Mandalay Hill. As a Buddhist, Mr. Jinarājādāsa was allowed to hold them, and to be photographed surrounded by his Theosophical friends and co-workers, as a memento of his visit to Burma to speak the message of Theosophy to the Burmese.

The ceremony of the gift of the Relics by the Viceroy of India to the Buddhist delegation from Burma took place at Calcutta on March 19, 1910. Mrs. Besant was present on the occasion, and has thus described what she saw in THE THEOSOPHIST, April, 1910.

To the ordinary eyes it was merely a brilliant gathering; high officials of State, the Representative of earth's mightiest Empire, the Envoys of an ancient land, the committal of a relic of the Founder of a great Religion to His modern followers, a number of gaily dressed ladies and gold-laced officers. But to the inner eye it was the vision of a perfect life, a humanity flowering into the splendour of a Divine Man, the tenderness of an all-embracing compassion, of an utter renunciation; wave after wave of wondrous magnetism swept through the room, and all faded before the deathless radiance of a Life that once wore this dead fragment, which still rayed out the exquisite hues of its Owner's aura. A scene never to be forgotten, a fragment of heaven flung down into earth. And the actors therein all unconscious of the Presences in their midst!

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE THIRTY DAYS"

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In his remarks on my story *The Thirty Days*, your reviewer is good enough to say that I have evidently studied Theosophical literature. That is, of course, true. A novelist who proposes to deal, however superficially, with a subject in fiction must necessarily make himself acquainted with it. Among other works, I read very carefully a manual on *The Astral Plane* by C. W. Leadbeater and a small volume entitled *In the Next World* by A. P. Sinnett. The perusal of these two books left me in a considerable difficulty regarding the Theosophical conception of the astral plane, for they appeared to be, on an exceedingly important point, not merely inconsistent, but in direct contradiction to each other. I quote a passage from each.

Mr. Leadbeater says (p. 17): "Although the poverty of physical language forces us to speak of these sub-planes as higher and lower, we must not fall into the mistake of thinking of them (or indeed of the greater planes of which they are only subdivisions) as separate localities in space—as lying above one another like the shelves of a book-case, or outside one another like the coats of an onion. It must be understood that the matter of each plane or sub-plane interpenetrates that of the plane or sub-plane below it." He goes on to elaborate this view very carefully.

Mr. Sinnett says (p. 10): "A part of the great sphere is actually immersed or submerged beneath the solid crust of the earth. . . Two sub-planes of the astral are thus

underground—the first and the second, numbering the series from below upward. The third lies just above the surface of the earth.”

He does not state the position of the remaining sub-planes, but he names them in ascending succession, and the inference from the foregoing is clearly that they also are piled one above the other. Indeed, the system of “concentric spheres” which he describes is precisely that of the coats of an onion, which Mr. Leadbeater is at pains expressly to exclude.

There, you will admit, was a quandary for the artless but conscientious student. I applied to Theosophists in England for elucidation of the puzzle, but could get no satisfactory answer. It appeared, indeed, that though, to be sure, I had not “paid my money,” I was called upon to “take my choice”. I had to plunge. I plunged accordingly, boldly and completely, for Mr. Leadbeater; partly because I understood—whether rightly or wrongly I do not know—that he is the higher authority on Theosophical matters, and partly because his system seemed to me (if I may venture to say so) the more sensible and the more calculated to appeal to rational minds.

When I began this letter I did not intend to do more than point out the apparent discrepancy I have alluded to; but, having got so far, and since I am an exotic, who may not have an opportunity to communicate with you again, perhaps you will bear with me while I explain why I felt it would be easier to make Mr. Leadbeater’s, rather than Mr. Sinnett’s, conception acceptable to the intelligence of my readers. It was because it is not inconsistent with conditions of life with which they are acquainted. They know that, however deep they may bore in the crust of the earth, however high they may soar above it, they will still be in the physical universe, that they cannot possibly get out of it by moving in space. So it would, I knew, be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to make them feel the reality of a condition of things in which a change in the state of being could be effected by a change in location.

On the other hand, it can be shown that even physical life is partitioned into fairly definite tiers in a figurative sense, which, though all occupying the same region of space,

may not inaptly be called planes of existence. One may instance the criminal, the practical, the intellectual, the mystical. Each has its own atmosphere and its own population, and each individual composing the latter may be said to be strongly and perfectly conscious only of his fellows on his particular plane. An intellectual man, for example, addresses himself to his intellectual peers. When he is thinking or writing, he has them, and them only, in his mind; the world besides scarcely exists for him. The huge errors, the crude theories, of the masses below him do not trouble him: all his faculties are directed to the adjustment of delicate differences with some one or more of his fellows on the plane of intellect. If ever he tries the experiment of “writing down” to those on lower levels, it is almost inevitably a failure, because he finds himself unable to express himself in language, or to use channels of thought, comprehensible on any plane but his own. Reciprocally, the teeming millions below are supremely uninterested in anything the thinkers can tell them. Similar remarks could be applied to the other divisions of the physical plane that I have instanced. Thus a man may find himself among people of the same race as himself, of the same social position as himself, and yet know that he is not of their “world”.

I don’t know if this theory of physical sub-planes has any Theosophical authority, but at any rate there appeared to me to be so much substance in it, that I could hope to make intelligible to the general reader the conception of interpenetrating planes and sub-planes, as set forth in Mr. Leadbeater’s manual.

May I append a note in conclusion, which may save some confusion, since THE THEOSOPHIST has an international circulation, that the title of *The Thirty Days* in the U. S. A. is *The Brocklebank Riddle*?

HUBERT WALES

The Long House, Hindhead, Surrey, England

PRINCIPLE OR PUBLIC OPINION?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

While agreeing with many admirable points in Mrs. Kellner's interesting article "Our Attitude towards Physical Life" published in last month's THEOSOPHIST, I must voice the protest that will arise in many readers against her conclusion that the ideals of an individual must be abandoned just now if they happen to be in advance of those of the nation to whom that individual belongs. We are wise enough to recognise that many are evolving through the present fighting, but that does not necessitate its being the path of further evolution for all. We can admire without copying or participating. Despite the glamour that is thrown over the the horrors of war, thinkers look to its very "frightfulness" to teach people that war is wrong, that it must never occur again, but be superseded by methods of arbitration, as duelling has been superseded by Courts of Law. Many of the slain and wounded soldiers and their womenfolk of all nations have already had this truth burned into their souls. It cannot be possible that numbers of us have not already learnt this self-same lesson in past lives, and it shows itself in our instinctive and reasoned belief that it is wrong to kill our fellow-creatures. For us to renounce that conviction, that experience, which has been transmuted into a principle, a precious possession of our souls, would be a sin against knowledge.

In times of peace we do not ask the idealist to accept the standard of the average person. Why should he or she do so in times of war, when, more than ever, the ideal must be clung to, as the thought-form of the masses creates so much stronger a temptation to let go hold of the Vision and the advanced practice? Our "national code," forsooth, upholds killing animals for food. According to Mrs. Kellner's argument our vegetarian Theosophists have been wrong all this time; they should "as members of a nation have been prepared to submit to the code appropriate to, and accepted by, the State at large." A practice founded on conviction of its truth must remain the same in peace and war. I can imagine H. P. B. scarfing

this new attitude on the part of some Theosophists of bowing to "public opinion," a pernicious doctrine already seen in all its baseness in our politicians who put "party before principle."

Now we are sophistically asked to put Nationality before principle, and we must renounce our ideals for fear that "though we might be good individuals, we should be bad Englishmen." Is Nationality then a virtue above Virtue, Idealism and Righteousness? The nation is not an extraneous "thing-in-itself," it is in no sense homogeneous, and one cannot be a good individual and a bad unit of the nation.

As in the body one atom may act differently from the mass around it in order to get rid of a disease (a point our author overlooks), so while the average units of a country act in one way it is still the duty of the further evolved units to pursue their course unstamped by any obsession (even if it be of a higher than ordinary nature) which takes possession of the general public. Such was the teaching and practice which produced the Buddha, the Christ, the martyrs of all causes, the Tolstoys, and some people in all the combatant nations who for conscience's sake refuse to take part in war.

They would all be denounced to-day as "unpatriotic," people having conveniently forgotten that we are told "seek ye first the Kingdom of God (not of England, Germany, or any other kingdom) and all these things will be added unto you."

For the super-man to descend to the ideas of the man is the same as for the man to revert to the tiger stage—to use Mrs. Kellner's figure of speech; no one upholds the latter but she argues in favour of the former. The whole mistake arises from a dualistic standpoint similar to that commented upon by Mrs. Besant, i.e., the separation of the individual and the State. We see in Germany the dire result of putting State morality above a higher private morality. Are we Theosophists to follow suit?

Philosophy, experience and common sense prove that we can all truly exclaim with the French King "L'Etat, c'est moi"! As each one acts up to the best individual standard, he or she is forming the best national standard. Everything reverts to the subjective, each unit is the centre of its own universe and shines by its own interior light. Thus our

platform and philosophy is broad enough to appreciate all stages of knowledge and idealism, and while admiring the average man who responds to a higher ideal of self-sacrifice than his usual one, we also admire and support equally the man who refuses to kill or make war because he is living up to a still higher ideal, and who thereby sacrifices popularity and risks denunciation and possibly death (in conscriptionist countries). It takes as much courage to live above public opinion as to face the enemy in the trenches or a life of bereavement.

Granted even that England's code of honour be higher than that of its enemies, there is much need for it to reach a still higher code, and for that Vision its advanced individuals, amongst whom are many Theosophists, must stand firm, neither changing nor lowering the flag of their convictions and ideals. To ring a change on Mrs. Kellner's epigram, it is better to strive even half-heartedly for one's own ideal than to lower one's ideal to suit shifty public opinion.

"Better is one's own duty, though destitute of merits, than the well-executed duty of another. He who doeth the duty laid down by his own nature incurreth not sin." (*Bhagavad Gītā*)

In whatsoever way it may manifest, the only sure foundation of the evolution of one's self, of the unfoldment of the Higher Self, of true service to one's nation, humanity and the Great Ones, is summed up by the poet who said:

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

MARGARET E. COUSINS

REVIEWS

The Devil's Mistress, by J. W. Brodie-Innes. (W. Rider & Son, London. Price 6s. net.)

This story might serve as an illustration of the old adage "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," for the transformation of the heroine from a spirited and well-educated young wife of a dour and dirty Scotch farmer into the blood-thirsty and melodramatic witch-mistress of the Dévil is easily traceable to the absence of any work or interests suitable to her vivid temperament. The ennui of Mistress Isabel Goudie's life galled her; she was not evil of nature, but she longed for a fuller, larger, more adventurous life, and for romance and love, and she yielded at once when Sathanas appeared on the scene and promised her all her heart's desires—if she would renounce her Reformed Kirk baptism! The comparative merit of Catholic and Presbyterian baptism is one of the pivots on which the plot turns, and it strikes a 20th century reader as a quaint competition in credal superstitions. The greater portion of the book is devoted to a description of the magical deeds and death-dealing arts and crafts of the witches of the 17th century. Many of the powers possessed by "the coven" can be easily understood in the light of Theosophy, such as the intimate connection between sickness and sin; the power of the moon in magic; the division and simultaneous activities of the various bodies so that the witch-heroine was seen of all in Kirk and was later able to remember the sermon, though at the very same hour another part of her was carousing and hunting with the "Dark Master". He teaches her caustically enough that "the part of ye that would take ye to Kirk has naught to do with love and joy," and again, "if only ye can imagine yourself to be in any place, a part of ye is there, and if ye imagine strongly enough ye may be seen there."

The presentment of the Devil with a Scotch accent comes as rather a shock to one's idea of the conventional Mephistopheles of "Faust" and Grand Opera, but it is no surprise to find that the author comes under his spell and succeeds more in interesting his readers in this "Lord of unbalanced force" than in repelling them from him and all his works. The recantation of Mistress Goudie is distinctly unconvincing, and the process of her subsequent conversion to saintliness, and voluntary martyrdom at the stake in expiation of her sins, is but sketched in a vague way; yet all through the story one can trace the key-note of the character as action—indifferent, bad, good—combined with a love of power which, originally selfish in character, became transmuted to altruistic self-sacrifice.

The story suffers from being derivative, its inspiration coming from "Dracula,"—to whose author it is dedicated, but whose powerfully uncanny atmosphere it nowhere reproduces—and its sources (historical or imaginary) being Scottish legal records, constantly quoted. The blend of imagination and documentary evidence is not satisfactory and leaves the reader somewhat disappointed at the lack of sensational effect produced. Nevertheless the author shows much knowledge of magical practices with an undercurrent of deep philosophical knowledge, and his book adds another to the rapidly growing library of occult novels which are widening the consciousness and interest of the reading public.

M. E. C.

• • • *The Next Steps in Educational Progress*, edited by Dr. L. Haden Guest. (The T. P. S., London.)

These papers by educational experts, containing their convictions as to the next stage of progress in the various departments with which they are associated, were read at a Conference at the London University in June 1914, which was opened by Mrs. Besant. Then, with tragic irony, came the world's master-stroke in education, the European War; and the aim of the essayists—the care and training of the rising generation—which they set forth with that unspoken hopelessness that characterised all altruistic effort before Armageddon, was suddenly set by sheer necessity right in the

front of future reform. Dr. Guest looks for a great reconstruction after the War, beginning with the children. To begin with them will not only affect the future, but also the present, for any intelligent attempt to meet fully the needs of children must be shared in by their elders. Dr. Guest points out the omission of any definite attempt to deal with the emotional growth and development of children, or to apply Art to education. We would add that a further field awaits attention, namely, the teaching of the child's relation to the universe in some way that would lay the foundations for a philosophical view of life: unbridled sectarian religious instruction is a greater menace to the future of the race than empty stomachs: it is one of the root causes of the War itself.

J. H. C.

A New Suggestive Treatment (Without Hypnotism), by J. Stenson Hooker, M.D. (C. W. Daniel & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

This is a very sensible little book and should be useful to those who are interested in mental science. The point of view of the author seems well-balanced. Some sort of "mind cure" it is necessary that qualified medical men should adopt, he tells us. For the diseases which have no physical cause, but are obviously due to psychic disturbances of some kind, are on the increase, and these are not curable by the use of drugs. Great care must be taken, however, in the building up of a really workable method of treatment; those in use at present are very often ineffective—mere waste of energy—or, when potent, positively dangerous. He points out the reason why this is so and recommends what he describes as auto-hetero-suggestion as a safe method by which the healer and the patient may co-operate in restoring the health of the latter. The book is written in simple, non-technical language suited to the general reader.

A. de L.

Dreams, by George A. B. Dewar. (Elkin Mathews, London, 1915.)

This is a curious little book of three stories; two of them very short, the third a little longer, but all no more than a

suggestion; perhaps an attempt to catch the atmosphere of an orderly dream. Not an unsuccessful attempt, for the author has imagined that faint pleasantness sometimes experienced when it is possible to direct one's dream fancies a little. Indeed the book claims for itself an atmosphere, and though perhaps in parts it is rather a musty atmosphere, the trend of the stories conveys that impression of dream which it is their object to impart. Of the stories themselves it is unnecessary to say anything. Two of them are furnished with a happy moral, and one—"The charm 'for ever'" is illustrative of a moment's artistic inspiration translated into action by an otherwise uncreative character. The style of the book improves in the last two tales. The first is marred by rather an involved mode of utterance and by expressions unfortunately cynical, such as the implied insincerity in the mourning of heirs. Again, a sentence such as the following indicates a lack of consideration—"They remained to the end of his life sharply cut in stone on the tablets of memory." This surely is a burnt offering of redundancy to the author's cult of atmosphere. The book does not attempt to be instructive on the theory of dreams, or their causes and interpretations, but offers readable entertainment for a spare half hour.

I. St. C. S.

The Battle of the Lord, by the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D. (Elliot Stock, London, 1915. Price 3s. net.)

This is an admirable collection of recruiting sermons and contains the very essence of the spirit which animates, or ought to animate, our troops in this great War. In this casual age, however, we think it probable that the large majority of men now enrolled under the colours have no very clear conception of the material causes, still less the spiritual causes for which they are fighting. Could some organised effort be made, some illuminating force, such as this book of stirring addresses, be brought to bear on them, how much more gladly and with how much less fear would they go out to meet whatever fate was in store for them.

There are twelve sermons here, each of them on its own subject appealing to the instincts of patriotism and

unselfishness which have kept England without Conscription for so long. The appeal is directed primarily to those of military age who are in a position to enlist, and to those also who are debarred from active service by age or circumstance, that they should act energetically as recruiting sergeants, stimulating the youth of the country to offer themselves for the good of their land. We could wish this book in the hands of every young man who could fight but won't.

The main, emphasised point running through the whole book is the immanence of the Divine Spirit, in all and permeating all. We cannot do better than reproduce two verses quoted from Mrs. Cheque's book *Litanies*:

Though I am deathless, I am not immune to pain;
And every evil that is done upon earth, hurts Me;
Every shot that is fired, passes through Me;
The wound of every man wounded, is My wound;
Every cruelty that is perpetrated, is perpetrated upon Me;

Whatever is stolen is stolen from Me;
All the blood that is shed is My blood;
When the earth is defiled with slaughter,
My garden is laid waste,
Man, O Man, have mercy upon Me!

As the writer points out, this will be unintelligible to the Deist who believes only in the Extra-Cosmic God Whom he blames because He does not stop the war. Nevertheless to those of us who accept God in all created things, these lines bear a true significance and a conception of what War is to the Deity.

I. St. C. S.

Man: The Problem of the Ages, by "Homo". (Francis Griffiths, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Books such as the one before us are to be welcomed because they have the intermediate points of view which are read and accepted by people who shun those systems of modern thought which are labelled with new names. You may yearn to seek the true and the beautiful, yet if you are conventional and the people round you are conventional, you might not care to be disgraced by studying Theosophy, Socialism, etc., but to be found reading a book called: *Man: The Problem of the Ages* is commendable and shows you are serious-minded. Therefore we are thankful that these

intermediate points of view, undisgraced by a revolutionary uniform, can penetrate unchallenged into many a home and heart, bringing with them light and inspiration. Some are good—sincere and well thought out—others are colourless and unoriginal. It is to the former category that we consign the present work, wherein we find much that corresponds with Theosophical teaching. The author distinguishes between the true immortal Spirit and his lower physical reflection, but as usual misses the link known to Theosophists as the ego. The term "ego," he applies to the Spiritual Man. He preaches the theory of evolution, and if it were not for a strong Christian bias, which claims that the Lord Jesus is the Ideal Man born only "once in the history of the world," and that "His personality, His life, and His teaching are altogether unique," we would thoroughly endorse the following passage, which is full of inspiration, and entirely in accord with our own thought:

What matters, though in Jesus only we behold the full-grown Man whilst we are still in God's nursery, and have not yet attained unto the stature of true Manhood? Somehow we feel that this unique personality, this kingly personage is the elder Brother of our common humanity—the prophecy of our becoming. Nay, more, that that perfect life, of which Jesus was the highest and noblest expression, is the goal towards which we are slowly but surely moving.

The great conception is the central figure in what we may term the new consciousness. A great spiritual awakening, indeed; that marks the dawn of a new era—the era of Universal Brotherhood.

D. M. C.

Life: Presented in Three Stages of Progress, by Annie Pitt. (Messrs. L. N. Fowler & Co. Price . .)

"Life" is a title which leaves the writer plenty of scope, and "Aziel," the true author of the book, avails himself of his opportunity by racing up and down the scale of human experience with the aid of a large vocabulary and a very oratorical style. The effect produced is a little chaotic. It is not a book for the man of trained intellect; yet it has a value which more than justifies its existence. On the full current of the author's enthusiastic belief in immortality and the ultimate goodness and beauty of life the reader is carried away also, and he is filled with hope and confidence. There are many persons to whom such an experience would mean

the opening of the door into a new existence. Let us hope that the book will fall into their hands.

A. de L.

Nerve Control, by H. Ernest Hunt. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London, 1915. Price 1s. net.)

An excellent little book very clearly and well written. Dealing with nervous troubles, which of recent years have been so enormously on the increase, its concisely-stated method of cure should be welcomed by all sufferers from the disorder. The lines of work laid down are of the New-Thought variety, positive suggestions being made to the subjective or subconscious mind, this, as the author explains, is more in accordance with Biblical teaching than the negative assertions favoured by Christian science. "Overcome evil with good" is the foundation on which the book is laid, and the acceptance of the positive suggestion would certainly appear to be the easier method of eradicating nervous and kindred troubles.

The earlier chapters treat of suggestion as the cause and cure of nervous ills and go on to emphasise the importance of maintaining an equable state of mind at all times as an accessory to the suggestions. Two chapters are devoted to platform work of all kinds, artistic and otherwise, and many valuable hints are given to those who do not feel themselves quite at home when appearing in public.

The author makes what may perhaps be called a lapse from strict probity in one point connected with the effectiveness of suggestion. He states it is not necessary to believe in mind cure, but that if the method is followed out faithfully the result will be effective. This, as Thompson J. Hudson points out, is not strictly justified, as following that faith is the *sine qua non* of mental healing, which we think is generally agreed; the attitude above alluded to obtains the faith but by rather a back door means, and one not highly to be commended. It is not out of place to remember that Christ never resorted to the subterfuge but always insisted upon the requisite faith in his subject.

As a guide to the healing of nerves, however, the book offers a valuable contribution to existing literature and we wish it every success.

I. ST. C. S.

The Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life, by Eleanor Kirk. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

This is a very useful handy book which any layman can easily understand. It is concise, simple, and devoid of astrological technicalities which many a time scare away an ordinary reader. It is divided into four parts according to the triplicity of Fire, Earth, Air and Water. Each triplicity gives a short description and characteristics of its component signs, the personal appearance of the individual born under those signs, the companions and friends best suited to possess, the faults, defects and diseases commonly found, the best mode of growth and development of the individual and the education and training of children born under them, with a summary of character reading of persons born upon the cusp of each sign.

These readings apply to the average man of the world, and not so much to one who has taken evolution in his own hand. However, the knowledge of the stars has its value in its application to daily life. There is no such thing as chance in natural and spiritual law. Neither signs nor planets have the slightest power over spiritual man or woman, Spirit being absolute over matter. Stars may influence us, but God rules the stars. When man recognises God in himself he can be dominated no longer by anything apart from God.

Speaking about diseases the author says: "All these ailments, and every other known to man, can be entirely dominated, for ever cast out, by those who realise that mind is the Master, and body the servant of mind."

This is a good book as a general guide to the understanding of different temperaments, according to the triplicities, which might enable one how best to counteract disharmonies between individuals, especially in relation to marriage, and other domestic infelicities.

This book should certainly be in the hands of all those who have the guidance and education of children under their care, because the hints and suggestions given under the heading, "Government of children," are very valuable and practical.

J. R. A.

Le Museon, Revue d'Etudes Orientales, 3rd Series. Vol. I. (Cambridge University Press, 1915.)

All members of the Theosophical Society whose interests lie with the second of its objects must be aware of that precious Belgian journal of orientalist research, founded in 1881 by the brilliant and many-sided Catholic scholar and Orientalist Ch. de Harlez, and the title of which heads this notice. The long and peaceable career of ever increasing importance of this periodical was rudely interrupted by the German invasion of Belgium and the attendant destruction of Louvain, for it was in the latter place that the journal was printed and edited, and the Louvain University furnished it regularly with its abundant matter of scholarly value. Alas, the Louvain University—nay, even Louvain itself—exists no more. In the destruction of the town there also perished half a volume of the *Museon*, ready for despatch, and containing articles and research work of fine quality.

Cambridge has welcomed the learned refugees from Louvain and has furnished those who survived and safely escaped with a place to reconcentrate the famous Louvain tradition until better times at—we hope!—a not far distant date. One of the consequences of this noble hospitality, together with the energy of the Belgian scholars, is the reappearance of the *Museon*, at Cambridge, rejuvenated and not a whit the worse for its tragic adventures. A stout number of 130 pages, extremely well printed, constitutes the first issue of the new, third, series, and offers us a feast of learning. *Le Museon* is an academical magazine of a type always bringing much matter of interest for the cultured but non-specialist reader interested in the study of comparative religion. In it L. de la Vallée Poussin regularly publishes his illuminating studies on Buddhist origins and teachings. In the present number Paul

Olttramare studies the most interesting problem of absolute existence, *tathatā*, and the ultra-phenomenal, *lokottara*, important for any enquirer into Buddhist doctrine. Reynold A. Nicholson presents an interesting note on a Moslem Philosophy of Religion. Other articles, notes and book reviews complete an excellent number. The journal is published indiscriminately in the chief modern languages, but French predominates as a rule on the whole. The price of the journal is 21 shillings net annually. We gladly seize the occasion to warmly recommend such amateurs as can afford it, to support the publication, even as a mere sign of sympathy, until its rebirth is fully established.

J. v. M.

BOOK NOTICES

The Sacred Names of God, by Leonard Bosman. (The Dharma Press, 16 Oakfield Rd., Clapton, London, N. E. Price 1s. 6d.). This is an important addition to the "Esoteric Studies" of this author, containing both erudition and interpretation of a high quality. *Ten Tamil Saints*, by M. S. Purnalingam Pillai, B. A. (Natesan & Co., Madras. Price As. 12.) An account of the lives of saints who exercised profound influence on the religion and culture of the Tamil people. It is based on traditional stories as well as on the researches of modern Tamil scholars. *India's Untouchable Saints*, by K. V. Ramaswami, B. A. (Natesan & Co., Madras. Price As. 6.) A pathetic recital of the lives of saints who were born in the "outcaste" classes of India in the Middle Ages. It provides an incentive to those who are working for the upliftment of these "untouchable" people, who are denied social recognition, decent livelihood, and even religion. *Divine Service of the Lord's Supper*. According to S. Saporion Scholasticus, arranged by Bishop Vernon Herford, B.A. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. Price 6d.) An arrangement of the Liturgy of S. Saporion to be used in any Christian Church as a step towards Christian Unity. A ritual of deep mystical import and undoubted occult power.



VOL. XXXVII

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER .

THINGS move so rapidly in these days that the National Week in Bombay seems far away in the "infinite azure," as though it belonged to the long ago, instead of to the past month. Very full were the days of work of all sorts, of lectures, talks, writing, discussions, committees. The Theosophical Society's Convention was more of a propaganda type than we had ever had before; a huge pavilion, giving room to between 4,000 and 5,000 people was the scene for the four Convention Lectures delivered by myself, and they were frankly propagandist, placing before the great crowd Theosophical teachings on God, Man, Right and Wrong, and Brotherhood. The Cadet Corps of our Cawnpur Theosophical School served as escort, in smart soldierly fashion, and served as an object-lesson in one branch of our work. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa gave two lectures also, and drew a large crowd, and gave also a special one to students.



THE FIRST INDIAN V.C.

The Convention meetings proper were held in a smaller pavilion in the grounds of Mr. Ratansi D. Morarji, the worthy son of his good father, a faithful and devoted Theosophist. He placed his splendid house at the disposal of the work, and the efficient Reception Committee of the Bombay Lodges carried everything through without a hitch. Our first Convention, outside Adyar and Benares has been an unqualified success, and has brought Theosophy to the knowledge of many as a world-wide and important movement.

* * *

In one respect we were deficient this year—we had few visitors from foreign lands. The War has made travelling difficult, uncertain, and dangerous, so we were less cosmopolitan than usual. But the note was none the less struck by the reports from many lands, and though the War dominated all, they brought us messages of peace and goodwill. Very touching were the references to the sorrows weighing on the Nations, but the steady confidence from all rang true and clear. Cables came also—some not in time, for both postal and telegraphic services are disorganised—from England, from Australia, from New Zealand, from America, and from all parts of India.

* * *

One serious effect the War had had for us—effect on our finances. Our rents had fallen seriously, and the modest dues from abroad ran also short. The result is that our budget shows a heavy deficit, for we have had shortness of income for the second time, and must look to friends all the world over for some help in the coming year. This, I feel sure, will come to us.

We have rather over-invested in plantations, though that will come back to us; Nature will not be hurried, and we must wait her time of growth. The trees ~~are~~ growing in value, but the value is still in the future, and not realisable for present needs.

* * *

The meeting of the Order of the Star was full of serene confidence and strength, and that yearly meeting has always a joy peculiar to itself, both for young and old. The Order has spread now very far and wide, and the little Silver Star gleams out unexpectedly now and again, and tells of a brother whose eyes are turned with hope and joy to the East.

* * *

The National Congress had magnificent meetings, recalling in their life and enthusiasm, old Congressmen said, the great Bombay meetings in 1889, when Charles Bradlaugh, the "Member for India," paid his first and last visit to the land whose cause he championed so nobly. The Home Rule agitation had done its work and had aroused the country, bringing to Bombay a larger number of delegates than had ever before attended a Congress, and they passed a resolution for active and continuous work and propaganda, which is bearing already good fruit of activity in different parts of the country. The formation of the proposed Home Rule League was suspended, as the Congress itself had taken up its work, and at Easter, an important meeting will be held at Allahabad, where the elected representatives of the Congress meet to formulate the scheme of reform. The All-India Muslim League has elected a Committee to confer with that of the Congress, that both the great communities may act together.

Home Rule has suddenly sprung into the forefront of practical politics, and the demand is crystallising itself, as a saturated solution solidifies at a touch. Only when a Nation has come up to the point where in the hearts of all is awakening one great Hope, can so swift a change come over a land as that which has passed over India, so that what was a dream has become a living voice. As a flower matures within the fast-closed bud, and then swiftly unfolds its petals in the sunlight; so the Hope of a Nation grows silently within the people's heart, and suddenly—lo! it unfolds; a radiant bloom of realisation. It is of no man's making. It is born of a Nation's heart. God grant that Britain may welcome the unfolding, and that the Lotus may bloom with the Shamrock, the Thistle and the Rose.

* * *

We, who are sheltered from the horrors of War and only suffer small inconveniences of delay and of occasional petty losses when a ship goes down, have no realisation at all of the ghastly sufferings and horrors through which pass our men at the front. Living, like burrowing animals underground, with their clothes unchanged, without washing, amid the dying and the dead and intolerable stench, with the deafening crash of the unceasing bombardment, it seems incredible that human beings can bear it. At first, it was six days on and six off; then four days; now two. And even when "off," they are within the stunning thunder of the guns. This seems to be one reason for the huge number of men needed—to reinforce those whose nerves for the time are shattered, as well as to make good the wounded and the dead. The British, Indians

and Australians sent to Egypt arrived there exhausted and worn out, but quickly recuperated. What can the Nations do for all these men when peace returns, these men who have gone down into a hell worse than poet ever dared to limn, for love of their Motherlands and for high duty's sake?

* * *

It seems likely that the "great offensive" demands new men, men fresh and strong, not these worn-out heroes. These Russia has called out from her countless millions, and sent to the front; these Britain is strenuously training. And the Germans are in similar case, but probably even worse, for they have been obliged to put on their men the additional strain of travelling from one front to another, as they fling them from side to side to meet the need which is sorest at the point most menaced at the changing moments. And still we are told, "the end is not yet," and strong endurance is needed as well as heroic daring. But that end is sure, long as is the way thereto. And the end is a peace that will last, signed in Berlin.

* * *

It is interesting to note that Mr. A. P. Sinnett in England, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in Australia, and I myself in India, have written in similar terms on the nature of this War; far though we be from each other in space, and without opportunity for discussion, we have all written on the same lines. I suppose that I may say, without undue claim, that we three are somewhat better instructed in the things of the occult world than our fellow-Theosophists, and that where we agree on essentials, while differing on small and irrelevant details, we are not likely to be far wrong. Mr. Lead-

beater's article, in our present issue, is of profound interest, the more so because of his normally joyous tendency to turn away from the dark side of things, and to fix all his attention on "the Good, the Beautiful and the True"—old Greek that he is.

* * *

And this point on which we are all three absolutely at one is that this great War is a struggle between the White and the Dark Forces, those which work on with Evolution, and those who seek to retard it. The Germans are, from our standpoint, under the impulsion of the Lords of the Dark Face, with a distorted view of all around them imposed upon them by the great hypnotic power wielded by the deadliest foes of the human race, obsessed by the forces which work for evil, to be driven finally to ruin. Of that final failure there is no doubt in the mind of any one of us. The world is too far on the upward arc to be swept downwards to destruction, and the last great triumph of the forces that make for separateness was the whelming of Poseidonis, whereof Plato tells us. The magnificent Atlantean civilisation went down in ruins, save the fragments of it which survived in Peru and in China. But the Lord Vaivasvata Manu led forth His chosen, and slowly shaped them into a New Race, that noble Aryan Race, which will yet overtop in splendour and in knowledge the heights to which the Atlanteans climbed.

* * *

Profoundly interesting is the scroll of the present, now unrolling before our eyes, in the light shed upon it from a study of "the memory of Nature," that natural cinematograph, which reproduces every gesture, every

look, of those whose very existence is blotted out for all save those whose eyes can glimpse a few pictures in that ever-unwinding film, whereof the Christ once said that "there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed, neither hid, that shall not be known". There may we trace the struggles and the warfare of the past, and see the Good trampled under foot, but ever rising again and again going onwards; and we know that in this sore battle between Good and Evil, between Love and Hate, it is the good which shall triumph, and the earth shall again be fair.

* * *

Because of this nature of the struggle, none who understandeth what is at stake can remain indifferent to the issue of the fight, nor can any Occultist remain neutral, as I said in my address to the Theosophical Society. Not out of hatred for a Nation, but out of love for Humanity, must we who know speak out with no doubtful voice. "The Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not"; but the Children of Light, they shall see it, and be glad.

* * *

The following letter from "W. H. K." brings good news to the many friends of Dr. Spensley, reported killed, whose obituary notice from the same pen we published. We rejoice that we may hope for his renewed help in this world; so many good workers have gone to the other.

A private letter from his mother and an official notice in the *Times* have revealed that Dr. J. R. Spensley, first reported killed, is now known to be alive, wounded and prisoner of War with the Germans. His family have reason to believe he is a prisoner at Mainz. He was wounded in the Loos-Hulluch district in Flanders, while attending to the wounded, was himself wounded badly and remained 3 days

unattended, and was found by the Germans and taken prisoner. So far there has been no direct news of him. Meantime I am delighted to think, with all his friends, that while the occasion for the obituary notices has proved not existent, the contents of those notices remain true and will amuse him when, as we all hope, he will come back safe and sound to join us again. *Particulars*: Lieut. James R. Spensley R. A. M. C. attd. 8th Battn. E. Kent Regt. (Bufs.)

There must have been for many the bitterness of loss, the going down into the valley of the Shadow of Death with a dear one, and then, as in this case, the sunshine of life shining out once more from "this my son who was dead and is alive again". But how many more there are, alas, for whom the next meeting of which they will be conscious is on the other side of death.



YOUR DUTY?

By ANNIE BESANT

ALL Theosophists, worthy of the name, must surely recognise that they have a place, each a place of his own, in the great world-conflict that is raging, and that to each may fitly be addressed the question, to be answered in his own heart: "What is your Duty?" For each has a Duty, and on the right discharge of that Duty his future progress depends. In a sense this is true of every duty which is ours, for progress is made by the little steps of daily duties, and as we discharge them, or fail to discharge them, so we go forwards, mark time, or fall back on the path of evolution. But there are periods in the world's history when we stand

at a forking of the path, and the faithful discharge of duty means a step on the path that leads upwards, and the failure in the discharge of duty means a step on the path that leads downward. The world stands at such a forking of the road to-day, and the trend of civilisation in the West will be either onward or backward, upward or downward, as the decisive step is taken. But we are concerned now not with the world as a whole, but with individuals, with individual Theosophists, and to each of them the question is put: "What is your Duty?"

I have often divided the great lines of National Activity into four: the Religious, the Educational, the Social, and the Political. For those who are fond of orderly thinking, it may be worth while to note that these are related to the four broad divisions of human nature: the Spiritual, the Mental, the Emotional, and the Physical; and these have been used also to denote the four departments of a complete education, addressed to the development of these four aspects of the pupil's nature. It is a convenient classification, answering to the clearly discernible facts of life, and therefore readily intelligible to the unlearned. The Theosophist will prefer his own more precise analysis, and will say that the "Spiritual" includes the three aspects of the Self—Will, Intuition, Intellect; that the "Mental" includes the Intellect or the Higher, and the Lower Mind; the "Emotional" includes the Lower Mind and the Passions; the "Physical," Vitality and Automatism; and that therefore we have cross-divisions. That is so, because while it is best to study organs and their functions as though they were isolated, yet in Nature you can never find them apart from their relations, and this is equally true when we

analyse human nature; we have thought and we have passions, can separate them out for separate study; but emotions are a complex of passion and thought, and in man we never find passion wholly unmixed with memory and anticipation, which are thought-elements, and as emotions become more and more "human" the passion elements diminish, though never wholly absent. So intermingled are thought and passion, that the Vedāntin makes the Manomayakosha, the mental sheath, a compound of astral and mental matter, as it is, indeed, during life, and an Upaniṣaṭ defines the "lower Manas" as "Manas mingled with Kāma," mind mingled with passion. The astral and mental bodies are only separated when the man is ready to pass into the heaven-world, and even then the aroma, as it were, of the astral, passes on in memory, in mental images, and makes the emotional joys of heaven.

For practical purposes, then, we may take our four lines of activity in human life, and every Theosophist should be engaged in one or more of these, for the essence of Theosophy is Wisdom utilised in Service. Our perfect patterns of the Theosophic Life, the Masters, use Wisdom in Service; perfect Servants of God and Man, They live in touch with our lower worlds in order that They may quicken the growth of Their younger brethren unto the stature of the Perfect Man. The Manus guide the destinies of Nations and shape the course of physical evolution; the Bodhisattvas reveal religions to the world and inspire spiritual unfolding; other groups preside over intellectual and social evolution, utilising the work of the Rulers and Teachers, and applying it to subserve intellectual growth and social progress. All have one aim, to

fulfil the Divine Will in Evolution, and to bring to bear on, often intractable materials the influences which render them plastic and malleable. All the lines of activity are useful, even necessary, for evolution, and all are the product of Divine Wisdom serving the purpose of the Divine Will. None is outside this purpose; none is alien from this service. There is but the one Activity, wrought of many fibres of action—one Will, one Wisdom, one Activity, all Divine. So is it in the Hierarchy that serves the world; so should it be in the Society which is *Theirs*. And every true Theosophist, every lover and server of the Divine Wisdom, should realise that there is nothing common nor unclean in any act of service, but that all true service is Theosophical.

By "true service," I mean service done with the object of co-operating with the Divine Will in evolution. Naught else but that is Service. "Lo! I come to do Thy Will." Service does not depend on the outer shell of action, but on the inspiring spirit of motive. A park, a hospital, given to a town with the motive of gaining a title, social honour, praise, or even gratitude, is not Service, it is self-seeking. But a similar gift, springing from pure beneficence, from the recognition that wealth is a trust not a possession, that it should be administered not owned, and is merely sent through a willing channel of Divine love and helpfulness—such gift is Service, pure and undefiled.

We may, therefore, rightly choose any line of activity, realising each as equally Theosophical, and our choice may fairly be influenced by: (1) That which is most necessary in the place where we are; (2) our capacities and temperament; (3) our opportunities.

The first of these is greatly important, and is perhaps the most weighty consideration of the three. There is often a gap in the ranks that needs to be filled. A member may be the only Theosophist in the place; then his primary duty is the spreading of Theosophical ideas; others can look after educational, social and political improvements, but he is alone there as a sower of the seed of the Wisdom. That marks out for him his path of Service. But if there is a Theosophical group, perchance an active Lodge, then he should consider the other branches of activity, and see where he is most wanted. If all are fairly equally attended to, then let him consider his capacities, his mental and emotional equipment, and choose the work for which he is best fitted; lastly, let him consider the available opportunities, and seize the most suitable. Let each Theosophist thus select his line of Service, and then promptly proceed to labour on it.

As this labour will often be disheartening and depressing, it is well that the Theosophical server should realise that the present is a time in which he is to render help to others, and not to expect it for himself. In ordinary times, one who is serving others will often himself be served; encouraging words, strengthening thoughts, will reach him, and his elders near him in this world, as well as the Brothers invisible, will guide him, console him, teach him, aid him in a hundred little ways. How much of such help, of teaching, of encouragement, have we all received. But now things are otherwise, for we are in the vortex of a great struggle, and the War which is rendering the earth one huge battle-field is but the shadow in our lower world of the great "War

in heaven," in which the Lords of the Day and the Lords of the Dark Face are engaged in the effort to uplift and the opposing effort to debase humanity. Their energies are being poured out upon the world through human channels, and men and women, whose lives have prepared them therefor, are being used as channels through which those forces that quicken and those forces which retard evolution can reach the earth. Every Theosophist should be a channel through which the integrating forces of the Masters should reach the Nations. Each should place himself in the current of these forces, and let them flow abundantly through him to the strengthening and preservation of the world. Men and women as individuals, as well as Nations, feel the disintegrating forces around them, and are apt to be strained, irritable, contentious, beyond their wont. Hence, while the Theosophist may be conscious of the play upon him, in common with the rest of the world, of these forces which impel to strife, he should by his knowledge recognise them for what they are, and deliberately set himself against them by controlling his vehicles, by making them vibrate in the harmony of peace and goodwill, checking the ebullitions of anger and of hatred, and pouring out love and pity on a world convulsed with enmity.

If every member of the Theosophical Society would deliberately set himself to become a channel for the forces which make for Righteousness, for Justice, for Public Faith, and for the Protection of the weak, a tremendous impetus would be given to the armies that are fighting for civilisation, for the saving of all that has been won by humanity during the last thousand years. As the War drags on, the

Nations are in danger of becoming ever more and more exhausted by the desperate strain, and there is a danger lest wills should weaken and strength be wearied out ere the object of the conflict has been gained. Endurance is the virtue most needed in this prolonged agony of War. Thought-power may well be poured forth to strengthen endurance in the hearts of the Allied Nations.

All the Theosophists who are sufficiently enlightened to realise the nature of the struggle in which the world is involved will see in this War the purifying fire in which the fifth sub-race is being purged of its worst elements and being prepared for the next onward step in evolution. All the tendencies to strife which have characterised this sub-race, the competition, the trampling on the weak by the strong within each Nation, and the exploitation of the weak among other Peoples; the struggle between Labour and Capital, the class legislation, the use of the powers of civilisation to invade and oppress, the turning of science to the devilish task of destruction instead of to the divine task of uplifting—all this must be burnt out in the fire of suffering, which is devastating the world. The self-sacrifice of the soldiers, the sailors, the doctors, the nurses; of the toilers who keep the work of the Nation going while their brethren fight; all this is training the Peoples for a loftier civilisation.

