



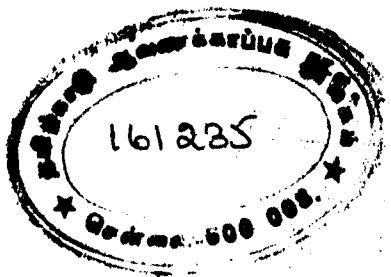
THE
Adyar Bulletin

A Theosophical Journal for
East and West

VOL. X

THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE
ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

1917

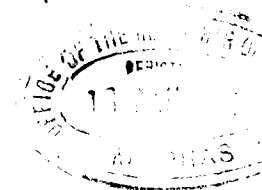


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THE

ADYAR BULLETIN

VOL. X

ADYAR, 15TH JANUARY, 1917

No. 1

FROM THE EDITOR

WHO dreamed, when 1915 was a New Year, that 1917 would see the world still engulfed in War, and the end of the War not yet in sight? In truth the New Year opens badly, with President Wilson, who has contented himself with successive "notes" to Germany after successive breaches of promises and successive murders of non-combatant Americans, suddenly stating that the United States might be dragged into the War. America has profited enormously from the agony of Europe, and is overflowing with wealth. The combatants have impoverished themselves, but they have enriched America, and it is difficult to see what America hopes to gain, if now at the eleventh hour she plunges into War.

**

Luridly red is the dawn of the New Year, lurid with flame, red with blood. Three years of unparalleled bloodshed and devastation will have told their piteous tale by August, 1917, and still the Allies have to rest on Hope, for the solid gains are with the Central Powers, save for the lost Colonies of Germany.

Those seem of little account beside the territory she has won in Europe, territory soaked in blood alike of the Allies and of the Central Powers.

**

Europe's young manhood lies there, reft from the future that they should have filled with joy and usefulness and progress. Homes are left to each country with children, and women and greybeards, but the strong life of manhood is lost to them, literally by millions. When peace comes, as come it must some day, the countries will be fronting problems harder perhaps to solve than those of men and munitions. Dislocated industries, ruined trade, disproportion of the sexes, impoverished peoples—such will be the outlook when peace returns. The old civilisation is hopelessly shattered and can never be rebuilt. It is a new civilisation which will arise, with new ideals, new values, a new outlook upon life. The perspective of all things will be changed. Men who have lived amid bursting shells and whistling bullets, who have looked daily into the eyes of death and have seen him reaping his harvest on all sides of them, cannot take up life again when peace has come, and think of its trivialities as though they were matters of vital import. They have seen the naked facts of human nature, its heights of heroism, its depths of weakness, its greatness and its littleness, the elemental passions let loose, and the sublimest emotions aroused. What will they be like, these men who come back into life's pettinesses after grappling with life's realities, who have gone through hell and return as living men to our towns and country places, who come from the horrors of the trenches and the corpse-strewn slopes to our quiet, flower-spangled woods and leafy, fern-lined lanes? What will all these familiar scenes look like to eyes that will see them through the memories of charges and retreats? How will these war-worn soldiers fit again into the domesticities of the home, the drudgery of the office? The more one thinks of it, the more difficult does it seem to join the broken threads of civil life, and weave its web anew.

**

Very clearly there dawns upon the mind of the Theosophist the feeling of the absolute necessity for the coming of a World-Teacher to bring an ordered cosmos out of this chaos wrought by the engines of War. It is a new civilisation which has to be created, not an old one which only needs to be repaired. Mr. Bonar Law spoke of reconstructing the Empire while the metal is red-hot. Truly that is necessary. But it is more than an Empire which has to be forged; it is a new world which has to be created. "Behold I create a new heaven and a new earth." None less wise, less loving, less strong than a World-Teacher can essay that tremendous task.

**

But those who have patiently studied the changed world and have marked the causes which have led to the world catastrophe, those who have drunk from the wells of the Ancient Wisdom, and have assimilated the lessons of the past, may do something to prepare for the work that has to be done, to block out roughly the moulds into which the gold, purified in the furnace, shall flow. The Theosophical Society was founded and sent into the world by the Masters of the Wisdom in order that it might do some of the work of preparation. Many pure and noble souls are labouring at that work, moved by the impulses of the Spirit, and feeling intuitively the call of the world's sore need. It is the happiness of the devoted members of the Theosophical Society to recognise the nature of the time and to labour consciously at the work of preparation. They have learned that the Coming of the World-Teacher is near: they look on the War, with all its horrors, as the inevitable death-throes of a perishing civilisation, of a dying Age, and they see already the dim outlines of a finer and truer civilisation, and through the smoke of the battle-field the radiance of the Coming Lord. It is theirs, then, to set their hands to the plough and to turn up the hard earth, ploughing deeply and straight the furrows, and sowing the good seed of Truth.

**

Let us realise that, for the present, the time for study is over, and the time for utilising the results of our study is here. Let us apply the principles of Theosophy to the problems of the coming times, and seek to understand how karma, reincarnation and brotherhood must be our guides in preparing for the New Era.

* * *

We must fill the mental atmosphere with Theosophical ideals, so that they may colour every sphere of human conditions and activities. The religious, intellectual, moral, social, political worlds are to be raised to higher levels, and in each of them Theosophists must labour strenuously, realising that there is nothing "common nor unclean," that in each world Theosophical ideals must shape the new forms and be the breath of the new life. A man is a unit, wherever he may be energising, and the one Life must evolve every form. Some bodies, like Masculine Masonry, exclude from their meetings religion and politics, the two most vital spheres in life. Let not Theosophists make the same blunder. We have seen the outcome of a civilisation which has divided the sacred and the secular, which has excluded religion from science and from politics. It is going down in blood and fire. Let us realise and practise the truth that religion must permeate every sphere of human activity. Then alone shall science cease to be a laboratory of human destruction, and politics become the sacred service of man, the instrument of human happiness.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

BRETHREN,

Welcome to the Forty-First Anniversary of our beloved Theosophical Society, the latest Messenger of the Great White Brotherhood to the world of men. Forty-one years ago the faithful servants of that Brotherhood, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Henry Steele Olcott, laid the foundations of our Society in the city of New York, in the United States of America. In the eighteenth century men inspired by that same Brotherhood proclaimed the Rights of Man, and sent through the world the message of Liberty, the sacred birthright of the sons of God. A century later came the correlative proclamation of the Duties of Man, and these two servants of the Hierarchy that guides the evolution of humanity were chosen to send through the world the message of Brotherhood, the sacred tie that, once recognised, shall substitute the Reign of Love for the struggles of contesting hosts. May Those who are the embodiment of love continue Their gracious protection to the Society established to do Their will on earth; may They ever guard it by Their Power, inspire it with Their Wisdom, and energise it by Their Activity.

THE WORLD-WAR

Again we meet under the terrible clouds of War which shut out the world from the Sun which ever shines undimmed in the blue vault of heaven. Nor do those War-clouds show any signs of passing away, nor is there any loosening in the death-grip of the wrestling Nations. But in spite of all the horrors of the struggle, in spite of the destruction wrought, and

of the ever-increasing burdens entailed by the prolongation of the strife, we, who believe that the destinies of mankind are guided by the highest wisdom to the noblest end, cannot but remain secure in that strong faith, and we wait patiently through the long night for the breaking of the Day.

I have naught to change in that which I said last year on this subject, and it is unnecessary to repeat it. The Society has, with the exception of a very few members, endorsed the position then taken up, and there is no reason to recede from it.

The world-struggle on the battle-field affects the currents of thought in every country, provoking unrest, and both forward and backward streams. The movements of mind here are subtler than the movements of men in Europe, and they need for their recognition a keener intuition, a sharper insight. Religion and life are inseparable, and religion, if it be true, must inspire all the actions of a man's life and dominate his conduct in all his relations with the outer world; it must fix his principles, and teach him to be loyal to those principles wherever he may be living, whatever may be his environment. For religion is an informing spirit and not a collection of dogmas, and it is truly written in the Christian Scriptures: "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Liberty of conscience, liberty of thought, liberty of speech, have ever been the claim of every great religious movement of reform. Only where a religion has lost the spirit and become a slave of the letter, does it become indifferent to liberty, which alone can ensure its progress and prevent its fossilisation.

One serious attack on its religious liberty has lately been suffered by the Theosophical Society in India; many attacks have indeed been made upon it since it came to India; its members have suffered from much paltry official persecution, and it has always been regarded as dangerous by the great majority of Anglo-Indians, because all its Christian members show a real brotherhood to men of eastern faiths, and the

colourless and the coloured meet in perfect social equality; the Theosophist knows, in India as elsewhere, no barriers of race or creed, of caste or colour. This is considered to injure English prestige and the claim of racial superiority. Hence we have never been in the good graces of the ruling caste. But, while we have been frowned at, and have lived in the chill of official disfavour, we have never been actively interfered with in the holding of our meetings, until Sir Benjamin Robertson took it upon himself to prevent the President of the Theosophical Society from presiding over a Theosophical Federation, and delivering Theosophical addresses. Such a departure from the religious neutrality pledged to India by the Crown has never before been seen in India, and we may trust will never be repeated. We are encouraged in this trust by the non-interference of the Government of the United Provinces with my presiding over our Annual Meeting here.

THE GROWTH OF THE SOCIETY

Forty-four new Lodges have been chartered, as against thirty-one last year.

We have, of course, no reports from the belligerent enemy countries; nothing from devastated Belgium; for the second time there is no report from Finland, except from the one independent Lodge. The Australian mail is so irregular that we hope for reports from Australia and New Zealand before we go to press; the Netherlands report has not yet arrived, nor those of Cuba and Norway.

I am leaving out this year the enemy countries, as the figures we have probably bear no relation to the realities. Thus we omit: Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia; reducing the National Societies to 19. The numbers in Australia, New Zealand, the Netherlands, Cuba, Finland, Belgium, and Norway are given as in last year, for though we know the number of new members, we do not know how many have died or have resigned; those will all be understated. Altogether in the 19 National Societies there will be something over 28,000 members.

NATIONAL SOCIETIES

Our oldest National Society is that of America, which is outside the battle-zone. The General Secretary sends a report of a very successful year; the T.S. in America incorporated itself last year under American law—a quite wise step, and it has now a “National President,” the good and faithful worker whom we know as General Secretary, Mr. A. P. Warrington. Our present Constitution does not recognise the title of National President, but there seems no particular objection to it. A feature peculiar, so far as I know, to America, is the appearance of Theosophical teachings on the kinematograph. A generous gift of Rs. 3,000 from the American Convention to the Headquarters, suffering from a War deficit, was a very kindly and gracious act.

In England and Wales much important work has been done. The National Executive has been formed into a corporation capable of holding property, so that it can take over the splendid Headquarters Building when complete, as well as any other property that it may acquire. The War has taken away most of our work-people, so that the building has been much delayed. The Theosophical Educational Trust has been definitely established, with its fine school at Letchworth, and another in Bromley, Kent; Miss de Normann, a Government Inspector of Schools, has resigned office in order to devote herself wholly to the Education Department of the Society, and is doing splendid work in spreading and popularising Theosophical Ideals in Education. A training scheme has been started for teachers and social workers at Queen Mary's Hostel, Campden Hill, London, and a “Theosophical Fraternity in Education,” for the purpose of bringing Theosophical ideals into all branches of Education, and of working to secure conditions which will give freedom for the expression of these ideals, seems a promising movement. Miss Douglas Fox has been put in charge of the Propaganda Department, to the great loss of the Southern Federation and the greater gain of the Society in England as a whole. Mrs. Whyte has taken up the Young

People's Department, and is issuing an admirable journal for her work, *The Young Age*. The General Secretary, Mr. Baillie-Weaver, gives the credit for this admirable organisation of work and workers to his predecessor, Mr. George S. Arundale, whose fine devotion and power of inspiring others are an asset of incalculable value. We only lent him to England for a time, and India has now taken back her own.

India reports good progress, and Southern India keeps its foremost place in organised work. The passing over of a late Secretary, Mr. Jehangir Sorabji, leaves a gap, especially felt in Bombay, where he had settled.

No report, as said, has reached us from Australasia, but we must place on record the great loss sustained by the Society there by the passing away of our devoted General Secretary, Mr. John. His wife is carrying on the work for the remainder of the year. The whole Society in Australasia and New Zealand has been vitalised and energised by the presence of my great colleague, Charles W. Leadbeater, whose regular teachings in the Sydney Lodge have become a feature in the life of the City, and whose example is an inspiration to all. The new Headquarters are open, and form the centre of the spreading work.

Scandinavia reports being much hampered by the War, though its countries are neutral; the young people there, as everywhere, are showing great activity. This drawing of the youth of the country to the Theosophical Society is a welcome sign of the return of many servants of other days, coming back to meet their Lord on His return.

We cannot, in the absence of a report, say much of the Netherlands, but we heard a short time since of the opening of the new Headquarters of The Hague Lodge, which drew members from all parts of Holland. The Netherlands, however, is never a source of anxiety, for it is always solid, and always doing good work.

Heroic, suffering France, while necessarily utilising all her strength for the War, yet has succeeded in carrying on a propaganda that brings comfort to the sorrowing and hope to the

heart-broken. Mr. Polak, the General Secretary of the T.S. in Belgium, has helped the French Society, his own being rendered helpless in the German grip. The greater part of the work done is, rightly and naturally, in the National service, in hospitals and in aid of prisoners, in helping the blind and the mutilated by giving them instruction in work which brightens their broken lives. Much Theosophical work is done among the soldiers at the front, and a little newspaper, *Kurukshetra*, is issued, largely written by the soldiers themselves. The fine Headquarters building is completed, save for some furnishing, and attracts much friendly interest. A touching proof of Theosophical affection was given by the T.S. in England and Wales, which sent over to our impoverished French brethren help which will enable them to print some important works, ready for the press, but withheld from want of means.

Italy reports a quiet year, with a much greater sale of literature, showing increased public interest.

From Finland we have only the report of a single Lodge, and we feel anxious about our good friend Pekka Ervast.

Russia is represented here by the General Secretary, Mme. Anna Kamensky, who brings a record of steady and progressive work. She comes here also commissioned by the Imperial Academy of Sciences to collect some ethnological specimens for the Museum of Anthropology and Ethnography, and we congratulate her on this mission from the highest scientific body in Russia. A lecture on the Brotherhood of Religions was prohibited by the Synod and the Policy, reminding us that in Russia religious freedom is only partially achieved. It is wonderful how much our Russian brethren accomplish in the midst of such difficult conditions. Few realise how much we owe to the steadfast and quiet courage and the unwearied labours of Anna Kamensky, but the Masters know and will remember.

In South Africa, ill-health compelled the resignation of Mr. Nelson, who has done so much for the Section, and Miss M. L. Murchie has been elected in his stead. Literature is spreading, but the work is difficult and necessarily slow.

Our General Secretary from Scotland is here in person, invalided from the front, after passing through and being wounded in the terrible Loos battle. We miss the bright Scottish magazine, temporarily discontinued, but hope to re-welcome it, and we grieve with the Scottish Society for the heavy loss sustained in the passing away of that most helpful worker, James A. Allan.

The report from Switzerland is a remarkable one in the amount of work done, work truly Theosophical, for prisoners of war, refugees from France and Belgium, the provision of meals for the passing trains of refugees, the "adoption" of French prisoners in Germany, sending them food and clothes monthly, and performing other kindly services for the suffering. Well has the General Secretary, Mlle. Stephani, grasped the idea that "all this outer work has been the natural growth of the ideal of Brotherhood," and she realises the need of filling all social forms with Theosophical life, adding: "But how could we fill them with this life if we did not gather it in the heart of the Theosophical Society?" I must specially congratulate the Swiss T.S. and its Secretary on the crowded work of the year. Propaganda has not been neglected, but the best propaganda has been the work.

The Netherlands-Indies is most active in humanitarian work. It is fortunate in having a most sympathetic Government, who recognise the value of the T.S. The powerful Muhammadan movement, with some 900,000 members, officially invited the Theosophical Society to its first National Congress, and the General Secretary addressed an audience of ten thousand people on Self-Government. Another important movement is for "Indian Self-Defence," and our General Secretary has taken an active part in this, and is one of the members of a Deputation which is to go to Holland to lay before the Queen, the Colonial Minister, and the Dutch Parliament, a petition for help in this movement "to enable Insulinidia to stand on its own feet," and to gain Parliamentary representation and education. The new Governor-General is, most wisely, giving his sympathy and help to the Deputation, which starts for Holland

on January 3rd, 1917, and in Holland itself the late Governor-General will aid the Deputation with his counsel. Bitter opposition has arisen among the "Dutch-Indians," the class which answers here to our non-official Anglo-Indians," but Holland is too solidly devoted to freedom to view with dislike or apprehension the natural yearnings of her Colonies to share in the blessings she enjoys.

Burma has had a quiet year, but has gained in internal solidarity. The new building for the Boys' School at Rangoon, under the Burma Educational Trust, was opened by Mr. Covernton, Director of Public Instruction for Burma, who gave credit to the Theosophical Society for the success of the work.

A pleasant feature of the reports, to me personally, is the warm sympathy shown with my work in India, and the love expressed to me, for which I am deeply grateful. Amid the difficulties here, and the misunderstanding of my aims and work shown by the Local Governments, the knowledge that the Theosophical Society approves the policy of its President is an added strength and a real consolation.

It is interesting and significant that in other lands also the National Societies are coming so much to the front in National Service, and are becoming pillars of Liberty, of Social Uplift, and of Brotherhood, putting their principles into practice in life.

SUBSIDIARY ACTIVITIES

Once more, educational work looms large, and promises to become larger. The Theosophical Educational Trust has issued a large and handsome report, and we insert a brief summary. It has a college for boys and one for girls, and 16 schools, with 6 affiliated schools in addition. It is teaching 4,577 students—3,463 boys and 1,114 girls, and has 237 teachers. The report does not include one boys' and two girls' schools at Gaya, and four more are on the way. Mr. Arundale has been appointed as Inspector of our colleges and schools,

and Mr. Ernest Wood remains the life of the Trust as Hon. Secretary. Mrs. Wood now gives her capable help as Assistant Secretary, and Mr. Kirk remains as an efficient Collector of funds. The land in Benares, acquired for Rs. 40,000, has been sold for Rs. 48,000. Upwards of Rs. 18,000 of this is being spent on land to increase the accommodation for the Girls' College and School at Benares. Rs. 6,000 have been assigned to the Boys' School there, and the remainder of the Rs. 40,000 is being held for the Benares Schools, for which the money was originally given; the gain of Rs. 8,000, less Rs. 500 expenses, is assigned to the central fund.

No report has been received from the Buddhist Theosophical Society, but the report of the Ananda College shows much progress since January, 1914, when Mr. Fritz Kunz took up the work. A Boarding House has been established, with the Head Master as Warden, and has now fifty boarders. The Boy Scout movement has proved a great success; during the floods they took relief to 2,000 sufferers, and have collected money for the War Funds. For two years no boy has been struck or corporally punished, nor had any physical indignity put upon him; the discipline is admirable and the atmosphere is one of happiness, with "a corresponding advance in intellectual keenness". Few teachers in schools where brutal punishment prevails, realise that a boy who is constantly in fear of pain cannot work with a mind alert and at ease.

The Galle Mahinda College suffered a severe loss in the passing away of Mr. Henry Amarasuriya, its constant supporter. The year has been a very successful one, thanks to the devoted work of Mr. F. L. Woodward, who has been aided by Mr. Gordon Pearce as Vice-Principal. A Science Laboratory, a playing field, and a club for Boy Scouts are welcome improvements. The Boy Scouts movement was started in the Mahinda College by Mr. Pearce, and has been taken up all over the Island. A Scout from this first troop, joining our Madanapalle College, began the movement in India for Indian boys. In the inauguration of this movement, from which coloured lads had been shut out, India owes another debt to the Theosophical Society.

The Musæus School for Buddhist girls keeps up its record of good work, and this year celebrated its Silver Jubilee, in which Mrs. Higgins was overwhelmed by tokens of affection and gratitude. The Vernacular Training School for Teachers sent up 20 students to the Government Examination, and 18 passed, a most satisfactory result. I doubt the wisdom of yielding to the parents' wishes in converting the Anglo-Vernacular School into an English one, and putting the extra strain on the girls of making English the medium of instruction.

The Olcott Panchama Free Schools continue to repay their loving Superintendent, Miss Kofel, for her unremitting toil. An increase of 50 per cent in the grant-in-aid has been recommended "for good results and continued efficiency". At an exhibition held in Trichinopoly two silver medals and six certificates of merit were awarded to the schools. Some promising pupils have been sent on to higher schools. An important event was the Medical Examination made gratuitously by Mr. Srinivasamurti, M.B., C.M., which revealed the shocking fact that 78 per cent of the children suffer from malnutrition. A night-school is held for scavengers, and it is pleasant to record that the Municipal Overseer remarked that he found our scavengers more regular and conscientious in their work than others. 800 children are under instruction in the five schools. Sad to say this good work is very poorly supported, and we suffer constant financial anxiety on its account.

The Round Table in Australia sends a good report; its membership stands at 287. The Tables look chiefly after Babies and Young Children, and work also for comforts for soldiers. The Melbourne Tables, among other useful activities, have sent 40 lads recovering from sickness into the country for rest and recuperation.

The Sons and Daughters of India are working usefully. A very large number of lads have joined in Madras, and from among them between 70 and 80 Boy Scouts have been enrolled.

We have no report from the Order of the Star in the East from England, but Dr. Rocke has kindly supplied us with one. The Star Depot in Regent Street, London, with its Reading

Room and Circulating Library, proves most valuable as a means of propaganda. In India, there are 12,000 members, half of whom are "Servants of the Star," i.e., are under 21 years of age. It has two vernacular journals, and its pamphlets have been translated into 15 vernaculars. There is also the monthly *Brothers of the Star*. Much of the success is due to the admirable work of Mrs. Charles Kerr, who left Adyar to take up War work in England.

LECTURERS AND WORKERS

The return of Mr. Arundale to India has necessitated a change of General Secretary in England after his short but fruitful work there. Mr. Baillie-Weaver, well known for his humanitarian work, has taken his place and is most effective. Mr. John, our Australian General Secretary, passed away after long illness, and his wife was appointed for the remainder of the year to carry on the work. Our Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, is very effective in his ever useful lines of activity; I have already spoken of Mr. Leadbeater's work in Australasia and New Zealand.

My faithful colleague and true servant of the Masters, Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa, has worked this year in India and England. His long tours in India have been of immense value in carrying the message of Theosophy, clothed in culture and artistic beauty as well as in learning and spirituality. In England he has worked alike for Theosophy and for India, presenting her case with knowledge and skill. Happy is the Society which has such a worker in its ranks.

In India, the Society owes deep gratitude to Mr. Ramachandra Rao for his unceasing work, weighted with his pure and self-denying life and deep learning. Mr. Mehta in the West has laboured unremittingly. Needless to speak of all the Section owes to its General Secretary, who has had placed on his willing shoulders two men's work, to the serious detriment of his health. Many other faithful and good workers has the Society, to whom it owes its growing strength and influence.

Never, I think, can a President have been blessed with more loving and loyal friends in every part of the world, making the work a constant joy and inspiration. May we all work together for many lives to come.

THE HEADQUARTERS

Of our Adyar home what can I say, save that with every year it seems to grow more harmonious, and therefore a better instrument for the Master's work. The band of workers round Mr. B. P. Wadia—to whose loyal co-operation and great ability, ever bearing new burdens and rising to every emergency, I owe more than I can put into words—carry on the varied activities of the place with unchanging devotion. In each department capable helpers guide its activities, Mr. Schwarz, our invaluable guide in our finances, exact and business-like, Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri at the Vasanta Press, Mr. Ranga Reddy in the building work, Rao Sahab Soobiah Chetty, my helper in the erection of buildings for *New India*, for the Y.M.I.A. with its splendid hall, and other work which, though outside the T.S., is all inspired by Theosophy, Messrs. Huidekoper and Jassawalla in the management of our lands, Mr. Shah at our Dairy. All these and many others make Adyar what it is.

THE LIBRARY

The long continuance of the War has rendered it necessary to fill the post of Director, and it is also obvious that the general condition of feeling would render impossible Dr. Schrader's return, even after the War. So with regret on both sides, he and I decided that it was best that he should return to Germany when set free. His services to the Library have been great, and we shall ever keep them in grateful memory. His latest work is a most valuable treatise in English on Shaiva texts, completed during his captivity, an introduction to the Pāncharātra literature. Two previous volumes contain the Sanskrit text of the *Ahīrbudhnya-Samhitā*.

Mr. Van Manen completed his stay at Adyar, and has left behind him a record of much valuable work.

Pandit A. Mahadeva Shastri, Curator of the Government Library at Mysore, having finished his term of Government Service, has come to Adyar as Director of our Library, an office for which he is most admirably fitted.

THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE

The high price of paper and dislocation of trade caused by the War have much limited our work. Moreover, the cruel Press Act under which we live, makes the keeping of a Press in India, as Chief Justice Abdur Rahim said, "a hazardous undertaking," as it has to be carried on under the incalculable whims of the Local Government, which may at any time crush a Press at its free will and pleasure. I have taken such precautions as were practicable, but we are much harassed by the unnecessary annoyances to which we are put in carrying on our business.

CONCLUSION

My Brethren, the times are times of transition; the civilised world is cast into the melting-pot, is being purified of its dross, that the great Craftsman of our globe may shape the glowing metal into new forms of usefulness and of beauty. For the reception of that precious metal, moulds have now to be prepared, moulds religious, intellectual, moral, political, and social, such as may be used by the Great Messenger of the Occult Hierarchy, the Jagad-Guru, the World-Teacher, the Bodhisattva, Shri Krishna, the Lord Christ—call Him, the Mighty and the Compassionate One, by what name you will. He comes to make all things new, to re-create our shattered world.

The Theosophical Society, the humble Messenger sent out by that same Hierarchy of the Lovers of Men, sent to be the Herald of His Coming, sent to prepare and make straight His Road—is that Society to stand aside, to look on indifferently

at the whirling chaos, and, fearing to soil its white robes by contact with the turmoil, leave undone the work which is needed, and to plead its spirituality as a reason for cowardice and for sloth? Have we gathered wisdom to hide it away as a treasure for ourselves, instead of using it for the enriching of the world? For what have we been preparing ourselves for these forty years? For what have we developed insight, studied underlying causes, mastered the mysteries of karma, offered ourselves in self-surrender to the Will which makes for Righteousness, to the Power which works for good? There are problems, religious, intellectual, moral, political, and social, which need for their solving the wisdom we have gathered, the insight we have developed, the knowledge of causes we have obtained. Are these for the service of the world, or for our self-glorification? Are we to be misers or redeemers?

He who is coming has declared His will that the Society shall use for the helping of man all that for forty years it has garnered by the help of the Lords of Love. They have enriched the Society that it may use its treasures for the service of humanity at this great crisis of its fate. It is now no question of party politics, no matter of party strife. It is the moulds into which Nations are to be cast for a new civilisation, that are preparing; it is these which we are summoned to help in the shaping. Away, then, with fear and with the shreds of futile shibboleths. Away with a false neutrality, which is but a cloak for indefiniteness of thought and irresolution in action. The Theosophical Society is called to take its share in the mighty world-creation, to spread its ideals through the mental atmosphere, to work them out into the physical forms for the new civilisation. I summon you, my Brethren, to set your hands with me to this great task, to march forward boldly to prepare for the New Era, to repay, as far as you can, by helping in Their work, the loving care showered upon you by our Elder Brethren for the last 40 years. Come with me into the darkness and the peril. There is no failure for those who march beneath the Shining of the Star.

T.S. CONVENTION, 1916, LUCKNOW

By ANNA KAMENSKY

THIS year the Convention of the Theosophical Society took place at Lucknow. The day of the opening of the Convention—Christmas Day—began by a public lecture of the President. The subject was “The Duty of the Theosophist to Religion”. After the lecture there was a meeting of the General Council.

At 12.30 p.m. the Convention opened with the Presidential Address, the meeting of the Indian Section being removed to a later hour of the afternoon. The President gave a short sketch of the work done in each Section and stated the fact that, in spite of difficult War conditions, the Theosophical movement was progressing more and more, carrying the message of Theosophy to all parts of the world. Each field of the work received at her hands an attentive acknowledgment, and listening to her, we all realised how many-faced was the Theosophical movement and how much was done in various forms all over the world.

Then the reports were read; first, the Treasurer's. We were glad to hear that in spite of many financial difficulties, there was no deficit and the New Year begins clear of any money troubles, perhaps because the President's “empty hands are always filled” (a simile she used in one of her addresses). Yet there is one department of activity in Adyar which needs our sympathetic attention and help—the Library, which has always so many necessary expenses to meet. Very few realise that the expenses of the Library are not an expenditure, but an investment and a treasure for the future of educated India and for

European Orientalists, as well as of the Theosophical Society itself. I have heard from scholars outside the Society, who work for the Imperial Russian Academy of Science, that the Adyar Library does a great work of incalculable value. Such a statement coming from people who look upon the Theosophical Society with much criticism, is interesting.

Then came the Reports of the Sections. Fragments of them were read, and three by leading representatives (Scotland, Russia, Java) who were very happy to be able this year to greet personally the Theosophical Convention in the name of their National Societies. After this, the President said a few words on the growth of the movement and the hope which this implied for the future.

There was much time dedicated to the Educational Trust and its work all over India. As we see from the splendid Report, published by the Trust, there are now twenty-four schools and colleges supported, guided and some even started by it. Moreover, there are several schools run on the same lines and led by members of the Theosophical Society, which for some reason, cannot officially join the Educational Trust. Their Reports were also read and we had before us a picture of the magnificent educational work done in India through the Theosophical movement. Very interesting were the two afternoons devoted to discussion on national subjects. Every speaker took a vital question, spoke of his difficulties or successes, and made practical and helpful suggestions. These afternoons were presided over by Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa, who made short commentaries and emphasised the deep significance of these talks. The lectures of Mr. G. S. Arundale brought in a new, enriching note, as he spoke on education. His parallel between the Western new ideals on education and the ancient teachings of Manu were full of inspiring suggestions and his bright wit, brimming with humour, gave birth in the audience to a joyful hilarity, full of sympathy.

The most prominent and weighty features of the Convention week were the public lectures of the President: "The Duty of the Theosophist to Religion," "The Duty of the Theosophist to

Society," "The Duty of the Theosophist to the Nation and Humanity." As these lectures are already in print, it is useless to enter into details, but those who have heard them know how wonderful a wave they created in the audience, and how intense a power they evoked in the hearts of all those who had the privilege to be present and to share the beautiful light. Perhaps two emotions were foremost: one—a fiery enthusiasm, which gave the feeling of growing wings; the other—a sense of a deepening responsibility, which put before us the problem of duty in a new and beautiful way.

There were also two lectures by Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa, who spoke on the message of Theosophy to the world and stirred his listeners to a deep realisation of it at this particular moment.

Our week ended with a charming tea-party, given by the President to all the members of the Theosophical Society. Several hundreds of Theosophists assembled in the grounds of the Lucknow High School. This international gathering of an intimate character brought us nearer to each other, Hindūs, Parsis and Mussalmāns mixing freely with their European brothers. Souls met, and new bonds of friendship were made, renewing, perhaps, an older tie. Nobody expected to have this charming hour, as all knew how very busy our President was, attending both the Theosophical Convention and the National Congress. Yet, in some wonderful way, she found time to be with us a part of this afternoon, and we had a happy tea together in most exceptional surroundings.

To us, Russians, who have the priceless privilege of spending this winter in India, this Convention remains an unforgettable experience. The sight of the picturesque Indian audience and the powerful stream of love and Wisdom pouring from the platform, gave a rare impression not to be had in any other part of the world. It was also a great privilege to bring personally a loving message of Russia to beloved India.

Anna Kamensky.

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—Ed.]

XXVIII

“**T**ELL me, what is Theosophy, and who is Mrs. Besant?” How well I remember feeling for the moment the overwhelming importance of this question, as I asked it at the age of fourteen; a sudden, deep interest moved in me, and was gone again as quickly; it was the first flash of recognition in this life.

This was some sixteen years or so ago in London, and our great President was then lecturing there at the time. I remember too the answer to my question, which was that the Theosophical Society was something akin to the Christian Science movement; and that Mrs. Besant was to it what Mrs. Eddy was to her movement. Little dreamed I then, as I asked my question, that I had touched for the first time the pivot on which the whole of my life was to turn, that it was to be the burning question of life, and that the great Leader, whose name I mentioned, was to become the centre of my deepest affection.

Ah, if I could have found Theosophy then, those few following years of emptiness and joylessness in life would never have been. But maybe those years, in some strange way, were years of preparation, which made the teaching, when it came, all the more welcome.

In New Zealand, four years later, I met a palmist at a fashionable afternoon reception; she told me that there should be

something in life for me that would make it of great interest, that I would follow keenly some deeper current while the ordinary daily life was lived. I thought that she was slightly mad, and felt how little she knew as to how far she was from the truth, that life had nothing in it that interested me, and probably never would have. Yet how truly she had prophesied, I was still to learn.

Then came the second flash, or rather, this time, brilliant illumination and utter joy. In May 1905 some people invited me to go with them to a lecture, “Life after Death,” by Mr. Leadbeater, who was then touring New Zealand. I went, but with same lack of interest which I had towards everything at that time; I was not interested in life or death, and never thought about things concerning either. I had no ideas about anything of that nature. But what a marvel, what an evening, what a revelation! Complete recognition came suddenly in an hour into my physical brain consciousness, and life was life then and not weariness.

So great was the joy that I think, when I get the power, I shall like to live it over again and again, even as now I sometimes do in imagination. How tell these things in our language? A small Hall, and a fair audience, and a sense of wonder and mystery about; something seems different from anything before. The hour strikes, and immediately on to the platform walks a quiet, dignified figure, and without ceremony of any kind the lecture begins and is illustrated by diagrams. My very soul stood deeply still; it was as though all life stood still during that hour to listen with me. Utter satisfaction, joy, wonder, knowledge, all were born in me that hour as I listened to the existence of something I had never dreamed of, yet all the time had known—had always known but had forgotten for a space. It was like the regaining of lost memories. It seemed like being born into the higher worlds. To find something beautiful that we have lost is always joy, but to find something suddenly that one didn’t know one had lost, is joy and wonder; it is like waking from a dream, a sudden realisation.

I am glad that my Theosophy came to me that way this life, because it is good to have known moments of such perfect joy.

As the lecture proceeded, light came into the darkness; knowledge took the place of ignorance; keen, live interest in life took the place of weariness. I had awakened. As the truths were given out in clear, simple language, they were illustrated to me in my inner consciousness in pictures; I *saw* as well as heard, and so I *knew*. If some one said to you: "A man was knocked down just now round the corner," you would believe it, if you had faith in the integrity of your informant; but if, as he spoke, you saw the accident in your inner consciousness, you would know of your own knowledge that it was true. Even so was it while Mr. Leadbeater spoke; I *saw* the things of which he spoke, as in clairvoyant pictures; I was gazing on the things themselves as well as listening to the words, and so I knew that it was true. I knew that this was the real life and the only life, that earth was but a tiny part of a marvellous scheme, to contemplate which was deepest joy.

It was indeed an hour of glorious illumination, and as I stood outside the Hall after the lecture, I knew that life had begun for me, that it could never be the same again. A feeling of deep peace was with me, for once again I had come to the truths we have followed for so many lives, once again I had joined hands with those I loved. I had come to my own.

Weeks passed by, and there seemed no way of hearing more about these wonderful truths until one day I "accidentally" came across Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography* in the public Library. Now, I thought, I should know who Mrs. Besant was. Eagerly the book was devoured, with the hope of finding out more about Theosophy. How well I remember the great stillness that came over me as I read of the hour of need, and the help that came from "the voice that was later to become the holiest sound on earth," the voice of the Master. How wonderful seemed the thought of the Master, and how true! Then again I read that anyone could find Them who was willing to pay the toll that was demanded at the gateway. That toll was service.

"Service, service," I thought, "what kind of service, and to whom?" How I puzzled as to what that service might be, for nothing seemed too great to give for so beautiful a goal. I was later to learn how difficult it is to give the pure service that leads one to the feet of the Master.

When the book was finished I put it down and said: "If the writer of that book is a Theosophist, it must truly be something worth being." I felt then that my whole life depended on learning and hearing more; it was like being on fire. At last there was some one found who lent me books, and I was invited to attend a weekly study class. I joined our great Society.

At the class it was said that Mr. Leadbeater had a class on the astral plane. "Can anyone go?" I eagerly blurted out. "Oh no," I was told, "only those who are specially chosen." I am afraid that this did not convince me, for I determined that if there was a class I would find it. Then, as week by week went by, in the morning would come remembrances of being with our kind Teacher, and a little of the teaching given came through. Most of all I was struck by the wonderful patience of the Teacher and his great kindness.

It has been my good fortune just lately to know him on this plane too, and when I told him of how he had helped me, and of my remembrances of learning from him on the astral plane, he smiled and said: "Yes, I think that I remember you, you had your hair down and tied back." Dear, kind Teacher, who has helped so many to the blessed truths of Theosophy, bringing light into the darkness of their lives!

Week after week went by; meetings were attended and books devoured; for I was very hungry for this knowledge, and it all seemed so familiar. Then came opportunities for service in our great Society, and life became ever more full.

Months went by and grew into years, and the great yearning to meet our dear President grew stronger and stronger. One day I went to a clairvoyant with a friend, and when asked what I would like most to know, I replied: "Can you tell me if I shall ever meet Mrs. Besant?"

"I do not know," she replied, "but I see 1908 written up in very bright letters for you." That year dawned, and I met Her to whom in my heart I bow ever in deepest reverence; she spoke to me, shook hands with me, and smiled on me, and it made my whole life glad.

As the years go by, ever greater opportunities come for service, while deeper grows the joy that was born in my heart that May Day when I first heard the truths of Theosophy in this life. Truly to us who have seen a little of these things, there is nothing in life worth living for, for all else pales when once one has glimpsed the great light that shines from the spiritual heights of the Guardians of Humanity.

EMMA HUNT.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

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

ANCIENT superstitions are not yet dead and done with. The following paragraph from an article on "The Wearing of Religious Emblems at the Front" gives us a curious instance of this:

Touchwood is a tiny imp, mainly head, made of oak surmounted by a khaki service cap, and with odd sparkling eyes, as if always on the alert to see and avert danger. The legs, either in silver or gold, are crossed, and the arms, of the same metal, are lifted to touch the head. The designer, Mr. H. Brandon, states that he has sold 1,500,000 of this charm since the war broke out. Not long ago there was a curious scene in Regent's Park. This was the presentation of "Touchwood" to each of the 1,200 officers and men of the 36th Battalion of the City of London Regiments (known as the "Cast Irons") by Mlle. Delysia, a French music-hall dancer, before they went off to the front. Never has there been such a public exhibition—uncontrolled and unashamed—of the belief in charms.

We may laugh at this, and "Touchwood" is certainly not a very dignified representative of amulets, but there is much evidence to show that the calm and courage of the men at the front has been very much increased by the faith the soldiers have in the protective power of their charms. The religious emblems are, of course, the most potent, and the fact that her son died with one of these upon his person has been a source of great comfort to many a bereaved mother. The article quoted above gives many instances of cases where a man attributes his safe emergence from a situation of great danger to his having

with him a rosary, an Agnus Dei or the Sacred Heart. This last is especially valued. We are told :

In Ireland there are tens of thousands of Catholic mothers, wives and sisters, ever praying for the safety of their men at the Front, or else that they be given the grace of a happy death, and there is nothing more consoling to them, nothing which more prevents them brooding when the day, the hour, the moment, will come with the dread announcement from the War Office, than the sustaining thought that these dear ones are faithful in all the dangers and emergencies of their life to the practices of their religion.

The wearers probably do not define to themselves exactly what it represents to them, but—superstition or no superstition—the soldier “would rather part with his day’s rations or his last cigarette than part with his sacred talisman”.

* * * * *

A new attempt is being made to dig down into the “sub-conscious” and lay bare its treasures for conscious use. Leonardo da Vinci wrote :

Among other things I shall not scruple to discover a new method of assisting invention, which, though trifling in appearance, may yet be of considerable service in opening the mind and putting it upon the scent of new thoughts, and it is this : if you look at some old wall covered with dirt, or the odd appearance of some streaked stones, you may discover several things like landscapes, battles, clouds, uncommon attitudes, draperies, etc. Out of this confused mass of objects the mind will be furnished with abundance of designs and subjects, perfectly new. . . .

Several present-day artists are trying, by way of a “new method of assisting invention,” automatic drawing. One of them says :

Drawings should be made by allowing the hand to run freely with the least possible deliberation. In time shapes will be found to evolve, suggesting conceptions, forms, and ultimately having personal and individual style.

The mind in a state of oblivion, without desire towards reflection or pursuit of materialistic intellectual suggestions, is in a condition to produce successful drawings of one’s personal ideas, symbolic in meaning and wisdom. By this means sensation may be visualised.

From the results it would seem, to the Theosophical observer, that many of the “inventions” thus made, enter the artist’s consciousness from the lower sub-planes of the astral.

They are for the most part grotesque and morbid, bordering in some cases on the obscene. But just as in the séance room the fact that messages and messengers come mysteriously from “beyond the veil” invests much that would otherwise be recognised as absurd, or even worse, with a solemn beauty and importance, so here the only half-explained origin of the drawings covers a multitude of sins.

FELIX.

CONVENTION NOTES

By F. K.

I FIND myself, as I sit down to write about the Theosophical Convention at Lucknow, in the position of that justly celebrated man who gave the testimonial for soap, saying that ten years ago he had used this soap and that since then he had used no other. Eleven years ago I attended a Theosophical Convention, and it is only in 1916 that I have been able to renew my acquaintance with this annual function. There is a further resemblance to the testimonial man in the fact that this long (in my case, enforced) abstinence from such refreshment gives me at once, in relation to my readers, an advantage and a disadvantage. For though I may be able to convey some sense of the change the years have brought about, I am not able to comment much upon the gradations of those changes. Formerly Convention alternated between Benares and Adyar, and the affair was one of intensive activity on the known and familiar Theosophical lines, rounds of lectures and meetings and conferences and friendly social episodes. But for the present the Society lays itself alongside the Indian National Congress, and aims to provide, in the town where that gathering meets, the spiritual outpouring that is intended—and obviously does.

tend—to elevate the politics of the Congress. There is this physical advantage, that the members of the Society, many of them so active in the work of the political regeneration of India, are now able to keep in touch with both movements; and our beloved Chief, as befits her, is thus able to give to the Society an increasingly great spring of inspiration and guidance, and can also aid the Congress with that vast measure of political sagacity of which she is likewise the custodian and distributor.

This change in policy, and the natural evolution that these years have brought with them, have altered radically the aspect of Convention within and without. The formal activities of Presidential and National Reports go on as before, and lectures still form their proper part; but the whole trend of the gathering is now no longer toward what might be called introspection, but toward an ever-widening circle of usefulness; the object is to see how we have put this thing we call the Theosophical point of view to the test in affairs.

In 1905 Mrs. Besant lectured to an audience that was attentive and appreciative in an intellectual sense. She spoke of the theory of life laid down in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. She applied this theory to modern Indian conditions. She was cheered and applauded, and her audience laughed with her at the Indian national foibles. But, as she herself then said, this easy, pleasant agreement was one thing, and active and earnest participation in the activities she described as duties, was quite another. But in 1916 the situation is changed. We heard her at Lucknow address an audience of upward of two thousand people. Her eloquence and experienced touch had still their sure grip upon the listener; her description of the duty of the Theosophist to religion ran through an hour that sped seemingly in a few minutes. But now the people to whom she spoke respond to her approach with far more than mind tinged with pleasant emotion. There is a tremendous current of determination to do. There is a vast spring of willing co-operation rising up to meet the ideal she sets forth. When she touches upon the futility of some phase of community life here (for her

audience is largely Indian, of course), there is no longer the easy, amused indulgence; the men and women, before her—many more women than before—have been through the fire of social reform and have been scorched by the coarse flames of religious bigotry, and they feel too deeply to laugh so lightly. When she points out the glories of the Indian tradition, these hearers are not content with the past; they, with her, look to the glory of that tradition in the future, and they look with determination to do and willingness to be guided.

The same thing occurs to one when watching the effect of Mr. Jinarājadasa's addresses, even though his work is along a line that does not call out that fire that we associate with great persons of action. It is the more significant in his case, for the very reason that his appeal lies more largely through a phase of man's nature wherein the old indolence may lie, in the ether of the intuitions which man too readily mistakes for vacuity. There was a time when the enlargement of the ideas of those higher worlds produced in us a kind of intellectual purring and a fine resolve that, while of course we could ourselves find no time to lead the life that means realisation of these things, we should at least take them comfortably on faith, and hope for the best! Not so now. The intuitions are growing a little in us, and in the relation of Theosophy to the modern search for truth, Mr. Jinarājadasa's hearers saw much more than a nice problem for the mind; they felt with him that there is dawning on the world's horizon, and so on their own, a new luminosity that is enabling *Everyman* to establish more clearly the relation of those old shapes which, in the mists of the old days, he thought to be but vapours of the mind.

Mr. Arundale possesses, amongst other virtues with which I shall not here embarrass him by describing, two priceless qualities: a most bouyant humour that rises out of affection, and a seemingly inexhaustible energy. Now these two things in full play would seem to leave no place for the audience to show its altered character; but in reality the audience was only the more patently a positive body. I shall be better understood when I say that his hearers did not flock behind their lecturer,

but kept pace beside him, and even went so quickly as to make interjections that showed their active participation in his point of view, not only by cries of "Hear! Hear!" or "Shame!" at suitable junctures, but by an occasional independent witticism. His audience was not being fed, it was taking part in a game.

And yet the most significant change is to be seen where there are Reports and Conferences wherein the various workers make their observations. I may be allowed to say quite candidly that the prosy dissertations that once made up these occasions were as useless as they were wearisome to all except the speaker himself. Now the tone has changed. People tell us, not what ought to be done, or what they hope will be done (by somebody else, of course), or what could be done if so-and-so were or were not the case, or how this thing that was done might be done better—we did not hear from the How-Not-To-Do-It's, we heard almost only, briefly and tersely, from the Get-Up-and-Do-It's.

This is as it should be. The lively and steady work of the whole Society is the only guarantee that we can ever have that the work is really going on well. The Convention showed that, in spite of the war, the Society is making progress in numbers, is publishing its books and magazines, and is flowing on its way. But it is only the revelation of this awakening within each of us that is the sure and final promise for our future. And that awakening has come to many, and comes steadily to more and more. We are coming to see—and I think this is the heart of the matter—that liberty and loyalty are of the same thing; that the will to do and the Love that rouses that will are of the same thing; that one's own salvation is identical with the welfare of others; that for the Theosophist an understanding of these paradoxes is within the realm of accomplishment and attainment. Convention is the annual measure of this attainment.

F. K.



THE

ADYAR BULLETIN

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FROM THE EDITOR

FEBRUARY opened badly with the declaration by Germany of war against the world at large, quickly answered by the United States with the rupture of diplomatic relations. And there, at the end of the first week of February, matters remain. The submarining has been no worse than usual, but there is a good deal of spoiling of German machinery by German crews in German ships, in American harbours, so that they may be useless should America declare war. The States can, however, do little that is effective even if they do declare war, since they are not prepared. One fears that most of the suffering may fall upon martyred Belgium, and already one shipload of food for that unhappy country has been sent to the bottom of the sea.

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Very sharp and stern is the lesson which is being taught to the modern world, that intellect, unilluminated by love may at any moment tend to bring misery rather than happiness to the world of men. How great have been the triumphs

of science, how dazzling the promises held out. Science was the true saviour of the world, the bringer of human happiness, the supreme blessing of civilisation. But her boasted knowledge has turned out to be a curse; she has rifled the secrets of Nature to discover new forces of destruction, new methods of torture. Men of science have sold themselves to invent machines ever more devastating, and a new explosive is hailed as though it were a boon to the human race. Religion is powerless in the midst of demoniacal hate, and the Christ is dethroned in Christendom.