And how many social problems over which thinkers have been wearying themselves, up against the stolidity and inertia of ordinary men, have been solved without effort in this War under the sheer stress of necessity. It was necessary to produce munitions with the least possible waste of time,

under the best system of working, living, eating, sleeping, and with the least expenditure of force. The State sets up a factory; the State hires the workmen, men and women; the State builds them houses, and becomes a landlord; the State washes their clothes, and becomes a laundry man; the State cuts their hair and shaves their chins, and become a barber; the State makes their bread and becomes a baker; the State serves their meat, and becomes a butcher; the State builds schools for their children and becomes a schoolmaster; to say nothing of the State becoming a dustman, and a scavenger, and a man of all work. And it all runs smoothly, this State-controlled town of workers, supplied with all the necessities of life, and we see Socialism in action, and find it quite convenient and workable. Whether it is continued after the War or not, a great experiment has been tried, and tried successfully, and under necessity England has been driven to find State production far more swift and effective than production by private competition. And the frauds of contractors are gotten rid of, and the profits which enriched a few to the loss of the many flow into the coffers of the State, and lighten the burden on all.

But beyond all this, England has been revealed to herself by the War. What heroism among rich and poor alike, among the golden youth and the rough factory lads, all brothers-in-arms in the trenches, all one in a common sacrifice. And what heroism in the women; mothers giving the light of their eyes to death, and seeing the sons, who should have closed their aged eyes, going down death's road before them in the full glory of their young manhood. Girl brides who are widows, and who will

never see their first-born in a husband's arms. Women taking up men's work everywhere, that their men may go out to the slaughter-houses of the Continent. A new England; a Nation of Heroes, men and women alike heroic.

And so also in Belgium, in France, in Italy, in Serbia, in Montenegro, in Russia, in Poland. Aye, and shall not the red agony of War purify also Germany, and Austria, and Hungary, and Bulgaria, and Turkey, and shall not they also learn that War is an evil thing and bitter, and not the glorious thing it seemed to be, when it filled German coffers and added to German possessions? Shall not the War-lust be purged from the German Nations too, ere peace is signed in Berlin?

Into this new changed world, War-worn and exhausted, weary but purified, the Christ shall come, bringing new Life, new Light, to the darkened earth. "With healing in His wings" shall He come, to be welcomed by His own. Eyes, dull with weeping, shall be lifted to Him, and their heaviness shall vanish. The sorrowful shall greet Him, and their "sorrow shall be turned into joy". The West will welcome the Christ, the East will hail the Compassionate Maitreya. The Lord whom we await shall come to His earth, and the earth shall be glad of Him and blossom under the touch of His Feet.

Your Duty? to prepare His way, to hasten the coming of the World's Liberator, the Healer of her wounds, the Bringer of Peace and Joy, who shall make all things new.

Annie Besant.

WHAT OF THE NEW ERA?

By W. D. S. BROWN

BEFORE the outbreak of this War, several statements were made by our seers to the effect that civilisation was ripe for a general advance in the direction of spirituality, and that the beginnings of this advance might be looked for in the near future under the influence of a World-Teacher, and in connection with the formation of a new sub-race. One of the "signs of the times," instanced in support of this expectation, rested on the recent growth of communications all over the world, by means of which the various nationalities had come into closer touch with one another, thereby rendering possible a better understanding in the domains of politics, religion and art. Certainly there were signs that a sense of human solidarity was at last emerging from the widespread discontent prevailing under modern conditions of competitive commerce, and from the tangle of complexity woven round the root-impulse of humane conduct by vested interests, whether in the guise of patriotism or religion.

: Naturally it was not to be expected that long-established privileges would be surrendered without a struggle, in which all the momentum of custom and the resources of finance would be mobilised

for purposes of obstruction, and in which the endurance and cohesion of the exploited masses would be tested to the uttermost; yet this struggle promised to be one in which public opinion, throughout England at least, would have refused to tolerate any appeal to organised bloodshed; for, even in the most painful situations that had then arisen, plain men and women had demonstrated their resolve to suffer persecution rather than submit to injustice, or become in their turn the aggressors. At least it may be acknowledged that no one who cherished the hope of a brighter day had reckoned with the possibility of a sudden and irresistible reinforcement of a form of tyranny commonly supposed to be outgrown.

But since the outbreak of this War it has become evident that the old thought-habits retain a far stronger hold on the popular mind than was conceivable until they were actually evoked and given free play. One would have supposed that in any case the doctrines of militarism would stand self-condemned as soon as they were exposed in all their naked hideousness; but, strangely enough, the discovery that the military idol had rested on feet of clay seemed only to have aroused the greater anxiety to prop it up by hook or by crook. (By "militarism" I mean the belief in the value to a nation of arms, whether intended for use in war or diplomacy. I am aware that if this meaning were generally accepted, the word would not have been used as freely as it has been during the War; but, if it does *not* mean this, what else *does* it mean? Or does its meaning depend upon whether it is applied to ourselves or to others? However, I do not insist on this particular word; any other

word denoting the traditional theory of international relations would serve, but I fail to find any other than that of militarism.) As a result we are forced to admit that, so long as the doctrines of militarism dominate the public mind, so long is it premature to look for an adequate expression of that growing demand for human emancipation on which we had begun to build our hopes. Accordingly, in any attempt to interpret the signs of the times, we must take into account not only the unforeseen fact of the War itself, but also the mediæval attitude which leaders of public opinion have betrayed towards it, and the ease with which they have fallen into the trap laid to divert the saving force of indignation, from efforts directed against the practice of war itself, to futile antagonism towards the leading exponents of war. To proclaim this almost irreparable set-back as in itself heralding the new era, appears to be no less ironical than erecting a signpost to point to the same town in opposite directions.

It is certainly natural that a strong preconception, touching the very springs of our inner life, should lead those who have formed it to regard every event as necessarily fitting into their programme, but the danger of self-deception is all the more insidious on this account. The opening of a new year, therefore, finds some of us instinctively asking ourselves: What of this New Era? Have we any clear idea of the changes in thought and feeling, in policy and mode of life, that are necessary to justify the assumption of so ambitious a title? Does the present state and trend of public opinion bear out the claim to significance with which it is commonly credited? If so, what are we doing as Theosophists to guide and awaken public

opinion, and might we do more? These are briefly the somewhat vague, but none the less urgent considerations that have prompted this article, and it is hoped that the issues herein raised may lead to independent thinking and open discussion.

The expression "the new era" is naturally associated in the minds of Theosophists with the word brotherhood, but unfortunately this word does not carry us very much farther, now that it has come to be regarded as an obvious and harmless corollary to progressive religion on the one hand and an absurdly impossible ideal in conduct on the other. The explanation of this apparent contradiction seems to lie in the present divorce between feeling and effective thought. Most people feel, and know in the Innermost, that the "golden rule" is the true standard of honourable conduct, but their experience of the world has taught them that such conduct, if persisted in, will inevitably land them in a maze of difficulties, not the least of which is the tragedy of seeing their benevolent actions misunderstood, and even doing positive harm. Hence it would appear that at the present moment feeling has reached a higher level than thought is yet able to translate into action. As long as feeling and thought were both separative, they conspired to produce a temporary consistency in separative conduct; but the synthetic region of feeling, at the threshold of which we are now standing, has already begun to protest against the subservience of thought to the separative conditions established under the dominion of desire. The romantic highwayman was probably less troubled with pangs of conscience than the modern philanthropist. "If I had not come

and spoken unto them, they had not had sin : but now they have no cloke for their sin." (*S. John*, xv, 22.)

The true solution of the problem is not one of less thought, as many would-be mystics have seriously recommended, but of clearer thought—the calling into play of the synthetic faculty of the mind. Then only will the promptings of the larger life become articulate, rational and effective. It may come as a shock to many to hear their pet virtues, such as altruism, apparently brought down to the level of commercial enterprise, but none the less is it true that "all these things shall be added unto you". In other words a society founded on the recognition of spiritual truth cannot fail to prosper in the long run, even materially. It is the first step that always costs ; therefore the conviction of spiritual truth must be strong enough to withstand the doubts and disappointments inevitable under existing conditions, and the mind must be far-seeing enough to create new and appropriate conditions that can demonstrate their own superiority. "New wine must be put into new bottles ; and both are preserved." (*S. Luke*, v, 38.) This reconciliation between feeling and effective thought may be taken as one of the milestones in any advance worthy to be counted in history as an era.

A miniature example of this type of activity may be found in the Garden City Theosophical School at Letchworth. First of all certain principles were formulated in response to an awakened sense of the true relation between child and teacher. These principles were not allowed to remain on the pages of books and articles, to be dismissed by the public as sentimental theories, but were subjected to the searching test of

practical experiment, the only method recognised by science. For instance, all punishment, in the ordinary sense of the word, was held to be worse than useless ; and accordingly the children of the school were given to understand from the first that they were put on their honour to help their teachers and not hinder them. The result has justified the trust reposed in the children's natural desire to learn to be useful, and a more effective method of control has been created. The same success has attended the abolition of rewards, such as marks and prizes.

Another principle already put to the test has been the placing of character before a purely mental proficiency, with the result that every subject, when once taken up, is learnt more thoroughly. As was expected, fresh difficulties are always arising, and are always being met by fresh expedients as they arise. It would be difficult to define the system as a whole by any one educational formula ; it is continually changing in form, as every living creation must always be changing with every pulsation of advancing life.

In the same way every institution representative of the new era must be created by individual experiment and patient trial, for a certain amount of error is inevitable. But each creative effort must keep in touch with all the others working on similar lines, freely communicating the results achieved, being glad to have them copied rather than afraid of losing the credit and profit. In short, society must be treated as a coherent and growing organism rather than an artificial organisation.

What is the current conception of a nation ? It is to be found in the expression "The Great Powers of Europe". It is a crystallisation of commercial

interests around a monstrous engine of destruction. Contrast with this the humane and infinitely more scientific conception of a national body, providing a common field of experience for its members, and entering into mutually profitable relations with other national bodies. Such a conception can only be elaborated in terms of life by providing adequate scope for individual expression of the creative and social impulses.

So much for the positive side of the picture. The negative side is no less important, though far less attractive, for there seems to be a certain fascination about a cure that is lacking in simple prevention. Yet when the still small voice of compassion is no longer drowned in the clamour of conflicting interests, but fortified by a clear conception of the true relations of life, it will become increasingly difficult for one in this position to accept material advantages, until satisfied that they have not been gained at the cost of suffering to others.

Doubtless such a course may involve loss of money, employment, health, and possibly friendships of long standing; in some cases it may even lead to imprisonment; but the chief consideration would be the diminution of suffering, and in time the public would recognise that such people were at least as practical as the noisy variety of reformer. Gradually these protestants would congregate into self-supporting communities, which, in spite of healthy differences, would testify to the efficiency of their methods. As the last resort, therefore, when all reasonable efforts for conciliation have been rejected, passive resistance is the future lever of progress. Tolstoy saw that wars

would be perpetuated until men refused to kill one another to order, and women to encourage them, and the same applies to all social abuses. So long as the victims submit and the victors are whitewashed, so long will more victims be found.

Let us now turn from our visions of the future, varying as they must needs vary with each individual, and glance at the situation as we find it to-day. Beginning with the most promising developments, welcomed by many as evidence of real progress, we cannot but admire the nobler qualities evoked by the prevailing motive of patriotism. For the time being it is true that internal differences have been to a great extent laid aside to meet a pressing external difference; and a sense of common danger, suffering, and pride of race have launched a wave of psychic energy that embraces all who are swept into its course. But is this the kind of brotherhood on which we may hope to build a stable society? Is it the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual bond of union? Some socialists amongst us have pointed to the wholesale commandeering of industries by the Government as essentially socialistic in principle, but at this rate there would be little to choose between socialism and martial law. It is said that if the enormous sums that are being spent on destruction can be paid without a murmur, surely ample funds can be raised for social reconstruction after the War. But is it not far more probable that the productive power of the country will be so drained that all social measures will have to be indefinitely postponed for lack of means? The possession of extensive munition works will not relieve the situation.

A fair indication of the present phase of social consciousness may be found in the change of attitude toward German autocracy, mainly induced by the militarist press in England. At the beginning of the War the German system was held over our heads as a form of slavery to which we were in danger of being subjected, and was charged not only with the origin of the War but, quite rightly as I believe, with the extreme methods of its prosecution. It was urged that no sacrifice could be too great to defend our traditions of democratic government, and the War was pictured as a supreme test of the relative merits of the two diametrically opposed systems. But now that the monopolists of patriotism have discovered that one man can generally make up his mind in less time than it takes for a dozen men to agree on a joint course of action, no praise for the German autocratic method can be too loud, if only it succeeds in demonstrating a failure of the democratic method. Of course nobody can deny that the former is eminently adapted to the execution of those sudden moves that count for so much in the war-gamble; autocracy and militarism have ever gone hand in hand, while democracy, with its safeguard of deliberation, has ever proved at a disadvantage as soon as reason is discarded in favour of force; but is this obvious fact any reason why a Government should be chosen solely for the sake of its efficiency in war? Yet what else is the standard by which everything and every one is being tested in this "day of judgment"—as the pious say. Scarcely the standard of socialism in any conceivable sense of the word. On the contrary everything points to a revival of autocratic methods in dealing with the

industrial problems that will have to be faced after the War in a far more acute form, with an increasing determination on the part of the workers and a public conscience already inured to violence.

Another matter for congratulation among many who would fain see a fair field and no favour is the extended employment of women; but is this not also a matter for congratulation among those who would welcome "cheaper labour"? These notes of warning are not sounded to damp the enthusiasm of our idealists—far from it. We need all the enthusiasm we can muster at this crucial period, but it might well be a more searching enthusiasm, of the kind that is not easily led away by appearances, but gathers fresh energy with every illusion exposed. This is just the time when enthusiasm is more than ever apt to run off at a tangent and find itself lulled into complacency by specious palliatives.

But perhaps the most significant test of our capacity to co-operate in any attempt at reconstruction is our mental reaction to the problem afforded by our military enemies. It is probably true that few of us hate the German nation with the old hot-blooded kind of anger; this cruder passion no longer lends itself to being directed against an abstraction; but it seems to have been replaced by a deliberate sentence of excommunication that threatens to wither the very roots of compassion. It may be that the extension of warfare into the category of palpable murder has been more than our mental balance could be expected to withstand, but it is very terrible to hear the sanctimonious tone of superiority in which the function of both judge and executioner is assumed. The mental barrier that

presumes to exclude millions of human beings, however brutal their creed, from the pale of humanity is a prison wall for those who build it, and can only be surmounted on the level where "there is neither Jew nor Greek".

There is no reason to doubt that the British people can still be magnanimous, but something more than the sporting instinct, of which we are so proud, is required if we are to escape from the quicksands of slipshod thinking and reach the terra firma of genuine peace. The new era will call for robust minds that can sweep away the cobwebs of controversial subtlety and concentrate on the end in view. But do we find the promise of such insight in the general run of publications and speeches with which the public mind is now being saturated? On all sides we hear and read that the supreme lesson of the War is the necessity for increased armaments, in contrast to our former "unpreparedness". This propaganda is not confined to the requirements of the present, but aims at provision for the future when this War is ended. Little wonder that we no longer hear the apology that once caught the public ear: "A war to end war." When will it be admitted that the race for armaments has a bottomless abyss for its goal, and that the only alternative, unromantic but self-evident, is to call a halt?

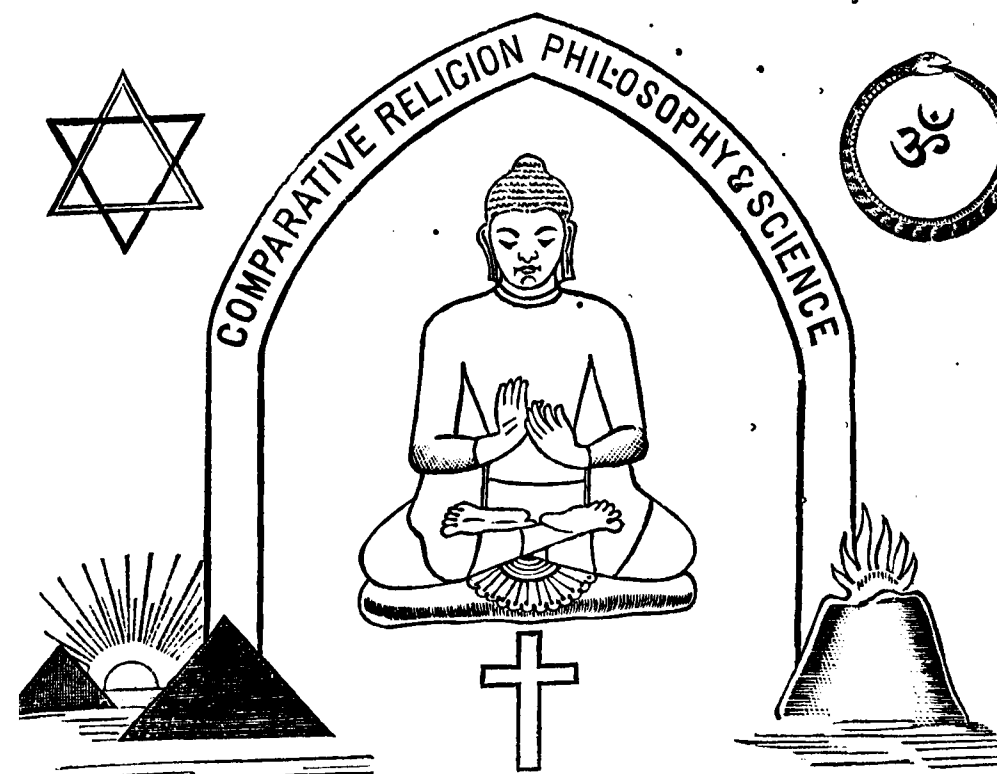
A few Theosophists are facing these questions from the political standpoint. Several Lodges have organised study circles for acquiring information on the conditions that recently prevailed in countries to which attention is now being drawn. Others are taking up social problems, and at least one Lodge is essaying to bridge the gulf between

modern science and the Secret Doctrine. Astrological students are drawing together into closer fellowship for the study of this ancient branch of knowledge, on lines that bid fair to remove the many misapprehensions on the subject, and demonstrate its intimate connection with the re-born science of psychology. The Brotherhood of Arts has set on foot a movement which promises to pave the way for a renaissance of idealistic handicraft, and a revival of the guild system in industries where there is little or no advantage in mechanical production, with its attendant problems of capital and labour. Again, some in our ranks are devoting their energies to vivifying the ceremonial side of religion, with the definite aspiration of providing surroundings in which once again the Mysteries may be enacted in the outer world.

Greatest of all, perchance, are the many who have elected to bear the burden and heat of the day, side by side with the suffering masses of the people, in labour often monotonous and invariably arduous, but above all consecrated to a vision of the manifestation of the Sons of God. This vision it is that sustains them in their darkest hours, and ordains them to be messengers of hope and strength to all around them. These stalwart souls are often deprived of the comradeship of their fellow Theosophists, often surrounded by an almost overwhelming cloud of prejudice and racial antagonism, but in no small measure does the future rest with them. Not content with explaining this great calamity, as the work of this or that unseen agency, they are fitting themselves, by their efforts to mitigate the horrors of the present, to be the agents by which such horrors shall be rendered impossible for the future.

What then is the call of the coming year? Clearly no promise of respite, doubtless an even sterner demand for endurance and forethought. We trust the God in man, whatever the nation that provided the body; for in this spirit we entered the Theosophical Society. We trust the power of spirit over matter—of knowledge over ignorance, and the unchanging laws of nature. We trust the Divine Leaders of the race and Their messengers who inspire our movement. Let us welcome with grateful hearts Their message of an early dawn, while yet the darkness gathers round us; mindful of the obligation rather than the contentment this message brings. The world has yet to learn that force defeats its own ends, that the true superman claims no kingdom of this world, but the kingdom of the human heart. Surely the writing on the wall will now at last be read. Hitherto the glory of art, the marvel of science, the appeal of religion—all have been enslaved to make war and wealth appear worth while; let us, to whom the peace that springs from brotherhood is a cause worth living and dying for, show forth in every walk of life that peace can give to man a greater victory than war has ever given. Then, and not till then, shall we know of the New Era.

W. D. S.*Brown



RUSSIAN MUSIC¹

A LINK BETWEEN EAST AND WEST

By MARGARET E. COUSINS, MUS. BAC.

RUSSIA is the vast and mysterious land which stands, Janus-like, in actuality, in civilisation, and in consciousness, between Europe and Asia; and in itself

¹ *A Short History of Russian Music*, by Arthur Pougin. (Chatto & Windus, London. Price 5s. net.)

links up and manifests the outstanding characteristics of both continents in its polity, its temperament and its arts. It was by no accident, but by reason of its geographical, linguistic and psychological position that a Russian body was used by H. P. Blavatsky, that great soul who herself opened the door between East and West, and shed the light of the Ancient Wisdom on a darkened world of religions bereft of the spirit and entangled in the letter. In that she bequeathed to the Theosophical Society the duty and privilege of keeping that door open, and made it the guardian of all that works for world-unity, a special interest in Russia and its evolution must ever be taken by Theosophists.

In no section of Russian life is this intermingling of East and West more clearly shown than in its music, and additional claims to our interest in this subject arise from the facts that H. P. B. was herself a most accomplished musician, having played in public with such a distinguished virtuoso as Miss Arabella Goddard; and that the only famous musical composer who openly avowed himself a Theosophist was the Russian, Scriabin, who so recently raised the enthusiasm of Western audiences by compositions which were opening up new horizons to the musical expression of mystical thought, and were showing themselves the media of the new life-wave of music which has moved during the last fifty years from Germany to Russia.

It is especially incumbent on Theosophists to study and keep abreast of the times in all pioneer movements, amongst which is that National School of Russian Music which has roused the attention and astonishment of all musical Europe, since it was able, in about

twenty-five years, to develop, assimilate, supersede and transcend all the previous schools, and attain a great measure of success in its new gift to the world; an Art-Form, the Russian Ballet-Opera, which acts as a Unifying Form for all the arts, combining as it does colour, form, poetry, dancing, music, and psychology—that final Art of Life.

Until the year 1836 the only music Russians ever heard, except their folk-songs, was imported to them, with its musicians, from Italy, France or Germany. True, it was good in quality, for it was procured by Tsars, Empresses and Grand Dukes, and the autocratic civilisation of the East does things in the grand manner rarely attained by a democracy. We find the first organised body of musicians was a small concert orchestra of Germans, brought to St. Petersburg and supported by Peter the Great and one of his Grand Duke sons-in-law. After this, Italian opera and Italian musicians entirely held the stage, although the patriotic initiative and genius of a woman, the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, made the attempt to produce some distinctive Russian music. On her ascent to the throne she got together a company of Russians which, though very inferior, produced a Russian Opera in 1755. This may be regarded as the sowing of the seed of the great Russian school of music of a century later, and it followed the law of seed-growth in that it fell into the ground and seemingly died, for the patriotic impulse withered, and though a very brilliant period of music followed under the reign of the great Empress Catherine, it was exclusively the product of musicians of foreign countries. This cultured Empress invited the best composers and singers of other countries to

her Court; she surrounded herself with musical artists, encouraging them in every possible way and loading them with honours. Thus we find enshrined in Russian musical history the names of such Italians as Martini, Paisiello, Sarti, Cimarosa, the Austrian Caves, the Irish John Field, inventor of the Nocturne, the French Boieldieu, and many virtuosos of the first rank. In the reigns of these two Empresses the cult of music became almost a frenzy, and the legend runs that the Empress Elizabeth mercilessly imposed a fine of 50 roubles on any of her guests who were unable to take part in a Court entertainment. Would that such enthusiasm in high places still held sway! With the accession of the Tsar Alexander I Italian music was superseded by the French school, but there was no diminution in musical zeal. Thus the personal musical fervour of these three sovereigns gave an impetus to the musical taste and training of the whole of the Russian aristocracy for a century and a half, and established the invaluable musical fashion of private retained orchestras, family quartet parties, amateur concerts at the houses of young noblemen, who were also amateur composers with the facilities for producing their own works. In fact, Chamber music was the order of the day, and Russian young men were then as keen on playing a musical instrument as Englishmen are to-day on playing football or cricket. Thus amongst the aristocrats there was high musical culture, a wide knowledge of the music of other countries, and a mastery of technique, both in composition and practice.

On the other hand, the serfs were equally musical, but in another way. The Russians as a people are

deeply religious and highly mystical, and this is the temperament which naturally expresses itself in music, the language of the emotions. The primary, natural mode of emotional expression is song; one hears it in the humming to themselves of little children in their innocent happiness; it is the source of the whistling of workmen and the singing of women at their work. The history of music all over the world proves that the joy and peace of high spiritual realisation ever seeks to express itself in music. "I will sing unto the Lord," said the Psalmist, and it is in accordance with this psychological law that actually the origins of modern Western music are to be traced in all countries to the monks in monasteries; similarly in Russia it was the celebrated St. John of Damascus who in the eighth century systematised and restored the services and vocal music of the Greek Church, and himself composed the hymns, psalms, and ritual music still in use. This school of Church music was entirely vocal, as no instrument is allowed in the Greek Church, and it trained the peasants in the art and love of singing, and this they carried into their daily life and through it produced the richest store of folk-songs to be found in any nation. They had *singing games* for feast days to the accompaniment of different games and dances; *songs for special occasions*, of which the wedding song is the most popular type; *street songs* of a jovial or burlesque character; *songs of the burlaks*, or barge-bawlers; and *songs for a single voice* of every sort and kind. Cui, the celebrated writer of the young Russian school says: "It is impossible to estimate the value of these folk-songs when you consider their variety, the expressiveness of the feelings they contain and the

richness and originality of their themes." These Russian folk-songs have peculiar rhythms, 5 and 7 time being common to them; their compass is very restricted, rarely moving beyond the interval of a fifth or sixth; the theme is seldom longer than two bars, repeated with changing developments as often as is needed; their harmonisation is traditional, and extremely original, using progressions in contrary motion with great effect; their form and tonality are those of ancient Greek music, the great majority being written in the dorian mode (the scale of E without accidentals), the æolian mode (A minor without the leading-note), or the hypophrygian (the key of G without F sharp). A Russian musical writer, Alexander Famintsin, has written a treatise on *The Ancient Scale of Indo-Chinese Music and its appearance in Russian Folk-song*, and this influence from the Tartar side produces the distinctive semi-Oriental flavour which underlies all Russian music. This was the indigenous musical expression of the numberless millions of Russia's peasants, and it was cultivated as strenuously by them as was the Italian and French music by the Court and its aristocrats.

In the person of Michael Ivanovitch Glinka these two types of musical culture found a meeting place and of their union was born the recognised and famous national school of Russian music. He had been steeped in the Italian music of the Court and was pursuing its further study in Italy, when during his tour there he wrote "home-sickness led me little by little to write Russian music". The great idea "haunted his mind" of creating a Russian musical style. "I want my beloved countrymen to feel thoroughly at home when

they hear it," he said of his ideas of writing a Russian opera. For this end he chose a national epic theme, a story of heroic self-sacrifice, and realising, no doubt through the help of the national Deva, that this inspiration of a national character is to be found in the instinctive creative genius of the masses of that nation, he went straight to the folk-songs of Russia for his models, and combining the characteristics of these with his wide cosmopolitan knowledge and mastery of technique, he gave to Russia in 1836 his famous opera *A Life for the Tsar*, which sounded forth the rhythm since then followed by the Russian School of Music. It was immediately acclaimed by the people and became a really national event. As is recounted in Arthur Pougin's *Short History of Russian Music*, the opera was played with such continuous success that on its 50th birthday its 577th performance was a kind of solemn national festival, and it had its counterpart in the provinces, where *A Life for the Tsar* was given in every Russian town which possessed an Opera house. His other great opera, *Rousslan and Ludmilla*, was a work of genius of still higher rank, and in it especially are found fresh, piquant harmonies which borrow a strange colouring from certain Oriental scales. It is a commentary on the gulf that till quite recently separated Russia from Western Europe that these operas, so popular in their own country, were not performed in Paris until 1896. Glinka was followed by the composer Dargomysky, whose choice of operatic subjects illuminates the other-worldliness of the Russians, *The Triumph of Bacchus*, *The Roussalka* (*The Water Sprite*), *The Stone Guest*. He was the first to use the "melodic recitative" which became one of pillars of the new

musical school, and which replaces the set arias and concerted numbers of the older style of opera.

To the Western world Russian musical genius became known through the magnificent piano playing and the compositions of Anton Rubinstein, and through the orchestral writings of Tchaikovsky, both of whom, though not ranked in their own country as typically Russian writers, yet mightily enriched the musical life of Europe. Their karma and their gifts enabled them to bring their country's culture to the front and prepared the way for the young Russian school. Indeed Rubinstein might be called the Napoleon of music marching like a victorious General from Moscow to Paris and across the world. Since their time Russia has no longer been thought a semi-barbaric, semi-civilised country. But the music of these two men was not as nationalistic as Glinka's or the works of the young Russians who followed them. They represent the high-water mark of a transition period, and while they added new elegance, grace and fire to musical capital, they did not so utilise the national sources of inspiration and expression, thus striking out an original path, as did Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Cui, and Moussorgsky, who were their contemporaries. Dealing with the work of these men, Rubinstein made the following important statement: "The originality of Russian music, as shown in its melodies and rhythms, should bring about a kind of fertilisation of music in general (a fertilisation which will also be effected, I believe, by Oriental music)."

It was just about the same time that H.P.B. was introducing Eastern philosophy to the West that Russia was roused into attention by the revolutionary musical

ideas of a coterie of brilliant men, nicknamed the "Group of Five," who self-consciously formulated, demonstrated, and successfully created the new Russian School of Music which has already given a fresh impetus to music-lovers all over Europe, and which broke quite new ground, thus contradicting the idea that Wagner had said the last word in music.

Had one the necessary clairvoyant ability, a study of the past lives of these five musicians would prove without doubt most fascinating and illuminating, for even to the superficial glance it is evident that they incarnated together in Russia for this special purpose, linked together by strong kârmic ties, and all passionate patriots, serving their country along the Ray of Art, true followers of Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Sarasvatî; and thus so greatly in touch with our Masters that it was only to be expected that their pupil, Scriabin, should openly become a Theosophist; and we may look forward to many others in the future being led in the same way. These five strong individualities were Cæsar Cui, the speaker, the Aaron of the group; Balakirev, the Moses, who led them out of bondage to the elder traditions; Borodin, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov, captains during the wilderness period. The last-named might be thought of as the Joshua who led his forces into the Promised Land. They must have been strong partisans of Gluck in their previous life, and indeed were his spiritual heirs. They boldly denied that any good operas had been written between the death of Gluck and their own time, and they used him and Glinka as their models—with additions. It is easy to see that, starting on the basis of their love of singing-games, which are really

opera *in parvo*; Russians are natural lovers and supporters of Grand Opera, and the aim of these five reformers was to purify and re-construct the whole operatic conventional style of their time. Together they discussed the musical literature of the various countries, together they wrought out their new principles and methods of national opera; together they wrote and produced their famous operas, and as a result, we have a galaxy of brilliant, original masterpieces which, when produced in London for the first time a year ago, astonished and ravished the hearers as they had done their countrymen for years past. Such operas are *Prince Igor*, *Boris Godunov*, *Mrada*, *The Golden Cock*, *The Snow-Maiden*, *Ivan the Terrible*.

These are all reactions from the Italian opera of the Rossini type, which Cui castigates as "opera reduced to the condition of mere concert music embellished with scenery and costumes, sacrificing truth of expression to brilliant vocal display distributed indiscriminately between all the characters". Instead of this the "young Russians" insisted that the opera must be a unity in form, rather than a diversity, as in former times, of concrete and cut-and-dried numbers such as arias, duets, etc. To this end, as Pougin relates, "they absolutely forbade any repetition of the words, they adopted a system of melodic recitative, the independence of the voice never to be sacrificed to the orchestra; they allowed no numbers written in a definite and predetermined form . . . they insisted that operatic music ought always to have an intrinsic value, as absolute music, apart from the text; above everything they insisted on the necessity of having fine Russian verse to set." They started out on the "Art for Art's sake"

ideal, and let the public like it or leave it, but in the end, the strong practicability of their idealism led them to minor modifications. It is a remarkable evidence of the Russian character that the subjects chosen for treatment are rarely love-stories, but rather, great historic dramas, presentations in music of human psychology, the struggles of the soul of a nation, or representations of the Mysteries, or of the supernatural world. They have no Opera-Comique of the French, or musical comedy of the English type. Everything is on a large scale and thought out with the broad, free vision of a young and virile race bearing gifts for the future. The School is ever conscious of its responsibility in being the mouthpiece of the vast millions of people, the vast steppes, the vast problems to be solved, the vast possibilities of achievement, all linked in the intimate communal village life. In this country of autocratic government there is a more widespread philosophy of individualistic spiritual anarchy than in any other, which produces extremes of saints and sinners, creative rather than interpretative artists, determination to follow an idea to its logical conclusion, cost what it may. The musical power of such people having been once aroused, these qualities will make for exploration in expression, for novel effects in orchestration, already obtained by incorporating purely Eastern rhythms and percussion instruments in the scores. As the country is seeking a freer constitution, so is its music everywhere seeking freedom from the old forms. Its present defects are haziness; sectional over-development; a continuous attempt to get more out of music than it can give; deliberate confusion at times of the art of music with the art of painting; a search

oftentimes for the picturesque rather than for beauty of form. The very vividness of their temperament tends to exaggeration, and of one of the later writers, Rebikov, it is said: "He wishes to free music from the trammels of definite form and tonality in order that it may be the faithful echo of all the impressions of the soul and the senses."

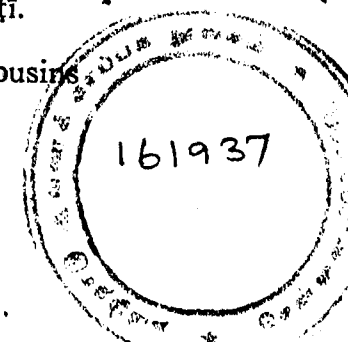
M. Arthur Pougin lays Western Europe under a debt of gratitude to him for the detailed and instructive *Short History of Russian Music* written by him for France, now translated also into English by Lawrence Haward; and his account of the magnificent system of musical education in Russia is among his most valuable contributions to our knowledge. With its Moscow Conservatoire, in which there is the unique feature of a whole system of general education running side by side with the purely musical education, making it in fact the first actual Musical University; the Imperial Chapel, unique for its production of famous singers; the Imperial Society of Music, a private and voluntary organisation, free of all State control, which undertakes the charge of musical interests throughout the whole country; State-supported Opera houses, and an unfettered power of private initiative in all matters musical—there is every promise and congenial condition for the continuance of the ideals of the Great Group of Five, though all its members are now passed on. Indeed the following extract concerning one of their followers shows that such has already occurred: "In the orchestral poems, in *Prometheus*, and in his other later works which have provoked much discussion, Scriabin evolved a new idiom based on a harmonic system of his own to express the mystical

programme underlying his music. A colour scheme, controlled by a key-board, is intended to synchronise with the music in *Prometheus*, and in his last work it is said that perfumes, too, are to play a part." This great artistic, Theosophic attempt to make a unified Art-Form based on the Doctrine of Correspondences, and using a mode which is Eastern in character, though its originator has tragically met an early death, is certain to be followed up by his pupils of the Moscow Conservatoire, all eager to try new paths, and doubtless reinforced by the influence of their master from the inner world.

With the internal loosening of political shackles in that great country through the results of the War, great souls will undoubtedly rise to voice in music the freedom and the new spirit in Russia, as strikingly as did the "Young Russians" in its days of yearning and oppression. By its close contact with the East it has in its power a whole new field of initiative and adaptation, which there is no doubt it will work to full fruition, thus indeed in itself fulfilling Rubinstein's prophecy, and fertilising and enriching the art of music throughout the world. The music of the East needs the orchestration, harmonisation and concerted action of the West; the music of the West needs the spiritual understanding possessed by the East of the occult power of music as the liberator of the soul and the vehicle of the Devas; it is to Russia all look for the union of both, and the continued revelation and manifestation of the combined inspiration of Orpheus and Sarasvati.

Margaret E. Cousins

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THE CALCULATING ANIMALS

By SUSAN E. GAY

THE reports, press paragraphs, and publications relating to a few animals who have achieved certain mental feats hitherto wholly unknown in the animal world, have excited a very widespread interest, especially in those who accept the great principle of evolution. The recent articles in THE THEOSOPHIST have no doubt moved some of their readers to endeavour to solve what appears to be a difficult problem. Nothing like these relations have appeared before, and we well know the books which contain collections of anecdotes of animals who have been closely associated with man and whose intelligence has been stimulated by that contact. But nothing in their pages contains anything so startling as the claim recently made with regard to a few, assuredly a very few, four-footed animals who possess the power of abstract thought, or who have been able to speak understandingly a few words. We have long been accustomed to the power of speech in some specially trained birds, chiefly parrots, and also starlings, and even thrushes. "Parrot-wise" has been the adjective specially used to denote imitation of sounds without the understanding of their meaning, though I can vouch for a contrary aspect in the case of two parrots, one of whom invariably

spoke appropriately and with evident knowledge of what he was saying, and the other of whom recognised his master's portrait by sounds of kissing, a compliment bestowed on no other. While we were dining, the first-named parrot, who accompanied us to the dinner-table, always demanded his share, saying: "Give poor Cocky a bit," and needless to say he received it. When he wanted his head scratched he would hold it on one side and say "Scratch poor Cocky". Of course he had been taught, but the point is that he never *confused* these speeches; each was associated with the appropriate deed, and therefore they were evidently understood. The parrot's imitation of the tones of a familiar and loved voice is marvellous, being so exact as to produce the belief that the voice is that of the person himself, if the bird be not seen. The bird's tongue and palate seem singularly adapted for human speech.

This, however, is not the case with the dog, who is the close companion of man. He has his own way and method of speaking, by barking, whining, or growling, as occasion invites, and we understand his meaning, but his tongue and palate seem unadapted for the sounds of human speech. We are therefore interested and not a little surprised at hearing of a dog who says in German that he wants cakes, or of an English dog who has been taught to say "God save the King". In the former case, it is related that the dog knew what he was saying and that he received the cake, so that the mental impression and connection of the words with a desired object would be intensified. He did not make a long and reproachful speech like Balaam's ass in the Scriptures, but merely associated a few words with a personal want and therefore has

brought us no nearer to the true understanding of that ancient story in its literal aspect !

But a further stage has been reached, apparently, in animal evolution, and one entirely new to the common experience of animal life in this world. It is that certain horses and one or two dogs have been found capable of abstract thinking in its most unmodified form, namely the solution of cube-root problems, and the correct working of sums; and that by movements of hoof or paw (no power of speech having been developed) in connection with written signs or spoken interrogations, the animal gives an accurate and appropriate reply.

The investigations of scientific men seem to show that these phenomena take place apart from the presence of the original trainers, thus pointing to the fact that the training is hardly of a mechanical order, but produces an understanding of its meaning. If so, we must admit that there are, however exceptional, a small number of four-footed beings who in mental evolution are more highly developed than many savages of the human type. We can hardly assert that any of the latter would be able to find so quickly the extraction of cube and fourth roots of numbers of several figures.

The horse thinks, but he has no hand with which to write, no speech with which to utter the result, and an apparatus is arranged wherein, by pointing with his hoof, he can indicate the correct numbers. A strange condition this ! To calculate, and yet be dumb—to know, and be unable to write the simple signs by which we humans designate figures ! Yet such is the condition of the thinking horses of Elberfeld, as testified by sober and capable scientists.

The reasoning dog, Rolf, of Mannheim, in Germany, is in like plight with his educational aid to the children of his owner. Rolf was only some three years old, as years are numbered in this physical world—which period has given him but small experience therein—when he notified the solution of a sum. A table of numbered letters was supplied and the dog raps out the numbers with his left fore-paw, a process demanding a good memory. Objects were drawn at first, and then a word and a number written, and finally the numbers were used to indicate letters, as recently related in an article in this journal. He also replies to questions, and gives his opinion on certain subjects. The replies are simple, more so than those relating to sums, but they show a perfect understanding of the questions, and of course the calculations needed for arithmetical problems involve purely abstract thinking.

It is needless to say that some of the scientists who have pondered on the subject are sceptical, although they fail to give explanations. Some are sure to be thus—seeing, yet blind; hearing, yet deaf. We know how clairvoyance and psychometry, and occult phenomena generally, have fared at the hands of men who had studied some laws of Nature so deeply that they could not allow there was room for any others. Having built up creeds relating to the physical order, as orthodox as those of the churches on another plane, they regarded any extensions of phenomena in a super-sensual direction as anathema.

But looking at the question we have been discussing from the point of view of an acceptance of the statements as facts, carefully observed, and carefully tested

by various cautious and intelligent persons, at what conclusion are we to arrive?

It must be remembered that learning the alphabet is easier for the child who can speak than for an animal. The teacher as he points to a letter utters a certain sound, which the child copies, thereby rendering it easier to remember the letter; the uttering of the sound impresses it on the child's mind. The animal can only see the sign, and hear it uttered, being unable to speak it, or to draw it. Thus, there is a greater mental effort to remember the right letters. We can understand this if we imagine ourselves taught Greek, for instance, purely by seeing the signs of the Greek alphabet and hearing them spoken by others. Repeating them ourselves by voice is of the greatest assistance.

What is our conclusion?

I think undoubtedly we must admit that these very exceptional reasoning animals perform feats beyond the line of their evolution. In other words, that their mental power has outgrown the facilities for its expression. To deal with arithmetic and cube roots, and be able to signify results only by moving hoofs or paws seems a strange incongruity. Surely to speak words would be an easier task than this abstract thinking, and yet both tongue and palate remain silent and inflexible. What are the real causes of this apparent power of abstract thought in calculation, and in the meaning of descriptive adjectives, such as "beautiful," "ugly," etc.?

To the ordinary scientist the problem must seem insoluble, but is it thus to the Occultist? The latter is a man who sees farther and probes deeper than the physical scientist; and who knows somewhat of the hidden laws of nature which unveil many a reality

that in these days has been all too hastily consigned to the scrap-heap of mere "superstition".

It seems to me that we can only consider the causes under the following aspects.

First. Clearly, if these "animals" accomplish these things through a power *within their own being*, they are beyond the line of animal evolution on this planet. And if so, what are they? They are really human souls imprisoned for some reason in animal forms. They are highly individualised, and accomplish feats that two-legged upright beings in many savage races cannot do. Yet they are four-footed, and clothed with hairy skins. To what does this point? Some special reason why these possessors of mind cannot enter the human physical form suited to their intelligence. They are exceptions; for the ordinary individualised animal can and does enter it on re-appearing in the physical world.

We know what the individualised animal feels and does. It loves master or mistress better than any other being, and learns much from such; will even die of grief on losing the loved human presences; will understand a certain amount of human language relating to its own conditions and actions perfectly well, and generally possesses the germs of all human feelings, such as jealousy, anger, shame, sense of possession in articles given for its use, faithfulness, joy, sorrow, and so on, and even Platonic love for members of its own species, which I have witnessed, as well as self-sacrifice and ready forgiveness of injuries. But up to the present period, no teaching would enable the possessors of these qualities to work sums, or so to understand language as to indicate the existence of purely abstract thought.

If, then, the exceptional creatures in question transcend the usual order of intelligence displayed by domestic animals, we must admit that they are human in reality but barred out as yet from the form to which they have a right. It has been urged that metempsychosis reverses the natural order of evolution, which can never go backwards. But is it impossible that, owing to rare and exceptional karma, this should occasionally take place, if it is for the benefit of the *ego* which has incurred the experience? If so, it may not only be just, but justifies hints in old writings of the past on this point which have been discredited.

Secondly, there is another solution, one concerned with an external force; and this is that great love for an animal, accompanied by a strong mesmeric power, will so unite owner and animal in sympathy, that the latter will use its hoof or paw in accordance with the will or thought of the trainer, and not really consciously and intelligently, but mechanically. Hence the right answers to problems in the higher arithmetical forms. This, of course, could be easily proved one way or the other, by the withdrawal of the special trainer, or owner, at the time of the tests, and also ignorance of the solutions of given sums, etc., on the part of enquirers who are strangers.

Thirdly, these beings are human sacrificers, who for the brief period of the animal's life, have overshadowed and practically possessed the animal forms from birth, in order to teach humanity to bestow more love and sympathy for our lower brothers on their "upward way," and to indicate fresh duties towards them more favourable to their quicker evolution. This

may not amount to an actual incarnation of the human *ego* in an animal form, but entails sacrifice on the part of such an *ego*, which may either be genuine sacrifice moved by compassion, or a just penalty for past neglect and selfishness.

The three causes may be more or less mingled together, or entirely apart, in different cases, but it is impossible at this early stage of experience of these strange phenomena to decide by mere external observations. We can only suggest what may be possible and reasonable. If we allow, as so many of us do, that the animal form is only a preparation for the human, with its greater powers and perfections, we must also concede that special efforts may be made on the other side of life to hasten the long evolution of our lower brothers, and to endeavour to teach humanity that they have no right selfishly to exploit their lives and consign long portions of them to continual toil, deprived of every enjoyment. Such has been the fate of horses for many thousands of years, who have perished miserably amid the selfish battles of man, drawn weary loads in the joyless streets of his cities, and ended their patient and mournful days of labour in misery which is a shame to our ungrateful race!

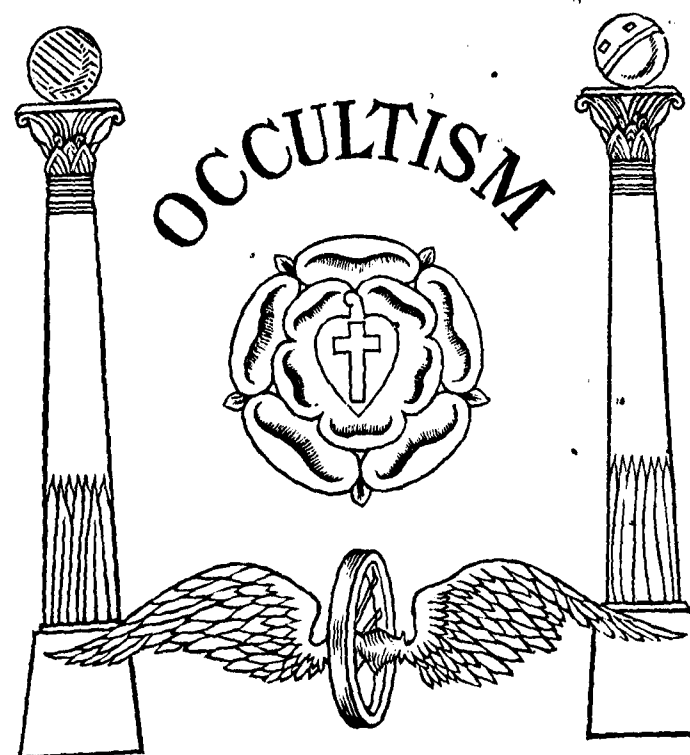
The Great Ones watch—above all does He who guides the course of events on our planet. Is it not a marked coincidence that just at this time the motor is taking the place of the creature of flesh and blood in the world's hard labour? I cannot but think so, and that it holds a deep significance. And again, that vegetarian diet is increasing; that vivisection is being condemned, apart from any consideration of its utility, by all humane persons; and that training packs of dogs to hunt and

destroy harmless and beautiful creatures is seen by many as a wrong producing evil karma for the doers.

As we increasingly perceive the future human being in the animal, we shall realise our great responsibility, our duty—in a way far more marked than heretofore. Love will extend to all that lives.

Susan E. Gay

[The recent articles in THE THEOSOPHIST referred to at the beginning of this article are *Thinking Horses*—August 1913, and *Reasoning "Rolf"*—June 1914, both by W. H. Kirby.—ED.]



THE GREAT WAR

By C. W. LEADBEATER

JUST now the minds of men are full of the great War, and wherever we go they talk of little else. So it is important that we, as members of the Society, should know how to look at the War as part of a great cosmic movement—that we should understand something of what is really going on; because it is only when we understand, that we can take absolutely a sane view, falling neither into weakness on the one

hand, nor into vindictiveness on the other. We must try then to comprehend—to see the greater plan. We must not let ourselves be swept aside by personal prejudice; we must not be swayed by sentimentality on the one side nor by passion on the other, but we must try to see what is really happening, and therefore what is the duty and what should be the attitude of one who wishes to help intelligently.

We know that there are forces which work against evolution as well as those which work in favour of it. We know that there is frequently a small, even a personal struggle, taking place between these forces over individuals, and sometimes over what seem quite small things. But we know also that now and then great world crises arise, where good and evil set themselves against one another in serried array, and humanity is influenced by these powers and driven into taking part on one side or another. The last occasion on which so great a world-struggle took place was in Atlantis some twelve thousand years ago—rather longer perhaps, nearly thirteen thousand years ago. There was a great fight then between those who were on the side of good and those who were on the side of selfishness.

We may read something of the action of the Lords of the Dark Face in Atlantis in *The Secret Doctrine*. Madame Blavatsky devotes much time and energy to expounding their line of work. We must try to understand that there may be people who are doing what to us seems absolutely evil, and yet they may think themselves justified in their action. They may think that the line which they are taking is not evil, but in the long run, good. It is true that when they say "in

the long run, good," I think they generally mean good for themselves; but these Lords of the Dark Face had their own view of evolution, and to themselves they justified it, much along the line in which many people in these days try to justify the action of Judas Iscariot on the ground that he was more anxious than the rest that the Master's glory should be shown forth to the world, and so he put his Master in a position where he thought that He *must* show forth His glory. However incredible it may seem, that view is gravely put forward by some writers.

The Lords of the Dark Face in Atlantis were intensifying themselves as separated beings, against the stream of evolution. We hold (and because our Masters hold it, we think we are right in holding it) that the LOGOS intends us to work with Him towards the production of greater unity. The black magician would tell us that the LOGOS sets up this current in order that we may strengthen ourselves by fighting against it; and although we do not believe that, we can see that it is a possible view, and that the man who takes it will not live at all as we do. We think that he is vitally in error, that he is allowing himself to be clouded by the lower self; still you see he tries to justify his position by a certain line of argument. It is not necessary to suppose that those Lords of the Dark Face were doing evil for evil's sake; but they held what we consider a wrong and selfish view as to the final ideas of the LOGOS. I have myself heard some of their successors of the present day say: "You people think you know what GOD means; your Masters hold these views, and of course you follow Them. But we have a different view; we are following the traditions of a

very ancient school and we contrive to hold our own fairly well."

In Atlantis this attitude led, among the ordinary and commonplace followers, to extreme selfishness and sensuality, to general unscrupulousness and irresponsibility. So it came about that there was a vast revolution against the Ruler of the Golden Gate, and practically the good and evil forces which are always seeking to influence the world found physical expression in that great series of battles in Atlantis. In that case the majority of the population was distinctly on the side of evil, and the evil won. Because the evil won, it was necessary, more than one thousand years afterwards, to overwhelm that great island of Poseidonis beneath the waters of the Atlantic; and sixty-five million people died within twenty-four hours in that great cataclysm.

This time once more the forces of good and evil have materialised themselves here on the physical plane, and the mighty contest has come down again to this level. Remember, we are the same people who were in Atlantis, and it is probable that we took our part in the struggle—with the minority, let us hope—yet perhaps some of us with the majority; it is a long time ago, and we cannot be certain.

I remember reading a terrible story (fiction only, I hope, for it could hardly have been actual fact) of the recovered memory of a past incarnation. There was once a man, an earnest and devout Christian, who through the accident of subjecting himself to mesmeric treatment, found that in a trance condition he was able to gain glimpses of what he felt to be past lives of his own. Incredulous at first, the strength and vividness of his experiences soon forced him to admit that they

must be real reminiscences; and in this way he acquired much interesting information about mediæval periods. Then arose in his mind a wild but fervent hope that if he could press his memory further he might discover that he had been on earth during the lifetime of Jesus; he yearned inexpressibly for a glimpse of that Divine Presence; he imagined himself following and ecstatically worshipping the Lord whom he so loved; he even dared to hope that perhaps he might have had the supreme honour of martyrdom for his faith. Further and further in successive trances he pushed back his recollection, until at last with inexpressible thankfulness and awe he realised that he *had* trodden the sacred soil of Palestine at the very same time as that majestic Figure. And then, with a shock so terrible that it left him a dying man, he knew the appalling truth that in that life of long ago he had been a rabid unit in an angry crowd yelling wildly: "Crucify Him! crucify Him!"

I trust devoutly that we were all on the right side in that stupendous struggle in Atlantis; but, however that may have been, at least the very same people are having their chance again now, but this time the majority, thank Heaven, is on the side of the good, and the good will win. Therefore we may hope to avoid for some thousands of years to come a cataclysm on the tremendous scale that sank Poseidonis. But *if* the evil won, the cataclysm would follow; it *must* follow, for the Deity intends that humanity shall evolve, and if part of humanity deliberately casts itself out of the line of evolution, that particular set of bodies and minds must be wiped out, and must begin again under other conditions.

We must not think, if we can help it (I know how hard it is to help it) that all the people who fight on the side of the evil are necessarily wicked people. They are not so in the least; they are victims of a mighty obsession—an obsession so tremendous in its power that if you and I had been subjected to it we too might not have seen our way clear through it and come out of it unstained; who can tell? Thousands and thousands of people, as good as we, have not come through it satisfactorily. The power behind which is contrary to evolution can and does seize upon a whole nation and obsess it and influence it. It is true that it cannot do that (just as is the case with individual obsession) unless there is in the obsessed something or other which responds. But if there be in any nation a majority, or even a powerful minority, which—perhaps through pride, perhaps through grossness and coarseness, through not having opened up sufficiently the love side of the nature, through having given themselves too entirely, too unscrupulously to developing intellect—is already in that condition of ready response to evil, then the rest of the nation, the weaker people, are simply swept along with them, and they cannot see straight for the time. We must try to realise that.

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 the 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 to 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 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 also know that, 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 had taken them.

Some *have* taken them. This mighty British Empire has been formed and has been welded together by bonds of close affection in a way in which no Empire has ever been united before. There was a huge Roman Empire; but it was self-interest, the Roman peace, and the power of Rome which held that together. It was not the love for Rome of those subject races at all. There have been other vast Empires in the past, but they were held together by force, not by love. But what else than love holds *this* Empire together? England, the little Mother State, has no wish to coerce it. Once she did, under utterly mistaken direction by an obstinate King and a foolish Minister, try to coerce the American colonies. The only result of that was that nearly half of what should have been the Empire is not part of it now, though it is being bound closely to it by

other ties. It should have been all within this one great Empire; that was the plan, but the stupidity of man overthrew that part of it. England has made no later effort to coerce the far mightier Dominions attached to her. She has left them perfectly free; yet they are bound to her more closely now than they ever were before.

It was hoped that the other nations which belong to our sub-race would join in a great confederation. America and England have been drawn closely together, so that war between them is now scarcely thinkable; and the hope was that Scandinavia and Germany would have come into a similar friendship; but Germany would not come in. There has been for many years a curious and undesirable form of national spirit arising in that country. There is plenty of literature on the subject. Read the German literature, and you will see perfectly well the direction in which for forty years and more its people have been going. Because of their intense pride, because of the teaching of brutality and of force, of blood and iron instead of the law of love, they have laid themselves open to this dreadful obsession, and some of the great Lords of the Dark Face have again taken their place among them.

Prince Bismarck was such an one, as Madame Blavatsky told us long ago. While he was still alive he laid his plans for the subjugation of Europe. You may be thankful he has not survived till the present, for his plans were far wiser than those of the men who have followed him. Long ago Madame Blavatsky explained to us that he had considerable occult knowledge, and that before the war with France in 1870 he had travelled physically to certain points to the north, the south, the east and the

west of France, and had there cast spells of some sort, or made magnetic centres, with the object of preventing effective resistance to the German armies. Undoubtedly the French collapse at the time was so complete and unexpected that it seemed to need some unusual explanation.

In the course of the work of the invisible helpers on the battle-field I have several times encountered and spoken to the Prince, who naturally watches with the keenest interest all that happens; and some months ago I had an interesting conversation with him. Speaking of the War, he said that if we were servants of the Hierarchy and students of Occultism we must know that Germany was in the right. One of our party, becoming somewhat indignant, replied that all the rest of the world was willing to be at peace, that Germany had made an unprovoked attack, and had caused all this awful carnage, and was therefore entirely in the wrong. But the Prince said:

"No no; you do not understand. This is a struggle which had to come—a struggle between the forces of law and order, science and culture on the one hand, and on the other those of disorder and licence, and the degrading tendencies of democracy."

We maintained that *we* also loved law and order, science and culture, but we wished along with them to have liberty and progress. The Prince would have none of such ideas; he declared that democracy cared nothing for culture, but wished to drag everybody down to a common level, and that the lowest; that it desired law to rob and restrain the rich, but itself would obey no law; that it had no conception of liberty under law (which is the only true liberty) but desired a triumph

of utter lawlessness, in which selfish might should rule, and only those should be restrained who wished to live and work as free men. Further, he said that if we ourselves served the true inner Government of the world we must know that it is the very opposite of all democratic theories, and that therefore it is Germany, and not England, who is fighting for the ideals of the hierarchical Government.

"Which," he asked, "is nearer to the true ideal of a King—our Kaiser, who holds his power from GOD alone, or your King George, who can strike out no line of his own, whose every action is limited by his ministers and his parliament, so that he can do no real good? And the French President, what is he but the scum momentarily thrown to the top of a boiling mass of corruption?"

We were most indignant at such an insult to our brave Allies, but we could not but admit that there was a modicum of truth in some of his remarks. We tried to tell him that, though we shared his utter disbelief in the methods of democracy, we thought it a necessary intermediate stage through which the world had to pass on its way to a nobler freedom, because a scheme (however good) which was *forced* upon a people could never lead to its ultimate evolution; but that men must learn to choose the good for themselves with open eyes, to renounce their brutal selfishness, not because they were driven to do so at the point of the sword, but because they themselves had learnt to see the higher way and the necessity that each should control himself for the good of all.

The Prince was absolutely unconvinced; he said that our plan was Utopian, and that we could never

bring the *canaille* to understand such considerations—that the only way to deal with them was the method of blood and iron, forcing them for their own ultimate good (and meantime for our convenience) into the life which we who were wiser saw to be best for them.

When some of this was later reported to the King of England, he smiled, and said quietly:

"I believe that GOD has called me to the position which I hold, just as much as He has called my imperial cousin the Kaiser; I rule not by force, but because my people love me, and I want no higher title than that."

I fear we must admit the Prince's claim that man as a whole is not yet fit for freedom; but he can never become fit unless he is allowed to try the experiment. Of course at first he will go wrong just as often as he will go right. We shall have an intermediate period when things are not at all as they should be, when they are not by any means as well managed as they would be under a benevolent despotism. Nevertheless we shall never get men to advance unless we leave them a certain amount of freedom. We must pass through this unlovely stage of democratic mismanagement, in order to get a time when the government of the people will be the government of the best. At present frankly it is not that. Aristocracy means government by the best; democracy means government by the people. We hope for a time when democracy and aristocracy will be one. We expect to reach that by our system; we should never get there along the line of military despotism. That is the real fundamental point at issue; so we see that this War is essentially one of principles.

If any should be inclined to doubt that a whole nation could be so obsessed from behind, a nation which has a great deal that is beautiful in its past history, which has produced some very fine people—if any should be disposed to doubt that, let him take the official German statements, and read the proclamations of His Imperial Majesty the Kaiser; the proclamations in which he speaks of himself (and probably he believes it) as commissioned by God to govern the world; in which he says: "On me the spirit of God has descended. I regard my whole task as appointed by heaven. Who opposes me I shall crush to pieces. Nothing must be settled in this world without the intervention of the German Emperor." See the insane pride of this, and realise that the whole nation, so far as we know, applauds and approves. Read Mr. Owen Wister's "embodiment or composite statement of Prussianism, compiled sentence by sentence from the utterances of Prussians, the Kaiser and his generals, professors, editors and Nietzsche; part of it said in cold blood, years before this war, and all of it a declaration of faith now being ratified by action". Read the calm statement: "Weak nations have not the same right to live as powerful nations. The world has no longer need of little nationalities." "The Belgians should not be shot *dead*; they should be so left as to make impossible all hope of recovery. The troops are to treat the Belgian civil population with unrelenting severity and frightfulness." Remember all the horrors of the sinking of the *Lusitania* and remember how that great German nation went mad with joy over the slaughter of non-combatants, of helpless women and children. Except by that theory of obsession how can

we account for it? Many of us have known people of that nation. Were they such people as would have agreed to anything of that kind? Of course they were not; no more than you or I. Unquestionably it is true that the powers from behind are working through these people now.

If this had not been; if the Fifth Sub-Race had all combined together to present a perfect front, we should still have had a conflict, but it would have been with some tremendous uprising of the much less developed races—perhaps another attempt such as Attila made to overrun Europe. The evil would have expressed itself, but it would have been among the backward nations. It is a great victory for the powers that stand for darkness that they could take a nation supposed to be in the forefront of civilisation, and twist that to their ends.

We must not think that all the members of that nation are wicked people. We must not let ourselves be brought down to their level. They have made it their special boast to set up a stream of hatred towards us, to compose hymns of hate and teach them to the innocent school children. We must not be led away into such foolishness as that. We must have no single thought of hatred. We shall hear of the most terrible things being done, of incredible brutality and horror on their part; but if we wish to take the occult point of view we must have no shadow of hatred in our hearts for all this, but only pity.

The tragedy of Belgium has horrified the world. It has been one of the most terrible things that the world has ever known; but the tragedy of the moral downfall of Germany is greater even than that—that

such a great nation, with such possibilities, should sink to this. That is, in truth, a more awful thing to see than all the pain and misery of countless ruined homes. That a race which produced Goethe and Schiller should so fall as to become a byword among the nations, so that for centuries to come all decent men will be ashamed of any connection with it, and none shall speak its name without a shudder of horror—surely that is a tragedy unequalled since the world began.

Therefore not hatred, but pity should fill our minds. But on no account and under no circumstances must our pity be allowed to degenerate into weakness, or to interfere with our absolute firmness. We stand for liberty, for right, for honour, and 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 very 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." Remember, we are fighting for the liberty of the world; Germany itself is a part of that world, and we are fighting to free Germany from its obsession.

Let us have that well in our minds, and we shall begin to see what is the attitude we must take with regard to this terrible war; and if we do our duty unflinchingly in maintaining that attitude we shall make the final settlement infinitely easier. When this is over, as it will be over presently, when the struggle is of the past, there will still remain the aftermath. Those among the Allies who have hated will find their hatred turning into fiendish glee in their victory; but, having allowed themselves to be turned aside from the true view of the struggle, those people will be in no condition to understand calmly and rationally what is to be done. It is only those who have kept their heads, who have shown themselves philosophers, but nevertheless puissant soldiers to stand and strike for the right—it is only they who will be able to judge what can be done, and what is best for the world.

So we who are Theosophists should hold a firm and steady attitude, and not allow ourselves to be misled. The path of wisdom is, as usual, a razor edge. We must not fall over on one side or the other; we must have neither weakness nor vindictiveness, but a grasp of the real reasons for it all, and of what it is that is really happening.

The egos that have been swept into this vortex of hate on the wrong side of the fight will come back again; they will recover. It is indeed a terrible thing to throw oneself open to such an obsession. They will have a long way to climb, just as had those who went

wrong in Atlantis; but thousands of those who were on the wrong side in Atlantis are on the right side now, and surely that is an omen of great hope for us. The world has advanced, otherwise the evil would win again; and this time it will not win.

So our attitude must be one of unselfishness and of firm attention to duty. But we must do our duty *because* it is our duty, and not because of any personal feeling of hatred, or even of horror. We cannot but feel horror at the awful things that have been done, at the deliberate way they have been justified, at the terrible things that have been said. We cannot help feeling horror, but nevertheless we must try to hold ourselves steady, with iron determination as to what is to be done, but yet with readiness when all this is over to take once more the philosophical point of view.

The Lord who is to come—although when He came last time He said to His people “I come not to bring peace but a sword,” is nevertheless the Prince of Peace, the Lord of Love and the Lord of Life; and when love and life and peace *can* be for the people, He will lead them into love and life and peace. But when the people have made that impossible for themselves for this incarnation, when these things cannot be for them, then will the other side of the prophecy come true, that those who draw the sword will perish by the sword.

In the midst of raging selfishness let us try to live in utter unselfishness, let us be full of trust, because we know; however dark and difficult things may be, we cling to the certainty that evolution is working. We went down in that great conflict in Atlantis, and yet we never lost our faith in the final triumph of good.

This time good will triumph even in the outer world; but remember, victory will be achieved only by the greatest effort, by the most utter determination, and the most thorough federation and trust among the people who are chosen to rule the world and to do the work. To Germany also a great opportunity was offered. To the egos incarnated there an opportunity is offered even now of protest and of martyrdom. They have not taken it so far, but there may yet be those among them who will take it. I trust and hope that it may be so; that there will be those who will shake off the nightmare of obsession, who will say: “Kill us if you will, but we will not share in these horrors; we will denounce them.” Those people will earn a better fate than their fellow-countrymen.

Let us take it all as part of the development of the great world. That war is an awful thing, wrong and wicked in itself, none can doubt; also that it is an utterly irrational way of deciding a disputed point. The karma of the man who provokes a war is more appalling than the human mind can conceive. But for those upon whom it is forced, as it has in this case been forced upon us, it may be the lesser of two evils. Since it had to be, Those who stand behind and direct the evolution of the world are unquestionably utilising it for great and high purposes, and thus wringing good out of the very heart of ill. Horrific as it is, it has yet lifted thousands upon thousands of people clear out of themselves, out of their petty parochialism into a world-wide sympathy, out of selfishness into the loftiest altruism—lifted them into the region of the ideal. It has raised them at one stroke more than many lives under ordinary conditions would raise a man.

Remember that unselfish and awakened egos are needed at this very moment for the Sixth Sub-Race, which is beginning in America and Australasia. Perhaps there was no other way to get them in sufficient numbers and in a sufficiently short time, except through some great world-conflict. Be thankful that we, at least, are on the right side in this. Be thankful, you who send to this great War those whom you love, that the opportunity has come to them thus to advance themselves in one incarnation more than otherwise they could have done in a score of lives. You have sorrow and suffering and pain as your share; but you are offering that suffering for the freedom of the world; and remember that you who send the soldier are thereby also taking your part in the fight, and that the very sorrow and pain through which you pass is lifting you, just as his devotion to duty has lifted him. Many of those who die will be worthy of birth in the new Sub-Race, but so also will be many of the women who have bravely sent forth their nearest and dearest to answer to their country's call.

We are all trying, so far as may be, to prepare for the coming of the Great Teacher. Realise that this great War is part of the world-preparation, and that, however terrible it may be, there is yet the other side—the enormous good that is being done to individuals. Perhaps in the distant future when we come to look back upon it all with greater knowledge and with wider purview, we shall see that the good has outweighed all the frightful evil, and that though the old order changeth, giving place to new, it is only that God may fulfil Himself in many ways.

C. W. Leadbeater

CÆSAR: A STUDY

By FRITZ KUNZ, B.A.

CÆIUS JULIUS CÆSAR is a figure of perennial interest; but interest in him is now exceptionally great because the present juncture in the world's affairs brings him forcibly to our minds, and may indeed soon bring him into our very midst; for Cæsar alone has had in past lives the necessary experience of world-politics, and full understanding of Gaul, Germany and Europe generally—alone, I mean, of mere men. He has himself fought over all the great battle-fields of the present War in the western theatre: and he planned a campaign that would have carried him over the eastern theatre. It will be of interest therefore to see what understanding we can gain of Cæsar, from the historical as well as from the occult point of view.

He was a singular embodiment of Roman ideals. He was born into a family of the senatorial party (*optimates*) but he was himself a *popularis*. The reason for his attitude has sometimes been ascribed to the influence of his famous uncle, C. Marius, the husband of his aunt Julia. But I suspect that the truer cause is discoverable in the person of his mother, Aurelia, whom Tacitus describes as a woman of great heart, a woman like Cornelia, the mother of the

Gracchi.¹ Whatever the cause and occasion outwardly, there is not the least question that this aristocrat by birth adhered unwaveringly to the cause of the commonalty.

As a man Cæsar likewise commands interest and admiration. His great charm of person, especially his disarming kindness and approachability, are best seen in the conduct toward him of the cantankerous Cicero; and he possessed those minor facilities of expression and conduct which endeared him to his family and made him the idol of his worn legions. In this latter respect he surpassed his later imitator, Napoleon. He was an orator of the schools of Rhodes, and all authorities agree upon his skill and clarity in expression in the Senate and Forum. He had that strange attribute which we say clings to a man of destiny, apparent immunity from natural accidents. His renown as a warrior is commonly known; as a world-statesman he might easily have been the first had he lived longer; and as a mysterious and romantic figure he would certainly have embodied a legend more wonderful than that of Alexander—in the Middle Ages, for despite the constant study of Lucian at that time the usual fabulous tales arose about him.²

A contemporary of our own, an American, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, seems to be built upon the Julian model in many ways, and this is no doubt the natural result of association in many past lives with Cæsar. For we find Mr. Roosevelt an embodiment of that resource and boundless energy that is generally

¹ *Dial de Ora*, xxviii.

² There is a curious period from 68 to 62 B.C. that does not fit in with our general conception of the ego.

accredited to Cæsar; and in Plutarch I find a vivid passage which reveals similar traits in these men:

His contempt of danger was not so much wondered at by his soldiers because they knew how much he coveted honour. But his enduring so much hardship, which he did to all appearances beyond his natural strength, very much astonished them. For he was a spare man, had a soft and white skin, was distempered in the head and subject to an epilepsy which, it is said, first seized him at Corduba. But he did not make the weakness of his constitution a pretext for his ease, but rather used war as the best physic against his indispositions; whilst by indefatigable journeys, coarse diet, frequent lodging in the field, and continual laborious exercise, he struggled with his diseases, and fortified his body against all attacks. He slept generally in his chariots or litters, employing even his rest in pursuit of action. In the day he was thus carried to the forts, garrisons, and camps; one servant, sitting with him, used to write down what he dictated as he went, and a soldier attending behind him with his sword drawn. He drove so rapidly, that when he first left Rome, he arrived at the river Rhone within eight days. He had been an expert rider from his childhood; for it was usual for him to sit with his hands joined together behind his back, and so to put his horse to its full speed. And in this war he disciplined himself so far as to be able to dictate letters from on horseback, and to give directions to two who took notes at the same time, or, as Oppius says, to more. And it is thought that he was the first who contrived means for communicating with friends by cipher, when either press of business, or the large extent of the city, left him no time for personal conference about matters that required despatch. How little nice he was in his diet, may be seen in the following instance. When at the table of Valerius Leo, who entertained him at supper in Milan, a dish of asparagus was put before him, on which his host, instead of oil, had poured sweet ointment. Cæsar partook of it without any disgust, and reprimanded his friends for finding fault with it. "For it was enough," said he, "not to eat what you did not like; but he who reflects on another man's breeding, shows he wants it as much himself." Another time upon the road he was driven by a storm into a poor man's cottage, where he found but one room, and that such as would afford but a mean reception to a single person, and therefore told his companions, places of honour should be given up to the greater men, and necessary accommodations to the weaker, and accordingly he ordered that Oppius, who was in bad health, should lodge within, whilst he and the rest slept under a shed at the door.³

³ Direct quotations are from Dryden's *Plutarch*.

The relation which Cæsar bears to the present times that try our souls is very close indeed. I have mentioned his experience in the present scenes of war in western Europe. It is noteworthy to find him marching and fighting throughout Flanders, the north of France, crossing the Rhine and the Channel each twice, and manœuvring incessantly against his inveterate foe, the Teuton. We find him fighting at modern Besançon, at Belfort, and the plain of Alsace, at Reims and along the Aisne, at Namur, and indeed, throughout the present arena. This is in itself a sufficient warrant for our general interest in him, but this is greatly amplified when we scrutinise his life in other ways. We find him to be what might be called a kârmic curiosity, not so much on account of his many near approaches to violent death, but because his final end he met at the hands, not of enemies, but of friends.¹ He was, furthermore, the embodiment of the highest point of Rome's development; and his kârmic links with his people, and therefore with the British,² were multitudinous.

Cæsar was born as a contemporary of Jesus, according to occult tradition. He played, then, the part of an agent of the Manu in the crystallisation of the Roman Empire's affairs, and so made the establishment of Christianity possible. His work was to make the domination of the Keltic tribes complete and to stop the unruly German tribes at their natural frontier; to organise an Empire from Asia Minor to England, so that the Christ-tradition might find its way toward its future abiding place.

¹ First commented upon by Seneca.

² Many modern British are old Romans returned.

We should not think that in all this Cæsar was a blind and ignorant agent. The modern attitude is insufferably self-satisfied in respect to those old days; and it is correspondingly in error. Even Cæsar's legions knew of the Mysteries, and his officers were frequently men of much insight. The great Iranian Mystery-faith, Mithraism, had saturated the Roman Empire, and it found special favour in the eyes of the legions, with its ideas of essential justice in the ruling of the present and the future world. Cæsar cannot have been ignorant of all this, and as we shall see, it is probable that he was very well informed indeed, both intellectually and intuitionally, of the trend of affairs.

In order to understand this more fully we should consider certain events in his career, the phases of his character that bear upon his work most nearly, the occult side of his life, the unfinished plans and magnificent dreams that he carried away into the heaven-world with him, the opportunity that the present day offers to his unique genius, the method of his work and the present ways of Europe.

Cæsar was born on 12th July, 102 B.C. Little is known of his boyhood, but it appears that his tutor was a Gaul. His father died when he was sixteen, and he then became the head of his house and was made a *flamen Dialis*, a priest of Jupiter. He visited Lesbos¹ in 81 B.C., and returned to Rome upon the death of Sulla. He fought civic corruption, but his time was not yet come for success, and he therefore went back to the East, this time to Rhodes. Upon his return he espoused the cause of Pompey, and thereby won his place in public life; whereupon follows the conquest of Spain,

¹ Lesbos is not far from Samos, the home of Pythagoras at about 500 B.C.

his battles and labours in Gaul, and all the great political events which we know so well, up to the break with Pompey and the crossing of the Rubicon in 49 B.C.; and finally the battles at Durazzo and Pharsalus in 49. Then followed swiftly the war with Scipio in Africa, in 46, the defeat of Pompey's sons in Spain in 45, and, on 15th March, 44 B.C., the murder of Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's statue.

This skeleton of outward events is filled out by an understanding of the man himself. For the true greatness of Cæsar could not be revealed by such transient glory as the battle-field and the Senate chamber provided. He was a man of the finest principles. Thus, in his first marriage, he refused the offer of the hand of a daughter of one of Rome's richest men, despite the need he had for money, and married instead Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna. Moreover, upon the return of Sulla in 82 B.C., he declined flatly to divorce Cornelia; he suffered thereby the loss of such property as remained to him, and underwent removal from his priestly office. His extraordinary courage is seen in the narrative of Plutarch of his captivity amongst the pirates:

When these men first demanded of him twenty talents for his ransom, he laughed at them for not understanding the value of their prisoner, and voluntarily engaged to give them fifty. He presently dispatched those about him to several places to raise the money, till at last he was left among a set of the most bloodthirsty people in the world, the Sicilians, only with one friend and two attendants. Yet he made so little of them, that when he had a mind to sleep, he would send to them, and order them to make no noise. For thirty-eight days, with all the freedom in the world, he amused himself with joining in their exercises and games, as if they had not been his keepers, but his guards. He wrote verse and speeches, and made them his auditors, and those who did not admire them, he called to their faces illiterate and barbarous,

and would often, in raillery, threaten to hang them. They were greatly taken with this, and attributed his free talking to a kind of simplicity and playfulness. As soon as his ransom was come from Miletus, he paid it, and was discharged, and proceeded at once to man some ships at the port of Miletus, and went in pursuit of the pirates, whom he surprised with their ships still stationed at the island, and took most of them.

It is sometimes said, and Cicero himself held, that Cæsar was a rank opportunist. But this is a common charge against great men of action. One does not fight the devil with rose petals. Cæsar's object was to get things done, not to suffer an ineffective martyrdom. The times he lived in were politically corrupt beyond belief. This may be seen vividly in the episode of the trial of Clodius for profanation of the holy rites, wherein Cæsar declined to appear against Clodius, and is therefore said to have played for the adherence of the populace, who admired Clodius. Whatever may be the truth with regard to Cæsar's actions, which after all were his domestic affairs in this instance, the truth with regard to his contemporaries is disgraceful, for the judges, many of them, gave their decisions in writing so illegible that no judgment whatever was possible.

Again, in his contest with Catulus and Isauricus for the High-priesthood, the former offered to buy him off. Now Cæsar's flat refusal is creditable to him not alone on the score of honour but on that of courage, for the contest was so bitter that to lose might easily have meant exile. This colder courage in political battles had its counterpart in the field of arms; numerous stories we have of his personal bravery and fortitude and the inspiration he was to his men.

Unfortunately his comparatively early death disables our full understanding of Cæsar's practical

dreaminess—for such it was, however paradoxical this phrase may seem. But an aspect of it is to be seen toward the close of his life, when he colonised Corinth and Carthage anew at the same time; for they were cities that had been laid waste at the same time. It is significant with regard to the man that he should undertake so dramatic and yet so eminently wise a course. And then there is the charming incident of his supposed personal defeat in battle:

The Edui, who hitherto had styled themselves brethren to the Romans, and had been much honoured by them, declared against him, and joined the rebels, to the great discouragement of his army. Accordingly he removed thence, and passed the country of the Ligones, desiring to reach the territories of the Sequani, who were his friends, and who lay like a bulwark in front of Italy against the other tribes of Gaul. There the enemy came upon him, and surrounded him with many myriads, whom he also was eager to engage; and at last, after some time and with much slaughter, gained on the whole a complete victory; though at first he appears to have met with some reverse, and the Aruveni show you a small sword hanging up in a temple, which they say was taken from Cæsar. Cæsar saw this afterwards himself, and smiled, and when his friends advised it should be taken down, would not permit it, because he looked upon it as consecrated.

Plutarch would have us believe this theory of consecration, but we can readily understand the mixture of sentiment and policy which would direct Cæsar in this incident.

But of course the climax of appeal in the character and life of the man appears in those chapters we call occult; that is, when he touched the living tradition of the Masters.

Of the great Adepts, Cæsar seems to be nearest to that one who was last known to men as Sir Thomas More. Throughout his lives, but especially in the work of empire and nation building, he follows closely the guidance and the ways of this

Brother. In the Julian life the intimate spiritual relation has continued; Cæsar, the man of destiny, was unquestionably, the agent of the Masters. His assurance arose from the knowledge of their protection; the strength which enabled him to surmount his natural physical weakness—and even the epilepsy which seized him at Cordova—was Their strength; the turning points in his life were at Their direction.

He seems to have come into touch with the Essenes at Lesbos, probably during his visit to Mytilene in 81 B.C. But his earliest touch with the fringe of the Mysteries seems to have been as a mere boy when he was captured by the pirates. For these pirates were not precisely Captain Kidds or John Silvers; it is they who brought from the eastern Mediterranean the Mithras cult. At any rate it is clear that the communities which were the vehicle of the Christ-teaching were scattered all over Asia Minor; that members of these societies lived in Lesbos is fairly sure. They were men of austere life. They would lend aid to one another but it was against their rules to receive interest for such help. Sometimes they held goods in common. They observed the vow of what we might call taciturnity; that is, they spoke only the things that were necessary. Their lives were lives of labour and reflection, of austere simplicity, of great strength and kindness. To such men, so different from the riotous livers of Rome, the young Cæsar, but turned twenty-one, would look with admiration. For he seems to have imitated their righteousness in his own life for more than a decade. He studied for a time at Rhodes as well, another centre of the minor Mysteries.

These physical touches, and the more direct inspiration, built up within Cæsar magnificent plans for the good of men. His methods were in part the methods of his time; we must quarrel with the age, not with him, as to the weakness of these. The conquests were but a small element in his scheme. At his death he stood upon the threshold of great works and of grand benefits for the world. His death has been uselessly deplored; for it was only the far-off, but inevitable result of the stoning to death of the body of the Christ. With His work interrupted, what need for the agent of the Manu to continue? There was no need for Cæsar to create a vehicle with no life to inform it; and so he was withdrawn from the stage.

The dreams he had within him were singularly broad in scope and strikingly modern in nature and conception. "Cæsar was born to do great things," Plutarch says truly enough; but he was born to dream far greater things. For the meagre list known to us can be only a fragment of schemes that he kept to himself. We know that he

resolved to make war upon the Parthians, and when he had subdued them, to pass through Hyrcanis; thence to march along by the Caspian Sea to Mount Caucasus, and so on about Pontus, till he came into Scythia; then to overrun all the countries bordering upon Germany, and Germany itself; and so to return through Gaul into Italy, after completing the whole circle of his empire, and bounding it on every side by the ocean. While preparations were making for this expedition, he proposed to dig through the isthmus on which Corinth stands; and appointed Anienus to superintend the work. He had also a design of diverting the Tiber, and carrying it by deep channel directly from Rome to Circeii, and so into the sea near Tarrachina, that there might be a safe and easy passage for all merchants who traded to Rome. Besides this, he intended to drain all the marshes by Pomentium and Setia, and gain ground enough from the water to employ many thousands of men in tillage. He proposed further to make great mounds on the shore nearest Rome, to hinder the sea from

breaking in on the land, to clear the coast at Ostia of all the hidden rocks and shoals that made it unsafe for shipping, and to form ports and harbours fit to receive the large number of vessels that would frequent them.

These things were designed without being carried into effect; but his reformation of the calendar, in order to rectify the irregularity of time, was not only projected with great scientific ingenuity, but was brought to its completion, and proved of very great use. Cæsar called in the best philosophers and mathematicians of his time to settle the point, and out of the systems he had before him, formed a new and more exact method of correcting the calendar, which the Romans use to this day, and seem to succeed better than any nation in avoiding the errors occasioned by the inequality of the cycles. Yet even this gave offence to those who looked with an evil eye upon his position, and felt oppressed by his power. Cicero, the orator, when some one in his company chanced to say, the next morning Lyra would rise, replied, "Yes, in accordance with the edict," as if even this were a matter of compulsion.

He had extended the franchise to the Transpadane Italians, he had reformed the police and sanitation of Rome, he had taken up cudgels against immoral traders, he arranged an orderly census; he planned and in part carried out great colonies; and he held ever before him the ideal of true government.

He was in all this essentially modern: indeed, he was far before his time. For, as I mentioned above, his was the instinct of democracy, and the day of democracy had not then come. It has come now, and Cæsar, despite his long absence from the world's work, will fit smoothly into modern times, whether he takes his incarnation in the normal way, or whether he steps into a fully matured physical vehicle. His modernity was extraordinary; I cannot too much emphasise this. He was in the habit of bringing bills into the Senate that might be expected from the most audacious and presumptuous of Tribunes, and this when he was Consul. Of course he was accused of currying popular favour;

the true reason lay in his love of men and his desire to help them.

Cæsar was slain nearly two thousand years ago. He has been in incarnation subsequently, in fairly recent times, living only long enough to give him opportunity to understand modern methods of locomotion, communication, and so on; and to enable him to create sufficient kârmic force to tide over to the incarnation which is now near at hand. This enormous interval of time in the heaven world is significant; its length was unusual indeed, since Cæsar died at the age of but 58. He belongs to the short-interval type of ego, properly speaking, although it should be understood that in a case such as this fixed rules are not of the usual utility. His case, in this respect, is comparable to that of Alcyone in the life where he came into touch with the Lord Buddha and renounced the world; but this was an earth life of seventy years. There is another case known to us of an ego (of the long-interval type, however) who was out of incarnation for nearly two thousand and three hundred years, undergoing special instruction and development under the immediate direction of a great Deva. By these examples we can conceive the nature of the heaven life Cæsar carried on: a wonderful glorification of his unfinished plans, a working of them out into splendid and logical coherence: a coming into touch with the greater plans of his Master; the awakening of a nearer acquaintance with those persons and peoples with whom he will work. Then came the brief incarnation that brought him into touch with the physical world again. And now a short span of invisible work, immediate preparation for the great future that lies directly before him.

It is held that Cæsar was killed because he desired to be king. It is curious that another Leader was killed not long before for claiming to be a King, the Son of the King of Kings. Such is the way of our blind old world! But we must not forget that Europe¹ is the land of Zeus, that even those Plutonic forces are now liberated there at His command. The old Orphic hymn saith, "Zeus is the beginning, Zeus is the middle, upon Zeus all is founded." Europe is His land; and when He has rooted out of it the weeds that have grown too rank, He will send a great Builder to build and a far greater Sower to sow. Men have rotted and poisoned his earth with ignorance and folly; and the cleansing seems to us an awful blood-atonement, the ploughing and trenching a nightmare of lost labour and life. But whatever betide we may be sure that the resurrected land will be given for reconstruction to capable hands; and the Far-eyed Sky Himself will watch the rebuilding of His home.

Fritz Kunz

¹ "Europa" means "the far-eyed sky," a name of Zeus.