* * *

We read the speculations of men who are asking whether anything will survive of European civilisation, questioning whether anything can be saved out of what seems a universal wreckage. The East is looking askance at the West, and is questioning the value of a civilisation and a culture that have broken down into the most naked barbarism. The Nations that have been held up before her as models, as leaders in the van of civilisation, are tearing each other into pieces, and it is little wonder that she is murmuring to herself: "The old is better." The inclination to be dazzled, to imitate, has been roughly checked, and the westernisation of the East is over, at any rate for the time.

* * *

So far as religion is concerned, the ancient creeds of the East are confirmed in their own sense of superiority, and they realise that, as guides to conduct, they will do well to remain in the ancient paths. They have long known that Christianity did not preserve Christian Nations from drunkenness, profligacy, and crimes of violence; a visit to European countries had, many years ago, convinced Japan that, as a moralising agent, Christianity was far inferior to Buddhism and Shintoism, and had cured her of any tendency towards Christianity as a part of western civilisation. And now that Christianity has proved itself impotent to save European Nations from a conflict more horrible in many of its incidents than any war recorded in history outside the raids of savages, it is little wonder

that the eastern peoples feel that there is nothing to be gained from Christendom as regards religion or morality.

* * *

It will be a strange new world after the War. Values will have changed; perspectives will have altered; viewpoints will have been removed to face in new directions. One is inclined sometimes to wonder what will survive of the old beliefs, of the old canons, of the old standards. In the old legend, Noah and his wife and sons, with his curious menagerie, issued forth from the ark, treading delicately on new land emerging from the waters, and thinking of the drowned world in which they had lived "before the flood". So will it be with Europe in the days when peace returns, and the roar of the guns, and the scream of the shells, and the whistling of the bullets, and the moans of the dying, and the cries of the wounded are hushed; when the birds again begin to sing, and the buds of flowers once more venture to open their gentle faces to the sun; when the tender grass again covers the fields, and the wild rose and the clematis mingle in the hedgerows; then will tired men, sitting at their doorways with little children nestling in their arms and rosy baby lips pressed against their cheek, while the wife watches the simmering vessel on the fire and passes by husband and children only that she may touch them in the passing—then will they look dreamily backward to the days "before the War," and raise glad eyes to the blue arching sky, flecked with clouds painted by the setting sun, and sigh with deep and full content that the nightmare of war is over, and that the soft white wings of Peace are brooding over the smiling earth.

* * *

Shall we have learned our lesson? Shall we have learned that love is higher than intellect, and that brotherhood is worth more than knowledge? Shall we have learned that sympathy and compassion and gentleness are more to be prized than power and strength and genius; that power is only to be revered when it protects the helpless, that strength is only noble when it is dedicated to the service of weakness, that genius is only divine when

of science, how dazzling the promises held out. Science was the true saviour of the world, the bringer of human happiness, the supreme blessing of civilisation. But her boasted knowledge has turned out to be a curse; she has rifled the secrets of Nature to discover new forces of destruction, new methods of torture. Men of science have sold themselves to invent machines ever more devastating, and a new explosive is hailed as though it were a boon to the human race. Religion is powerless in the midst of demoniacal hate, and the Christ is dethroned in Christendom.

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We read the speculations of men who are asking whether anything will survive of European civilisation, questioning whether anything can be saved out of what seems a universal wreckage. The East is looking askance at the West, and is questioning the value of a civilisation and a culture that have broken down into the most naked barbarism. The Nations that have been held up before her as models, as leaders in the van of civilisation, are tearing each other into pieces, and it is little wonder that she is murmuring to herself: "The old is better." The inclination to be dazzled, to imitate, has been roughly checked, and the westernisation of the East is over, at any rate for the time.

* * *

So far as religion is concerned, the ancient creeds of the East are confirmed in their own sense of superiority, and they realise that, as guides to conduct, they will do well to remain in the ancient paths. They have long known that Christianity did not preserve Christian Nations from drunkenness, profligacy, and crimes of violence; a visit to European countries had, many years ago, convinced Japan that, as a moralising agent, Christianity was far inferior to Buddhism and Shintoism, and had cured her of any tendency towards Christianity as a part of western civilisation. And now that Christianity has proved itself impotent to save European Nations from a conflict more horrible in many of its incidents than any war recorded in history outside the raids of savages, it is little wonder

that the eastern peoples feel that there is nothing to be gained from Christendom as regards religion or morality.

* * *

It will be a strange new world after the War. Values will have changed; perspectives will have altered; viewpoints will have been removed to face in new directions. One is inclined sometimes to wonder what will survive of the old beliefs, of the old canons, of the old standards. In the old legend, Noah and his wife and sons, with his curious menagerie, issued forth from the ark, treading delicately on new land emerging from the waters, and thinking of the drowned world in which they had lived "before the flood". So will it be with Europe in the days when peace returns, and the roar of the guns, and the scream of the shells, and the whistling of the bullets, and the moans of the dying, and the cries of the wounded are hushed; when the birds again begin to sing, and the buds of flowers once more venture to open their gentle faces to the sun; when the tender grass again covers the fields, and the wild rose and the clematis mingle in the hedgerows; then will tired men, sitting at their doorways with little children nestling in their arms and rosy baby lips pressed against their cheek, while the wife watches the simmering vessel on the fire and passes by husband and children only that she may touch them in the passing—then will they look dreamily backward to the days "before the War," and raise glad eyes to the blue arching sky, flecked with clouds painted by the setting sun, and sigh with deep and full content that the nightmare of war is over, and that the soft white wings of Peace are brooding over the smiling earth.

* * *

Shall we have learned our lesson? Shall we have learned that love is higher than intellect, and that brotherhood is worth more than knowledge? Shall we have learned that sympathy and compassion and gentleness are more to be prized than power and strength and genius; that power is only to be revered when it protects the helpless, that strength is only noble when it is dedicated to the service of weakness, that genius is only divine when

it uplifts and gladdens the younger brothers of the human families? Unless the War has taught lessons such as these, the crumbled civilisation of the West will rise again only to perish under the new shocks of disregarded law.

* * *

But happily the world "after the War" will not be left alone to learn the needed lesson. The foundations of the new civilisation will be laid by the Master Builder; the lessons to be learned will be taught by the strong sweet voice of Love, Incarnate. It is He, the World-Teacher, the World's Hope, who will cradle in His arms the new world, and lead it forth into peace, and joy, and purity. He it is who says: "Behold, I make a new heaven and a new earth; the former things are passed away. Behold, I make all things new." How will it be with us, when, in those gladder days "after the War," we look back to the days in which we are living now?

* * *

But here in the East, the sounds of war have, so far, come to us muffled by distance, and the sorrows of war have touched us but lightly. Prices have risen, trains are less frequent, some things are out of reach—mere trifling inconveniences, compared with the fearful strain and stress of Europe. Hunger of multitudes is always with us, but there is no rioting for bread; piteous poverty is around us, but it is always there. Only this very day on which I am writing has the call rung out of compulsory service for Englishmen and voluntary service for Indians in a Defence of India Force. The fear I expressed that the War would last until England was compelled to fall back on the man-power of India has come true, and though so much time, and so many precious lives have been lost by the delay, the step has at last been taken. May it bring victory and a glorious and stable peace to the Empire.

BROTHERHOOD AND RELIGION

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

THERE are many problems concerning existence that have fascinated the mind of man, and among them all there is none so full of interest as the subject of religion. Whatever period of the world we look into, whether into primitive savage times, or into such times of civilisation as we have to-day, we find that the most able minds have always desired to know about the fundamentals of religion, and what is really religion's place in the world. Hitherto, because of the conditions in the world, men have known of the great world of religion only in a limited way. Our ancestors were born in one particular land and they had few means of travelling or of knowing of the religions of other lands. Therefore it has been taken for granted that the problem of religion is the problem of one's own religion. That conception has now to be put aside, because during the last two centuries the whole world has changed. Science has stepped in with invention after invention, and has made the many nations of the world one in a way that was not possible before. We have steamers to take us to foreign lands, printing presses to transcribe the cultures that are to be found there, and in many ways the modern cultured man begins to see the world, not as represented by his country alone, but as something larger than can be contained in one nation.

Now this change of outer circumstances over the lives of men that science has brought about has also very profoundly changed our attitude mentally, and perhaps of most consequence

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is the change in our attitude towards the subject of religion. Thus it has come about that all people do not think alike about religion, nor do all consider there is the same value in religion for the problems of life as in other aspects of culture. Broadly speaking, there are three points of view which are possible concerning the relation that religion bears to life. Of these, the first is the attitude you will find everywhere in the world wherever a person thinks of religion in terms only of his own religion, if not in terms sometimes of only his sect; and that attitude is roughly summed up in the thought: "My religion is the best in the world." As you all know, there are thousands who take for granted that there can be no other possible religion worthy of the name but that particular one in which they are born. It never occurs to them to enquire into how they themselves possess that particular religion—whether they found it as the result of their individual efforts, or whether, as is usually the case, it was given to them by their parents and grandparents. The average person does not realise, if he happens to be, well, a Church of England person, that if he had been born into a Roman Catholic family he would have accepted all the Roman Catholic ideas without any question, and that, similarly, if he had been born a Wesleyan he would now profess Wesleyan ideas with equal tenacity. I suppose it would be much more difficult for him to imagine that, had he been born among Hindūs or Buddhists, he would have accepted their ideas equally without question.

The religion that most of us profess is not what we have made for ourselves or discovered for ourselves, but something given to us, which we accepted as we accepted a particular cut of clothes when we were babies. Therefore it is there is so very prevalent the idea "my religion is the best religion," and so many never think further about the problem. Now what is the logical deduction in practice of that standpoint? It follows naturally, if your religion is the best, that it is best fitted to survive of the many religions of the world; if it is the best for humanity, the sooner humanity has your particular religion the

better it is for the world. The logical result of this is missionary activity. Now missionary activity is not at all new; you find that it is as old as the hills. When Buddhism was born five centuries before Christ, the great Buddha sent out His disciples (sixty was the first band) north and south and east and west, and He told them to proclaim His doctrine. When Christ sent out His disciples we have the same impulse of sending forth a great stream of religious influence to those parts of the world that continually require higher and higher religious inspiration; so that on the one side there is a profoundly true principle underlying missionary activity; but also on the other side there is the principle that you must take your particular religion only to those places where its inspiration is required, but where it will not supplant some other equally valuable inspiration. We have, arising from the ordinary conception of "my religion is the best," practically a continuation of that struggle for survival which we find in Nature, and this key-note of the brute is carried on by us into our intellectual and religious life the moment we presume that the particular religion which happens to be ours is the best in the whole world now and the best for all time.

That is not, as you are all aware, the only attitude of religion. We find a very strong body of thought in the world to-day which, following the facts that science has discovered, considers the value of religion to human life as, indeed, very, very little. The scientific attitude is not an attitude of mere hostility; it is a legitimate attitude from certain facts that scientists have found. When one reads the history of civilisation, and gets to know the conditions of the past, and even now of the present in various parts of the world, one begins to realise that religions have developed in a most natural fashion out of the most primitive conditions of superstition. Comparative Mythology very clearly makes us see that some part of each of our religions is nothing more than a refinement, in accordance with the advancing knowledge of men, of the primitive ignorance of savages. We find that all religions have in them certain aspects which show an utter lack of a correct knowledge of

Nature, and that there are in the religions certain elements which are not the elements of a true Revelation; they are merely the superstitions of primitive people who did not know we were living in a world of natural law. When you look into the conception of God, or Gods, you see how it slowly arises out of Fetishism, Animism and Polytheism, until we come into the grand monotheistic conception of God; and when you trace the many stages of growth in religion, you see that the higher conceptions of religion which now influence our lives were not there from the beginning. In other words, religions are a development; they are not suddenly born in full vigour of conception; just as out of a savage condition we have developed civilisation, so has religion developed itself out of the primitive ignorance of savages. That, roughly speaking, is the attitude of the comparative mythologist, and therefore to him religion is very much like an excrescence on life, something perhaps pleasant and agreeable to round off certain of the crudities of civilisation; but religion is not seen, as by religious people, as the sum total of all civilisation, as the essence of all that is best in human nature. From the scientific standpoint, then, there is no special priority in religions, there is no best among them; they are all rooted in one primitive ignorance, only some of them have advanced a little further in refinement than others, and that is all.

Now there is a third attitude possible towards the whole subject of religion, and it is the attitude of the Theosophist. Very briefly, it is that all religions are necessary, and that among all the existing religions, and those of the past or those to be of the future, there is no one religion that is the best exclusively and for all time. It is that thesis that I am going to unfold before you, why the Theosophist considers that all religions are necessary and that all are pillars in the great temple of Religion.

To the Theosophist, there is one fundamental fact that ever confronts him, whether he looks at existence with his mind or with his feelings or with his activities, and it is that all life whatsoever is God's. Every form of energy that exists, every

expression of life, each tiny working of consciousness, are all modes of manifestation of one great Divine Personality; greater than human thought can imagine, more beautiful than the artist will ever realise by any of his dreams, is this indescribable Existence whom we call God. It is He Who is the motive power of every atom, as He is too of the whole universe; He is ever at work, He is the master-craftsman, He fashions things in infinite time; He fashions the atom, He fashions also the great stars of the heavens; He fashions the flower, He also fashions the beautiful human face; He is ever at work unfolding His Divine nature. And there are stages in His unfoldment. Stage by stage He reveals something of Himself—in the electrons, in the atoms, in the elements, in the minerals, in the life of the plant and the vegetable, in the life of the animal world, and in the life of humanity, and, beyond humanity, in the life of the angels. As He so reveals Himself in His path of evolution, there appears man—you and I.

Between us, the created, and Him, the Creator, there is a great chasm. Fundamentally it is true we have within us in germ all that He is in realisation; in our highest nature we are Divine. But in actuality there is our human nature, and between that and His Divine nature there is almost a chasm. That chasm is bridged by Him, by God Himself, in many ways. Of these bridges some are the great philosophies, others are the great modes of the arts and the sciences; but there is one broad bridge that has from the beginning existed between man and God, and that is the bridge of religion. Religion, then, is one way of approaching God; it is a way that He Himself has established. As He established this mode of approach to Him, He has not so narrowed it that it was only during a particular epoch in the world's history that His children could come to Him. From the first day of time when the human soul came into existence there was this bridge to God; therefore it is that throughout the millions of years humanity has existed, this broad bridge to Him has remained, and all religions lead to that one broad bridge. All religions, even the most primitive, show that. If we look back into savage times and see the savage

worshipping with chiefly the sense of fear of the great powers of nature, yet worshipping with his offering of the animal he has slain, it is religion that appears there; for if the savage saw God as Fear, it is because God showed His face to the savage as Fear; if, because of Fear, the life of the savage became more orderly and began to have a tinge of unselfishness in it, it was God who was leading the savage through Fear to be civilised. If in these days our worship of God is felt by many of us in magnificent music, in communion with sunsets, in feeling the mighty power of the sea or the mountains, that is only because we have discovered new ways of approach to Him. But such a primitive way of approach to Him as Fear, such as the savage has, is equally a road to Him.

So all religions, we say in Theosophy, are His, however primitive they may be. Each is a statement of the problem of existence. It is not a final statement, for there is no finality in existence, but each is a statement to suit the time, and also to mould a civilisation about to be born, for each religion appears not merely to satisfy the needs of the time, but also to inspire the centuries to come. Each religion, then, appears because it is needed, because it has a work to do in the world, but each religion is not a final statement concerning the problems of existence.

Now let us for a few brief minutes examine the religions of the world to-day, and see what it is they have to tell us, what is their essential message to their adherents. I shall expound to you briefly the main themes of the religions, in order to show you that there is not, and there can never be, anything like rivalry between the religions. When you hear a great orchestra, do the first violins rival the second violins? Can there be any competition between the basses and the trombones or the harps? They all have their separate sounds to give, and why do they give their distinct tones? Because they are all required by a master musician who knows the value of each tone in his great symphony. So is it with the religions.

Let me take these religions more or less in the order of their age as we find them, and I limit myself to the religions

of to-day, not dealing, as I should if I had more time, with the religions of the past also. Consider first the great religion of Hindūism. It is not a missionary religion, nor has it ever thought of spreading itself outside of its own people; it is strictly a national religion. Now what is the great fundamental thought underlying this religion? It is the great thought that the nature of God is the nature of man, that man is himself Divine, not something-to-be in a far-off future, but that now and here in man's own nature he has the fullness of the Divine nature. And, says this religion, if man does not know he is Divine, it is because an illusion or veil wraps him round, and so he thinks he is man and not God. There are two phrases, both very famous, which tell us of this thought of the unity of God, of nature and of man:

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.

That art thou.

Hindūism, then, has as its great theme that man is himself absolute, perfect Divinity, if only he will but cast aside the veil of illusion that binds him.

In Buddhism we come to the first of the great missionary religions—a religion that has spread from the small band of the disciples of the Buddha until it is now found in many lands—Burma and Siam, Ceylon, China, Japan, and even some parts of Russia; it is probably the religion with the largest number of followers. What is the fundamental note of Buddhism? It is that within each individual is the power to work out his own salvation as the result of his own individual efforts; the broad statement is made that creeds, rituals, priests, all these things may have their part in religion, but to the man who awakens to his own fundamental nature they are not necessary; he treads the path to the full realisation of his salvation by himself and as the result of his own inner efforts and strivings. Man is not called upon to worship a God or Gods; yet Buddhists are profoundly religious. There is no religion that has asserted the

liberty of the human soul so openly or so fundamentally as this religion of Buddhism.

Turn then to another religion, still existing, though represented by only a few—the religion once upon a time of the great Persian Empire, whose votaries to-day are the Parsis. To them, who worship the Fire as the symbol of God, the main purpose of existence is continually to battle with evil, and each religious man is taught to consider himself as a fighter for God, for man's one supreme duty is to range himself on the side of God in the great struggle that is taking place between good and evil. Religion to the Zoroastrian is not a matter merely of worship; it is also the active combating of things evil in social life, continually trying to reform the life around us, so that more and more of perfection might exist in God's world.

When we next consider the religion of China, it is no religion at all seemingly, for nothing is said about God in the great doctrines of Confucius. Confucius offers to man an ideal which is not an ideal of spiritual salvation, for he believes that it is far better for man to look to earth rather than to heaven; and so Confucius tells men not a word about heaven but much about a possible ideal on earth for all men, irrespective of whatsoever they are born. He calls the ideal "the superior man"—that perfect training of thought, feeling and activity which results in harmony within your nature, until you are a practical man of affairs in the highest sense of the word; the Confucian ideal of the spiritual life is so to perfect yourself that you are able to fulfil any function that the State requires of you in the service of your fellow men. We have in China this intensely practical ideal of religion, which does not turn our eyes towards heaven, but brings them down to earth.

Then, think of Judaism with its striking message that the life of religion must appear in an intensely moral struggle; that the reality of religion is not a matter of external worship, but a matter of a continual failure to achieve, and a rising from that failure in order finally to achieve. You will find Judaism in its fullest power in the lives of the prophets, in their elation, their

depression, their faith, their self-mastery, so that at the last they feel within themselves the true power of righteousness.

Then comes the message of Christianity, that doctrine of self-sacrifice for God and for man which Christ summed up in His message for man, that man has but two primary duties—to love God and to love his neighbour; it was this teaching that transformed the outer conditions of life in past centuries and is the hope of a transformation of the evil conditions to-day into better things of the future. For Christianity is not a matter of worship in a church but of readiness for self-sacrifice; the realisation that God needs you with regard to your duty to your neighbour is surely the essence of Christianity.

Take the last of the great religions, Muhammadanism. There you have as the fundamental note the absolute subservience of the human will to the will of God; you must never question whatsoever God does, but bow your head and say: "Thy will be done." In Muhammadanism you have a perfect Monotheism, an intense reverence, an unquestioning consecration to the will of a great Creator who knows all that He does; He may crush out your life, yet you must feel that He is doing some wonderful thing for you; you must only bow your head and say: "Thy will be done."

When you look at all the religions and see these beautiful truths in them, is it possible to have the conception that any one of them is the best quite exclusively, that any one of them can be in any sense a rival of another? The whole thought of the competition of religions goes; you see that they are so many phases in the discovery of the one great Truth.

C. Jinarājādāsa.

(To be concluded)

NIRVANA

I LAY on the eagle's ledge
 Where the cliffs were white,
 The rope I had dropped by lost—
 And it was night.

Moonless and starless sky—
 Of wind, no breath ;
 Only the murmuring swell
 Ceaseless, beneath.

Two points, and only two,
 Being or to be,
 Severed by consciousness—
 My soul, and sea.

Two—which the greater Sea
 Hidden from sight
 Wrought irresistibly
 Now, to unite.

Strands of compelling Force
 Linked, pole to pole,
 Silent, through sound of swell
 Menaced my soul.

" Could I but pass, and keep
 All which that Power
 Strives to absorb from me,
 Knowing Its hour ! "

Vain ; my strong citadel
 Sank, and the soul
 Sped, as a bird released,
 Unto her goal.

Moonless and starless sky—
 Of wind, no breath ;
 Only the murmuring swell
 Ceaseless, beneath

One point, and only one,
 Being, or to be ;
 Sea, and my conscious soul,
 Knowing itself Sea.

* * *

Then from the deep rose Dawn ;
 And a myriad lives
 Issuing, many from one,
 Filled the world's hives ;

Yea, and the thing that is I,
 Set in its sheath,
 Was carried, where sea-gulls fly,
 To shelter beneath ;

Hence evermore to dwell
 (As dwell the free)
 Fearless of murmuring swell—
 Knowing itself Sea.

M. L. L.

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—ED.]

XXIX

IT was a time of stress and storm (1897). I was engulfed in educational and social work, giving lessons in two colleges and one primary school, while my Sundays were spent in a Sunday-School¹ of a factory, fourteen miles away from Petrograd. I was teaching workmen and workwomen reading, writing and the elements of literature. These classes were most interesting, but they brought to me the conviction that I myself was not ready for such responsible work, for I was overwhelmed with a great mass of eager questions in all possible spheres of life. I felt unprepared to answer them, for some of them were as yet unsolved problems to myself. On the other hand, the Committee which was at the head of our Sunday-School wanted the teachers to work on "scientific lines," which meant materialism and atheism. I became filled with a great desire to examine the materialistic hypothesis, and soon I was given the opportunity to satisfy this yearning. I entered the Women's High College at Petrograd, which is a Women's University. During four years I attended lectures on literature and history, and gave much time to natural science, especially to geology and chemistry. During these years I found far more arguments against materialism than in favour of it, and I felt joyfully that

¹ The Russian Sunday-Schools have nothing to do with the Church, but could be likened to the University Extension movement in England.

my intuition rightly led to idealism. At this period of my life a friend, a member of the T.S., tried several times to interest me in Theosophy, but I was afraid that this philosophy might carry me away from the most urgent problems of life, which I felt it my duty to solve and work out, so she did not succeed.

At last this friend went abroad, leaving in my house a box full of Theosophical literature. I promised to read at least one of these books, but the time went by; I was busy and I had not yet found a moment to look into a single one of them (1899).

Spring came and the sun began to shine, but at night the streets were yet full of ice. Returning one evening, on the 1st of March, from a lecture and a discussion with students, I happened to fall down on the slippery ice and broke my foot. I had to be taken home in a carriage, and the next day I had to go through a painful operation, after which I became an invalid for several weeks. The first three weeks I spent in bed, and the following three I began to walk with crutches. During this time I could not attend my college or any lessons; I lost my earnings, and after a very busy life I was suddenly plunged into a state of utter inactivity and loneliness, because the friend with whom I lived had to attend to her own work, and from morning till night I remained alone. It would have been a very tragic time, if on the third day, or rather third night, there had not happened something which suddenly changed the whole world for me. On this night, while I could not possibly sleep from acute pain, I opened "by chance" (but is there any chance?) one of the books left in that mysterious box of my absent friend. I remembered my promise and I asked for one of those books. The book happened to be *In the Outer Court*, by Mrs. Besant. Before I finished the first page a strange emotion overtook me and my heart began to thump wildly. I could not tear myself away from the book, and through the whole night it held me in a state of ecstatic suspense and elation. The stormy sky of my life was illumined by a mighty light, and in a flash I saw and knew. For one moment all the problems seemed to be solved. It was as if a curtain was lifted and everything became clear, comprehensible and beautiful. A great wave of peace and joy touched my heart, and at dawn,

when the book was finished, I fell asleep as a happy little child, who after long wandering and anguish had found again her lost mother. This feeling of joy and happy understanding lived in me for several days when I read again and again the beautiful book. Then, of course, I wanted to know more about Theosophy, and one by one all the books of the friendly box were read or rather devoured. When I came out of this illness I was a convinced Theosophist, and I wanted to join the T.S., which I did very soon, when my friend returned from England and explained how to apply for membership.

After these days of elation, the curtain seemed to fall down again, and there were for me yet three hard years full of trials before I saw the Light again. In fact they were the most tragic years of my life, when trouble and sorrow visited me with such an overwhelming force that sometimes I felt as if I was dead and the whole world unreal and illusory. It lasted three years, but the whole time I knew that even if I was in a grave—outside the sun was shining; and whenever I took up my beloved book, *In the Outer Court*, I felt a revival of strength, peace and courage.

In those days I used to work during the winter in the colleges, and during the summer time I used to go out as governess into different country places. But in 1902 I had a part of the summer free, and karma sent to me, in quite an unexpected way, the chance of going abroad and having a rest. I went to England and had three beautiful weeks in London, attending Mrs. Besant's lectures.

Since I met Her, the curtain lifted again, the Light illumined everything and I knew that I had come home.

Anna Kamensky.

TREMENDOUS ODDS

By ANNIE MARGUERITE WILLIAMS

CONTEMPLATION

IT was a long journey across London on the top of the bus that dreary evening, yet it seemed worth while to the Woman, for some one had said to her:

"The Brahmin has a little meeting for Peace—just for half an hour. It is very Eastern. Will you come?"

"But I am rather tired of talking," said the Woman doubtfully, "and very tired of listening to people's views."

"But they don't talk. It is mostly silent."

The invitation that promised silence was tempting. The Woman accepted.

It was an evening which should have been in the Springtide, had it entered into its heritage instead of holding on to the skirts of a departing Winter.

The bus went slowly northward—more slowly than usual, for, after crossing the river, it came suddenly into a sea of fog. The Woman's eyes tried to pierce the murky brown, and in the intervals of her dreaming she watched the people. The quick, rhythmic march of men in khaki brought a shadow into her eyes; she caught her breath with a half-formed sob as a band of untrained recruits—newly volunteered and still self-conscious—passed along the road. Down the quieter, drearier streets children were playing on the doorsteps, playing soldiers as the children played a hundred years ago. And again the shadow darkened the Woman's eyes, for she heard afar off the roar of battle, the cry of men—wounded and dying.

But she was going into the silence.

Presently the bus got clear of the fog, and as the Woman alighted at the terminus the air from the Heath met her, fresh and pure—a twilight messenger of healing.

A neighbouring clock chimed the hour as she knocked at the door. A little maid showed her upstairs—stepping quietly as in a holy place. The Woman entered the upper room, and the fog through which she had come was forgotten.

There was but a handful of people—as once, long ago, in that Upper Room where the Twelve met their Lord. Outside, the last red of the sunset was fading from the sky. Within, the lights were lowered, the room dim, the atmosphere heavy with incense. The Woman took the chair that had been placed for her—her eyes caught and held by the face of the man opposite, the Brahmin of whom she had heard so much—the Christian Indian of whom such wonderful tales were told.

A young, strong face was that beneath the white-turbaned head; a face which made the miracle stories believable—yet withal a very human face. The figure was enveloped in a full, dark robe, over the edge of which the black hair curled beneath the white turban. As the Woman entered, the keen eyes flashed her a glance through the gloom; then the lids closed over them, and face and figure remained immovable.

A man—tall, soldierly—rose from his seat at the end of the room. He had a book in his hand, and bending his head towards the light of the candle, he read—without introduction or preliminary—words that sounded strangely in a London drawing-room, with war and fog outside; strangely too from the lips of one who, in past wars, had—it was said—led men to victory, himself unarmed:

Atma! We promise Thee to obey Thy Will which is manifested in us, to honour Thee in all creatures, to hurt no living being intentionally, and to work for the Brotherhood and illumination of mankind until Thou, at the end, takest them into Thy motherly Bosom.

Light and Peace to all beings in the All!

The voice ceased. Somewhere outside, the distant whistle of an engine shrieked suddenly. The sound came nearer

—passed—then died away. The impact of shunted trucks, not far below the window, jarred through the silence. A thrush near by began its evening hymn. A minute later the quick, sharp step of a passer-by intruded into the stillness and the melody. Then the step too passed, and in the dim room Silence held sway: a Silence vibrant with power. The men and women sat motionless. The strong young face of the Indian was still with the stillness of an absolute concentration. The smoke of the incense ascended as the silent prayers for Peace rose up to the Great Lord of Life and Death; but the only sound was the singing of the thrush outside in the twilight.

There—far away along the battle front—the boom and roar of conflict; the unceasing racket of shrapnel; the whirl of steel; the sharp rattle of bayonets. Here—Silence: a Silence that was pitting itself against Strife: waging war against war. There—warfare, grim, horrible: here—peace, prayer. Out there—millions fighting. In this upper room—twelve praying. The odds were tremendous.

Yet the Woman went back across London conscious of a Power greater than the might of arms; and as the bus carried her southward once more, she saw above the moving, thronging mass of men and women:

“the traffic of Jacob’s ladder
Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.”

ACTIVITY

Saturday night in South London.

The Woman had gone out to look for those who would not come in to her. Slowly she made her way through the dense crowd that thronged the main thoroughfare, eagerly scanning faces in the dim light of the shaded street lamps—seeking for some she knew.

It was a wet, dark night, yet the rain had not kept the people indoors. The crowd was made up of men, and women, and children; the young and the old. Men in the familiar khaki

of the army; more men in the attractive blue of the navy. Young girls—well dressed, refined looking; girls loud-voiced, dowdy; girls bent on pleasure; girls full of curiosity; girls whose eyes were ever watching for the fascinating uniform of a sailor boy; sailor boys with young, fresh faces; sailors who had lost the look of youth.

The Woman's heart was heavy as she watched, for she knew that the enemy—only partially hidden—lay in wait at every point of that shifting scene. Just round the corner, within easy reach of the busy thoroughfare, a small band of women had made a haven for the girls—bright and warm and safe. But the fascination and the risk of the darkened streets were for ever drawing them; and what is the use of a haven to the ship that prefers the storm? Up in the north—in the silence—the Woman had realised a Power greater than that which thundered along the battle front: down here in the crowd, where another war was being waged, the realisation remained.

LIGHT AND PEACE TO ALL BEINGS IN THE ALL!

Yet how strong the enemy seemed! Her heart ached for girls to whom she must not speak, girls whom the enemy was alluring.

Suddenly through a mass of pushing people she caught sight of a form she knew. A shabbily dressed cripple girl of fourteen—slight and dark, with daring eyes set in a keen face—was standing on the kerb talking. As she turned from her companions for a moment the Woman greeted her in a friendly voice.

"Hullo, Alex. I haven't seen you at the club for quite a long time. Won't you come along with me now?"

The bright eyes in the sharp little face looked unnaturally sober. Alex had an adequate reason for declining.

"I can't to-night," she said. "We've come out together"; a comprehensive wave of a grimy hand included two other girls—better dressed than herself. "That lady just there is drunk," with a sympathetic nod in her direction, "and we've promised to see her into a tram."

The "lady" who had appealed to the girl's compassion was a few yards away. The Woman only threw her a brief glance; her thoughts were concentrated upon winning the girls.

"I'd come if the others would, but they say they won't," Alex asserted, in answer to the repeated invitation. "And we can't leave the lady, poor thing."

She hobbled out into the road with a business-like air, looking for a tram.

"It's a number forty-eight she wants," she announced. "We can't leave her. She's old." And she added again: "Poor thing."

But by this time the lady, who was clear-headed enough to know the number of her tram, had left them. The Woman looked after her, and as she saw her pushing her way steadily through the crowd, she suddenly thought of the huge shells which explode on the battle-field—tearing away the solid ground and leaving a great gap—a danger to the unwary who pass in the darkness.

She only caught a glimpse of the pit, for the girls' voices drew her thoughts back to themselves. They were shouting a greeting to a passing friend, and the Woman saw a child she knew—a simply dressed child of fifteen—passing with a sailor. The sailor had his arm round the girl, and as the girl turned to call back to her comrades, the Woman noticed a look of triumphant satisfaction on her usually quiet face. Then the girl and the sailor were swallowed up by the crowd.

Far away—along the battle front—warfare—grim, horrible. Here, in the crowded thoroughfare, warfare—grim, horrible too. For the Woman knew that among the comrades of these girls were those who a few months before had been just where Alex and her friends were now. But they had plucked the forbidden fruit, and only bitterness remained; for them life was holding suffering and sorrow and dread. So many unwanted little ones were on their way to a world where they would find no fathers; those fathers would be gone to face death—"for King and Country"—carrying with them the stain of a great wrong.

The lamps in the street still held their light, but the streets were darkened because those lamps were shaded. The light that had shone brightly through the silence of that upper room still burned for the Woman ; but for those girls and their sailor lads it was shadowed.

The few against the many once more.

Yet for those who in the Silence have seen the Vision it is grand to fight against tremendous odds—and win.

Annie Marguerite Williams.

THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. C. W. LEADBEATER

AS our President mentioned this Church prominently in *The Theosophist* for October, and Mr. Wedgwood wrote an article on it in our own magazine for December, it seemed desirable to the writer to obtain further information about it ; so he took the opportunity of asking a few questions on the subject from Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, who is something of an authority on Church practice and ecclesiastical matters generally. As the answers are of general interest, a report of them is appended.

He remarked : We find that there are a great many people who love the Church and its ceremonies, who have found all through their lives their greatest spiritual inspiration and help in the Church and its Services, and yet are weary of its narrowness and bigotry in some directions, and impatient of its ignorance of the obvious signification of its own creeds and dogmas. Any one who studies Theosophy can at once see that Christianity contains a statement of the great truths of Nature, just as does every other religion ; yet the orthodox exponents of Christianity almost invariably repudiate with scorn a common-sense exposition of their formulæ, and insist upon narrowing them down, and forcing upon them a far smaller and more restricted meaning, which has the further disadvantage of being incredible to any reasoning man.

The Old Catholic Church, at least so far as the autonomous section in the British Empire goes, permits to its members the widest measure of liberty in the interpretation of the scriptures, the creeds and the liturgy.

Q. Is there any advantage in clinging to the old formulæ? Some people who believe in the near coming of the great World-Teacher have rather hoped that He would found a new religion distinct from Christianity.

A. When the great World-Teacher comes He will do whatsoever seems good to Him. It is His business, not ours, to found new religions. But there may surely be many now calling themselves Christians and loving the old rites who would nevertheless like to prepare themselves for His Coming by widening their conceptions and learning as much as may be of the real meaning of their faith; and to such the Old Catholic Church offers just the opportunity that they want. It most distinctly wishes to preserve its unity with the old tradition, rejecting only those points in it which are obviously incredible, as the Church of England itself has done. It is as definitely part of the Church Catholic (or Universal) as are the Roman, Greek or English Communions. As our President has pointed out in *The Theosophist*, it has unchallengeable Orders. It is therefore handing on the Sacraments and Ritual for those who feel the need of them, yet without binding them to much of which they cannot but disapprove. Any progress made by the Old Catholic Church will in no way prevent the foundation of any new system, if the World-Teacher should wish that; it will provide a link between the old and the new, and will carry on the Orders and privileges that He arranged when last on earth, while containing nothing which will be an obstacle to world-wide expansion, if that should be part of His plan.

We must not forget that if it should please Him to found an entirely new religion, it would have to start from existing conditions, as all other religions have always done. Those who have not studied the subject seem to regard Christianity as though it had flashed across the heavens like a meteor, coming from nowhere in particular; but any student is aware that it arose from the midst of a cluster of existing religions, borrowing as it grew from one and from the other, and only very slowly consolidating into a definitely separate faith. The very

ritual of the Christian Church is by no means distinctively Christian; a great deal of it is unquestionably based on and closely linked with the ceremonies of the Mithraic Mysteries, and with those of Egypt and Greece.

Q. May we then regard the Old Catholic Church as a reform movement, seeking to throw overboard the accumulated errors of Roman Catholicism but retaining the faith and freedom of early Christianity?

A. The Old Catholic Church does not condemn anyone, nor does she set herself in opposition to anyone. She asks only to be allowed to study and work in peace. What is commonly called the Reformation was a protest against the spiritual tyranny of Rome, and was brought to a head by the gross abuses of the granting and sale of indulgences. In the same way the separate congregations of the Old Catholic Church began to be formed only when Rome insisted on the acceptance of the dogmas of the infallibility of the Pope and the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Old Catholic Church has no quarrel with those who hold these doctrines, and admits them quite freely as visitors to her altars, but prefers for herself the older teaching which seems more in accord with reason.

So far as its Branch in the British Empire is concerned, the movement stands for perfect freedom of opinion, and welcomes, as I think no other Church in modern times has done, those who are earnestly seeking for truth.

Q. The Church seems to maintain as the basis of its faith the Creeds and the Holy Scriptures, though permitting its members the widest liberty as regards their interpretation; but do not these require so much explanation that their adoption is likely to prejudice the movement?

A. This is not a new movement, but the Old Catholic Church, an integral part of Christianity. It cannot cast Christianity overboard, and start afresh. The Creeds need not so much interpretation as comprehension. In the early days of Christianity its creed was fluidic, and it settled down only gradually into what is now accepted. In the course of that

settling down it came into the hands of those who only partially understood its original meaning, and they altered and narrowed some of its expressions so as to make them practically unintelligible.

It would be easy by a very few verbal alterations to remove the possibility of misinterpretation, but in view of the strong sentimental attachment of so many good churchmen to the exact wording of their ancient formulæ, it seems wiser and kinder to leave them as they are, and explain how the narrower ideas gradually grew. This clinging to old forms is very natural, and in no way reprehensible. Many a man who has not entered a church for years still likes the words of the old hymns and the ring of the old tunes. In many cases it is only the narrowness of definition that drives people out of the Church. I remember well that even thirty years ago, when I was working as a priest of the Church of England, many of its clergy with whom I conversed held opinions quite as diverse from narrow orthodoxy as my own. I consulted one of the most erudite of them about some of my own doubts, and he at once admitted that the points which I raised were well taken, and that the teaching as ordinarily understood could not possibly be true. He said: "You may have observed that I never preach any dogma whatever; I teach my people morality and charity, and I frequently illustrate by references to or quotations from the gospel stories; I think that is all that an honest man can do." I myself wrote some years ago a little book on *The Christian Creed*, in which I offered the old elucidation of the meaning of that beautiful formula.

Q. What about retaining the Bible without amendment?

A. It is not our business to amend ancient documents. I should say that the Old Catholic Church will regard the Bible much as it does the Vedas or the Bhagavad-Gītā—as interesting ancient literature, containing much that is of value when properly understood, but also much that is unimportant and of no particular value to us at the present day. You may have noticed that Christians usually make their own selections from the Scripture. In these comparatively civilised days no

one will justify the action of Jael with regard to Sisera, of Jacob in his dealings with his brother Esau, or of David's proceedings with regard to Uriah. At the same time there are many beautiful passages in the Bible, which have no doubt been of great help to thousands of people.

It has always appeared to me that the Christian Church made a mistake in saddling itself with the Jewish scriptures, which are so largely based upon the proceedings of the jealous and cruel tribal deity Jehovah, while their own founder Christ preached always the loving Father. This strange mistake has landed us in a mass of inconsistencies and incongruities. I believe that if it had not been for this belief in a stern and savage deity it would have been impossible for the horrible doctrine of hell to grow up in the Christian Church. It can be quite clearly shown that the sayings of Christ which are usually supposed to support this doctrine have really quite a different signification. It was only through ignorance of the Greek language, and of the meaning attached to certain words in the time of Christ, that it was possible for this abominable dogma to be maintained. These mistakes could never have arisen if men had really held Christ's doctrine that God is a loving Father.

Many people have the idea that the Church has always based itself upon the Scriptures; but that is true only of the sects which have arisen since the Reformation. So far is the Church from being founded upon the Bible that it is the Church itself that gives us the Bible, and has decided which of its numerous books shall be regarded as canonical.

Q. What is the attitude of the Old Catholic Church towards monasticism and the celibacy of the clergy?

A. With regard to the latter, there is no rule; marriage is left to the option of the priest, as it is in the Anglican Church. There has been no pronouncement that I know of on the subject of monasticism, nor is that question likely to arise at present. As the Old Catholic Church has no endowments of any sort, its Bishops and clergy are for the present allowed to revert to the apostolic practice of combining spiritual and secular

avocations; that is to say, they earn their living in whatever honest manner they can, as S. Paul did by tent-making and S. Luke by practising as a physician.

Q. It may be gathered that in one respect at any rate an important new departure is taken by this Church, since it does not teach that to believe in any particular way is vitally necessary to salvation.

A. That is true. But you must remember that the Old Catholic Church does not hold the doctrine of salvation in the ordinary sense at all. As there is no hell, there is no need to be saved from it. At the same time, a man does need to be saved from his own error and ignorance; but that can be done only by showing him the truth, and the World-Teacher who preaches that truth is in that sense his Saviour. I myself hold that the most important part of any man's belief is his conception of his relationship with God. A man who regards Him as one who need to be propitiated, one who will condemn him or injure him if He is not bought off from His evil intention, is hopelessly and fundamentally in the wrong, whatever else he may hold. On the other hand, the man who knows God to be a loving Father watching over and directing His creation, is fundamentally in the right, and if he carries out that idea to its logical conclusion he will not go far wrong in minor points.

Q. Is it your opinion that the Old Catholic movement will be used by the World-Teacher as the nucleus of His new religion?

A. At any rate it is there ready for Him if He wishes to use it. There will be a great outrush of force when He comes, and many thousands will gather round Him. Among these there are sure to be some who love His older Church and its ritual, and the Old Catholic Church might well afford a convenient resting-place for them. Unhappily it seems by no means certain that the great Churches of the present day will be prepared to recognise and receive Him; but at least this Branch will know Him and work for Him, putting itself wholly into His hands as an instrument to be used at His will.

Q. Is the idea of confession and absolution retained by this Church?

A. In regard to that, the practice of the Old Catholic Church is similar to that of the Church of England. Its priests are ever ready to advise their people and to give them the help of absolution, but there is no shadow of that compulsion which has wrought so much of evil in the Church of Rome. I must ask you to keep steadily in mind that in all that I say I am referring to that section of the Old Catholic Church which exists in the British Empire. Its sections elsewhere are entirely autonomous, and there may be considerable differences in customs and attitude.

It is only fair to explain that the ideas usually associated with the forgiveness of sin are wholly false and misleading. The common conception seems to be that God, having made man and therefore knowing his capacities and exactly what he is likely to do under any circumstances, nevertheless turns His back upon him and is offended with him whenever he does what a calculation of averages would lead us to expect from the average man. It is the same story that perpetually confronts the enquirer into Christianity; if Christians would only drop the primitive Jewish notion of a jealous and vengeful tribal deity, and accept the teaching of their leader, Christ, most of these crude and blasphemous misconceptions would immediately disappear. I suppose we may concede that the theory that God is angry when man blunders, that he needs to be placated and supplicated to forgive, is a coarse and materialistic way of stating a certain Law of Nature, but it is open to the terribly serious objection that it gives the man an altogether wrong and degrading conception of God, and makes it impossible for him to adopt towards his Deity the only attitude which renders progress practicable for him.

The God who has hung our solar system in space, and has poured His own life into it that we and His other creatures might come into being, superintends the progress of that tremendous Experiment with benevolent, paternal interest. He knows far more about us than we ourselves can know; He

understands our strength and our weakness, and He could no more be angry with us than we can be angry with a flower in our garden. But He watches our growth, and puts various aids in our way; perhaps it pleases Him when we understand and take advantage of them, but even if we do not, the support of His helping Hand is never far from us, else we should speedily cease to be. It is the Attention of God which keeps His system in existence; if for one moment He withdrew from it, it would instantly be resolved into the bubbles of which it is built. And this Attention shows itself down here on lower planes as a force, or rather a number of forces. It is difficult to put these conceptions into words without hopelessly materialising them; yet it is better to over-materialise them than to be altogether ignorant of their beauty and their glory.

Let us try to make clear what really happens when a man commits what is commonly called a sin. We may define a sin or transgression as any thought, word or act which is not in harmony with God's Will for man — that is, with evolution. Instead of *progression* it is *transgression*, not a movement *forward* with the evolutionary force, but *across* the line of its flow. That Divine Will acts as a steady pressure upward and onward, and actually does produce in higher matter (even down to the etheric level) a sort of tension which can be described in words only as a tendency towards movement in a definite direction — the flowing of a spiritual stream. When a man's thoughts, words and actions are good, he lays himself more fully open to this influence, he is permeated by it and carried along by it. But when he does or thinks evil, he wrenches himself away from the direction of this spiritual current, and thereby sets up a definite *strain* in etheric, astral and mental matter, so that he is no longer in harmony with Nature, no longer a helping but a hindering force, a snag in the river of life. This strain, or cross-twist, almost entirely arrests his progress for the time, and renders it impossible for him to profit by all the impulses of good influence which are constantly rushing along the current of the stream of which we have spoken. Before he can do any real good for himself or any one else, he must

straighten out that distortion, and come into harmony with Nature; and so be once more fully amenable to good influence and able to take advantage of the many and valuable aids which are so lavishly provided for him.

It must be clearly understood that in the long, slow course of evolution the natural forces are perfectly capable of righting this unfortunate condition of affairs. The steady pressure of the current will presently wear away the obstacle, but a period of many months or even years may elapse before the readjustment is fully effected. It is therefore obviously to the man's interest that he should discover some more rapid method of regaining conformity. Such a method the Church provides, for the power of straightening out this tangle in higher matter is one of those specially conferred upon a priest at ordination. The Christ Himself spoke of that power in the plainest words, though people usually shirk them or try to explain them away, just because they have encumbered their minds with the idea of an emotional forgiveness, and cannot understand that we have to deal with a straightforward scientific process.

But the priest cannot perform this wonderful miracle of healing alone; he needs the co-operation of his patient. No one can force a man into harmony if he is persistently striving for disharmony; it is only "if we confess our sins" that "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness". At all her principal services, the Church provides a form of general confession to be recited by her people, and a form of absolution to be pronounced by the priest; and if any man in the congregation is truly sorry for some slip or mistake which he has made, and earnestly anxious to put himself once more in full accord with the evolutionary current, there is no doubt that the Divine force which flows through the priest when he pronounces the absolution does rush through that man's higher vehicles, comb out the entanglement, and straighten the twisted lines until he is once more in perfect harmony with God's Will.

The priest pours out the absolving force over his congregation, and does not know upon whom or in what

direction it is taking effect; but if an individual comes to him privately and tells him exactly what is wrong, he has the further advantage of being able to direct the force by his will, and so to concentrate it just where it is most needed. Also, quite apart from the power conferred upon him, the priest can often from his experience offer very useful advice.

But let no one suppose that the public absolution given to the whole flock is in any way less effective than private absolution, if the desire for rectification on the part of the wrong-doer is equally earnest and sincere. As has been said, in the slow process of time the distortion must come straight under the influence of the ordinary evolutionary forces; and no doubt this procedure would be hastened by the strong desire of the patient for readjustment. The action of the priest in the matter is merely what is commonly called a "means of grace"—that is to say, a little help on the road of evolution provided by the Christ for His followers.