T. S. CONVENTION, 1915, BOMBAY

By D. M. COBD

HELD in the open arms of Mother Sea, like a child with English toys and Indian jewels, we see the great City of Bombay, almost encircled by her blue harbour waters, with her little grey boats musing in the sun, western houses alternating with Indian houses, a western street running perhaps into an Indian street, and above, at her highest point, the black vultures circling around her towers of silence, those round towers standing high among beautiful gardens, whereto the Pārsi consigns his cast off garment of flesh. There is all the whirl of western activity in the streets, and as you sit watching the waters from beautiful Queen's Road, over-arched by trees, by you will pass the Pārsi, with his sombre coat and shining black headgear, perhaps with his dame in bright be-flowered sari, or a Hindū with white turban and dhoti, or a motor car will whirl past with a vision of a Paris hat or an English deer-stalker. Our own particular T. S. throng was not less variegated, as it would pick its way of a morning from the large pavilion for four thousand listeners, put up for our President's public lectures, to an E. S. meeting at China Baug, Mr. Ratansi's beautiful Theosophical Guest House, where many of our Adyar folk, including Mr. Jinarajadasa, made their temporary nest. And every day as

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one drove along to the lectures one would pass other pavilions in different quarters, each with its particular inscription hinting to passers-by that by entering in only you might happen to light upon the truth about everything. But, of course, *we* all knew where was the best place to find it, and that was under our own pavilion at 8.30 a.m. every morning, when it did not rain. When it rained, of course, all the pavilions got wet, and the chairs and the carpets too, and so the cause of Truth suffered greatly, but it is not supposed to rain at Convention and Conference times, and as Bombay was rife with such things, including such important things as Congress, the Home Rule League, the All-India, Hindū and Muslim Leagues, the Ārya Samāj, and so on, it is difficult to account for the fact that it rained on Tuesday morning, the 26th December, and the remaining lectures had consequently to be moved forward one day. It was piteous to see that disappointed crowd of spiritual beggars, how they dallied hungrily round the spot as though they expected to wake and find it all a dream, or that our President would suddenly appear in her māyāvi rūpa and deliver her lecture as usual.

However, four mornings and two evenings that week we gathered in our own pavilion to hear "the true facts of the case about everything," that is to say *Theosophy*, under the headings *God, Man, Right and Wrong*, and *Brotherhood*, and in the evening lectures Mr. Jinarajadasa took up the theme of *The World's Reconstruction*, first dealing with the *National and International* side, and secondly with the *Intellectual and Spiritual*.

It was an interesting study, one over which to ponder for days and months and years, the combination of lofty spiritual insight with intense human feeling displayed by our President in her course of lectures, and some of us thought this had never been so marked, that she had never spoken quite so touchingly and so winningly as in her second lecture on *Man*. It was as though, as some master-player, she held the strings of our consciousness in her fingers, playing now upon this, now upon that, much as the fingers of the sitar-player will wander lovingly over his instrument to bring forth from it the melody throbbing in his own soul. It seemed as we listened to her lecture on *God* that we knew for a brief moment as she knew the all-pervading presence of Him who is in the desert, in the depth of the sea, and on the mountain-top, who is in hell as well as in heaven, in the evil as well as in the good, and in the depth of our being, comforted, we murmured: "None can pluck me from Thy Hand." Then *Man*. Enamoured first with this object and then that, first this ideal and then another, he is seeking and loving only One, and that is God Himself who, as a great Mother, dangles His gifts before His children, calling out their strength and their faculties, but then removes them "lest man should love My treasures more than Me". And so it is the things we desire will turn away from us because we do not need them longer. Speaking of the relativity of *Right and Wrong*, according to individual development, our President showed us how the conscience does not respond where experience is lacking, and a very fine chord was struck in the hearts of her listeners when she said: "If, when you have warned your son of evil, he does not listen to you,

but still persists in his wrong-doing, then let him learn from experience what he would not learn from precept; let him go down into hell and meet God there." The lecture on *Brotherhood* showed how intermingled is the destiny of poor and rich, of weak and strong. The caste system of India was originally a system of brotherhood and that was why India had stood while Babylon had fallen, and other civilisations had passed out of existence, but in that India had failed in the realisation of the ideal and had oppressed and neglected her serving classes, she had had to suffer the loss of her freedom and herself to suffer oppression, for "the tears of the weak undermine the thrones of kings".

Mr. Jinarajadasa followed a more intellectual vein than the President. He spoke of the sense of nationality which is so strongly characteristic of the Englishman, and yet, curiously, the English nation seems to have no appreciation of the same sense in other nations; it has never been England who has held out her hand to help a nation struggling to realise itself and win its freedom, such as Greece, Italy, and others. It remains to be seen, he said, if she will do her duty in this respect by India. He showed how the national sense is followed by the international sense, and people are now thinking and speaking of a Federation of the countries of Europe, and even of the whole world. Every time they entered and every time they departed our revered President and Mr. Jinarajadasa were escorted by the school corps of the Cawnpore Theosophical College, headed by their Principal, Mr. Paranjpye. A very effective and artistic note was struck by the pretty white uniform with blue and yellow sash and turban. The corps also had the

honour of escorting one morning the Mahārājā of Indore to his seat, and another morning the Mahārāṇī to hers.

The actual Convention was held in the China Baug pavilion, situated behind the house. It was a nice cool place decorated prettily with big palms. Convention opened as usual with an inspiring address by the President, which I recommend every Theosophist to read for himself in our later pages. The usual business followed, and then the meeting adjourned for tea. It reassembled at 5 p.m. and was addressed by five speakers in succession, notably by two Indian ladies, Mrs. Sadasivier and Mrs. Chandrasekharier, whose speeches formed a novel and interesting feature in an assembly where there were mostly Hindū men who had left their wives (one generally says their "families") at home. The other speakers were Mr. Narain Gurtu, General Secretary for India, Mr. T. L. Crombie and myself; Mr. Jinarajadasa presided.

A very beautiful meeting of the Order of the Star in the East was held at China Baug on Tuesday morning, December 28th, when Mrs. Besant and Mr. Jinarajadasa both spoke, and which was attended by several pigeons who each spoke a few words.

Two important features of this Convention were the formation of a League of parents and school-teachers against corporal punishment in schools, also the starting of a branch of the Theosophical Publishing House in Bombay, for which purpose Miss de Leeuw went down to Bombay to work hard a week or two before everybody else. Adyar workers were ever prominent, lending a strong arm of support to the burden of organisation, and bringing with them the blessed touch of

"home". Not that the Bombay workers were not as enthusiastic and strenuous, they were in no way behind, and they excelled in kindness and attentiveness to their guests and visitors.

Many will have noticed a certain subtle difference in the spirit of the Convention of 1915 compared with others. It seemed as though on the heart of our movement, that heart of great bliss, of peace, of security in our brotherhood, there had settled a deep purposefulness. Rather than gaiety and enthusiasm, a quiet harmony prevailed, as though a silent determination underlay our activities, and workers were busy all the time without excitement. It was as though we had said within ourselves: "We are not playing now, we mean business." There was this year a certain feeling of our growing up. The members felt it was time to stand on their own feet and take their share in giving, that they must give up looking for anything for themselves and set to work to do as much as each one could, regardless of what might come. "Freely ye have received, freely give"—that seemed to be the underlying message of Convention to its members. We had our example in Mr. Jinarajadasa, for one could not help speculating on the pleasure it must give him to find how large a share of the work he now takes off our President's shoulders.

One interesting element of Convention was the number of nameless brothers who seemed to spring up around one. Unnamed and unplaced, they were just brothers, Theosophy their sole introduction; like ships, they spoke in passing and were gone again. One such nameless brother brought me a rose at the end of an E. S. meeting. It was, as it were, a pledge-rose, for

although no conversation passed between us, I think we both know that we should stand side by side, though hundreds of miles apart, in the struggles to come. Probably we shall never know each other as more than Theosophists. And so it is, I think, a beautiful thing that so many of us all the world over are bound to each other in just this one way, otherwise unnamed, unplaced, unknown. I hope that we all may stand thus together very true and firm beside our President, as nameless brothers, with Theosophy for our common bond.

D. M. Codd

HERO AND NURSE

THE picture of two Indians who have done credit to their Motherland will give pleasure to our readers. The seated man is Sepoy Khodadad of the 129th Beluchis, the first Indian to win the V. C. It may be seen on his left breast, the simple bronze sign of heroic daring. The standing youth was his nurse, our young Tarini, who nursed the wounded man back to health. He is wearing civilian clothes, but was made a Lieutenant in the Medical corps. He is an old C. H. C. boy, who caught his spirit of service and devotion from Mr. Arundale, and he is also a Fellow of the Theosophical Society.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

BRETHREN,

I give you welcome to our Fortieth Anniversary, and I invoke on our gathering the blessing of our Leaders, the Guardians of Humanity, to whom we turn our eyes amid the storm-clouds that obscure our human sky. May They, in the future as in the past, preserve and protect the Society they founded through Their faithful servants Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Henry Steele Olcott; may They guard it by Their Power, guide it by Their wisdom, inspire it by Their activity.

Peace and harmony have reigned throughout the year in almost every part of the Society which we can reach; but we are cut off from our brethren in Central Europe, and we know not if we shall clasp hands with them again in outward greeting, so deeply flow between us the rivers of blood which have been shed in the tremendous War which is shaking the very foundations of civilisation in the West. Were the War an ordinary one, it would not rend us apart, but in this War are in conflict not men, but principles, Principles of Good and Evil, in which a spiritual Society cannot remain in the safe and pleasant fields of neutrality, without being false to its fundamental verities.

THE WORLD-STRUGGLE

As in the great myths of ancient days, myths which embody eternal truths, we see before us the recurring conflict which marks the parting points on the road of evolution, where a civilisation must choose between Good and Evil, and survive or perish by its choice. Hindûism speaks of Râma and Râvana; Zoroastrianism of Ahura Mazdâh and Ahriman; Hebraism and Christianity of God and Satan; Muhammadanism of Allah and Eblis. These names are symbols whereby, in every age, man has recognised the great evolutionary force of Life, or Spirit, ever unfolding its powers, and the retarding resistance of Form, or Matter, obstructing the further growth of the embodied life, when the limit of expansion and adaptability of the form had been reached. Then is the outworn garment struck away, and the Spirit takes to himself a garment which is new. In its earlier days the form subserved evolution and for the time was good; when it has served its purpose and obstructs evolution it becomes evil. So even militarism and autocracy were useful and therefore good in their day; the savage needed sharp discipline that he might evolve, and militarism gave it: the ignorant needed

knowledge to guide them, and autocracy gave it; western civilisation had to be built up out of barbarism, and the work was done by the sceptre of iron and the sword of steel. State and Church were alike hard and unrelenting, and they built up the foundations of modern Europe.

Then came the wind of the Spirit, which is Freedom, sweeping over the countries of Europe, and the garments of mediævalism became too small for the growing Life, and cramped the development of the Nations, the resistance of the forms threatening the dwarfing and distortion of the Life, and a great breaking up of the Old was needed for the expanding of the New.

Occultism, which is the study of the Divine Mind in Nature, teaches that behind all force there is Will, and that while Nature, which is Divine Matter, provides all the mechanism for activity, it is Life, which is Divine Spirit, that sets going and directs the mechanism. The Life may be embodied in animal, man, deva, angel, the Lord of Universe—it is all the same, save in degree of manifestation, but that Life causes activity by Will, and wherever there is activity there is Will behind it. So in evolution there is the Will to Progress, and in resistance to evolution there is the Will to Inertia, and these Wills are embodied both in men and in super-men, who strive against each other for the mastery at the critical stages of evolution, when a civilisation is to choose between the downward grade that ends in disappearance, and the upward grade which begins a New Era. The men fight desperately, visible on the earth; the super-men fight in the world invisible to mortal eyes. There is ever War in Heaven as well as on earth in these struggles that decide the fate of the world for thousands of years.

We call the super-men who fight for the victory of the Divine Will in evolution and are Themselves the embodiment of a portion of that Will—the Occult Hierarchy, the Guardians of our world. And we call the super-men who fight against it, who would preserve the old outworn ways that have become poisonous, the Dark Forces, in the poetical eastern nomenclature, the "Lords of the Dark Face". Both sides work through men, and through men their triumphs and defeats are wrought out, the shadow here on earth of the events above. For it is the fate of Humanity which is in the balance; it is the Judgment Day of a race.

It is because the present War is the shadow of such a struggle in the higher worlds, that no Occultist can remain neutral, but must throw every power that he possesses on one side or the other. To be a neutral is to be a traitor. Now the Central Powers, in this great struggle, are the pawns played by the super-men who follow the Lords of the Dark

Face. They embody autocracy, militarism, the anachronistic forms which are ready to perish, for which there is no place in the coming New Age. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Not by the isolated acts of a few soldiers, mad with blood-lust and sex-lust; but by their official policy of "frightfulness," deliberately adopted, and ruthlessly carried out, by a style of warfare renounced by all civilised Nations, belonging to a far-off past, a revival of cruelties long ago outgrown. By these we know them as the tools of the super-men of the Night, and the Occultists of the Darkness are fighting on their side. They have raised Hate into a National Virtue, and the Lords of Hate are with them.

We, who are servants of the White Brotherhood, who regard Love as the supreme Virtue, and who seek to enter into the Coming Age of Brotherhood and Co-operation, we can but follow the Guardians of Humanity, and work for the triumph of the Allied Powers who represent Right as against Might, and Humanity as against Savagery. The Theosophical Society, the Society of the Divine Wisdom, founded by Members of the White Brotherhood and their Messenger in the world, must throw itself on the side which embodies the Divine Will for evolution, the side on which are fighting the super-men of the Day.

If by this we lose the members we had in the Central Empires, after the War is over and the madness of it is over-past, it must be so. Better to lose our members than to lose the blessing of the Brotherhood; better to perish, faithful to the Right, than to become a fellowship of Evil.

THE GROWTH OF THE SOCIETY

Let us now turn to the work within the Society. Thirty-one new Lodges only have been chartered; it has not been a year of large increase.

REVISED LIST OF CHARTERS ISSUED TO THE CLOSE OF 1915

1878	1	1891	271	1904	800
1879	2	1892	298	1905	860
1880	11	1893	344	1906	900
1881	19	1894	382	1907	958
1882	42	1895	401	1908	1,032
1883	88	1896	425	1909	1,125
1884	99	1897	487	1910	1,223
1885	117	1898	526	1911	1,329
1886	128	1899	558	1912	1,405
1887	156	1900	595	1913	1,483
1888	169	1901	647	1914	1,547
1889	199	1902	704	1915	1,578
1890	234	1903	750		

We have no reports from Germany, Hungary, Finland, Russia, Bohemia, Belgium and Austria. We have left the number of Lodges and of members as they were, but the membership is problematical.

National Society	No. of Lodges	No. of Active Members	No. of New Members admitted during the year	Remarks
T.S. in America ...	157	5,332 ¹	919	
" England and Wales ...	88	2,636	311	
" India ...	348	5,936	617	
" Australia ...	24	1,474	206	
" Scandinavia ...	29	787	79	
" New Zealand ...	18	1,024	101	
" The Netherlands ...	21	1,304	165	
" France ...	43	1,100	74	Total number could not be ascertained
" Italy ...	22	300	24	
" Germany ...	25	380		No report
" Cuba ...	42	867	150	
" Hungary ...	11	204		No report
" Finland ...	22	523		No report
" Russia ...	6 ²	357		
" Bohemia ...	7	152		No report
" South Africa ...	10	254	47	
" Scotland ...	15	452	36	
" Switzerland ...	12	265	56	
" Belgium ...	10	183		No report
" Nether Indies ...	10	782	162	
" Burma ...	10	239	41	
" Austria ...	8	160		No report
" Norway ...	12	274	29	
Non-Sectionalised Countries ...	41	711	82	
Grand Total ...	991	25,696	3,099	

NATIONAL SOCIETIES

In all the countries in the War-Zone, most of our ordinary Theosophical activities have been almost submerged under those connected with the War. Our people, naturally and rightly, threw themselves into the work needed to supply comforts to the soldiers, nursing to the sick, shelter to refugees, to say nothing of the numbers who volunteered and after

¹ Of these 755 had not paid their fees for the current year, so are classed as "inactive," but some have since paid.

² Russia, this year, reckons all groups in one town as one Lodge, so the decrease is only apparent.

passing through the necessary training have gone to the front. Dr. Haden Guest, the English General Secretary, distinguished himself by his great services in organising hospitals; Miss Green worked with remarkable zeal and success in Southampton, and others, all over the country, laboured nobly, Folkestone Lodge distinguishing itself in welcoming Belgian refugees, and Brighton Lodge in caring for wounded Indian soldiers. Dr. Haden Guest finally resigned to give himself wholly to his military and philanthropic work, after a deputy, Mr. Baillie-Weaver, had taken most of the work on his shoulders, and finally Mr. G. S. Arundale was elected, a most happy selection. The Society, despite all other work, maintained its propagandist activity, the Leeds Lodge especially distinguishing itself, bringing to the town as lecturers such distinguished writers and speakers as Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Edward Carpenter.

Some Sunday morning meetings have been held at Headquarters, consisting of a reading, an address, an invocation and music, the latter directed by Mrs. Maud Mann.

The Headquarters Building has gone on slowly and steadily, being carried out by direct labour, as arranged. The roof is being put on the North Wing, and the building should be opened towards the end of next year.

A subsidiary activity is the Letchworth Theosophical School, an educational adventure of great importance, and full of promise. Dr. Armstrong Smith is enthusiastic in his work, and believes in its future.

In India, we regret to notice a decrease in the number of Lodges, though there is an increase in the number of members. Some of the weaker Lodges have dropped out. An interesting addition is one at Basra, Persian Gulf; the Secretary sends the following:

At a meeting of the members of the "Dar-El-Salam" Theosophical Lodge, Basra, (Persian Gulf), it was unanimously resolved to convey the best wishes of the Lodge for the success of the Theosophical Convention to be held at Bombay.

The Lodge regrets its inability to send a delegate to attend such an auspicious occasion.

Australia has had a good year of work, in which Mr. Leadbeater's inspiring presence has given help gratefully acknowledged. The Society is building a large Headquarters, eight stories high, with residential flats, a large hall and offices, and it is expected to be ready by Easter, 1916.

Scandinavia had a heavy loss in the passing away of Mr. Arvid Knos, the faithful and untiring worker, who was its main pillar of strength. Things have gone on quietly with few changes.

New Zealand also has made a little quiet progress, its most marked feature being the growth of young people's movements. It seems as though there would be about ten or fifteen years hence an immense expansion of Theosophy in Australasia.

The Netherlands have been quietly busy, and the new Quarters at The Hague are rising. The Section Library is one of the great means of propaganda in Holland, and some 400 people from different parts of the country make use of it. No better and sounder method of propaganda exists than reading, and it is peculiarly suitable to the steady and thoughtful Dutch character.

France, despite all her sufferings, and the need that her children should serve her by providing for her desperate needs, has made her Theosophical possessions useful, by putting the Headquarters at the disposal of French and Belgian refugees.

Italy has managed to do some translation work, despite the War preoccupations; and Cuba suffers much from the devastating Mexican War and financial difficulties due to that in Europe, but our members never bate a jot of heart or courage, remaining ever brave, loyal and trustworthy.

In South Africa, naturally, little has been done, but a new Lodge has been started in Port Elizabeth. Scotland has given her much loved Secretary to the War, and the Headquarters suffered a grievous loss in the passing away of Mrs. Brown, the Warden. Switzerland has tried to work to help refugees, its position in the middle of the War-Zone giving it many opportunities in this direction; it is one of the two countries in which there have been little ripples of discord, of no great importance, and chiefly due to the War atmosphere and the over-tension of nerves.

The Netherlands-Indies has been busy building, as well as spreading Theosophical ideas. Burma is working well, and the tour of Brother C. Jinarajadasa proved most helpful and inspiring. The Burma Educational Trust, under the presidency of Mr. Cowasji, is doing good work.

Norway is very quiet, but the General Secretary made a useful tour in Iceland. South America reports but little activity.

It will be seen that the War has practically absorbed most of the energy of our members, and we can but be grateful that they are allowed to serve so usefully the countries of their birth.

SUBSIDIARY ACTIVITIES

These, as usual, are largely educational. The Theosophical Educational Trust has eighteen educational institutions under its care, and is doing admirable work. It is happy in its untiring and devoted Secretary, Mr. Ernest Wood. Mr. Kirk is distinguishing himself as a most efficient collector of revenue.

The Buddhist Theosophical Society has 237 schools and 2 Colleges, and has managed to pull through the terrible difficulties of the martial law period. Mr. Mirando, our old and faithful friend, was shot by the police by accident when he was trying to check a riot. The Ananda College is doing admirably under Mr. Fritz Kunz, and that at Kandy flourishes under Mr. Bilimoria. The Galle College, under Mr. Woodward, has not sent in its Report.

The Musæus Girls' School continues its splendid work under Mrs. Higgins, and has just celebrated its 24th anniversary.

The Olcott Pañchama Free Schools, under their devoted Superintendent, Miss Kofel, show the usual record of first-rate work; a girl pupil, helped on to the Teachers Training School, has come out 2nd in a class of 25 students.

The Round Table in Australia sends in an exceptionally interesting report, which we commend to our members as an example of what young people can do.

The Order of the Star in the East has spread far and wide, and has many thousands of members, scattered all over the world. In India alone it has between 5,000 and 6,000 members.

The Sons and Daughters of India are working in many places, and in Adyar have a Lodge of varied activities, educational, temperance, hospital visiting, etc. It is a good training ground for public life, the close contact with the poor giving a sound foundation of knowledge for the future.

An Arts League has just been founded at Adyar, and hopes gradually to be of some use in helping in the revival of indigenous industries, and to come into relations with the important Brotherhood of Arts in England, under the Presidency of Mrs. Maud Manu.

LECTURERS AND WORKERS

The only changes in the General Secretaries are in Sweden and England. Mr. Arvid Knos, who has passed away, has been replaced by Erik Crouvall, and Dr. Haden Guest by Mr. George S. Arundale. We have temporarily lost the valuable services as lecturer of Mr. Sidney Ransom, who has enlisted in England. Miss Codd is doing excellent work there, and is very popular. Our Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, has been constantly at work, lecturing and teaching, and two valuable articles of his have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century and After*. Mr. C. W. Leadbeater has been working all the year in Australia and New Zealand, and has brought the whole Society there to a higher level of public usefulness and respect.

HEADQUARTERS

At Headquarters all goes very well, and the staff of workers has only lost Mr. and Mrs. Kirk who have returned to England. The rest work on well and steadily, giving their invaluable services with cheerful devotion. There are no additions to the building this year, save a shop and storehouse for the Co-operative Stores. A Bank has also been opened, and is housed in the T. P. H.

THE LIBRARY

Mr. Van Manen has continued his valuable services as Assistant Director, and Mr. Cates is a most efficient helper. Naturally, the loss of Dr. Schrader is keenly felt, but he is working on at his standard edition of the Minor Upanishats, and we trust he may be allowed to see the next volume through the press, during the coming spring.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE

The publishing business has suffered to some extent during the War, but some useful publications have been issued. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa has published his valuable Convention Lectures, and a charming series of talks to young people, *I Promise*. My own chief book is the story of the Congress, *How India Wrought for Freedom*. The Vasantā Press continues its admirable work.

CONCLUSION

As a Society, we find ourselves viewed from a better "angle of vision," and we are being recognised as a body of useful workers in the many countries over which our activities

extend. The definite recognition of Mysticism as the scientific side of religion, on one side, and the advance of science into the Borderland on the other, have changed our position in the religious and intellectual worlds; with this added power comes a heavy increase of responsibility, to equip ourselves more efficiently—religiously, morally and intellectually—for our work. Superficial and slovenly work becomes criminal when put out by members of the T. S., and they must remember, as public judgment becomes less harsh, that they must themselves become more severe judges of themselves. Pledged to Service, as is every true Theosophist, let him take care of what sort is the offering he places upon the altar, for "the fire shall try every man's work," and only the pure gold can come out unchanged from the burning.

Brethren, great is your privilege, to have been the heralds of the coming Age, ere the world had perceived its coming, for you proclaimed it in the night, ere yet the first faint light of the Dawning touched the eastern horizon. Many of you believe in the coming of the World-Teacher, who alone can bring to us the New Age, and outline the fashion of its growth. Sore and bitter is the travail of the Nations ere that New Age can be born; the earth shivers and writhes in the agony of her birth-pangs, but the fair Man-Child of the coming time shall ere long cause her to forget the anguish of her throes. Not without great agony may any high work be wrought, and we are in the ante-chamber, preparing for the birth of a new and nobler Age. As part of the earth, as part of humanity, we must share in the agony, but sure is the joy that cometh in the morning, sure the coming of the Lord of Love, with the Babe of the Future in his arms. Fear not then, nor be troubled, for none may stay His Coming, nor frustrate His great work of Love and Peace. Storms may rage, tempests may roar, the very foundations of the earth may rock; but the storm will pass, and clear skies again will arch over an earth at peace. Have you ever watched in the darkness of the night, when storm-clouds veiled the heavens, and the distant thunder rolled around through the heavy air; and as you watched, seeing no sky, no stars, suddenly the clouds were rent asunder, and in the violet depths there shone out the Star of Love, shining undimmed and lustrous beyond the earth-born veil which had hidden it from earth's sad peoples? So, to those who know, shines in mid-heaven the Star which is the sign of the ever-presence of the King, and tells the earth that it is lying safely in the bosom of His Power, cradled in His Love. Lift up your eyes, Brothers, now when clouds hang thick, and see His Star.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE T. S. AND THE WAR

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MADAM,

I have followed with considerable interest and care your utterances about the European War as published in Theosophical Magazines and even in official documents of the Theosophical Society. They have often filled me with dismay and provoked my utter indignation. I hold that in the spirit of the great world-scriptures, of the enlightened conscience, and of common sense they have often been neither wise, nor noble, nor occult, nor true; and are, furthermore, above all things completely self-contradictory as well as strongly tinged with fanaticism. I may, of course, be mistaken in this my opinion and am, therefore, as willing to be convinced in the matter as I am to give a reasoned exposition of my view and the arguments on which it is based. Besides, I acknowledge to the full your right to your own personal opinions and to the expression of them, a right only equal to mine in the same respect.

Latterly, however, it seems to me that you have, in at least two specific utterances, not only put forward a view to which any member may be personally opposed, but—what is more important—by which you have definitely and undeniably transgressed a principle of conduct laid down in two resolutions of the General Council and binding on you as President. At the same time these your declarations may involve parts of our Society in unlawful behaviour with regard to their respective national laws, and constitute a deplorable breach of tact—yes, might even be so construed as to signify an insult—with regard to a proportion of at least 10,000 of the members of the Theosophical Society, or about one-third of its total membership.

The following are the facts :

First :

In the meeting of the General Council of the T. S. held at Adyar on December 27th, 1912, a resolution (No. 2) was unanimously passed, part of which reads as follows :

The General Council re-affirms the principle that the T. S. must not be committed to any religious belief. . .

In the meeting of the General Council of the T. S. held at Adyar on December 26th, 1908, a similar resolution (No. 6) had been passed, with 1 vote against, of which part runs :

The Society as a body remains neutral as to the authenticity or non-authenticity of any statements issued as from the Mahātmās. It further declares that every member is equally 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.

Yet you wrote in *The Adyar Bulletin* for July, 1915, p. 235, as follows :

We, as President and Vice-President of the Theosophical Society, cannot remain neutral in such a battle. The Theosophical Society is the body chosen by the Hierarchy to proclaim to the world the message of the Divine Wisdom, and that it should stand neutral in such a War for Right and Honour, stand neutral when the future of the world is put in peril, stand neutral when the Lords of Light are on one side and the Lords of the Dark Face over against them, battling for the possession of the earth, that shall never be. We, its two chief Officers, declare before the world that the Society which has placed us at its head stands loyally for Good against the embattled hosts of Evil, and that it had better perish with Honour than seek a shameful peace by the denial of its Lord.

And now, Madam, you add, in your Official Annual Report as President of the Theosophical Society (printed in *New India*, December 25th, 1915), after having classified, as in the above quotation, on the same theological and "occult" grounds, the Allies as instruments of the White Masters and the Central Powers as instruments of the Black Masters—you add :

The Theosophical Society, the Society of the Divine Wisdom, founded by Members of the White Brotherhood and their messengers in the world, must throw itself on the side which embodies the Divine Will for evolution, the side on which are fighting the supermen of the Day.

If words have any meaning, these two utterances completely violate the principle embodied in the resolutions quoted above.

Second :

If the Society had to take sides in the struggle, its parts in neutral countries, on acting on the new principle,

would come into direct conflict with their national laws. Any Dutch citizen, for example, is *by law* compelled to remain absolutely neutral, and it might be that mere *membership* in an avowedly *unneutral* body within or without Dutch territory would render such a member liable to prosecution. The same would hold good—with national variations in detail—for all members of our Society in the 7 neutral Sections, totalling over 10,000.

A Society—pretending to be international, and of an alleged spiritual nature—deliberately adopting a policy leading one-third of its members to illegal action, on the basis of occult, unprovable, revelation, in flat contradiction to two recent and carefully worded resolutions on principle enounced by its Governing Body; a policy which is in no way deducible from or connected with its declared and constitutional objects, can hardly be regarded as wisely inspired, nor can it expect to see the change adopted without vigorous protest from within its own ranks.

So far the constitutional argument, with which the formal side of the question is exhausted. The spiritual side is one which is of equal importance, but can only be a matter of personal appreciation, and has no place in an official discussion. I beg leave, however, to use the present occasion to add something on that matter also, as an informal, unofficial commentary to the foregoing. These are the considerations I would add.

A most unfortunate and slipshod phrase in the same Annual Report says (between two full stops!): "*To be a neutral is to be a traitor.*" As the phrase stands, taken in isolation from its context, it seems an incredible insult to the Sovereigns and Rulers, as well as to the nations of all neutral countries—including again those 10,000 odd members of our Society. We, therefore, prefer to read this objectionable sentence in connection with the preceding clause and connect it only with "occultists". But pray, if this be so, how many such occultists are there in the Theosophical Society? Ten or twenty or a hundred? Or does the word occultist here mean every student of occultism in general, so as to be practically equivalent to membership in the T. S.? In the first case the argument would become meaningless as applied to the 30,000 members of the T. S. And in the latter case the phrase would not only become mere insult to all neutral members—either neutral in feeling or neutral in conduct; neutral by choice or neutral by legal compulsion—but might, if any Neutral Consul or Diplomatist deigned to take notice of it, or attach value to it, lead our Society into trouble and produce unexpected and disastrous results.

For the above reasons, Madam, I believe that you, as President of our Society, are leading us—on *this point* of the European War—into a most regrettable quandary, and I beg to submit that the statements quoted should be entirely repudiated and withdrawn, or lead to unmistakable and not-to-be-ignored protest, not only on the part of neutral members of the Society but also on the part of those others, belonging to the belligerent nations, who can dive behind national glamour and passions, and who have truth, tolerance, love and freedom of spirit within them.

In the above, Madam, once more, I do not refer to your personal opinions or their utterance—they are of no importance whatever for the point at issue. It is the President of the T. S. to whom I am addressing myself, who has no right to involve the Society in taking sides in this war and to commit it to action on the basis of the alleged existence of Mahātmās and of their cosmic battles.

Do not conclude, Madam, from the above, that I do not fully recognise and appreciate—even admire—the many expressions of what seems to me your better insight into the issues at stake in this War. If I believe that you have said, during the last year and a half, many things not quite worthy of yourself, and many untrue things, on the subject, I equally believe that you have said many things which *are* wise, noble, true and occult. Somehow or other, in the little compilation of your *War Articles and Notes* which Dr. Rocke has collected, the majority of your darker sayings have been left out. It seems then that even some of your entire followers in matters of belief have, in all reverence, felt something akin to what I feel on this subject.

The fact seems to me to be, Madam—and it is at the root of all misunderstanding in the matter—that your writings and utterances are always and consistently cast in a prophetic, sacerdotal, vaticinatic mould. Their form obscures the evident fact that in this present world *no one*, however highly evolved, and yourself as much included as anyone else, can be *all* occultist. In your utterances three different elements, at least, are alternately predominant: first that of the sage, occult prophet and revealer; second that which might perhaps be, classed as that of the demagogue, propagandist, fanatic, zealot, agitator or extreme partisan—in short, where your personal *temperament* comes to the front; third—where India is not played off against Great Britain—that of the Britisher *contra mundum*—in short, the nationalist.

(Is it necessary to specially repudiate in advance, any accusation which might be levelled against me that the second paragraph denotes sneering and contempt? It denotes nothing

more than vigorous intellectual disagreement concerning methods. Furthermore, the zealot and fanatic do not lack very able apologists, and many of the great figures of the world have undeniably belonged to the type.)

It is the second and third elements that to me seem to inspire these unacceptable utterances, taken by an indiscriminating crowd to be the expression of your highest self. That is why they are so dangerous; that is why they must be combated. You have always in your methods been an agitator, hammering down your points, driving and forcing, exaggerating, one-sided, rhetorical, speaking in strident tones, in superb tension of conviction and energy. Mostly you have supported noble causes, often wise ones, sometimes such as have justified difference of opinion. Equally in demonstrating why you "did not believe in God," or later why you "did believe"; why politics should be left aside by Theosophists and occultists; or later why they should not be left aside by them; why Neo-Malthusianism should be practised or later why it should not be practised—your manner has always been fierce, tense, passionate, hyperbolic. It is the *manner* that marks you for the potent character you are, far more than the subject of your advocacy: that 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 easily, by quotation from your own works, support this view, but for that it is not now the occasion. I only draw your attention to the initial paragraph of your own Watch-Tower notes in the October THEOSOPHIST of 1915? There you say:

For us, who are Theosophists, the War is but the inevitable forerunner of a great change in civilisation, the dying throes of a civilisation based on conflict, on competition, of which War is the supreme embodiment, the birth-throes of a new civilisation, based on peace, on co-operation, of which Brotherhood is the informing spirit. The old civilisation is going down in blood, as is fitting; for has it not been based on the oppression of the weak by the strong, the exploitation of the coloured races by the white? Has it not had its base washed by the waves of poverty, of misery, of starvation, and has not every civilised country had its submerged classes? Older civilisations perished by the practical denial of the Law of Brotherhood, and this is going the same way. But we can look beyond it to a fairer future; the western sky is red with the setting sun of a dying civilisation; the eastern sky is beginning to redden with the dawn of a New Day.

Now this paragraph, Madam, is your own recent utterance, and a noble one at that—do you not see that it utterly invalidates the spirit of the two extracts I have quoted from you before?

In this last statement we have an intelligent and tolerant appreciation of the nature of the present world-conflict: competition, *all round*; human imperfection, *all round*;

oppression, *all round*; lack of love, *all round*; poverty, misery, *all round*; a civilisation sick and fouled, breaking out in a violent spasm of disease—natural, inevitable, fatal. There is no place here for violent denunciation and haughty divisions into black and white; each may put his hand into his own bosom and find out in how far he is or has been guilty himself. There is no place for theological damnation and religious fanaticism, especially if these are coupled with the dangerous doctrine of "striking down with love," a principle applied as a fine art and with singular consistency in the later middle ages by the Inquisition. At all events if a true message—or even a true statement—is embodied in the paragraph, I feel justified in interpreting it, as I do, as entirely contradictory to your other recent utterance in your Presidential Address.

Believe me, Madam, that the question here raised seems to me one of great importance to the Theosophical Society and of considerable public interest. It is not a personal matter, though—as without the breaking of eggs no omelette can be made—so the President of the T. S. cannot be discussed without referring to the present incumbent of the Presidential chair. Nor is this letter in the slightest way indicative of pro-German or pro-other tendencies or advocacy. It is only the outcome of my complete inability to form any possible conception of Masters and similar exalted beings who judge human beings by uniforms and national boundaries instead of by hearts and soul value; who do not encourage the good in all men; whose love does not shine out over the wicked and the good; who do not utilise and accept every act of heroism, devotion, valour, duty, enthusiasm and honest conviction—in *whatever* cause; or who do not apply the old *Giṭā* lesson that the Master of Masters accepts all men from whatever road they travel to Him, even if blind, even if deluded, even if helpless pawns in an unknown, ghastly, perfectly hidden and hideous cosmic game. You yourself, Madam, have taught us as much, often and eloquently. The greater part of yourself is a witness on my side. You may object that my quotations do not imply the meanings I read into them, but that is where I feel compelled to differ from you. I hold your statements—in *the form you make them*—to be wrong, whatever esoteric right there may be hidden in them. They confuse ideals because exoterically inadmissible. We have been taught that esoteric teaching should not be published indiscriminately. You break that rule. Here I am, of course, not referring to any legal or constitutional question but to the deeper spiritual one. The national in us may, for duty, for instinct, for imperfect but potent manhood, fight to vanquish nation by nation. The Theosophist in us (or if you like it, the *occultist*) does not fight at all to vanquish but is only concerned with

the regeneration of the heart, the conversion of soul, and the transformation of a world of strife into a world of peace, goodwill, co-operation and sweet wisdom. The national strives to subdue an outer form without; the Theosophist strives to transmute outer antagonism into the harmony of understanding by lifting it out of the national level altogether. That, Madam, is why I consider that an international Theosophical Society can only be neutral, notwithstanding whatsoever theology and doctrine any of its members may choose to follow or to accept with respect to Masters, Black and White Magic, and any and every appeal to Occultism and hidden wisdom. The Middle Ages, out of Christian loyalty, fought the Turk and the Infidel; in later ages sects, out of sectarian loyalty, fought other religious wars. Let us not, for heaven's sake, out of occult loyalty, make the same mistake, but rise above such levels. Fight by all means, let any one fight because he thinks it right or duty according to the facts he *knows* on this physical plane, but keep the Gods out of it. We do not want our Divinities to be degraded into mere Elementals; our Hierarchy into a political Institution; our Lord into a tribal God; our religion into a motive for killing and destruction; our spirituality into a charter of division between the Chosen and the Black.

No, Madam, I cannot help feeling that your latest message does not ring true, and that in delivering it you do not do justice to yourself, and lead us astray. As firmly convinced as you may be that, as an occultist, "to be a neutral is to be a traitor," so firmly am I convinced that, as mere Theosophists—occultists or non-occultists—all such as I, in not being neutral, would be traitors to all the sublime teachings and ideals of Theosophy, for your great share in the statement of which, I, amongst so many others, have the very fullest recognition.

JOHAN VAN MANEN, F. T. S.

[I print this, as I have before printed Mr. Van Manen's views, for he has exactly the same right to expound his views as I have. I make only two comments on the spirit he shews. (1) He chooses what he calls an "unfortunate and slipshod phrase"—how slipshod?—"To be a neutral is to be a traitor," and draws conclusions therefrom, alluding to, but not quoting the preceding sentence: "It is because the present War is the shadow of such a struggle in the higher worlds, that no Occultist can remain neutral (*italicised now*), but must throw every power he possesses on one side or the other. To

be a neutral is to be a traitor." Anyone, unblinded by prejudice, must see that the phrase applies to Occultists, and to Occultists alone, and cannot be read in any other way. Of these there are very few, in or out of the T. S., and to draw Sovereigns and Rulers and Nations of all neutral countries, and Theosophists in general, under it, is a clever device for arousing hostile feeling, but can hardly command respect for Mr. Van Manen's arguments. (2) He tries to raise prejudice by the taunt of my changing opinions; the change from scientific atheism to Theosophy was truly a great change, but to hold to the first against new evidence would have been blind obstinacy not rationality. Other changes logically accompanied the change of basis. I have never said that Theosophists should leave aside politics; I have said, and say, that the T. S. should not take part in them as a body, and I have given my reasons for regarding this War not as a question of politics, but of Good and Evil. Mr. Van Manen may disagree with this view, but a fair controversialist should not ignore it.]

ANNIE BESANT

CONFIRMATION WANTED

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

On page 174 of THE THEOSOPHIST for November, 1912, occurs the following statement among the Watch-Tower notes:

Reincarnation does not imply a number of lives in which Gods, men, animals and plants are jumbled up indiscriminately. Shri Shankarāchārya was careful to explain that when a man, from evil deeds, was for a time attached to an animal, he did not become an animal, but was only "co-tenant" with the animal soul; when the soul reaches the human stage it cannot again lose humanity, even if tied for a while to an animal.

Can you or any of your readers cite the passage or passages in Shankara's works in support of the above statement?

A STUDENT

THE BROTHERHOOD OF ARTS

FORMATION OF THE LONDON LODGE

The inaugural meeting for the formation of the London Lodge of the Brotherhood of Arts was held at the Paddington Technical Institute on 4th December 1915, with Mrs. Maud Mann in the chair. 21 were present.

Mr. H. Wooller, as host, said he was glad to see so many present in response to the invitation which had been sent out. He took that as a confirmation that the time was now ripe for starting a London Lodge of the Brotherhood of Arts. They were there this afternoon as a group of men and women who wish to bear witness to a belief in the Arts; not as something interesting or entertaining, but as realities having purpose and value in the social and national life.

In beginning their work as a Lodge, they would be able to utilise the interest which had been aroused in various parts of London in the Brotherhood of Arts as a body of definite social significance, by the War Service activities which had been initiated by the President during the past winter. Some of them would remember that after the outbreak of War the National Executive of the Society in England & Wales had decided that ordinary propaganda for the Brotherhood of Arts, in view of the fact that members were, for the most part, fully occupied with emergency duties, should for the time being be abandoned. In order, however, that the distinctive work of the Brotherhood of Arts should not entirely cease, the President had undertaken, personally, the organisation, as a personal service to the cause, of a Brotherhood of Arts scheme of "War Relief". As a result of her efforts 63 concerts and entertainments in all were given in London under the auspices of the Brotherhood of Arts War Service Committee. Those had provided paid work for artists and in many cases excellent entertainments to East End audiences. 29 of the entertainments were given in the East End, and 34 to West End audiences: 3 plays, 57 concerts and 1 small Crafts Show in Canning Town for three nights. The number of paid engagements of artists had totalled 239. Those practical demonstrations of the Brotherhood of Arts had made a number of quite

live small centres in different parts of London, which should be ready, under the influence and organisation of this Lodge, to take up Brotherhood of Arts activities. He would like to take this opportunity of expressing to Mrs. Mann their very best thanks for thus preparing the way for the Lodge's work.

Mrs. Maud Mann then addressed the Meeting on

THE AIMS AND OPPORTUNITIES OF THE LONDON LODGE OF THE B.A.

Looking at the smallness of our numbers, she said, we should see that it was impossible for us to start at once upon any vast propaganda towards the realisation of our dreams of actual artistic organisation, such as that concerned, for instance, with the formation of Guilds; but what we could do was each one of us, singly and together, to begin to think out the immediate steps necessary and possible in preparation of such organisation now.

Before we could enter upon the culture of Beauty in the life of the nation in any large sense, we must begin *the education* of public opinion, and that was a definite way in which we could work in this Lodge, to make of it a centre from which public opinion in London might begin to be educated on the tremendous subjects involved in any fundamental consideration of the arts and crafts.