THE FOURTH SOUTH INDIAN CONVENTION AND E.S. CONFERENCE, ADYAR

April 6 to 9, 1917

THE Fourth Annual Convention of the South Indian Lodges of the T.S. and the annual E.S. Conference will be held as usual at Adyar during the Easter Holidays (April 6 to 9).

Members intending to attend should notify Brother A. Ranganatham Mudaliyar, Y.M.I.A. Buildings, George Town, Madras, not later than 15th March, 1917.

All arrangements for rooms and sheds should be previously made with Brother J. Srinivasa Rao, Superintendent, Bhojanashala, Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras, S. It is expected that only 1 room upstairs in the Bhojanashala and three big and two small rooms in the Quadrangle will be available for use during the Convention time. The rent for a small room is Rs. 2 and for any of the other rooms, Rs. 4. If cadjan huts are required, information should be given before 15th March to Brother Srinivasa Rao. A hut of ordinary size, twelve by nine feet costs Rs. 10 with mats and Rs. 7-8-0 without mats. Remittance should accompany all orders for a room or a shed.

A general shed will be put up for those members who remit Re. 1 each in advance by 15th March, 1917, to Brother J. Srinivasa Rao.

Members are requested to bring their own hand-lights and drinking vessels.



THE

ADYAR BULLETIN

VOL. X

ADYAR, 15TH MARCH, 1917

No. 3

FROM THE EDITOR

WE are having exciting times in India just now between the War Loan promised to Great Britain by the Government of India, and the proposed Defence of India Force. The success of the former depends largely on the fairness of treatment to the latter. It will be interesting to see how the problem works out.

This month sees the change in London in the ownership of the Theosophical Publishing Society. The lease of 161 New Bond Street runs out this month, and some years ago Mr. Bertram Keightley and myself resolved to dissolve our partnership when the lease came to end. I am to carry on the business alone. The name, Theosophical Publishing Society, will be changed to Theosophical Publishing House, as the word "Society" causes some confusion, and the business is now so registered. As soon as the War permits the London Headquarters to be finished, the central House will be there, as the rent will thus help in the upkeep of the Headquarters. Meanwhile we are utilising the Branch Offices in Weburn

Place. It is suggested that it would be a good thing to have a centre also in Regent Street or Oxford Street, or some adjoining street, since those are the great shopping thoroughfares for the wealthier part of the population. It would certainly be a good thing to have an office there with a fair stock of literature on sale, and a Reading Room; it might also be useful to transfer to such a place our large lending library, now chiefly utilised through the post. The immensely increased interest awakened in Great Britain through the War in the conditions of post-mortem life, of the relation of Spirit to body, of the possibility of coming into touch with the normally invisible worlds, and in all the subjects clustering round these, makes it the duty of the Theosophical Society to place the knowledge contained in its literature within the easy reach of the public, and that would be done best for the West End of London by an office in the very centre of its shopping. The offices we are now leaving, though numbered as in New Bond Street, were not in the street itself, but were the top floor of a house in a small court opening into the street. They were thus very central, but were out of sight. We have never had in London any chance of placing Theosophical literature under the eyes of the public. The public has had to seek for it, instead of its offering itself to the public. Now that so much interest has been aroused, we ought to try to meet it, and take the great opportunity for propaganda which is offered to us by the Masters through the circumstances of the time.

* * *

Our Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, is taking full advantage of the opportunity offered by writing in the *Nineteenth Century* and elsewhere. We have before drawn attention to his valuable contributions, and in the February number of the magazine, he again writes one of two articles on "Life after Death," the second contributor being Sir Oliver Lodge. Mr. Sinnett begins with an expression of the quiet, but biting, contempt with which he looks on persons who say that communications with the "dead"

have "never been definitely proved to be anything but delusion and fraud". Says Mr. Sinnett caustically of a writer: "If equally ignorant in other directions, he might deal in the same way with any scientific discovery, say, the retrograde motion of some planetary satellites, or the transmutations of radium." Mr. Sinnett has always adopted the sensible position of declining argument with those who are ignorant of the subject discussed. There are only two positions towards the ignorant that a rational man should take: he should instruct them, if they are willing to be instructed, or he should leave them alone.

* * *

Mr. Sinnett points out that Spiritualism, "having broken down the deadly materialism into which thought was drifting during the last century, paved the way for Occult Science. . . . The new view of Evolution, of human destiny, and the economy of Nature generally, which it has unfolded for us, cannot be fully interpreted within the limits of a Review article, but may be broadly suggested." He then gives a lucid and well-balanced outline of Theosophical teaching as to "future life—and lives". Such work as this is of the highest value, and, appearing in the *Nineteenth Century*, it reaches the circle of intellectual people who wind up the thought-clock of the Nation. What they "think to-day, England thinks to-morrow".

* * *

Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett writes that a number of our American members—whose names she sends me—have registered themselves for work under one or other of the five lines of work that I indicated some time ago: T.S. propaganda (direct), religious, educational, social reform, political. This is a very good plan, for it systematises effort and makes it one-pointed. People who are doing everything sometimes do nothing, bewildered by the multiplicity of openings, but those who choose the line for which their faculties best suit them are generally the most useful workers. The choice of a definite line does not preclude them from "lending a helping hand" to others in their special work, when the need arises.

* * *

The Easter Conference this year begins on April 6th, at 5 p.m., with a lecture by Mr. G. S. Arundale on his favourite subject, Education; on this occasion he deals with "Theosophy and Education". As many know, Mr. Arundale is, above and before all else, an educationist. It is his to lead the great movement towards the Theosophical Ideal of Education, for none other can do it so well.

* * *

As our readers know, this movement is intended to give a lead to education everywhere before the coming of the World-Teacher, so as to train up a generation in which intuition and the eagerness to serve are the characteristics. It is very uphill work in India, where the Government grip on education is ever tightening; Mr. Arundale lectured on the 9th of this month on English education in India, and brought out clearly, from Government records, the condemnation pronounced by Government on its own system. Despite this condemnation, the Government insists on introducing more and more of the elements of repression and unintelligent instruction which have already produced such bad results, and discourages the efforts of Indians to experiment along other lines.

* * *

But I have wandered away from the Conference. Mr. Arundale's lecture is to be followed by a philosophical one in Tamil by the Hon. Rao Bahadur V. K. Ramanujachariar, a distinguished South Indian Theosophist. Other lectures are to be delivered by Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa and Pandit A. Mahadeva Sastri, Director of the Adyar Library, and there are meetings for Questions and Answers, for the Order of the Star in the East, for Co-Masons, and the "Stalwarts". It should be a very happy and useful gathering. If I am in Madras, I shall of course take part in it, but my movements are uncertain.

IN MASTER'S GARDENS

By ANNA KAMENSKY

Since I came to Adyar, in November, I have had so many deep and beautiful impressions and priceless experiences, that I long to express some of the thoughts to which they have given birth. Yet, trying to do so, I have found it very difficult to find words for them. During this winter I have had the privilege of spending some time in different offices with different people, and everywhere I have seen devoted and selfless work, and I have been met with brotherly sympathy. The whole time, as I was trying to learn from the different workers something of the various activities in which they are engaged, I had the impression that I was in a big apiary, moving from one hive to another. Sweet and rich is the honey they gather, and many a thirsting soul shall be fed by it, for it is honey for the whole world. I wish I could express something of the gratitude and love I feel towards all these dear bees, who have been all so friendly to me, and who are working so hard, never seeming to be conscious of the greatness of their silent, selfless work. But I cannot do it. When I think of Adyar, my thoughts take a symbolical garment and I see in pictures the things which have filled my soul since I came. In truth everything here seems to me to be a symbol of some great reality, and each one full of a deep meaning. These symbolical pictures have helped me, speaking to me in fiery glyphs, and so I send some of them to you, as a tribute to Adyar.

I. THE SEED

We walked in Master's gardens and the gardener spoke of his plans. He will try, by means of gradual selection, to get

a rice-seed which shall have the best qualities of some individual rice-plants, and then he will spread it through the country.

"How is the selection made?" I asked.

The gardener gave the process in detail. He walks through the rice-field and notes the plants which have the capacity of quick growth, whose ears are the longest and the richest in grain, and marks them. The marked plants are gathered together apart from the whole harvest, and their seeds are sown in a separate field. When they begin to grow tall, he marks them again, and again he sows the chosen seeds in a special field. And thus he goes on till at last he gets a plant endowed with all three qualities: quick growth, great height and rich fruition. Such a selected seed is able to perfect the culture of the whole country.

While he spoke, I thought of another field. "Behold, a sower went forth to sow . . ."

How many seeds have fallen upon stony places, how many were choked by thorns, how many devoured by fowls, how many trampled on the road; yet a few fell on good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold. Are not these the hope of the future and does not the great Gardener, who walks amidst them, observe and note those who surpass others in growth, height and fruition? The hour will strike when He shall take them to His own field, preparing them for the day when He will go out into the wide field with these seeds in His hands and will spread them all over the world. . . .

Who will be taken into His own field? Who is able to prepare patiently and steadily to become in time "the selected seed"?

II. THE BELLS

In Master's gardens there are many marvellous plants. There are beautiful trees and fragrant flowers, and bushes with leaves coloured with all the shades of the rainbow. But I am specially fond of the bells (the morning glory).

Light purple, with a shade of rose, they tenderly shine upon the lawn opposite my window, and salute me graciously from afar, as if they were talking to me. Always serene, always happy, they have in their modest garment an innocent, childish beauty of their own. They meet joyously everything which is sent to them: rain and wind, dew and sun, feeling that all this is good for the gardens and therefore also for them. He who sends knows better than they do, what and when it is needed. And each day brings its trial and its joy. To be unhappy would mean to be ungrateful. . . . So think the bells, and therefore they rejoice at dawn and they rejoice at night; they have no regret for yesterday, they ask nothing for to-morrow. They are pure and have full trust in Him who, unseen, guides the life of the gardens.

Every day the bells send to me new, delightful thoughts, pure and fresh as the dew, which at sunrise crowns them with luminous diamonds. And I seem to hear the words: "To those who overcome I give snow-white garments."

III. THE CACTUS

We went over an avenue bordered by cactuses. I thought of the innocence of the bells. The cactuses were large and small, high with narrow blades and thick bushes with broad leaves. They bloomed with red and yellow flowers and all had spikes. The sun shone brightly on them and they looked upon us conscious of their proud beauty. I felt sorry for them; in their splendour they do not know the pure joy of the bells.

"I am sorry they cannot get rid of their spikes," said I.

The gardener smiled. "They can," he said, "if they do not resist the new culture too much."

And he told me that he had made many experiments with cactuses and had succeeded in getting some beautiful plants without spikes. First a bed was started for them, and now there is a whole field of spikeless cactuses. Each year brings some new ones, but not every cactus submits to the training.

The gardener must seek for those which are willing to lose their spikes and to co-operate with him.

"Do not they lose their bright colours?" I asked.

"No," smiled the gardener again, "they are enriched by new shades, which soften their former hard brilliancy."

We walked further along the avenue bordered by the cactuses, and I rejoiced that each of them could acquire in time a new and tender beauty, without losing its bright, original colours.

IV. THE LOTUS

In our palm grove there is a pond. White and pink lotuses float on its surface. The pond is aside from the road and the flowers are not seen; but every day the servants bring to our large Hall some lotuses and put them in the little tank. We admire the tender petals, white, golden and pink, and we rejoice that before the statues of the Founders there should always play such a beautiful life.

The pond lies at the bottom of the palm grove, and every morning its water is drawn out to feed and refresh the grove. The water runs along hundreds of little channels, bathing the roots of the trees and moistening the tropical soil, but from the road it is not to be seen.

The lotus sacrifices its personal life and parts from the motherly pond, giving an expression to our grateful love, but from the road the flowers are not to be seen. Only the great Gardener of all gardens beholds their beauty and rejoices at their kingly gifts.

V. THE PALM GROVE

The sun has risen and the grass is still wet with dew. Little white clouds float over the blue dome of the sky. The sea sends a fresh breeze. The meadow is strewn with fragrant, white flowers of five petals, which fill the air with a peculiar, tender aroma. Trees, flowers, clouds sing the joyous song of

Life and the birds fall in with thousands of voices. I go to my work and my heart replies to nature's song with a hymn of gratitude. My feet seem hardly to touch earth; I do not walk; I swim in a blue, transparent ether. I go down the lawn, covered with white fragrant flowers, and enter the palm grove.

A deep peace descends from the lofty palms. All sounds are hushed. The palm grove is like a great temple with a thousand living pillars and with a heavenly dome. Moving through the pathway among the palms, I think of days of long ago, when the Master walked with His disciples in Galilee.

* * * * *

The sun has set and the southern night has quickly descended on earth.

We are returning from an evening gathering, and again we enter the palm grove.

The leaves whisper mysteriously and the moon illuminates our palm grove. The palms rise high to heaven, as if they wish to kiss the smiling stars. And again I am in a temple with a thousand living pillars, and it seems to me that I am approaching the Holy of holies, where the divine Gardener is waiting. . . .

From the heart springs a hymn of boundless gratitude. One longs to fall on one's knees and pray. . . . Perhaps the palms hear already His approaching steps? May not His snow-white garment be seen shining through the night?

Anna Kamensky.

THE FLUTE-PLAYER OF BRNDĀBAN

EVER since Shri Kṛṣṇa incarnated in the world and expressed His Spirituality in music and play, in dance and song, in love and devotion, no Indian poet has escaped the fascination which His life incidents offer for chanting their praises or describe their power and influence. In her earlier volume Shrimati Sarojini has given us the exquisite "Song of Radha the Milkmaid," and in her volume just published appears the following. As explained in a note, the Flute-Player is Kṛṣṇa "who plays the tune of the Infinite that lures every Hīndū heart away from mortal cares and attachment".

Why didst thou play Thy matchless flute
Neath the Kadamba tree,
And wound my idly dreaming heart
With poignant melody,
So where Thou goest I must go,
My flute-player, with Thee?

Still must I like a homeless bird
Wander, forsaking all;
The earthly loves, the worldly lures
That held my life in thrall,
And follow, follow, answering
Thy magical flute-call.

To Indra's golden flowering groves
Where streams immortal flow,
Or to sad Yama's silent Courts
Engulfed in lampless woe,
Where'er Thy subtle flute I hear
Belovèd I must go!

No peril of the deep or height
Shall daunt my winged foot;
No fear of time-unconquered space,
Or light untravelled route,
Impede my heart that pants to drain
The nectar of Thy flute.

BROTHERHOOD AND RELIGION

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

(Concluded from p. 45.)

NOW side by side with these essential truths of the religions, we have growing up in the great religions various churches and creeds and orders of priests; then the simple problem of religion becomes confused. The moment religion is expressed in these forms and formularies, religious truth seems to change. When religion appears in the religious garb of creeds, rituals and priesthoods, then we have the inevitable history of every religion; there is its heyday, when religious influence is pure and strong in the lives of men, and later when it wanes and the priests "tithe mint and cummin," and cling more to shadow than to substance. Thus it is we have as part and parcel of the growth of religion an orthodoxy of a time, and with orthodoxy a certain number of profoundly spiritual people who are heretics, who are not satisfied with what that orthodoxy gives them. The heretics struggle and are vanquished; but their defeat is temporary, for as generations pass the minority of the heretics becomes the majority. They then usher in their heresy as a new type of orthodoxy; that lasts a few centuries until once again come new heretics; and these too are vanquished, till they, too, in later generations become the orthodox. It is the same in every religion without exception.

You have therefore a growth of religion, but why that growth? It is because of the discovery of more and more wonderful truths in the science of a religion. There is nothing so wonderful to realise as that your religion is a thing that

grows as you grow; and you all know in your own experience that the simple beautiful Christianity that you professed as children has become grander because you have grown, because you have suffered, because you have had wonderful realisations of happiness. Similarly is it that men realise, as ages pass and civilisation becomes moulded more and more by the influence of religion, that more of religion is discovered in each generation than was discovered in the generation before it; but unfortunately for those who discover more in their own generation, they receive more stones than wreaths! It is their fate; they are always the vanguard, and the hope of the future is always in these "cranks" whom the majority of the world looks at askance. In nature, in the life of the field and the forest, it is always the freak—the "variation" as the scientist calls it—that is the hope of the new species; and similarly it is the variation in the common humdrum life of our religious existence—the heretic, in other words—who shows us something of the higher possibilities of religion.

This, then, roughly speaking, is the Theosophist's conception. What is the result of it in your own life? One very striking effect is that for you your religion is the best way to the spiritual life—if only you can find your religion. There is the difficulty, for though you may have been brought up in a religion, you do not necessarily find it because it is given to you by your parents. If you can find your religion—the Christian find his, the Hindū find his, and the Buddhist his—then you will find that in it is the swiftest path to the fullest life, in that very path which is your religion. But you cannot find it unless you live it, and to live it is not a matter of lip profession, nor merely of certain actions nor of subscribing to certain things that are laid down for you; no man can live a life of religion unless each day he feels the struggle to achieve religion, with something each day of a joy of achievement, and a regret too for what was not achieved. For religion is not a matter of a church service or a prayer, but a matter of a continual reconstruction of every atom of your being, so that all the atoms of your nature are made into

a church, so that from the fibres of your being are struck the perfect chords God and man require of you. Therefore it is that the first fundamental thing about religion is to live it. I know nothing so tragic in the world to-day as that, with so many and such beautiful religions, so few can teach us how to live religion. This tragedy you see so clearly in the West is equally clearly seen in the East.

I have said your religion is your way, but that you must first discover it. Now the discovery can proceed naturally if you are taught the essence of religion when you are young. If you have a wise Christian father and mother who tell you, for instance, that Christianity is a matter of loving God and loving your neighbour, who show both in their life, who do not emphasize the dogmas and the ceremonial observances of the religion, you will find that as you grow up you will begin to see a beauty in its outer form, and you will later look through the beauty and the form into the beauty of Christ Himself. Then is Christianity discovered by you for yourself, and it ceases to be a tradition. That is the trouble with the world to-day; go where you will, East or West, with very few rare exceptions, religion is a matter of tradition. We believe things because we are told, not because we know; in these days we think that faith must precede knowledge, whereas in the real religious life faith is only the outer expression of your inner knowledge and discovery.

If you so discover your religion, then happens a miracle: you begin to find that all the other religions of the world are parts of your own. You have somehow enlarged your religious platform, and you find that by your side all the other religions too are standing. Let a Christian understand the teaching of Christ as we Theosophists hold that He gave it, and he will find that in Christianity are also the fundamental truths of Hindūism, Buddhism, and the other religions. It is the same with every religionist when he becomes a Theosophist. I was born a Buddhist and, so far as I am accounted by the orthodox people of my place of birth, I am a heretic, because of my Theosophy. But they do realise that although I am a Theosophist and

have "queer" unorthodox ideas, nevertheless in some mysterious way I am a better Buddhist than many of them are, and that whatever criticism they may have about my queer notions, I subscribe more to the letter of the Buddha's teaching as to conduct than they do themselves. There have been few things so wonderful in my life as to have travelled in various lands, and seen the many religions of the world. I have studied the great religions, not as a critic but with reverence and enthusiasm; and I believe I know more of the mind of the Founder of Buddhism because I have studied not only Buddhism but other religions too. Buddhism to me has come out in greater splendour since I have discovered it for myself, and I see more benefits from it for the life of humanity than my orthodox priests and friends are able to show me. That always happens to anyone who, looking at the problem of religion from the Theosophical standpoint, first discovers his own religion, and tries to live it; then he sees that all the other religions of the world have each a message for him pointing out new beauties in his own religion.

Taking for granted that most can discover for themselves their own religion, there are, however, cases when you may look as hard as you will into your own religious traditions and yet you cannot discover your religion. And that is very much the case for thousands in the world to-day; though they may sincerely strive their hardest to discover the way in the particular religion into which they are born, they cannot yet find it. If you are one of these, if your religion fails you, then it does not mean that Religion fails you. Religion is an eternal bridge that exists between you and God, and you can find that bridge in some other way. You will find it in Theosophy, which points out the great problem which lies before you, the great plan of your existence, and opens for you a new phase of the problem of life; and in Theosophy you will find for yourself that which you need—your way to God.

In the synopsis which has been printed of this lecture, there is one phrase—"Some practical suggestions". The practical side of religion is specially necessary to-day, because

we are in a period of reconstruction, and unless this reconstruction of the new world is upon a truly religious basis we shall have all the evils of the old world which happily is being pulled down. But then, what shall be the religious basis? Is it to be the basis of the Roman Catholic Church or the Wesleyan or the Anglican, or the Hindū, or the Buddhist? What is the basis we require? What is it that the world requires now, which the whole world is seeking?

We do not need to look into books to find that; if we look only into events, we shall find that during the last decades there is one great thought that slowly has grown into the life of the world, and that is Brotherhood. If in these days you cannot fill a church with a sermon, you can fill a lecture hall with a lecture on some aspect of Brotherhood. The world is dreaming of a new type of existence, one that is not of individual, separate nations, nor of individual, separate religions, but a new type of human life of the whole world which shall enable us to transcend the dividing lines of sects, creeds, colours and nationalities.

What the world needs is a clearer realisation of the possibilities of this uniting influence of Brotherhood. Unless, therefore, religions fall into line with this great need of the world, we shall find that their influence will disappear. It is no longer the time to quibble about the words of creeds, the particular ways ceremonies should be done, nor whether a particular person, because of his beliefs, is to be inside a church or outside; all these things were useful for the world's growth centuries ago, but the world now is turning over a new page, and demands inspiration for one thing, and that is to feel more and more the great Brotherhood of the whole world.

Now that demand science cannot satisfy, for science, with her knowledge of nature's laws and the perfection of her machinery, merely strengthens the spirit of competition. What is wanted is a keen inspiration for reconstruction; that inspiration can come from religion, but religion will not give it unless, first and foremost, religious people—you and I—begin to live something of Brotherhood within our own limited circumstances of life. We

must feel as the first and the fundamental key-note of religious life a feeling of unity, a sense of coming together, and we must express our religion in modes of worship expressing this life. If our religious life is henceforth to grow, and if we are to make the world's reconstruction on a religious basis, this unity must first express itself in the religions. Look now at the various sects in Christianity, how they stand as rivals, and belittle each other. All that must change. There must come into the life of the true Christian a realisation that the life of Christ flows through all Christian sects and creeds, that all of them are Christ's, and that what is important is the realisation that they all belong to Him, and not the acknowledgement of the dividing lines between sect and sect, between ceremony and ceremony, between church and church. But how far we are from such a realisation in this country. Look at the religious life of England; you do not find an eagerness among Christian sects to gather together; yet unless they do so, the power of this particular religion of Christianity will wane steadily, and the reconstruction of the world will not take place on a Christian basis.

What I say to you here in England about Christianity is exactly what I have said, and shall say many a year, in other lands, in India and in other places with other religions—that what is first necessary for each religion and for its various sects and creeds is so to gather together that they feel that their religion is not a matter of words and phrases and ceremonies, but a matter of a life to be lived in a keen spirit of Brotherhood. That is nothing new. Look at the great picture which Christ drew of the world when He said He would come to judge it. He did not say that at that day of judgment He would ask the people who came up to Him: "Did you subscribe to this ceremony? Were you a member of this or that other Church?" but only: "Did you feed the poor, give drink to the thirsty, visit those in prison and the sick?" If you had done that, then He said you would be His; if you had not, then it mattered not how often you had called "Lord! Lord!" you would not be accounted by Him as one of His band. What a great,

fundamental part of Christianity is that teaching of His, and yet what do we see? What we see in every land to-day—a church, a temple, a mosque, where the worship of God is taking place in full splendour and often with deep spirituality; and yet, side by side with that church, temple or mosque, the degradation of the children of men in factory or slum, or in so many of the ghastly ways in which the human spirit is held down in the trammels of ignorance and misery. When you see these things, when in every country you see side by side these contrasts, you realise that you are no longer living in the home of any truly living religion.

So the first need is for each individual to consider his own religion as including within it in full comradeship all the sects of that religion; so that, if you are a Roman Catholic, you must so change your Roman Catholicism that you are something of an Anglican too, and Nonconformist, and Salvationist also. Then you will find a larger Christ, a more wonderful Christ, than you saw at your one shrine, where you worshipped once upon a time. Then will also come a greater marvel still; you will begin then to see the entire world of religion, and that the world is mapped out, as it were, into great parishes, and that one parish is your religion. You will see that the non-Christian religions—Buddhism, Hindūism, Muhammadanism, Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Confucianism, and the religions yet to come—are all necessary. Then you will aim not to take your religion to another place, to improve men of other religions, but to see how the problem of human misery, wherever you are, can be put an end to; because truly religious men, whatever is the faith of each when they come together, do not talk about the "way" to God—they have found the way—but rather how to bring all humanity into God's ways.

What is essential in a religion is a road to God; and the road to Him varies according to the needs of humanity. The great need of humanity to-day is to come together. It is in order that we may come together on a more brotherly basis that there is by God's decree such a ghastly war as this to-day, so that we may learn to put aside some of the evils that beset

us, so that we may come soon to a life of internationalism in the world, of such a kind that even these our present enemies shall be recognised by you, who are Christians, as Christians themselves too, and shall be recognised by us, in other lands, as equally men of religion and the children of God seeking the one God.

Now this is the conception of religion you will find in Theosophy, and I can sum it all up by saying that the more you appreciate other religions the more you begin to *live* your own. There is no greater proof of the validity of the Theosophical conception of religion than this, that it does not take you away from your religion into another, but makes you discover your religion for yourself, so that Religion ceases to be a tradition and becomes a part of your very being. It is quite true that if you are a Theosophist you will be looked upon as somewhat heretical, as unorthodox, by people around you, but what does their label matter? The life of God is never an easy one; it requires a daily dying, and a daily resurrection. Did not Christ say: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me"? Further, there can be no true discovery of religion unless you go on from discovery to discovery; your Christianity must grow daily, and so must your Hinduism, your Zoroastrianism, or whatever is your religion. And the characteristic of religion that you do discover more and more is that you live each day anew, for daily you die to some part of your old self and your old world.

What matters whether that dying comes through your own inner struggles or as the result of a martyrdom inflicted on you by others? What matters is that you should live anew. You will find that every sincerely, truly religious man has an inner isolation, because fundamentally the problem of religion is between him and God, truly, as Plotinus said, "a flight of the alone to the Alone". It is your privilege to be misunderstood as you tread your royal path to Him, but it is also your boon to see Him always watching you and bringing you nearer to Him.

Theosophy exists for men, not to take them away from their religions, but to give Religion back to them in a fuller

measure. I can but give you the testimony of Christians and Buddhists, Hindūs and Zoroastrians and Muhammadans, by the thousand and by the hundred thousand all over the world, that since they touched even the outermost fringe of Theosophy they have not ceased to belong to their religions nor to live them; each has seen more of his own religion, and discovered hidden beauties in it, and has come to such a conception of it that he sees the other religions of the world as brothers of his own. It is this sense of the Brotherhood of all religions, and therefore the Fatherhood of God of all His children, irrespective of their creeds and colours, that we try to give to the world in Theosophy.

C. Jinarājadāsa.

"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF"

THE starry curtain of the night falls round,
Wrapping this mortal world in folds of rest:
Speed forth our souls to walk on shining ground,
Beneath the starlight shed by Spirits Blest;
And, far above the dust of cares and strife,
To breathe the Breath of Everlasting Life.

Good is our day, its work, its life, its light—
A fairer day unknown, it had sufficed—
But welcome, holy, blessed, is the night
Which beareth home our souls, to be with Christ.
Seek we the radiance of that Heavenly Sun,
For whom day, night, life, death, are all as one.

C. W. S. M.

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

By ONE OF THEM

FIVE of the Friends stood in a row on the veranda, leaning over the balustrade and looking across the shining river to the moonlit Bay. They were waiting for the Songster who was late. Presently hurried footsteps were heard, and the long-expected appeared from the shadow of the trees, waving a large sheet of paper.

"It is too big for a telegram," observed the Blue Bird. "I wonder what he is so excited about."

As if in answer to her question the Songster's voice came up—"I've written a poem—and it's *good*."

"You! Impossible," shouted the Rājput, while the rest called out their congratulations.

"Come on and read it to us," said the Brownie.

He came, he read, and then sat beaming on a very appreciative audience who all agreed that his latest was *very good*; even the Rājput being, though not loud, at least audible in his praise. Happy Songster!

But the proud poet could not leave well alone.

"Rather original, isn't it?" he began meditatively. "In form, I mean. Did any of you notice? I really think I've invented something new."

No one seemed to remember having noticed, and the Songster's face fell as the Rājput remarked sententiously: "There is no such thing as invention. All inventions are really discoveries."

"The same thing, if you take the derivation into account, of course," said the Songster. "But not in popular parlance."

"I'm only thinking of the popular use of the words," replied the Rājput. "The ordinary person speaking of inventions thinks of something almost a creation; a discovery is finding something that was there before."

"I agree with you," said the Professor.

But the Rājput wouldn't own him as an ally. "I'm sure you *don't*," he replied. "Your mind is too materialistic. I know you."

"Yes, but I know myself better still, and I *do* agree with you," the Professor insisted. "All inventions are really discoveries—that is your thesis. Quite so."

"That sounds very fine," observed the Brownie, "but what exactly does it mean?"

"Nothing," answered the Songster crossly, "except that the Rājput wants to take away the credit of my poem from me—partly at least."

"That's it!" and "No," came from the Rājput and the Professor respectively.

Even the aggrieved Songster laughed.

"I told you we didn't agree," said the Rājput.

"Let me explain myself," said the Professor. "What I mean to say is this. Take a simple example. The new form of poetry is too subtle but the principle is the same. Take an ordinary chair. What is the idea at the back of a chair? Say it is that a man can rest in a certain posture. Well, the primitive man tried it on a boulder or fallen tree trunk. After a while it occurred to him that it would be convenient to have a movable seat and, the original one being too heavy, it struck him that he might have a slab of something laid on two other slabs placed endwise. Necessity was the mother of that "invention," but as a matter of fact, the possibility being there, what he really did was to discover that possibility."

"Oh, is that all!" The Songster brightened. "Anyhow my invention is my own, even if you like to call it the discovery of possibilities."

"Yes, that's all," said the Rājput. "And it is enough to take away a good half of your credit as discoverer."

"I don't see that at all," the Professor objected. "After all the idea, or archetype, or whatever you like to call it, which the discoverer brings to earth would never have found expression without him, and it is he who adapts it to the needs of the given case. There existed the possibility of measuring time; but hour-glasses, sun-dials, clocks of various kinds, are the creation of man's ingenuity in adapting the archetypal timepiece, if you like to call it so, to the needs of the moment. Without the archetype he could not have done it—but on the other hand, the archetype would have lain fallow on its own plane but for the series of brains which sensed a need and worked out its possibilities into actualities in manifold forms."

"That is just where I don't agree with you," said the Rājput. "The archetype. . . ."

The Ascetic interrupted him. "Before we go on," he said, "will some one tell me where these archetypes are to be found?"

"On the higher mental plane. There we have what you might call a sort of half-way house between the plane of possibilities and the plane of actualities. That is where the archetypes remain waiting for the human mind to reach out for them, and thus make possible their expression on lower planes." It was the Professor who made this explanation.

"There you go again," exclaimed the Rājput. "You've brought us round once more to the point at which I disagree with you. I told you your mind was too materialistic to agree with mine. Everything with you starts from below. You think it is always a need of the physical plane man that is the starting point of new discoveries."

"Yes," admitted the Professor, "I do. And that position is quite in accord with the latest conclusions of psychology."

"Perhaps so," the Rājput replied, "but then modern psychology is materialistic in its outlook, its exponents knowing nothing of the higher planes of being, and knowing mind only as it functions through the physical brain. As a matter of fact it is not from below that the impulse comes primarily. Your archetype is not lying on the higher mental plane asleep,

waiting to be poked into activity from below. It is a living, evolving thing, seeking expression. It is hunting round for a sensitive mind into which it can find entrance. It insists on expression, and its own inherent life-force urges it into manifestation."

The Brownie looked incredulous.

"You don't mean to tell me that the archetype will out on to the physical plane whether man wants it or not?"

"Certainly I do," returned the Rājput. "And as for being needed, think of the dozens of useless inventions that are made—things that last no time. Besides, man's need is not the only standard by which we measure the right of anything to expression in the three worlds. There is the Songster's poem, for instance," he continued with a conspicuous wink at its author; "who wants it?"

"Well, it seems to me it is a case of which comes first, the chicken or the egg," said the Songster. "Personally I think the archetype of my poem has *something* to thank me for."

"All right," answered the Rājput. "We'll allow you that much satisfaction."

LIFE

A SPIRIT gripped me by the hair
And haled me from the void amain.
He swept me up through Heaven's bright blaze,
Down through deep Hell, and out again.

He blest and curst me—raised me high
To see God face to face, then down
He hurled me into Hell to see
The Self-Damned wear his self-made crown.

Yea, *I was* God; and *I was* Damned;
All things between them, each was I.
And still that Spirit plucks me on—
World beyond world, sky beyond sky!

LOWELL C. FROST

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

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

A VERY curious novel has appeared recently—*The Brook Kerith*, by George Moore. It is based upon some old legends to the effect that Jesus did not die on the cross, but lived to a ripe old age and went on a preaching mission to India. The story is that of His life. This is a summary of its contents, as given in *Current Opinion*:

The story starts with the early days of Joseph of Arimathea, and draws an important part of its motive from Joseph's affection for Jesus. We see Jesus as a wonder worker who becomes an Essene and later falls under the hallucination that he is the Messiah. After the Crucifixion, Joseph begs for the body of Jesus from Pilate. His request is granted. The body is placed in Joseph's tomb. As Joseph takes a last look at his friend he finds signs of life. He takes him to his home and nurses him back to life. . . . Finally it is thought wise for Jesus to leave Jerusalem; he makes his way back to the Essenes, accompanied by Joseph. Here he becomes a changed man. He sees that he was in error when he claimed Messianic power. Paul comes among the Essenes, tells of his own life-story and of the risen Christ. Then Jesus contradicts him. Jesus talks of his own sins, rejects the more violent points of his own doctrine, and flatly denies his own resurrection. Paul is aghast. He fights for his conception of Christ, as against the living Christ who confronts him.

No wonder that the book has made enemies for its author in the Churches! Anything more unlike the orthodox version of the story can hardly be imagined. The idea of the "hallucination" may suggest to the Theosophist the overshadowing of Jesus by a greater Being, though this was evidently very far from the author's mind.

All instructed Theosophists have read many times of the harm we do the dead by grieving for them. But the truth of this is borne in upon us with new force when we read in Sir Oliver Lodge's remarkable book, *Raymond*, the message the boy sends to his family:

Keep jolly or it hurts me horribly. Truly I know it is difficult, but you must know by now that I am so splendid. I shall never be out of the house on Christmas Day.

We think a great deal about the suffering of grief-stricken parents and friends, but few of us realise the misery experienced by those for whom we mourn, when they find themselves the innocent cause of so much unhappiness, and are unable to communicate with their dear ones or persuade them that all is well.

Last month was the four-hundredth anniversary of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*. Apropos of this, Mary Breese Fuller writes in *The Survey*:

In the old world and in the new we are just bringing into sight the central faith of More's vision. By far the most remarkable realisation of More's ideals has come in the last generation. What will be accomplished in the very near future brings amazement at the prophetic insight of that extraordinary mind of the sixteenth century. In the process of time, his idealism has been in a great part fulfilled—to such an extent that More himself even, after four-hundred years, might be astonished.

It is very interesting to note the various ways in which actual conditions, social and political and religious, are approaching those described in the great prophecy. The author continues:

It is impossible to dwell on the present-day fulfilments of the Utopians without perceiving how close we are to future fulfilments of its prophecy. The whole social scheme of the Utopians, the hatred of war, the emphasis on internationalism, are the ideas now being emphasised and urged under the shadow of the great war. . . . And yet from a dozen current writings might be culled such quotations as: "It has nothing Utopian about it," "he refuses to be carried away into any Utopia," "he indignantly combats the idea that there is anything Utopian about himself," "More, who in spite of his Utopia was in many things an eminently practical man". I wonder as I read these earnest repudiators of Utopianism, if they have ever read the tiny book from whose ideals they shrink.

Have they any conception of the number of Utopian ideals, political, social, religious, which have been carried into actual fulfilment.

Theosophists will not be surprised to hear that there was something of lasting value in the writings of Sir Thomas More, as those who have looked into that memorable book *Man: Whence, How and Whither* will remember that More, or rather the individual who in his last life was More, was "discovered" as one of those advanced souls who are spoken of as the Masters of Wisdom. His whole career is instructive as an example of how the spiritual life can and must be lived in the world of human affairs, and we cannot but believe that He is largely responsible at the present moment for the growing acceptance of the ideas enunciated in his own book.

On the Federal Child Labour Law recently passed in America, the Southern Secretary of the National Child Labour Committee writes in the *American Review of Reviews*:

The bill favourably affects not less than a quarter of a million children under sixteen years of age at work in the mines, quarries, factories, sweat-shops, and canneries, some of whom are omitted in the census because they were not at work or happened to be in school on the day in April when the census-taker came around. Many of them are more or less protected by State laws. But as a decade rolls around, the children set free from premature or too long continued daily toil may be counted by the million. The example of the federal Government will be a potent one to the more backward States, and the friends of the children will be left unhampered by the organised opposition that has hitherto been successful, when they attempt to bring up all the States to the best standards. The neglected problem of child labour on the farm can now be solved with due regard to the welfare of the child and his opportunities.

So conditions are improving in some parts of the world, and it isn't all war everywhere.

The effect of the War on the religious feeling in the different countries is a subject much discussed. A cutting from *Current Opinion* gives the views of one of the leading German Church newspapers on the condition of things in Germany:

There can be no doubt that when the war broke out there was what seemed to be an enthusiastic demand for a restoration of the

faith of the Fathers throughout the churches of Germany. . . . After the passing of two years it must be openly acknowledged that in all this there was more religious froth and foam than substance. It appears that it was not the expression of a specially Christian revival so much as of the natural religious emotions of the human heart and its instincts. It is for this reason that those who deny the supernatural element in Christianity now make loud and long assertions that the religious upheaval in Germany during the past twenty-four months is an evidence that only their type of theology can satisfy the needs of the human heart in a really critical period.

A fresh piece of testimony to the growth of Mysticism in Christian countries comes to us from the *Atlantic Monthly*.

No matter what religion you take up, you will find that it is not, in essence, a system of ethics. It is rather an agency for strengthening people by means of contacts, real or fancied, with supernatural power, that they may have the courage and the power to fulfil a system of ethics. . . . It is a matter that has often been remarked by disparagers of Jesus of Nazareth that there is nothing new in his ethical teachings, no original contribution to ethical thought. . . . The thing about Jesus which attracted people was not especially the newness or beauty of his moral science. It was rather that men and women felt a power flowing from him which they unhesitatingly deemed the power of God Himself—filling them with a force sufficient to make them deny the world, the flesh and the selfish Devil, and aspire towards living up to a morality which they already perceived, but which theretofore they had deemed beyond their power of achievement.

This conception of the spiritual leader as one from whom flow inspiration and strength rather than "teachings," is one which brings out the essential difference between mystical and orthodox Christianity. Orthodox Christianity holds up the historic Christ as an ideal personality, far removed from humble mortals by reason of His divinity, and whom we may approach by clinging to Him, by imitating Him, and following His teachings. Mystical Christianity represents Him as one who by His presence aroused the inherent divinity in all with whom He came into contact.

FELIX.

THEOSOPHICAL NOTES AND NEWS

INDIA

The Third Travancore Provincial Theosophical Conference held its sittings at Attingal on the 20th February 1917, under the presidency of Mr. R. Ananda Row, Head Sirkar Vakil, Trivandrum. The president delivered his opening address on "Love". Prof. R. Srinivasan of Trivandrum then spoke in Tamil on "The Coming of a Great World-Teacher," Mr. K. S. Narayana Iyer of the Trivandrum Bar then discoursed on "The Influence of Thought on Devotion" in Tamil. The discourse was interspersed with music. At 1.30 p.m. there was a business meeting and at 3 p.m. the president conducted a question meeting in which the leading men of the town took part. At 4 p.m. Mr. N. B. Parameswara Iyer delivered an eloquent speech in Malayalam on "The Mahatmas". Then came a short speech, also in Malayalam, on "Bees and Gardens" by Mr. S. V. Iyer of Neyattinkara. The president in his concluding address reviewed the proceedings of the day and made an earnest appeal to the audience to erect a T.S. Lodge Temple in the locality ere long and warmly thanked Mr. Harihara Iyer—a non-Theosophist gentleman of the place—who had presented a splendid site for the Lodge building in a convenient part of the town. At 9.20 p.m. Prof. Srinivasan performed a Kathākālākṣhepam on "Chitrāsenopākhyānam" which, to quote the words of the speaker who rose to thank the organisers of the Conference, was of the highest order both in point of music and narration.

AUSTRALIA

It is astonishing how the interest in the Indian Home Rule question is spreading here in Australia, and we do our best to create it by lectures and discussions. We had a series of addresses on the subject to the members of the "Round Table" and they were very greatly interested.

In regard to the Round Table I would like to mention to you a piece of work just accomplished by the Brisbane Order. Some three years ago we decided to commemorate the President's birthday by establishing a Free Public Library for Children with the playground movement. A month ago we concluded a scheme which brought us in £180, and we now have about £210 in hand and hope

to erect a building and furnish and stock it with books within the next month or two. I rather think this Library will be the first of its kind (for children) in Australia.

(Extract from a letter from Brisbane.)

RUSSIA

The last mail has brought some interesting news of the work done in Petrograd and in Moscow.

In Petrograd the groups are all working actively, and on Friday there is a free discussion, at which questions of deep interest are discussed very earnestly. The evening ends always with music, and the Art Circle has undertaken a series of historical concerts for members, illustrating the development of art in the world. A member writes: "The House is always full of light and peace, and from outside it seems enveloped in a peculiar, grave atmosphere of subtle purity. One feels that every one is happy." . . . Speaking of the work done in groups, the correspondent adds: "This year's note seems to be for all of us: 'learn to serve' and 'look for the Warrior!'"

In Moscow, the new "Orpheus Circle" brings into the work much help and joy, its aim being to build a lyre of Orpheus, a channel for the Divine force through beauty and harmony. For this are needed: (1) The knowledge of the Laws of harmony. (2) An individual and collective adaptation to them. (3) Their manifestation (Plato's triad: Truth—Love—Beauty).

Another new Circle has been started in Moscow: "Work for the Young." Its aim is to prepare a centre of spiritual force for children and young people, where they can find light, strength and happiness. All the members are engaged in this work, trying to find out the means of a quick realisation of this beautiful idea.

An important event: There has been opened in Moscow the first public *Theosophical* Library in Russia, legalised by the authorities.

A. K.

FINLAND

PEKKA ERVAST, General Secretary, Theosophical Society, Finland, has for a long time been interested in studying and explaining the old Finnish Folk-epos Kalavala; and in order to get the right spirit of it and to put together all his ideas about Kalavala, he settled down for the past summer at the same very quiet spot, out in the country, Sammatti parish, where Prof. Elias Lönnroth lived the most of his time and where he adjusted his songs of Kalavala, collected from the people in far away places.

The name of his new book will be *Kalavalan Arvin* (The Key of Kalavala) and it contains five chapters:

1. Kalavala as a Holy Book.
2. Information of the Mysteries of Kalavala.
3. The Inner Ethics of Kalavala.
4. The Magic of Kalavala.
5. The Return of Vainamoinen (the great old sage about whom the Kalavala sings).

This book is the first number of a series: Finnish Occultism, which he promises to publish in the near future.

It seems as if co-operative undertakings should begin to gain more and more ground in our country in consequence of the War, and as a counter-weight against the immoderate desire of merchants, and all kinds of agents, to get rich very quickly at the expense of the people during the extraordinary conditions that the War has created everywhere.

Wiitasaari.

JOHN SONCK.

(Extracts from a letter.)

SOUTH AFRICA

My achievements have so far been the first Farm Festival held in S. Africa, providing instruction for a whole week for men, women and children from Government experts in Agriculture, Household Science, and so forth. This has been followed by several others in all parts of the Union. We had one which I organised in Coptjes last year. It included an Art Exhibition of the Victoria League Medici Prints. It was of real interest to see the "Rebel Parson," not a year released from prison, carefully packing the pictures of one of the most avowed loyalist Leagues in the country, for their return. The result of that Festival was to organise and equip a cookery school and dress-making, needlework and spinning classrooms for the Koptjes Public School. It was possible to raise a sufficient sum to start the Koptjes knitting industry in my house. We have ten machines paid for and a room equipped. Four girls are employed at present, but I have an order for 1,500 pairs of socks to be delivered at the rate of 500 a month to the Union Defence Force, and I hope soon to employ others. With the assistance of a friend we have just ordered an equipment to start a canning industry for vegetables, chiefly at Coptjes, which is an Irrigation Settlement, or rather one of a series within a ten or fifteen mile radius. This method of getting cheap and fresh vegetables well cooked, on the river diggings and mines, seems to meet a crying need which I felt on first coming to D. S. Africa, where much sickness and ill health is due to the eternal coffee and meat diet. I am at present trying, with little success, to plan a wool factory for Coptjes. One of the Natal members of Parliament has promised Parliamentary assistance on condition that I include Natal in the Industrial scheme.

(Extract from a letter from Durban, Natal.)

THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF NORWAY IN AMERICA

BALTIMORE,

December 24th, 1916.

ONE dark evening, late in October, I started away from Krotona. My eyes were wet like the sky, but within my heart a voice said: "It is no parting; Krotona is everywhere where you are able to serve that ideal of which Krotona, in California, is the outer symbol." So bye and bye my tears dried away, and the Spirit felt the oneness of the work independent of space.

Since then I have visited 13 cities, and lectured 44 times, on 7 different subjects. And during my long journey I have had many glorious and some trying experiences. Among the glorious ones I count: To have been taken to the Garden of the Gods, and felt the mighty exaltation of a naturally sacred place, prepared, perhaps, as a theatre for coming Theosophical Conventions; to have been permitted to sit in meditation, for some minutes, under the thousand years old redwood trees, and received gifts of the leaves of perfumed ferns and of eucalyptus; to have seen and met Mr. Burbank, the saint and genius of cultivation, who has returned to us with his knowledge from that olden past of which the perfumed ferns, the redwood trees, and the eucalyptus are the cultural remnants; to have been to a holy shrine, and recognised on the walls the pictures of those who have been seen near as helpers and inspirers. And to have met my Scandinavian countrypeople, and been able to address them twice in their native tongue, and seen them accept the new ideals, and that teaching which to them and to all is the bridge to the International Age. And also to have had members coming up to me after the lectures with a small gift, saying: "I want to take my share in your work"; or to have heard them whisper their knowledge of holy Presences near. All these things have been an inspiration and a help.

But there have been trials as well, and among these I reckon to have come tired and worn to a strange city, and to have had to stay at a regular hotel, where the first breath of air makes one feel sick and sleepy, or to have had to go to a private home where the family has had to make changes and sacrifices in order to house me.

Why should the Theosophical Society have to fall back on other institutions or private assistance for lodging and housing accommodation? Why should there not, in each city where Theosophy is represented, be a Theosophical House, with board and laundry for travelling members and outsiders, with lecture hall, and library and tea-room? Why do the Theosophists place all their practical working abilities outside the institution, instead of within, and for our own cause? Because they do not see household work and practical work as equally occult training for discipleship as are study and devotion. If our brethren understood that household work is the training of the Manu, where he educates us to become the rulers of the world, a line of equal value, of equally occult methods, and of equally occult

EVA BLYTT.



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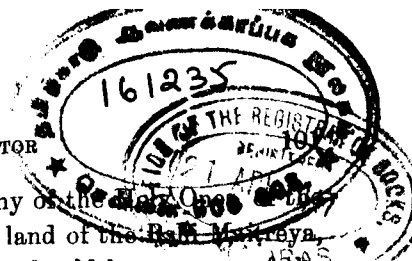
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hereafter, in all but exceptional cases of persons of long tried devotion and capacity, will be preceded by three years of study and training, and at the end of these, if the candidate proves to be suitable and capable of good work, he will be admitted to the Brotherhood.