HOW COULD WE EDUCATE?

(1) *We must try to bring into our Lodge "live people"*. For that, each one of us must try to become an attractive personality, a magnetic centre to draw people in. We must look upon ourselves as potential leaders. If we were to bring in "live people" we must be very much alive ourselves: the idea of bringing beauty into the lives of the poor and reviving the arts and crafts must burn within us as a great ideal worth making sacrifices for. Thus we should gradually attract to the Lodge men and women who would help us to make it easier to educate public opinion in wider ways and bring nearer the realisation of our ideals.

(2) *What was meant by bringing in "live people"?* We wanted to bring in (a) artists, (b) social workers, people who looked upon the problems connected with the revival of the arts and crafts from an economic point of view, and (c) we wanted to bring in working people with the arts and crafts. We wanted to hear what all these had to say; and we wanted them to hear what we had to say.

(3) *We wanted to send out from the Lodge members who would be acceptable to other bodies in setting forth our ideas.* The Adult Schools, the Labour Churches, the Brotherhoods and

similar Movements offered excellent opportunity for this kind of effort. The Birmingham Lodge of the Brotherhood of Arts had already done some fine work in this direction in association with the Workers' Educational Association, and the Birmingham University, where for the second time an opportunity was being made for her, as President, to address a public meeting on the aims and ideals of the Brotherhood of Arts. We would be able to send out to other bodies in this way members specially qualified to deal with various aspects of our work, if we would only brace ourselves a little to take our part as "pioneers". Our message would be welcome.

(4) Those who were not yet ready to come forward in this way as propagandists, could yet *help in the general work of the Lodge, by attending to the extremely important small pieces of work that so many shirked*. If we wanted to have a really live Lodge, drawing in and sending out live people, it would be necessary that none of us should shirk some of the drudgery essential to the success of the work. It was impossible to get any real success without steadfast attention to the details which effective organisation on any scale entailed.

To this end, it would be helpful if members would send in to the Lodge President a statement as to what they could do for the Brotherhood of Arts, and say when and how they were willing to give a little time regularly to help the Officers of the Lodge in some of the details, and thus set them free for the ever-developing planning of the larger work.

(5) Some might think, and some had actually said, that now was not the time for pioneer work. On the contrary, this above all, she thought, was the time for sowing the seed, and strengthening our work within, so that, although we might not now hope for the realisation of our ideals, yet later on, when the time came for an attempt at the solution of the great industrial problems with which we were faced, there should be a body of men and women who might be able to help in producing order where chaos might be threatened. We had to remember that great psychological changes were going on in people at the present time. Already there was beginning a revolution of thought, and hundreds of thousands were having their conceptions of labour and industry turned inside out by War conditions in such a way that they must afterwards be ready for a much finer message than was possible at the moment.

(6) As to our immediate programme of work as a Lodge, her personal view was—but she hoped they would each put forward ideas on the matter from their point of view too—that, say from January on, when they would begin their meetings, they might devote themselves to study in preparation

for the forward movement which would be possible in the future. By study she did not mean just hearing lectures, or talking and hearing others talk; but *sharing with one another our practical results in definite work and experiment along Brotherhood of Arts lines*. We artists were primarily doers, and we should strive to show one another something of our dreams and our ideals, and to foster together a deeper faith in dreams than many of us were able to hold in the hurlyburly of the workaday world. In the Lodge we should try to throw off as much as possible of the ugliness and un-ideality that prevailed outside, and to live for the hour of our meeting in the greater world of realities within.

In our meetings also we should strive to help the humbler and younger artists among our members, and help them to realise more of that dream of beauty which we know in the inner world of our visions. So might we, in various ways, bring something of a realisation of that time when again perhaps, as of old, the Gods might walk among men.

(7) To some this might appear as being fine in theory but too much in the clouds for practice. Already, however, we had among us some who were able and ready to share with us their dreams of the world which was one day going to be:

NATIONAL ORGANISER OF THE B. A.

Mr. R. C. Price, a craftsman who had for years past been labouring to collect examples of work showing what craft really was. He had a series of most interesting and beautiful slides which would provide matter for most valuable study by members.

Mr. A. J. Penty, who had joined the Brotherhood of Arts "for active service" a year ago, a writer about Guilds who was exercising a profound influence among progressive thinkers in this country. He was writing a book which he was giving to the Brotherhood of Arts, and was preparing a series of lectures on our work from an economic and industrial point of view.

Mr. J. H. Foulds, an eminent composer, also a member, would be able to tell them of the possibilities and significance of the Brotherhood of Arts message in music.

Mr. H. Wooller, who had given them that afternoon the hospitality of his studio, was ready to share with them the results of some interesting experiments along Brotherhood of Arts lines in painting.

And she herself might perhaps be able to bring before them something of the work and message of the Artist as Mystic, of the possibilities of co-operation with the deva-world, and methods of inner research.

They would see, therefore, that there was no lack of material for immediate Lodge work of a practical kind. But to make our meetings a power and a success, it would be necessary for every member to do his or her utmost to see that they were well attended by making them known among their artist friends; crafts friends, industrial and social friends. It was not fair to expect fine workers to come among us and give the benefit of their experience if we were not prepared ourselves to do our utmost to secure for them adequate audiences. Also, we had to see our Lodge rules in a "living way". No Lodge could be run unless subscriptions were paid, for instance. Some had asked, "Why did not the Brotherhood of Arts do so and so?" Simply because to do certain things, to issue educative pamphlets and propaganda leaflets, to bring out books and magazines, cost a lot of money. If members would try keenly to remedy present financial disabilities, then much could be done in the way of effective use of fine material which they already had among their members. Those who were not able to give in kind, whether in ideas or financial help, could give help in service, and in making the Lodge and its work known, and thus support in an equally practical way their Officers in carrying on its organisation. To the realisation of our greater dreams this recognition of the importance of personal service in details, as a sort of "technique" of our devotion, was one of the first essential steps.

FOUNDATION OF THE LODGE

The Chairman formally put it to the meeting, whether a London Lodge of the Brotherhood of Arts should now be constituted, and asked all present who were desirous of becoming its members to raise a hand. All present did so, and the Lodge was thus definitely established with a membership of twenty-one of the persons present.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

The following Officers were then elected:

Hon. President: Mrs. Maud Mann.

President: Mr. H. Wooller.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. M. Callender.

Hon. Treasurer: Miss Dora Lyon.

Committee: Miss L. Edmonds, Mr. J. H. Foulds, Miss Holding, Mr. W. Mann, Miss Eva Martin, Mr. A. J. Penty, Miss Violet Pike.

REVIEWS

Mind in Animals, by E. M. Smith. (Cambridge University Press. Price 3s. net.)

In this volume we have an interesting and useful contribution to one of the youngest branches of science—Animal Psychology. The author disclaims any pretension to having given a complete presentation of even the most important facts which have been discovered in this field of investigation; but he hopes to arouse sufficient interest in his readers to stimulate their study of many original articles on the subject which are mentioned in the Bibliography at the end of his book.

Beyond a brief reference to the basal question as to whether mind is co-extensive with living protoplasm or is a development peculiar to the human stage of evolution, in his first chapter, Mr. Smith raises no points for discussion. He merely describes and illustrates experiments made upon various animals beginning with Protozoa and ending with the equine prodigies Berto and Muhamed. He points out the almost insuperable difficulties confronting the investigator, and while recording the results of experiments, leaves the fact of mind in animals still an open question. Even with regard to the wonderful performances of the Elberfeld horses he says that, although they suggest possibilities not dreamed of before, they do not provide satisfactory enough evidence to warrant a "definite pronouncement as to their real significance".

It is impossible to estimate the value of such fruits of patient and painstaking effort as those collected in this unpretentious book; for, although the facts recorded are, in themselves, very simple indeed, they provide a key to fields of thought of the greatest importance to scientific progress. The experiments were made in order to test the nature of

response to stimuli on the part of an organism; the nature and degree of retentiveness and its relation to habit formation; the meaning of associative memory in the animal and the extent of its sensory discrimination. Special chapters are devoted to the phenomena of "Instinct," "Homing," "Imitation", and "The evidence for intelligence and for ideas". Several pen drawings illustrate the text, and the name of the publishers is sufficient guarantee for the "externals". All students of psychology will welcome this book and lovers of animals will profit by the careful study of many of the experiments. For though it may be a disappointment to find that the intellectual gifts of our pets are not as great as we would desire, yet many useful hints may be gleaned as to right methods of fanning the tiny spark of intelligent response into the flame of ideational power.

A. E. A.

Pacifist Illusions: A Criticism of the Union of Democratic Control, by G. G. Coulton, M.A. (Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge. Price 6d.)

This booklet, a copy of which has been kindly sent us by a friend in London—by way of comment on an article in the November THEOSOPHIST on the Union of Democratic Control, presents the case for the militarist against the U. D. C. It is therefore useful as enabling people to hear both sides of the questions which this organisation has brought into prominence. Very little is said of the stated objects of the U. D. C. that does not amount to indirect approval; the main shafts of Mr. Coulton's criticism are directed against the personal opinions of a few of its members, for which of course the U. D. C. as a body is not responsible, except as publishers of pamphlets containing them.

Apparently the author has no fault to find with democracy *per se*, provided that it does not interfere with established institutions like armies; its only weakness lies in the inveterate ignorance and pugnacity of the people. In proof of popular ignorance, the U. D. C. is condemned for not having started its propaganda long before the War, instead of waiting until its principles, hitherto accepted, came to be regarded as

dangerous. But if it is the people who are generally kept in ignorance of "acute situations" in diplomatic circles, until it is time that their pugnacity should be aroused, the remedy is simple. In proof of this popular pugnacity the French Revolution is quoted—as an example of democracy! But if the author is correct in regarding war as an essentially democratic form of indulgence, and if, as he tries to show, war is the only safeguard against decadence, then what objection can he have to the U. D. C. claim that the people should know what promises are made in their name?

Fortunately his criticism is not all destructive, for he concludes with a recommendation of the murdered M. Jaures' proposal for a citizen army. Possibly the late editor of *L'Humanite* knew that no further reduction of military power could be expected from a conscriptionist Government, but as used here, the word "militia" may be, like "national service," a blind for conscription. Of course this "nation in arms" would never be so wicked as to fire a shot until its territory was actually invaded, but would Mr. Coulton be content if his peaceful soldiers were sworn in for home service only?

However, this little publication provides some serious reading, and its language is singularly moderate. It should be welcomed as a contribution to the study of international relations.

W. D. S. B.

Medieval Studies (First Series) and French Monasticism in 1503 (No. XI), by G. G. Coulton, M.A. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd., London.)

These two books comprise a series of essays on the condition of the monasteries in France and England from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries; and have reference chiefly to the works of Messrs. Benson and Vaughan, and more particularly to those of Cardinal Gasquet on the subject, in their attempt to disguise the somewhat worldly lives, to put it mildly, of the "religious" of the period.

There are in all twelve essays in the two volumes, and of these the most striking are in criticism of Cardinal Gasquet's book, which devotes itself to a defence of the monasteries and in which, it must be admitted, its author is convicted of using methods that are not very scrupulous in support of his object. There appear what may be classed as apparently premeditated misquotations of various monastic records, such for instance as accounts of the visitations which were supposed to take place in monasteries every three years; the real state of affairs is revealed by a more careful study of these same records and among some of the more prominent crimes recorded against the monks of the time were murder and embezzlement, drunkenness, unchastity, etc. It is interesting to note in this particular essay the author has recorded his offer to Cardinal Gasquet, or any other Roman Catholic apologist, to print with his own pamphlet eight pages in reply to the evidence of monastic degeneracy he brings forward. No reply, however, appears, so it may be inferred that the author of these essays has made good his statements.

Later articles in this collection give very interesting accounts of the attitude of the people in those days towards the various religions of the period; only a small portion of the masses could be said to take any interest in their religious observances, and the following quotation from *A Revivalist of Six Centuries Ago* illustrates the attitude of the laity towards the clergy and their religions. The extract is taken from the writings of a German missionary preacher, Berthold of Ratisbon, the revivalist referred to:

„ Men talk nowadays in church as if they were at market, each calling across to the other and boasting and telling what he has seen in foreign lands; so that one may easily trouble six or ten who would gladly be silent. And ye women! ye never let your mouths rest from unprofitable babble. One complains to another of her maidservant, how greedy she is of sleep and how loth to work; another tells of her husband; a third of her children, how this one is a weariness, and that other thriveth not. To what devil art thou complaining thus in church?

The churchyard was used for fairs and markets with all their attendant disorders, and for indecent pagan dances that were practised in the middle ages on Christian festivals; in England at a somewhat later period it was recorded of a Devonshire parson that he used his church for the purpose of brewing ale. Many such acts of barbarity were rife among

the clergy at this time and the abuses were only abolished with considerable difficulty.

Revivals were frequent and short-lived, being pursued with the utmost ardour for a few weeks, then suddenly dying out and giving place to former conditions. The whole state of religious life in those times was a chaotic medley of extremes, and bore no resemblance to the orderliness of the present day.

I. ST. C. S.

THOUGHT CAMPAIGN

FOR THE HOUSEHOLDERS OF THE EMPIRE

Every Householder in the Empire is invited to gather together the inmates of his house, for a few minutes daily, for silent concentrated thought directed to the helping of the Powers of Good, each one throwing all his thought and energy on the side of Right and using his will-power to strengthen endurance in the hearts of the Allied Nations that they cease not till their task be accomplished.

Where desired, the silent 5 or 10 minutes could open with these words:

“We ask that the Divine Will shall find in us clean and deep channels through which It may deign to flow.”

If the hundreds of thousands who are unable to be at the Front would join in a Thought Campaign, either as households or singly, an effective force would be created to reinforce those who are struggling on land, sea and air for the triumph of the Right and the upward progress of humanity.

There are many who think that there is a possibility of bringing this struggle to an end during the next few months, but that if the War does not end then it may go on till the world is entirely exhausted and the civilisations of Europe die out. It is on the balance. The mighty power of Thought if widely used could turn the scale. Those who use it must be pure in motive, with no hatred in their heart, or they will do more harm than good.

All who join should begin the practice forthwith and publish it to others far and wide. There is nothing to sign or to receive, no one to notify. Only the practice to be steadfastly kept and the thought borne constantly in mind.

January 1916.

Hon. Secretary,
Thought Campaign

LEAGUE OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS

THIS League was founded in Bombay on December 28th 1915, during the gatherings of the Annual T. S. Convention. Membership is open to all, whether they are members of the Society or not. The inception of the League is due to a suggestion of Mrs. Besant that something should be done in India to change the conditions for boys and girls in homes and in schools.

C. J.

Objects.—1. To bring about the abolition of corporal punishment both in homes and in schools. 2. To spread among parents and teachers a knowledge of the latest ideas in educational science which affect the training of children.

Officers: President.—Dewan Bahadur T. Sadasiva Aiyar, Justice, High Court of Madras.

Vice-Presidents.—P. K. Telang, M.A. LL.B., Head Master, Theosophical Collegiate School, Benares; C. S. Trilokekar, M.A., Principal, Madanapalle Theosophical College, Madanapalle; N. G. Paranjpe, B. Sc. Head Master, Theosophical School, Cawnpore; Fritz Kunz, B.A. (Wisconsin), Principal, Ananda College, Colombo; F. L. Woodward, M.A. (Cantab.), Principal, Mahinda College, Galle, Ceylon; C. Jinarajadasa, M.A. (Cantab.), Adyar, Madras; T. R. Pandya, Ph.D. (Columbia), Principal, Male Training College, Palan, Baroda State; Mrs. Kamalabai Gajanan, Principal, Girls' High School, Thakurdwar Road, Bombay; Rai Bahadur Pandit Pran Nath, Deputy Inspector-General of Education, Gwalior State; and Miss Mary K. Neff, Head Mistress, Municipal Middle School for Girls, Lucknow. (And others whose names will be added later).

Secretary.—R. K. Kulkarni, M.A., LL.B., Professor of History, Victoria College, Gwalior, C. I.

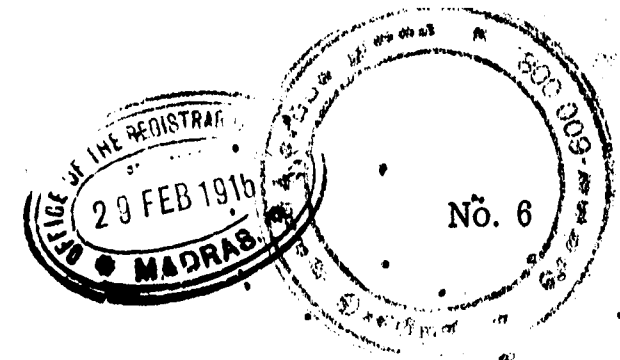
Assistant Secretary.—S. V. Khandekar, Adyar, Madras.

Membership in the League is open to all, and is not limited only to parents and teachers. It will, however, be understood that whoever joins not only sympathises with the objects of the League, but will personally refrain from inflicting corporal punishment on children in the home and in the school.

There are no fees or dues, but the Secretary of the League will gladly receive donations to cover expenses of publication of leaflets and pamphlets to further the objects of the League.

For further particulars apply to the Secretary, Professor R. K. Kulkarni, Victoria College, Gwalior, C. I.

VOL. XXXVII



THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER



Sarojini Naidu

1916

IN the world-struggle now raging and growing ever more bitter, it is natural that all should be more or less affected, according to their temperaments, and that they should criticise, with some virulence, the views with which they disagree. As President of the Theosophical Society, I, quite justifiably, it seems to me, come in for a good deal of the criticism, and the fact that it comes from a small minority of members and that the overwhelming majority agree with me makes it the more imperative that the criticism should be heard. I have never hesitated to open any columns I controlled to the bitterest attacks on myself, for I believe fully in the statement: "Truth alone conquers, not falsehood." I have, however, received one article from a member which attacks my Indian work in a way which would very much increase my difficulties here, where the Press Acts are a continuous menace to all who write on behalf of Indian Self-Government. While, as my readers know, I have printed attacks on myself to their displeasure, I draw

the line where work, carried on under the gravest conditions of risk to personal liberty and property, would be still further endangered by printing attacks which show an entire ignorance of the environment under which that work is carried on, and in which a distorted and short-sighted "patriotism" misrepresents the struggle against autocracy here, while in England it is claimed—and rightly—that the Allies are fighting for freedom.

* * *

The question is again raised as to the "neutrality" of the Society in politics, and I am asked for a "ruling". It is contended that my own political work compromises the neutrality of the Theosophical Society—as it was contended some time ago that my assertion of the coming of the World-Teacher compromised its religious neutrality—and that my dear friend George Arundale was also compromising its neutrality by carrying on "Indian political propaganda" in T. S. Lodges.

* * *

For the "ruling," for what it may be worth—seeing that no member of the Society need accept it—I think that the T. S. as a body has no right to declare itself on one side or another in any political, social, educational, or doctrinal question; that it must not collectively declare itself monarchical, republican, autocratic, anarchic, absolutist or democratic, nor carry on any propaganda on behalf of any of these views. That it must not declare itself Individualist, Socialist or Communist, in favour of or against child-marriage, in favour of or against perpetual widowhood, woman suffrage, vivisection or anti-vivisection, vaccination or anti-vaccination, and so on. That, educationally, it must not declare itself for or against religious and moral education, for or against free and compulsory education. That, religiously,

it must not declare itself Hindū, Pārsī, Buddhist, Christian, Muhammadan, nor must it even, make the doctrines it exists to proclaim—such as the possibility of the knowledge of God, re-incarnation, karma, etc.—binding on its members. Its collective attitude is that of study, not of belief, and believers and unbelievers of every kind are admitted, without challenge, on an equal footing. Even a unanimous vote could not make belief in re-incarnation a condition of admission. As a Society, in its collective capacity, it is bound by its Memorandum of Association, laying down its objects, and by that Memorandum only, with the Bye-laws as passed in 1905, and amended since from time to time. As regards Lodges, they have somewhat greater freedom, since any seven members may make a Lodge with its bye-laws, and may restrict the membership of their Lodge; we have Buddhist and Musalmān Lodges, Ladies' Lodges, and so on. I have no power to refuse to charter them, because they choose to limit their membership. I trust that opinion is plain.

* * *

But if I am asked, ought a President, or a General Secretary, or a Lodge Secretary, or a Fellow, to carry on a vigorous propaganda for or against any of the above views, or any others, my answer is equally clear. That no man loses his liberty as a man and a citizen by becoming a Fellow of the Theosophical Society, and that if he be elected to any office therein, his liberty is not curtailed, unless he accepts restrictions laid down in the bye-laws regulating the conduct of the holder of the office, or any special conditions agreed to before his election. It is of the essence of the Society to have men and women of all opinions in it, working together for the objects of the Society, and free to work against each other on anything

outside those objects. Colonel Olcott and Madame H. P. Blavatsky took Panśil and became Buddhists, joining a particular religion, and the Colonel carried on an active Buddhist Propaganda and organised Buddhist Schools. He was accused of "compromising the neutrality of the Society," but he claimed his right to his views and his practice as a free man, although he was President, and firmly maintained his individual liberty. He was, I think, perfectly right, and I hold, further, that Lodges are entirely free to discuss any subject they please, to invite any lecturer, to study and debate any question.

* *

A dictum of Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky has been quoted in this controversy, which runs:

So convinced am I that the perpetuity of our Society—at least in countries under despotic or to any degree arbitrary Governments—depends upon our keeping closely to our legitimate province and leaving "politics severely alone," that I shall use the full power of President-Founder to suspend or expel every member, or even discipline or discharter any Branch, which shall by offending in this respect, imperil the work now so prosperously going on in various parts of the world.

(Signed) H. S. Olcott, P. T. S.

H. P. Blavatsky, Corr. Sec., Theosophical Society,
Official Headquarters, Adyar, 27-6-1883.

The statement was very natural at the time, the two Founders being constantly worried by the spies of the police. None the less in another well-known passage he asserted the right of each member to throw himself into any work he pleased, provided he did not commit the Society to it. I grant that this was inconsistent with the above "expel every member". But Hume was a member, and certainly would not have submitted to any control of his political activities; and he was a Fellow of the T. S. and the Secretary of the National Congress at the same time. It is probable that before the Society was

registered and before there was any definite general Council, the President-Founder had practically unlimited authority and could do as he liked. But he never did expel any member for political activity, although the leading members of the T. S. were active members of the National Congress, and although two leading Calcutta members conducted most outspoken newspapers on political lines. In fact the two "violent" newspapers were edited by two Fellows of the T. S.

* * *

But on this arises a far-reaching question. Has any President authority to forbid members to do anything not forbidden by the Memorandum of Association and the Rules, and to make such a forbiddal valid for all time? I deny it. If he had such power, Fellowship in the Society would be a slavery, intolerable to all self-respecting men and women, and it would not even be a calculable slavery, since the President may change every seven years. We should shut out of the Society all who prize liberty, and have only puppets in it. It is curious how those who wish to impose his presidential "rulings" as authority to which I must bow forget that I hold his position, and hold the authority he possessed. It is curious also how those who wish to deprive others of their liberty and to shape the Society after their own likeness, demand the fullest liberty for themselves. A small minority would force the huge majority to keep silence while they claim to declare their own views. Colonel Olcott's dicta are interesting, but they have no authority. If he, as President, could expel a member for taking part in politics, I could expel a member for taking part in a vaccination propaganda. The authority of all Presidents is equal. He cannot bind me any more than I can bind my successors. So far as I can, I protect

the equal liberty of all, but I admit that this is limited here by the Indian Press Acts and the War regulations. I was unable to print Dr. Kapff's attack on my views as to Germany, defending his own country, and even Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden's gentler defence; the latter was confiscated by the Censor as an "objectionable pamphlet," and had I printed either of these, THE THEOSOPHIST would have been confiscated. This I cannot help. Apart from these matters of Imperial and Indian questions which would lead to legal action against me, confiscating literature and press and thus stopping all our literary propaganda, I will give a fair field and no favour, as I have always done. Some day members will learn true toleration, which does not permit even the wish to stop the expression of a view alien from that held by oneself.

* * *

The Toronto Theosophical Society is doing very good work, in this its twenty-fifth year. It has issued a little pamphlet, showing its activities which include a

Series of Sunday Evening Lectures on religion, ethics, philosophy, science, mysticism, occultism and theosophy, by speakers both inside and outside the Society.

The Strangers' Class is designed to provide elementary instruction in the teachings underlying all the great world religions, with special emphasis upon those doctrines which have been the outstanding contributions of the theosophical movement to western thought—reincarnation, karma, the seven-fold nature of man and the processes of spiritual unfolding.

The Intermediate Class offers more advanced study to those who have taken a year's work in the Strangers' Class or who come with a previous knowledge of theosophy.

The series of lectures on Christian mysticism is commended to those who have a special interest in the application of the theosophical method to Christian Scripture.

The Tuesday Lectures on Mystical Literature deal with those difficult and cryptic writings, ancient and modern, which do not yield readily to interpretation without a knowledge of the bases of symbolism and the phenomena of inspiration.

The Research Department Papers replace the Short Study Courses of former years and represent the work of the members of the Toronto Society in bringing theosophic thought to bear upon the elucidation of problems in the fields of archæology, history, philosophy, science and literature.

The Secret Doctrine Class is a group for the study of Mme. Blavatsky's monumental work of that name and is intended for the more advanced students.

In addition to all these, it has a large free lending library, and all its meetings are open to the public and there are no fees or charges of any kind. This last point arouses my special sympathy, and I am delighted to find a Society which has lived, and lives so actively, without any fees.

* * *

The Brotherhood of Arts in Great Britain will be interested in hearing that, thanks to the interposition of *New India* and especially of Mr. James Cousins, an Exhibition of Indian Paintings was opened on February 19th by H. E. the Governor of Madras at the rooms of the Young Men's Indian Association. It is an exhibition of the works of the remarkable group of Indians who have gathered round Abanindranath Tagore, the nephew of the poet. He is the head of the Vichitra School; and the Indian Society of Oriental Art—which lately held its eighth Annual Exhibition in Calcutta, and which showed works of the School in Paris and London in 1914—kindly allowed the Exhibition to come to Madras, the first of its kind in India, outside Calcutta. As was said in Paris, we have here a veritable Renaissance of Indian Art; it is in fact the blossoming of the Art side of the great Indian Resurrection, of which the political side is the demand for Home Rule. It is interesting to note in this connexion the Gaelic revival, which preceded and accompanied the Home Rule movement in Ireland.

ECSTASY

CRUSH me, O Love, betwixt thy radiant fingers
Like a frail lemon-leaf or basil-bloom,
Till aught of me that lives for thee or lingers
Be but the breath of Memory's perfume,
And every sunset wind that wandereth
Grow sweeter for my death.

Burn me, O Love! As in a glowing censer
Dies the rich substance of a sandal-grain,
Let my soul die till nought but an intenser
Fragrance of my deep worship doth remain. . . .
And every twilight star shall hold its breath
And praise thee for my death.

SAROJINI NAIDU



ADVICE TO NEW MEMBERS

By C. W. LEADBEATER

YOU who are joining the Theosophical Society should, I think, understand that you do so not for yourselves, but for others. There have been members who have joined the Theosophical Society with the idea of gaining from it much additional teaching. Many members (I myself for example) undoubtedly *have* gained a great deal from their membership in the Society; but all the Theosophical teaching is given in the Theosophical books, and anyone, member or not, can buy those books and learn most of what we have to tell. There is a vast amount of information available in the Theosophical books, more

especially in Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*; I suppose there is little we can teach you which is not either directly stated or inferred in its pages. But the state of mind which I like to see in those who join us is not only the desire for further information, but still more the desire to help to give to others the information which they already have.

I think a member ought to feel something like this: "Here is a body of teaching which has done me a great deal of good, which has solved for me various problems the answer to which I did not previously see. I have found it most useful to me in many ways; therefore I desire to share it with other people. I should like to spread these ideas; how can I most effectively do so?"

No doubt every one in his private sphere has his own way of influencing his friends, and through those friends others may be reached by drawing-room meetings, by lending books and so on. But here is a Society which is working before the world for the special object of spreading the knowledge of the truth. A body of men and women thus banded together can achieve much more than the same people could do by working singly, therefore obviously if a man feels that Theosophy has done him good, if he feels grateful, the thing for him to do is to join the Society which exists for the very object of proclaiming it to the world.

You help, even by paying your subscription to the Society; but that is a very small part of the work; it is your aid, your brains that are wanted. We want our new members to suggest ideas to us, to help us in the work of promulgating this teaching. Our Society exists to try to spread it as

widely as possible, but not at all from the point of view of the Christian missionary. I have been in many lands and I know a good many varieties of the missionary. Some of them are fine and noble men, but I have not always approved of their methods. They start on the theory that they are going to save the world, and that the people who refuse to be saved by them will have an unpleasant time hereafter. We are under no such delusion as that; we know perfectly well that all mankind is progressing towards a definite end, and that everybody, whether he believes as we do or not, will finally reach the goal. So we put it differently: "Theosophy has done us a great deal of good; we have learnt more from it than from any other system of teaching, therefore we offer it to you. If you do not like to take it, that is your affair. Our duty is done when we have put it before you and tried to explain it."

I should like to see such a state of affairs that in all this great country there should not be one person who does not know what Theosophy means. You have no idea how many people there are who have not the least idea of what Theosophy really is. They perhaps have a vague idea that it is something connected with Spiritualism or New Thought, but no more than that. That is a condition of affairs which we ought to try to alter. We do not want to force our ideas upon people, but we do want every one to know what they are, so that when they want solutions of difficulties, when they want information about the states after death, they will come to us. With that object we deliver public lectures and we try to circulate books, in order to get the teaching before people.

That is one thing you ought to have in your minds when you join us—that you will try to spread the ideas, cautiously and tactfully. We do not want the methods of the Salvation Army, or of those people who come up to you in the street and want to know whether you are saved, and if you have found Jesus. That seems to me to savour of impertinence. We have a very definite gospel to give to anybody who is willing to take it; but we must be wise and gentlemanly in our presentation of it.

I have already mentioned that you should put your knowledge and your intellect at the disposal of your Lodge, in order to think of better ways in which people can be informed of Theosophical truth. Anything that you can suggest or that you yourself can do in the way of popularising the ideas, in the way of making them more readily acceptable, will be acceptable; come and give us your advice and help.

Remember that each Theosophist *represents* Theosophy to a certain circle of people. He has some friends and relations who know that he has joined the Society. All these people will watch to see what effect it has upon him. If he continues to behave just as before, they will say: "Well, I don't see that Theosophy makes much difference to a man; I am not interested in it." But if they see that he is calmer and more philosophical, if he meets difficulties better than he did before, his friends will say: "Well, this Theosophy certainly does make a difference; I should like to know a little more about it." The honour of the Theosophical Society is to a certain extent in the hands of each of its members; so you ought to try to live up to the ideal which Theosophy puts before you.

There is another side to this Theosophical Society besides its outer manifestation. You know that the true Heads of the Society are Those whom we call the Masters; it was They who taught us the sacred lore, who put before us the knowledge which we have. They know infinitely more than as yet. They have been able to tell us; much more can be learnt from Them, but it can be learnt only by those who qualify themselves to come into closer touch with Them. These great Teachers are quite willing to draw men into personal relations with Them, but They will only draw those who make themselves suitable. The one and only passport to Their Presence and Their closer interest is to be good workers—channels for the force from on high; because Those whom we call Adepts are absolutely devoted to the work of evolution. They are helping in the unfolding of humanity, and that is to Them the one great ideal round which everything else turns. Anyone who is willing to work with Them in helping forward evolution They will assist and teach and train. It has been said that They take pupils whom They teach; I think we should get nearer to the truth if we put it that They take apprentices whom They train. They do not teach, as a schoolmaster does, merely in order to impart knowledge; They take people who are willing to do the work which They are doing, and train them so that they may be efficient, and can give really useful help in what has to be done.

The only passport to Their Presence is devotion to work, and it must be unselfish work. The man who is thinking of himself and of what he can gain is little likely to find himself in closer touch with these Masters; but he who is willing to devote all his strength

to working for others is a man who is likely to attract Their attention, because through him They can work.

There is an Inner School in connection with the Theosophical Society which those who have been members of the Society for a certain time are allowed to enter if they wish. The difference between that School and the outer Society is this. Anybody in the outer Society is absolutely free to go his own way, to read or not to read, to study or not to study; but those who want to enter the Inner School, in order to be prepared to come into the Presence of the Masters, are asked to subject themselves to a certain regular discipline—to read through certain books, to set themselves to attempt a little meditation each day, and to try definitely to live up to the Theosophical ideals. If they wish, after they have been in the Society for a certain time, they have the right to apply to enter this Inner School. That is a matter entirely for themselves; no one will ever *ask* them to take upon themselves these additional obligations.

Even to those who enter that School we can hold out no promises, but we can tell you this; from the higher degrees of that School the great Adepts have taken some whom They have drawn into closer relation with Themselves. They are taking them all the time—some from one country, some from another. Nationality is nothing to them. They take the capable man anywhere and everywhere, not caring whether his skin is white or brown, nor what his religion is. They take promising children too. Some who have become Their pupils, some who have made magnificent progress, are what you would call mere children. Especially is that the case just now, when we are approaching the time of

the Coming of the World-Teacher. For you in Australasia it is in another and an additional way a special time, in that the Sixth Sub-Race is just beginning among you; so that young people have a most unusually good chance just now. Not a chance of getting anything without deserving it; that never happens; you can receive only what you deserve to receive, for that is the inviolable law; but they have an opportunity of pushing forward rapidly, if they choose to take advantage of the special opportunities, and do the additional work.

That to me, and to a great many of our members, is much the most important side of the Theosophical Society—the fact that its real Founders are these Great Teachers, and that (by working up through it) it is possible to reach these Great Ones, and thereby to become capable of far better work than we can do in any other way. Remember, the power that they can pour through you is a thousand times greater than any strength of your own.

So to come near to Them and to be used by Them—to be Their helpers and fellow-workers—is regarded by us as the greatest possible privilege. It has come to a number of us already. It will come to more of us as time goes on. I hope that some of you who are new members may be among those who will thus be drawn closer to the great Reality—closer to the heart of things.

C. W. Leadbeater

THE SPIRITUAL ASPECT OF ANTI-VIVISECTION

*An Address at the Panama-Pacific International
Exposition.¹*

By ERNEST E. POWER

OF all the problems confronting the human race, surely that pertaining to the nature of life and its origin, its functions and its preservation, receives the greatest attention of the thinkers among mankind. In fact it may be said that all other problems can be boiled down to this one.

Quite naturally we of the human kingdom, by virtue of the nature of our intelligence, look upon the entire universe from an anthropocentric point of view. The world of nature is there for our purpose and for our purpose alone. In some way we have obtained life, and now at all hazards and by all means, fair or foul, we are intent upon guarding this precious possession. We may be compared to a boy who having come to a fruit tree, takes possession of it and henceforth regards it as his peculiar property, exercising jurisdiction over the manner in which its fruit shall be

disposed of, and never losing sight of his own requirements as he conceives them to be.

And so humanity, having come into possession, by some means as yet unexplained, of the remarkable fruit-bearing tree of intelligent life, considers this condition as its own peculiar property and makes all other beings in nature subservient to what it considers its needs and privileges. Man alone conceives himself to be the arbiter of who shall rest in the shade of this tree, who shall partake of its fruit, who shall be permitted to have a sniff at the flowers, and who is to be kept looking on at a distance.

The natural kingdom most nearly allied to the human is of course the animal, and it depends upon the nature of this relationship to what extent man may wield his sceptre of ascendancy over the brute. If we look through human history—and by history I mean the spiritual advancement of mankind along the lines of recognition of the rights of others—which indeed alone constitutes true civilisation, we shall find that not a single religious teacher has advocated less than kindness to animals. In going back to the very dawn of civilisation we shall find the Vedas, those marvellous and strong pillars in the spiritual temple of humanity, referring to animals as follows: "Oh, Lord Almighty, let all creatures look upon me with the eye of a friend, and so may I ever regard them, nay, may we all treat one another as brothers." (*Yajur Veda* Chapter 36.) All the religious teachers of ancient India frankly prohibited the use of meat, even as a food. Manu, the greatest lawgiver of remote Indian antiquity, states of man that "he acquires pleasure and beatitude by self-denial and beneficence who is persevering, polite,

¹ An address delivered before the Convention of the State Humane Association at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, on October 26, 1915, by Ernest E. Power, representing the California Anti-Vivisection Society.

dispassionate, no companion of the cruel, and free from killing any sentient being". The very first verse of the *Yajur Veda* exhorts the great Āryan race as follows: "Thou shalt not kill, but protect the animals." Besides the Hindū writings referred to above, the Buddhist scriptures simply teem with references to animals as "our younger brethren," belonging to the same family as ourselves, and we gather from that the distinct impression that in the household of nature the human race is to deal with the animal kingdom as an elder brother should deal with a younger brother, for one day in the future the younger brother will advance to where the elder brother is now. Moreover, the Buddhist injunction "thou shalt not kill" is understood as referring to the taking of all sentient life for any purpose whatever, including that of food.

The doctrines of the Jains distinctly require "that we scrupulously respect the life of every creature; that every man religiously respect the life of living things. They who have not the pain of others, and who destroy the life of others to support their own, surely even in this world will their lives be shortened; while in other states they will be born maimed and lame, blind and stunted, deformed and misbegotten."

In the Zend-Avesta, the scriptures of the Pārsis, the followers of Zoroaster, the prophet of ancient Iran or Persia, special mention is made of an Angel guarding the animal creation and looking after its welfare. Their kindness to animals, and to dogs in particular, is well exemplified by Saddar 31, where it is said: "Whenever one eats bread one must set aside three mouthfuls and give them to the dog, for among all

the poor there is none poorer than the dog." And the tenderness with which animals are treated in India by the Pārsis and the Hindūs contrasts vividly with their treatment in many other countries, especially considering their houses for the keeping and feeding of aged, overworked and unclaimed animals by public charity; and their animal hospitals where, it is said, even wild animals venture in order to have a thorn extracted or some other surgical operation performed, after which they return to their haunts in the jungle.

Kindness and tenderness towards animals is enjoined in *Deuteronomy* (xxv, 4) where it is forbidden to "muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn," while in *Matthew* (v, 21) we find the following verse: "Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment." The exemption of domestic animals from labour equally with man on the Sabbath day in *Exodus* 15, shows a very tender regard for animal welfare.

Now I have not quoted these sources of spiritual inspiration to the millions of human beings constituting the majority of the human race for the sake of convincing you of anything but that the attitude of these religious teachers towards animals was an exceedingly considerate one. Our modern moralist, who regards the animal creation as utterly subservient to the human, may be almost heard to say that the view of the men mentioned above may have held good at a time when human knowledge was in its infancy; when the relation between man and animals was not so well understood; when there was no experimental science; and when the present commercial, telegraphic and telephonic communication between the nations on the face of the earth

was not dreamt of. Let us grant for a moment that in these assumptions he is correct, although even on this score I would like to join issue with him, if only time permitted. But even assuming this to be the case, his argument is as irrelevant as it would be to say that a road had changed its windings because the sun was now shining and no longer the moon. Our natural relation to the animal world does not change, whatever progress may be made in the enlightenment of the world.

It is a significant fact, however, that even in the most ancient scriptures this relationship between man and animal is thus closely defined; and we may for a moment endeavour to inquire into the nature of this relationship. Perhaps the teaching of reincarnation, or its popular corruption into metempsychosis, had something to do with making people in general assume an attitude of benevolence towards animals. The popular misinterpretation of the reincarnation theory, known as metempsychosis, made a man feel that, any time after casting off his physical body, he might enter the body of an animal, and be given just such treatment as he was meting out to animals now. It would therefore be better for him to be courteous and kind to the animals under his jurisdiction so that, should at any time the rôles be reversed—the animal in human shape and he in the animal body, the former might not take its revenge. But a purer understanding of the principle underlying the doctrine of reincarnation bases the relationship between man and the animal on a somewhat higher argument. It says: "Once I was an animal, and climbing in the course of evolution through the animal kingdom, I finally reached the human. Then from

the lower stages of the human kingdom I have reached my present position, and who shall say to what heights man may not rise in the course of the ages? Also the animal is now where I once was, and will be sometime where I am now. He is therefore in truth my younger brother and I will treat him with the kindness and tenderness with which I would treat my mother's younger child; and though in my younger human brother the difference in age is perhaps merely physical, whilst in the animal it is a matter of spiritual and evolutionary age, essentially the same principle holds good." This, then, was the ancient Indian and Pythagorean argument establishing a certain kindly relationship between ourselves and the animal world.

The Humanitarian philosophers, especially those of the Roman Empire, among whom Seneca, Plutarch and Porphyry were the most conspicuous, based the same idea on the broadest principle of universal benevolence. Says Porphyry: "Since justice is due to rational beings, how is it possible to evade the admission that we are bound to act justly towards the races below us." From the time of Porphyry, however, to that of Montaigne, but little or no attention was paid in Europe to the rights and wrongs of the lower races. With the Reformation and revival of learning came the revival also of humanitarian feeling, as is evidenced from many passages in Erasmus, More, Shakespeare and Bacon. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, when the rights of men claimed serious attention at the hands of Thomas Paine, and those of women at the hands of Mary Wollstonecraft, a work was published, in 1792, attributed to Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, entitled *A Vindication of the Rights of Brutes*,

written, as the author informs us, "to convince by demonstrative arguments the perfect equality of what is called the irrational species with the human". Although the author would have his contemporaries understand that his book is supposed to be a humorous treatise, the *reductio ad absurdum* of Mary Wollstonecraft's essay *A Vindication of the Rights of Women*, there is good reason to believe that, in spite of its apparently humorous intent, the book was seriously meant. However, Jeremy Bentham, the famous jurist, in his *Principles of Penal Law*, published as early as 1780, is the first to assert the rights of animals with authority and persistence. He writes: "The legislator ought to interdict everything which may serve to lead to cruelty . . . Why should the law refuse its protection to any sentient being? The time will come when humanity will extend its mantle over everything which breathes."

In the foregoing I have said enough to show that the best thinkers the world has ever produced have always refused to admit that there existed a gulf between animals and mankind, and have always recognised the common bond uniting all living beings in one universal brotherhood. Moreover when we turn to such a famous scientist as, for instance, Darwin (*Descent of Man*, Chapter 3), we find on this score: "We have seen that the senses and intuitions, the various emotions and faculties, such as love, memory, attention, curiosity, imitation, reason, etc., of which man boasts, may be found in an incipient and even sometimes in a well-developed condition, in the lower animals." Later scientific writers have even given up the distinction so long maintained between human

reason and animal instinct. Dr. Wesley Mills in his work on *The Nature and Development of Animal Intelligence* (1874), for example, states that "the trend of investigation thus far goes to show that at least the germ of every human faculty does exist in some species of animal. . . . It was said that the brutes cannot reason. Only persons who do not themselves reason about the subject with the facts before them, can any longer occupy such a position. The evidence of reasoning power is overwhelming for the upper ranks of animals and yearly the downward limits are being extended. . . ." Again E. P. Evans in his *Evolutional Ethics and Animal Psychology* points out that, we have to get rid of those anthropocentric delusions which "treat man as being essentially different and inseparably set apart from all other sentient creatures to which he is bound by no ties of mental affinity or moral obligation. Man is as truly a part and product of nature as any other animal, and this attempt to set him up as an isolated point outside of it is philosophically false and morally pernicious."

We see then that responsible scientists agree with the religious teachers I have ventured to quote, in the conception that no human being is justified in regarding the animal as a meaningless automaton to be worked, or tortured, or eaten, as the case may be, for the mere object of satisfying his whims or supposed wants. All oppression and cruelty towards animals is universally founded on a lack of imaginative sympathy. The tyrant or the tormentor can have no true sense of his kinship with the victim of his injustice, as insisted upon by our religious and scientific authorities; but when once this sense of affinity be awakened, then his

tyranny will cease and the concession of rights to animals will be merely a matter of time and adjustment.

The problem, then, becomes a purely sentimental one. How can we awaken this sense of affinity? How can we make people realise that we and our younger spiritual brethren belong to one family and are dependent upon each other for our mutual well-being? That this is so was already realised by Montaigne when he said that "there is a natural commerce and mutual obligation betwixt them and us". An English author, Sir Arthur Helps, in a little booklet entitled *Animals and their Masters*, answers the problem in question in the nearest possible way by defining our duty as "using courtesy to animals".

Now if this sentiment of using courtesy towards animals could be inculcated into the mind of every child, the greatest and most important step would have been taken towards bringing about a better understanding between the animal kingdom and ourselves. Those who have observed child nature find that instinctively this sentiment is present, and only becomes inverted in imitation of older and less sensitive human beings, as is well known to child psychologists. The oriental races—whom I frankly consider to have not only an older but a far higher civilisation than can be found in our mechanically efficient but, humanely speaking, semi-barbarous western countries—certainly live up to this principle to a far greater extent than we do here.

Says our scientifically educated critic: "Surely our modern science indicates an advancement of civilisation not equalled at any previous period in history, or at any portion of the habitable globe." Such an opinion is due to crass ignorance on the part of our

scientific researchers. That for a few hundred years in any part of the world there may have reigned a period of human misery due to not understanding natural laws may be true enough. But it is unfair to history to lay stress on the darkness of Europe during the Middle Ages without also calling attention to the happiness and contentment prevailing at the same time in other countries, such as Japan, China, the Americas, away from the influence of the superstitions that gave rise to this deplorable spiritual condition. Also in such a case due allowance must be made for periods of transition between one kind of civilisation and another. But it is hardly wise to construct a theory of human progress by merely considering a condition lasting for a few hundred years on some particular continent. The world has existed for millions of years, and there is no evidence to show that humanity has not existed with it ever since it became habitable. Again, where the line of habitableness is to be drawn is a matter for speculation only. May it not be likely that the human organism was adjusted to conditions of atmosphere and temperature which would be fatal to us now? The very creatures of the sea show the marvellous adjustment of anatomical construction to external physical conditions.

Nor is it necessary to assume that the earth as a whole carried at any time a human population less numerous than it does at present. Nature, which works with an average too large to be recognised as such by the human mind, keeps things more or less at sea level, and wherever a wave rises at any particular historical period which we would interpret as progress and advancement, a corresponding depression goes side

by side with it in order to maintain the average level. May this not also be true for scientific advancement? If disease has been as rampant among the human race as our modern pathologists like to have us believe—incidentally emphasising their own services to humanity in the matter of research into the nature of life and the cause, prevention and cure of disease—man as a race would have ceased to exist millions of years ago. Considering that it is only during the last few decades that we have a pathology, due, I venture to assert, to a faulty scientific outlook in that direction; that we have a medication based upon a *misunderstanding*, and not an understanding, of the nature of human and animal life; that even our very relationship to nature in all its phases is misunderstood; considering this to be the case, the remedy lies in the statement of the case, as the solution of a mathematical problem lies in the correct propounding of such problem. Here also lies our argument disproving the necessity of vivisection. It does not matter one iota whether vivisection has ever done any good to humanity. Is there a single human being with a normal conscience who, when suffering from some disease, would wish to be relieved of it at the expense of the torture of an animal? I have seriously put this question to all sorts of people and I almost invariably get the same generous reply, that they certainly would not! Surely all human sickness must have its cause in the *misunderstanding* and the consequent *disregard* of the laws of nature to which the organism has become adjusted; and if all the energy expended on counteracting results—that is curing diseases—had been directed towards the correct understanding of natural laws—that is preventing diseases—we would not

now be in a position where science, like the stupid farmer, cuts off the heads of weeds, without uprooting them and making it impossible for abnormal growths to appear where they do not belong.

Every pathologist, by the very nature of his profession, is partially blind mentally, and furiously hacks at the pathological weeds under the curious delusion, that, if he can only hack off a little more, his efforts will be more effective and will not have been in vain. If modern civilisation does not tend towards the prevention of disease, the cure lies not in treating poisons with counter-poisons, whether they be economical, physiological, mental, moral or spiritual, but by merely changing civilisation so as to comply with the laws of nature as they are—not as we would wish them to be. Even as it is foolish to imagine that the last eighty years or so are responsible for the fact that the human race is still in existence, that serum therapy and modern pathology, antisepsis and bacteriology are doing for mankind what never has been done for it before; so is it unwise to divorce nature physical from nature spiritual, and for man to adopt a lower principle when he is able to appreciate a higher. If our sense of pity is outraged by animal torture, we should live up to this our sense of pity and refuse to benefit by whatever apparently beneficial results are the outcome of such torture.

Therein lies the spiritual aspect of anti-vivisection. It is utterly immaterial what showing is made in the reduction of diphtheria or typhoid, malaria or tuberculosis. I venture to maintain that where, say, diphtheria and typhoid are repressed with animal virus or by some other unnatural method, other diseases or

ailments will take their place. Where the death-rate on one score has been reduced through means not in consonance with our highest spiritual understanding, there, upon close investigation, it will be found to have increased through other reasons. Save your population in this manner from disease, and you will have famine, or war, or decrease of births, or infant mortality, undoing in human life what had been protected by means that were not natural. A curious example of this may be found in the statistic that 300,000 children are attacked with diphtheria in France every year. Professor Charles Richet, perhaps the most eminent physiologist and vivisectionist living at the present time, claims "that the number of children who have been saved in France alone by serum therapy in fifteen years (from 1892 to 1907) is 1,350,000". Many of these children are now grown up and are serving in the War as French soldiers, and are being rapidly killed off in a much more cruel and inconsiderate manner. Such seems to be nature's way of maintaining an average under certain conditions.

Now I do not contend that under all conditions that average would have to be maintained. But I do frankly believe that, given conditions in France as they have been for the past forty or fifty years; given the extent to which the laws of nature have been disregarded by the civilisation prevailing in that country during that period; given the extent to which the highest spiritual principles of the French (or for that matter of any other) nation as a whole have been violated; nature *could* only permit of a certain average, and unless any of these factors materially changed, the average population could not have materially increased.

There is no reason to think that the earth could not support one hundred times the number of people it is supporting. But there is every reason to believe that if people desire to live under the present ways of civilised existence, nature will refuse to admit any additions to the human family, in fact that mankind might have to be considerably reduced numerically in order to prevent interference with nature's plans concerning the other evolutions which it is carrying on beside the human. Nature's plans are to some extent thrown out of gear by our misunderstanding the relation of the human race to the other races of living beings co-existing with us, and will only permit of a certain amount of interference. Then nature puts a stop to it by disease, or by war, or by a decrease in the birth-rate, or by an epidemic, or by the increase of vice, or by famine, or by floods, or by fires, or by destruction of one sort or another; just as a man, irritated by vermin, will stand a certain amount of such irritation but not an excess of it, and will take the means available to rid himself of his unwelcome visitors.

For the happiness of humanity, therefore, it is necessary for it to establish as approximate as possible an understanding of its relationship to the other kingdoms of nature, and not regard all its interests merely from an anthropocentric point of view. Therein lies our salvation; therein the spiritual argument for the absolute cessation of the abuse of the animal, either for food, sport, fashion, or the curing of disease. There is very little doubt in my mind but that the eating of animal food gives rise to the greater number of diseases which we endeavour to cure by the results of animal

torture. Truly an outrage on Hahnemann's *similia similibus curantur*.

I therefore make a plea for a deeper study and a better comprehension of the laws of nature governing the mutual relationship not only between man and man, but between the human and the other natural kingdoms. We are all in the same boat, we are all carried on the bosom of nature together. We cannot be separated, for we draw our spiritual sustenance from identically the same source; and if we insist upon pitting ourselves against each other, of claiming superiority where none can be shown, of claiming privileges where none can be granted, of claiming wisdom where only folly exists, then we have to be brought to our senses, first patiently and then more urgently. Our vaunted civilisation has resulted in the greatest destruction to human life the world has ever witnessed. It would seem as if the preservation of life, claimed by science to have been due to scientific methods, was nothing but a temporary preservation for more horrible and wholesale destruction. Surely a civilisation based upon such principles has no right to call itself by that name.

Are we then to be thrown back into the arms of mere faith, of mere religion without scientific corroboration? This would be going to the other extreme, as dangerous perhaps to the physical condition of humanity as our present methods are proving to our spiritual welfare. There is a middle way, so ably and aptly described by the Buddha Gautama, the greatest of all religious and scientific teachers the world has ever known. Faith alone leads to darkness; knowledge alone into infinite analysis, without the proper synthetic principle. But just as light and shade must come

together in order to make an impression upon our sense of sight, so spirituality and knowledge must be recognised as part and parcel of each other. To the extent that spiritual principles appeal to our higher nature, to that extent and in that direction our knowledge should be applied in order that the light of wisdom may stimulate our sense of understanding as the light of day preserves our sense of sight.

From this point of view all arguments brought forward in favour of vivisection are mere quibbles.

Ernest E. Power

THEOSOPHY IN ENGLISH POETRY

By JAMES H. COUSINS

WHILE, at the present stage of the world's evolution we may not advance the extreme claim for the complete fusion of Theosophy and Poetry, we can at least profitably study some considerations that may lead to a *rapprochement* of both, and the enrichment of each. As a preliminary, we shall recall a couple of expressions of Theosophical teaching that we find embedded in classical English literature. There is no reason why we should not take for example some such teaching as the Omnipotence of Deity, since Theosophy, being a synthesis of verities common to all the major religions, includes (and also illuminates and vivifies) their diverse presentations in the creeds; but it will save us from the superficial charge of claiming too much, if we renounce our demonstrable right to choose any of the great generalisations of spiritual truth that come within the Theosophical purview, and look instead for the distinctive teaching of reincarnation which, as a law of life, and a part of the fundamental Wisdom-Religion, should assert itself through the more inspirational of the poets. I have not made an exhaustive study of the whole range of English poetry with this end in view. I simply recall a couple of outstanding examples which

only disclosed their full significance to me on re-reading them years after I had strenuously combated and been defeated by the teaching.

The first is from *An Hymn in Honour of Beauty* by the immortal Elizabethan, Edmund Spenser.

The poet has been showing the origin of life in the solar centre, and the refining influence of the spirit upon the body: he has likewise given his ideas as to the ideal Beauty, in which he follows Plato and anticipates Emerson in making a distinction between Beauty itself, and beautiful things. He then proceeds:

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
That light proceeds which kindleth lovers' fire,
Shall never be extinguished nor decay,
But when the vital spirits do expire,
Unto her native planet shall retire;
For it is heavenly born, and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the purest sky.

For when the soul, the which derived was
At first, out of that great immortal Sprite
By whom all live to love, whilom did pass
Down from the top of purest heaven's height
To be embodied here, it then took light
And lively spirits from that fairest star
Which lights the world forth from his fiery car.

Which power retaining still or more or less,
When she in fleshly seed is oft enraced,¹
Through every part she doth the same impress,
According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for herself, adorning it with spoil
Of th' heavenly riches, which she robbed erewhile.

So every spirit, as 't is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take:
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

¹ *Implanted*

Then follows a consideration of the anomalies of obviously beautiful souls in unbeautiful bodies, and the reverse; regarding which he concludes:

Nathless the soul is fair and beauteous still,
However flesh's fault it filthy make;
For things immortal no corruption take.

The next extract is from the lyric, *Ariel to Miranda, with a Guitar*, by Percy Bysshe Shelley, the early nineteenth century culmination of English poetry.

Ariel to Miranda;—Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee,
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain;
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,
From life to life, must still pursue
Your happiness;—for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples, he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea;
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon,
In her interlunar swoon,
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel.
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth,
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps, and served your will.
Now, in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not.

We now take two short poems by A.E., a living poet.

TRANSFORMATION

In other climes as the times may fleet,
You yet may the hero be,
And a woman's heart may beat, my sweet,
In a woman's breast for thee.

Your flight may be on the height above,
My wings droop low on the lea;
For the eagle must grow a dove, my love,
And the dove an eagle be.

THE FACES OF MEMORY

Dream faces bloom around your face
Like flowers upon one stem;
The heart of many a vanished race
Sighs as I look on them.

Your tree of life put forth these flowers
In ages past away:
They had the love in other hours
I give to you to-day.

One light their eyes have, as may shine
One star on many a sea.
They look that tender love on mine
That lights your glance on me.

They fade in you; their lips are fain
To meet the old caress:
And all their love is mine again
As lip to lip we press.

We might also quote Wordsworth's Ode on *Recollection of the Intimations of Immortality*, with its oft-quoted opening—"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting"; but these four lesser known utterances, which embody the idea of rebirth through three thoroughly differentiate temperaments, provide us with a threefold view of a single subject from the artistic standpoint.

In the extract from Spenser, we have the graceful imagination of the poet working round the idea of rebirth as an "idea," a speculation hallowed by classical antiquity, and sweetened by some stirring of an inner witness to its truth. As such, it stands in the body of Spenser's poetry with perfect fitness; the metaphysical statement softened by the melodious verse, and given body by the simple symbolism of a house and its occupant.

With Shelley the matter is somewhat different. His amazing combination as scholar, revolutionary and consummate artist, invests every line he wrote with a peculiar distinction and significance. His music carries with it, so to speak, a wide range of harmonics—overtones and undertones that call the imagination through and beyond speech. His deep immersion in Greek mythology is obvious; but it is not so obvious, except to those in whom the esoteric sense is awake, that his interest went deeper than the mere personalities of the Pantheon and their doings. His widow, in her complete edition of his works, tells us that only a mind as highly metaphysical as Shelley's own could grasp the full meaning of that colossal work of the imagination, *Prometheus Unbound*: every paragraph of it is pervaded by spiritual illumination. Yet, with true art, the thought, emotion, architecture and expression are so integral, so mutually interfused, that its appeal is all-compelling from whichever of the quaternary of qualities we regard it. And so, when, in the course of time, the giant brain wishes to play gently and simply around the single fact of reincarnation, it puts it in the mouth of Ariel; thus, as it were, delegating the artistic offence of direct statement to Shakespeare

and his immortal sprite, and in that delegation actually destroying the offence by transforming it into an artistic virtue of extraordinary sweetness and poignancy. This is not the only reference of Shelley to reincarnation. We find it in this passage from *Hellas*:

But they are still immortal
Who, through birth's orient portal
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
Clothe their unceasing flight
In the brief dust and light
Gathered around their chariots as they go.
New shapes they still may weave,
New Gods, new laws receive.
Bright or dim are they as the robes they last
On death's bare ribs had cast.

And there may be other passages of similar import which I do not recall.

A.E. takes us a stage further, and not far removed from that realm of the psychical universe "where maybe," as Yeats puts it:

In Truth's consuming ecstasy
No room for love or hope at all,
For God goes by with white foot-fall.

He is a greater *knower* than Shelley, but a lesser artist. His work, being of to-day, is eligible for none of the mental reservation whereby, to enjoy the out-of-date, we stop down the focal apparatus of the mind to the exclusion of disturbing elements. He is "the heir of all the ages," not merely in the insular Tennysonian sense, but in a full possession of the deepest knowledge of West and East, and the ratification of that knowledge in the arcana of his own nature. Whether or not such knowledge must needs result in frugality of expression remains for literary history to show in the future. Lao-tze declared some thousands

of years ago that they who babbled of the Way of the Spirit did not know it, and that they who knew the Way did not babble of it. A.E. knows the Way as few Europeans, or indeed as few Orientals know it; and it is perhaps the simplicity of ultimate Truth that is most expressed in his poetry. He does not babble. His vision is clear, and clarity does not make for magnificence. In the unity of the Absolute is repose, and the end (as also the beginning) of the Arts. Their fullest literary expression is in that fusion of the three great qualities of Sat, Rajas and Tamas (spirit, mind, and body) whereby the image is made not merely intelligible to the mind but evocative to the inner realms. The pure sãttvic quality in the arts is as impossible as the music of silence, or colour in midnight. The pure rãjasic quality would be a gorgeous vacuity. Tamas pure and simple, would be as brimful of ideas and utterance as an elephant at a *salon*. Each, in the Arts, requires the others, and the preponderance of either is the master key to the work. Curiously enough, the individual here spoken of has found a way to the full expression of the three qualities just mentioned, but each through a different medium. George Russell, editor of *The Irish Homestead*, has done more than perhaps any other man in Ireland to rebuild the body politic by preaching agricultural co-operation in season—and out of season, which is the true period of the true propagandist; and he does so as artist and poet. A.E. the painter (who occupies the same physical and mental organism as George Russell) appears to have reserved for his use all the rãjasic (the splendid) elements in the total nature. You search his poetry in vain for anything approaching a beginning of

adequate expression of his intimacy with the Gods and their Kingdoms; but his paintings are crowded with presentations of Divinities, angels, and elementals. His poetry leans all to the sãttvic side. It overleaps the gorgeous middle world in which Blake lost himself, and sings (or rather whispers, or makes signals in a kind of deaf and dumb alphabet of poetry) of simple truth or of simple experience, both in the deepest sense of the terms.

The two poems quoted present the idea of reincarnation in this dual aspect, as intellectual concept, and as experience. The failure of the first and the success of the second are full of instruction. The bald expression, the cheap rhyming of *Transformation* can in these days claim no reflected justification from novelty of subject. Indeed, had the idea been a novel one to the poet, its tremendous import would have stirred him to infinitely greater utterance. But A.E. has lived with reincarnation for thirty years: it is, to him, a plain fact of nature; and it is only when it emerges, as in *Faces of Memory*, through the lights and shadows of feeling, that the plain fact, like the rising of the sun, becomes the hushed and palpitating ritual of Sunrise.

In a subsequent article we shall see in what respect these considerations will aid us in finding a way to the mutual enrichment of Theosophy and Poetry.

James H. Cousins

DESERT LOVE

AN ARAB'S SWAN-SONG

Dost thou hear them O my brother? Dost thou hear them?
Speak to me!

The camel-bells that come from realms of sunset to the sea!
Thro' the pass of El-Cantara o'er the burning brown Sahara;
Dost thou hear them O my brother? Dost thou hear them?
Speak to me!

Dost thou see them O my brother? Dost thou see them?
Speak to me!

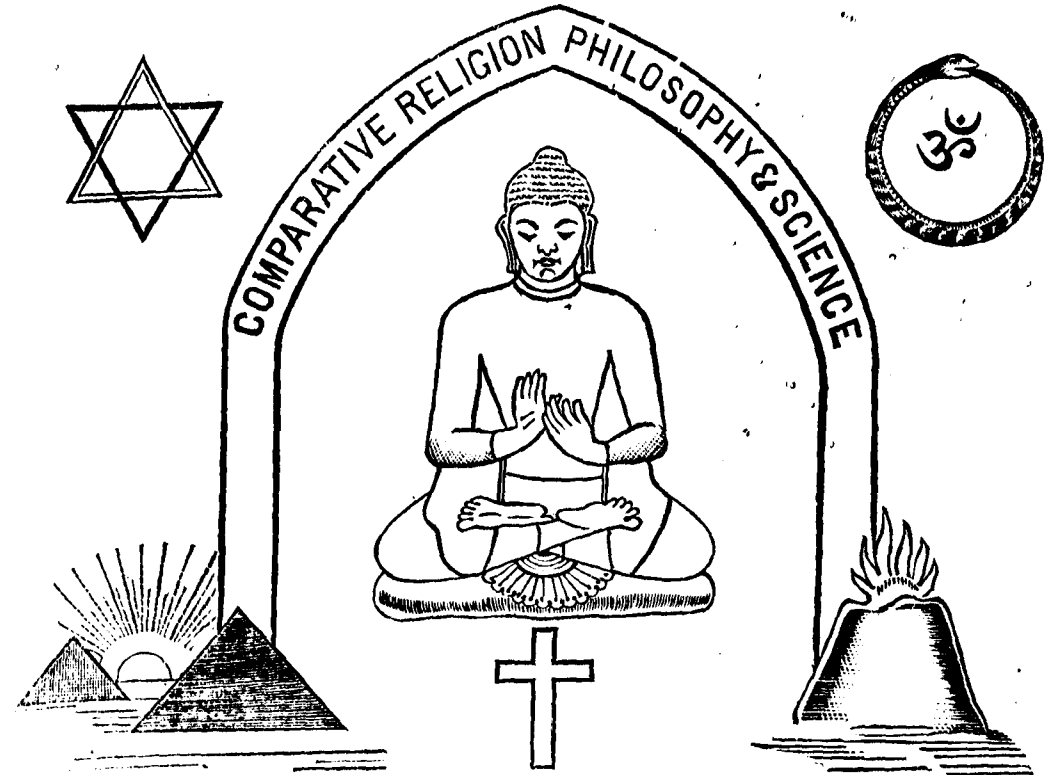
The trailing caravan that's led by Mahmoud-ben-Ali!
The palfreys that are prancing, and the Ouled-Nails¹ dancing!
Dost thou see them O my brother? Dost thou see them?
Speak to me!

Ah thou seest not, nor hearest? O my brother speak to me!
Say it is no idle fancy—what I hear and dimly see!
For I feel her sweet lips burning, and her eyes with passion
yearning
For her lord and lover dying! O my brother speak to me!

I am passing O my brother! O my brother speak to me!
In my soul there is a rushing like the breakers on the sea!
Ah the sands around are glowing; to the Great Unknown
I'm going—
To the Gardens of Oblivion! O my brother speak to me!

KAI KUSHROU ARDESCHER

¹ Ouled-Nails—the dancing-girls of North Africa.



THE POSSIBILITY OF A HINDU HISTORY AND OF A HINDU NATION

By P. R. SINGARACHARI

IN this paper an attempt has been made to answer the rather discouraging question that is gaining ground in the minds of some western as well as some eastern people. The question referred to is the stigma that is attached to the Indians in general, and the

Hindūs in particular, that, as a whole, they are destitute of such qualities as will render them a united people. They are being talked of as persons wanting in ideals, and the absence of any complete history recording their past is made a ground for asserting that they have no history at all.

Expressions of such opinions are in themselves harmless, especially when they are stray and unendorsed; but when mixed up, as they are likely to be, with the burning questions of the day, it is to be apprehended that they *may* do some mischief, innocently though it be, to the progress of the people against whom they are directed.

It is herein attempted to show the falsity of such opinions, and to point out, by recording facts and reasons for and against, that a past history of the people and their union into a single nation is both possible and practicable. Reference has been made to almost all the facts that may *make* or *mar* the object of this paper, and everything has been stated in as frank a manner as possible. The subject, though referring to the Indians in general, has been discussed from the point of view of Hindūs, as it is *they* who are greatly subjected to such criticism.

HINDU ANTIQUITY

In those periods of antiquity when the ancestors of the present civilised nations of the world were leading a semi-barbarous life, when the fathers of these people were wandering over mountains and valleys without any fixed abode of their own, when most of the lands now filled with teeming millions, happy villages and

large cities, were the homes of denizens of forests, when the roots of the gigantic and majestic trees studding the dangerous woods had not come into contact with the first axe of man, then the Āryans who immigrated into India from the central Asiatic plains were founding many beneficial institutions, which, in these days of pushful character and materialistic tendency, have not been able to maintain the same high level of those earlier ages. The whirl and rapidity of modern life, the marvellous inventions of science, rendering man more and more mechanical, the resultant spirit of individualism prevailing all over the world, with exceptions here and there, have no doubt served partially to blind the eyes of most men to the aforesaid fact. Setting apart the people of western countries who have no direct contact with oriental concerns, it is indeed humiliating to note that some people of *our* day and of *our* country, having been westernised to a certain extent by education or imitation, show a superior indifference whenever the topic of ancient Indian history is brought forward. Such men by their indifference of spirit do much harm to the progress of India's cause. True, indeed, is the remark of such, that India has no history of her own, recording the great events of those past ages; but an impartial judge requires much caution in accepting the opinion of a minor section of people. If anyone carefully examines the question, it will be found that the remark mentioned above is not the whole truth, but a partial truth. There *is* a history of India, recording all the important and stirring events of past ages, but to the misfortune of all honest and hard-working students, it is not a connected one.

THE REASONS FOR NEGLECT

(i) *Internal*.—The historical Muse of India, or rather of the Hindū people, has not endowed her votaries with a tenor of mind to attend to her feats on earth alone, and in a chronological order. Poetical imaginations and exaggerations, imitative interpolations of unknown authors, the distortions of the comments of generations of interpreters, the extraordinary number of figures of speech brought in for ornamentation and illustration, and above all, the æsthetic and religious tendencies of the Hindū people, have to a great extent lent colour to straightforward occurrences and, while making them appear magnificent and attractive, have overlooked the fact that chronology was being pushed into a corner. Thus various causes, operating in an innocent but adverse path, have wrought much harm to ancient India's glory, and the result is the regrettable neglect of attention to her past, which instead of appearing in plain simplicity and attractive grandeur, assumes, to the contempt of all, the monstrously grotesque form of an image reflected in a mirror with a rugged surface.

(ii) *External*.—In addition to such an unthought-of mischief wrought to her by her own sons, India had to experience a severe convulsion which shook her to her very foundations. Tide after tide of foreign invasions, which the disunion then prevailing among the native Aryan kings rendered easy, brought into the country a horde of semi-civilised aggressive rulers, who for nearly a thousand years oppressed their subject race. The tyrannical rule which prevailed in the country, the cruelty meted out to her people, and the many oppressive measures passed by the rulers—the mind, even

at this distant date, shudders to think of, and the pen trembles to delineate the facts on paper. The tyranny of those rulers, with one noble exception, whose name will ever be remembered as an everlasting monument of tender mercy and able statesmanship combined, was a menacing blow to the peaceful progress of the native mind in its genuine simplicity. In the villages and towns pillaged, in the temples of architectural splendour and beautifully laid out gardens destroyed, in the libraries overstocked with books and the miles of smiling fields with waving golden corn burnt down to ashes, and worst of all, in the horrible and cruel treatment mercilessly meted out to the ruled—in all these, those despotic holders of iron sceptres have wrought serious harm, calculated to stunt the mental growth of their Hindū subjects.

Thus whatever was valuable to the Hindū people, and whatever would have borne testimony to their past glory was lost to them, and the inevitable result is the prevailing sorry figure of the country. Until recently the whole country was in a state of panic, and in the confusion of the land then prevailing, resulting from bloody wars and their attendant devastations, the leech-like enactions of the administrative officers, the roaming over the villages of ravenous marauders, the murder, arson, and rape which were of daily and even hourly occurrence, it is no wonder that the people, in their anxiety to preserve their lives and property, did not attend to the preservation of their historical data. Hence it is that the country now offers a spectacle of ignominy, and all around us we see superstition and ignorance holding sway over the minds of most of the Hindū people. Illiteracy reigns supreme over the country;

dominated by a semi-autocratic class of priests, who, in their desire to better their own miserably impoverished condition, impose upon their followers certain religious rites and rules, the meaning of which is a sealed book to themselves, it is no wonder that the people are placed in a hopeless position. The inner meaning of the mystic languages employed in their sacred books is misunderstood by them, and the ludicrous and the ugly have usurped the place of the Real and the True.

THE POSSIBILITIES

But this disrepute must not be taken to apply to all the people of the land without exception. The land was the birthplace of many geniuses, whose masterly productions have added to various departments of the world's knowledge. Philosophy, Medicine, Astronomy, Poetry, Music, and such sciences and fine arts, all had their representatives in ancient days, and there are literary indications of the fact that there were in those days educational institutions and academies where learning was imparted on different lines from those existing in modern times. Even to-day the whole Hindū Nation has not sunk to a position from which it is difficult to rise. The existence of many authors such as Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore, whose works have been appreciated both in the West and in the East, and many others following different avocations where their genius shines forth, the occupation of many high and responsible posts by Indian gentlemen in the administration of their country, the inculcation by them of many salutary reforms calculated to better the nation

on different lines—all these go to demonstrate the fact that there are potentialities in the Indian mind which, if allowed a proper scope, would surely produce great and valuable results.

So much concerning the historical Muse of India. Truly it requires a Herculean strength to extricate her from the mire in which she is submerged, and to place her once more on a lofty pinnacle of fame.

THE MATERIALS AVAILABLE

(i) *Unwritten records.*—True facts are available, but they are hopelessly mixed up with impossible feats and incredible stories, and the task of the student of Hindū history consists in extricating the real facts from the false ones by which they are surrounded. The ruined temple and the dilapidated fortress, the rising gopuram and the magnificent palace, the shining orchards and the blue-watered tanks—each has a tale to tell. The distant temple on a rising hill with the forest country round it, the throng of pilgrims who wend their way to a holy shrine, the daily and the monthly festivals in temples, with all the magnificent paraphernalia attached to them, the dancing girls, the modes of dancing, the history of music and the instruments of music, will each reveal a secret. The glistening jewellery of gold and silver, studded with gems of all the nine kinds, the temple Nandī, Garuda, Hanumanṭa and other vāhanams will each tell at what date its donor lived, who he was and what was his greatness. The stray stone pillar at a distance from the village, the towering banyan tree on the way-side, the intertwining growth of the neem and the arasu

on the village common, stand as permanent representations of some local potentate's heroic deeds. Whole tracts of wild forests and great stretches of sandy desert, once the site of teeming villages and silvery brooks, the haunted inn and the stories of Rākṣhasas, bring to light some usurper's tyranny and the dread of him even after his death. The stirring songs of different itinerant bards throughout the country will afford a useful mine of information wherefrom the missing links in the chain of historical facts can be procured. The inscriptions on stone pillars and the undeciphered writings on metal plates, religiously guarded in temples or extricated from the bosom of mother earth, serve as records of battles won by great kings of the past. The stories told in family circles, the proverbs uttered by old and young, many a custom prevailing among the people, their religious rites, their festivals, their sports and their songs all bear a silent testimony to the historical glory of past days.

(ii) *Written records*.—Above all, there is the whole mass of books written by ancient learned men, who discoursed on all subjects, great and small, necessary for the welfare and progress of a nation—the Vedas, the Itihāsas, the Purāṇas, the Hindū Jurisprudence, Economy, Warfare, and others.

THE DIFFICULTY OF ACCESS

(i) *Unwritten records*.—Despite the many sources of information enumerated above, the goal to be reached is not easily attained, and the path leading to it is an uphill and a stony one with many pitfalls. The student of Hindū history has to experience many difficulties, and patience and perseverance are the qualities

required of him in the face of most trying and discouraging circumstances. He has to wander over hill and dale, cross many mighty rivers and small brooks, visit many places of interest, and be present at many a religious ceremony of the various classes of people. He needs to make personal enquiries, converse with many a peasant, old dame, and orange-robed sannyāsin, make a note of the various things observed, and then arrange them in accordance with a certain chronology. Thus the difficulties inherent in the above method of collecting information are too many to enumerate, especially as they are not of one place or of one province—and India is equivalent in extent to the whole of Europe with the exception of Russia. Differences in language and customs and habits prevailing among the various classes of people offer a stumbling-block to the acquirement of historical knowledge; while the rigid conservatism observable among the Hindū races does not allow them to impart readily any news of educative value. The majority of the Hindū classes among whom illiteracy prevails are so tenaciously religious that they would rather allow their palm leaf books or metal plates of inscriptions, which they inherited from their fathers, to be destroyed by white ants, to rust or decay in the hands of time, than allow them to pass into any intelligent hands for better utilisation; for to do so would be to them a violation of religious rules, and their removal from the *sanctum sanctorum* in their houses, where they are preserved and worshipped, is believed to forebode a terrible disaster to the family concerned.

(ii) *Written records*.—The trouble is much enhanced when the books that are available are found

to be written in dead languages—Sanskrit and Pāli. To obtain mastery of these languages is a difficult affair; but even that appears simple when compared with the difficulty of getting at the true and direct meanings concealed in those ponderous books of great value. In addition to the varying comments which have disfigured the original writings, for which the mystic language is partly responsible, considerable difficulty will present itself to the student, as matters of different kinds are indifferently mingled together. Discussions of abstract metaphysical questions together with laws of social life and rules for the individual's daily conduct find place side by side with the romantic and soul-stirring deeds of a hero or a heroine, whereas a religious interpretation is attempted for every minute detail, thereby spoiling the whole beauty. Literary and philological adaptations are useful so far as beauty is added from an æsthetic point of view; but being in certain places far-fetched, they produce a sense of unnaturalness. Mythological persons and events are allowed to figure most, while the language employed for the whole is mystical and allegorical.

MODERN DAYS—BRITISH RULE

(i) *Facilities*.—Under the suzerainty of the British Rāj in India, much of the above mentioned difficulty is destined to disappear. The introduction of steam and electricity, annihilating time and space, renders travelling and communication easy and quick. The establishment of Post Offices in every part of the country, and the protection afforded by the British Rāj, extending even to distant parts, keep one's life and property safe,

while a feeling of close contact with one's friends and relatives at a distance can be maintained. The peace prevailing in the country has been the cause of the establishment of many useful institutions and agencies working for the betterment of the country in various directions; and by the aid of educational centres, museums, religious and social bodies, and literary productions of various types, the means of acquiring materials for a historical record is easier.

(ii) *One more facility required*.—But the greater portion of the people of the country, from whom much of the information is to be had, serve as an insurmountable obstacle in the way of a student of history, as the religious tenacity and rank superstition of such people will not permit them to answer readily the questions of an eager enquirer. Deep-rooted ignorance is at the bottom of this stumbling-block, and if the proposal now prevalent in the whole country for the introduction of compulsory primary education for the whole population meets with approval, the British Government will have done a service to India, the far-reaching and beneficial consequences of which it is not difficult to foresee.

(iii) *Contact of the East and the West*.—It is a matter for congratulation for Hindūs that the greatness of their hoary antiquity has received proper recognition at the hands of many learned men of the West. The just appreciation accorded by American audiences to the lectures on music by the Bengali lady, Sathya Bala Devi, the conversion of an influential minority of American people to Hindūism as a consequence of the missionary lectures of the veteran preacher Swami Vivekananda, the introduction of

Sanskrit and Dravidian languages into the German and English Universities, the recognition of Buddhism as the best religion by an influential class of Germans and Scotsmen, go to authenticate the fact that India is not a despicable factor to be left alone to her fate. This fact receives further confirmation by a numerous class of Orientalists in the West, whose knowledge and learning cannot be ignored.

(iv) *The Hope*.—It is a matter for recognition that, with the exception of the educational policy of this Presidency with regard to vernacular languages, there are, in other directions, indications of a time when the greatness of Ancient India will once again return. In the general contact of the West with the East, India has not failed to cull her share of the benefits, and it is a matter for content that such auspicious conditions now prevail in the country as promise a happy future. It is for the benefit of both England and India, and ultimately for the benefit of the whole world, that the contact now existing should become closer. It is a result very easy to bring about, provided the advice of "sympathetic rule in India," given by His Imperial Majesty as Prince of Wales, receives greater attention, and a deeper study of Indian literature is made by a greater number of western people. Thus with the materials available, the means accessible, and the recognition accorded, there is every reason to state the fact that a connected and complete history of the Hindū people is possible and practicable. Raw materials are available close at hand in abundance, and it only requires patience and perseverance to manufacture them into articles of universal utility. It cannot therefore be said that Indians, or rather the Hindūs,

have no history at all recording their past events and glories.

THE HINDŪ NATION

(i) *The objection to such a term*.—Perhaps objection might be taken to the phrases "Hindū Nation," "National Mind," "National Growth," "Hindū People," and similar ones that have been made use of in the foregoing paragraphs. It has been alleged by some persons that the aforesaid phrases are futile, inasmuch as they have no proper significance with regard to the people to whom they are intended to apply. Diversity of languages, differences in faith and religious belief, in temperament and character, have been their grounds of argument; while their objection receives further confirmation from the existence of the rigid caste system, its deviations into innumerable sub-sections, and the obstacles which they present to the free intercourse of different members. The fair-skinned Bengali, the sturdy Panjabi and the keen Madrasi cannot travel together without a common tongue, while a Guzerati and a Uria Brāhmana have objections to dining together, and intermarriage between a Vadagalai and a Thengalai Vaiṣṇavite is an unknown thing. To a follower of Viṣṇu, a temple of Shiva is an objectionable sight, whereas a pariah is allowed into neither's place of worship. No common ground thus exists between one class and another; and the conditions prevailing in the country being of a separative tendency, to speak of a national unit in connection with a heterogeneous mass of people who are thrown together, is only a chimera.

(ii) *Its true significance and where it lies.*—True indeed is the above conclusion, but it has been woefully forgotten that the arguments supporting it are one-sided, and the truth is only partial. In the midst of the prevailing diversity, uniformity is obvious throughout, and it requires only a closer personal study to reveal the truth of the statement. What is found on the borders of the Himālayan regions is also found in countries about Cape Comorin; and in sentiments and habits a Panjab Hindū is not different from one of Nepal. Brāhmana is Brāhmana everywhere and the Kṣhatṛiyas of all parts follow the same habits and are not different with regard to their social and religious relations. No Shūdra can go away without performing his religious ceremony, and it is always the Brāhmana that is wanted for the purpose. A Vaishya's avocation is ever trade, and he shares with his brethren elsewhere his castes, habits and customs. The same feeling for religion prevails in every mind, and no person is different from his neighbour in his theories of life, man and God. Belief in Karma is supreme, and Fate shares the same portion in every person's thought. In his early rising, in his ablutions, in his pūjās, in his taking of meals, in his relations with his friends and relatives, in his evening prayers, one person is the same as another. He is the same with regard to his marriage laws, religious rites and funeral ceremonies. In his reverence for deities, in his desires to visit places of pilgrimage, in his regard for rivers, in his modes of bath and dress, and in his observance of festivals, a South Indian man of any caste is identical with any other man of the same or a different caste in Northern India. The same simplicity of life,

the same imaginative temperament, the same contemplative mood, and the same disgust of this world and its affairs, are to be found in every one's thoughts, words and deeds. No man will start his business without consulting the auspicious moments, every man has his fears and hopes in omens and dreams, and every heart shares the same filial respect. Thus socially and religiously all are one, and these are elements not to be lost sight of. These are bonds much stronger than any others, inasmuch as they pertain to the heart and arise from within. The Hindūs are a sentimental people, and it is in mind they are all united. Any other bond is regarded by them as external, and consequently futile. They are thus already one, and the heart of a Bengali throbs unconsciously at the sufferings of a Guzerati. Hence the significance of the phrase "Hindū Nation".

THE PARADOX EXPLAINED

(i) *Appeal to History.*—This may appear paradoxical, and how to reconcile the two foregoing paragraphs may appear to some to be a great problem. Recourse is to be had here to past history, and the spectacle which England presented two centuries ago, India presents to-day. The irreconcilable divisions between the different sections of the Christian faith, the ill-treatment accorded to one by another, the haughty behaviour of an aristocrat to a plebeian, and the very disreputable state of affairs prevailing in those days, are even to this day in every one's memory. History records it and popular conversation confirms it. Exception cannot be taken to this, and things are to-day what they are because favourable agencies have been at work. Education has

been spread abroad, and with this increased knowledge and wisdom a spirit of cosmopolitanism has taken hold of the people's heart, and philanthropy is now a marked trait in their character.

(ii) *Internally one; externally many. Stimulus needed.* Human nature is the same throughout, and doubtless Hindūs ought to reach the same level as their occidental friends, provided their conditions are slightly altered. The National Unit being already in potential existence, it will be no miracle if it also begins to operate externally, as only an inducement is required for the purpose. No better illustration is needed than the united front offered in a common cause by the Hindūs of different castes in South Africa, and there is a valuable lesson to be learnt from the behaviour of those of our men who have gone to America for study or other purposes.

CONCLUSION

It is well for the Hindūs that a kind Providence has selected for them the British as rulers, and with the cements of a common Government, a common tongue and such other favourable agencies, Hindūs, who are *already* a nation, will become *known* to the world as such. The British will have done a service to the world if they only bring this about, and with the past history of India re-written from the materials pointed out above, India with England will offer a peaceful front, under the fostering light of which humanity will march quicker towards its perfection.

P. R. Singarachari

ANGELS IN THE HEBREW AND CHRISTIAN SCRIPTURES

By C. V. MADDOCKS

ONE of the earliest Christian Fathers, Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch (said to be a disciple of S. John), when writing to the Ephesians, speaks of himself as a disciple "initiated into the mysteries of the Gospel," and tells of some of the things he has learned. "I am able," he says, "to understand heavenly things, the angelic orders, and the different sorts of angels and hosts, the distinction between powers and dominions, and the diversities between thrones and authorities, the mightiness of the æons, and the pre-eminence of the cherubim and seraphim," etc. This passage is quoted in *Esoteric Christianity*, and the comment is added:

This passage is interesting, as indicating that the organisation of the celestial hierarchies was one of the subjects in which instruction was given in the Mysteries.

This being the case, any light which can be thrown on this subject must be welcome. The Hebrew scriptures give many hints on the subject, and there are others to be found in the New Testament also. Philo Judæus speaks of angels as the Words (the Logoi)

of God, that is, the expression of His power or energy. He says :

The man who follows God does of necessity enjoy, as the companions of his way, the Words (Logoi) which are His attendants, whom we are wont to call angels.—*Migr. Abr.*, 31.

That these great messengers are regarded as gods by the less instructed is also recognised by him. "Those who are unable to bear the sight of God regard His image, His messenger Word (Logos) as Himself" (*Philo, De Somn.*, 41). Again: "Angels are the servants of God, and are considered actual gods by those who are in toils and slaveries" (*De Profugis*, 38). He speaks of the greatest angels as being "viceroys of the All-Sovereign, as it were eyes and ears of a great king, having all things in their view and hearing" (*De Somn.*, i, 22, 23).