There is also a circle of "Lay Brothers," whose circumstances—such as family obligations, business engagements, worldly duties, etc.—preclude them from becoming full members of the community, but who wish to help it, to be connected with it, and to spread its ideals and thus share in its life. They will give to the support of the Brotherhood a fixed proportion of their income, and will hold themselves ready to do at any time any service that may be required of them.

I think that wide possibilities of usefulness will open up before the Brothers, if they can rise to the opportunities that will come in their way. To consecrate the life wholly to service is no easy task, but it is one which strong men and women are capable of achieving. In its main idea of willing service, organised under the direction of an accepted head, it resembles Mr. Gokhale's Servants of India Society, but it differs from it in having the strong tie of a common religious ideal—the recognition of the One Life in which all inhere and the resultant duty of being a conscious organ of that Life in the service of all that lives. It looks up to the Elder Brothers, the Rishis and Prophets of the race, in loving reverence and obedience, as it looks around on its human brothers who claim its helpful comradeship, and looks down with tender compassion on its younger brothers of the lower kingdoms of Nature, who should be aided in their evolution by the human race—"our little brother, the ass," as said that pattern of his loving Lord, the blessed Francis of Assisi.

The Order may, in time, spread through many lands, but it must first root itself strongly in the land of its birth, the Sacred



Land, trodden by the feet of so many of the great Masters of the East, Lord Buddha, of Shri Krishna, the land of the great Mahatmas, of whom it was prophesied that He should become one of the Saviours of the World, and who is now the Bodhisattva, the Buddha-to-be.

The Convention opened at 3.30 p.m. on the 6th instant with an E.S. meeting, conducted by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, the fitting opening for a Theosophical gathering. At 5 p.m. came our educational leader, Mr. G. S. Arundale, on "Theosophy and Education," and the Hon. Rao Bahadur V. K. Ramanujachariar at 7.15 delivered a lecture in Tamil on "Vishishtadvaitism in the Light of Theosophy". The evening closed with a lecture illustrated by magic lantern pictures, on "Child Welfare in a Model Municipality," by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, that must have given many new ideas to some of the listeners.

The 7th April began at 7 a.m. with the admission of eight Brothers to the above-mentioned Order, five Lay Brothers and two Probationers. At 8 came a meeting of the E.S., conducted by Mr. B. P. Wadia, and then followed a Questions and Answers meeting, in which the Answerer was Mr. Arundale. In the afternoon—I am writing on the 7th, and am just going off to my daily work in town—I lecture on "Work for the Coming," and there will be, later, a lecture in Telugu by the Director of the Adyar Library, Pandit A. Mahadeva Shastri, on "Varṇāshrama Dharma". The Director has been known for very many years as an advocate of the ancient system in which conduct weighed more heavily than birth, and in which a man might win his way to a caste higher than that of his parents by capacity and the development of the characteristics of the caste. In the evening the Co-Masons hold a meeting in the Temple of the Rising Sun of India Lodge, No. 107.

The range of subjects on which Theosophists speak, or in connection with which they act, is remarkably varied. One week's cuttings from England tell of lectures on: "Hindu

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and Greek Conceptions of Life" as shown by great men, the meditative attitude of the one connoted by deep breathing, and the active attitude of the other as shown in the dance; "Colour" and its effects on human beings; the "Future of Art," based on a study of Chinese, Egyptian, Saracenic, Byzantine, Greek and Italian Art; "Ideals in Education" created by the conceptions of Reincarnation, Karma, the Unity of Life, the Brotherhood of man; the "Making of Destiny"; the "Return of the Christ"; the "Brotherhood of Religions". Turning from the platform to active service, we find the Commandant of the admirable "Women's Reserve Ambulance," the "Green Cross Society," a Theosophist, while another of our Lodge officers, from Burma this time, has died on the field of honour, joining our T.S. heroes already on the other side. The Women's Reserve is a particularly valuable force, for it utilises the people who can give "some time" but not "all the time," to War work, and supplies workers wherever they are needed. They do a large amount of transport work, washing their motors and ambulances as well as driving them. One incident is well described in the *Manchester Despatch*:

The last Zeppelin raid in London gave this body of women, which for the past six months has been undergoing training in ambulance and transport work on military lines, an opportunity of proving its mettle. A contingent of the transport section were spending the evening together after a long route march at a place some four miles from where the bombs were falling. Among them was the adjutant of the company, who thus describes what happened: "We were all laughing and talking together when suddenly we heard guns and bombs in the distance. In a second all the girls were in their places 'at attention' waiting for orders; in less than a minute we were in the ambulance and off. The driver was a marvel. She drove us from our friend's house to the first fire in twelve minutes in pitch darkness (for every light was turned out)." At one place, where they were the first ambulance to appear on the scene, they took command of the situation, and carried the dead and wounded to the nearest hospitals. It was not until they were preparing to go away that another ambulance arrived, to be greeted by the police with "the ladies have done this job".

THE WAR LORD

By B.

HE was one of the novelties of the war—a conscientious objector. He was almost glad to find himself in a cell, where at least he could be alone. He was deadly tired of the stock arguments of recruiters, male and female, bloodthirsty and sanctimonious; of the contemptuous insolence of the little tin gods of the tribunal; even of the attempts of his best girl to "make a man of him" before she finally threw him over and found salvation in making shells. Here at least was comparative quiet; and he stretched his aching frame with some sense of relief at having cast his last vote—himself—into the scale against war and all its sophistries.

Sleep seemed out of the question; for he was still haunted by a spectre which kept on insinuating that he was a fool for his pains, that no one would understand his motives, that perhaps after all the world was right in calling him a coward and a humbug, and that in any case he was accomplishing nothing. Perhaps even—and this would have been the last straw—the bishops were right in their assurances that Christ would have stretched a point to uphold the cause of the Allies. On the other hand there were moments—few and far between, it is true, but still there they were—when all the agonised faces he had seen in military hospitals seemed to turn to him for help and comfort; and once more he nerved himself to look them in the face as their unknown champion.

The moon rose and peered through the barred window. Suddenly the door opened and some one confronted him. He had heard no approaching footstep, nor the rasp of the

lock being turned; but he may have been dozing. His visitor was not prepossessing. In the half light his features were but dimly outlined, and he appeared to be a little, old man with hollow cheeks and searching eyes. The first impression the prisoner formed, after recovering from his slight surprise, was one of disappointment. There was nothing either attractive or repulsive about the man, nothing out of the common or in any way calculated to arouse interest. If he had seen this insignificant and almost pathetic object perched on a stool in a dingy office, he would have passed on without a second glance at one of life's millions of drab nonentities. His voice was scarcely any more promising.

"Good evening, Mr. Hobson," he ventured almost timidly, as he closed the door behind him.

"Good evening," returned the prisoner perfunctorily. He was in no mood to invite any further rebuffs, so he waited for the visitor to explain.

After a prolonged pause, during which those searching eyes—so curiously out of keeping with his appearance and manner—seemed to be summing up the young man's personality, he whined apologetically: "My name is Galloway; I hope you will excuse my taking the liberty of calling on you in this unceremonious way, but I wanted to congratulate you on your bold bid for peace. It makes one almost hopeful for the future."

This was the first encouragement Hobson had received, but its very unexpectedness made him instinctively suspect a trap, and he was not to be drawn.

"Very good of you, I'm sure," he drawled, "but I've really given up taking much notice of what people say. How did you know my name, and how did you get in here?"

"I know a good deal more than most people suppose; and as for getting where I want, there are not many doors closed to me."

The prisoner sat up and stared. Really there must be something mysterious about the old boy after all. "Yes, of course; but you might give me some idea of your business."

"Why certainly, my friend"—and here the inscrutable eyes seemed to fasten on him—"I am better known as the war lord."

Hobson started and clutched the edge of his plank. The terrible suggestion flashed across his brain that he was alone with a madman; possibly an official who had broken down under the strain of prison surroundings. But his steady, unflinching gaze was anything but the furtive glance of a madman.

"I'm sorry if I alarmed you, but it is true all the same. I am responsible for this war—that is if any one person is entitled to claim such an awful responsibility. No, please don't suppose I imagine myself to be the Kaiser; my sanity has been vouched for by Harley Street; besides, this Wilhelm is a mere puppet in my hands."

This was more than flesh and blood could stand. Hobson was on the point of requesting his impossible caller to leave, when—he could not say how—he became aware that an extraordinary reserve of power lay behind that unassuming exterior, and all at once he knew that this amazing statement was none other than the truth. Henceforth this man was no longer plain Galloway; the war lord himself stood out as the incarnation of sublime tragedy. "How can it be that you tolerate so feeble a form?" was his spontaneous exclamation.

The war lord had anticipated this recognition, and responded with a sad but kindly smile.

"If you but knew the burden my shoulders have to carry, you would not wonder that they were bowed; if I were to put more life into my body than is necessary for my work, even I could not endure the pain."

"Your work?" He shuddered involuntarily. "How can you dignify your infernal machinations with the honest name of work?"

"Not so fast, my friend. You are still young and tender-hearted. I am now old, but maybe not so hard as I seem. No doubt, as a Theosophist, you have faced the problem of evil?"

"That is so. But though in theory I must admit that all evil ultimately works for good, I cannot but shrink from it when I see its appalling results."

"Of course," continued the other, "it is only right that you should. But remember that evil is caused only by men's ignorance and not by the High Gods, be they what astrologers call benefic or malefic."

"But surely you cannot call this war anything but evil; and if, as you say, you caused it, how can you escape the charge of evil yourself?"

"I did not say I caused it; I said I was responsible for it, which is a very different thing. The original cause lies in the rudimentary jumble of men's thoughts and desires. When these work out in events, the combined force of which they are unable to withstand, I stem the flood single-handed, and disperse it into smaller streams that can at length be controlled by men unaided. Can it be said that this office is altogether evil? I agree that the war is an evil of the first magnitude, but it is an evil brought to the surface, where it can be seen in all its horror, instead of remaining underground to poison the springs of life itself. I am merely the means of bringing the evil to the surface."

"Then you are all the time an unrecognised benefactor?"

"You may call me this, because you are alive to the greater evil I attack. Those who would minimise any form of evil had better continue to shun me as the orthodox profess to shun the devil."

"Then there is no real enmity between the benefic and the malefic Gods?"

"Only a difference of method, arising from different lines of action in the past. The 'benefics' have specialised in bringing out the best in man by love, beauty, joy, etc. This is the positive side of growth. But when, and only when, the ideal can no longer uplift, owing to fetters forged in the past, then I come along to shew up those fetters so that men can see to break them. This is the negative side of growth. In this most difficult and thankless task I have specialised for ages, at first

ignorantly and therefore selfishly, but now consciously and selflessly. Both operations must go on unceasingly and in apparent conflict; but there are times when the process comes to a head, and whenever the greatest good is to be brought out, the greatest evil also appears."

"Then the evil was actually in existence before war was declared?"

"Precisely. If it had not been so, the war could never have taken place. Now the world at least knows what it has been preparing all this time. Hitherto it had been lulled into the false idea that it was at peace. Europe was an armed camp, the sea a cruising-ground for warships, the balance of power a deadlock of threatening alliances, diplomacy a game of secret bluff played with the lives of millions of innocent people, and trade a scramble for money wrung from the very souls of the workers. Was this a peace in which man could learn the meaning of universal brotherhood?"

"Hardly. But how is the war to bring the real peace any nearer?"

"That depends almost entirely on man's ability to profit by this awful warning. The powers of good were just able to avert the Morocco menace, but my warning passed unheeded. If this chance is missed, it may be the last this fifth race will be given. Remember Atlantis."

"What do you expect yourself?"

"Personally I am hopeful; if I were not, I could not keep it up. But I must confess that at times the darkness seems to be closing in. One hears plenty of talk about 'reconstruction,' but it always seems to end in schemes for trade rings, 'citizen' armies, leagues to 'enforce' peace, and other military euphemisms. Do these fools really imagine they are going to deceive one another with their bogus millennium? Until the peoples of the world are determined to take matters into their own hands, to make an end of these impositions and meet one another as man to man, the cry for 'defence' will continue to pander to the fear of attack and end by inviting attack. When the plain man and woman admit that nothing of

permanent value can be gained by murder, whether in offence or defence, and acts on this conviction, then the world will begin to live at peace. The powers of good were never more potent to help than they are now, if man will only allow them to show him the way out of his self-made prison; but he has been living in the gloom so long that his eyes dread the light of day, and even They cannot compel."

"And where, if I may ask, does my class come in?"

"While I am war lord I must respect you as my most powerful enemy; but you need not look for any mercy from me. You have defied me, and I shall do my utmost to crush you—unless you crush me, which of course you will in time. When a few more like you lead public opinion, I shall lose my job; or rather, I shall cheerfully resign. Then I shall again be the first to congratulate you, as I do now. In the meantime do not forget that this body of mine is racked with the torture of every soldier who would otherwise despair.

* * * * *

The sun was streaming through the narrow window. The strange visitant was gone, and the prisoner sat thinking.

B.

MYSTICS AND THE MYSTIC WAY

By H. TWELVETREES

TO the Mystic of every faith there exists in all the world but one story, a story which expresses for him that Truth, that Reality towards whose fuller comprehension his intuitions have perchance been feebly groping. He may have dimly sensed some of its aspects within the dogmas of his creed, discovered many hints of it in poetry and prose, or found it in the dramas of the ancient myths. Even the fairy tales of the nursery may have yielded up to him this secret. It is the story of the birthplace of the human soul, of its long pilgrimage and travail in a world of death and darkness, and of its final triumph and union with the Divine.

The mystic also has another instinct. Not only does he feel the essential nature of all humanity to be divine, but that the divine life is immanent in the manifested world, working within its manifold forms, and revealing itself in all the wondrous beauty and harmony of Nature.

There are doubtless many grades of mystics, ranging from those who may experience but a faint thrilling of an inner voice, indefinite and perhaps misunderstood, to those who boldly claim to *know* themselves as sharers in the divine life; but the mark of the mystic will ever be a capacity to respond in some measure to this world-wide myth, or to glimpse the One Great Life within its diverse forms.

This attitude has been expressed by Blake in the lines:

To see a world in a grain of sand
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.

Browning also writes :

God is seen

In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.

There is a further important aspect of mysticism, not always fully expressed by mystical writers, but doubtless realised by most in varying degree. The belief in the pre-existence of the soul is the natural offspring of the feeling that man is a spark of the Divine, and so we find the mystic affirming that the human soul does not commence its existence when it is born in the flesh, neither does it cease to live when the body dies.

This belief in pre-existence often carries with it the concept of pre-natal experience, as suggested in the well known lines of Wordsworth :

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

Mystical intuitions and states of consciousness, so definitely experienced by certain members of the human race, but so widely removed from the point of view of humanity at large, have during recent years attracted the attention of psychologists. Whereas in the latter portion of the past century such states were regarded as the product of an unbalanced or disordered mind, they are, at the present time, accepted as a proper subject for investigation and analysis.¹

We may now endeavour, therefore, to ascertain what confirmation can be obtained in the various world-religions of the persistent belief of the mystic in the great drift Godwards, not only of humanity, but of the life principle of all things ; that "far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves".

¹ *Mysticism.* Evelyn Underhill. *The Mystic Way.* Ibid. *The Varieties of Religious Experience.* William James.

We find as we study the records of these religions that there are many vague references to a *Path*, a *Way*, or a *Gate*, but the meaning is not always clearly explained.

Taoism.—(6th Century B.C.) In the writings of the Chinese sage, Láo-tsze, we find many statements concerning *Táo*, usually translated as "the Way".

But *Táo* is more than the way. It is the way and the way-goer. It is an eternal road ; along it all beings and things walk ; but no being made it, for it is being itself.¹

Táo operates, therefore, in Nature and in the individual. Its teaching concerning the individual reaches a lofty standard.

It is the way of *Táo* not to act from any personal motive, to conduct affairs without feeling the trouble of them, to taste without being aware of the flavour, to account the great as small and the small as great, to recompense injury with kindness.

To this *Táo*, Láo-tsze refers all things, as the ultimate ideal unity of the universe.

It will be seen from the above brief extracts that the teaching is not only essentially mystical in its all-embracing scope, but furnishes a high ideal of conduct for the followers of "the Way," which is to lead them to their goal. The philosophy of Láo-tsze is said to bear a strong likeness to the doctrines of the Quietists and Manichæans.

Hinduism.—The highest types of the Indian mind have ever sought for self-expression in the regions of mystical speculation, and the general principle underlying Hindü philosophy is that the souls of all living things emanate from the ultimate spiritual condition to which they are destined eventually to return. Issuing from the same divine source, each individual soul is the same in essence, and is conceived as journeying towards its goal by the process of metempsychosis (transmigration or reincarnation). The object of these repeated experiences in the manifested world is the attainment of knowledge, in order that the soul may be freed eventually from the wheel of birth.

Every sentient being, through ignorance, being liable to sin, and destined after each existence to be born again in some new form,

¹ Professor Douglas.

dependent on the actions committed during the immediately preceding life, all mundane existence thus is the source of ever-renewed suffering; and the task of the philosopher is to discover the means of attaining *moksha*, "release" from the bondage of material existence, and *yoga*, "union" with the Supreme Self—in fact, salvation.¹

Yoga, then, is the "Path" of the Hindūseeker after God. The supreme *Yoga* consists of the attainment of an ecstatic vision of the Divine Lord, a vision of the union of the many selves in the One Self. In the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, the Scripture of *Yoga*, we read:

"Behold," He says, "My *Yoga*." "There Pāṇḍava beheld the whole universe, divided into manifold parts, standing in one in the body of the God of Gods."

Yoga is also the rule of life for the man who, having realised in some measure the unity of the many in the One, desires to attain it. He who "worshippeth Me, abiding in all beings, that yogī liveth in Me, whatever his mode of living". The yogī, then, need not be an anchorite or recluse, he may follow any reputable occupation in the world, if only he "seeth the Self abiding in all beings, all beings in the Self".

This secondary *Yoga* is divided into three Paths which correspond to the three principal types of human consciousness—Will, Knowledge, Devotion. So we find the Path of Sacrifice—the *Yoga* of action or will; the Path of Discrimination—the *Yoga* of knowledge; the Path of Renunciation—the casting out of desire.

Thus it has been well written:

Three Paths have been traced by the Sages, along any one of which a man may tread, and, by following, may attain liberation. Three are the Paths, and yet in a sense they are but one. Differing in their methods, their end is one and the same. Differing in the external conditions, they all lead to the One Self, they all seek the same goal. . . . Those three Paths finally blend into one, each of them acquiring in the end the qualities of the others, each of them passing, as it were, into the other two, blending into one the characteristics of the three. For when you reach *Yoga* . . . the end is one—Union with the Self.²

¹ *Ency. Brit.* Art. Sanskrit.

² *The Three Paths.* Annie Besant.

Buddhism.—At the time when the Buddha taught in India, Hinduism had been for many centuries in the hands of the Brāhmaṇa priesthood, its nobler teachings had been degraded or forgotten, and it had come to consist almost entirely of rites and ceremonies, in which blood sacrifices occupied an important place. It was believed that only a Brāhmaṇa could attain deliverance from re-birth, and that all others were condemned to pass very many lives ere they could hope to be born into the small and exclusive Brāhmaṇa caste, and thus obtain liberation.

Buddhism, the religion which grew out of the teachings of the Buddha, has been subjected to much criticism from western scholars, and has been accused of being both atheistic and nihilistic. The fundamental concept of the Hindū faith, however, was that of God as the foundation of the Universe, and as, at once, the origin and goal of all human souls. It is not an unnatural assumption, therefore, that the Buddha regarded this belief as axiomatic, and did not think it necessary to teach what was already generally believed. His intention, possibly, was not to found a new religion, but rather to teach the people once more that there was a way of salvation for them, though they were not of the Brāhmaṇa caste, though they might be unable to devote their lives to austerities and meditations, and even though their circumstances compelled them to follow the ordinary occupations of the world.

His teaching, which has been called the Noble Eightfold Path, was therefore a middle path, a way of life mid-way between that of the world and that of the anchorite, and it could be followed by any man who was so minded, whatever his station in life. It was the Path of *Yoga*—the *Yoga* of true knowledge, or wisdom, and it does not differ in any way, apart from the terminology, from the instruction given by the great Hindū sage, Śaṅkarāchārya.

As these two lofty Eastern teachers have given to the world more information than any others concerning the Path of *Yoga*—the path of liberation and union—it is important that we should summarise the nature of their teaching, so far as may be possible with such a transcendental subject.

The Path of Yoga.—This Pathway may be said to consist of two divisions which are quite distinct.

I. The Preliminary or Probationary Path.

II. The Path itself.

The former is to wean the aspirant from the interests of the world, and to train him for the more arduous tasks which must be faced in the future.

There are four qualifications to be developed on the Probationary Path, and also four definite stages to be passed through on the Path itself.

I. The Probationary Path *(The Four Qualifications)*

1. *Discrimination.*—Between the real and the unreal, between the desires of the lower self and the will of the spiritual nature, between right and wrong.

2. *Desirelessness.*—All desires must be subjected, not merely the lower desires; desires for spiritual advancement, or for the possession of psychic powers, are also a hindrance at this stage.

3. *Good Conduct.*—(a) Control of mind. Anger, worry, depression and pride must be held in check, and the mind trained to send out thoughts helpful to others.

(b) Control of actions. Activities must be transferred to useful work; ordinary duties must not be neglected but, on the contrary, performed more conscientiously.

(c) Tolerance. Bigotry and superstition are to be eliminated, and every one treated with kindness and gentleness, whatever his beliefs or conduct may be.

(d) Cheerful Endurance. Trials and tests will meet the aspirant, but they must be borne with cheerfulness. Help cannot be given to others by one who is depressed.

(e) One-Pointedness. Nothing must turn the aspirant from the Path he has chosen; he must not "look back" to

worldly pleasures. Also he must give all his attention to the work in hand.

(f) Confidence or Faith. The aspirant must have trust in God and in himself as a Spark in the Divine Life. The will must be strengthened for the tasks of the future.

4. *Desire for Union.*—In its lower form this may appear as a desire for liberation from re-birth, but in the higher aspect it is the desire to be one with God, and to carry out His will.

II. The Path

Only when the aspirant has made some definite progress in developing the four qualifications of the Probationary Path can he enter the true Portal. Four successive stages then lie before him, and he must now attain perfectly in one stage, ere he can pass onward to the next. Entrance upon each stage is effected by an Initiation, the candidate's right of entry being his mental, moral and spiritual development.

Of the details of these sacred ceremonies nothing is known outside the little circle of Initiates, but they have been described, in general terms, as experiences undergone by the soul of the aspirant, having for effect the permanent expansion of his consciousness, stage by stage, thus endowing the Initiate with the capacity to contact the higher worlds whilst still living and working amongst men. It is said that, after Initiation, the aspirant must cast off certain "fetters" pertaining to his human nature, which stand in the way of further progress, but it is only possible to give the barest hint of these purifications, which necessarily transcend altogether any of the experiences of ordinary humanity.

1st Initiation.—This is sometimes called the "second birth"; the Initiate is said to be "born again". He has attained salvation, and cannot now fall back permanently into the lower life of the world.

Three "fetters" have to be cast off at this stage:

(a) The delusion of self—the personality with which the soul has identified itself has to be destroyed, the

faculties transmuted, in order to effect the realisation of oneness with the All.

- (b) Doubts concerning the laws which govern the progressive development of humanity have to be dissipated by knowledge or reason.
- (c) Reliance upon rites and ceremonies for spiritual help must be overcome, that strength may be sought within. All forms of superstition must be abandoned.

2nd Initiation.—This marks a stage of further purification, accompanied by a definite development of the psychic faculties, the opening of the consciousness on the inner worlds, as well as intellectual advancement.

3rd Initiation.—This is followed by a stage in which the Initiate may be said to live both in heaven and in the world. He carries about with him an atmosphere of compassion, having an inward realisation that he is one with the Supreme.

There are two "fettters" to be cast off:

- (a) The Initiate must cast out earthly love, he must no longer love any *personality*. His love must grow stronger and wider, but must be spiritual in its nature.
- (b) He must lose all feelings of repulsion or dislike, all feelings of distinction between families and races.

4th Initiation.—This is the entrance into possession of a yet higher spiritual consciousness whilst still living in the physical body, and there are five "fettters" to be cast off:

- (a) Desire for beauty, or the beautiful.
- (b) Desire for spiritual bliss, or existence.
- (c) Pride.
- (d) Irritability—the aspirant must learn to remain unmoved by any catastrophe.
- (e) Ignorance or illusion. Perfect knowledge, insight and liberation from limitations must be attained.

The 5th stage is one of final liberation. The Initiate, in the Eastern Path, is now "the one who has no more to learn". He may pass away from earth and enter the state of Nirvāṇa, or he

may make the "Great Renunciation" by remaining in the world to teach and help humanity in its struggle to attain the spiritual life.

THE WESTERN PATH

Christianity.—We come now to the faith in which we have been brought up, and which, even though we may not regard it as the *only* true religion, must of necessity lie nearer to our hearts than any other. What evidence of teaching concerning the Path can we find in connection with our Western faith?

In attempting to answer this question it is necessary to bear in mind that, though religious rites and ceremonial may remain unchanged, the doctrine tends to become modified in course of time by the characteristics of the people by or for whom it is interpreted. When we recall that, since the break-up of the Roman Empire, the Christian religion has had to adapt itself to the rude and untutored Northern races who overran Europe, we can realise that the doctrine had to be expressed in the simplest form to bring it within the range of the comprehension of the people. Moreover, as these European races gradually became more civilised, education and industry succeeded the spear and sword, but the race was yet young in intellect, and the genius of the people developed along the line of action, taking that direction which is called "practical".

Therefore it is that, although there has been an almost unbroken stream of mysticism throughout the period of Christian history, it has failed to spread among the people, because their minds could not respond to concepts which rose above the level of concrete thought. Hence, even in the present day, the Christianity of the Churches remains a "simple faith" and strenuously resists any attempt to impart to its doctrines the more mystical interpretation required by those whose spiritual intuitions are beginning to carry them beyond the regions of literalism, and to search for fuller light.

Let us, in the first place, turn to the teaching of the Christ. In the familiar discourse, contained in *Matthew* vii, we

have a reference to "the narrow way"—"Enter ye in at the strait gate: . . . because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Again in *Luke* xiii, 24—"Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many . . . will seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

There is much teaching also concerning the "kingdom of heaven," which appears to stand for a definite stage of discipleship; a mode of life on earth as well as, in some instances, a state after death.

"Because it is given unto you (disciples) to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven."¹

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."²

The "narrow way" and the "kingdom of heaven" are closely related, if indeed they be not synonymous terms. The mode of life to be followed is indicated in the "Sermon on the Mount," to which, however, but few of the many followers of the Master have, during the intervening centuries, been able to attain. And the goal is given in the final verse—"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

The key-note of the gospel is Love. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."³ And, as in the case of the worshippers of the youthful Indian Avatāra, Shri Kṛṣṇa, so also in the Church of Christ, this special note, vibrating through the Sacraments, has been answered by an attitude of personal devotion to the Master in the hearts of His followers.

But the most exalted teaching associated with the Christ is to be found in His prayer to the Father.⁴ In this wonderful appeal, the thought is centred chiefly upon those who are living a special life, and are connected to the Master by a special bond.

And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God . . . I have manifested Thy Name unto the men which Thou gavest Me out of the world . . . Thine they were,

¹ *Matt.* xiii, 11.

² *Matt.* xviii, 3.

³ *John* xiii, 34.

⁴ *John* xvii.

and Thou gavest them Me . . . They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world . . . Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us . . . that they may be made perfect in one.

There can surely be no other conclusion but that this supremely mystical teaching concerning the souls of those who were to become so perfected that they could become one with the Father, is that of the same Path which we have traced as the foundation of the great religions of the East.

It has been pointed out also that the life of Christ itself, as portrayed in the Gospel story, follows the well defined stages of the Eastern Path, and this most interesting suggestion may be illustrated by the following comparison:

THE EASTERN PATH	"THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE"
1st Initiation.—"Second Birth." Three "fetters" cast off.	1. Baptism by John. Descent of Holy Spirit. Temptations in desert overcome.
2nd Initiation.—The opening of consciousness in higher worlds.	2. Transfiguration. The Body of Jesus becomes radiant and He converses with the spirits of Moses and Elijah.
3rd Initiation.—The realisation of Unity with the Supreme. Two "fetters" cast off—the breaking of all personal ties.	3. Crucifixion. The death of the physical body, symbolising the severance from personal limitations.
4th Initiation.—The attainment of Perfection. Five "fetters" cast off.	4. Resurrection. The overcoming of the more subtle limitations and the last remnants of human nature.
5. Liberation or Union.	5. Ascension.

Following out this thought, we may discern in the Gospel story three separate grades of teaching:

- (a) The Parables, and moral instruction for the people.
- (b) The higher life, or the "Narrow Way," to be trodden by the disciples (corresponding to the Probationary Path).
- (c) The life of the Master (corresponding to the true Path).

We know that the whole of the Græco-Roman world was familiar, through its Mystery Religions, with the concept of the deification of man, and that it was this view, the development of "the Christ within," which enabled St. Paul to spread the new faith amongst the various mystical bands of Asia Minor and Egypt. At a later date the Roman Church, in its struggle for supremacy with Neoplatonism, absorbed much of the Neoplatonist doctrine, which was handed on by members of the monastic orders, or flared up afresh from time to time in the lives of the mediæval saints. And so our quest for traces of the Path would, doubtless, be more successful were we to search amidst the literature of the religious orders which have carried on the traditions of the monastic life amongst those who have desired to forsake the world in order that they might give themselves more completely to God.

Such an enquiry would, however, exceed the limits of this article, but amongst the writings of many Christian mystics may be found the recognition of a threefold Path. Its stages are defined as Purgation, Illumination, and Union; and although there is a slight difference in the sub-division, yet the beginning, aim, and end are the same as those of the Eastern Path.

* * * * *

Thus throughout the ages of which we have record may be traced the teaching of the Pathway which alone can lead men back to Divinity. This Mystic Way is not for the formalist, the orthodox, or the indifferent. It is for the intrepid spirit, prepared to brave all things in pursuance of his search for God, who is only to be found within the depths of the human soul.

When, owing to the rise and fall of nations and religions, it may happen that there are no aspirants for this divine adventure, the guiding Hand may be withdrawn, but we may feel sure that, whenever the pupil is ready, the Teacher will be there to lead him to the Path.

H. Twelvetreas.

THE COSMOPOLITAN EASTER EGG

ITS MYSTIC OLD-TIME ORIGIN AND PRESENT WORLD-WIDE
SIGNIFICANCE

By S. JACKSON COLEMAN

CUSTOMS, although they differ so much with the various climes, often display a strange and unexpected unity. To many they may appear to divide the climes and creeds, and to engender petty prejudices between the varied sections of the human race; yet, through the mystic phases of international folk-lore, there often appears an inner spirit which even seems to speak in a common, though symbolic, tongue. In no case is this characteristic exemplified with greater force than at Eastertide. At this period of the year all nations have had their attention drawn to an egg. It was held in great veneration by the Egyptians far back in the pagan past. At times it was regarded as a symbol of re-creation and at other periods as emblematic of the world itself.

The former idea originated from the close observance of the subjects of the Pharaohs to the habits of the scarab, or sacred beetle, which buried its balls in dung in the grave it had dug for itself, in the hope, as they thought, of a speedy resurrection. It never occurred to them that the pellets contained eggs, which, in the fullness of time, were brought to maturity by the warmth of the sun. When the insect appeared once more amongst them they were content to believe that it was the original one which had buried itself and was now re-incarnated or brought to life again by the Sun God. So the beetle was revered by them as a sacred thing, since it gave them hope of a similar resurrection of their mummified bodies. Indeed, it might be observed that every soldier was compelled to wear a ring upon which a scarab

had been engraved. The object of this engraving was to make the soldier brave in battle. The ancient Egyptians appear again to have set great store by the eggs as well as the plumes of the ostrich; both formed part of the tribute they extorted from conquered nations. To what exact use they put these eggs there is no certain information; but the reverence they paid them, and the fact that they were hung up in their temples, is evidence that they were connected in some way with the superstitions of the country.

Most ancient nations had curious notions in connection with the egg, which they regarded as the cradle of the world. It was this principle which operated in the case of the old-time Persians. Oromazes, the creative principle of good, after he had called mankind into existence, mystically enclosed them in an egg. For the possession of this egg he maintained an incessant combat with Ahriman, the principle of malevolence or evil. Other bygone peoples, in their cosmogony, state as an undeniable fact that the god Phanes was hatched from an egg, one-half of the shell of which became heaven and the other half was moulded into the earth.

By the Jews the egg was regarded as a type of the promised Messiah, and symbolic of the duration of the human race and of their successive generations. It entered into all the mysterious ceremonies called apocalyptic, and occupied a prominent position on the household table during the paschal season. It was also brought into requisition at the burial of "loved ones". On leaving the cemetery the only food laid before the mourners on returning to the house, consisted of hard-boiled eggs and salt, the respective symbols of regeneration and incorruptibility.

Unlike the Buddhists, with whom the egg is a type not only of birth but of death, Christians have ever held it as a symbol of the Resurrection—the new life which broke forth from the tomb on the first Easter morning. In former days, enormous dishes of coloured eggs were taken on Easter Saturday to the churches to be consecrated with the subjoined prayer, sanctioned by Paul V: "Bless, Lord, we beseech Thee, this Thy creature

of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants, eating it in all thankfulness to Thee on account of the Resurrection of our Lord." After this blessing they were brought home, and set on the table in the upper room in the house, and every visitor who entered during Easter Week took one of these "Paste" or "Pasch (Easter) Eggs" for luck. With the colouring of Easter Eggs they were invested with a new significance. They were coloured red in allusion to the blood shed by our Lord for the salvation of men. But a pretty legend is told to account for the other tints. It is related that a certain beautiful bird wrung all hearts by the mournful manner in which it sang on the occasion of Christ's burial. On the morning of the Resurrection, however, it changed its song to one of surpassing joy, and was for ever blessed by heaven. After the nights of sorrow the eggs of the broken-hearted songster were changed from white to red, blue and gold, and in its memory the eggs of Easter are now said to be tinted.

In Russia the custom of exchanging Easter Eggs prevails among all classes of the community. It is regarded as quite a religious rite. The eggs are either covered with gold leaf or dyed red. People carry them about for three or four days, exchanging them with all their friends and acquaintances. In Ireland numbers of eggs are eaten on Easter day. Sometimes, indeed, the empty shells are hung on a tree or bush by the door, stuck upon the twigs, or strung together to form a kind of necklace. This is meant to draw the attention of passers-by to the fact that the inmates of the house are well-to-do, and can afford to indulge in a good meal of eggs, instead of selling them; for the egg trade is one of the chief industries of rural Ireland.

In Austria-Hungary the decoration of Easter Eggs is carried out with infinite care, and many artistic designs appear. The Hungarian maidens usually present their betrothed with an egg bearing the design of clasped hands, or a dove carrying a flower, together with appropriate mottoes. If the youth receive one adorned with the design of a distaff or spinning-wheel, he is doubly happy, as this assures him not only of her love and devotion but also testifies her willingness to

marry him that year. In Bohemia eggs are stained a light red, and floral designs are usually formed on them; in Carinthia lovers exchange two eggs with mottoes but no design, and in Poland the eggs are covered with coloured satin, then decorated with tinsel and gold thread. These are, of course, blown beforehand, and sometimes very beautiful embroideries are worked upon them. A Polish woman will display her collection of Easter eggs with great pride, for she keeps them every one.

The superstitions connected with eggs and their shells are very numerous. It is a fearful story which Pliny tells of the egg of the serpent. When laid, by the violence of the parent's hissing, it is cast up in the air, and anyone lucky enough to catch it before it falls to the ground, must take himself off with all speed, for the angered reptiles will be after him, and pursue him closely, until he has placed a broad river between himself and themselves. The possession of this egg will secure to its captor the favour of great men and success in suits of law. The Japanese will never leave egg-shells lying about. They have a superstition to the effect that anyone who steps over them will go raging mad. Eggs which are laid on Good Friday are supposed to remain always fresh. There is supposed, too, to be less chance of failure in hatching if an odd number of eggs is placed under a sitting hen, but on no account must the eggs be carried over water. Those who make a hole in the bottom of an egg after eating its contents are merely keeping up a superstitious custom observed by the Romans in days of yore. The custom had its origin in the belief that if a witch were to find a shell lying about, she would make use of it as a boat, and cause terrible storms, and consequent shipwrecks. Even nowadays the Dutch are very particular to pierce their egg-shells so as to keep the witches from sailing in them. Egg-shells have no doubt a special virtue of their own. John Wesley proposed to cure rupture by their agency. In some parts it is believed that dreaming of eggs foretokens approaching anger, but the danger is dissipated if the eggs are broken. In other parts it is considered ill-luck to let eggs leave the house after sunset.

S. Jackson Coleman.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

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

AS soon as a poem has been included in a hymnal it becomes as it were public property, and the earnest religionist considers it perfectly right and fitting that he should alter any part of it to suit his creed or the special requirements of his particular sect. No one would think of substituting his own words here and there for those of the author in any other poems; but hymns are different. They have come to be looked upon quite impersonally as vehicles of emotion that may be modified to suit the needs of any given case. What this may lead to, the following verse shows us. It represents a serious effort to bring the old hymns in line with the latest thought:

ORIGINAL VERSION

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

UP-TO-DATE VERSION

Holy, Holy, Holy, Creative Energy,
Earth and sky and heav'n show forth Thy
will and honour Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy, wonderful in beauty,
All else surpassing are Humanity!

A whole volume of these horrors has appeared. Theosophists beware! If this method of "dropping a phrase" in season and out of season were to get introduced among us, we might not be content with hymns. How would this do as a vehicle for propaganda?

John Brown's bodies all vibrate at different rates,
But his Ego still evolves.

It is always useful to have a few quotations from the learned up one's Theosophical lecturer's sleeve. Here is one from Huxley's *Evolution and Ethics* which may come in handy.

There is nothing against the analogy of nature in supposing that there are grades of intelligences rising above men. There may be other intelligences higher and higher and higher, reaching further and further above the noblest intelligence of man, and there is nothing to make it impossible that there should be in the universe above those grades a Single Intelligence.

Comparatively few people in these days have studied Huxley's writings. Most of us think of him vaguely as an agnostic and philosophical materialist. This statement, then, comes as rather a surprise, and is all the more impressive for being unexpected.

"Even now," some one writes in the *Harbinger of Light*, "the causes which underlie the great upward flow of sap in trees and plants in the Spring are not completely understood."

That the movement is accompanied by considerable force has been demonstrated in a remarkable manner. In the spring season, when the sap is rising with great vigour, the stem of a grape vine was cut right across. With as little loss of time as possible, a piece of bladder was tied across the wounded part. Within half an hour it was obvious that the bladder contained a good deal of liquid. As time went on, the amount of fluid in the bladder increased so much that the bladder was quite full. Two hours after fixing, the bladder was so distended that it was lifted right up. An hour later the pressure had increased to such a degree that the bladder burst, being unable to stand the strain any longer.

This interesting little experiment brings home to us the fact that the quiet exterior of our plant friends cloaks busy and

energetic life processes. This on the side of form. Something of what goes on in the plant consciousness has been described in *Man*. We read:

In some there was the feeling of the want to grow, the wish to grow; as one of the investigators remarked: "I am trying to flower." In others there was a slight resistance to the line of growth impressed, and a vague groping after a self-chosen direction. Some seemed to try to use any forces that contacted them, and in their germinal consciousness held that all around existed for them.

A writer in *The Survey* pays the following tribute to the work of Wilfred Wilson Gibson, a modern "poet of the slums":

Nothing can describe the power, beauty, pathos, of the revelations embodied in these little sketches of "how the other lives" and dies. The very simplicity of the style, not unlike the rhythmic cadences of prayer, the very commonplaceness of the characters and the situations, the very obviousness of the stories which center about the most ordinary relations of father, mother, child and toiler, the very triteness of the themes, which are only those of unemployment, sickness, industrial accident, daily work for daily bread, the very monotony of the episodes of life and death, are what constitute the book's peculiar power. . . . The poet has revealed the truth about the dull routine of life in the home and labour, in the mine and the mill. . . . And not merely the truth, but the beauty also.

This power to see the beautiful in the commonplace reminds one of a very lovely passage in Mr. Jinarājadāsa's *Flowers and Gardens*, in which we are told that Heart's Flower and his companions "teach the people that it serves men less to create what is new than to think what men think, but in a truer way; to feel what men feel, but more purely; and to do what men do, but with greater perfection".

FELIX.

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—Ed.]

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THE series of personal narratives under the above heading has interested me very deeply, and perhaps a brief account of my own experiences may be of service, especially to enquirers who may have been told that Theosophy is antagonistic to Christianity.

I owe all my early religious training to my mother, a very devout and earnest member of one of the oldest Congregational Churches, my father having died when I was three years old. During the latter part of my school days, I came under the strong and gracious influence of a member of the Society of Friends, son of the Principal of the school, who as my teacher and friend, awakened in me a love and admiration for those high ideals of life and service which dominated his own life so perfectly. He was my hero in those days, and his early death was a great sorrow to me.

When quite young I used to ponder over the mysterious problems of life, death and the hereafter, and could not rest satisfied with the usual explanations. At sixteen years of age I became a member of a Congregational Church, hoping and expecting that fuller and deeper knowledge would become mine when that step was taken. Unfortunately my hopes were not realised. It was almost impossible to find anyone who would discuss those questions and difficulties which troubled me. The

Christ was my ideal, and my love for and devotion to Him remained unshaken, but my mind was restless and unsatisfied. I worked with some zeal in the various organisations connected with the Church, and especially, although with increasing misgiving, in the Sunday School. Always hoping that some day greater light would come to me, I never gave up searching for an explanation of life's mysteries which would satisfy my mind as well as the deep yearnings of my heart. As opportunity offered, I studied theological and scientific works, becoming dangerously "broad" in the opinion of some of my orthodox friends, and keenly interested in geology and human origins.

The problems of the after-death state prompted me to investigate spiritualism, whereby I obtained a firm conviction of the continuity of life after the change we call death. But more and more I found how impossible it was to fit in the facts which I had discovered, with the orthodox religious conceptions, and I knew of no satisfactory scheme into which they could be fitted. One thing at last seemed clear; I must give up my Church membership, for my religious beliefs were profoundly shaken, and I knew not what to teach.

It was at this time that I noticed an advertisement of a lecture to be given by Mrs. Besant in a neighbouring town, on "Esoteric Christianity". I knew nothing about Theosophy, but the thought came to me: "Is there after all a deeper, hidden side of Christianity which is not generally known?" I went to hear that lecture, and it was indeed a revelation to me, giving me just the key for which I had been searching. How vividly I recall that memorable occasion, and even some of the words spoken, for I listened with rapt attention while the lecturer developed her subject. Reincarnation was incidentally mentioned, and I accepted the doctrine at once, wondering why I had never heard or thought of it before.

When, in conclusion, Mrs. Besant spoke of the Path of Discipleship, of the strait gate and the narrow way, "the razor path" which leads to life, and expressed the hope that perhaps one of her hearers might endeavour to tread it, I was

deeply moved. The following morning I attended a meeting for enquirers and spoke to Mrs. Besant. In response to my request for books she placed in my hand her newly published book *The Ancient Wisdom*, which I value more than any other I possess. After six months of close study I joined the Theosophical Society in 1898.

Light was thrown on all the problems which had puzzled me for many years, and I entered again into church work with renewed earnestness and greater effectiveness. During the next fourteen years I was deacon and secretary of the Congregational Church of which I am still a member, serving as leader of an adult Bible Class and then as Superintendent of the Sunday School. I have now retired from these offices in order to devote more time to the definite spreading of those truths which have brought so much light and peace to myself, and which the world so sorely needs. Several personal friends, members of different Christian Churches, have told me how Theosophy has brought them comfort and assurance, when faith and hope were almost lost. It is undoubtedly true that Theosophy gives back to us, in wonderful fullness and power, all that was really valuable in our religion when, from the presentation so often given from our pulpits, we thought we had outgrown it.

It was our beloved President who led me from darkness towards the light, and the passing years have only deepened those feelings of reverence and gratitude with which I regarded her when first drawn under the magic of her influence.

Charles Kingsley's words recur to me, with which I shall conclude :

Can we forget one friend ?
Can we forget one face,
Which cheered us to toward our end,
Which nerved us for our race ?
One presence, which has made us know
To God-like Souls how deep our debt,
We would not, if we could,—forget.

WALTER E. FROUD.



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FROM THE EDITOR

THE Full Moon of Chaitra, as told last month, witnessed the dedication of some earnest Theosophists of themselves and all they possessed to the Service of Humanity, to be living examples of that Universal Brotherhood into which the world shall grow as the life of the Spirit, that is nourished by Giving, dominates the life of the Body, that is nourished by Taking. It is a high emprise, a Great Adventure, and only the strong, the brave, and the enduring can wisely undertake it.

* *

The Full Moon of Vaishākha, the Day of Days, on which our happy earth witnessed the birth of the Holy Babe, His achievement of Buddhahood, and His passing into Parānirvāṇa, was chosen for the laying of the Foundation-Stone of the Central Tower of Sūryāshrama—the House of the Sun—the Heart of the Habitation of the Brotherhood. It is situated on the north-eastern side of the Adyar lands, a little west of the place where the Adyar river runs into the sea, looking down to the north on the placid flow of the river and to the east on the long, rolling billows of the ocean, as they foam into whiteness along the

curving shore. It is an ideal spot for peace and beauty, and on that May morning (May 7th) ere sunrise, when the east had scarce been touched into rosy glory by the fingers of Ushā, the Maiden of the Dawn, there came thither, singing, the long procession from the Masonic Temple, and circling thrice along the pathway round the chosen site, where the veranda will presently run, it passed up the centre of the building and eastwards to the stone, which hung in air, white, glistening marble, above its resting-place. Round this the officers grouped themselves, each in his own place, east, south and west, with the Sacred Fire to the north side, the Orator, a Pārsī, beside it. The members of the Brotherhood stood in a circle completed by the stone, and the Masonic brethren formed an outer circle behind them. The S.D. and J.D. stood a little to the rear of the stone eastwards, in charge of the corn, grape-juice, oil and salt. The D.C. stood just behind the R.W.M. with the Asst. D.C. at hand, and the I.G. and the O.G. walked quietly backwards and forwards a little way behind, on the line from north to south.

The brief, impressive ceremony followed, and at 5.47 the stone was declared to be well and truly laid. The Sun was rising out of the sea, as though he sent his benediction to those assembled for the founding of his House.

Another duty awaited the Lodge, the laying of the Foundation-Stone of the extension of the Indian Quadrangle, one side of which had collapsed from age and white ants in a violent storm. It re-incarnates in a much larger and handsomer body, which will give better accommodation for the numerous brethren who come to Adyar for a short period of rest and refreshment. This ceremony performed, the Lodge returned home and closed the labours of the day.

The services were no unfitting vestibule to the great festival of the Vaishākh Full Moon, honoured by all Occultists and by the whole Buddhist world. Burma, Siam, Ceylon, Nepal, Tibet, China, Japan, and the thousands of Buddhists

in the birth-place of Buddhism, India, all bowed to the Illuminated One, the Perfect Flower of our humanity, the Ruler over more human hearts than any other can claim.