In the "Celestial Hierarchy" of Dionysius the Areopagite, nine orders of angelic beings are given as mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. They are placed in the following order :

- (1) Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones.
- (2) Dominations, Virtues, Powers.
- (3) Principalities, Archangels, Angels.

Although apparently not included in this list, the highest members of the Celestial Hierarchy mentioned in the Bible appear to be those great Beings who are known as the Seven Great Spirits before the Throne (*Rev.*, i, 4). These Great Ones are known in Theosophical writings as the great Planetary Logoi, centres of energy in the Logos Himself, and yet glorious living Spirits. They are spoken of several times in the Bible: they appear as "seven lamps of fire burning before the Throne, which are the Seven Spirits of God"

(*Rev.*, iv, 5), they are "sent forth into all the earth" (*Rev.*, v, 6), they "present the prayers of the saints and go in and out before the glory of the Holy One" (*Tobit.*, xii, 15).

The names of these seven great Archangels are said to be Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Chamuel, Jophiel and Zadkiel. Of these, the last three are not mentioned in the commonly accepted scriptures, and have never been generally recognised in the Christian Churches of either East or West.

Michael, or "Who is like God?" is called "one of the chief princes" (*Daniel*, x, 13) and "Michael the Archangel" (*Jude*, 9). In the *Pistis Sophia*, Michael and Gabriel are called the Receivers of Light, who take back the souls to the Light. They "lead the Light-stream into chaos, and bring it forth again".

Gabriel, or "Man of God," is said to "stand in the Presence of God" (*Luke* i, 19). He is mentioned as a divine messenger twice in the Old Testament and twice in the New. It is he who foretells the birth of John the Baptist, and later, the birth of Jesus.

Uriel, or "Flame of God," is described in the *Book of Enoch* as he "whom the eternal Lord of glory sets over all the luminaries of heaven" (*Enoch*, xxi, 72). He is mentioned in *2 Esdras*, x, 28, where he is represented as a giver and interpreter of visions.

Raphael, or "God has healed," called in *Enoch* (xx, 3) "one of the watchers, the angel of the spirits of men," is said to be the angel of Mercury. He appears as the angelic guide and friend of Tobias in the *Book of Tobit*, and says of himself: "I am

Raphael, one of the Seven Holy Angels which present the prayers of the saints, and go in and out before the glory of the Holy One" (*Tobit*, xii, 15).

As we have seen, S. Ignatius speaks of the "pre-eminence of the Cherubim and Seraphim". These mysterious Beings seem to be, in a peculiar way, angels of the Presence. Philo speaks of them as representing two supreme attributes of God, His Authority and His Goodness. The Cherubim are represented in the Hebrew scriptures as winged creatures with human countenances, living *bearers* of God when He manifests Himself in His glory on the earth. A writer in *Chambers' Encyclopædia* says:

While they are always conceived as living creatures, their perfectly free power of movement seems to suggest a connection with the thunderclouds which reveal to the world the majesty of God. In Psalm xviii, it is said that Jehovah "rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea he flew swiftly on the wings of the wind," and elsewhere the clouds are called the chariot of Jehovah. To the Hebrew idea of the cherub (in this subject of it) is allied the Indian conception of the bird Garuda, the swift bearer of Vishnu, and the swift-winged four-footed bird which in Æschylus carries Oceanus through the ether.

In the Bible literature, cherubim are represented as guardians of sacred things. Cherubim are said to "keep the way of the tree of life" at the entrance to Eden (*Gen.*, iii, 24). There are figures of cherubim placed upon the Ark to guard its sanctity (*Exodus*, xxv, 18), and also at the doors of the temple of Ezekiel's vision (*Ezek.*, xli, 25). Philo says:

The images of the creative power and of the kingly power are the winged cherubim which are placed upon the ark (*De Prof.*, 19).

The seraphim are celestial Beings that are said to surround the Presence.

I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne . . . Above Him stood the seraphim . . . and one cried to another and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory.—*Isaiah*, vi, 1-3.

The word seraph means "fiery serpent" and is used in that sense in several places, such as *Numbers*, xxi, 6, where the Israelites were bitten by fiery serpents and many died. "And the Lord said unto Moses, make thee a fiery serpent (Sārāph) and set it upon a pole" (*Num.*, xxi, 8). It is suggested by Driver and others that the popular mythical seraphim were personifications of the serpent-like flashes of lightning which shine around the thunderclouds, the throne of the Almighty.

Philo, however, sees in them the personified Goodness of God, and perhaps, the serpent being a symbol of wisdom, they may represent the light of Divine Wisdom.

Little is said in the Bible about the other ranks of the celestial hierarchy mentioned by Dionysius, except the Archangels and angels. Angels of many degrees and with many different offices appear, from the guardian angels of men to the rulers of nations and the angels of the cosmic forces. Angels of the four quarters of the heavens are mentioned under the guise of chariots (vehicles) drawn by red, black, white and bay horses.

The angel said unto me: "These are the four winds [marginal note, "or spirits"] of heaven, which go forth from standing before the Lord of all the earth."—*Zechariah*, vi, 5.

These angels of the four quarters are also referred to in *Revelation*, vii, 1:

I saw four angels standing at the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth.

In the same book an angel is spoken of which had power over fire (xiv, 18), also "the angel of the waters" (vi, 5). In *Ephesians*, ii, 2, we have "the prince of the power of the air".

Origen, writing against Celsus, speaks of the "distribution of the various quarters of the earth among different superintending Spirits". And quotes from the septuagint version of *Deuteronomy*:

When the Most High divided the nations, when he dispersed the sons of Adam, He set the bounds of the people according to the number of the angels of God; and the Lord's portion was his people Jacob.—xxxii, 8-9.

These passages are quoted in *Esoteric Christianity*, and the comment is added:

This is very suggestive of the title the "Lord" being regarded as that of the Ruling Angel of the Jews only, and not of the "Most High," i.e., God.

A similar idea is found in the *Book of Ecclesiasticus*, xvii, 17: "For every nation He appointed a Ruler, and Israel is the Lord's portion."

The ruling angel of the Jews is referred to several times in the Old Testament. When the Israelites are beginning their journey from Egypt, they are thus admonished:

Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee by the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Take ye heed of him, and hearken unto his voice, be not rebellious against him. . . for my name is in him.—*Exodus*, xxiii, 20.

This angel appeared to Joshua in the form of "a man with his sword drawn in his hand" (*Joshua*, v, 13), and spoke thus:

As captain [marginal note, "Prince"] of the host of the Lord am I now come. . . Put off thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy. . . And the Lord said, "See, I have given into thine hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valour."

In the *Book of Daniel* are several references to the angels of the nations. Daniel sees "a man clothed in linen. . . his face as the appearance of lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire" (x, 6). We learn that his name is Gabriel (viii, 16), and he has come to console Daniel, and to tell him of his conferences with the other national angels.

Fear not, Daniel. . . The Prince of the kingdom of Persia withstood me one-and-twenty days, but lo, Michael, one of the chief princes, came to help me. . . Now will I return to fight with the Prince of Persia, and when I go forth, lo the Prince of Greece shall come. . . There is none that holdeth with me against these but Michael your Prince.

Here we see that "Michael" is given as the name of the Lord of the Jewish nation. Again (in chapter xii, 1) it is said:

At that time shall Michael stand up, the great Prince which standeth for the children of thy people.

According to W. Oesterly (*Hastings' Bible Dictionary*) Jehovah or Jahweh was at first regarded as merely one of the angelic host. By degrees he assumed a more and more exalted position, and was regarded as in some sense the guardian angel of the nation. Gradually his superiority to the angels was recognised, and then his messenger or angel appeared in his stead, and became his representative in all his dealings with men. Thus we have the Lord "walking in the garden" and visiting Abraham, in the earlier books; later on it is the "angel of the Lord" who appears to men.

Perhaps the most impressive figures in the Celestial Hierarchy, according to the Bible, are the angels of Destiny described in *Revelation*. These mighty Beings are represented as working out the divine Will with regard to the nations of the world,

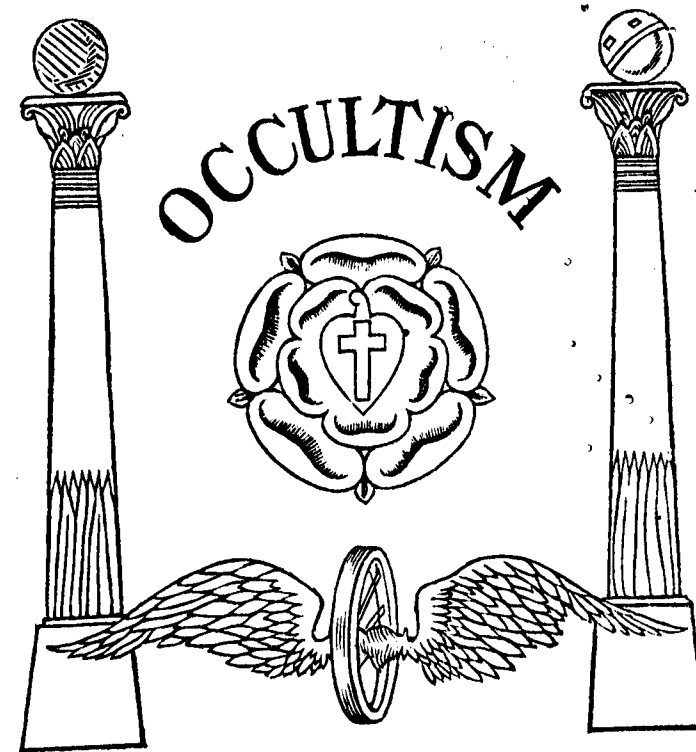
bringing about calamities or bestowing blessings. One such angel is spoken of as "having great authority, and the earth was lightened with his glory" (*Rev.*, xviii, 1).

The wonderful music of the angels is suggested in many places. "And I heard the voice of many angels round about the Throne" (*Rev.*, v, 11). And their voice is "as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder, and . . . the voice of harpers harping with their harps" (*Rev.*, xiv, 2).

Angels are represented as guiding and protecting mankind: "He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways" (*Ps.* xci, 11); they watch over and govern the nations under the name of "watchers and holy ones" (*Dan.*, iv, 14-17); under the name of angels or messengers they carry out the commands of God, and do His will whether on earth or in the higher worlds.

And always they lead a life of reverent and joyous worship and praise, rejoicing, as glorious Sons of God, in all the Divine manifestation—from the beginning of the creation "when all the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy" (*Job.*, xxxviii), to the vision of the final Consummation, when at the end of the world the angel-reapers gather in the harvest of perfected men, "a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples and tongues" (*Rev.*, vii, 11, 12). Then "all the angels fell before the Throne . . . and worshipped God, saying, 'Amen; Blessing, and glory, and . . . thanksgiving and honour and power and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen'."

C. V. Maddocks



INTUITION, MENTAL AND SUPER-MENTAL

By ANNIE BESANT

LEIBNITZ, in defining perfect knowledge spoke of "intuitive" as one of its characteristics. Intuitive—seeing. There is a world of thought in which ideas are "seen," are "objects" to the vision of the Intellect. A truth is not reached by reason in that world, but by "sight". It is not argued about, but beheld. A sense in the physical world is an extension and specialisation of touch; there is contact, direct or

indirect, with the object. In touch the contact is said to be direct, although there be no such thing as real contact; every atom lives in its own world, floating in space and surrounded by its own "Ring Pass-not," through which nought can break without disintegration of the atom. Even in touch, the contact is therefore indirect, through a medium—the ether. Sight is obviously indirect, but the medium is the same. Hearing is regarded as the result of vibrations of air, but the ether is the true medium. So with taste and smell, though liquid and solid are regarded as the media. It is this contact which lends to the senses their feeling of reality, of certainty, and though we usually say that we correct the reports of the senses by the reason—as in the rising and setting of the sun, which neither rises nor sets—it is not really the sense-report which is corrected, but the erroneous induction based thereon by the reason. The record imprinted on the senses remains accurate so far as the sense-impression is concerned.

When we consider the hidden God in man, the "portion of myself, a living Self, thrown down into the world of matter," we find that he reproduces the divine image, and is a three-aspected unity, the three-faced Monad. These three aspects, Power, Wisdom, Activity, are individualised in the Spirit—God made flesh—no longer the Hidden but the Manifested God, not the Father in heaven, but the incarnate Son. In the Spirit Power is individualised as Will, Wisdom as Intuition, and Activity as Intellect, the creative power in man. These we must recognise if we would study mental and super-mental Intuition aright. For there is an Intuition of the Intellect, as there is an Intuition of the

Wisdom, the wisdom which is Self-Realisation, or the Realisation of the Self.

Of the Intellect it is written: "His nature is knowledge"; he is the knower. But as a Knower implies a Known, the Intellect looks outwards, and beholds its object, in idea in the mental world. It shapes itself, as it were, to the object, the "modification of the thinking principle" of Patañjali. The idea is intuited, not reached by any reasoning process, and it is known as true or false by the assonance or discord of the vibrations of the matter clothing it with the vibrations of the causal body. A musician does not reach the fact of a discord by a process of reasoning; he hears it. The Spirit as Intellect does not reach the fact of a falsehood by a process of reasoning; he intuits it. Tuned into perfect harmony with Brahman who is Truth, a lie is a discord, recognised as such at once, a false note, a dissonant vibration. The mind, which is a part of the Intellect, working in denser matter—often called the lower mind, to distinguish it from the higher mind or Intellect—has not this direct perception of Truth, but reaches Truth laboriously by a process of reasoning, of moving from point to point in a definite succession, not seeing Truth by an eagle-glance of direct vision.

The difference between reasoning and intuition may be grasped to some extent, if you think of a philosophic naturalist, or scientist of any department of investigation into Nature. He has accumulated many facts; he has arranged them in classes side by side; he seeks by inductive reasoning to find a synthesis, a principle underlying all; and in that tension of the mind, that meditation, seeking the unseen

unity in the seen diversity, the Intellect illumines the field of discourse and intuits the underlying Truth. Thus Newton saw in a flash of intuition the idea of gravitation: thus Darwin saw the idea of evolution. It was the vision of the Spirit, the intuition of the Intellect, the "divine eye": "The man who sees the One in the Many," said Plato, "that man I esteem as a God." So also in the practice of meditation, when the reasoning mind is wholly stilled, and alert, tense, concentrated, the attention is fixed on the Self, there comes the illuminating flash of the Spirit as Intellect, the "third eye" opens, and Truth is seen.

But let it not be forgotten that Intellect contacts, it does not absorb. There is no identification of Knower and Known, no interpenetration of seer and object seen. Intellect does not include but sees. Its vision is clear-cut, definite, sharply defined. Ever outward-turned is the Intellect, reflecting not embracing.

Super-mental Intuition, the Intuition of Wisdom, is the vision of the Spirit through his second aspect, and that vision is not an outward-looking into the world of matter, the "Knowable," but is an inward-looking into the depths of the Spirit, into the illimitable spaces of the Within, "deep answering to deep" in the infinite profundities of the Self. Hence its whole character is different; its nature is not knowledge but love, knowledge by love, by self-identification with the consciousness not with the encasement of Known. Patañjali speaks of the meditator as seeing the universe *within himself*. Since there is but one Self, the Realisation of the Self places the realiser within all forms, not outside them. This, which is the Wisdom-consciousness, called by us Buddhi, extends

itself, as it were, to include all other consciousnesses, and becomes one with them in realised unity as it has ever been one with them in reality. It does not lose its own centre, but is one with all others; as Plotinus admirably says, each star is itself, and all other stars as well. This Self-realising aspect of the Spirit should be thought of as a radiating Star, not as a circumference. When the Spirit is working in his second aspect, the enclosing causal body disintegrates, and its particles recombine with the radiating Buddhic Star, and its rays mingle with all other similar Stars, interweaving, interpenetrating with no sense of difference. This is the Christ-consciousness, and from this, vaguely sensed but ill-understood, all theories of substitutionary atonement have been woven. Substitution is the thought of the non-realising mind, which sees all as external to itself, and cannot understand an identity of nature which transcends all differences, in which the "Saviour" and the "saved" are one, "as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, so they also may be one in us". This unity of the divine nature, in which all are partakers, has been legalised and carnalised into the terrible triplicity of an angry God, and an atoning God, and an atoned-for sinner. Far removed is this from the "Christ born in you," from "the Christ in us, the hope of glory". Thus do the unspiritual debase spiritual truths.

Bergson, among modern philosophers, has seen the coming evolution of man into the Self-Realising consciousness, the consciousness, as we say, of the sixth race, and very imperfectly of the sixth sub-race. He sees it rightly as more cognate to feeling than to intellect, as growing out of instinct rather than out of mind. He

sees that while the intelligence, looking on the material world, multiplies and perfects its instruments for the investigation thereof, extending the senses, "with mind as the sixth," instinct, the formative self-preserving power, must work from within, fashioning the organs through which life functions, in ever-increasing perfection, and giving birth to Intuition, a faculty higher than the reason.

This Intuition knows by an entering into any form, identifying consciousness with the consciousness abiding in that form, feeling as it feels, thinking as it thinks, seeing as it sees, one with it, and thus gaining an intimacy of knowledge beyond aught that the Intellect can reach. Bringing the memories of that Self-identity "out of the everywhere into the here," the indwelling Spirit accomplishes an exquisiteness of sympathy which no lower experience can evoke. A perfect comprehension is the result, and hence an enduring power to help. "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner"—if the word "pardon" can be used where there exists a unity of nature.

Annie Besant

THE NATURE OF MYSTICISM

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

(Continued from p. 421)

PANTHEISM

"GOD is All." This is Pantheism. In one form or in another the teachings of Pantheism are found in most of the religions. The Substratum of all things, when conceived of as a Personal God, and not as a super-personal Absolute, is thought of in religion in two manifestations, as either the Transcendence or the Immanence.

In the former, the Creator is distinct and apart from His creation; however much His craftsmanship is evident in the "design" in nature, that nature is not He; to the devotee who worships the Transcendent Godhead, to think of any pantheistic unity between God and nature "subverts the personality of God and man, renders free will impossible and destroys all real moral responsibility". In the latter, however, nature could not exist but for God's eternal and inseparable unity with it; it is only because "He is immanent in the atom that the atom has energy and substance; it is only the Immanence of God in nature that makes evolution possible; and the final victory of man over evil is

achieved only because man is himself a manifestation of the Immanent Godhead.

Pantheism is seen in its clearest presentation in Hinduism. These verses from the Shvetāshvatara Upanishad alone will show well the Hindu doctrine of Immanence; it will be seen that the Hindu Pantheistic Divinity is not a vague impersonal abstraction—"the night in which all cows are black"—but the splendid Reality of a Personal God.

This God, in sooth, in all the quarters is; long, long ago indeed, he had his birth, he verily is now within the germ. He has been born, he will be born; behind all who have birth he stands, with face on every side.

Whose faces, heads and necks, are those of all, who lieth in the secret place of every soul, spread o'er the universe is He, the Lord. Therefore as all-pervader, He's benign.

That sure is fire; That sun; That air; That surely moon; That verily the bright; That Brahm; the waters That; That the creator.

Thou woman dost become, and man, and youth, maid too in sooth; when old with staff thy steps thou dost support; thou takest birth with face on every side.

Blue fly, green bird, and red-eyed beast, the cloud that bears the lightning in its womb, the seasons, and the seas, beginningless art thou. In omnipresent power thou hast thy home, whence all the worlds are born.

It is in the same Upanishad we have the following verses, which show how the Hindu mind has united the Transcendent and Immanent Godhead, so that from the soul of man rises utmost devotion to one theistic God. He is called "The Man".

I know this mighty Man, sun-like, beyond the darkness; Him and Him only knowing one crosseth over death; no other path at all is there to go.

Than whom naught is greater or less, than whom none more subtle or vast; like as a tree, he silent stands in shining space, in solitude. By Him, the Man, this all is filled.

Him know I, old, without decay, the Self of all, gone forth into all the worlds with omnipresent power; about whose birth and death fools only speak; they who of Brahman tell, Him everlasting call.

Him, nor from above, nor from below, nor midmost, can one grasp; no equal to be found is there of Him, whose name is glory great.

His form stands not within the vision's field, with eye no man beholds Him. Him standing in the heart, by heart, by mind; thus they who know immortal they become.

Alone within this universe He comes and goes; 'tis He who is the fire, the water He pervadeth. Him and Him only knowing one crosseth over death; no other path at all is there to go.

In popular Buddhism, since Buddhism is a non-theistic religion, there is no Pantheism of the ordinary kind. Nevertheless the Buddha recognised the Substratum of all things; He called it Nirvana, which is thus described:

There is, O Brethren, that Abode, where there is indeed no earth nor water nor air; nor the world of the Infinity-of-Space, nor the world of the Infinity-of-Intelligence, nor the world of No-Thing-Whatsoever, nor the world of Neither-Cognition-nor-Non-Cognition; nor this world, nor the world yonder, and neither the sun nor the moon. That I call, O Brethren, neither coming nor going nor standing, nor birth nor death. Without foundation, without origination, beyond thought is That. The destruction of sorrow verily is That.

There is, O Brethren, that which is unborn, unmanifested, uncreate and unconditioned. Unless, O Brethren, it were not unborn, unmanifested, uncreate and unconditioned, there could not be cognised in this world the coming forth of what is born, manifested, created and conditioned.

In Christianity, Pantheism has not been an orthodox doctrine; and this is natural, for in all religions where emphasis is laid upon the Godhead

¹ Mead and Chatterji's translation.

² Udānam. Section VIII.

as Transcendent, there is often a repugnance to thinking of Him as Immanent. Nevertheless in Christianity many mystics have been pantheists; and it is striking to note from the newly discovered Logia of Jesus that in early Christian days a lofty Pantheism was not incompatible with true faith. In one Logion, Jesus says,

Raise the stone and there thou shalt find Me, cleave the wood and there am I.

Yet in another Logion, fragmentary though it is, we have the pantheistic conception of one chain of ascending life.

Jesus saith, Ye ask, Who are those that draw us to the kingdom, if the kingdom is in Heaven?... the fowls of the air, and all the beasts that are under the earth or upon the earth, and the fishes of the sea, they are they which draw you, and the kingdom of Heaven is within you; and whosoever shall know himself shall find it. Strive therefore to know yourselves, and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the Father.

This is of course Pantheism of a lofty kind; and we have the paraphrase of the Logion by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, who discovered the fragment, in these words: "The idea seems to be that the divine element in the world begins in the lower stages of animal creation, and rises to a higher stage in man, who has within him the kingdom of heaven. . . . The transition from the inward character of the kingdom to the necessity of self-knowledge is natural. Since the kingdom is not an external manifestation but an inward principle, men must know themselves in order to attain to its realisation."

An interesting form of Pantheism is that which appears in Sufism. Orthodox Mohammedanism, with

its high conception of God as Transcendent, leaves no place for Pantheism; but in Persia the teachings of Mohammed underwent a mystical transformation, which has given such a beautiful pantheistic conception of God as this, from the Persian mystic-poet Jāmī:

Each speck of matter did He constitute
A mirror, causing each one to reflect
The Beauty of His visage. From the rose
Flashed forth His Beauty, and the nightingale
Beholding it, loved madly. From that fire
The candle drew the lustre which beguiles
The moth to immolation. On the sun
His beauty shone, and straightway from the wave
The lotus reared its head. Each shining lock
Of Leyli's hair attracted Majnun's heart
Because some ray divine reflected shone
In her fair face. 'Twas He to Shirin's lips
Who lent that sweetness which had power to steal
The heart from Parviz, and from Farhad life.
His beauty everywhere doth show itself,
And through the forms of earthly beauties shines
Obscured as through a veil. He did reveal
His face through Joseph's coat, and so destroyed
Zuleykha's peace. Where'er thou seest a veil,
Beneath that veil He hides. Whatever heart
Doth yield to love, He charms it. In His love
The heart hath life. Longing for Him, the soul
Hath victory. That heart which seems to love
The fair ones of this world loves Him alone.
Beware! say not, "He is All-Beautiful,
And we His lovers!" Thou art but the glass,
And He the face confronting it, which casts
Its image in the mirror. He alone
Is manifest, and Thou in truth art hid.
Pure love, like beauty, coming but from Him
Reveals itself in thee. If steadfastly
Thou canst regard, thou wilt at length perceive
He is the mirror also; He alike
The Treasure and the Casket. "I" and "Thou"
Have here no place, and are but phantasies
Vain and unreal. Silence? For this tale
Is endless, and no eloquence hath power
To speak of Him. 'Tis best for us to love
And suffer silently, being as nought.

In modern days, we have a revival of pantheistic teaching in Emerson. He amplifies the ancient teachings of Plato and the Stoics of a universal Divine Mind. It is this Divine Mind, the "Over-Soul,"

within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other; that common heart, of which all sincere conversation is the worship, to which all right action is submission; that overpowering reality which confutes our tricks and talents, and constrains every one to pass for what he is, and to speak from his character, and not from his tongue, and which evermore tends to pass into our thought and hand, and become wisdom, and virtue, and power, and beauty. We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal ONE. And this deep power in which we exist, and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour, but the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one. We see the world piece by piece, as the sun, the moon, the animal, the tree; but the whole, of which these are the shining parts, is the soul.¹

This general survey of Pantheism gives us its main elements. They are:

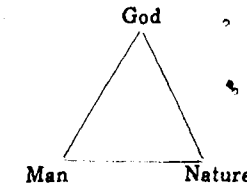
1. God is All, and all is God. All life and force and matter are modes of His existence. He is Immanent in the world He has created; but He is at the same time Transcendent, and exists in a mode which can never be realised through His creation.

2. The Divine Nature expresses Itself in creation in ascending grades of life and form; It is the Divine Mind which is manifest in the law, beauty and harmony in the universe.

3. Individual man is one with God—of His very nature in essence and in existence.

¹ Essays, "The Over-Soul".

We have thus a trinity of God and man and nature. If we symbolise this trinity in the form of a triangle,



we shall find that two main types of mysticism appear, one that emphasises the relation between man and God, and the other that between nature and God. These two types we shall call respectively Pantheistic Mysticism and Nature Mysticism.

PANTHEISTIC MYSTICISM

The Theme.—This is to emphasise in all possible ways that God and man are one. No religion has proclaimed this unity so clearly or so boldly as Hinduism; it is the great "Secret" that could be expounded only to "twice-born" men; it rings out throughout the centuries, from age to age. The father Uddālaka teaches it to his son Shvetaketu:

All this universe has the Supreme Deity for its life. That Deity is Truth. He is the Universal Soul. *Thou art He, O Shvetaketu.*¹

If a man thinks he is a mortal, governed by time and tide, he knows not the facts of his own existence. The great Self and man's self are one, and not twain.

As oil in seeds, butter in cream, water in springs, and in the firesticks fire, so is that Self found in the self, by him who seeks for Him with truth and meditation.²

¹ Chhândogya Upanishad.

² Shvetāshvatara Upanishad.

This same unity is hinted at in Christianity, though not worked out to a logical conclusion, as in Hinduism.

I am the vine, ye are the branches.¹

In him we live, and move, and have our being . . . for we are also his offspring.²

In modern days, the unity of God and man is the fundamental basis of Christian Science and New Thought. In both we have a revival of Pantheistic Mysticism, as we shall see clearly when we come to analyse "the method" and "the obstacle".

What is the Ego, whence its origin and what its destiny? The Ego-man is the reflection of the Ego-God; the Ego-man is the image and likeness of perfect Mind, Spirit, divine Principle.

The one Ego, the one Mind or Spirit called God, is infinite individuality, which supplies all form and comeliness and which reflects reality and divinity in individual spiritual man and things.³

In Christian Science the unity of man with God or Good or Mind is so complete that a Personal God or Creator almost disappears. On the other hand, New Thought would seem still to retain the Personality of God, while proclaiming man's oneness with Him.

God, then, is this Infinite Spirit which fills all the universe with Himself alone, so that all is from Him and in Him, and there is nothing that is outside. . . . We are partakers of the life of God; and though we differ from Him in that we are individualised spirits, while He is the Infinite Spirit including us as well as all else beside, yet in essence the life of God and the life of man are identically the same, and so are one. They differ not in essence, in quality; they differ in degree.⁴

¹ St. John, 15, 5.

² St. Paul, Acts, 17, 28.

³ Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science, in *Science and Health*, chap. 10.

⁴ R. W. Trine, *In Tune with the Infinite*, chap. 2.

The Obstacle.—If according to Pantheistic Mysticism, man and God are one, why then should man not be able to realise that unity and so be free from life's evils? Because man is hindered by one obstacle, and that is Matter. This is the great doctrine of *Mâyâ*, or Illusion, of Hindu philosophy. *Purusha* and *Prakriti*, Spirit and Matter, God and His creation, seem to our senses to be a duality. However much man may believe he is Brahman, Absolute Deity, his senses impress continually upon his consciousness that he is a mortal and suffers mortality's limitations. Hindu philosophy gets round this obstacle in two ways. The method of the *Sāṅkhya* philosophy admits an eternal duality of Spirit and Matter, but holds that Spirit shows the attributes of mortality—life and death, Reincarnation and Karma and evolution—only so long as it lets itself be hypnotised by matter; the moment Spirit knows its true nature, the delusion of matter, with all its concomitants, vanishes. The method of the *Vedānta* admits no duality; *Prakriti* or matter has no fundamental reality whatsoever. If matter seems to our senses real, it is because we have succumbed to *Mâyâ*. Just as a man at dusk may be frightened by seeing a snake, which on closer examination he finds only to be a piece of rope, so we superimpose on the reality of the Spirit the unreality of a material universe. So long as we as Spirit continue to superimpose the illusion on the reality, so long are we subject to all the powers of that illusion.

Both the *Sāṅkhya* and the *Vedānta* admit that to our deluded consciousness Brahman, the Over-Soul, is separated from man by the intervening barrier of the *Mâyâ* of matter; the denial of any reality in matter

does not mean the denial of the testimony of our senses. Matter and the universe are real to us, so long as we permit ourselves to be immanent in them; it is our voluntary immanency in matter that causes the illusion. But we can transcend our immanency, and live in a realm where there is only the reality of Spirit. This transcending the illusion is proclaimed in both philosophies as achievable only by an arduous course of purification and mental and spiritual development.

Now it is interesting to note that New Thought and Christian Science follow these two ancient philosophies. New Thought, like the Sāṅkhya, recognises the real existence of matter, but proclaims man's complete freedom from its limitations by the realisation that matter is after all a mode of Mind, and so can be modified by man's Mind. On the other hand Christian Science, like the Vedānta, totally denies the existence of matter. Thus we have in Mrs. Eddy's book:

The verity of mind shows conclusively how it is that matter seems to be, but is not.

Spirit and its formations are the only realities of being. Matter disappears under the microscope of Spirit.

Matter and mind are opposites. One is contrary to the other in its very nature and essence; hence both cannot be real. If one is real, the other must be unreal.

There is no life, truth, intelligence, nor substance in matter. All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation, for God is All-in-all. Spirit is immortal Truth; matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal.

The Method.—In this Pantheistic Mysticism, which proclaims the unity of God and man, and which considers matter an illusion and hence the great obstacle to

spiritual realisation, the method or mode of magic is Affirmation. There is no need to pray; to whom shall a man pray, if man is himself God? There is no need to aspire to Unity; the Unity is a Fact. But man must put aside all the illusions that bar the way to the realisation of that great Fact; and man achieves it through Affirmation.

In the Vedānta the affirmations are first of what man is not, and then of what he is. "Aham etat na"—*I am not This*, this material universe of cause and effect, birth and death, joy and sorrow; follow then the later affirmations, "So 'ham"—*I am He*, the Universal Spirit, the Over-Soul, and "Aham ātmā," *I am the Self*.

Affirmations are the most characteristic features of New Thought and Christian Science; that their affirmations are of practical efficacy up to a certain point none can doubt who have heard the testimony of believers in these creeds. Typical New Thought affirmations are the following:

I come face to face with the great Fatherly Presence.

My life is a part of the Universal Life, and not an isolated unit.

The heart-throbs of the Eternal Spirit pulsate through me.

I assert my freedom from the rule of the seen and temporary.

I am at one with the Universal Good.

I deny the slavery of sense. I repudiate the bondage of matter. It is well in its place, but I renounce its supremacy.

I have growth, energy, vitality, and power. I have love, light, harmony, and courage. I am wise, strong, and free.

Henry Wood, *The New Thought Simplified*.

The following four affirmations are well known in Christian Science. According to Mrs. Eddy: "Even if reversed, these propositions will be found to agree in statement and proof, showing mathematically their exact relation to Truth."

1. God is All-in-all.
2. God is good. Good is Mind.
3. God, spirit, being all, nothing is matter.
4. Life, God, omnipotent good, deny death, evil, sin, disease.—Disease, sin, evil, death, deny good, omnipotent God, Life.

There is one important point in which the affirmations of the Hindu philosophies differ from their modern examples. While the Vedānta denies the fundamental reality or permanence of matter, it is so far in touch with actuality as to admit that, while we are wrapt in Māyā, that illusion has a reality. Immersed then in the Māyā, we must follow the laws of the illusion. There is heat and cold, injury and disease and pain, sowing and reaping and the eternal righteous Law of Karma, and Reincarnation, and the slow casting off of the power of Māyā by purification through successive births. The present embodiment in matter of a given individual is regarded as the result of his past lives; everything is just, and it is foolish to deny pain and misery, and unspiritual to hope to obtain benefits which one has not earned by actions in the past. The affirmations of the Hindu philosophies are never turned towards material gain, nor to make life more full of health or wealth. There is nothing in them akin to the following from New Thought literature:

Affirm that you will be in a prosperous condition. Affirm it calmly and quietly, but strongly and confidently. Believe it, believe it absolutely. Expect it—keep it continually

watered with expectation. You thus make yourself a magnet to attract the things that you desire.¹

I want work that will bring me money. I want money to be free. Money means freedom. Money comes to me freely. I can use money freely. Gold wants me, gold loves me, gold needs me. I am drawing money.²

Nor are such exaggerations as these possible in India from anyone who understands the great Way to Liberation described in Hindu philosophies:

What is desire? Desire in the heart is always God tapping at the door of your consciousness with His infinite supply—a supply which is for ever useless unless there be demand for it.

Remember this: Desire in the heart for anything is God's sure promise sent beforehand to indicate that it is yours already in the limitless realm of supply; and whatever you want, you can have for the taking.³

New Thought also parts company with the Affirmations of Hinduism when it changes an affirmation into a demand. An affirmation is the statement of a fact; the power of the fact is absent when the mind merely demands. And moreover whatever spirituality is achieved by affirmations of the right kind is replaced by a refined selfishness having at its command a strong will.

I demand of the Supreme Power good for myself. I demand of it greater health of body. I demand more clearness of mind. I demand power to rid myself of hatred, envy and jealousy and ill will towards others, for I know such thoughts or forces hurt me. I demand wisdom so that ways and means may come to me to get health of body, clearness of mind, and freedom from the bondage of evil thought towards others.

It has already been pointed out that Christian Science in its essence is the Vedānta of India in a less

¹ Trine, *In Tune with the Infinite*, chap. IX.

² K. T. Anderson, *I Wants and Wants Me*.

³ H. Emilie Cady, *Lessons in Truth*.

⁴ Prentice Mulford.

rational garb; the lack of clear philosophic thought in Christian Science confuses the boundaries between true spirituality and a refined selfishness. While high spirituality can result in Christian Science from its general standpoint of affirmation, it is equally true that a self-centred and a hard nature often results from its "demonstrations". Though both Christian Science and New Thought have done much to relieve the sufferings of many, and to lift the load of depression from thousands, it is quite a question whether that result has not been achieved at the cost of true spirituality. However, it is interesting to study these new phases of old, old teachings; and Schopenhauer was right when in 1851 he prophesied: "In most of the pagan philosophical writers of the first century we see the Jewish theism, which, as Christianity, was soon to become the faith of the people, shining through, much as at present we may perceive shining through in the writings of the learned the native pantheism of India, which is destined sooner or later to become the faith of the people. *Ex oriente lux.*"

The Ideal.—The ideal of Pantheistic Mysticism is quite clear in India. It is the Yogi, the "unifier". He seeks the high path of oneness with Brahman. Life after life, stage by stage, he has paid his debt to Mâyâ by the performance of duties imposed upon him by the laws of that illusion. He is now free to renounce the Immanence and seek the Transcendence. He is therefore the homeless wanderer, the sannyâsi, the "renouncer". When he attains, he is Mukta, the "liberated," and Paramahansa, "who comes not nor goes," beyond birth and death and rebirth, a "pillar" in the temple of God who "shall go no more out".

This ideal has not yet been worked out clearly in either Christian Science or New Thought. In both, emphasis has so far been laid on the negative phase, that of freedom from the pain aspect of evolution; there yet awaits for them the discovery of the positive phase, when men through affirmation shall realise Brahman, the One without a second.

Of him who thus discovers, it shall be asked, as of old: "Your face shines like one who knows Brahman. Who has taught you?" And the reply shall be, as of old: "So 'ham. I am He."

C. Jinarâjadâsa

(To be continued)

THE WOOING

THE chains of love are jewels,
Its glances the depths of deepest waters,
Captive, looking back on thy freedom,
Thou shalt love thy captivity.

Envy, thou followest the bird's flight,
Yearningly hearest the wind go by,
Yearn to thy fetters, captive,
Yearn to the prison of my heart,
For love will not loose thee for years as many
As the tears of thy humility.

The chains of love are jewels,
Its glances the depths of deepest waters,
Captive, looking back on thy freedom,
Thou shalt love thy captivity.

OTHERS ON THE WAY

By M. R. ST. JOHN

IN *Man: Whence, How and Whither* we find the following:

When the Human Kingdom is traversed and Man stands on the threshold of His super-human life, a liberated Spirit, seven paths open before Him for His choosing.

Now while to many students this statement must be of absorbing interest, especially as the author gives an indication of the nature of these different paths of future Monadic evolution, some would be of the opinion that information such as this, although of much interest from an academical point of view, is of no value; since it does not at present concern the majority of us who are endeavouring to fit ourselves for the probationary stage which leads to the portal of the Path proper through the first of the Great Initiations.

Yet there are not a few earnest Theosophists who feel that all teachings dealing with future evolution are not solely intended to be studied and laid down; that Theosophy, far from being a purely mental conception, formulates a rule of life of such magnificent scope that all temperaments may find in its teachings inspiration for development along those evolutionary lines to which they believe they are drawn by natural affinity.

Here we see the extreme significance of this teaching, for it is not so much a case for individual selection, as of suitability for certain kinds of activity, purely cosmic or otherwise, for which our present individual training along certain lines is intended to fit us.

In *The Voice of the Silence* we read:

Fix thy soul's gaze upon the Star whose ray thou art, the flaming star that shines within the lightless depths of ever-being, the boundless fields of the unknown.

We may be told in respect to this greater evolution, which is also referred to in *Light on the Path*, that we have not yet evolved sufficiently to be able to conceive of possibilities so remote, and that all we are concerned with now is the struggle which prepares us eventually for the first great Initiation, the entrance to the Path proper, the old and narrow way; but if that is so, references to this further and greater evolution would not be made unless these were intended to inspire and help us in our present progress, which, while being a preparatory stage for the Path itself, is at the same time an initial stage of the greater possibilities that lie far ahead of us and beyond the level at present reached by the great Masters of Wisdom Themselves.

Now it is possible that some fellow students may have lured themselves into a belief that to become a Master of Compassion and remain on earth to help humanity is the one and only goal for all orthodox members of the Theosophical Society (it must be admitted that the trend of much of our teaching and recent literature does seem to point in that particular direction), and that, while there may be other paths to

choose when a certain stage has been reached, we are only concerned with service for that human evolution of which we at present consider ourselves a small but not altogether unworthy fragment.

Let it be stated at once that if this were so, Theosophy would not, as it professes, be all-embracing; and, moreover, it would be *ipso facto* a creed. At the same time, we all are servers now, and will all be servers hereafter, and it surely cannot in the least matter whether or not our eventual service is connected either specifically or directly with human evolution; for this latter must be only a subsidiary part of the mighty conception, and some among us may hereafter be found of greater use in other departments of the Divine scheme which have no connection whatever with humanity. The question that naturally arises is this: If some of us were not meant eventually to be of service to the race, why should we be undergoing human evolution at all? The only answer is that we do not know any more than that the choice of seven different paths in the great future that lies ahead of each one of us would not have been mentioned, unless a certain section of what are now human beings would be likely to proceed along one or other of them; and this is very clearly and concisely stated in that illuminating book from which the extract which commences this article was taken.

Now the greatest and most important of our faculties is that which is termed the Creative, and it is by this faculty that we know ourselves to be by nature Divine. It is found in a greater or less degree in every adult human being, and even in children, when not temporarily obscured by the tendency to destroy, and if we consider for a moment what it would mean to be

deprived of the ability to create (the term is used in its widest and most comprehensive sense), a feeling akin to hopeless despair will be evoked. The composer, the artist, the writer, the engineer, the mechanic, the carpenter, would cease to be; and the humblest workers and sons of toil would be mere machines. Do we not see to-day the baneful result of the replacement of individual labour by the machine, the psychological cause underlying all the great unrest? So those earnest and not very far-seeing souls, who are endeavouring by legislation and other methods to ameliorate the lot of the great mass of our population, will find their efforts futile, unless the improvement in the environment and scale of living is accompanied by the destruction of much that has stultified this faculty of creation, which is inherent in every human being. Better, far better, to be poor and free than to have every worldly comfort with the will, but without the power, to create.

Now this faculty is not the same in every individual, for although we are all divine sparks from one great parent Flame, we were originally meant to evolve in different ways and along different lines; for, if the Divinity within us was undifferentiated, we should be of no more use and interest to our heavenly Father than a flock of sheep, and the process of individualisation would have been a failure. Imagine the feelings of a father or mother of a large family if each member of it was an exact counterpart or replica of the other—truly an appalling conception! Since the Theosophical Society is world-wide, and the broadest "wisdom school" in the world, there are to be found among its members students of the

most diverse characteristics, and of very different temperaments and potentialities; for while they are all united in a common search for Truth, they do not always seek it by the same road.

The writer was reminded very forcibly of this by a letter received from a friend who was living in a quiet place in a very lovely part of the country. In the letter it was stated that the friend felt much nearer to God living in such surroundings, far away from the busy haunts of men, but it was feared that such a statement might be considered as very un-theosophic and un-brotherly. Instead of sending a reply that in this "nearness to God" one scented a contravention of the first object of the Theosophical Society, of its one and only imposition, the writer pondered over this faith, and also over many other things; of a past "lonely" life in a great Indian forest; of the unbearable tension of life in cities and towns; of the seeming impossibility of escape from the ceaseless, tearing rush; of the haven of rest to be found in the sea, in the mountains, in the silent woods. After a while, what had been only a vague idea seemed to become a conviction, a conviction that there must be many beings now masquerading in human bodies who rightly or wrongly have no other feeling for humanity as a whole than that inspired by a sense of duty and responsibility towards other wayfarers, toiling along a different and more difficult road.