The Theosophical Trust has just taken over its first industrial school; it is situated in Bangalore City in the State of Mysore, and has been the life's work of a wise philanthropist, who has given to it not only his life but his fortune. The land, buildings, furniture, etc., with its endowment, are valued at some two-and-a-half lakhs. It had been left by the Founder and Proprietor, Mr. Janopakari Doddanna Setty, to the T.E.T. in his will, but as he finds himself growing older and less capable of active superintendence, he decided to hand it over to the Trust at once, though he will continue to reside in the Hostel, and take charge of the boys therein—a very real help to the management. The Trust, as usual, places a local committee in charge, and our good Theosophist, Mr. Justice Chandrashekhara Aiyar, of the Mysore Chief Court, has kindly consented to serve as President of the Committee.

I went over to Calicut on the West Coast to preside at a Theosophical Federation meeting on April 22nd and 23rd. It was pleasantly signalled by the formation of a Ladies' Theosophical Lodge; the Federation met in the Calicut Lodge building named after myself, which I had the pleasure of opening in 1909. As on that occasion, I had received a very warm welcome from the Thiyya community; it seemed appropriate that I should distribute prizes to the pupils of a Thiyya school, and lecture on the submerged classes. An address on Theosophy and a lecture on "Modern Science and Ancient Yoga" were my further contributions, the remaining lectures being in the vernacular.

A pleasant visit to a small town, Poonamallee, some ten miles from here, occupied the last Sunday afternoon in April. Mr. Arundale, Mr. and Mrs. Jinarājadāsa, my daughter and I motored over from Adyar. The first function was a ladies'

meeting, presided over by Mrs. Seshagiri Aiyar, the wife of one of our High Court Judges of Madras. It is so good to see the way in which Indian Womanhood is rousing itself to the larger claims of life, to its duty towards the Nation as well as to the family. The next function was a meeting of the local Theosophical Lodge, and then came the Anniversary of a Hindū Elementary school, maintained by a committee of the educated people of the place. Mr. Jinarājādāsa gave a most interesting and delightful lecture on Education, and we drove back home flower-covered, in the cool of the evening.

* * *

A Theosophical Conference is to be held on the 8th at Cuddalore, advantage being taken of the Political Provincial Conference at that place. On the 26th and 27th May, we have a Theosophical Federation at Trichinopoly, a lecture to a Young Men's Indian Association on the 28th, and a Theosophical lecture at Tanjore on the 29th.

* * *

Just now, at Adyar, a number of our South Indian Lodge Inspectors are gathered for a fortnight's study and companionship; lectures on modern sciences, on the method of lecturing, and on other studies, are filling a useful programme. Mr. C. Jinarājādāsa is in charge.

THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN NATIONAL LIFE¹

By ANNIE BESANT

FRIENDS :

If I tried to say what is the place of religion in National life, and if I answered or defined that position, I should certainly say that its place is everywhere. No religion is a true religion unless it permeates the whole life of a man, and a Nation cannot be called religious unless it be inspired in the whole of its activities by religious feeling, religious thought, religious action. But that very general definition would hardly meet the views of those who have come here to listen to something more precise, although really not more accurate. I want, if I can, this evening, to try to show you, to some extent not only the necessity of religion in the life of a Nation, but also something of what history has taught us of the effect of religion on National life. Some of you may remember reading, with relation to the want of religion, a rather interesting, because a very significant, sentence of a great writer: "The times of atheism have always been civil times"—times of peace, times with small excitement, times in which the life of a Nation was running smoothly though perhaps somewhat sluggishly; for if we look widely at history, we shall see that, when a Nation has become very wealthy, very prosperous, very luxurious, then the intellectual and the spiritual elements in that Nation tend to become overborne by the physical and the material, and so we notice in history that those "civil times" of which Bacon spoke, and which, he said, were characteristic of atheistic thought, have been times followed very shortly by National decay.

¹ A lecture delivered in Madras.

Nations growing over-wealthy and over-luxurious tend to lose acuteness of intellect, and still more to lose the keenness of spiritual insight. It has always been said by the great religious teachers of mankind that it is necessary for spiritual progress that a man should be self-controlled, that he should be abstemious as regards the luxuries of life, that he should be master of his body, and not permit his body to be master of mind and spirit. There is always a danger when things go too easily with a Nation. As a poet once said, "when wealth accumulates, men decay". A certain amount of hardness is wanted in the development of a healthy National life, and one who studied this side of man with some care put a curious proposition, which is by no means without a kernel of truth. Speaking of war, and saying, rather rashly, not being a prophet, that we were not likely to have much war at the stage of civilisation that mankind has reached, James said that Nations would require some substitute for war, that war brought out qualities of courage, of strength, of endurance, of power to resist hardship and to live without the luxuries of life; and what, he asked, in a civilisation which tends to grow soft and enervating, can we have which will take the place of war as a strengthener of man? He went on to point out the possibility that voluntary poverty might take the place of war—not the forced poverty that ruins the body, makes weak the will and breaks the heart, not the miserable poverty that we see around us in every civilised Nation, but a voluntary choice of a simple and non-luxurious life, a poverty embraced, as a great Christian Saint embraced it, voluntarily undergone and not compulsorily endured. James thought that that might take the place perhaps of war, after war had become impossible for civilised people, and that it would supply the mental stimulus which goes with a simple and abstemious life, and prevents the luxuries of life from tending to mental, spiritual and even physical decay.

Looking then at that historical fact, we have seen that with the decay of thought and the decay of religion, a Nation tends to become over-luxurious and so strikes the knell of its own coming death. We may look around the European civilisation

and see that this terrible outbreak of war has perhaps rescued Europe from being over-luxurious on the one side, and oblivious of the terrible and brutalising poverty upon the other. It has made a call to many of the higher qualities of self-denial and self-sacrifice, the giving up of all that people say makes life worth living, and to the great ideal that makes man feel that he has risen above the animal, that there is something greater than physical life, something nobler than physical enjoyment. So we find, looking at religion, that it is essentially an aspiration to the higher Self. The essence of religion, that which is common to all religions, is the aspiration of the heart towards God, the searching for God, and God's answer to the searching. Looking at human nature, we find that the thirst for God, as one great Hebrew writer called it, is an integral part of the human constitution.

Many people, mistaking what religion means and seeing the quarrels, the controversies, the hatreds, the strifes that have risen out of it, say that we should be better without religion, and that we should throw religion aside, for it breeds mischief, dissension, quarrel and hatred. But it is useless to say to mankind: "Throw religion aside." Man is so constituted in his inner nature that there is an inextinguishable thirst within him which nothing but the knowledge of God can satisfy. For a time, it may be, especially in youth, he is easily satisfied with the outer things of life, but when the difficulties of life have to be met, when the laws of life are experienced, when sorrow wrings the heart and disappointment breaks the courage, then it is that in man awakens the thirst for God, and it was truly said by S. Augustine that "man can never find rest until he finds rest in Thee". That was once put very beautifully by an English poet, George Herbert, who was mystic in his thought, quaint in his poetry. He put his thought long after S. Augustine, and he threw it into poetical form:

When God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can—
Let the world's riches; which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made away ;
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure.
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay ;

For if I should (said He)
 Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness ;
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to My breast.

The thought there is at once beautiful and true. Man's progress is made by disappointments. Just as a mother coaxes a child to walk by holding up some glittering object so that the child strives to crawl and then walk to reach it, so does God play with His children. God dangles in front of them some shining object. "Come," He practically says, "and take this toy," and the child strives after it and exerts its strength in striving: it is wealth, or power, or fame, or pleasure; but whatever it is, the only value of it is in the effort to reach it, and not in the holding after it is won. A man becomes wealthy, but his wealth burdens him; he finds pleasure, but pleasure cloyes him; he grasps power, and he finds his pillow full of thorns; he seeks satisfaction in one thing after another, and everything breaks to pieces in his hands, and turns, like the fruit of that fabled tree in Milton's Hell, into ashes in his mouth; and then at last, after many disappointments, having gained the value of the striving in the development of his mind and in the power of his emotions, then at last, wearied with all worldly toys, he turns to God alone, and finding in the divinity within him the power of answer to the divinity without, then and then only is his aspiration satisfied, and he finds his rest in Him who is verily himself. And so all the great struggles of man, whatever they may be, are really struggles to find Brahman, who is bliss. He seeks happiness: he does well;

it is a true instinct although his methods are mistaken; inasmuch as the very heart of the universe is love and joy, inasmuch as God is love and God is bliss, that yearning after happiness felt by every child of man is really an aspiration after God; that is an impulse to progress, that is a spur to all true endeavour; and so the very essence of religion is the motive power of evolution, and a Nation, as well as an individual, can only progress by the power of the Spirit within. That is true of religion as a whole. Any special religion has its value in its partaking of that aspiration after God. If you take the separate religions, then you will find that in a Nation's life, the religion by which the Nation has been built up stamps its civilisation and guides its polity.

Look over the great religions of the world, as we have known them in the so-called historical times, and you will find that each type of civilisation differs as the religion on which that civilisation is built gradually shapes and moulds it to its own likeness. If you take Hinduism, the oldest of the Aryan religions, you find that the whole of the Hindū polity is built up on its religion. The whole of the mighty civilisation of the past is the outcome of its religion. You have not only the Vedas and the Upanishads, showing a mighty intellect and giving you a splendid philosophy, a marvellous spirituality; you have also a set of books that you know as the Dharma Shāstras, the law which lays down the conduct of the people and gives a definite line of evolution which the people should follow. Similarly, you find that side by side, penetrated with the religion, you have the knowledge, the science of the old Hindūs. You find that within the six great Darshanas, and four of them are practically given to science. If you take Sāṅkhya, Patañjali, Nyāya, Vyākaraṇa, what have you there but science of the deepest and the most splendid description? Some of you may have seen that remarkable book by Brijendranath Seal on the science of the old Hindūs, on which I am writing in *New India*. You find in those conceptions of Sāṅkhya, conceptions of modern science precisely, definitely and accurately voiced, with a depth of understanding, of power, of abstract

thought that has never been outdone in the modern world. You find the very foundations of modern science laid down there as part of the philosophy of Hindū antiquity.

Of all philosophy, the ancient Hindū told us that all philosophy has for its end to put an end to pain. Ask any of the great philosophies what is its object? "To put an end to pain," is the answer; and then there comes another significant verse, that you might as well try to roll up the ākāsha like leather as to give happiness to man without the knowledge of God. So you find that, whether in philosophy or in science, this mighty Hindū religion has moulded Indian life, has inspired Indian thought, has stimulated Indian action; for you must not forget that I have not time to dwell upon it in any detail, not only with regard to religion as such, but also the right conduct of man, as politics. Some of the other books dealt with the constitution of States, with the relation of the citizens to the State, and shaped and moulded the lives of the people; and I do not know that anywhere, in the ancient or modern world, you will find a single religion that so touches human life at every point as Hinduism has done, whether in the conduct of the individual or as shaping the larger life of the Nation. In Hinduism, as in another Eastern faith familiar to you—the religion of the Hebrews—you will find that all that was wanted to make the life of the people healthy and happy came to them with the authority of religion. You know it so well with regard to your own religion. You know how often the laws of sanitation, of hygiene, of cleanliness, of being scrupulously careful with water, with food, and with drink, and so on, come in as part of the religious duty of man. It was the same with the Hebrews.

I do not suppose that you have studied very much the old laws of Moses, but if you have, you will find that in those laws, meant for the guidance of the Hebrew Nation, are laid down particulars of the daily life of the people that may often remind you of the laws laid down by your own great teachers. To a man of the ancient day, there was no division in life between religion and the whole life of man. If he was

healthy, his religion taught him how to become healthy. If his town was sanitary and well looked after, he was obeying the precepts of his religion that came to him with that external authority. The difficulty you will have in reading the Mosaic books, is that they are mixed up with crudities, because the Jewish Nation was not in those early days a highly educated nor an artistic Nation. You will come across phrases so curious, and occasional comments so immoral, that you are apt to overlook the value of the other parts of the Mosaic teachings. There are some absurd statements, some immoral statements as regards women; others made a duty of persecution: if a man did not follow the law of the Hebrew deity, then he was to be slain. Those are blots that belong rather to the nature of the people, I think, than to the teachings of their Prophet, just as you will find occasionally in the laws of Manu phrases which are impossible to accept as coming from the real writer of those valuable laws of a Nation. All ancient books are subject to that difficulty. You must use intelligence in reading them, and you must learn to discriminate between the words of the Sage, and that which is very often the gloss of a later commentator who, in order to serve the purpose of the moment, wrote into the original manuscript something which was useful for the time, as he thought, but was utterly out of accord with the ancient teaching that he injured and lowered in the minds of the thoughtful.

You may turn from Hinduism and take other religions which, one after another, had a National life based upon them. The second great religion that followed on Hinduism, going further west along the border of the Mediterranean, in Egypt, Cyprus, etc., was a religion peculiarly scientific in its nature. The Egyptian religion was based on the knowledge of the physical world and of the physical body of man. Very much of your own Hatha Yoga is closely connected with a similar form of Yoga among the Egyptians. They studied the body of man in relation to the body of the universe, and found out the relations between the parts of the human body and the larger parts of the great

organism of the solar system. Those of you who have studied the deeper thoughts of Hatha Yoga will find that the line of thought and practice is familiar in many of the Tantras. It almost seems as though Hinduism were the parent religion of the religions of the West, as the Aryan ethnological stock is the parent of all the emigrations that went out westward. You find in that Mediterranean and Egyptian civilisation one more type of civilisation moulded entirely by the religion of the people. You find the Science that made the precision of Egypt the marvel of the world, and made their priests able to perform so-called miracles, which were simply the utilisation of some of the generally unknown laws of nature to produce results which, as it were, convinced the ignorant, not by appealing to the mind, but by dazzling the senses.

Annie Besant

FROM THE FAR EAST

[The following are extracts from letters of an earnest Theosophist who has been travelling in China and Japan. We reproduce them as we think they are sure to interest our readers.—Ed.]

IN A CHINESE TEMPLE

WE made our way to a Taoist temple. Like most Chinese temples it had a large courtyard containing a large incense burner, and rooms at the end of it, in the main one of which the services were held. We were very lucky in arriving in the middle of a service, which seemed very greatly to resemble a Roman Catholic service. Indeed, except that the music was Chinese and the priest's robes embroidered with Chinese designs, it was almost exactly like the Roman Catholic in places—the chief priest being covered with a long, loose red silk robe, embroidered in gold all over, which acolytes spread out, with many bowings to the altar, burning of incense, chanting of music, and so on.

The shrine itself had no god in it, only tablets with inscriptions on them. This was in front of the priests, but a smaller altar on which were offerings of fruit, cakes, etc., two red candles burning in lanterns, and a censer containing burning sandalwood, stood behind the priests, and to this they turned during a part of the service, with bowings and prostrations. All the time the chief priest chanted his part in a curious sort of suppressed guttural voice, as though he intended to keep it soft and quiet rather than loudly spoken.

In the courtyard outside incense sticks were burned in the big incense burner—a dozen at a time, laid flat on the ashes at the bottom of the censer, and this,

mingling with the sandalwood which was blowing about from within the building, had rather a pleasant smell. Later they burned silver paper and plain paper fashioned into the form of the silver "tael," the old currency of China, in the big brazier. A curious thing was that the chief priest had in his hands all the time a long piece of very highly polished ivory, about a foot long or more and about three inches wide, which he held about a foot in front of him most of the time with both hands, sometimes performing certain gestures with it, and sometimes purifying it on the side nearest him by passing close to it a piece of burning sandalwood. Subsequent enquiry elicited that the purpose of the ivory was to shield the altars from his breath so that they should not be polluted. The music was of the usual Chinese kind, *i.e.*, several wooden instruments which were tapped or rattled, cymbals, a very big, deep-sounding drum and two gongs, the latter the sweetest-sounding gongs I have ever heard. They had that clear, clean sound, like a ringing glass, or astral music.

I was much impressed with the dignity and earnestness of the chief priest, and with the very graceful way in which he performed the various movements of his hands and the different postures. I noticed too that all the priests participating had very nice, refined faces. It appeared that F. knew one of the subordinate priests, a young man, about twenty-seven I think, who detached himself from the service and invited F. into a small room to talk. After watching the service for some time we joined them in the guest room, and there found the young man, who had divested himself of his officiating robe of black and red and was dressed in a long robe of light blue silk, and an old gentleman dressed in dark stuff, who was the head man of the temple. He had a very humorous, wizened old face, with twinkling eyes and a little white beard on the point of his chin in the usual Chinese fashion. We all sat round a table and were immediately given tea in little handle-less cups with an inverted saucer on the top, as I described in my room the night before I started, and some small etceteras, such as salted melon seeds, little biscuits, and dried fruit.

A DINNER AND A TALK ON YOGA

Then we had a very long talk with these priests on religious matters and on Yoga. They seemed to be fairly well up in it, and at once indicated the two and a half turns that the consciousness follows, and so on; I gathered that they meditated on the solar plexus mostly, and they told us they ended by going out in full consciousness at the top of the head. We told them that we followed the Indian system, and gave them a rough outline, which they quite understood, and after about half an hour of such talk a servant produced bowls of food, but we explained that we did not eat meat and learned that vegetarian diet was thoroughly well understood there, that in all the temples they have vegetarian food only, and that in any Chinese restaurant, if you ask for "su-tsai" diet, you get pure vegetarian stuff, and that the variety is quite as great as in their meat diet—rather useful to know.

Well, being assured all was well in that respect, we could not refuse our very kind hosts, though I did not like the sight of a very dirty thumb of the servant dipping occasionally into the gravy or soupy part. However I decided that the thumb of China could not be much grubbier than the thumb of India, which generally manages to obtrude itself into everything we have to put in our mouths! And at least the stuff was boiling hot, which would help to sterilise it. So we set to. But first we were handed steaming hot, damp towels with which to wipe our hands. This appears to be the usual Chinese custom and is supposed to be very refreshing, and I must say it certainly was so. I wondered whether they also do this in the hot season. Two or three times we were given these, and again when we had finished our food. The food, which was in small bowls, proved quite simple, a kind of vermicelli with a few mushrooms in a thin soup of brown colour made from Soya beans, tasting like weak marmite. This we had to attack with ivory chopsticks. Fortunately I had a day or two before instructed L. in the principle of their use, as of course I had tried them occasionally last time I was in Japan, so that, if not

graceful, at least we acquitted ourselves very well, and with credit to the versatile powers of the first Ray!

We gathered in the course of conversation, all translated by F., that they were not a contemplative order and did not practice any form of Yoga, though other similar orders did, and that they performed that particular service four times every day, as well as various other services, and that its special purpose was to spread harmony and peace and enlightenment upon all the world. We were very attracted to these two people, and the old man, when he learned we practised meditation, kept repeating at intervals: "Never give it up," "On no account stop half way," "Keep on, keep on till you reach the final goal," and so on.

I was particularly attracted to the younger man. He quite won my heart. A well built, energetic man with a very pleasant and refined face, and nothing at all washy or weak about him, most charming manners and an exquisite courtesy that made one feel that Europeans were crude, clumsy, uncouth barbarians compared to their wonderful ease and polish, as though the centuries had rubbed all their crudeness away from the race. I only regretted that I could not speak his language and so cultivate his permanent acquaintance.

THE POWER OF THEOSOPHY

Well, after about an hour and a half it began to grow late in the afternoon and we took our departure, both of them coming to the door of the temple to say good-bye—a very marked indication of special consideration, I believe. Indeed I think they regarded us with decided respect when they learned we really seriously devoted ourselves to the higher life. It occurred to me afterwards that it is a wonderful tribute to the power of Theosophy to unify the world, that an Englishman and an Australian and two Chinamen can meet in the heart of China in a Chinese temple, and never having met before, and knowing nothing whatever of each other's religious views, can instantly establish a bond of sympathy and complete understanding and fraternity.

AT HONG-KONG

Being Sunday, all the European quarter was shut up, and as we only had an afternoon, it was no use hunting up Mrs. ———, even if we could have found the address, as we should have had no time to see the place. So after luncheon we took rickshaws to see the place and told them to take us all round; so they did!—first to the hospital, then to the racecourse, then to the cemetery, where they vainly endeavoured to make us walk through it, next to a church!! That finished me.

I made them take us back so that we might start again. So we walked, looking at the shops in China town till dusk, and then we took rickshaws again and made them take us all round the Chinese quarters so as to see it all lighted up at night. It was rather interesting and rather weird, the lanterns were lighted outside the shops, and dimmer lights were burning in shrines to the joss at the back of the shops, and simply swarms of people were about all over the streets. Once or twice we got a rather nasty feeling (psychic), at one place particularly, and as we passed about fifty yards further on, we met a couple of policemen, English, patrolling in pairs, armed with revolvers. I suppose it was rather a nasty spot. However, the people were perfectly orderly as far as one could see. It was very overcrowded, and in places there was much dirt, but not any worse than many parts of the bazaar in Bombay (not so bad I think) or many parts of the East End of London, and people were far more orderly and well behaved than is the case in the East End of London.

I find much that is attractive in the Chinese people. They have a certain polish and refinement, even the lowest of them, which one does not find in a similar class in the West, as though, being an old race—like stones that have been rolling against each other for centuries in a river bed, all the angles have been rubbed off. They are a very dignified race too, and one gets also a feeling of restraint and good taste in their dress and art, and so forth, which makes one feel a certain respect for them. I was interested to observe that even the poorest were endeavouring to grow plants in

porcelain pots in the windows of their little tenements, which shows innate good instincts.

The men's dress, in the best cases, is also very good, rich and refined, without being aggressively gaudy, very vivid turquoise or a similar blue combined with much dark blue or black, which throws up the lighter colour well. It is also not an effeminate costume, which the Jap kimono is rather inclined to look on men. Sometimes other tones of pale blue are used for the whole costume with pleasing effect. I only saw one pigtail—they have given them up, it seems, since the Revolution—which I regret, since it was a picturesque and harmless addition to the Chinese make-up. A long, silky pigtail has a certain attractiveness, at least I think I can see what quality they would admire in it. Also practically all above the poorest classes dress in silk, which gives a certain charm and refinement to their appearance; excellent silks they seem to be too.

I am not able to see so much in the women. They dress, as you no doubt know, in a short, loose sac coat, generally of dark colour, to below the hips, and very loose, short trousers below, and very heavily pomaded hair, combed back and tied at the neck into the most formal of knots. It appears that they endeavour to conceal or remove every possible attribute of sex in the women's appearance. The women at any rate are not eternally occupied with children, as are most European women. They do not let them interfere with the chief occupations of life, and do not live only for them, as do the western mothers. They would not, I think, need your theory of having all children brought up by the State!

I heard some Chinese music, but it was very noisy, in fact deafening—much banging of cymbals and rattling, etc., but was interested to discover the chief instrument to be identical with the wind instrument which the Indians play at weddings—identical in shape and very similar in melody, as far as I could judge.

EASTER IN HOLY RUSSIA

By ANNA KAMENSKY

The Christ has arisen!

In truth, He has arisen!

(Russian Greeting at Easter).

THERE is no holy day or festival so beloved in Russia as Easter. It brings the memory of great spiritual events, it brings a great message for the future, and it brings also the beautiful Spring with the fresh renewal of the world.

Russian thinkers and poets have laid great stress on this fact, saying that the love of Russia for the Easter festival is an intuitional love, connected with her world-mission. The idea of Resurrection, being such a deep, mystical idea, awakens the deepest yearnings and dreams in the Russian soul, and stirs her to seek for the realisation of the Spirit of the Christ upon earth. The festival of Easter brings tidings of joy and a promise of liberation from the fetters of the lower nature, which are the more dramatically felt because the aspirations are so high. We must also not forget that in the so-called pagan times Russians had a sun-god, Yarillo ("Yar" means glow and ripening). He appeared at the spring equinox as a fair youth with golden hair and blue eyes, with a sheaf of rye in his hands, and this was an occasion of great rejoicing and festivals. (Yarillo was the Protector of Love also, and so all the weddings were celebrated on the first Sunday after Easter.) So the ancient memories of the people add to the charm of this much beloved holy day.

Easter is preceded in Russia by a period of seven weeks—Lent, during which many beautiful ceremonies are performed and an earnest preparation is made for the Holy Week, the seventh. This week is full of very impressive services, which

take place three times a day. An ancient Slavonic prayer, which is uttered several times each day, gives the key-note of these solemn days.

The priest comes from the altar in simple garments, kneels down with the praying crowd and says :

Lord, Master of my life !

Make me free from the spirit of idleness, despondency, wilfulness and gossip !

But give me the spirit of chastity, humility, patience and love !

O Thou Lord and King, help me to see my sins and to cease from judging my brother, as Thy Glory is for ever and ever !

The night service on Holy Thursday is especially interesting, when fragments from all twelve Gospels are read, and every one has a lighted candle in his hand. After the service every person brings home his candle, and the streets are full of charming and sparkling processions, for every one bears his light in closed hands or in coloured paper.

On Friday and Saturday the Church celebrates the passing away of the great Teacher of Christianity, His crucifixion, His agony, His death and burial ; and the Church itself, with its funeral rite, seems changed into a vast tomb. But on Saturday, at midnight, the priest at the altar proclaims :

"The Christ has arisen !"

At once the choir sings a joyful Alleluia, and all the bells in all the churches begin to ring. The streets are illuminated and offerings of lights and flowers are made everywhere. There is a beautiful midnight service, followed by a Mass. People come back home at three o'clock and later, and break the seven weeks' fast by consecrated food.

The whole Sunday and the first three days of the Easter Week the bells ring the whole day. People meet each other with the greeting : "Christ has arisen !" the answer being : "In truth, He has arisen !" And then they kiss each other three times and exchange coloured eggs, the symbol of life eternal. For those days all Russians are brothers and sisters, and meet as such.

At Easter nobody is forgotten. The people visit the hospitals of the poor, the asylums, the prisons, and everywhere flowers are brought, cakes and eggs. In the prisons the doors are opened that the prisoners may hear the chimes, and cakes and eggs are brought to their cells.

Nobody can refuse to answer an Easter greeting ; the highest aristocrat and the humblest peasant are brethren.

Many touching stories and legends are attached to the celebration of this great day. One relates the story of a robber who entered a house during the Easter night, when the family and the servants were all gone to church. He penetrated into the bedroom of an old lady, who was an invalid and therefore had to stay at home. She was kneeling before a holy image. When the door opened, she stood up, turned, and seeing an unknown person, she remembered that it was a holy night and said joyously, opening her arms : "The Christ has arisen !" The robber forgot his bad thoughts and answered : "In truth, He has arisen !" They kissed each other, and there he was in the arms of the old lady, and then, later, at her feet, sobbing and confessing his whole life. The Easter greeting had purified him, and lo !—a new man was born.

This year there must be a wonderful Easter in Russia. Surely all feel brethren, born to a new and beautiful life, and all greet each other with the old, holy greeting, putting into it a new and deep meaning. In every house there is a solemn joy, but most especially in those where one beloved has returned from the snows of Siberia, the tomb of the fortress, or the desert of exile, and where hearts which went through anguish and despair, are thrilling with a wonderful hope. How great the joy of those who return from abroad and who hear again after many years the Russian Easter chimes !

"The Christ has arisen," sing the bells in many tones.

And the heart of every Russian, pierced all these weary years with the sword of anguish, answers gladly and reverently : "In truth, He has arisen !"

Anna Kamensky

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES OF INDIA

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

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

WORK, work, work—is the Theosophist's motto just now. The following little poem by Henry van Dyke, published in a recent issue of *To-Day*, puts what ought to be his sentiments into a rather pretty form.

MY TASK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
 In field, or forest, at the desk or loom,
 In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
 Let me but find it in my heart to say,
 When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
 "This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
 Of all who live, I am the one by whom
 This work can best be done, in the right way.
 Then I shall see it not too great, nor small,
 To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
 Then shall I cheerful greet the labouring hours
 And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall
 At eventide, to play, and love, and rest,
 Because I know for me my life is best.

It is a relief to turn from hymns of hate and the talk of reprisals to a letter like this which I have taken from the *Times of India*. It expresses the truly Theosophical spirit, though the author has, as far as I know, nothing whatever to do with the T.S.

Sir,—Will you permit me to make a brief appeal? Your leading articles are generally written in such excellent spirit that it was a great disappointment to read in your issue of the 22nd instant remarks of a vengeful and vindictive tone. There is enough of the Prussian bully in most men to render it superfluous for our newspapers to "breathe out threatenings and slaughter" against the men, women and children inhabiting some of the fairest provinces in Germany. The frank admission in the article I refer to that the sentiments "may be brutal and anti-Christian" encourages the hope that we shall hear no more of them. The perils of victory are very real, and they lie very much in the direction of wreaking ruthless vengeance on the poor, who are least of all Germany's people responsible for her villainies. We need your help, Sir, in the difficult duty of controlling our feelings and cherishing as generous thoughts as we are capable of. One is confident that you will not fail us, for three months ago you told us that "the real end we have to serve is not so much to win the fight as to deserve to win"; and "if we deserve to win, then nothing else matters". We shall deserve to win and we shall avoid the perils of victory, only if we are able to rule our spirits and restrain our wrath.

ANDREW R. LOW.

JAIPUR, RAJPUTANA,
 24th March, 1917.

Another writer in the same controversy remarks:

I do not yield to you in loathing of German barbarism as exemplified by its military leaders, and it is because of that loathing that my gorge rises at the thought of our imitating it. I also entirely share your wish that no peace should be considered until Germany has been punished by defeat for the crimes of this war and forced to make reparation for them. But, your rebukes notwithstanding, I do look forward to a time when Germans shall have ceased to be the moral lepers of Europe, and when, by a change in their whole mentality, they can be welcomed back to their proper place in the community of European nations with feelings in which detestation will have given place to fraternity.

It is encouraging to be reminded that in the midst of the turmoil there are still people who are able to separate the sinner from his sin and to give him a fair chance of redeeming himself.

This scrap has been sent me from *Light*. It is a little vague, but it hints at interesting things, and at any rate points out to us where we may find more definite information.

That the body—especially the hand—normally radiates a force or influence is well known. In the *Bulletin de l'Institut Général Psychologique*, Paris, 1905 (No. 2), there is an account of some interesting experiments made by Dr. Favre in investigating the action of the human hand upon plants. Common garden-cress seeds were placed upon damp blotting-paper and submitted to the influence (1) of the right hand, (2) of the left hand, and (3) of both. The results showed that the hand does apparently exercise an action over the germination and growth of plants. It was found that the right hand is the most active and that six minutes treatment of the seeds the first day sufficed for the influence of the hand to be a marked feature during the whole period of germination. It was also observed that the health of the operator determined to a great extent the emission of the force. Dr. Favre's experiments have an additional interest when it is borne in mind that the fakirs of India claim to be able to accelerate the growth of plants by making passes over them.

A wide field of investigation and experiment opens up before those who are interested in "the powers latent in man". Mr. Leadbeater speaks of the "lucky hand" some people have in dealing with plants. According to what he tells us the influence of the personality of human beings on the vegetable kingdom is very definitely noticeable. It varies very much in different cases—possibly with the health of the person concerned—but certainly with his general make-up in the subtler worlds. In *The Hidden Side of Things* we read:

Emotion in the vegetable kingdom is again far less complex even than that of the animal, and it is altogether vaguer—a sort of blind instinctual feeling. The chief physical manifestation of it is the well-known fact that some people are always fortunate with plants, while others are always unfortunate, even when the physical measures adopted are precisely the same. . . . When this influence is universal over the vegetable kingdom it is not a question of individual liking, but of certain characteristics in the person, and certain qualities in his astral and etheric vehicles which prove generally attractive, just as there are some people with whom all dogs will at once make friends, and others who without effort can manage the most recalcitrant horses.

It adds a new interest to our gardens when we realise how much depends on our personal relation to our plants.

THE EASTER CONVENTION

By T. L. CROMBIE

TWO outstanding events mark the South Indian T.S. Convention which was held at Adyar from the 6th to the 9th of April last. They were the presence of Mrs. Besant and the inauguration of the Brotherhood of Service.

Up to the present we have had to do without Mrs. Besant at our Easter gatherings in Adyar, and so far we have not managed badly, for they have always been a success. Doubtless it is only on the physical plane that we have been really bereft of her presence. Somehow or other, however, this year it happened that she was in Adyar, so she allowed her name to be put down on the programme for one public lecture on "Work for the Coming". But most of us felt—and rightly—that since Mrs. Besant was at Adyar, her activities on behalf of the Convention would not be restricted to one lecture—truly magnificent as that lecture was. It was on Saturday afternoon (April 7th) in the gaily coloured and crowded hall at Headquarters that she told us of the Coming of the Great One, and of the urgent necessity for work of preparation. Especially she laid stress on the duty of every one to help in some way in the educational progress of this land. The lecture seemed to contain within it the special message for the Convention. It was inspiring—but it was strenuous. "Work" was the watchword of the last two Conventions, but this April it seemed as if the cry were: "And still more work"; and that we might rise to the call, a difficult call, we had this time in our midst the greatest worker of us all.

The Brotherhood of Service came into being during these four crowded days. On the seventh of April, seven men and one woman renounced all their worldly possessions and dedicated themselves to a life of poverty in the service of humanity. Robed in white, with blue girdle, blue scarf, and a silver jewel, they quietly came into one of the morning meetings—to the astonishment of nearly every one, for few knew what it meant—and then Mr. Jinarājādāsa told us of this Brotherhood, of their vow of obedience to their Server, Mrs. Besant, and of their renunciation. There are grades of the Order—Associates and Lay Brothers, who give one-tenth of their possessions; Probationers, who are not yet ready for full admission; and Novices. These brave servers were the people during the Convention, and Mr. Arundale seems to be extremely happy that an Order of which he has dreamed has at last come into concrete form. The jewel that the Brothers wear is peculiarly attractive. It consists of a ten-pointed sun within a circle, and in the central circle of this sun is raised a five-pointed star.

We had splendid lectures all through the Convention. Mr. Arundale started with one on "Theosophy and Education," in which he showed the enormous part the former had to play in the training of the child of the future. He also divided children up into different coloured groups, and introduced us to "crimson" children, who, he said, were "charming little creatures". Mr. Jinarājādāsa with his magic lantern spoke on "Child Welfare in a Model Municipality". His slides are excellent. He also lectured on "Theosophy and the World's Reconstruction," in which he talked of the "democracy of the Spirit," and "votes for babies". He was "going some," as the Americans would say, or as I imagine they would say.

Telugu and Tamil lectures were provided respectively by the Hon. Mr. V. K. Ramanujachariar and Pandit A. Mahādeva Shāstrī, Director of the Adyar Library. They were on "Varṇashrama Dharma" and "Vishishtādvaitism in the Light of Theosophy," and seemed to have been exceedingly interesting.

Sunday was a very busy day. We had the Business Meeting, at which Mrs. Besant presided and listened with the closest attention to the reports from the various Lodges and Districts. There was general lamentation at the departure of Brother T. Ramachandra Rao from the South, where he is very much missed. Mr. Wadia, who was the President of the Convention and who has an intimate knowledge of Theosophical activities in South India, read his Report on what had been done, what had not been done, and what still remained to be done. Mr. Wadia is strenuous!

Mrs. Besant also found time to initiate some new members into the Society—a delightful little ceremony—as well as to meet the Madanapalle teachers and boys, and give them a little talk. There was a ladies' meeting also, I believe, held on Sunday, but a mere man might not enter therein.

Justice and Mrs. Sadasivier entertained us to a cosmopolitan breakfast—just as last year, only Mrs. Besant was present this time. It was a pleasant and brotherly gathering. On Sunday also the Stalwarts held a meeting, at which Mr. Dandekar, the Secretary, gave rather a hopeful account of their progress in breaking down caste barriers; but he was followed by Mr. Manjeri Ramaier of Calicut—one of the best known and best loved figures at our Convention, and certainly our wittiest speaker—who, like Mr. Wadia, looks anxiously to what has to be done rather than contemplates with satisfaction what has been done. Mr. Ramaier is a *pucca* Stalwart, and quite openly breaks caste rules all the year round, not only during Conventions.

Sunday closed with music. Mrs. Hotchner gave a sacred concert at which she herself sang most beautifully and at which Mrs. Besant recited; Mr. R. Srinivasan of Trivandrum conducted a *Harikathā* for those who preferred the music of the East.

Concurrent with the Convention was the E.S. Conference; and it was rather remarkable that each of the four E.S. meetings held was taken by a different person—Mr. Jinarājādāsa, Mr. Wadia, Mrs. Besant and Mr. Arundale—a fact which undoubtedly added variety to our spiritual instruction.

Four fleeting days, and all is over. Many of our friends return to their villages to work there for months, living on and feeding others with the inspiration they have gained at Adyar. But next Easter we hope to see them all again—for these Conventions are pleasant opportunities for reunion and very good for us all socially as well as spiritually.

T. L. Crombie

THE WAITING WORLD

The waiting World is hush'd to silence deep,
List'ning for footfalls of her Coming Lord.
The moaning Earth is quiv'ring in her sleep
With age-long hopes, and bitter tears outpour'd
Upon her sin-stained breast. Lone souls, who creep
To shelter from her wrath, in prison barr'd,
Where darkness hides each face with sorrow scarr'd,
Await His word.

The waiting world awakens from her rest,
Watching the glory from His robes of gold;
The dawning Day draws near, and hopes so blest
Fruition full await from centuries old.
With garments rent, and sins all unconfessed,
Grief-stricken eyes just meet His look of Love;
No condemnation there, the Heavenly Dove
Proclaims His Peace.

CARRIE CROZIER.

THEOSOPHICAL NOTES AND NEWS

INDIA

Bro. H. K. Mehta, Asst. General Secretary, Indian Section, T. S., was in Ahmedabad from March 25th to the 4th inst. During his stay he gave nine public lectures in Gujarati on "Theosophy and Religious Ideals," "Theosophy and Educational Ideals," "Theosophy and Social Ideals," "Science and the Existence of God," "Ideals of Human Life," "The Law of the Survival of the Fittest and the Law of Self-Sacrifice," "Perfect Men or the Masters," "The Message of Zoroaster," "The Necessity of a World Teacher". The audience consisted largely of students, and the lectures were greatly appreciated. Besides these he gave one lecture to the ladies only on "What Kind of Mothers India Needs," one to the Nāgar community on "The Caste, Its Origin, Object and Future," one to the students of the P. R. Training College on "The Duties of an Ideal Teacher," one to the Widows' Home on "The Duties of Widows" and one to the night school students on "The Birthday of Shri Rāmachandra". Besides these he held three T.S. Lodge Meetings. Two new members were admitted. The work was very successful and has left an impression on the Ahmedabad public which is sure to bear fruit in the near future in the increased activities of the T.S. Lodge, Ahmedabad.

AT GUDIVADA

On the 28th and 29th of April special meetings were held at Gudivada in connection with the opening of the new T.S. Lodge Building. The members owe their new home to the generosity and hard work of their Secretary, Mr. T. G. Krishnamurti, a labourer in the field of Theosophical propaganda of whom they have reason to be proud. Mr. B. P. Wadia, from Adyar, presided over the meetings and delivered two public lectures. In his report the Secretary gave a short summary of the history of the Gudivada Lodge, which, as he remarked, has passed through the dangers of childhood and last December reached its majority. Some useful work has been done by the Lodge during the eighteen years of its existence, but from now on it is to be expected that its activities

will grow apace. Not only has it now a meeting place of its own, but a Library of 535 volumes has been presented by the Secretary as a further instrument for service to the public. The words of help and encouragement spoken by Mr. Wadia on this occasion have, we hope, inaugurated a period of sustained and energetic Lodge work.

FRANCE

The French Section is working heartily in spite of the turmoils and sorrows which surround us. A greater number of the Members, conscious of the responsibility of their own karmic burden, are trying steadily to relieve a part of that of the country. They endeavour to understand the work of the Masters in the great drama that is being performed partly upon French ground, and to be guided by events and circumstances in order to serve better.

Wherefore it is towards the warriors, towards the men on the stage, the direct working tools, that we are directing the main effort. A better opportunity than this will never occur for a man's consciousness to be affected, for never will consciousness find itself so highly raised by the sublimity of endurance and self-sacrifice. Every soldier will return from this war altered from what he was before. And we feel that it is our first duty to sow a few seeds of spirituality which will blossom later in the soil of the bravery and courage already obtained by our dear fighters. We must prepare the spiritual rebirth of heroic France.

We cannot help being satisfied with the result of our efforts, and it is with joy and thankfulness that we watch the Theosophical ideas spreading at the Front. More books and still more books are being sent out from our military lending library, and our little paper of the trenches, already mentioned, keeps on slipping in and spreading Theosophy under shrapnel, or amidst fire and sword. This little newspaper, *Kouroukshetra* by name (I need not say why we chose this name), is five months old.

French soldiers are very fond of trench papers like this, written by themselves. Almost every regiment has one of its own, edited in the trenches and printed in the country. Some are large and some are very funny, we are told, but our little *Kouroukshetra* is very special and has qualities that no other can claim. In fact one is struck by the elevation of mind shown by men who have been exposed to the most terrible dangers and the sorest privations for two and a half years, and who nevertheless have still the mentality and enthusiasm which their articles show.

And it is not only Karma, Reincarnation, the Life after Death, and so on, that occupy the minds of our soldier Theosophists, but also the necessity to prepare the other "*Kouroukshetra*" of the after-war. Social questions are thought out by them, and these

ideas are often expounded in our little paper. Real fraternity of arms, too, prevails in the paper, and we have contributors on the British, Belgian and Italian Fronts.

We Theosophists in their rear are also thinking of the after-war preparation. We shall have an important and difficult question to face when these millions of men, who have given up their professions and daily labours, return with a new mentality, but claiming their rights from the Nation. A group of very young people of the Order of the Star in the East is especially eagerly engaged in this question. I lately attended one of their meetings. There I noticed some of them wearing the blue uniform and decorated with the *croix de guerre*. They were evidently fresh from the trenches on a few days' leave, and were discussing gravely "reconstruction," "co-operation," "*cités ouvrières*," and so forth. One of the speakers, a mere boy, was making excuses for not being able to finish the presentation of a plan of his own conception, as his "class" had just been called into active service.

Another more elderly group of ladies and gentlemen are planning a new system of education, and discussing the possibility of permeating the present official system with Theosophical ideas.

But perhaps, of all places, it is Nice, on the Riviera, where Theosophical propaganda is the most active. This winter resort of pleasure and elegance of former days is still the rendezvous of those in search of rest and sunshine. A really active Lodge, presided over by the Comtesse Prozor, meets daily, receives visitors, and gives lectures and classes. So great is their zeal that, when in Nice lately, wherever we went we heard discussions about Theosophy; in clubs, in drawing-rooms, and even in the tramcars. The *curé* of the cathedral, being alarmed by the rapid progress of these ideas, bade his best preacher use his most eloquent language to warn his flock of the terrible danger of Theosophy. Sunday after Sunday for several weeks, this worthy priest strove painfully to explain Theosophy in his own way and warn all Catholics of its contagion. By means of the newspapers, which were prejudiced neither one way nor the other, he invited the Theosophists to come to church in order to be converted. This they did, but in return, and also through the newspapers, they requested the priests and Catholics to come to a cinema hall to hear the refutation of their arguments. More than six hundred people answered this invitation, and our friends were rewarded by enthusiastic applause. Events of this kind, occurring in war time, give great promise of what we may hope for in the future.

It is difficult for people who are not in our midst to understand the difficulties of all descriptions which hamper our work. For more than thirty months France has been deprived of many of her best and richest "departments". The roar of guns is within the hearing of Paris at a distance of fifty miles. From the first day of the War France has borne the heaviest economic and emotional burden conceivable, and from the beginning her children have been the living barrier between us and the enemy.

In spite of circumstances so critical and yet so wonderful, and the general mourning of our members, the Headquarters of our Society was built and is now open daily to the public who call at the library. Our lectures are attended by greater numbers than ever. Therefore we feel that we may rightly say that Theosophical work is on a level with national work, and that it is pouring into the heart of our beloved France its share of will, confidence, and the spirit of self-sacrifice.

M. B.

RUSSIA

From Russia comes the news that the Annual Convention held at the end of November (beginning of December—new style) was successful. Members gathered in great numbers from all branches and centres, and during the three days of the Convention much of earnest work was done.

The chief subject of discussion was the gift for the Headquarters building (200,000 roubles). There were three committees formed: for buying a piece of ground in Petrograd, for working out a whole scheme of the building or buildings, and for considering financial needs.

There were interesting papers read and addresses given. Two of the most interesting were: the address of Mme. Helena Pissareff, the President of the Kalouga branch, on "Human Evolution and the Mission of the Theosophical Society," and that of Mme. Eugenie Lineff, Professor at the Conservatory in Moscow, on "The Sects in the Caucasus and the Douhoborg".

The Convention ended with a concert, organised by the Art Circle, and the usual dinner party. There was also an exhibition of peasant industries, organised by the Bureau of Work, a Circle recently formed, which studies arts and crafts.

A. K.



THE

ADYAR BULLETIN

VOL. X

ADYAR, 15TH JUNE, 1917

No. 6

FROM THE EDITOR

I N order to protect the Vasantā Press from confiscation, I am not writing any political matter in *The Theosophist* and *THE ADYAR BULLETIN*. I cannot therefore explain my present position, but friends can easily discover it from the comments of the Indian Press on the speech of H. E. the Governor of Madras, and fully from *The Commonwealth* and *New India*. Besides my friends know my principles, and can therefore easily guess my attitude.

**

The Theosophist and the *BULLETIN* will go on quietly, serving the Theosophical Society by spreading its principles. Mr. B. P. Wadia and Mr. C. Jinarājādāsa will be responsible for their conduct, if I am unable to write in them. Mr. C. Jinarājādāsa is responsible for the *E. S.* All will go on tranquilly and peacefully, under the blessing of the Masters whom we serve. For myself, the Hand of the Highest protects me, and all is very well.

**

At Trichinopoly, whither I went lately to preside at a Theosophical Federation, I found that a second Lodge had been formed of an unusual character. It was founded by a Sāḍhu (Hindū ascetic) and is maintained by the community. Some of the members are Sāḍhus, some are householders; the Math—the community and its dwelling—is situated on a sacred spot, where a Yogi, or Mystic, reached Realisation, and the head of the Math which looks up to him built the Lodge and buildings, out of contributions from the devotees, and named the Lodge *Dakṣiṇāmūrti*, “especially to attempt the removal of various low superstitions among the public, and to the future receipt of an impetus and influence from the Brotherhood”. This help rendered by Sannyāsins to the Theosophical Society is a pleasant sign of the increasing friendliness between the T.S. and the fraternity that exercises the strongest influence over the Indian masses.

Ladies' meetings are now the order of the day almost wherever I go. There was a very pleasant meeting at the Shri Besant Lodge in Tanjore the other day, and I think the following extracts from an address presented to me will interest my foreign readers, as showing how Indian gentlewomen are following the course of events:

In welcoming you to our historic town, we beg leave to give expression to our sense of joy and feelings of deep gratitude for all you have done to wean our husbands and brothers from a disbelief in our ancient and noble religion, and make them realise the value of the priceless treasures locked up in the Upanishads, the *Gītā*, and the Purāṇas.

You have preached a higher and nobler ideal of Womanhood to our husbands and brothers, and you have emphasised the high and important position of Indian women in the life of the home and of the Nation. We have watched with interest your noble efforts to make our country self-respecting. We have noted with admiration your untiring efforts to make our country a respected member of the British Empire.

The women of India will become a great uplifting force as the old spirit revives in them, the spirit of the queenly, heroic women of elder days.

Friends will read with interest—those who see *New India*—of the formation of the Board of National Education, and will note the weighty character of the members of the Board. The name of Sir Rabindranath Tagore will be read with special pleasure by his many admirers in England and America. Many know that he is himself carrying on a school on National lines in his own garden, at Bhulpur, and teaching in the true Indian way. It is absolutely necessary to have some Schools and Colleges in which boys and youths can take refuge from purely secular and missionary schools, can breathe an air of religion and patriotism, and grow up into manly citizens of a free country. The proposed objects of the Association are:

The Society for the Promotion of National Education

DRAFT MEMORANDUM OF ASSOCIATION

1. The name of the Association is “The Society for the Promotion of National Education”.

2. The objects for which the Society is established are:

(i) To establish Universities, Colleges and Schools, under National control, which shall be open on equal terms to students of every faith, and in which instruction in his or her own faith shall be an integral part of education, unless the student be withdrawn therefrom by his parent or guardian:

(ii) To establish institutions for research, and for medical, industrial, commercial, agricultural, and other technical and vocational training, with dispensaries, hospitals, workshops, farms, and any other conveniences necessary for the same.