In this type of entity we find characteristics which, although regarded by most humans as eminently desirable, do not, so to speak, form the basic principles of the civilisation of the West; for, whereas art and beauty, harmony and order, are considered as not only desirable but necessary for human progress, they are

nevertheless regarded more as attributes of that progress, arising out of the same, towards the perfecting of which present progress is supposed to be a step. But to the "alien" soul they are all in all, and this being so, he sees in the democratic tendencies of the age, with its utilitarianism, its *vox populi vox Dei*, its grotesque travesty of what is noblest in art, its prostitution of harmony in sound, its defacement of the beautiful work of the great Deva kingdom, its defilement of nature for economic and commercial purposes, a force diametrically opposed to his highest ideals, antagonistic to spiritual evolution, and therefore evil. For this point of view much can be said, for "As above so below"; and if we truly believe that the world is ruled by a Hierarchy, why do we not endeavour to evolve on similar lines? "Towards Democracy" sounds like "Away from God"; and although our limited means of expression should make us beware of taking mere words in their most literal sense, yet the worship of Demos may, if carried to extremes, lead to conditions the very reverse of what was intended in the original inception of the Democratic idea.

Lastly, we humans have long considered ourselves as the salt of an earth which was originally created for our special benefit, and "it is because we are human that we regard the world as so specially our own"; but "perchance it may be a field primarily for the great Angel kingdom and only secondarily for humanity". That beautiful invocation to the Great Teacher of the World concludes with the words: "O Thou who art the Teacher of Angels and of men"; and may we not infer from this that the former is the more important of the two?

M. R. St. John, F. T. S.

AH MED'S CRUTCHES

By A. W. G.

"Heaven Bless Ah Med and His Crutches"

AH MED was once Grand Vizier of Dirlusha in Trebizond, and was acknowledged by the Easterns themselves, who have ever been reckoned subtle in intrigues and machinations, to have been an exceedingly astute and clever man. And this for two outstanding reasons: One was that, though born a slave, he had yet by sheer ability, pluck, and perseverance succeeded in breaking the oldest and most sacred of traditions in that land where traditions are as eternal laws, and had risen from serfdom to the most exalted rank, next to the Sultan himself. Indeed in the game of life and in the race for power he had at every turn out-manceuvred the quick-witted Dirlushans and had outdone in dark and devious ways the adepts with the poison-cup and the dealers in swift and silent death. So that it came about that, in early middle life, as Grand Vizier, he not only kept princely state, but further, lorded it over the freeborn with a haughtiness and intolerance which slave ne'er yet endured from master. Without doubt, Ah Med had established his reputation as an astute man.

The second reason—to the Persians the greater of

the two, but to the people of the West the lesser—was that he had invented a pair of crutches.

To have been sired by a slave and in addition to have aspired to political power was ever in the East a passport sure through the portals of Death by an untimely end. But also to have been an innovator in a land where customs have existed from time immemorial was to court the disfavour of the gods. Ah Med, however, feared neither gods nor man. So frequently had he escaped the hands of the Terrible Assassins in his adventurous career that the Grand Vizier came to believe he bore a charmed life, and openly sneered at the common enemy of mortals—at Death himself. Yet Death, the All-Conquering, met him in time and in His own way, for it is an immutable law of Death that every man by his own thoughts, desires, and acts, determines the time and manner of his departure from this sublunary sphere; it comes as the just retribution and inevitable consequence of his acts. And Ah Med had decreed the time and manner of *his* end by the crutches he had invented, the traditions he had violated, the people he had done to death, the enemies he had raised. Certainly Ah Med was a clever man, but Death proved himself a better tactician. The Grand Vizier's end came about in this way:

In the Sultan's torquoise mines, the source of fabulous wealth, it was the work of slaves to bear on their shoulders heavy loads from the Ahriman blackness of night to the Ormuzd light of day, in order that the precious greenish pebbles might be sorted from their base matrix of earth to enrich the treasury of their royal master. The incline was steep and arduous; the way long, tortuous and narrow. Of rest there

could be none. To drop the load meant the blocking of the passage, loss of revenue to the Sultan and to the luckless or weary toiler it inevitably brought the punishment of death. Ah Med, as Grand Vizier, was charged to see that the work at the mines ceased not day nor night, holy day nor fast day, summer nor winter. Remembering most clearly, having stamped on the tablets of his memory most indelibly his own wearisome and depressing labours at the mine in the time of his youth and slavery, yet animated by the most benevolent intentions towards those less fortunate than himself, with a sincere and laudable desire to reduce somewhat the risks of their arduous work, and profiting from his experience in the past, Ah Med set himself the task of alleviating the distress of the slaves, and succeeded in inventing the first pair of crutches this world has ever known. He offered to supply, at his own expense, a pair of his newly-devised crutches to each of his master's slaves.

This proved the undoing of Ah Med and started in motion those forces which finally brought about his doom. His kindness was spurned; his crutches being new were looked upon as things accursed and as the suggestion of the Evil One.

"Shoulders," said the workers, "were made to bear burdens."

And "It is the will of God that slaves should meet with condign punishment for their offences."

And once more, "Who is he who dares to interfere with the workings of an inscrutable Providence? God is good."

To the kindest intentions on the part of the Grand Vizier were thus imputed by the slaves the basest of

motives. He, once a slave, was now considered the most tyrannical of taskmasters. He sought, so they said, to stifle the rumour that he himself once had worked under the same conditions as themselves; he desired, so it was openly averred, greater and still greater yield from the mines for his master, the Sultan; and, it was imputed, his action was dominated entirely by selfish motives—his own glory.

The Grand Vizier was furious. The insult and contumely gnawed at his very vitals, yet the acutest observer could hardly have caught a hint of his feelings from his face or demeanour. He swiftly arrived at his decision. Grimly he determined that what had been refused as a gift should be made compulsory by the Sultan's irade. Approaching his royal master, he was at pains to delineate in strong, firm outline the drudgery of the lives of his slaves; in lurid colours he painted the condign punishment meted out to those who, through no fault of their own, might stumble in the passages of the mine; he drew out calculations of the loss of revenue resulting from the frequent stoppage of the work, and playing upon the cupidity of the Sultan while concealing all mention of his previous dealings with the "unthankful wretches of the mines," he attained the end he so much desired, and earned the increased regard and support of his master. *Accordingly, every slave was commanded, on pain of death in case of neglect, to make use of a pair of Ah Med's crutches.* And so it came about that each slave bore with him every journey from darkness to light a pair of Ah Med's crutches.

It is certainly true that as a first result there accrued an immediate increase of revenue to the Sultan,

who now was charmed both with the Grand Vizier and his invention. Stoppage of work did not occur, for, leaning on the hated crutches, a slave could nevertheless regain breath in the midst of a steep bit of incline, and having rested, could proceed once more on his heavy journey.

Five years; ten passed. Changes came about. The mines became much less profitable. But a still more marked alteration was in the slaves themselves. Once a powerful, muscular caste, they in those few years so degenerated that half of them were decrepit and abortions. Their former active, well-balanced and perfectly proportioned frames had given place in many cases to abnormal bulging shoulders along with body and limbs that, in descending order, grew weaker and flabbier as they neared the earth. Many hobbled along by means of the crutches alone, their legs quite useless as aids to progression. But not all were thus. The older and wiser, having made but a semblance of using the crutches provided, and having succeeded in hoodwinking their overseers, preserved their vigour of body and of mind, and though on occasion one might stumble and fall, these had come to be regarded as too stalwart to be released from the necessity of further living and working. It was the young, those new to the toils of the mines, who, adopting in guileless simplicity the adventitious aid of Ah Med's crutches, suffered in physique and intellect.

These facts were patent to the men themselves and, harangued by one Fereez, they determined to save their race from extinction by the bold policy of petitioning the Sultan in person to abolish the use of the execrated crutches.

Accordingly at the time of vernal equinox, secretly leaving the mine before sunrise, the slaves made towards Dirlusha to state their case. Surely never was seen so strange a sight in the history of this changing world. Cripples by hundreds, yea thousands, advancing to storm a city! Armed with crutches and a good case they stumped and thumped along the high road.

Thud, thud,
Bumpety, thumpety;
Left crutch, right crutch,
Legs wagging helplessly;
Right crutch, left crutch,
Feet shuffling helpfully;
Right shoulder up,
Left shoulder down,
Boomp, boomp, into the town.
Young men snail-like,
Old men firm as a pike;
Young men wavering,
Old men threatening;
Young men fainting,
Older ones helping;
Age walking springily,
Youth creeping wearily;
Fathers supporting
Sons, weak and broken;
Youth on the decline,
Age in its prime;
Never again to repine,
So many young men of the mine.

The town reached at length, the portent sprung up that Ah Med's day was over. From street to street the unspoken whisper travelled. The morning air, light and springy as on the hills, seemed yet charged with a dark, heavy vapour, tangible yet unseen, that weighted the thoughts of the citizens. Gazed they stolidly on the worn faces of the wearied travellers of the three enormously lengthened out miles. The very curs ceased to snarl and with moderated step kept even pace with the caricatures of humanity whose cause

they seemed to have espoused. Leaden were the hearts, heavy the sighs, moist the eyes of maiden and matron behind lattice windows, as the cripples crept along the streets below. Slowly advanced the procession and as surely neared they the goal of their Herculean endeavours. But this was no triumphal entry: the future was dark and all unknown. A weighty Silence came down on the throng as it neared the end of its journey. Speech there was none. Alone the *shu-shuf*, *shuffle* of feet, and the *doom, doom, doom* of the crutches. The Silence travelled ahead, and was followed by the faint, mingled sound of *shu-shuf*, *shuffle* of the weary feet, and the *doom, doom, doom* of wood on the street. The Court was appalled, and even the resilient heart of Ah Med felt an unnatural compression.

The Sultan rose and went forth to meet the Silence; his Court followed to solve the *shu-shuffle*, Ah Med to read the meaning of the *doom, doom, doom* from the alley ways. His Majesty appeared at the door of the palace as the procession on crutches commenced to file into his Courtyard. Hurriedly his gorgeous throne of torquoise, pearls and rubies was borne into the open and placed where its lustrous, shimmering stones were thrown into prominence by the admirable foil of the dull, white marble of the palace walls. Above, the reticulated marble windows of the queen's apartments looked down on as varied a display of colours as on types of men—on strength and weakness, on wisdom and folly, on rich and poor.

The Sultan seated himself, supported right and left by his twelve advisers among whom stood Ah Med. Nubians occupied themselves in the duties of the fan. Stalwart Persians in full blaze of armour

formed an impressive body-guard. On the foot of the throne the Sultan's heir, accompanied by his tame lion-cub, reclined, a more than awe-struck spectator of the strange petitioners. These—some standing, others reclining—dishevelled and bedraggled, uncomely and decrepit, servile and defiant, fearful and resigned, faced the others.

Speechless, the Sultan gazed at the motley throng before him. The wistful, resigned, bewildered, calm, unsteady and fierce eyes steadfastly looked into his. These, along with the deformed figures before him, drove vaguely, massively, into the Sultan's consciousness that a Neglected Duty had met him face to face in the way. As for Ah Med, he was as bewildered at the spectacle as at an apparition, and at a loss to understand what had raised the uncanny feeling within him.

The world seemed to halt for a few brief minutes in its course; movement there was none save the splash of the fountain, the harsh rustle of palm-leaves, and the occasional *doom, doom* from the moved crutches. The very dogs, calmed by the unusual Silence, crouched viewing all, awaiting the end of the strange proceedings thus strangely begun under the azure canopy of heaven.

Then reared himself the Sultan, and stretching his arms East and West, chanted the Zoroastrian liturgy, while all, even cripples, faced round to the glorious Orb of Day, the emblem of the Divine:

I announce and complete my worship to Ahura Mazda, the Creator, the radiant and glorious, the greatest and the best, the most sublime to our conceptions, the most firm, the wisest, and the one of all whose Body is most perfect, who attains His ends the most infallibly because of His righteous

order, to Him who disposes our minds aright, who sends His joy-creating grace afar, who made us and has fashioned us, and who has nourished and protected us, who is the most bounteous Spirit.

Rang out then from the assembled multitude the vibrant *Amen, Amen.*

The Sultan having again seated himself and having called for the statement of the plea, up spoke Fereez. Now Fereez it was upon whom Ah Med in the olden days had tried his prentice hand and whose fall had enabled Ah Med to tread the first rung of the ladder of worldly success which led finally to his present exalted rank as Grand Vizier. Fereez was of a noble type, forgiving and merciful, leaving Fate to rule the destinies of man, regarding himself not as an actor but rather as an agent of Ahura Mazda. Calmly then, and fearlessly, he stated the case of his fellow slaves.

"Oh Mighty Sultan, may the Eye of Heaven look favourably down on thee and grant thee peace of mind and long life. We, your humble and faithful slaves, all unworthy one brief moment of your attention, yet supplicate that you will of your clemency take into favourable consideration our miserable plight which day by day grows sadder and more pitiable. As bearers in your mines, your slaves carry earth from bowels of darkness to the fields of sunshine, and we crave that from the bowels of your compassion you will turn a kindly eye on the men broken on the wheel of fortune that you may be enriched thereby. Some years ago, you commanded that each worker should make use in his labours of a pair of crutches of which you then approved. See, for yourself, your Majesty, now confronting you, the deplorable results of that command. Look on the youths blighted by this cursed invention.

Unworthy are we to be seen of men; unworthy to lift up love-lit eyes to womankind; unfit to live and yet forbidden to cut short the life pent in such withered and blasted frames. We are unworthy to bear the name of men."

"May it then please your August Majesty of your clemency to forgive the effrontery of this petition and grant the small favour your faithful servants crave at your hands: *May the use of crutches in future be optional.* And may the Great God most radiant, glorious and sublime have you in His eternal-keeping."

Slowly the Sultan moved, and uneasily, on his throne; slowly turned he his eye from cripple to Ah Med—the maker of cripples; slowly lowered he his eyes to the child and the cub at his feet; slowly traced the free flight of birds through ambient air from tree to tree, and slowly, and with agitated breast, raised he himself to his feet to pronounce judgment:

"Your petition is granted."

Then swiftly turning to Ah Med and transfixing him with his piercing glance, he threw out the words:

"As for you, sir, I now dispense with your services,"

and wheeling round to his petitioners, added,

"Possibly you, gentlemen, may find a use for his talents."

At once the Silence gave place to Sound and Movement. The Sultan in sullen mood retired to his rooms, the Court following him into the palace. Simultaneously the guards, nothing loth, blocked Ah Med's retreat and hustled him backwards towards the crowd. The cripples on their part slit, slashed and stabbed the inoffensive air with epithets, execrations and oaths tipped with the venom harvested in years of

embittered existence, while they initiated a slow surging movement in the direction of Ah Med. Here and there a crutch was lifted as evidence of the vengeance they would wreak and of the weapons with which they meant to expend their fury on the defenceless body of the deposed Vizier. Their prospective victim would certainly have been pounded to death had not Fereez and some of his stout supporters surrounded and defended the unhappy man. These, ranging themselves on each side, with one in front, one behind, made a covered archway for the hated inventor with one crutch and, warding off all attempts to break through their defence with the other, escorted the fallen and broken autocrat out of the riotous Courtyard into the street beyond. This undignified escape proved, however, more fateful to the cripples than to their intended victim. Many, in their eagerness to strike a blow to celebrate their victory, fell and were trampled by those no less eager behind who, themselves tripped up by sprawling legs and unattached crutches, pressed on by weight of numbers in the rear, in turn were borne to earth. The shrieks of the falling, the groans of the injured, mingled with the derisive cries of the mob and the yelp and yap of the dogs, assaulted the ears of the late Vizier as he disappeared through the doorway. Through the streets proceeded the strange guard with their enclosed prisoner, right up to the entrance of his own palace and home, and there left him to the Solitude and the gathering Gloom that surrounds the hopelessly disgraced Courtier. So Fereez saved the life of his enemy.

But as for Ah Med, cast in one brief moment from the most exalted rank and from envied power to

that of the most despised even by the most servile of men in Trebizond, the public contumely heaped upon him hammered on his heart and turned it to water. Death alone kept the dispirited, forsaken man invisible and patient company. *The doom had come.* Crushed in spirit, Ah Med lived but one day, and Death, though he had had to wait long, yet claimed the victory.

As for the slaves, they returned to their toils at the mines, parted with their crutches, and once more became a powerful race of men.

* * * * *

The memory of Ah Med has been preserved by his invention, and "Ah Med's crutches" is a catch-phrase in Dilrusha to this day. If a man in times of adversity sponges on his friends instead of rousing himself to independent action, men gibe at him and say—*"Leaning on Ah Med's crutches!"* Does a person seek counsel of one and all in the problems of life, people incline their heads and whisper of him to each other—*"Using Ah Med's crutches."*

But these cases are rare. In fact, it has come about that no more able, honest, independent or prosperous people are to be found to-day in all the East than in Trebizond, and sages there attribute this to the memory of Ah Med's crutches keeping fresh in the minds of the people the value of individual effort and the dignity of responsibility. Thus the curse of the past is the blessing of the present. So

"May the blessing of heaven rest on Ah Med and his crutches."

* * * * *

A. W. G.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE T. S. AND THE WAR

I

I hope you will be able to spare me space to correct Mr. Van Manen's mistake in his letter of last month, where he suggests that his views and mine are akin. They are not akin, but as the poles apart. Had he judged me by *Brothers of the Star*, instead of by the compilation *War Articles*, he would have known this. But I do not wonder the book misled him, for it was very different to the one I had planned, when it emerged from the Theosophical Publishing Society, London, clipped to conventional pattern and saying hardly more than every one else was by then repeating.

Mr. Van Manen's unfortunate letter needs no reply; it is its own best antidote. I would only suggest that none of us can expect to keep pace with our President, who seems to live through a multiple of lives while we stroll through our one. If we choose to "hitch our waggon to a star" it is not for us to complain when we are jolted. No one asked us either to hitch ourselves or to remain hitched. And if the pace becomes unbearable it is useless to revile the star. True, the waggon's little rumblings and grumblings cannot touch the star, though they may hurt other waggons and bring disaster to itself. But the waggon has to become a star itself some day, and to busy itself over that would seem a better use of time than this unseemly apostrophising of the star which shows the way. For as well might Canute try in vain to move the waves from their obedience to the moon as anyone attempt to sway by one hair's breadth our President's obedience to her orders. And therein lies the secret of our utter trust.

MARY E. ROCKE

II

Mr. Van Manen's letter which appears on pp. 558-564 of *THE THEOSOPHIST* for February has been perused by me with a feeling of pained surprise: it is in my opinion a most ill-conceived and savage, and wholly unjustifiable, attack on the President of our Society. Mr. Van Manen claims a right to his personal opinions, and nobody inside the Society denies this right; but what I, for one, do deny is the right of any member of the Society to hold up to public obloquy our esteemed President. Rightly or wrongly, Mrs. Besant enjoys the unlimited confidence, amounting in some cases to veneration, of an overwhelming majority of the members of the Society, and Mr. Van Manen must be greatly wanting in imagination if he cannot realise that a public attack, clothed in the injurious terms which he has employed in the letter under notice, must be exceedingly painful to this large and overwhelming majority. Mr. Van Manen may possibly be so callous as to disregard this feeling of his fellow-members; if so, his mental attitude is not an enviable one. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Van Manen has no other means of expressing his dissent from the views of the President, if this be his desire. It is open to him to bring before the General Council, the representative body, any matter which he may consider to affect the Constitution and interests of the Society, and this in my humble opinion is the course which he should have adopted in the present case. He would there be confronted with constituted authority, would hear opposing views, and would, it is permissible to hope, have suffered his asperities to be toned down: he would certainly not have had the opportunity of coming, with *ex cathedra* pose, before the whole Society as the accredited exponent of the 10,000 members of the "seven neutral Sections".

And what, after all, is the gravamen of the charge which he launches against the President? In order to give point to his controversial prepossessions, he wrenches from the context a remark which appears in a public utterance of the President, viz., "To be neutral is to be a traitor." The point is met and explained by the Editorial note on Mr. Van Manen's present letter, and I need not dwell further on the aspect there presented. I may, however, add that I also read a meaning in the remark, apart from Occultists or Occultism. In its exoteric or plain significance the remark refers to the attitude of mind which should be taken by members of the Society in view of the diabolical atrocities committed by order or direction of the Central Powers in the course of this awful War. If any person—a belligerent or neutral, a member of the Society or otherwise—can calmly view these features of the campaign

and still adopt an attitude of strict mental neutrality, then all I can say is that I certainly am unable to understand his mental constitution. There is no question of giving a political significance to the matter: it is merely one of eternal verities, in regard to which every right-minded individual can have but one attitude, and that is of uncompromising condemnation; and in this sense to be "neutral" is most certainly to be "a traitor".

Ootacamund

R. PARSONS

III

I have read Mr. Van Manen's letter to the President of the Theosophical Society in the February THEOSOPHIST. I am Swiss by birth and am a naturalised Dutch subject, and therefore may be rightly considered as belonging to neutral countries. Now I wish to state that I do not in the least agree with the statements made therein, rude in form and shallow in contents, which express wholesale misrepresentation of the attitude of the great majority of the neutrals in whose name it might be inferred that Mr. Van Manen is speaking.

It appears to me that the writer finds it necessary to give a slap in the face to all those electors who voted for Mrs. Besant, belligerents and neutrals, but then perhaps he is very anxious for the salvation of their souls. In my opinion the attack is not important enough to attach any value to it, for we are already acquainted with malignant criticisms of this nature (good criticism is beneficent, bad criticism is malicious) against our President. It is, however, useful to point out that Dutch citizens like myself are misrepresented by the writer, who has so much at heart the "neutrality of the Society". The question of neutrality of individuals has been discussed at length in some newspapers in the Dutch East Indies, and the conclusion arrived at is that Governments can be, or at least try to be, neutral, but that no individual can in reality be neutral in a life-and-death struggle between the ideals of democratic liberty and human freedom on the one hand and the ideal that might is right on the other. And confirming that view, the telegrams informed us some weeks ago that the Editor of the newspaper *Telegraaf*, who had been prosecuted because of his writing in the newspaper that this war was brought about by a band of German scoundrels, has been acquitted in Holland. "And the same decision about neutrality will, I suppose, also hold good in other neutral countries."

Concluding, I cannot but emphasise that to be neutral in this war is to be a traitor to the ideals we stand for, for this is

not a fight between some countries and nations, but a strife of life and death, a struggle for sheer existence between two sets of ideals. There are naturally some unfortunate people who have no ideals at all, and they probably would be indifferent to the happenings of to-day. But I feel (and I believe there are thousands who do the same) that, being a Theosophist first and Swiss or Dutch next, it is certainly true that "to be a neutral is to be a traitor".

H. CHRISTOFFEL

P. S.—It occurs to me that perhaps the Editor might make a bolder use of her blue pencil and save useful space of THE THEOSOPHIST which as a rule produces interesting reading matter, and respectfully I would suggest to the Editor to make note of this for future reference.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TRAVELLERS

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Keep on the look out for Theosophists, you will find them in unexpected places. A member recently spent several weeks on a steamer, but did not learn till the day after leaving it that the captain was a student, and that he carried some twenty or thirty Theosophical books in his private library.

Just now there are many members travelling as enlisted men and especially in the hospital corps. It would be wise if, before leaving home, they would look up the addresses of the Lodges in the towns where they are to stop. "Before leaving home," we say, because in the home Lodge there is, or ought to be, a copy of the annual report and Lodge directory, and because (put this down to the conceit of the writer please) outside of the United States good city directories are hard to find; also because even there the Theosophical Lodges are frequently omitted from the published lists of societies.

What has become of the T. S. in Japan? Colonel Olcott started a Lodge in Kyoto when he was there some twenty-five years ago. It appeared in the annual report for several years, and the name of the abbot of one of the Honganji temples was given as its secretary, or perhaps its president. A few months ago a member who was passing through the city tried to find whatever might be left of the Society, so he went to the Higashi temple—that means Western, but from there you must go west to reach the Nishi or Eastern temple—but as it was Sunday, there was only a single priest

to be found, and he said that he had only been there twenty years and did not know what might have gone on before that! Our member had to take the next train, so he learned nothing more at the time, but now reports that he has met a Japanese Theosophical student, not a member of the Society, who says that he knows hardly any other Japanese who are Theosophically inclined?

Japan has been Theosophically neglected for many years. Will not all members who pass through the country do what they can in the way of propaganda?

H. G.

CONFIRMATION WANTED

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

With reference to the "Confirmation Wanted" by "A Student" in THE THEOSOPHIST for February 1916, I beg to refer him to Shri Shankaracharya's Bhashya on *Shariraka Sutras*, Adhyaya III, Pada I, Adhikarana.

"A Student" is also requested to read answer to question No. LX on page 161 of the *Prashnottara* for June 1902 on the subject.

P. J. P.

REVIEWS

How India Wrought for Freedom, by Annie Besant. (T. P. H., Adyar, Madras. Price Rs. 3 or 4s. or \$1. 25)

"Greater than the Theosophical Society is the Theosophical movement," is a teaching whose inwardness once grasped enables us to fathom the mysterious depths of the process of civilisation. What seems chance, coincidence, favourable environment, suitable opportunities, all these assume their true proportion; world movements of international importance as well as the functions of Nations and States, big and small, fall in their proper places. As with institutions so with individuals, we begin to assign real valuations. Our Theosophical teachings about the work of Manus and Bodhisattvas, National Guardians and Devas and Rishis, and their "interference" in human affairs throw light on the obscure problems of National Evolution and National Karma. The dharma of each Nation and its fulfilment under the overshadowing influence of these Men of Perfection is a fascinating study. Now and then we contact happenings in history, made or in the making, which become illuminated when we see the invisible Hand at work, when we perceive how "the moving finger writes and having writ moves on".

The book under review provides such a fascinating study. It is the history, which reads like a romance, of one of the world's great movements—the struggle of a people, of ancient culture and hoary tradition, to break the fetters of political bondage which Nemesis presented to them, Nemesis which "knows not wrath nor pardon". In the majestic sweep of Karma, the time at length came for that ancient Indian people when they realised that "Stronger than woe is will" and began the worship of Liberty, and they are still engaged in that holy work. For thirty years that sacred mission has been kept up, and the Indian Nation

is still persevering; and—the goal is at length in sight. Who would not like to read the story of this long penance and tapas, though in these prosaic days of ours we have not pauranic poets who can chronicle as no historian since their time has done? And yet what the English language can do, and what ordinary prose made musical can achieve; what honest and accurate chronicling has in its favour, and what a careful reference-index can provide—are all marshalled in the service of the reader.

The volume is the story of the National Congress of India and is "told from official records". The Congress makes articulate the voice of the Nation and is recognised as such. The Theosophical Society has played a significant part at its inception, and that we should note here. Mr. A. O. Hume, "the father of the National Congress," was one of the fortunate few who, in the early days of the Society, received answers to his enquiries from the great Masters behind our Society. In the company of Mr. Sinnett he learnt and worked for the Society for some years. His great love for India and Indians had naturally evoked, we presume, gratefulness in Them, one of whom, the Master K. H., once wrote:

I confess that I individually am not yet exempt from some of the terrestrial attachments. I am still attracted towards some men more than towards others, and philanthropy as preached by our Great Patron:

..... the Saviour of the World,
The teacher of Nirvana and the Law—

has never killed in me either individual preferences of friendship, love for my next of kin, or the ardent feeling of patriotism for the country in which I was last materially individualised.

How far consciously and directly A. O. Hume was influenced in his work for India we can gauge a little by glancing through some of the unpublished letters; how much indirectly and unconsciously to himself the influences in the inner worlds helped him to work in the outer in the cause of the Motherland, of which H. P. B. spoke as "the Land of my Master," is for an Occultist to say. In the volume under review the preliminary work of Mr. Hume does not find adequate place, for it begins at the start of the Congress, and much spade work done by him prior to 1885 goes unchronicled. That spade work is not in any way less important or less interesting than the regular routine drudgery that this Englishman went through for many years after the birth of the

Congress, whose General Secretary he was from 1885 to 1904, work which also does not leap to the eye—no fault of the book. In the magnificent Historical Introduction, replete with carefully collected and collated facts, a section on the work of the Pre-Congress days, including the labours of Hume, would have improved the book as a history.

Next, the Theosophical Society has contributed something more in bringing the Congress into existence. In 1884 at Adyar was held the Ninth Convention of the Society. One of the delegates, Mr. Norendra Nath Sen, Editor of *The Indian Mirror*, wrote some five years after thus:

We have no wish to dispute the claims of any individual who may aspire to the honour of being called the originator of the Congress. But we believe the time is now come when the real truth of the matter should no longer be kept private or concealed from public knowledge. One of the most successful of the Annual Conventions of the Theosophical Society was held at Adyar, Madras, during the Christmas week of the year 1884. The delegates who attended the Convention were most of them men who, socially and intellectually are the leaders of the society in which they move in the different parts of the country. When the Convention closed, and the delegates broke up to return to their homes and to every day work, a dozen or so of their number, as well as a few Madras Hindu gentlemen, met by private arrangement at the house of one of the best known and most esteemed citizens of Madras.

Commenting on the above in the Supplement to THE THEOSOPHIST, Col. Olcott says:

It should be stated, however, that the T. S. cannot be credited or debited with any action in the matter. The President refused to take any part in the proceedings, and would not allow any political meetings by Fellows at Headquarters to compromise his policy of strict neutrality in all such questions. Having awakened the sleeping sons of India, he continued to address the activities of our Society to promote religious and moral reformation among her people.

The Provisional Committee appointed for the Congress work bears at the top the name—"Hon. S. Subramania Iyer," our present Sir S. Subramania K. C. I. E.—for a few years the Vice-President of the T. S., and now, as in 1884, an ardent Congressman, as also a very staunch and devoted Theosophist. Commenting on the above, another paper of the day wrote the following:

Those who study the signs of the times will not fail to confirm the theory of the *Mirror* that the Theosophical movement in India was the forerunner of the more recent political movement symbolised in the National Congress. There can be no doubt that Theosophy first sowed the seeds of a rapid nationalisation, if not of an unqualified unification of the different races inhabiting India. Whenever there is revulsion of feeling—from a blind admiration of foreign ideals to enlightened appreciation of indigenous ones—the loosened chords of national fellow-feeling are once more tightly drawn and men are apt to look upon the foreigner's methods with contempt and suspicion. The present writer

never joined the ranks of the Theosophists; but from what he saw of the movement from a distance, he can positively testify to the wonderfully binding force of the "creed". The *Mirror*, therefore, is not far wrong when it ascribes the birth of the National Congress to the tender influences of Theosophy. There cannot be any doubt, we believe, that it had in a great measure prepared the way for the advent of the all-absorbing National Congress.

But let us pass on from the origin of the Congress to its work. The report of these labours of thirty years forms the bulk of the book, and is very carefully compiled and put together. Thirty sessions of the Congress, one each year, passed resolutions, petitioning for or demanding one or other boon or right. For each session the number of delegates and visitors is given, summarised reports of important speeches and often long quotations are published, and the full text of all resolutions, well classified, is printed. Comments and views of the author are very sparingly offered. The reading of these reports, one after another, produces a magical effect. The persistence, the confidence in the British sense of justice, the uttermost belief that the cause is righteous and holy, the spirit of sacrifice, full knowledge of facts, etc., displayed by the Congressmen will evoke praise from every impartial reader—brown or white, yellow or black. Also comes to the reader in a convincing way the callousness, the disregard, the apathy, the spirit of vested interests manifesting as the greed and selfishness of the Indian Civil Service. We have had exceptional men like Hume, Sir William Wedderburn, and Sir Henry Cotton, but the majority of the Indian Government are adverse to the idea of India becoming a self-governing part of the Empire. In this opposition they find support from Anglo-Indian traders and "Christian" missionaries. These three classes would be losers both in money and power if Indians became managers in their own household, and like shrewd business people they resent, as is natural, any effort towards Home Rule for India. All this becomes apparent as we read the volume and ponder over the nature of the Congress demands, most of which, especially the more important ones, remain "not granted yet". The subjects of these demands are of Indian political interest only, and so we need not dwell on them, but recommend every one interested in India to study them in this magnificent book. Six hundred and ten pages of reading, heart-rending and yet inspiring, convince one that these champions of liberty, these fighters for freedom are

standing up for a just and righteous cause which cannot but bring complete success to them. The remaining hundred pages are devoted to an admirable Index, which could hardly be improved on; and the chart giving the main data of the Congress labours will be found most useful. Without the index and the chart the book would be valuable, with them it is indispensable. Every Indian politician, old and young, will use it as a book of reference. Theosophists, all of whom have some attachment for India, the land of the Rishis, will greatly increase their fund of knowledge by perusing this volume, and also get an idea of the most recent activities of their great and untiring President.

B. P. W.

War, Religion and Science, by J. B. Hunt, M.A., B.D.
(Andrew Melrose, Ltd., London. Price 2s. net.)

This little book makes an honest attempt to define the bearing of Christianity and modern science on the problem of war, though the result, as might be expected, is far from conclusive. The first part treats of war as a cataclysmic occurrence beyond human control, to be accepted as inevitable, and met by extensive military preparations—as urged by the National Service League. The policy of imperialism is defended at some length, on moral grounds and naturally from the British standpoint. The second part, on Religion, is the weakest. Glaring atrocities are quoted from the Old Testament to show Jehovah's approval of "frightfulness". The teaching of the New Testament is admitted to be more pacific, but the usual distinction between individual and national morality leads to the usual conclusion that individual morality should give way to national morality—at least in the case of war and preparations for war. The author essays as a Christian to expound the doctrine of Jesus, but does not venture to speculate on what Jesus would have done had he lived in a conscript country at war.

The third part, on Science, is the redeeming feature of the book, and presents the ideal of science as affording some hope of international understanding for the future. The author rightly points out the error of assuming that the evolutionary process of "natural selection" is the last word

in ethics, but while he emphasises the duty of man to rise above "nature," he leaves the impression that religion is something apart from nature. Mr. Hunt is also to be congratulated on his frank exposure of some of the nonsense now talked about Nietzsche.

It is interesting to find a reference to the probability of further discoveries of enormous destructive power, but strangely enough the author's inference is not that these forces will make war too terrible to be entertained, but that simpler methods of warfare will come into fashion again. For all that, it is good to read of probable advances of science in the realm of psychology, as tending to bridge the gulf between criminal and genius, foreigner and fellow-countryman. These latter pages will receive the support of all who hold that man controls his own destiny—even war. They are enough to make the book worth reading.

W. D. S. B.

The Still, Small Voice, by Charles Stuart Welles. (L. N. Fowler & Co. Price 1s. 3d.)

The title of this spiritualistic booklet of fifty pages sounded promising, but we are sorry to say that it proved disappointing in reading. The first chapter is a biography of the central figure of those which follow. These latter consist mainly of records of spiritualistic communications tacked on to a mild and very commonplace plot. The manifesting entities in most cases adopt the usual style of inflated and empty, or nonsensical, language prevalent at ordinary spiritualistic seances.

This book advocates the belief in reincarnation and in the near coming of the Christ. It purports to be a message from the spirit world to our materialists, with a view to weaning them from their materialism and bringing them to the realisation of the existence of higher and wider states of being beyond those of our physical world. We, from our Theosophical point of view, cannot be too grateful for any such endeavours; but we are afraid that this volume will not fulfil its self-advertised task, unless in the case of those who do not object to presentations such as the "spirits" of

Charles the First, John the Baptist, and Mary Queen of Scots, manifesting with their heads on their arms—even though they seem to have enough sense of the fitness of things to wish to apologise by saying: "I am aware, dear Charles, of the grotesque appearance which we make, coming to you with our heads upon our arms...." It may do some good to those who can swallow and digest things like the spirit of King Charles advising our hero to "keep your head under all circumstances, and you will attain the highest pinnacle of fame. You are honest, generous and brave, and these are great attributes." Thus Charles talked with God [*sic*], as the prophets of old. We are afraid that books like these do spiritism and kindred subjects more harm than good.

J. A. M.

Wireless Messages from Other Worlds, by Eva Harrison. (L. N. Fowler & Co. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a spiritualistic book of much higher quality than the one mentioned above. The standard, too, of what the manifesting entities say is very much better than in the other book. It has been written with serious intention, by a seriously-minded investigator who really wishes to help humanity. Whether we can agree with all its theories, or whether we think it probable that the communications from inhabitants of other planets, and the manifesting entities themselves, are what they purport to be, is another matter. However, the aim is high, and the ideas above the average as regards broad-mindedness and the wish to help. It takes up the same fight against materialism, it gives the same message to the world that there is no death, as does Theosophy, and we are therefore glad to welcome it as a co-worker, although we may not agree with its ideas on all points.

The first chapters are on "The Method of Transmission" of communications, on "Sleep-Life," etc., and are more or less theoretical in their texture, interspersed with, and based on, communications from the "Guides" or "Angel Teachers" of the particular group of investigators to which our author belongs. The other chapters deal with communications from Mars, Neptune and other planets, in accordance with what the title of the book would cause us to expect.

It again struck us how the teachings in spiritualistic books, in the course of years, have gradually and steadily converged towards many of the Theosophical tenets. It is true that some of the great pioneers of spiritualism and spiritism, like Allan Kardec who was convinced of the truth of reincarnation from the very beginning, came very close to Theosophy in the things they taught, but it is only during the latter years that the Theosophical presentment has become more general in non-Theosophical literature dealing with matters superphysical. We sincerely hope that this book may become a stepping-stone for many to the higher knowledge.

J. A. M.

Great Men and How They are Produced, by Casper L. Redfield. (Chicago. Price 15c.)

This curious but remarkable pamphlet advances a theory on the subject of heredity which, if substantiated by further evidence, may lead to important conclusions. The writer disagrees with an article in the *Journal of Heredity* (the official publication of the American Genetic Association) which urges that the higher types of humanity should marry early, since the offspring of early marriages is more numerous than that of late marriages. He contends that this policy would not result in a greater number of higher types as assumed, but in a deterioration—at least as regards intellectual capacity—in proportion to the increase in numbers. He maintains that no case is known of an intellectually eminent man having an immediate ancestry of four generations to the century, or of any really great character in history in whose case there have been three generations to the century. In support of this statement he appends a list of 571 eminent men (including a few women), giving the difference in age between father and child. This figure is 71 for both Confucius and Lao-tze, at the one end of the scale, and 25 for Muhammad and 23 for Napoleon at the other. The latter figures do not necessarily disprove the theory, as it depends on an average of several generations—a figure that is absent in most cases. We cannot, therefore, say more than that most of the celebrities chosen were born at a fairly advanced age of the father; the mother's age is

apparently ignored. The list contains a strange variety of names; e.g., Krupp of Essen! It would be interesting to hear how far any gain in intellect appears to be obtained from late marriages at the expense of physical strength, as the latter benefit is usually associated with fairly early marriages. Mr. Redfield explains this theory in his book *Dynamic Evolution* (P. G. Putnam's Sons, New York). The question should be one of particular interest in connection with the law of reincarnation, especially in view of expected racial developments.

W. D. S. B.

Human Animals, by Frank Hamel. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 6s. net.)

This is very entertaining reading, full of an assortment of werewolf stories and stories of men and women transformations into animals of all degrees. Practically every conceivable kind of animal has figured at one time or another in transformation records and folk-lore, each country favouring the particular species which is commonest to it and weaving stories round the exploits of their more distinguished exponents of the art. There are many quaint tales in the present volume, probably for the most part having little foundation in fact, but there are also particulars of werewolf trials taking place in France as recently as the seventeenth century, concerning which it is more difficult to venture an opinion. One presumes that the learned judges of that time had emerged from the superstitious trammels of earlier mediæval days, and required strong evidence before passing the drastic sentences which were meted out to practisers of lycanthropy. The trials were frequent and executions numerous, the sentence usually consisting of burning at the stake. In France the offence of lycanthropy seems to have appeared only in certain defined districts, and the first case was usually followed by quite an epidemic. A remarkable feature common to all the trials was the fact that the werewolf was never able to keep his secret on returning to human shape, and discovery was always brought about by his boasting of the adventures he had had in wolf shape. This, one imagines, was due to a degeneracy of will power, pointing

perhaps to the presence of an external entity participating in his wolfish functions.

Serpents, foxes, birds, cocks and cats, all have their parts in these stories, and many curious tales are told of them. India provides a wealth of anecdote concerning serpent princes and fair maidens, and many relics of these romances are found dotted about the country in stone carvings commemorating the tales. Japanese folk-lore abounds in stories of wer-foxes, ingeniously worked out with characteristic minuteness and sensationally horrible.

In the last few chapters we find quotations from well-known Theosophical literature bearing on the subject, though the author has abstained from any very precise expression of his own opinion about it all.

As a collection of animal transformation phenomena the book is valuable, and should find a place in all good reference libraries.

I. St. C. S.

Theosophy for Beginners, by Catherine W. Christie. (T. P. H., Adyar, Madras. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

The writer for the young, like the proverbial poet, is born and not made, and Miss Christie is one of those rare benefactors. Though this her chief contribution to the juvenile side of Theosophical literature has already made its name, its reappearance in a third edition warrants a brief supplementary notice. The general scheme of the book is arranged to lead the pupil in easy stages from the simplest teachings to those of greater difficulty, and the chapters are purposely made short to avoid the common error of trying to give a child too much at one time. The writer's manner is direct and confident—just what youngsters understand and respect, and is relieved by happy imagery. Nor should "grown-ups" be content merely to hand the book on to the rising generation without themselves first profiting by its clear explanations. It gives us much pleasure to speed this little book on its further career of usefulness.

W. D. S. B.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Balance of annual dues from Australian Section,			
T. S., for 1915	100	8	0
	100	8	0

Adyar, 11th February, 1916.

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

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

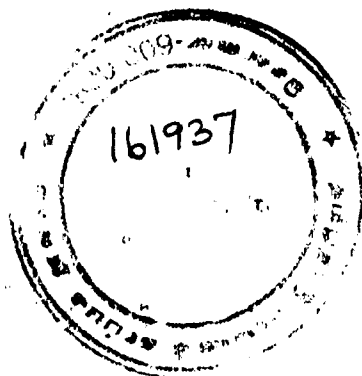
DONATIONS

	Rs	A.	P.
Mrs. J. Stead, Adyar	100	0	0
Mr. G. E. Sutcliffe, Sholapore	50	0	0
Miss M. Murchie, South Africa	5	0	0
	155	0	0

A. SCHWARZ,

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Adyar, 11th February, 1916.



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