(iii) To establish Training Colleges for Teachers, Libraries, Museums, Clinics, Hostels, Gymnasias, etc.

(iv) To affiliate any educational institutions or organisations under Indian control, pursuing similar objects or any of them, on terms to be arranged between the Governing Body of the Society, or its Executive, and the local Committee.

(v) To do all such things as are incidental or conducive to the carrying out of the above objects.

The following, from the letter of invitation sent out by me defines the kind of education we hope to give:

The whole system must outline a complete scheme of National Education, from the infant to the finished graduate, with the necessary adjuncts of medical inspection, clinics, manual training,

workshops, etc. An effort will be made to adapt to Indian use the modern ideas of education, evolving the child's natural faculties, shaping the education to the needs of the child, not the child to an iron system. In view of the special and immediate necessity for industrial progress, special stress will be laid at first on the commercial, trade, and agricultural side of education, with the applications of science to industry and agriculture, but the Arts will not be forgotten, and a broad foundation will be laid on which culture may be built.

Such an education is a crying need in this country, but the Government does nothing to start or encourage it. We need some of the best brains of the country in commerce, manufactures, and applied science, and we propose to establish this education under the control of a Board of National Education, which will frame curricula, appoint examiners, conduct examinations, and issue diplomas in the different branches studied in its schools, colleges and workshops. These diplomas will become valuable, if we set up a high standard and maintain it.

It is proposed to teach all subjects in the schools under the Board in the vernacular of the Province, teaching English as a compulsory second language. Religious instruction, according to the pupil's ancestral religion, will be given. The curricula will be framed by the Board, and we may be sure that it will place Indian interests in the forefront, and will make India the centre of study, and the study of other countries adjuncts instead of primaries.

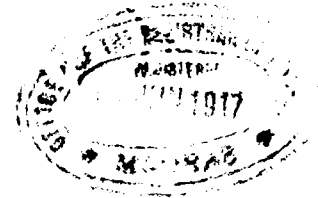
The scheme is a large and difficult one, as all may see, but the Central Hindū College, conceived and carried out in a similar spirit, proved to be a great success, and we meet young men all over the country who were students there, and who are now working faithfully for the Motherland.

* * *

Dr. R. V. Khedkar, Ph.D., F.R.C.S.I., the author of *A Handbook of Vedānta*, wishes to join the Theosophical Society, and our Lodges should gladly welcome a learned and able man, who will lecture specially on Vedānta. He has lately received from the Shri Shaṅkarāchārya of the Kohlapur Pīṭha the title of Vedānta-Bhūshan, Ornament of Vedānta. I also am glad to welcome the learned doctor.

* * *

It is good to see the vigorous work carried on by Lodges of the Society in Europe. The opportunity given to comforting hearts with the Wisdom is one which should be utilised to the full.



THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN NATIONAL LIFE

By ANNIE BESANT

(Concluded from p. 142.)

WHEN you turn from that to the better known civilisation of Persia, you find there in the religion of Zoroaster the essential characteristic of purity underlying everything, a civilisation largely based on agriculture, on cultivation of land, and side by side with that, a similar development of astronomy and astrology, so that all agricultural operations, as is also seen in India, were arranged on astrological calculations, and the beginnings of every great season of the year were marked by festivals of the planets, the sun and the moon. Right through that civilisation this idea of purity runs, and of the relation between the planetary bodies and man. You must be pure in thought, in word, in deed. You must be pure as far as your houses are concerned, as far as your towns are concerned, as far as your rivers are concerned. No Zoroastrian would have allowed rivers to be polluted, as they are polluted to-day in England by factories that pour all refuse into them and make them sources of poison instead of sources of health. Everywhere the law of purity ruled in that ancient Persia, with the result of a splendid, healthy, virile people, a long-lived Nation, because they obeyed the religious law which, carried out in life, gives health, strength and vigour.

But when you come to the next great civilisation and its religion, you come into an entirely different atmosphere. It was the religion and civilisation of Greece. There the key-note was Beauty; not spirituality of thought as in Hinduism, not

knowledge of science as in Egypt, not purity of life as in Persia, but beauty of life. When you think of Greece you always think of beauty. The most exquisite buildings come from her architecture. The grandest statues are imitations of her sculpture. The whole education of the Greeks was an education in beauty. The results of that on the life of the Nation were striking. The Greeks were surrounded by objects of beauty. Their city was full of architecture, the streets were the decorations of the capital. The Greek was the Nation of the most beautiful forms of humanity, because of the influence of beauty on the mind and the life of the people. Everything that the Greek used was artistic: his domestic vessels, his lamps, the things in which he carried water or cooked food were all beautiful, and the result of that was that the people were beautiful. The mother, surrounded with lovely objects, gave birth to children moulded into harmony and beauty by the beauty that surrounded her. That was the great teaching of Greece—the value of beauty in human life, and not only in outer objects created by the artist but in the beauty of language used by the poet, by the dramatist, by the philosopher. The form side of life had its perfection in Greece, and the whole religion of Greece was a religion of beauty which shaped the type of its civilisation.

That was succeeded in Rome by Christianity: an entirely different civilisation grew up as the life of the Nations of Europe. If you seek what was wanting in the elder days, you will find that what was left out was the sense of the value of the individual. You know how in Hinduism man is not an individual man: he is the man, the wife, and the child; it is the family and not the individual isolated human being—a far more perfect conception, the conception on which the State hereafter will be modelled. The conception of the family life extended to the life of the Nation, just as you find Manu telling people to look on the poor, the younger and the uneducated as children; to look on all equals as brothers and sisters; to look on all elders as fathers and mothers. That was the idea of ancient India as regards social gradation, and the whole caste system

is built up on that idea of elders, equals and younger. But that omitted a very essential part which was needed for the future evolution of man, and that essential part was given in the religion of Christianity. The doctrines of Christianity, you must have often noticed, have lost very much that belonged to the other religions of the world. The earlier Christianity lost the great doctrine of reincarnation, and so there was a danger of its losing the doctrine of immortality, though men clung to it against all reason and argument by the intuition that saved it. But you find in the history of Christendom that it is man's own soul that is the supreme matter of importance.

There grew up a strong individuality. There is no use in objecting to a fact of that kind which is necessary for human evolution. It was necessary to have a strong individual, and that could only be developed by effort. You have in Christendom a civilisation, not only individualistic but combative, one man striving against another, every man fighting for his own hand. It is not only a question of physical war; but it is a question of social war, it is a question of class war, and you do not find all those wars developed anywhere as you find them developed in Christendom—evil you may be inclined to think, short-sightedly—but it is not. It is working to a greater good. The example of Christ was sure in the long run to correct this necessary fault in the Christian teaching, not found in Himself but found in His Apostles. You must remember that Christianity was made by S. Paul far more than it was made by Christ Himself. It was S. Paul who gave a dogmatic side to Christianity and made religion into a Church—a very, very different thing. Gradually, however, it was inevitable that the example of Christ should correct the faults of the civilisation by the example of true self-sacrifice. You have that corrective in the teaching as well as the example of Christ.

"He that is greatest is he that doth serve." "Behold," He told His Apostles, "I am among you as he that serveth." Out of that came gradually the idea that strength was made for service and not for oppression, and that which you call in Christendom public spirit, patriotism, love of country, altruism

—all these were virtues that flowered out of that competitive system which had developed the strength necessary for the next step forward in human life; and strength linked to service is the ultimate lesson of Christianity.

Looking at that long past, then, of these great religions, we see one other had to be added—the religion of the great Prophet of Arabia; and it is there again profoundly interesting to see how that religion corrected some of the faults of the religion of Christianity, and brought to Europe what had been lost by the lack of knowledge in the Churches. Two marked characteristics there are in the religion of the great Prophet of Arabia. You see how it came out in the life of the Prophet Himself, courageous beyond the courage of man, calm and strong in the midst of uttermost peril, able to stand alone, convinced that He was not alone, for God was with Him. That strong Prophet of Arabia moulded a warrior civilisation on the one side, and a conquering civilisation followed in His steps. On the other side, there was knowledge, intellect, and science highly developed. It was the Prophet Himself that said, you may remember: “the pen of the scholar is greater than the blood of the martyr.” But for Him so many men had died; for Him so many of His followers had been murdered—He who inspired love so passionate that when one of His followers had been tortured for hours and hours, his eyelids cut off, his whole body made into a mass of gaping wounds, and his torturer turned to him and said: “Do you not wish that your Prophet was in your place?” “No,” he said, “by God, I would rather suffer ten times the tortures, than that the Prophet of God should be pierced by a single thorn.” Such love was felt by His first disciples to that wonderful Founder of Islām. You find in a religion such as that the dual note of the Prophet—the power of the conqueror, the power of the sword on one side: a military civilisation; the teacher of science on the other. It was Islām that brought back Science to Europe. It was the followers of the Crescent, when they conquered Spain, who brought Science from the Greeks, which they had gathered up in the later days from the neo-Platonic schools; and then under the guidance of the

son-in-law of the Prophet Muhammad they founded great schools in Arabia that grew into Universities, and in a hundred years made the followers of the Prophet life-bringers to the western world. There you have the shaping of a Nation's life by religion. Warriors and Scientists—those are the two marks of Muhammadan civilisation.

So looking over all these, we find in these different religions that each moulds the life of its own Nation, and that the spirit of the religion shapes the body of the National life. How does that affect us in India, where all the great religions are now found? Does it not strike you that in the ruling of Ishvara in His world there must be some reason why this Motherland of the Āryan race has living on her soil all the great religions which have been as it were born out of her womb? The Hindū here has his religion as active, as living, as compelling as ever. The Musalmāns are here the next greatest Indian community. The Pārsīs are here not very numerous, it is true, but are influencing the Indian life by that commercial life which they had developed strongly by their wealth, by their enterprise and by their knowledge. Christians are here, and in western and southern India there are great Christian communities that date back at least to the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, perhaps even to the second century A.D. So that there are hereditary Christians here, as much as most of you are hereditary Hindūs. They have a place here, not as aliēns but as children of the soil. We see the religion of Buddhism, founded here by Lord Buddha Himself, and spread into the other adjacent countries. We find all the great religions on this mother soil of India. How will they inevitably affect her National life?

It is clear that as the outer ways are different, the outer customs are different, the outer dogmas are different, we must look to the uniting power of the religions in the spirit of Religion more than in the outer forms. I might show you that, even in the outer forms, they are so closely welded together that anyone who knows them intimately could make parallel lines showing how in ceremonies,

rites and customs, they reproduce each other. Let me remind you only of one case. You all know that when your relatives pass away you perform shrāddha. You know the essential objects used in the shrāddha ceremony. You must have a material object, and you have it in a *Pinda*, and later in water. You must have a word of power—the *Mantra*. Without the *Mantra* what shrāddha could be performed? You must have certain gestures—*Mudrā*, the fingers form a part of the ceremony; the whole of these are more or less familiar. Only some of the younger men, who have not grown wise, think that this is all superstition.

Take for a moment the Roman Catholic ceremony, which is more closely allied to Hinduism than is Protestantism. It is no use converting a Hindū to Christianity. If you have the whole thing in your religion in a very perfect form, why should you take it in another form from another religion? The Roman Catholic teaches that there is the other side of death, and Roman Catholics perform for those who have passed onwards what you may call the Christian shrāddha—Mass for the dead. The idea is exactly the same as for Hindūs. You perform your shrāddha in order to help those who have gone, onwards through the stage of *Kāmaloka* to *Pitṛloka*. The Roman Catholic performs his Mass for the dead in order that his beloved may pass onwards from Purgatory or *Kāmaloka* on to a happier life of Paradise—not rice in his case but bread, not water but wine. You notice there that you have two things, solid and liquid, used in two religious ceremonies with the same object.

Then, you find that there are certain words pronounced, and pronounced in the Latin tongue—not in the tongue of the people, but in their sacred tongue. I have often heard young men say: “Why should I use Samskr̥t words if I do not understand them?” Because words are sounds, and sounds produce vibrations, and if you change the sounds you change the vibrations, and the sounds are meant to produce certain vibrations that will affect the *sūkṣhma sharīra* of man. A Roman Catholic pronounces his *mantra* in Latin.

He pronounces the Latin form and produces the necessary vibrations from the sounds of the words. He also makes his gesture—the sign of the cross—using it over consecrated bread, using it over the cup where the sacred liquid is. You must be very blind, if you do not realise that with a little difference of outer sign and not of real essence of meaning, these two ceremonies are exactly the same. They use the same methods and they have the same objects. In the one case they are helped by beings you speak of as *Devas*, and in the other case as Angels. The meaning of *Devas* is Shining Ones—you only use the Hindū form of description. The Roman Catholic calls them Angels and not *Devas*, but the meaning is the same.

Supposing you understand that the difference between you and a Musalmān, a Pārsī and a Christian, is not a difference in the God you worship—for there is One only, without a second—is not a difference in your own spirit. For every spirit in a human being is the spirit of God, and there is no other source of life. If you realise that you have the same difficulties, the same troubles, that you are born and die and are followed in your death by similar love and similar effort on the part of your neighbour whose outer name is not the same as yours, you begin to see the essence of religion, you begin to realise that man, in yearning after God and in searching after God, wears different garments, but the emotion and the endeavour are the same, and that Religion should become a binding power and not a separative force.

Then, you may begin to realise that these many religions of the world on Indian soil are meant to bring together into one mighty power all the powers of the great religions of the world. Hinduism brings its jewel, Islām brings its jewel also, and Christianity, Zoroastrianism and Buddhism bring their own jewels, different in colour but alike in their preciousness. You will begin to understand that the Indian Nation of the future is not to be a Nation of one single religion only, but to embody the very essence of all religions; that it will have in it the philosophy of Hinduism, the

valour and learning of Islām, the purity of Zoroastrianism, the love and tenderness of Buddhism, the self-sacrifice of Christianity. All these exquisite qualities, coming from the one Brotherhood of Teachers, and spreading abroad among this mighty Nation, will bring a completeness of perfection that a single religion, however noble and perfect, could never give, and you will realise how full of insight and truth were the words of the great Swāmī Vivekānanda, that a variety of religions was a gain and not a loss. Every view of God is added to the views already held, and so, however infinite the perfection of God Himself, more and more knowledge of that perfect Being will come to India through the many religions born on its soil and nourished by itself.

Annie Besant



KUTASTHĀ

“O WHAT can Life have taught thee, Soul most wise,
That ever bearest thee with godlike mien,
In stillness and in storm alike serene ;
That greetest all with quiet smile, and eyes
Agleam with hidden laughters—never skies
Archt over heaving, winy sea, and sheen
Of wave-washt, weed-girt rock, and silvery green
Soft hill-slopes, more divinely mirthful ? Buys
Thy secret any fee ? Speak !” “Nay, Friend, nay,
Love is no huckster ; that is mine is thine.
Take freely of my store, and go thy way
Rejoicing ; here is bread for thee, and wine :
Know that no weight can crush, no storm can sway
One hair’s breadth, him who knows himself divine.”

MARSYAS.

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—ED.]

XXXI

AFTER a happy youth, full of religious feeling and devotion to the Church, I turned a sharp corner in my inner life and the Church ceased to exist for me. I believe that at that time (I was sixteen years old) I confused the idea of Religion with the Church, therefore I considered myself an atheist. All the best of me turned to altruism. It expressed itself in social work, or at least my ideal was at the time to serve my fellow men as well as I could.

To make a long story short, I spent forty years in this belief, which I considered a firm conviction. I heaped ashes over my old religious longings whenever I felt them coming up. Then a new period began. Having done with family life, personal love and allurements of artistic kinds in many spheres, I thought that I had spent too much on my "personal" life; that life was really finished, and that in order to repay humanity in some way for all these years of "self-will," the best I could do was to devote myself entirely and solely to my Cottage Industries work, to serve the peasants and think of nothing else. Several years passed; busy, twilight years—the busiest I ever had in my life. I lived quite alone, in a foreign country, separated from my children and friends.

Once a very little thing happened. It was a meeting with a lady whom I used to know but never was intimate with. I

could not describe this very short episode. In one second our inner selves seemed to know each other in a way quite different from the former years' long acquaintance. Perhaps it was a word, or even a glance—I could not tell; but it stirred in me some unexpected forces. I began to live in a very quick *tempo*, and there was no end to my new visions and seekings. It seems to me that this meeting was needed only to give me the push, the alarm-sound, which should wake up the being enclosed in the chrysalis. Very soon I lost my newly found friend and was again alone. But I was not asleep now. A tremendous longing after spiritual truth took hold of me—so much so, that it tore my body to pieces. I became very ill and walked through my earth-life as in a dream. I began to understand that I could not live without a God, but I did not know how to find Him. These months of my life were a real torture. I fancied I lived in an underground cave, only dimly lighted, and that there was a great stone sphinx in it. Myself I saw as a three year old child, standing before the sphinx, asking him with all the soul's power to solve my seeking. But the eyes of the sphinx remained turned away from me, and I in some way knew that the great stone figure was really alive and knew all I wanted to know. It is very strange, but no one to whom I applied at the time ever gave me an answer. And so the torture went on and on. By this time I had come to London and settled there for the sake of my business. I decided to try to find what I wanted in other channels than those which had been open to me so far.

A "chance" brought me to an interview with a clairvoyant lady. She at once began to describe an old gentleman, in whom I easily recognised my father. I must say that I very seldom thought of him. He was quite "dead" to me. It seemed wonderful that he was quite aware of my inner state and apparently took more interest in me than I had left for him. His message was very clever too; the clairvoyant lady was a stranger to me and she could not read it in me—so I reasoned—because I did not think of my father before I came to her. This "chance" gave a direction to my thoughts, and they rushed into Spiritualism at once. I found the way to the

library of the Spiritualistic Alliance and applied for books on this subject. I was very ignorant of this subject. The librarian told me I must become a member of the S.A., and that for this I must bring a recommendation from some well known Spiritualist! There was a puzzle for me. As if I knew such people! Yet in a few days this difficulty was lifted quite easily, as it appeared that I did know Spiritualists, though I never knew they were such. Then I applied myself to reading—or rather swallowing—all I could take hold of. There were three rooms full of books! Also I attended meetings and made friends among the Spiritualists. They were rather a mixed crowd, but I had to do with only one of their qualities, and this was what we had at this time of common interest—Spiritualism; and especially I tried to get at the state of their inner life which brought them to this teaching. I also attended regular séances and found the experiences most interesting. There unfolded before me a whole picture full of life and interest. A dearly loved brother, who had been an exile in Siberia and died there, came to me without any séances or trances, and wrote through my hands (at least I thought he did). Some misunderstandings we had with father came to a beautiful end, and after this he never came through any medium again. I considered the messages and descriptions true, because I had a chance to get them during my frequent journeys all over England and Scotland from many mediums who knew nothing about me and my past. I simply took the addresses of the Sunday meetings and went there as any stranger. I kept a note of each description and message, and compared the things at leisure, and I found that whether it was a London professional medium or a village dilettante one who gave them, they did correspond.

But, when the fact (astonishing to me after forty years of unbelief regarding the life after "death," ignorant as I was at the time of the bodies we have besides the physical one) was established, I began to find it tedious to harp on the same note of trying to convince people that this life after death was a fact. To me it was. And now I wished to use the knowledge

for something. I wished to draw conclusions for my own eternal life, to find, so to say, a key to all this. In this, neither the many spiritualists nor the literature could help me, and I ceased to go to séances and meetings.

One day, among my business correspondence, I found a circular of a Theosophical Summer School. Not a single name was familiar to me, with the exception of Mrs. Despard's. At the end it was stated that anyone from the outside world might come. This attracted my attention at once. At that time I thought, in my ignorance, that the T.S. was a very learned body studying the Eastern religions, and very far from my simple but keen needs. I never dreamt that I could have the privilege of becoming myself a member, fancying that for this one must be specially trained and belong to some special kind of race. In short, I knew nothing about it, and what I thought I knew, was of a forbidding sort. Here was a chance to know something about this wonderful Society, and anyone from outside might come! That was the point. I had a habit of leaving a decision till the next morning—sleeping over it, as the saying goes—but in this case I was very quick. Without rising from my desk, I enclosed the deposit, and wrote to the secretary for admission.

In due time I went to the Summer School, stayed the appointed week there, and after returning to London, went to Headquarters, at once found two sponsors on the spot, and became a F.T.S.

A great peace came over me—a peace that reached such depths that no storms on the surface could disturb it.

A. L. P.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

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

THERE has appeared in the *Proceedings* of the American Society for Psychical Research *The Doris Case of Multiple Personality*. The sub-title of the volume devoted to this case explains its nature: "A biography of five personalities in connection with one body and a daily record of a therapeutic process ending in the restoration of the primary member to integrity and continuity of consciousness." The following summary by Mr. A. E. Waite in *The Occult Review* gives us an idea of the different entities involved.

At the age of three the child was taken from bed and brutally thrown on the floor by her drunken father, and it was concurrently with this event that two of the secondary personalities "came into being," or alternatively into communication with Doris. They are known respectively as Margaret and Sleeping Margaret. Of the event itself Doris as Doris remembers nothing: it constitutes what is known in the record as the First Dissociating Shock. The Second was consequent upon the painful and indeed appalling circumstances connected with the death of the girl's much-loved mother—when Doris was seventeen—and a new personality was born or intervened, being "the so-called sick Doris". This was the Second Dissociating Shock, and the Third, brought about by a sufficiently ordinary accident, in which the head was bruised and the back was said to have been slightly injured, led to the first manifestation of Sleeping Real Doris.

After nineteen years of "Psychical Dissociation," during a great part of which the original Doris was in possession of her body for only about five minutes a day, on an average, the girl has now attained what her doctors call "continuity of unconsciousness". We are told that now the Real Doris is

the only Doris, and that her right to ownership of the body is no longer disputed. Only Sleeping Margaret, who declares that she is a kind of "spirit" sent to take care of Doris, visits her still sometimes.

Some years ago, in *The Future Socialism*, Mrs. Besant expressed the fear that the Socialist Movement could not persist unless it became spiritualised. It appears that others who are interested in the Movement are now expressing the same idea. Mrs. Besant wrote:

But I see, at the same time, that unless the leaders of the Socialist party are educated far beyond the masses that they lead, and unless those masses understand that wisdom should give authority, all schemes must be wrecked; unless it be possible to have a Socialism where the wisest shall guide, and plan, and direct, I do not see that the mere change of economic conditions will make things so enormously better than they are to-day. For although it is true that by better economics we may change the outer conditions, man wants something more than food to eat and raiment to put on; man demands more and more, as he unfolds his inner powers, not only what the body demands imperatively, but that which the mind, and conscience, and Spirit no less imperatively demand; and I fear lest this Movement should be wrecked on the lack of recognition of the real nature of man, that he will be treated as a body only, and not as a spiritual intelligence, and that against that rock all schemes will break; for we cannot ignore the real nature of man.

Gustavus Myers writes in the *New York Nation*:

Where masses of people are taught in practice to exalt their bodily welfare as the one supreme aim of existence, naturally mind and spirit deteriorate. In a crisis this process of doctrine culminates in the one idea of conserving life and safety. It is then that the effects of the corroding corruption show: the devotees of this doctrine, always prizing bodily security as their great aim, seek to hold on as long as possible, no matter at what expense of self-stultification, to the physical things which they most esteem.

Another writer, Prof. Herron, speaks very emphatically on the subject, though with evident bias.

It is time—it is long past the time—for the Socialist apostle to quit trying to square the stars, and the spaces, and history to the mind of Marx; time to cease circumscribing mortal thought and aspiration by the puerile and pitiful pedantries of Marxian materialism. For materialism as a philosophy of life is obsolete. No longer has it any place in the mind of the serious scientist. It belongs to a juvenile and boastful moment in the earth's intellectual history. It served its day.

The materialist philosophy is dead, and never will it rise again. And the Socialism that proceeded upon the materialist philosophy is dead also, and for it also there is no resurrection.

One of our readers sends me the following quotation. It is taken from *Logging*, a lumber-man's journal of Duluth, Minnesota, U.S.A. It was written by a non-Theosophist.

The more I know of Theosophists, the more I admire and respect their belief.

They have a pure and gentle religion, but never do they jam it down another's throat, bidding him believe or be damned.

You may go to hear a lecture upon Theosophy if you will, but no Theosophist will drag you there like a hydrophobic horse to a drinking trough.

Expect no emotional jag in this place; no hallelujah chorus girls, no sawdust trails or tricks.

Perhaps some simple person, male or female, may detain you for a few minutes in earnest conversation upon greater mysteries of life than those of earning a living.

There may be some little talk of intellectual evolution and the debt of service which each, according to his mental means, owes to all.

You will not be urged to come forward and profess yourself a miserable sinner, saved by grace and the revivalist.

Theosophists know that you are something of a sinner or you would not be in human form; but they would prefer that you confess your sins to yourself, who may correct them, rather than to them, who have sins enough of their own.

And so you shall be let out into the sunshine again with a smile in your heart and perhaps a little better courage for the long journey.

You need not profess their belief, because if you do not really believe with them, you will not want to, and if you do, you will not need to.

Theosophists are short on professions of faith, but long on living practice.

And, which is nothing short of marvellous in a religious people, they are very glad to have you believe anything you please, so long as it does you good and makes you happy.

For which they may have my vote and voice any time they need it--which they never will.

The idea of a Coming Christ, and of Him as the embodiment of the ideal of Brotherhood, is spread far and wide. From *To-Day* comes the following little verse, a small signpost, but one which shows the road to the future.

THE CHRIST THAT IS TO BE

Behold Him now where He comes!
Not the Christ of our subtle creeds,
But the Lord of our hearts, of our homes,
Of our hopes, our prayers, our needs!
The Brother of want and blame,
The lover of women and men,
With a love that puts to shame
All passions of mortal men.

—R. W. GILDER

After centuries of discussion and quarrelling among the different creeds, we are coming back again to find hope and rest in the thought of Him as the Unifier, the One who will bring down to the solid earth of our everyday lives the ideals of co-operation and real brotherliness.

FELIX

THE LATE MR. C. SAMBIAH CHETTI

HAVING had the friendship of the late Mr. C. Sambiah for the last thirty years, I think it is my duty to say something about his sincere devotion to any work entrusted to him. It is a well known fact that he was an honorary worker in the Theosophical Society from the time he retired from Government service—a period of not less than thirty years.

When the Central Hindū College was first established, Mr. C. Sambiah was entrusted with the collection of subscriptions towards this work, along with Mr. T. Ramachandra Rao and myself, in the Northern Circars. The following two instances will show the amount of interest he took in doing the work given to him.

In Nellore one gentleman promised Rs. 500 and another Rs. 100. They were asked several times, but they evaded payment for more than a year. Mr. Sambiah and myself both went to Nellore the following year and demanded their subscriptions. Both of them said they had no money in hand. Mr. Sambiah told them that he would pay for them if they gave promissory notes for the amounts. The five-hundred rupees gentleman gave a note, the hundred rupees gentleman said that he would pay by instalments of not more than Rs. 5 a month to anyone who was appointed to receive them. Mr. Sambiah borrowed Rs. 100 from one of his relations at an interest of 6 per cent, and told him to receive from the gentleman whatever money he paid by instalments, at the same time instructing him not to ask from him any interest. He sent that amount at once to the Central Hindū College Committee. This gentleman was paying very irregularly at the rate of two or three rupees a month. When we went the third time, we ascertained that Rs. 50 only was paid.

Both of us went to the gentleman and asked him to pay the balance, as a very long time had already elapsed. He replied that he could not pay any more, as he had lost all his money owing to the Arbuthnot crash. Mr. Sambiah uttered not a word, and simply paid the balance and the interest from his own pocket.

About the other amount: On the very day, I think, on which the gentleman gave a note for Rs. 500, Mr. Sambiah borrowed the amount from a merchant at Nellore at 6 per cent interest, sent the money to the College Committee, and gave the receipt to the gentleman who gave the note. This gentleman evaded payment for nearly three years. The limitation period for the note was drawing near. Then Mr. Sambiah gave notice to the gentleman that he would have no other alternative left but to have recourse to the law to recover the amount. Then the gentleman sent Rs. 150, saying that he would pay the balance in a short time. That "short time" was again lengthened. Fortunately it so happened that an earnest and liberal member of the Theosophical Society at Nellore met Mr. Sambiah, and Mr. Sambiah narrated how that gentleman was putting off payment of the promised amount. This gentleman said that he owed the other more than the amount promised, and he would pay Mr. Sambiah if he got a letter from him asking for that amount. We both went to him over and over again, and at last got the letter, received the amount, and liquidated the debt. Mr. C. Sambiah paid the whole of the interest, which amounted to nearly Rs. 100, from his own pocket to the merchant. Other experiences that he had in collecting I need not mention.

Mr. Sambiah spent all his hard earned pension on charitable purposes, keeping only as much as was barely sufficient for sheer necessities. He was strict to the very letter. All those who knew him found a true and sincere friend in him.

I was very closely in contact with him constantly.

Not a single harsh word came from his mouth. Sometimes he received insults from others, but he never replied in any strong language. He used only to say: "All for good." Sometimes people called him: "All for good Sambiah."

The work that he did so long ago in the Guntur District, when he was engineer there, is still praised. He was looked upon with great respect to the last by those who knew him. No gossip was heard from him at any time by anyone. He has published two works for the use of the public. One is in Telugu, *Sandhyāvandanam*, with meanings and symbols, and the other, *Aparakriyā*, on post-mortem ceremonies.

J. SRINIVASA RAO

I should like to add my humble meed of praise of the worth of Mr. Sambiah Chetti Garu who has just passed away.

I made his acquaintance in 1893. He stood sponsor to me when I joined the Theosophical Society in that year, and ever afterwards took a deep interest in my spiritual and material welfare. I was eighteen when I made his acquaintance, and he was very near, if not past, sixty. His spirits were, however, so buoyant and his enthusiasm for the cause of Theosophy so great that never in our intercourse did I feel that I was in the company of an old man. Any difficulty on any topic, however abstruse, had only to be taken to him to be solved in a manner that immediately carried conviction. With all the gentleness of a child, he could be very stern when occasion demanded. His sense of justice never allowed any other feeling, however noble, to prevail, as I knew to my cost when I ventured to intercede with him on one occasion on behalf of one of the erring members of his own family.

His genial presence will be long missed at Adyar. I have no doubt he will return very soon in another and a stronger body to resume the work he loved. It is my earnest prayer that I may be spared to see his return and enabled to recognise him when he does come. Meanwhile I wish him joy in the midst of the radiant forms of his own lofty thoughts in the world to which he will very soon pass over.

R. LAKSHMAN RAO

THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH

[An interesting discussion between an "Old T.S. Member" and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater on the above subject has taken place in the columns of *Theosophy in Australia*, and we reprint it here, as our Christian readers may find it entertaining.—ED.]

No one can complain regarding the broadness of the platform of the Old Catholic Church as outlined by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in the interview published in your March number; but it seems to the writer an astonishing thing that anyone hoping to gain a hearing for a new Church should use the word "Catholic" for a name.

My reasons? Yes, I will give them.

The word Catholic is understood by the man in the street, and by most others, even among those who know it to mean "universal," to apply to a particular Church and to a people who belong to it. To us all, they are "Catholics"; and the Catholic institution, for I hesitate to seriously call it a Church, has a history—a history which should make all lovers of the Christ, all would-be reformers, hesitate to perpetuate the objectionable name. The popes began early to corrupt Europe by usurping temporal power. They set nation against nation and king against king, always aiming at gaining power for themselves by the conflict of others. They and their "Catholic" following were for centuries a nightmare and dread to the Western World. They instituted the various Inquisitions, tortured, maimed and murdered tens of thousands of harmless and inoffensive human beings, many of them the highest intellects and truest strivers for the welfare of their fellows; and seem to some of the present generation to rank with the great criminals and murderers of Europe.

The palsying touch of the "Catholics" has proved so destructive that no single country has survived their domination; what I mean is that every country which has adopted the Catholic religion has gone behind in the race. Spain, Italy, Austria, France, all have had supreme moments and supreme opportunities, which the burden of Catholicism appears to have crushed. On the other hand, those peoples that have refused to adopt Catholicism are to-day the virile and growing powers of Europe.

Look at Great Britain, at Russia! Does anyone doubt that in these two mighty anti-Catholic nations, the leadership of the world in the immediate future is reposing?

I can assure your readers that history is repeating itself to-day. Those who love freedom, justice, liberty of speech and opinion should know the facts, and my reason for asking space for this note is that these may be placed before those who are interested in perpetuating any sort of "Catholicism".

I assert that the Catholic Church to-day has definitely taken sides with German infamy and is fighting against the Allies, against England and Australia; and as evidence I remind you—

(1) Of the anti-conscription vote in Australia. Who engineered it? Ask the Catholic priests!

(2) I quote from the *Australian Review* of February 28th, 1917:

—"French Canadians as a whole refuse to take part in the War. Quebec, with a population of 300,000 British, recruited 23,000 soldiers.

"The French Canadian population of Quebec totals over one and a half millions, and yet only after great effort was able to provide 10,000 men. The French Canadians are by religion Roman Catholics, and although they were exhorted by their ex-Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, to fight, prefer to be swayed by their clergy, who in the majority oppose the War."

(3) "Ireland, our 'Emerald Isle,' home of the finest soldiers in British history—of the Wolseleys, Kitcheners, Roberts," etc.—Ireland is seething with insurrection. Not because Ireland is or ever was disloyal, but because it is full of "Catholic" priests, and the inference is that their orders are to down the Empire—the Protestant Empire, and the anti-Roman Russia."

I myself have been a Christian—I could easily join, work for and love my Church; but why make it so hard by calling this new movement "Catholic," and presumably adopting the Roman system of priesthood and of priestly control?

Let me say, in conclusion, I am not forgetting the other side. I recognise that the Roman Catholics have ministered to the spiritual wants of multitudes and satisfied them. Their educational methods I admire. Against the rank and file of Catholicism I have nothing to say. I rank many of my friends among them, and they are in every way as "good" in every sense as the followers of other sects. What I complain of is the aggressiveness of the Catholic Church as a whole, through its leaders and through its priests, an aggressiveness in non-religious spheres which has spoilt the name they use for any further practical purposes. Cannot the genius of our leaders invent a less objectionable name and raise a more inspiring flag?

Old T.S. Member

Mr. Leadbeater writes:

By the courtesy of the Editor, I have been allowed to see the above diatribe in advance, in order that I may comment upon it. My friend has put his case strongly, and I think that the Roman Catholic authorities would probably question some of his statements. But I fully admit that there is much foundation for his accusations. At the same time, I should like to point out that there may be another opinion on some of the points raised.

1. Since the ignorant majority of the early Church cast out the Gnostic Doctors, Christianity has appealed to the emotions of its people, and not to their reason. It was, therefore, not unnatural that the more emotional fourth sub-race of the great Aryan Root-race should accept it more readily than the fifth sub-race, which was developing the lower mind as its especial characteristic. Is it not possible that certain nations are more backward, not because of their religion, but because they are part of a sub-race whose culmination has already passed, while other nations belonging to a later sub-race are still rising to the zenith of their glory?

2. Having lived in most of the countries mentioned, except Spain and Russia, I am by no means convinced that the Catholic peasantry of France and Italy are in any way inferior to the "Protestants" of England or America; and I would suggest that the part played by Belgium, France, and Italy in this present War disproves the idea of their degeneration. Also, I do not think that England as a whole can be stamped as anti-Catholic, though I am aware that a vast amount of bitter prejudice still survives among the more ignorant.

3. On the other hand, I thoroughly agree that no sane man can have other than the strongest condemnation for the unspeakable atrocities of the Inquisition, though I would remind my friend that the Protestants often persecuted with vigour when they had the chance. It was largely a question of the brutality and stubborn unreason of the age. I also agree that the efforts of the Roman Church to leave its proper sphere of spiritual teaching and descend into the arena of politics have again and again led to the most serious evil. If it be true that the influence of that Church is in any way responsible for the contemptible and cowardly treachery of the infamous vote by which many Australians declined to support their heroic fellow-countrymen who are giving their lives for God's cause in Europe, no language can be strong enough to condemn it; but is it certain that that is so? I would fain hope that it is not; for if that be true the organisation has definitely ranged itself on the side of the Powers of Darkness, and made for itself a karma of horror.

4. All these and similar abominations the Old Catholic Church most emphatically repudiates. It leaves its adherents absolutely free; it will never attempt to coerce anyone in matters of faith, and it has not the slightest desire for political power of any sort.

5. I fully agree that the connotations of the grand old name of Catholic are in many ways unfortunate; but there is another side to that question. My friend speaks of us as trying "to gain a hearing for a new Church"; but the whole point is that this is *not* a new Church founded by men of the present century, but definitely part and parcel of the one great and universal Church founded by the Christ two thousand years ago. We have not chosen its name; we have inherited it from our predecessors, and to change it now would cut us off from their tradition, and also from the fellowship of the members of our Church in other lands. The Old Catholic Church has also *its* reputation and *its* history—both much more savoury than those of its Roman sister; and there may be many of its members who would not like to throw aside the name which links them with the Church Universal merely because it has been disgraced by some who have been unworthy to bear it. No doubt it may handicap the progress of the Church in some directions, but in others it will surely be a great advantage to it. The sixth sub-race will blend the intellect of the fifth with the emotional sensitiveness of the fourth, and so will be well prepared to profit by the Catholic ceremonies when properly understood and explained; and we may surely hope that it will rise superior to some of the old unreasoning prejudices, and judge the Church, not merely by associations attributed to its name, but by what it actually is, does, and teaches.

It might to some extent meet my friend's difficulty if the name were *translated*. As we translate much of the Catholic Ritual from Latin to English, so might we translate the name of the Church from Greek to English, and call it "The Church Universal (Old Catholic)". But that is a matter for the consideration of the responsible heads of the Church in various countries, not for us.

C. W. L.

THEOSOPHICAL NOTES AND NEWS

INDIA

TRICHINOPOLY DISTRICT THEOSOPHICAL CONFERENCE

The Fourth Session of the above Conference was held at Dharnalloor, Trichinopoly on the 26th and 27th of May. Mrs. Annie Besant came from Adyar to preside at the various meetings. She arrived at 7 a.m. on the morning of the 26th and two crowded days of hard work followed. The audiences were exceedingly enthusiastic, and the members of the T. S. were more than ever impressed with the tirelessness of their President, who laboured from early till late with that energy which puts to shame some of her young lieutenants.

On her way back to Madras Mrs. Besant spoke at a Ladies' Meeting at Tanjore. The Ladies presented her with an address enclosed in a silver casket of Indian workmanship.

THE GUJERATI THEOSOPHICAL FEDERATION

Very successful meetings were held at Avidha, Bro. T. Ramachandra Rao presiding. The key-note of the meetings was struck by the letter received by the Federation from Bro. B. P. Wadia of Adyar. It ran as follows.

MY DEAR BROTHERS,

Your Federation Secretary, the hard working Mr. Harjivan Mehta, has asked me to send you a message. Assembled as you are in a Theosophical Federation, for spiritual purposes, you are sure to draw by your devotion and study the blessings of Those who ever watch over our deliberations. What better message can I send than to draw your attention to the existence of the great Masters of Wisdom, who are our true Leaders? As we serve them, do we gain inner illumination which is twofold—the courage to struggle against our lower nature, and the peace which follows every battle. This is made possible for us if this inner illumination of strife and progress has for its motive the good of our fellow-men. Once a Master said: "If you want to study us, study our philosophy. If you want to serve us, serve Humanity." Only whole-hearted service of the Race brings the spiritual strife and the spiritual bliss, for in serving the Race we serve Them.

Let that remembrance guide your deliberations, and may the blessings of the Lords of Light be upon your gathering, is the sincere prayer of

Their Humble Follower,

B. P. WADIA.

Almost 500 persons attended the meetings, 50 of whom were ladies. Two members donated Rs. 121 for opening a school for the depressed classes at Avidha. Fifteen new members joined the Society.

AMERICA

Our readers will perhaps remember that in our issue for December, 1916, we drew their attention to the American Bureau of Music, whereby the members of the organisation keep each other informed of anything of interest to the student of Theosophy that they may come across in the world of Music. From the February number of the Monthly Letter issued by the Bureau we take the following account of an experiment tried with Colour Music.

The audience was asked to read the remarks on colour music printed on the programme, telling of the previous attempts to combine colour and music, and to read the text of the poems, so that each one could bring an appreciative and sympathetic attention, as on this depended the success of the presentation and the psychological atmosphere which would lend the spirit of interpretation; for it called on the poetry within the soul of the hearer to translate individually the words, the music, the colour.

The chorus of singers, the Motet Choral Society, was seated behind the curtain on which were thrown the colours, so music seemed to come from the screen itself. Colours, constantly changing, growing intense as the music increased in volume, soft in hue as the music breathed a spiritual quality, seemed to transport one to the very Pyramids and to Egypt, or rather their astral counterpart seemed to pervade the room. No visual suggestion of form was attempted, simply the swelling of the deep purple of the night into more ethereal violet, in ever-changing vibration—perhaps the effort to suggest these ultra-violet rays which must hover around those ancient monuments of that great mystic race, the Egyptians, whose temples in the desert are still pointing modern civilisation upward to those spiritual realms where may be found an answer to our questions and our problems.

NEW ZEALAND

We are now quite well acquainted with the new year 1917, and we have found it a very pleasant companion so far, and hope that a further acquaintance will bring to fruition the seeds sown in its first quarter just closed. We looked forward to the time of reunion, after the usual recess at the end of the year, with anticipation and pleasure, for it was to bring into our midst a brother who has travelled farther along the Path than most of us, and who therefore is able to give us some of the benefit of his life's experiences. I refer to the Rev. J. I. Wedgwood, who arrived in Auckland about February 10th, and worked with us till March 5th. All that time we were kept busy with meetings two or three in a day; meetings for T.S. members, Star members, and for T.S. and Star members combined, for the E.S., Co-Masons, and for the Old Catholic Church adherents, to say nothing of the Round Table and the weekly lectures given to the public.

At the first meeting for the members of the T.S. Mr. Wedgwood spoke about the "Occult Significance of Ritual" and the Old Catholic Church, with the result that quite a number gave in their names to become members of that Church; thus making it necessary to give the greater portion of his time to Baptism and Confirmation ceremonies, in which he was assisted by the Rev. J. R. Thomson and the Rev. W. Crawford, both of whom were duly ordained priests by him. Thus a splendid nucleus of the Old Catholic Church was established. May it grow and flourish according to the needs of the Christ to whom it is dedicated.

About fourteen new members were introduced and welcomed into the Society by Mr. Wedgwood at the last meeting for T.S. members. He gave an excellent address, enlarging upon the well known words of our President usually given on such occasions, and which he read. He also answered several questions.

It was noticeable that Mr. Wedgwood brought a strong influence, new to most of us, and which took a little while for the members generally to place, but which when understood proved a wonderful help and inspiration. Not a meeting gathered but he made us feel the influence, the power and force of some of the Great Ones who are guiding the destinies of men. Many feel very grateful to him for what he has given them, and they realise that the best way to show that gratitude is to put into practice the truths that he has made them understand more fully. We shall look forward to a return visit in the not far distant future, when we hope he will continue the work so auspiciously begun.

Since his departure we have settled down to the usual routine, but with an added earnestness and resolve in our hearts to make greater efforts to be more efficient servers in the work which needs so many helpers.

On February 6th, before Mr. Wedgwood arrived, the first Fellowship meeting of the year assembled, when some of our delegates to Convention told us a few of their impressions and experiences. One speaker described the Consecration and Dedication, by Mr. Wedgwood, of the new building which the Dunedin Lodge has just acquired, making us feel something of the dignity and majesty of such ceremonies, and incidentally filling us with the hope that we shall have our new headquarters for him or some other distinguished visitor to consecrate before many more years are behind us.

NORWAY

I felt sorry as I read the notice in THE ADYAR BULLETIN of Norway not having sent any Annual Report. A very modest account was, however, sent by our Secretary on November 6th, but, as we now learn, without reaching its destiny.

Our Society has passed a quiet time this season. As a result of the great need of housing in the city (we have 20,000 foreigners

living with us here in Kristiania) we have lost our flat in Høstensgt., 9, and shall take no new apartments before next autumn.

In our Lodge work we have been hampered in many ways. Because of the want of necessary fuel in the city, we have had to obey the general restriction, and have been allowed by the civil authorities to use our rooms for Lodge meetings only twice a week. We feel the hardships of the War in many ways, even if we are not directly engaged in it.

Printing and the cost of paper, having become exceedingly expensive, we have stopped the regular publishing of the Theosophical Journal. But as long as the Norwegian *Herald of the Star* is able to appear every month, this is an excellent substitute.

Of books, only the translation of *Light on the Path* has appeared this year. The translation has been done by Mr. Peter Boye, the headmaster at one of our boys' schools. Another Theosophical book of importance which has appeared, is *Asalæren og Viluspa*, interpreted by Mr. H. A. Alme and L. G. B. Floek, M.D. Mr. Alme does not belong to our Society, but is one of those members who separated themselves out at the time of the Judge crisis, and he now works as a member of a separate society. As his book, however, seems to be of general interest for all Theosophists, dealing as it does with the ancient myth from a general Theosophical point of view, I beg to mention it as an acquisition for Scandinavian Theosophical literature in general.

Among our members valuable work has been done by Mrs. Sigrid Heitmann on the astrological line. One of our weeklies has asked her to write a series of articles on Astrology. Mr. Birger Zadig has started a study group for young people. Mrs. Agnes Sparre has been elected as a member of the City Council, and as a result of her social work she has this year put before the Council a very elaborate proposition of the duties of society to mothers and children. The municipal authorities have, according to her view, to see that no child, as a future citizen, suffers from want of care of body or soul. The proposition has been very well received by the Councils of several cities, and the Liberal party in Kristiania has made it part of their political programme. Another member, Miss R. Unhjem, has started a home for destitute children, and her work has been appreciated by the authorities, so that she will receive from the City Council this year a loan free of interest of 20,000 kroner for the purchase of more ground and the building of more houses.

The membership has this year been reduced to 261 members.

All of us beg to send the President our most reverent and cordial greetings, and all good wishes for her grand work, of which our work is a small and most modest part.

EVA BLYTT,
General Secretary



THE

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No. 7

FROM THE EDITOR

[SINCE the Order of Internment served by the Government of Madras prohibits Mrs. Annie Besant from publishing any writing of hers, these notes "From the Editor" are not contributed by her, but by the Acting Editor, C. Jinarajadasa.]

ON the 16th of June last, orders of internment were served by the Madras Government on the President, Mr. G. S. Arundale, and Mr. B. P. Wadia. The following is the text, as published in *New India*, of the order served on Mr. Arundale. The orders served on the President and Mr. Wadia were in similar terms, except that the President was required to be in her place of internment within seven days.

Whereas in the opinion of the Governor in Council there are responsible grounds for believing that Mr. G. S. Arundale has acted and is about to act in a manner prejudicial to the public safety.

Now, therefore, the Governor in Council in exercise of the powers conferred by Rule 3 of the Defence of India (Consolidation) Rules, 1915, published in the Notification of the Government of India, dated 9th December 1915, No. 86, Legislative Department, is pleased to direct—

(a) that from and after the expiry of a period of fourteen days from the date of service of this order the said Mr. G. S. Arundale shall not enter, reside or remain in the City of Madras or the district of Chingleput;

on earth, by which method a soul grows by experiences life after life, slowly growing thereby into wisdom and strength and beauty.

The second truth tells us that the purpose of life is not contemplation but action, and that each action of a man's life should be so guided by understanding that it fits in harmoniously with the Divine Plan of Evolution. The more a soul co-operates with the Divine Plan, the happier, wiser and more glorious he becomes.

The third truth tells us that each man is bound by invisible bonds to all his fellow-men; that they rise and fall with him and he with them; that only as he helps the whole of which he is a part, does he really help himself. Love of one's fellow-men and altruism in the highest form are therefore the essentials of growth.

These fundamental truths are applicable in every occasion of life, and the Theosophist is he who applies them. Let us see how they can be applied in various departments of human activity.

IN THE HOME

What is the family, in the light of these Theosophical truths? It is a meeting-place of souls to help each other towards perfection. No individual in a family comes there by mere chance. The elders and the younger, the masters and the servants, the guests, even the domestic animals, are in a family because each is to help and to be helped. There is no such thing as chance in the Divine Plan; each individual in the family comes and goes, is a member of it for a long or a short time, because he can co-operate to further the welfare of all the other members of the family. He has a definite rôle in the family, and his growth as a soul is by playing that rôle to the fullness of his capacity. The home is a place for growth, and the ideal home is where the conditions are such as enable each individual member of it to grow swiftest towards his perfection.

There are several aspects of life in the home, and each is affected by the principles of Theosophy. What has Theosophy to say concerning the relation of parent and child, husband and wife, master and servant, host and guest?



First let us take the relation of parent and child. The child has a dual nature, first as a soul and second as a body. It is only the body which the parents provide; the soul of the child lives his life independently and takes charge of the body provided for him because he hopes to evolve through it. It is only as regards the body of the child that the parents are the elders; but the child, as a soul, is the equal of the parents, and sometimes is wiser, more capable, and more evolved than they.

Therefore the child does not belong to the parents; they are only guardians of his body, so long as the soul cannot fully direct the body during its infancy and youth. The phrase "my child" gives no right over the destiny of the child; it gives only the privilege of helping in the evolution of a brother soul. As the parents evolve by learning to help their fellow-men, one such is sent to them as their child.

During the years of infancy, the parent's duty is to help the soul of the child to take control of his body so as to do his work. That soul comes with many experiences of past lives; he is preparing himself for a vast work in the distant future. He takes birth in a particular family because its environment is both what he deserves and that from which he can get the experiences he needs for his growth. The duty of the parents is to help the child to those experiences.

This is to be done first by surrounding the child with all that makes for a healthy life; it is the duty of parents to know the rules of hygiene and sanitation, so that the physical conditions for the child may be as perfect as possible. Next the parents must provide an emotional and mental atmosphere that helps the child. The soul of the child is not perfect; he comes from his past lives where he has been both good and evil; tendencies of both are in him as he takes his new birth. But the parents can help the child's growth by recalling to his memory in his early years only the good and helpful experiences and not the evil and vicious. It is true that the soul must eradicate the evil in himself only by his own action; but others can make it easier for him, especially when he begins

a new life as a child, by throwing their weight on the side of his good rather than of his evil.

Therefore the parents must understand the invisible power of thought and feeling, how a thought of anger, whether expressed or not expressed, waters the hidden seeds of anger which the child has brought from his past lives, and how equally thoughts of love and affection starve out the germs of evil while they feed the germs of good. A soul with both good and evil in him can start his new experiment with life as a good child rather than as a bad one, if the parents will foster in themselves their good thoughts and feelings rather than the evil.

While the duty of parents is to surround children with all that tends to goodness and beauty, the failure of a child to be good under those circumstances is not necessarily due to the parents. The soul of the child may find the seeds of evil in himself too strong for control; the parents can but attempt to guide him, but if he will not be guided he must go his own way. The soul will learn through his mistakes and through the suffering resulting to him and to others from them. If the parents do their duty, they have done all the Divine Plan expects of them; they cannot make or unmake the nature of a soul, for the soul himself must work out his salvation. A mistake is not the calamity that it appears to be when we know that the soul has not one life only within which to set right his error, but several lives. The Divine Plan gives the soul as many opportunities as he needs, till he finally grows into strength and virtue. Therefore no parent need blame himself, if he has done his duty, because his child does not respond to ideals of virtue. The opportunities that the child refuses to take will come to him again, though only after he has been taught by pain to grasp them. What the parents must always do under these circumstances is not to think of the soul by his failures, and so increase his weaknesses, but to think of the soul by his virtues, and so strengthen them.

C. Jinarajadasa

(To be continued)

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—Ed.]

XXXII

WHEN I first came into touch with Theosophy, in the year 1909, I was a Staff Officer of The Salvation Army and was working at the International Headquarters, London. I was introduced to the Ancient Wisdom through the simple medium of a ticket—given to me by way of propaganda—which admitted me to a lecture delivered by Mrs. Annie Besant in the Small Queen's Hall, on the following Sunday evening.

But before proceeding to relate what happened at that and subsequent meetings, it may be of interest to touch upon one or two of the outstanding stages of my inner unfoldment leading up to the above incident, stages that succeeded each other in a perfectly natural order, as adolescence succeeds childhood, and manhood adolescence. I do this with some hesitancy because, to be quite frank in a matter of this sort, one has, so to speak, to stand in the full, bare light of *actualities*, and it is not easy to do this without appearing to throw into adverse or unattractive relief some at least of those kindly environments which according to the good Law were mine, naturally. Especially is this so where one has been officially connected with a religious movement like that of the Army, a movement which unquestionably has its place in the scheme of things among the many sects that go to make up the great religion of Christianity.

The first stage, then, in my "Twilight to Dawn" experiences (more properly speaking this stage should be called "From

Darkness to Twilight") was that generally spoken of as conversion. This event happened when I was a boy of fifteen, and without going into the details of it, which of course are simple and rudimentary enough, let me say at once that I look back to that happening as being one of some importance in my life and as exercising in some strange way a directive and on the whole beneficent influence over me. Theosophy, I know, explains conversion as nothing else can, but happily it is not necessary to know the true *rationale* of it before one can experience it. Indeed I think there are thousands of people both within and without the Churches who reach somewhere near that point in their evolution, and may even pass beyond it, without knowing exactly what has happened, or what is the matter with them. How else explain the great restlessness of the world, and the great longing for a freer and fuller life? But this is a digression.

The next important stage in my development was reached after I had been working as an officer for several years in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland. I had, of course, in common with every other Salvationist, subscribed to the Army's declaration of faith, a document containing such statements as: "I believe in the resurrection of the body; in the general judgment at the end of the world; in the eternal happiness of the righteous; in the everlasting punishment of the wicked," etc., etc., but as a matter of fact the question of beliefs had not up till then given me any trouble. I had been captured by the splendid enthusiasm and self-sacrificing efforts of that great and good man, General William Booth, and it was enough for me, at least for the first few years of my officership, to follow in his steps. Indeed much of the success of the Army itself may be said to be due in no small measure to the beautiful spirit of hero-worship which the General evoked in his followers; to the end he remained a never-failing source of inspiration.

It was not until some of the novelty and excitement of my earlier missionary efforts had worn off, and I had begun to take my bearings, that I was assailed by doubts concerning certain doctrines and methods considered by orthodoxy in general and

the Army in particular to be fundamental. I had, it is true, in dealing with drunkards, criminals, and others, met with many a bitter disappointment, but I had been inclined to regard any "failure" as due rather to some inability or shortcoming in myself than to any defect or weakness in the remedy advocated. Moreover, I had been encouraged in this thought by a study I had made of the lives and writings of prominent revivalists and Christian workers, more particularly those of John Wesley, Charles Finney, James Caughey, and William and Catherine Booth. The discovery that there was something radically wrong with the generally accepted interpretation of such a doctrine, for instance, as Entire Sanctification, came to me as a nasty shock and set me floundering. According to the leaders and theologians already mentioned, sanctification, the cleansing of the heart from "all evil" and from every "root of bitterness," was held to be some miraculous and instantaneous change, wrought in the heart by God, sometimes at the moment of conversion, but more frequently subsequent to it. These authorities not only regarded it as a present possibility for every convert, but frankly declared that no matter what other gifts a man possessed, if he had not this "blessing" he could neither hope to secure real peace nor be truly useful and effective in his work for others.

Now this seemed to me to be a matter of the supremest importance because, as I then understood it, it included not only a complete triumph over one's lower nature, and the entire elimination from the heart and life of every vestige of impurity and selfishness, but it also included a flooding of the whole being with a divine peace and power. When I compared my imperfections and struggles with such a high standard of attainment as this, I knew perfectly well that I did not come anywhere near the mark. Nor was this for the want of effort: I tried strenuously and repeatedly to secure the blessing, but though in theory it was a ridiculously short cut to the goal, all my attempts to get there failed miserably, and at last I came to the conclusion that the doctrine, at any rate as popularly understood, was meaningless. Theosophy, I need

hardly say in passing, has since taught me the underlying truth of this and other doctrines of Christianity. A little later, I stumbled in much the same way over the evangelical presentation of the Atonement and Conversion.

My position now became a very unenviable one, for I was conducting religious meetings almost daily. I ought perhaps to have resigned, but I held on gropingly, hoping against hope for I scarcely knew what, and deriving what satisfaction I could out of the social and philanthropic side of my work.

It was at this point that I came under the influence of that saintly man, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of City Temple fame. His preaching, and perhaps, more than his preaching, his spirit, had a most wonderful and exhilarating effect upon me. He gave me back in a more rational form much of what I thought I had lost for ever.

But this new lease of life did not last very long, and I soon found that I was repeating, though probably on a higher spiral, the round of my previous experiences. Instead of challenging a particular dogma or creed, I now felt inclined to challenge Christianity itself—at least the Christianity of the Churches. No longer was I content to act the part of a unit in an ambulance corps on the battle-field of life, picking up the maimed and wounded here and there and helping them towards recovery; I wanted some *permanent* remedy, some preventative for the ghastly tragedy that I knew was going on all around me. I wanted, in fact, to know *why* there should be a tragedy at all. My life became one big, ugly, tormenting interrogation. 'Why, I asked myself and others, if God is all-wise, all-loving and all-powerful, should there be such terrible poverty and suffering, such shameful degradation and misery, such utter ruthlessness in competition? Why should some be born rich and others poor? By what law, if any, was one man sent into life a genius and another a fool, one physically weak and deformed, another strong and robust, one with a normally sweet and lovable disposition and another with the very reverse of this? Did everything depend upon the mere caprice of a Deity, or was everything governed by immutable, inexorable Law?

And if so, how was it we were not told something about that Law? To these and many other questions I felt that Christianity, as I understood it (and here I include Christianity as represented by "Modernism" on the Continent, and by "The New Theology" in England), had no satisfactory answer. Indeed, as applied to life generally, I could not escape the growing and uncomfortable conviction that Christianity was a failure. I never quite reached the point of despair, for I knew there ought to be an answer, and at times I even figured out to myself how much better the world would be, could these questions only be answered with certainty. But meanwhile I was stranded—without, wreckage and muddledom, within, doubt and confusion. To this must be added a feeling of isolation and loneliness.

It was at this juncture that the ticket already referred to was put into my hands. And in view of subsequent events it is interesting to note that that ticket, though it came originally from a Theosophist in the way already mentioned, was given to me by a comrade Staff Officer.

I cannot now recall the title or even the substance of that first lecture, though I know that at the time I felt the truth and force of what was said, but I do most distinctly remember that it was not so much the lecture as the lecturer that moved and astonished me. Never before had I seen embodied in one orator such wonderful calmness, such perfect self-control, such a mastery of facts and words; never before had I been so conscious of power, of vision, and of greatness in a speaker. I felt instinctively that Mrs. Besant spoke as one having real authority, and I wondered how she came to have that authority and what was the secret of her power. No doubt the lecture was an excellent one, but on that night at any rate I could not get away from Mrs. Besant, who, I was convinced, was infinitely greater and more wonderful than any lecture could possibly be. Though I had for several years been associating myself with all kinds of movements towards democracy, I had been growingly conscious not only of the muddledom in religion, in politics, in education and in almost everything else, but of a *need* both for some scheme

of life in which everything had its rightful place, and for capable interpreters of that scheme—leaders who possessed the synthetic gift, the power to correlate and straighten out things. I saw in Mrs. Besant such a leader, and I had not attended many of her lectures before I realised that in Theosophy the world already had such a scheme, a scheme grander, more complete, more wonderful than anything I had ever dreamed of.

What all this meant to me, it is difficult to put into words, but I know that the close of that series of lectures left me with not only a new outlook on, and attitude towards, life and a great longing to know more of the Ancient Wisdom, but—and this seemed to me the most wonderful of all—with a strangely added and growing power to *understand* things. I began to see the possibility of reaching some kind of centre from which one could get a more intelligible and more accurate perspective.

After the lectures came a period of voracious reading of Theosophical literature, a period lasting about four years. During this time I greedily devoured almost everything written by Mrs. Besant and by Mr. Leadbeater. I also read many other books, including *The Secret Doctrine* (twice), *Old Diary Leaves*, and several of Mr. Sinnett's works, not to speak of the ever new and priceless *Bhagavad-Gītā* and *At the Feet of the Master*. Meanwhile I lost no opportunity of attending Theosophical lectures and classes, and in less than two years from the time I first heard Mrs. Besant I had become firmly convinced of the truth of such Theosophical teachings as the continuity of life and form, the eternality and divinity of man, his evolution by repeated incarnations, karma, the existence of the Masters, the underlying unity of religions, the septenary idea in nature, rounds, races, etc. Indeed the whole Theosophical scheme seemed to me to be not only a rational and overwhelmingly convincing one but, in its outline, strikingly simple, simple enough at least to be understood by any one of average intelligence.

Now Theosophy, having solved many of my problems, having supplied me with the most convincing and most rational explanation of life I had ever known, having made real and

living to me, in a fuller and grander sense than ever before, my own religion, having done all this and a hundred other things besides, is it surprising that I should grow enthusiastic about it or that I should wish to recommend it to others? And can it be regarded as unusual if, noticing this and becoming interested, some of my comrade officers should begin to question me about Theosophy, and to read Theosophical books for themselves? Anyhow that is precisely what happened, and that also is precisely why Headquarters, becoming a little alarmed, hemmed me in with conditions and restrictions the steady acceptance of which virtually meant the surrender of my liberty and convictions or—my resignation. . . . I do not blame the Army officials deputed by the General to deal with the matter—from the standpoint of orthodoxy, and considering the constitution of the Army, they could not very well have consistently acted otherwise—but I fancy that in their refusal to tolerate any semblance of "heresy," and in their zeal for that which is admittedly fast disappearing even from the Army itself, they "strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel".

But in this world of ever-becoming do we not all do that at one time or another? And are not the theological "camels" of one generation the "gnats" of the next, and so on *ad infinitum*? Yes, is not our experience of Religion itself ever changing, ever widening, deepening, maturing? However, it was not, I will admit it, an easy thing to tear oneself away from one's old associations and from one's old colleagues; neither was it pleasant to part company with a work for which one had been specially trained and for which one felt oneself fitted, but—all's well that ends well.

I may add that soon after deciding to resign I wrote to Mrs. Besant who was then in London, and that at a subsequent interview I was given the great privilege of working for The Theosophical Educational Trust in India. And so the "Dawn" has brought with it not only increased light and joy, but increased opportunities of service.

ERNEST KIEK

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

BY ONE OF THEM

THE Ascetic had been reading the *Gītā*. He slipped the little volume into his pocket as the Friends appeared round the corner of the veranda.

"Come in, come in," he said hospitably and waved them all into seats. "Let me give you some lemonade. It is very warm to-night."

A hot wind had been blowing from across the plains all day, and the comparative cool of the evening seemed to absorb the attention of all the company with its grateful freshness. They sipped in silence. After a while the Ascetic was heard to murmur something.

"I beg your pardon?" The Professor, who was sitting next to him, bent an attentive head.

The Ascetic spoke again, audibly this time: "He who on every side is without attachments, whatever hap of fair or foul, who neither likes nor dislikes . . ."

"Oh, not in this heat, dear Ascetic," implored the Songster. "At 101 in the shade I have no physical outline left; I must keep my definite likes and dislikes or I shall disappear completely. Even my Theosophy deserts me at this stage. All I have left is reincarnation." He groaned.

"Well, isn't that a good deal?" asked the Blue Bird soothingly. She was still content in spite of the thermometer's behaviour.

"Yes," admitted the Songster, "a good deal, but not all I want. However, it is a sure foundation. I've never yet doubted reincarnation even in my vaguest moments."

The Brownie looked meditatively through her lemonade at the moon. "How queer it would be," she remarked, "if we suddenly became convinced that we should never come back here again to this earth."

The Professor grunted derisively. "What would it matter? Are you so much pleased with yourself and life here as a human being?"

"Well . . .," the Songster hesitated, "life is a great trial, of course, but I must say—I'm very much attached to myself all the same."

"So am I," agreed the Brownie. "But it is more to the world than to myself that I'm attached. Perhaps it comes to the same thing in the end, though," she added. "What I can't do in this life, I want a chance for in the next."

"Greedy woman!" The Songster looked shocked. "But really I feel the same myself."

"I should feel the same too," said the Blue Bird, "only that I can't really believe that it will be *me* next life."

Everybody laughed at this rather quaint way of expressing what many people feel—everybody except the Rājput, who said laconically:

"It won't."

"Won't?" echoed the Brownie.

Before the Rājput had time to answer and explain himself, the Ascetic sprang to his feet.

"Wait a moment," he called back as he disappeared into his room, "H. P. B. says reincarnation is not according to nature's law. I'm getting *Isis*."

Out he came again, turning over the pages of the book. "Here it is," he proclaimed, "listen."

Reincarnation, i.e., the appearance of the same individual, or rather of his astral monad, twice on the same planet, is not a rule in nature; it is an exception, like the teratological phenomenon of a two-headed infant. It is preceded by a violation of the laws of harmony of nature, and happens only when the latter, seeking to restore its disturbed equilibrium, violently throws back into earth life the astral monad which had been tossed out of the circle of necessity by crime or accident. Thus in cases of abortion, of infants dying before a certain age, and congenital and incurable idiocy,

nature's original design to produce a perfect human being has been interrupted. Therefore, while the gross matter of each of these several entities is suffered to disperse itself at death, through the vast realm of being, the immortal spirit and astral monad of the individual—the latter having been set apart to animate the frame, and the former to shed its divine light on the corporeal organisation—must try a second time to carry out the purpose of the creative intelligence.

The Ascetic beamed on the company as he closed the book, but the Songster looked uncomfortable. H., P., B., are magic letters in combination, and when they are affixed as signature to a statement that reincarnation is an exception, things look strange and unfamiliar to all but the very unattached Theosophist.

"I don't quite follow," said the Brownie with a frown.

"I think it is a mistake," announced the Blue Bird. "She says herself there are mistakes in *Isis Unveiled*."

The Professor looked very much amused. "That's it," he said. "As soon as an author is not quite clear or makes a statement contrary to your preconceptions, you say it is a mistake. How about it, Rājput?"

The Ascetic's quotation had eclipsed for the moment the Rājput's rather startling confirmation of the Blue Bird's doubt as to whether she would be herself in her next life, but now all eyes were turned on him again.

"It is not a mistake, as far as I know," he said. "And it fits in all right with my idea that from one point of view it is quite right to say that your next incarnation won't be an incarnation of *You*."

"Explain yourself," commanded the Songster.

"Well," continued the Rājput, "if you regard yourself as the ego, it cannot be called an incarnation at all, strictly speaking; if you regard yourself as the personality it will not be *you*, the present you, in any sense. So you are wrong in either case."

"Go on," said the Songster again.

The Rājput laughed. "That's all. Don't you see, from the egoic standpoint each incarnation is merely an accumulation of matter of the three lower worlds clogging him in some

part of himself. He is not incarnating. His personality is a sort of excrescence, so you can't say that he ever incarnates at all. That settles one point. Now if you identify yourself with the personality and think of its relation to the ego, again you will see that the—well, what shall I call it?—the part, the ray, the aspect of the ego, that something which, as you might say, 'works' the personality, is different every time. The combination of interactions between imprisoned ego and bodies which makes up what you know as *you*, most certainly is never the same twice over."

"That is where H. P. B. comes in," remarked the Professor.

"Exactly. The same part of the ego—words give such a poor idea of what one really means—never reincarnates. In the cases she mentions as exceptions, presumably only the physical body dies, and the rest may perhaps, as she says, be attached to a new one. In that case one might say that the thing reincarnates."

"What about people who take immediate rebirth?" suggested the Blue Bird. "They keep their astral bodies. Perhaps we may say they reincarnate."

"I should think so," agreed the Rājput.

"Saved again!" exclaimed the Songster. "I intend to take *immediate* rebirth. This hide-and-seek uncertainty doesn't suit me at all. I shall hang on to myself if I can. After all I'm not so tired of life as I thought I was. You never know how much you appreciate a thing until you think you are losing it."

The Ascetic shook his head benevolently but sorrowfully, and the Rājput looked incredulously at the "White barbarian of the West".

AN OPEN LETTER TO MY INDIAN BROTHERS

By M. VENKATARAQ

THE question has rightly arisen as to what attitude you should maintain towards other organisations working in India in the field of religion. The answer depends upon your understanding the position of our Society. We are pledged to the principle of Universal Brotherhood without any distinction whatsoever; that has determined our position as a body. Ours is the duty and privilege of tolerating and helping as far as possible all kinds of useful religious Movements. There are, no doubt, great difficulties in our way, and we often come into conflict with the religious opinions of other people. In such cases, it seems to me, we should not pose as being the best interpreters of the accepted canons of religious truth, but should put our conclusions before our opponents, humbly, reasonably, and unoffendingly, so that they may feel inspired by the spirit in which we present them. Please remember that an honest difference of opinion, when put in a desirable manner, will cement the hearts of the parties concerned, although the heads may be full of all kinds of opposing arguments.

After all, we are only evolving souls, and neither our knowledge nor our powers of expressing it are adequate to claim infallibility, which is, perhaps, the birthright of a Perfected Being.

Our leaders often tell us that Truth cannot be expressed through any one point of view, and there is, therefore, no reason why we should be impatient of another's opinions or understanding. On the other hand, it would be consistent with the principle of brotherhood if we tried to understand the viewpoint of those who differ from us and recognise in it a fresh avenue for the expression of truth.

Swāmī Vivekānanda once said that we are going from truth to truth, and not from falsehood to truth. What appears as truth in a lower stage may not appear as such when we go one stage higher, and hence there is no reason why we should fall foul of people who express the same truth in a different way or another truth in the way they see it. To my mind this appears to be the position we have to take up as members of the T.S.

The age of dogmatism, especially among the intellectual people, is entirely gone, and if the T.S. stands for anything at all, it is for liberty of opinion and faith. Our venerable President embodies this unique principle in her life, and ours is the duty and privilege to stand by her and follow it.

The different religious Movements that you find in India, such as the Brāhmo Samāj, Ārya Samāj, Rāmākṛṣṇa Mission, are as much godsend as our Movement is, and each has a place in, and a message to deliver to, the world. Any attempt to sneer at the one or the other is blasphemous and inconsistent with the principle of Brotherhood.

But you may tell me that some of the members of those Movements are not tolerant of our Society and would not consequently respond to the spirit in which we approach them. If that were true—I hope it is not—it is their own affair, and we should not on that account change our attitude of tolerance towards them. When they attack our Movement we must by all means advance our own arguments to disprove their attacks, but remember that they are also helping souls—souls that are not attracted to our Movement.

Theosophy is Divine Wisdom, and when it once enters our hearts we cannot afford to hate any being in the world. As aspirants to such wisdom, it behoves us to grow in the spirit of love and goodwill for all, and thus ensure our progress. Nay, our progress is not so important as the help that we should give to the world by our own life and precepts. Let us, then, live the life of Brotherhood amidst the clashing interests and divergent views which are so natural in a world like ours. Then we shall be the true followers of the truly great leader, Mrs. Besant.

M. Venkatarao

as a substitute for the language which has grown with the growth of a people. But then only those of its admirers who out-Esperanto "Dr. Esperanto" assign to it that rôle.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

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

MANY who are interested in Esperanto as one of the means by which a feeling of brotherliness is being spread among men of different nationalities, know very little about Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor of the universal language. The *Review of Reviews* gives in a few words a little sketch of "Doctoro Esperanto":

No great work has ever been carried on without a strong force behind it, and "Dr. Esperanto" was a driving force, little though it was suspected by those who knew only the quiet, kindly oculist. But in the early years it was not others to whom he applied motive power, but his own self. The story of the self-denial, suffering and loneliness of the man who might fitly be called the apostle of brotherly love, makes sorrowful reading. A Jew, with unhappy Lithuania for his fatherland, domiciled in Poland under the rule of Russia, he had many drawbacks, and no wonder that his people thought he was mad to be dreaming of Utopias instead of looking for patients; for oculists with a reputation for madness are not likely to get them. Yet this quiet, unobtrusive man came to be fervently loved by many men in every civilised country, so that his untimely death this April, soon after his fifty-seventh birthday, has brought sorrow to many a heart.

In the same article we are reminded that:

The word universal has given rise to the idea that Dr. Zamenhof's aim was to bring *all people, everywhere*, to speak the same language, and that only. On the contrary, none could have insisted more than he on the right of every man to his own religion, country and language, to which last he desired to add a Second Neutral Tongue usable by every man for intercommunication.

The misunderstanding here referred to is responsible for most of the objections people raise against Esperanto. An artificial language seems rather absurd, when you think of it,

The following little paragraph from a recent article by Maurice Maeterlinck is an interesting parallel to the teaching of Mr. Leadbeater regarding the ego and the personality and the relation between the two. The poet expresses himself in rather vague terms and leaves much to be filled up by the imagination and intuition of the reader; Mr. Leadbeater tells us the same thing with all kinds of details added.

Not one of us really knows what manner of man he is; not one of us can say what he will do in circumstances that are unexpected and a trifle more serious than those which form the customary tissue of life. We spend our lives in questioning and exploring ourselves; our acts are as much a revelation to ourselves as to others; and, the nearer we draw to our life's end, the farther stretches the vista of what remains for us still to discover. We own but the smallest part of ourselves; the rest, which is almost the whole, does not belong to us at all, but merges in the past and the future and in other mysteries more unknown than future and past.

Almost every sentence reminds the student of *The Inner Life* of some statement he has read there and translates itself into Theosophical language. For instance:

Undoubtedly the ego is only very partially expressed by his physical body.... If we figure the ego as a solid body and the physical plane as a surface, the solid body if laid on that surface could manifest itself through that surface only as a plane figure, which would obviously be only a very partial expression.

On a certain day, for example, we may see a characteristic of the personality much intensified, with no outward reason. The cause is often to be found in what is taking place at some higher level—the stimulation of that quality in the ego.

The channel between the ego and the personality is by no means always open. Sometimes it appears to be almost choked up. Then the force may break through again on some occasion, such as that of conversion.

Try to develop the qualities the ego wants, and he will come down to help.

FELIX

EFFICIENCY AND DEMOCRACY IN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

[The following address by Mr. Leadbeater was delivered at the Convention meeting of the Australian Section this year. It appeared in *Theosophy in Australasia* and we reprint it here—from a copy revised by Mr. Leadbeater himself—as it will be of interest to members all over the world.—AG. ED.]

I CONGRATULATE myself on being here to open your Convention. I always feel, myself, that there is never anything personal in the work that we do for our Masters. We all recognise that we are working for the sake of the work. It is a grand thing for us that we have our great President to lead us; but still the Theosophical work is not done even for her sake, but because it is the work of the world—work for humanity. We are all trying to do our best from that point of view. I should like especially to emphasise that. I should like every one—I know it is a great deal to ask—but I should like every one in the Society always to bear that in mind, because, so long as we are working for *any* personality, no matter how noble or exalted, it is possible at any moment that something may change our attitude slightly—that our feelings may alter. People's feelings do alter as they go on through life. Now we want to keep at the highest possible level of enthusiasm and efficiency in our Theosophical work, and I think that the only way in which that can be done is to make that work impersonal, or—let us put it in another way—to do it for the sake of One Great Person—Humanity. There used to be a horrid slang phrase to excuse the general selfishness; people said: "You must take care of No. 1, you know." It is quite true. Only, "No. 1" is humanity, and you must always take care of that, most of all and first of all.

We in the Theosophical Society—you here in Australia certainly, as well as the rest of the Theosophical world—have done great and noble work for Theosophy; but I have sometimes thought that still more might be done if we always kept that idea, that we exist as Theosophists only for the service of humanity, clearly before us. We all know that sometimes and in some places our work has been less effective than it might have been, because of personal feelings and divisions. It is very regrettable, but it has happened. Now that, to put it quite plainly, is a disgrace to us as Theosophists. We have done splendid work—I fully admit it, and

I congratulate you heartily on it; but even more could have been done if we could have kept that idea always before us—that the only thing that matters is that the work should be done. It does not matter whether you do it or I do it—this person does it or that—the work has to be carried through; and our attitude in that matter ought always to be that we are ready to do *any* work for the Masters' service. Some people are ready to be President of a Lodge—ready to be the Right Worshipful Master of another kind of Lodge—ready to take any position in the limelight, but not quite so ready to do other equally necessary but less prominent work. Now you can have only one master of a Lodge at a time (unless you are trying to imitate the army of a certain South American republic, which is said to consist of fifteen persons, who are all of them Field-M Marshals—it is not a very efficient army: it would not make much difference in the present war). There must be at a given time one person to control a thing and the others to co-operate with him, to work along with him, and we ought all to be willing to do that—all equally willing to take any part in the work without the slightest feeling inside: "So-and-so is in the prominent position, and really I ought to be." No, you ought not to be, or else you would be. All these things work automatically, if you will let them. People take different positions in different years, and that is a good thing, so that every one shall learn to do the work of the different divisions. No one person can do everything.

Sometimes I have known the General Secretary of a Section to make that particular mistake. He wanted to be utterly capable and efficient, and the way he tried to do it was the principle on which they say the Sultan of Turkey works, of trying to do every little thing himself. No one man can do the whole work of a big Section by himself; but he tried to do that because he felt, and no doubt rightly felt, that he could do much of the work better than it would be done by any of the other people—probably quite true, mind you. Because he thought so, and tried to do it himself, he was always behind, and always trying to overtake a vast amount of work, and a great deal of it simply did not get done. Now that is not the efficient way to do the work. Of course, I know that anyone who is thoroughly acquainted with a special branch of work can do it better than one not so acquainted with it. Even should one do it all, what is to happen when he yields up that office? No one else can do it so well. Things fail, and no one can be perfectly efficient in all the detailed work. I have read really quite pathetic stories about Turkish administration. It is notoriously bad, and yet several of the Sultans of Turkey have been men who really wanted to do their duty, but it is said that the system is such that not even a pound of bread can be officially issued in the most remote part of the country without the direct signature of the Sultan. Nothing can be carried out without his personal supervision, consequently the poor man lives the life of a slave, and in many cases he drops the whole thing in disgust, and nothing is done.

We must see that we organise things better than that. I am not a business man, but I have read a little about it here and there.

I think you will find that a big business organisation goes differently from that. There is a head, and he has under him a number of subordinates, and you will find he leaves his subordinates a very free hand, each to do the work of his own particular department. That is a thing we all must learn. No one person can do everything, but at the same time every one of us ought to be ready to try the work of any department that is assigned to us. Sometimes in the Theosophical Society some one who is obviously marked out for a certain part of the work, who is a thoroughly capable business man, for instance, will do that part of the work. I knew one man who was marked out for the position of Treasurer. He knew more about accounts than all the rest of us put together, so that he was the man marked out for that particular work. He should not be taken away from that, because he is doing the very work he can do best. I have known Lodges in which the same man remained President for twenty years because he was the best man for it, so all the rest acknowledged that it was better for him to go on doing that work. It does not generally happen like that, and it is better, when you can, to give everybody a turn, but if we could learn to co-operate absolutely, it would be a very great thing.

I believe that is one of the lessons which this great and terrible war is going to teach to our world. We have been running England for a long time on the scheme of party government, but that means that whoever the people are, they must think a good deal about their party, and sometimes more about keeping it in power than they do about the good of the country as a whole. That has to be swept aside, and instead of that they are now trying to get the best men in each place to do the work. They have taken men who were heads of big businesses and put them in charge of great departments. That is a good thing, because for the first time they are setting efficiency before them as the one thing to be attained, regardless of party divisions, regardless of all the things we had been thinking of before.

Can't we also take the lesson to heart? When it comes down to the absolute existence of the nation, when even that is at stake, then they have to make themselves absolutely efficient—they are driven to it, and I suppose they never would have done it if they had not been driven to it. Some calamity might overtake the Theosophical Society which might force us into the same position; but, without waiting for that, cannot we organise ourselves definitely as a business concern in that way for Theosophical purposes? Try to get—not this man or that man into an office because he thinks he ought to be in that position, but let us get—the best man in each place. The trouble is to find out who is the best man. We are all very modest, of course, but it sometimes happens that each man thinks he could do quite as well as the other. There are one or two Lodges where differences—personal differences, that is what it comes to really—have stood in the way of the best work. Here is a chance to show ourselves superior to that, to rise above it for the sake of the work. You have not much time. The World-Teacher is coming quite soon, and it is our part to help to prepare the way for Him. That is one great thing that we were intended to

do. You have seen in recent articles by our great President that the work has been organised, that various lines of activity have been specially suggested to the Theosophical Society. Now all that is part of the preparation for the Coming of the World-Teacher. We have the opportunity of doing a good deal to make His path easier for Him. It would be a thousand pities if we in any way failed to do that, or if we did it less effectively than we might, because we allow little personal feelings to crop up. So I should like, if it may be, that you should set before yourselves in the coming year that great central idea. This work is the work of our Great Masters, and it is being done for the sake of humanity. It is not my work exclusively, nor your work exclusively, but it is the work of all of us for Their sake and for the sake of humanity. Therefore, if we find that personal difficulties are arising, let us all combine to try to get them out of the way. Each man is generally satisfied that his way of doing the work is better than that suggested by anyone else. He has every right to state his ideas, every right to put them before his Lodge or Section, but remember, this is a democratic age, and the majority must decide which line shall be taken. If the majority, whether it be in the Lodge or the Section, decides against a particular line which one or other of us feels quite certain is the best, very well—it is his duty to accept the position. If there is anything at all in this theory of democracy that you should combine to accept the decision of the majority, when you have got it, see to it that you accept it in this work of ours. It will not do to sit back and say: "It is very unfortunate they have all decided to do this. I am not going to have anything to do with it. I am sure it is all going to break down and go wrong." You should take the attitude: "Well, I still retain my own private opinion, but since you have decided to try this other scheme I will throw myself into it with all my heart, just as though I had originally invented the scheme myself or had thought it to be the best." That is unquestionably our duty.

The world at large is by way of giving this democratic principle another trial. It has been tried on a big scale before, and it failed terribly. They tried it in the fourth sub-race of the great fourth root-race, the Turanian. They carried democracy further than it has gone even in New Zealand; every single thing was put to the vote of the people, and they made a hopeless mess of it all, and had to fall back on a military dictatorship, because the whole country went to ruin. Now we are trying it again, and we have to go on trying it until we make it a success. That means until every man, at any rate a great majority of the men, have learnt not to work for personal ends, but to be selfless. They have the idea in America, but they make it almost ridiculous there. We speak of "His Majesty the King"; over there they speak of "His Majesty the American Citizen". They say they are all kings already, but remember, *noblesse oblige*. If you are all kings, then act like kings, show forth kingly virtues, and then we may be prepared to speak of "His Majesty the Ordinary Citizen". But when the ordinary citizen shows forth not even ordinary virtues, and is selfish and

grasping—well, then the kingship is still in abeyance. We have to arrive some day, this humanity of ours, at the period when we can have all people taking an equal share in government, and yet all doing it selflessly with a single eye to the good of the community as a whole.

Have we reached that stage yet? Frankly, I do not think we have. But the thing is going to be tried. I myself feel strongly in favour of the older and autocratic idea, but we see how that can be abused in the case of Germany. I can quite understand the democratic idea that anything is better than being subjected to *that* possibility. We are trying it over again. If a majority have now learnt to take the right attitude, and to stand for selflessness and for the good of the community, democracy will have served its purpose, and then we can pass on to something better still; but we shall have to reach that stage.

You have organised this Society on this democratic basis. Let us make it work. That is the Constitution. We cannot alter that Constitution now. I do not think it would be a good thing to do. Let us prove ourselves worthy democrats. Let us show that we can manage a thing which works on that scheme. Now we have all a chance to prove our kingship. Let us show ourselves in the Theosophical Society so far worthy that we do not set up our personalities or our own ideas. That is what you are there for, that you may give the Society the benefit of your intellect and your ideas. You would be wrong if you did not state your views when you felt you saw a way of doing anything, but remember, you must do that temperately and courteously always, and with consideration for the feelings of others. When you have done that, you have done your duty. If, then, your Lodge or your Section does not choose to accept your views, you have no right to try to force them. That would be quite the wrong attitude to take. Also you would be foolish if you had the slightest personal feelings of pique or chagrin that your ideas had not been accepted.

Put the thing forward, but if the decision goes against you, throw all your strength into doing the thing the other way. It may be the second-best way—perhaps it really is; but to do a piece of work in the second-best way with harmony is quite infinitely better than to do it in really the best way (which is perhaps only a little better, after all) at the cost of friction. That we should all work together is our fundamental basis, and we must try to do it. At present we have sets of hereditary feuds, and each person on one side misinterprets every single thing that a person on the other side does, or takes it all with a certain bias.

You are all good people; and you are all trying, really, to do your best; but you see things a little differently. It is a good thing you do, but do not let us have quarrels. Because just as England calls all her sons round her, just as your recruiting agents are always saying that every man is needed now, so I say every member is needed, and not a sort of cold acquiescence—not the payment of a

subscription, not the turning out once a year for a big function like this and not again—not that sort of thing, but definite, living interest. Let every man take as much interest in the Theosophical business as he takes in his own business. Let us get the very best that can be done, done in His Name. Let us make the Society a model of efficiency. It has its work to do—a definite plan before it. Let us make ourselves into a band of people who shall do that work with just the same care and efficiency that a big business corporation puts into its work.

In America they organise every department, and they appoint men to take the position of researchers to study the different departments and to find out exactly why they do or do not work efficiently. A man who has a huge store will have men whose sole business it is to go round to the different departments to find out which department is making a proper percentage, and if not, why not, and what particular goods are not going off as they should. Constantly carried on, that works for great efficiency. Surely we who work for spiritual and unselfish objects ought to be willing to take as much trouble for them, and to arrange as thoroughly for efficiency in them, as these people do merely to make money.

I can see some of you think: "But the money is material and real," and you are not so sure what you are doing with these spiritual forces. That is not the attitude for a Theosophist. Realise that these things are much more real than the things you can see. You must get that into your minds. Be sure that we are working for a real object, and then go ahead. Let this Theosophical Society be a model of efficiency in its way.

I have noticed that about all the great people. First of all, I have noticed it about our great President. I never saw anybody more absolutely efficient than she is in any work she undertakes. If the President undertakes a piece of work, that piece of work is going to be done. I have noticed that, because I have lived at the Headquarters and have worked with her. I have found that also with regard to the Greater People. The Masters are splendidly efficient always. Whatever they set out to do is done. They lay Their plans; those plans are perfectly laid, and They work. They have given up a quantity of the lower work connected with evolution. They Themselves are managing the higher realms of evolutionary work, and we need not be afraid that that will not go on well. But there is a vast amount of lower work to help along evolution which They simply cannot do. They are marvels of all but omniscience, and of wonderful working capacity, but still there must be a limit. They cannot do everything. All this lower work goes undone unless people on the physical plane are prepared to do it. They are giving that much of the work into our hands, knowing that if we do it Their work will be greatly helped. If the lower work is not done Their higher work will gradually filter down, and it will be done, eventually; but that means delay. It is our business to co-operate, and, to put it plainly, to save Them trouble. Let us be thoroughly efficient, and to do that you must

have co-operation, and you must learn to forget the petty personal self altogether in the big work. You should be like soldiers in the army. They may have their personal squabbles, but the moment they get into the firing line they have only one idea, and that is the work that has to be done. We have even a greater work in hand than they. Let us do it as soldiers should.

So let that be the watchword for this year—Efficiency, and the utter subduing of the personality for the sake of the great work that has to be done, for the sake of our Masters who lead us, for the sake of the Great World-Teacher who is so soon to come among us.

C. W. LEADBEATER

SUNSET

The sunset rifting of a cloud—
The rending of a day's dark shroud—
Reflects through light's victorious breach
Within that wall of mist—to teach
That, past the exile of earth's Night,
Unveiled for ever is the Light,
To show all hearts on earth bereaved
The mystery by faith perceived—
Faith now unfettered by dead creeds,
But sister still of noble deeds.
Thus gloom leads on at last to glory,
Foretold in many a mystic story,
Not to be found by thought alone,
But by the inmost Spirit known,
In the deep silence of the heart.
From all earth's voices wrapt apart.

L. M. P.

THEOSOPHICAL NOTES AND NEWS

INDIA

Theosophy penetrates to many remote and obscure places, shedding its light of wisdom and the comfort of understanding to many hungry souls. The following extract from Propaganda Notes in *The Vahan* tells us an interesting bit of news of work done in an unusual field in England:

Not the least welcome of the many requests for our literature come from our German prisoners of war and from Alien Camps; one such letter rather pathetically runs: "Forgive me if I allow myself to annoy you with a humble request. In company with several others I have now founded a Theosophical Society at Knockaloe. Your Annuals (Bibby's) are bearing fruit, but we are longing for spiritual food which we cannot in the present time get from home (Stuttgart) and I do not know to whom other than you I should appeal in our need. I should be very pleased if I could surprise our brotherhood with your eventual gift, and you will in doing so surely joy an unlucky stranger who is since more than two years interned."

This reminds us of a little bit of propaganda that we have been carrying on from Adyar in far-off Siberia. A Hungarian magistrate, who is a prisoner of war in that desolate region, asked us to send him some Theosophical pamphlets. We did so, and he is most enthusiastic and appreciative, for in them he finds a philosophy of life which, as he says, satisfies his intelligence and heart and enlarges his scope of activity. His special delight is his discovery that Theosophy gives him a better understanding of Christianity, and he now spends his time in study and in the effort to impart his newly acquired knowledge to his companions in exile; while he is impatient for freedom and the opportunity to carry the light back to his former environment and friends.

EGYPT

Encouraging news comes frequently of Theosophical activity in Egypt. That the work is going on so well there is largely due to the interest taken in it by Mr. J. H. Perez of Cairo and Mr. Janig Chaker. These two enthusiastic members have accomplished a great deal in a very short time, for it is only about two years ago that Mr. Perez first began to correspond with the Theosophical Publishing

House, evincing a keen interest in propaganda work. But, as he says, "Theosophical ideals have been easily spread in the land of the Pharaohs".

We understand that arrangements have been made with many booksellers to stock Theosophical books, and the results of the efforts made in this direction are evident in the large and increasing demand for our literature. An attempt is also being made to introduce Theosophy in Alexandria.

There are two Lodges in Cairo, Ra Lodge and one which is conducted in French. These meet at the Theosophical Hall. An attractive little leaflet has been issued advertising the Theosophical Library, Meetings for Inquirers, both French and English, Public Lectures, and books recommended for study. Our indefatigable brothers have collected a substantial sum of money which has been sent as a donation towards the expenses of *The Theosophist*.

Mr. Perez asks for suggestions of practical ways of spreading the Great Philosophy, but judging from the results he has already obtained, one might rather turn to him for new suggestions.

FRANCE

News comes from an energetic member in France of a new activity which is being launched by her. Baroness M. D'Asbeck writes of a plan she is elaborating for the formation of a Brotherhood that shall link Theosophy and Art. She has been lecturing on Art with some success, and the result of her work along that line has been the formulation of a scheme which seems full of promise and likely to fill an empty place in the world of Theosophical activity. The following short extract from a printed report of one of her lectures indicates the main direction of the thought on which the Brotherhood will be based:

Art is creation.

Art is an expression of the individuality and consequently an expression of the unfoldment of its dreams.

Works of art are the imprints of souls, traces of their passage here below.

It is for this reason that Art is of such great interest to Theosophists and Theosophy, for Theosophy may be summed up in the words: Life, Evolution, Expression of Life.

Judging by the number of artists who have already joined the Theosophical movement, it would seem that the artistic temperament is particularly receptive to the inspiration that Theosophy has to offer.



THE ADYAR BULLETIN

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FROM THE EDITOR

[SINCE the Order of Internment served by the Government of Madras prohibits Mrs. Annie Besant from publishing any writing of hers, these notes "From the Editor" are not contributed by her, but by the Acting Editor, C. Jinarajadasa.]

THE duties of several of the Adyar workers have taken them to Ootacamund, where the President, Mr. Arundale and Mr. Wadia are interned. Members all over the world will hear with deep regret that the enforced retirement of the President from active work has produced a severe nervous strain which has resulted in great physical prostration. For the first time in thirty-four years she has been out of public life, and the shock has been more severe than the President herself or any of us anticipated. It is scarcely possible to hope that she will be restored to normal health while the internment lasts.

Soon after internment, the Government of Madras offered to modify their order as to publication, granting her permission to publish books, new or old, provided they had been passed, after examination, by Government. The acceptance of

the offer would have meant the admission by her that she had written or could possibly write anything against the peace and well-being of the inhabitants of India. For the information of members, and as it involves a great principle—that of the indivisible spiritual nature of Theosophical workers as they work in religion, education, social reform, politics and other departments of human endeavour—we print the replies of the President, Mr. Arundale and Mr. Wadia to the Government, as published by the Government after insistent demands of Theosophical Lodges in India and England.

Mrs. Besant, after acknowledging receipt of the relaxation of the Government Order, proceeds: I beg to state that I am as unable now, as was His Excellency the Governor on June 16th last, to discriminate between my activities, nor will I implicitly admit that while my so-called religious works are harmless, my educational, social and political writings justify the tyrannical action of the Madras Government towards my two colleagues and myself. All I write and speak is equally Theosophical and religious, being directed to the evolution of the spiritual intelligence in man, exerted in the spiritual, intellectual, emotional and physical departments of human life. They all form part of one great movement for human progress and liberty and order. I cannot separate religion from life, nor shut it up in a cell from which it may be released after due trial and strict examination by the Governor-in-Council or his officers. Nor could I submit books on subjects the most sacred to me to the scoffing of unbelievers. I am grateful to His Excellency the Governor of Madras for the true insight which realised that all liberty, religious, educational, social or political is one, is equally dangerous to an autocracy, and must be crushed. He has thereby made the present struggle one for liberty in all departments of human life, not for this or that political opinion. The Theosophical Society cannot identify itself with any special creed, religious, social or political, but it can and ought to stand for the sacred right of free speech for all opinions which do not excite to crime, and can see that His Excellency's instinctive attack on religious liberty shows the true spirit of autocracy, and hatred of all freedom. It has therefore allied itself in this struggle in an *entente cordiale* with the National Congress, the Moslem League and the Home Rule League in one solid body, united in resistance to autocracy, and in defence of the liberty of the people, and I, as President of the Theosophical Society, will conclude no separate peace. As I observe that the Government order has been sent to the Editors' tables, I presume that you will also forward this letter to the Editors, as it explains why I cannot take advantage of the relaxation of clause (d) of the Order of the internment.

Mr. Arundale in his letter begs to inform His Excellency the Governor of Madras in Council, that as a Theosophist, and having

been privileged for many years to live under the example of his Hindū and Mussalman fellow-subjects, with whom religion is their daily life, he has striven to make Theosophy the motive power of all his actions, whether public or private. It was in order to live more truly his conception of the Theosophic life that Mr. Arundale joined the Home Rule League, that by working for Home Rule for India he might share in the struggle for freedom and justice, without which all growth is impossible, whether for individuals or for nations. For a similar reason Mr. Arundale has been working many years to free Indian education from the devastating agencies now oppressing it. Mr. Arundale is a Theosophist and therefore an ardent and uncompromising supporter of Home Rule for India and Indian education for Indian youth. Like the French Republic, Mr. Arundale is one and indivisible, and he cannot be interned in compartments. His writings and speeches are all Theosophical or religious, whether labelled Home Rule, or education, or in any other way. The discrimination is thus from Mr. Arundale's standpoint impossible, and he declines to allow His Excellency the Governor of Madras in Council to make or attempt to make distinctions he himself is unable to perceive. Mr. Arundale trusts that the same publicity will be allowed to the above expression of refusal to accept the proffered relaxation as was given to the offer of relaxation itself.

Mr. Wadia says that, being an Indian, he cannot make a compromise with his conscience. As a Theosophist, he is unable to differentiate between secular and sacred, as he looks upon everything as sacred, and with him politics is a matter of religion and spirituality.

One of our most active Adyar workers, Mr. V. R. Karandikar, has been sent by Government Order out of the Presidency of Madras; there have come from Bombay to take his place, and to uphold the principle of Freedom of Speech, other young and active Theosophists, Mrs. N. Siva Kamu, Mr. B. Shiva Rao, M.A., and Mr. R. V. Deobhankar, B.A. Mrs. Siva Kamu, who is a medical student and won a scholarship this year, has left her College, since a Government Order prohibits College students from even attending political meetings. It is rare as yet for those taking part in political movements to-day to be first and foremost aspirants in the spiritual life and students of Occultism; but undoubtedly, in the general reconstruction taking place, a noteworthy element will be the entrance more and more into active life of "practical mystics".

A very praiseworthy movement to help children is the Golden Chain, the beautiful and simple prayer of which was written many years ago by the President. Many countries have the Golden Chain, and France has just organised one, with a special journal for its members. The little four-page magazine, whose first number came out last May, is edited and composed and illustrated by the young members themselves; it is cyclostyl-ed, and its editor is Jacques Polak, aged ten, with assistant editors, Max Hauser, Pierre Maser, Gerard Mareau, Francine Pujol; the illustrator is Daniel Hauser, aged eight and a half. In the two first numbers Max Hauser translates from the English from Miss Clara Codd's book for children; there are also original contributions by various young authors. The June issue begins with a *feuilleton* by Jacques Polak, entitled "The Blue Sapphire". The following description of the Golden Chain in Marseilles is interesting and suggestive:

The gatherings take place either at the house of Madame Pradalet or in a public garden. These open-air gatherings are picturesque; passers-by stop to listen, and soldiers on leave as well as children join in the singing. Madame Pradalet's violin and the birds on the trees make the accompaniment; the dogs sitting behind listen with a sanctimonious air; and the policeman smiles most paternally, while the Marseilles sun shines through the branches. It is a pretty picture, and people in the public gardens say: "It's the Golden Chain."

Surely by now Theosophical workers for children know that on their labours rests the benediction of the Lover of Children, the "Teacher of Gods and men".

PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

I. IN THE HOME

(Continued from p. 202)

IN the training of children one important question is how to make a child do the right thing and not the wrong. Unfortunately, civilisation hitherto has believed that some kind of corporal punishment is inevitable as a part of the method. While parents have the duty of training a child, they have no right whatsoever to force him; the excuse that punishment is good for a child is not really borne out in the light of the fullest facts. It is true that in early years the child body is very largely an animal intelligence overshadowed by the soul nature, and that many of a child's activities have little or no direct association with the soul; it is not the soul that eats and drinks, is pettish or obstinate, or is made happy with toys, or laughs when tickled. This animal side of the child does indeed often require curbing; but any kind of outward pressure by corporal punishment, while it may achieve the intended result, brings about also a certain coarsening of the child's vehicles which makes them more obstructive to the spiritualising influences of the ego.

The higher nature of the child, represented by his latent emotions and thoughts, has in childhood a great sensitiveness; if proper care is taken, a fine and happy emotional nature and an open and intuitive mentality can result for the child as he grows up. Harsh treatment of any kind coarsens his finer vehicles, however much it may temporarily check the crudities of the physical; and repeated shocks of this kind finally coarsen

and deaden that higher sensitiveness which should be prominent in all men and women as a normal characteristic of human beings. The man who is thankful that he was made to be good by punishment does not realise how much better he might have become, had a more rational system of training been understood by those who had his young vehicles in their charge.

When parents and educationists realise that all the experiences of life have not to be condensed into one brief lifetime; that the soul has an eternity of growth before him; that he has the right to make his own experiments in life, so long as he does not hinder the growth of others; that each individual alone is responsible for the good or evil that he may do; that others are responsible for him only as they are his brothers and fellow-men; then we shall have a saner outlook upon this matter of child welfare and training, and there will be little difficulty in arranging methods of child discipline which will curb the child's animal nature in ways that are not derogatory to his higher nature as a soul.

When we come to the relation in the family as between husband and wife, Theosophy tells us that they are both equal in the responsibilities and privileges which they have in life. What has brought them together in this family relationship is a series of duties and privileges which is called the Law of Karma, or the Law of Action and Reaction. They do not meet for the first time in their age-long existence, they have met many times before and have "made Karma" between themselves; they have also "made Karma" with certain other souls who may come to them as their children and dependents. It is this karma, which they owe to each other and to those that shall surround them in the home, that brings two souls together as husband and wife.

Often this karma brings with it the blossoming of affections and sympathies; in such a case we have the ideal marriage. But it may well happen that, after two people have been brought together, the karma between them produces phases of unhappiness between them. In both conditions, it is the Divine Purpose that they shall get to know each other in their Divine natures, and discover their common work, which is indeed a part of the great Divine work. For while souls can

discover each other through love, yet if they will not through love, life forces them to discover through hate; for hate that repels in the beginning attracts in the end. Men and women discover these mysteries of life outside the marital relationship; but nevertheless that relationship has been planned as one mode of discovery. No relation gives such great opportunities for the discovery of another's self and also of one's self as this; and the man or woman who uses these opportunities, when karma gives them, thereby grows in spirituality and comes nearer the discovery of the great Self of God and all humanity.

When this high spiritual purpose is recognised as underlying family life, family responsibilities and privileges appear in a new light; the trivial duties of the home have shining through them the light of Eternity. The birth of children or their loss, the anxieties and cares of tending them and training them, the joys and the sorrows which they give, are all so many experiences leading to the great Discovery. The family is not a meeting-place of simple travellers who meet for a few brief years, and then go their separate ways in eternity; it is far more a theatre or concert hall where a drama or a composition is being rehearsed, so that all the individuals may learn to perform their parts with beauty and dignity for the delight of man and of God.

Not dissimilar too is the relation in the home between master and servant. Usually where this relation exists, the servant is less evolved than the master; he therefore appears in the family in order that he may be helped to grow by an elder soul. We may engage a servant, but his coming to us is not a matter of chance; we may pay him wages, but our "karmic link" does not cease with the money which we give him. The servant is the master's brother soul; he is usually the younger brother, but the monetary contract between them should never be allowed make less real the great fact that they are brothers.

Servants come to us to be shown a higher ideal in life than they would normally be aware of were they not brought into association with their masters. Neatness, method, conscientiousness, generosity, courtesy, fine behaviour and culture are examples of conduct which the master has to place before the consciousness of his younger brother, the servant; but while we present to

him our example, we must not ask of him, since he is our younger brother, our standard of achievement. It is our duty as masters to be patient and understanding while we call out the best out of our servants through a spirit of willing co-operation. Many a virtue can be learned as a servant which, in a later life of larger opportunities, will lead to great actions; and those of us who are masters, who have not yet learned such virtues, will need to return to life as servants to learn them.

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

The domestic animals who form a part of the family are not such unimportant members of it as people usually imagine. The Divine Life that is in man is in the animal too; but it is at an earlier stage and therefore less evolved. But it is to evolve more through contact with man. Man's duty to his domestic animals is to soften their savage nature and implant in them manlike attributes of thought and affection and devotion. Therefore, while the animal gives us its strength in service, we must use it purposely to train it towards humanity, for the animal will some day grow to man. If we bring out a dog's intelligence by our training, it should not be used to strengthen his animal attributes, as when we train our dogs to hunt. A domestic cat may be "a good mouser," but it is not for that reason that God has guided him into the family. If we train horses, it certainly should not be to develop speed for racing or hunting; the service they give us should be rewarded by bringing out of them qualities that more contribute to their evolution towards humanity than speed. The general principle with regard to our relation to our domestic animals is that they are definitely sent to us to have their animal attributes of savagery as far as possible weaned out of them and human attributes implanted in their stead, for what is animal to-day will some day be man, as man to-day will some day be a God; and he serves evolution best who helps the Divine Life to move swiftly on its upward way.

C. Jinarajadasa

FROM THE FAR EAST

II. AN ANCIENT CEREMONY

[The following are extracts from a letter of an earnest Theosophist who has been travelling in China and Japan. We reproduce them as we think they are sure to interest our readers.—Ag. Ed.]

I HAVE bought a temple bell, and this purchase led to a most interesting invitation—the maker of bells invited us to see the casting of a very large bell—the largest ever cast in Kioto, and they had built a special foundry to cast it. We arrived at the foundry at 10 a.m., and the place was in gala dress, being decorated in all directions with rows of red paper lanterns and others of white with a red crest on, all over the building and in the garden. Flags and elaborate hangings draped the entrance to the grounds—about 100 people were there, including the Governor of Kioto, and it was of particular interest to me because the bell was to be cast in the ancient manner.

We were greeted by our host in a costume of light blue with a large white crest—the crest of the house—about a foot in diameter, on the back and on each breast. His head was shaven and on it he wore the most ridiculous-looking little hat, of what looked like crinkled patent leather, but was, I suppose, lacquered leather. The shape of this extraordinary headgear was like a little child's boat more than anything else, being about three inches wide, and about seven or eight inches long, tapering at each end like a boat, and tied on to the top of the shaven head with string under the chin. The two sons of our host were dressed in a similar way, except that their sleeves were not blue, but the black of their kimono sleeves, underneath, made

a pleasing contrast with the blue. I learned that this was the costume of the ancient swordsmiths, to which caste these people by heredity belonged before the wearing of swords was given up.

The building itself was of wood and yellow stucco, and was of fair size, a platform being rigged up for the spectators on one side. In the centre, sunk in the ground, was the mould for the bell—its top reaching the floor level, made of clay, kept together with iron bands. To the top of this ran from each side a trough or channel of wood lined with fireclay, which came from two large crucibles, one each side of the building, also made of clay and open at the top. There were decorations in the Shinto manner, wisps of straw and paper *gohei* hung about the building, and high up, on the side facing the spectators, on a temporary platform were two life-sized figures of "gods" in uncoloured wood—as far as I could make out, they were standing figures of the Buddha and of Quanon, the goddess of mercy. Below them, on a table, were offerings of flowers and food, and two huge ricecakes, a foot in diameter, a red one on the top of a white one. Obviously, earlier in the morning, the priests whom one saw there had performed a ceremony, blessing the work.

THE FOUNDRY

Outside the house, on each side, were built into the wall what looked like tanks about eight feet by four, with wooden lids—this was an ancient pattern of bellows for blowing the fire, in the crucibles. The floor of these tanks was raised as high as the lids in the centre and sloped down to the sides, where the depth was about two feet. The lids were balanced on the centre, and by pressing them down on each side alternately like a child's see-saw, the air was driven from below through pipes into the bottom of the crucibles. The blowing was done by eight men at a time, who stood with one foot on the edge and the other on the lid of the tank, and put their weight alternately on each side, four men being on each side, hanging on to ropes of twisted red and white colour suspended from beams above, which

they used to help themselves up by, calling out *eelyah-sah-sah* as they kept time; the meaning I don't know. Their costume was also picturesque, their coats being dark blue with the monogram of their guild in large white Japanese letters on the back and the skirts of their coats, which came nearly to the knee, with letters in white outline. This is the usual costume of such men as these, and of bricklayers, carpenters and so on, worn in daily work, for they have not yet arrived at that stage of western civilisation where the workman is ashamed of his trade and dresses as much like those above him as possible, and shouts to all who will listen that a bricklayer or painter is as good as a Prime Minister, if not better.

Soon the men within began to light two little pans of charcoal, and when these were red, they were thrown into the crucible which was then heaped up with lumps of charcoal higher than the top edge. At exactly a quarter to twelve a bell was rung, and the men started the blowing, so that we had a noise almost like a sound of a paddle-wheel steamer. Clouds of smoke arose and escaped by two holes in the roof, and after a time lighted torches were held above the crucibles at intervals, till at last the gas arising caught fire with a purple flame. This was the signal for heaping the top with metal, of which great heaps were lying on the floor in the form of coils of copper wire—for quick and easy melting—and broken ingots of tin, shining like silver. The weight of the bell was to be 3,000 lbs., composed of 85 per cent of copper and 15 per cent of tin.

MELTING THE METAL

Very soon the almost invisible purplish flame became mostly golden yellow, and then, as the copper wire melted, beautiful green flames shot up, mingling with the gold and purple, dancing and leaping tongues of fire, four or five feet high, surmounted with clouds of golden sparks. It gave me an exquisite sense of pleasure to watch it, not only on account of the beauty of colour, but it also gave me a sense of a tremendous and lovely power in fire, and I felt a strange forgetfulness of its

painful burning and almost a desire to, as it were, bathe in the leaping flames—as I am not at all attracted to fire as a rule, I was surprised at this, and in a way I got a sort of feeling that fire expressed much more of the Deity than any of the other elements. Presently the place became so hot that I could not stay in the building, and many people came out also—I noticed a strong taste of copper on my tongue—presumably from the fumes. They told me it took three hours to melt all the metal, and that there was nothing more to see really, except the metal running down the little troughs into the mould—which took three minutes to fill; so I did not stay to the end. It was very interesting to see the masses of metal, flung high up on the heap in the crucibles, turn red and then slowly disappear, and ever fresh stacks of metal and charcoal were flung on, and the flames leapt up at each blast—the whole process being occasionally interrupted for a minute at the sound of the bell, while the chief smith made a rapid inspection of the progress.

To me there was something very fitting in this solemn and decorous undertaking of a great work, the ancient tradition, the costumes, the blessing of the mould and the metal, and the prayers for the success of the undertaking, and perhaps the propitiation of the fire elementals (though I am uncertain as to this). It made one feel a dignity in life and a respect for the men involved in the work, and that somehow the whole thing was so much more fitting and so much less vulgar than anything in the West.

The bell, which was to be eight feet high and four and a half feet wide, was being cast for a temple in China at a cost of £1,000. I am told that the operation was quite successful, and that the bell will take a week to cool before the mould can be opened.

“S. O. S.”

By A BIRD OF PASSAGE

PITCH darkness—and the hiss of sea-foam as it raced past the towering hull of the huge ship.

The “club” had gathered on deck in its wonted corner for an after-dinner chat. It consisted of a small and more or less Bohemian agglomeration of human beings, whose chief qualification for membership was that they were bored by the kaleidoscopic patterns into which a ship’s company is continually sorting and re-sorting itself. However, in spite of its miscellaneous character (it included a judge, a bride, a mining engineer, a lady missionary, a subaltern and a doctor), it had survived the disintegrating forces of “the Bay,” and, so far at least, the tension of the Mediterranean. Other friendships had been struck up and dissolved; twin souls had discovered one another “down Channel,” only to part (to opposite ends of the same dinner-table) before “Gib”; but the “club” continued to harbour the same old band of rebels. In theory it was ultra-democratic, being open to all; in practice it was the most exclusive of oligarchies—no one else wanted to join it. We may now consider ourselves introduced.

The ship was passing through the most “nervy” part of the Mediterranean. We had long ago grown accustomed to bumping up against people in the impenetrable darkness, and our shins were fairly proof against deck-chairs and sharp corners in general. As for life-belts, our interest in them had dwindled to that inspired by a day-of-judgment sermon or a passing funeral. But this happened to be about the place where other ships had suddenly been transformed by an invisible

foe from floating hotels into doomed death-traps. That very afternoon the dreaded periscope had twice been seen peering above the waves quite close to our stern, and clinging to our zig-zag track like some deadly reptile of the seas. Twice the ship's gun had fired at that evil, black speck, and after some time it had disappeared. Were there any more ahead of us, waiting to strike in the first dim light of dawn?

We were mostly optimistic fatalists. If we were going to be "torped," we should be, whether we worried or not; if we weren't—why, what was there to worry about? Still, *there* was the chance, and *there* were we.

"Someone tell us a ghost story," piped the reedy voice of the subaltern, "I feel so jolly creepy."

"Rubbish! lad," snapped the judge, "in my young days boys never troubled their heads about cock-and-bull fairy tales."

"Perhaps their heads weren't worth the trouble," sniggered the subaltern; but he was promptly ruled out of order.

"After all ideas *have* changed a bit since then," pleaded the missionary, "now haven't they, Judge?"

"Oh well, if you count cranks like the doctor, I suppose they're all explained by telepathic cerebation or some such jargon; eh, Doc?"

I grunted tolerantly, and awaited developments.

"I really don't see how any honest man can ignore the evidence for apparitions," came from the mining engineer; and at the word evidence the judge pricked up his ears like a terrier.

It was the bride's turn next. "After all," she began, in persuasive tones, "what *does* it matter whether they're true or not, as long as they thrill you? Just you go on, kid, and never mind the old fogies. I'm sure you're only waiting to fire off one of your own. Pass him the cigarettes, someone."

The subaltern blushed (or at least we presumed he did, but it was dark) and stammered out: "Has anyone *not* heard the one about the haunted pawnshop?"

We all protested that we had, and a painful silence followed.

The spell was broken by the door of the "Marconi house" opening and the wireless operator emerging.

"Hi! 'Sparks,' old bag-of-wires, come and tell us a ghost story! They simply won't listen to mine. Too perdition critical—that's what *they* are."

"Sparks," as the operator was officially known, saved the situation by mistaking the judge for an empty chair. Having eventually found his bearings, he apologised for interrupting the subaltern and took up the running.

"Aweel, I ca' to mind an unco queer visitation fra' the spurrut wurd—"

[Here follows an extract from the "club" minutes, translated into English.]

Story-telling is not my line, so I'll go straight to the point. It was broad daylight when I awoke that day after a short nap. I had been dreaming so vividly that I could easily have imagined my friend to be standing beside me. He was an old schoolfellow of mine, and we had been together on a White Star boat. I could not remember the incidents of the dream; the one impression stood out clear and strong—that Fred was in danger and appealing to me to save him. I rolled out of my bunk, which occupied one side of the small deck house containing my instruments, and performed a hasty toilet. I was probably rather "strung up" after some long spells of work, for as I was standing in front of the looking-glass, a kind of dizziness came over me, so that the glass appeared quite dim, as if it had been steamed. I clutched the side of the locker to steady myself, but still stood staring at the glass—when suddenly the misty effect disappeared and my hair positively stood on end. Behind me I distinctly saw the back of a man sitting in my chair with a receiver over his ears. I purposely say *a* receiver, for *my own receiver lay on the table in full view*. Before I had time to wonder who it could be, or how he had got there, he turned round and looked me full in the face. There could be no doubt about it; it was the face of my old pal Fred. But how different from the merry face I knew so well! He looked pale and worn with suffering and anxiety, and his eyes bore the

same expression of appeal that I had seen in my dream. But I was no longer alarmed—how could I be alarmed at one who was dear to me? I seemed to know instinctively that Fred was in danger, and that he sought my help.

The moment this sense of certainty flashed on me he vanished, and I found myself still staring into the glass at the reflection of the chair behind me. It was now empty—I had involuntarily turned round to make sure. Yes, there was my receiver exactly where I had put it down the last time I used it, and where I had seen it in the looking-glass at the same time as I saw Fred with another receiver on. Where could he have got his from? There was certainly nothing to be seen of it now. Was it entirely my own imagination? If so, might not the whole thing be the result of overworked nerves and bodily fatigue? There was the dizziness and the mist on the looking-glass—all signs of a disordered state of health. Perhaps even the dream was due to the same cause. After all why should I feel so anxious about Fred? But then—what had brought him into my mind at all? I had not been thinking of him—hadn't thought of him for months now. And that sudden flash of certainty? Surely that could not be imagination too. It was all very confusing, but that look of Fred's was burnt into my memory and nothing could explain it away.

I must do something. But what? He had given me no clue to the danger that threatened him, unless perhaps he took for granted that I should guess it was his ship that was sinking. Of course; it could scarcely be anything else, as I knew he was still at the old job. Probably he had tried to call me up when I was asleep and could get no answer. Perhaps his apparatus was damaged. That was evidently why he appeared to me with his receiver on. I would call him up.

I remember it struck me for the moment as just a trifle uncanny that I should occupy the very chair in which Fred had just been sitting, but I put on my receiver and listened. It might not yet be too late to get into communication with him. . . . Not a sound to be heard—not even the slightest buzzing. The atmospheric conditions were certainly

favourable. I did not know what ship he was attached to now, so I thought I would chance calling his name. Then I listened more intently than ever. Still no sound. I would try again . . . and again. Hullo! What was that? Yes, there it was again. Very feeble, to be sure, but distinctly audible—tick, tick, tick. Nothing short of human intelligence could produce such regular intervals. But I could distinguish no letters, all the intervals seemed to be the same. The message (if it was indeed a message) was no ordinary one, or the Morse Code would have been used; or perhaps it was done purposely to attract attention. The ticking stopped, but I kept on listening, with every nerve strained to catch the slightest sound, and was soon rewarded by hearing another tick—more plainly this time. Yet another and—by Jove, a letter, the letter S. Would the next be ()? Yes, sure enough it was, and the next another S. Then it stopped. How many lives those three tragic letters—the international cry for help—must have saved! Evidently the sender was waiting for an acknowledgment; so I gave it, with an enquiry as to the name of the ship and its bearings.

"S. S. Lemuria (code letters) sunk yesterday," came the faint reply, "Fred Gurney is speaking. There are thirty-five of us in a boat about a hundred miles east of Malta. Please rescue."

I replied: "Message received. Shall try to pick you up." "Thanks," came the simple acknowledgment.

But my curiosity was still unsatisfied. If he was in an open boat, how on earth could he have a Marconi transmitter?

"How are you transmitting?" I sent. The reply was startling enough: "*Direct to your brain.*"

"What! From the boat?" I rapped out in astonishment. But a further shock awaited me.

"No. I am just behind you. Sorry. I didn't mean to make you jump. But my carcass is still in the boat, and I feel jolly queer."

"Are you dead?" was my next rather blunt enquiry.

"Not yet. But I soon shall be if you don't buck up."

These were the last words I could make out, though I caught the first three letters of another word, and a few other spasmodic ticks. Then they stopped altogether; and though I put several other questions, I could not catch the faintest sign of a reply.

The curious thing was that I had not at first realised that my messages had not been coming through the receiver at all, so I had kept on listening as though the message was being sent in the ordinary way. But the moment it dawned on me that the receiver was no longer necessary, the sound ceased, and no amount of listening produced any result.

I went straight to the skipper to report; but I had to prevaricate. Of course if I had told him all that had happened, he would have done nothing, except perhaps give me the sack. "Lemuria sinking, sir; boats to be picked up."

"H'm," was the reception, "sure its not a trap? You know our rules."

"Quite sure, sir. I know the man who was speaking and identified him."

"H'm," again, "a long way out of our course, and the devils are sure to be hanging around for rescue ships."

"We can't be anywhere near there for another four hours, sir, and they'll have probably moved off by that time. For all we know, this change of course may be our safety."

"All right, I'll chance it." I saw him going up to the chart room as I returned.

Well, we found the boat all right; but couldn't see any more. Some of the occupants were so exhausted that they had to be carried on board. I glanced at each figure to see if I could distinguish Fred, but he must have had a blanket thrown over him. I did not care to hamper the doctor and stewards, who were making our new guests as comfortable as human attention could make them; but I soon discovered to my relief that Fred was on board and still alive. But the doctor would not allow any visitors; his case was too serious; he must not be disturbed. The next day, however, he came to tell me that Fred had picked up wonderfully, so I went at once to his

cabin, with a slight tinge of disappointment that he had not asked for me.

His face lit up with surprise and pleasure as I entered. "Well, of all the rummy things! To think of finding *you* here! Anyhow, I'm jolly glad to see you again, old chap."

This was another blow to my preconceptions. "Do you mean to say you *didn't* expect to find me here?" I blurted out.

"No, of course not; how should I?" was the spontaneous answer.

"Oh nothing," I said; "at least, I may tell you when you're well and strong again. You aren't exactly fit for a Board of Trade examination yet."

After a short chat about old times I left him rejoicing over the good luck, as he called it, that had brought us in his direction. He gained in strength steadily, and was soon up on deck; and when I told him my experience he merely remarked: "Good job I know you don't drink, old chap; but be careful and don't let yourself get as low as that again. Rum coincidence, all the same."

I couldn't get him to talk about the sinking of the ship, but the others told me that he remained at his post until the ship went down, and was picked up half an hour afterwards.

A vote of thanks was accorded with acclamation and the subject was thrown open for discussion.

The judge led off as usual. "Now then, Doc, what d'ye make of that?"

"Oh yes," chimed in the bride, "do tell us how it was done, Dr. Murray."

My position was not an enviable one, but I made the best of it and submitted. "The orthodox psychic researcher would utter the magic word telepathy, and consider the whole thing settled. The Theosophists would say that Fred visited his friend in his astral body, while asleep in the boat, or more probably, as I think, delirious; but even then, few of them

would be quite satisfied. The case still presents certain difficulties as well as several features of peculiar interest.

"To begin with, this young man, Gurney, must have possessed an unusual power of concentration to have succeeded in impressing his friend's brain with his personality and purpose, first through the dream, then through his thought of himself as sitting in the chair and receiving a message, and finally through the auditory nerve centres. I do not for a moment imagine that he was as yet able to materialise, and possibly the receptivity of the subject was assisted by the slightly hypnotic effect of the mirror. But we must also take into account the fact that the agent was spurred on by the urgency of the situation, and the subject who caught his impressions was in a state of physical tension especially conducive to psychic sensitiveness. Moreover the auditory nerve centres of the subject were stimulated by the expectation of certain physical sounds in the receiver, and the message was impressed in that particular form to which the brain was most accustomed to respond. Add to this the strong sympathy, personal and professional, that existed between the two parties, not to mention a dash of Celtic blood in the veins of the sensitive, and you have a combination of exceedingly favourable conditions.

"At first sight it seems surprising that Gurney should have hit upon his friend without originally knowing he was anywhere near; but he would naturally make for the first ship within reach, and as this happened to be the one on which his friend was sailing, the personal tie would at once assert itself. Possibly also he was guided to the ship by some one on the astral plane who saw the opportunity.

"Perhaps the most interesting feature of all was the way in which the subject's brain refused to record any more sounds through the psychic channel as soon as it knew that the physical channel was not really being used. Until that moment, the receiver had tricked the brain into a pitch of concentration that it could not reach by direct effort. As for Gurney's failure to impress his own brain with the memory of his adventure out of the body, this is not at all surprising, as not only is

this faculty usually developed long after the ability to function apart from the body, but in this case such an attempt would be a sheer waste of his energy, all of which was needed for the one purpose of the rescue. So I think we may congratulate our Mr. Sparks on his introduction to the psychic world, as well as on his feat of life-saving."

A long, languid yawn proceeded from the direction of the subaltern, and we all agreed that it was time boys were in bed. So the discussion was adjourned to the following evening—subject to our not being torpedoed in the meantime.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

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

A CORRESPONDENT writes to *Light* suggesting that the recent severe winter may have some connection with the psychic forces of anger and hatred generated by the war, and assuming such a possibility to be quite in accordance with the most recent findings of physical science:

Science teaches that a law of continuity binds the universe, and that every atom is sympathetically responsive to every other atom. The boundary between matter and spirit—if it exists—is lost in an infinity of gradations, and the coarser forces of the one tend to become the finer forces of the other. Is it then unreasonable to suppose that the mental and spiritual unrest incidental to a great war has its reflection in realms purely physical? If the vibrations of a human voice can shatter a resonant glass, why should not the anger and hatred of belligerent nations pass in some obscure way into the atmosphere, and give rise to gloomy skies and icy winds?

Light admits the plausibility of the suggestion, but rightly reminds its correspondent of the already established connection between meteorological abnormalities and sun-spots, to say nothing of the Gulf Stream and artillery-fire. Of course, until the extent to which the weather is affected by these physical factors, especially the mysterious sun-spots, can be gauged even approximately, it is impossible to say how much remains unaccounted for by physical disturbances. It is certainly a big jump from the disruptive effect of sound vibrations on the molecules of glass to the psychic vibrations we speak of as caused by anger, etc.; but as Theosophists we may safely say that the same continuity which science is recognising in physical matter extends also to the subtler forms of matter in which thought and feeling manifest, and that therefore there must be a connection of some kind, such as is suggested. One of H. P. B.'s favourite sayings was that she could not tap with her finger on the table without the whole universe knowing it. She would often speak of the ākāsha, or space, as the cosmic sounding-board.

So in spite of many obvious difficulties such as the variation between different winters during the war, I am glad the question has been raised. All the same I have every confidence in the Clerk of the Psychic Meteorological Bureau, and his staff of devas, to prevent even the inhuman callousness of this war from rendering our planet quite uninhabitable.

One of my correspondents sends me a queer little poem from *The Scotsman*, called "Gone West". This phrase is, as everyone knows, one of the Tommies' euphemisms for death. By way of comment upon it, my correspondent quotes from *Legends of Gods and Ghosts (Hawaian Mythology)*, by W. D. Westerfelt.

There were several ways which the gods had prepared for ghosts to use in their journey to the underworld. . . . All through Polynesia as well as in the Hawaian Islands the path for ghosts led westward. . . . They were called. . . . paths for-leaping-by-the-spirit. They were almost always on bold bluffs looking westward over the ocean. The spirit, unless driven back, could

come to the headland and leap down into the land of the dead, but when this was done, that spirit could never return to the body it had left.

She further quotes the author of the above remarks as saying that students of New Zealand folk-lore will say that this signifies the desire of those about to die to return to the land of their ancestors beyond the Western Ocean, but she herself considers this a very "thin" explanation, and thinks a better reason for connecting death with "going West" will be found in Astrology.

In astrology the greatest influence that plays upon us from the signs or the planets is from the East—in other words it is the ascendant or rising sign that the astrologer mainly notes, at least as regards the physical personality indicated in any horoscope.

Surely there must be some hidden truth behind the soldiers' saying that when he turns his back upon this life he has "gone West".

This astrological reference suggests a still simpler explanation—if indeed an explanation is needed of a phrase which after all may be simply a casual one, spoken at random and "taken up" perhaps merely for the sound or because some well-liked companion used it—the obvious one of the sun. Sunset has always been connected with the end of life. What more natural than that some one should speak of dying as going West?

In *The Occult Review* Mr. Ralph Shirley makes an interesting reference in his editorial paragraphs to the Russian Revolution, as possibly providing the occasion for the appearance of the masterful personality of Tolstoy's famous prophecy:

In this prediction, which foretold that "a great war would break out in South-East Europe and would develop into a destructive calamity in 1913, and end by involving all Europe in flames and bloodshed," it was stated that about the year 1915 a strange figure from the North—a new Napoleon—would enter the stage of the bloody drama. "He is," said Tolstoy in his prediction, "a man of little military training, a writer or journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain till 1925," at which period a great reformer will arise. Who, if there is any truth in this prophecy, is this strange figure? Is it, one may ask, one of the prime

moovers in the Russian Revolution? We know here too little of the dominant personalities in this movement to identify this "strange figure from the North". Recent political developments, however, give added interest to this forecast. The moving spirit, at the time of writing, in the Russian Revolution is M. Kerensky, who is described as "a Socialist Cromwell" and whose dominating personality as far as one can judge in the present kaleidoscopic state of affairs, seems likely to mould at least the earlier stages of the Revolutionary regime. How far M. Kerensky may answer to the description of Tolstoy's "strange figure from the North" I am unable to say. More information with regard to him would certainly be welcomed in this country.

No doubt Mr. Shirley's interest will have been increased by the news that M. Kerensky has been made Premier, while still temporarily holding the Ministries of War and Marine. The telegram adds that he has been shot at and that the shot missed him; but perhaps such a distinction is getting almost too common to be remarkable. Whatever the future has in store for him, he is evidently a "dark horse," and we shall watch his career with added interest for this reminder of Tolstoy's vision. Having speculated thus far, Theosophists will naturally wonder whether this "Socialist Cromwell" may not even be the actual Cromwell of history, reincarnated in a Russian body and undertaking a Russian, perhaps a European, rôle.

FELIX

EARTH'S LUTANIST

If I could be a lute of fire,
A lute in some great player's hand,
Responsive to divine desire
O'er desolate and war-drench'd land!
O would I were a lute of fire,
My soul the strings of God-desire!

If I could be the air that breathes
Cool solace o'er each burning brow,
The Zephyr-touch of love that wreathes
Song's magic garland with each vow,
If I His bow of air might bend,
God's very breath through man I'd send!

If I could sing through streams that fall
O'er rock and crag with silver sound,
If I could cry through cat'ract's call,
Through ocean's thunder—I'd be found
Where e'er no other song could go
Through arid hearts my streams should flow!

But not through these beloved tones
My music sounds, whose lute of earth
With muffled chords, harsh monotones,
Echoes frustration, fear, and dearth
Of life's true freedom; this is mine—
Song's crucifixion, pledge divine

Of resurrection from earth's dust
Resurgent to the spheres,
The music of a Master's trust
Of fire and breath and tears,
Song that descends and rises up,
The Wine of Gods in human cup.

LILY NIGHTINGALE

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—ED.]

XXXIII

I VENTURE to place before readers of *The Bulletin* the following facts relating to myself in the hope that they may be found interesting; and that is my excuse for dealing with a personal matter.

In 1882, when the founders of the T.S. came to Madras and took up their abode at Adyar, I was employed as a clerk in the Salt Commissioner's Office. I went to Adyar frequently, and eagerly read whatever books I could get, *Isis Unveiled*, *Esoteric Buddhism*, etc. Wishing to join the T.S., I applied to the late Dewan Bahadur R. Raghunatha Rao, who then occupied a prominent place in the Society. His reply was: "If you wish to see or become a Mahatma, I will not advise you to join; but if you regard the Society as a good organisation for doing useful work, you may enter it." I signified my assent, but was asked to wait. Then came the Coulomb trouble, and my friend, on being approached again, turned away his face without a word. This I interpreted as a sign of disapproval, and gave up the idea of becoming a member.

Since then, having to work my way up the official ladder, I had no time for Theosophy or anything else. I did not know when Mrs. Besant came to India or what she did. Once only I attended a lecture by her at the Victoria Hall, Madras, and came away with the impression that it was unsafe for one to

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hear her—for he is carried away by her oratory—and that her speech should be carefully read in print. After a fairly long service under Government, I took long leave on 1st May, 1905, and then retired. Some time before this, a very able teacher of Vedanta having come to Mylapore, I went to him every morning and received instruction in the Brahma Sutras and the Bhagavad Gita with Sri Ramanuja's commentaries. I thought that I had learnt all that had to be known, and was full of conceit. To show to what extent this was carried, I shall mention two small incidents. Mrs. Besant came to Kumbakonam, where I was then living, and opened the Brahma Vidya Lodge. The whole town flocked to hear her; and I believe I was the only one that stayed away. Why? Am I, an orthodox Vaishnava, to be instructed by a European and by a woman? Again, when Swami Vivekananda passed through Kumbakonam and lectured at the Town Hall, I was perhaps the only one who did not hear him. For was he not an *advaiti*, and a sannyasin who had crossed the sea?

When the Arbutnot crash came in October 1906, and many Indian families were ruined, the idea was started that an indigenous banking concern should be opened. It gradually spread and took shape in the form of the Indian Bank, Ltd., Madras. My friends desired that a branch of that Bank should be opened at Kumbakonam; but as the Bank Secretary imposed a condition as to the amount of deposits, which could not then be accepted, we started a Bank of our own on the same lines, and the management and development of it fell to me. I gave six years to the work as honorary Managing Director, and the Bank is doing very well indeed. But I have been amply repaid. I had been exclusive before in the pride of birth as a high class Brāhmana, and had looked down upon all who were not followers of Sri Rāmanuja. The Bank cured me of this exclusiveness. I had to welcome every customer, whatever his caste or social position, and so behave towards him that he would never cease to be our customer.

The idea that I should work in the field of politics never entered my head till 1911. By the kindness of a dear friend

this the same gentleman appeared and said that I should at once join the T.S., as many members were falling away on account of the Krishnamurti cult. My membership would, he argued, keep in all those that stood for the many valuable Theosophical ideas, but did not care for any particular cult or creed. I agreed, and was enrolled on the 3rd September, 1913. Whether the effect anticipated did take place, I cannot say. But I have advanced in Theosophy, and entered also the E. S.

What was it that drew me into the Theosophical fold? It was not Theosophy merely; for it was within my reach for thirty years, and yet it had no effect upon me. It was not politics merely; for since my retirement on 1st November, 1906, I showed no inclination to join the Congress Movement till May 1911, and even then I was literally dragged into it. What drew me into the T. S. was the link with Mrs. Besant forged in a previous incarnation; and this link asserted itself when she entered in the middle of 1914 on new activities requiring many helpers. That there is a link between us I am assured; for what else is it that keeps me by her side and by the Home Rule Movement for which she has laboured? I have already declared publicly that no harassments and no penalties would deter me in the course which I have chosen.

V. K. RAMANUJACHARI

THEOSOPHICAL NOTES AND NEWS

INDIA

The Fourth Travancore Provincial Theosophical Conference held its sittings at Tiruvattar on the 17th and 18th July under the presidency of M.R.Ry. S. Kalyanarama Iyer Avergal. A Star Conference also had been arranged along with it. On the evening of the 16th the presidents of both the conferences and delegates arrived at Tiruvattar and brought with them a heavy shower which Travancore was very badly in need of. This year the monsoons had disappointed us and crops began to fail and the rains which came with these conferences seemed omens of complete success for the functions with the help of the Invisible Helpers of Humanity.

The conference began with an E. S. meeting at 7 a. m. Then the president and delegates marched in a procession with Nagaswaram music and Bhajana round the Adikeshava temple to the local Girls' School where the functions were to be held. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers and a starry canopy; at the entrance was erected a beautiful pandal—portico—all the work of the Star members and Star servants.

The president then delivered his opening address in Tamil on "Bhakti" which was very inspiring, as were also the other addresses by various lecturers. A. M. Kumara Pillai spoke on "Some Lessons from the Ramayana"; R. Srinivasan on "The Great White Lodge"; R. Krishna Iyer on "Some Occult Lessons in the Life of the Great Truth-Teller"; C. V. Iyer and R. Padmanabha Iyer on "The T.S. Brothers" and "Our Attitude Towards Others".

About a dozen persons—some of them influential—joined the T. S., and it is interesting to note that it was suggested and accepted that members should try to start branches of the "Women's Indian Association" which has lately been set on foot by Mrs. Dorothy Jinarajadasa.

The whole of the proceedings was marked by a sense of calmness and serenity and all felt the power of Love in them.

The Tamil Districts Theosophical Federation has been held this year on July 21st and 22nd at Chingleput. There was quite a good attendance, more than a hundred delegates being present.

The Federation was fortunate in having Mr. Justice Sadasiva Iyer to preside. On the Chair was placed a large photograph of Mrs. Besant which was garlanded. Lectures were given by the Hon. Mr. V. K. Ramanujacharya, Mrs. Cousins, Mr. Jinarajadasa, Mrs. Jinarajadasa and Mr. P. K. Telang. One of the most interesting features of the Federation was the stress laid on the question of the education of women. Mrs. Jinarajadasa lectured on this subject and a woman's meeting was held at which Mrs. Sadasiva Iyer and Mrs. Cousins spoke. One regretted to note that at the Theosophical meetings there were no Chingleput ladies present at all. Are they not as interested in Brahma-Vidya as the men? Perhaps by next Federation they will be ready to take their part in what ought to be to them as well as to their husbands, a time of help and inspiration.

ENGLAND

That attractive feature of *The Vahan*, its Quarterly Supplement, is in the July number devoted to the important topic of Social reconstruction. In addition to an Editorial by H. Baillie-Weaver there are ten first-rate articles by well-known specialists, among them being Prof. Urwick, George Lansbury, Mrs. Despard, John Scurr, and Capt-Haden Guest. So many practical points are dealt with, that it is impossible in these notes to do more than record the appearance of this excellent supplement and the evidence it gives of the attention this subject is receiving from Theosophists in England. The article by Mr. Loftus Hare on "Reconstruction and its Ultimate Goal" is particularly lucid in its exposition of the relation of the spiritual to the political.

It seems that the paragraph in the Watch-Tower notes of May, 1916, regarding the building by the Mahabodhi Society of a Vihara to enshrine the holy relics of the Buddha has found response in the hearts of some of the Theosophists in England. We read in the *Vahan* a letter of thanks from the General Secretary of that Society showing much appreciation of this gift from a far country.



THE ADYAR BULLETIN

VOL. X ADYAR, 15TH SEPTEMBER, 1917 No. 9

FROM THE EDITOR

[SINCE the Order of Internment served by the Government of Madras prohibits Mrs. Annie Besant from publishing any writing of hers, these notes "From the Editor" are not contributed by her, but by the Acting Editor, C. Jinarajadasa.]

At the moment of writing, the announcement by the Viceroy of the early release of the President, Mr. Arundale and Mr. Wadia is naturally the most eventful thing in our Adyar life. The announcement is in the following words:

The Government of India are prepared to recommend to the Government of Madras to remove the restrictions placed on Mrs. Besant and Messrs. Wadia and Arundale under the Defence of India rules, if the Government of India are satisfied that these persons will abstain from unconstitutional and violent methods of political agitation during the remainder of the War. In taking this course the Government of India are actuated by the confident hope that the recent announcement of His Majesty's Government and the approaching visit of Mr. Montagu to this country will have such a tranquillising effect on the political situation as to ensure the calm and dispassionate consideration of the difficult problems which are to be investigated during his stay in this country. The Government of India are prepared under the same conditions to take the same course in regard to other persons upon whom restrictions have been placed under these rules, merely by reason of their violent methods of political agitation.

Needless to say, the Indian public has never endorsed the Government's claim that the President and her colleagues have ever used any "unconstitutional and violent methods of political agitation," and this is clearly shown by the voice of public opinion throughout India, which has resented the internments. It is a happy thing to know that as a result of public feeling not only will the President and her colleagues be released, but also many others who have been interned as they have been, and for similar reasons. And so out of evil cometh good.

* *

A few members seem not to have understood the precise thought of the President in the letter she wrote to the Madras Government concerning the Theosophical Society. It will be noted that in her statement she definitely says that the Theosophical Society "cannot identify itself with any special creed, religious, social or political"; therefore the Theosophical Society is certainly not identified with the political creed of any political party, such, for instance, as the Home Rule demands of the Indian National Congress and the Moslem League. But all Theosophists, with but a few dissentients, will agree that one of the elementary requirements for man's spiritual growth is freedom of speech, and that there can be no Brotherhood where this is suppressed. Wherever, therefore, in any part of the world, the elementary right of freedom of speech is challenged by Governments, there the Theosophical Society cannot, if it at all stands for Brotherhood, let the challenge go unheeded and not throw in its weight with this vital factor which makes for Brotherhood. It is this truth which the President has expressed in her words concerning the Theosophical Society, that "it can and ought to stand for the sacred right of free speech for all opinions which do not excite to crime".

* *

During the last few weeks I have had opportunity of seeing the working of our great Theosophical educational institution at Madanapalle. The Madanapalle Theosophical College, as well as the High School attached to it, and the new National Courses which will presently blossom into a National University

College, are all administered by the Theosophical Educational Trust. There could scarcely be any spot more ideal for the nucleus of a great University. The college buildings and grounds now cover fifty acres and stand on the outskirts of the town of Madanapalle; low hills surround the town and lovely views are seen on all sides. The college is situated 2,300 feet above sea level, and hence it is never very hot in the day and the nights are refreshingly cool. One by one the buildings are rising, and I had the pleasure of declaring open the Annie Besant Hall, which will easily contain 2,000 people; Mrs. Annie Larmuth is one of the donors of this Hall to the college. Many cottages for students are being built, though just now, owing to want of funds, many plans have to be held in abeyance. But more than all these agreeable outward aspects of Madanapalle is the spirit of the college, which is full of vital and sparkling National enthusiasm, and also of happiness and friendliness among the scholars and their teachers. It is this spirit of the place that is quite unique, akin to what must exist at Sir Rabindranath Tagore's school at Shanti Niketan, and what used to exist at the Central Hindū College at Benares when our Theosophical workers, led by Mr. Arundale, were in charge of that institution.

* *

One healthy teaching that has been assimilated by the scholars of Madanapalle is that while they are students they must do something to help others less favoured than themselves, and the spirit of service is strikingly evinced in many ways. Most noteworthy in this respect is the little night school for the villagers of a near-by village, which Mr. D. Rajagopalacharya, one of the students of the college, organised a year ago; sufficient funds have been collected by him to build a school house of brick for the villagers, instead of the mud and thatched hut in which the school started; I had the pleasure of opening the new building for the village scholars, whose ages range between six and thirty. Several of the students and teachers of Madanapalle College are voluntary teachers in this night school.

* *

Madanapalle College has taken up very keenly the Boy Scout Movement, and the Scouts gave an exhibition of their work. The Scouts are badly in need of a large scout room; this they hope to build at a cost of about Rs. '3,000, for which they have so far collected Rs. 500. Those who sympathise with the Scout Movement have a splendid opportunity here of encouraging a form of youthful activity that has proved hitherto one of the most successful and inspiring.

* * *

Another form of activity of the Trust is in connection with Girls' Schools. Nearly always these are free and, therefore, involve a heavy expenditure. Among the many under the charge of the Trust, one that is growing by leaps and bounds is the Theosophical Girls' School at Coimbatore, the town at the foot of the Nilgiris where the President has been interned since August 23rd. Miss E. B. Noble, one of our Theosophical workers, has charge of the three hundred and fifty girls in this school. The school is for the moment housed in an ordinary Indian house, which naturally is not suitable for school purposes. But the school is aiming to build a new building for itself, and has purchased a plot of ground on the edge of the town, and Mr. Ernest Kirk has been specially deputed to travel about and collect funds for this school and for the new building so badly needed. Nothing is so necessary for the welfare of India as that the education of girls and women should make rapid strides, so as to come up to the level of the education at present given to boys. The rapidly changing conditions, political and social, in India can be guided to fundamentally spiritual channels mainly by the women of India; and that they should in any way be handicapped just now in their national duty is a great danger to the swift realisation of those ideals for which Indians are working so strenuously.

PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

II. IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

THERE are just now in the educational world many attempts at reforms; all who have the practical duty of teaching and helping in the building of the character of children are aware how unsatisfactory are the existing theories and methods. The drift of these various reforms is clearly evident when we approach the problem of education from the standpoint of Theosophy. The existing theories start with the supposition that the child is an intelligence which began at birth, and that, when he comes to school, his mind is a *tabula rasa*; necessarily, therefore, the aim of education is to give the child a knowledge which he does not possess and to mould a character which is yet unformed. These theories are still accepted as true, in spite of the fact that everyone who has had to teach boys and girls, and every parent who has had to bring them up, knows by practical experience that children have definite characters, as well as definite aptitudes, from their earliest infancy.

From the Theosophical standpoint, the first fact that has always to be kept in mind with regard to a child is that he is an immortal Soul, and that his appearance as a boy or girl is in order that the qualities latent in that Soul may unfold themselves through experience. The second fact is that the visible world is only one part of a larger world in which the child lives, and that all the time the child is being affected for good or evil not only by what he sees and hears, but also by the invisible atmosphere of the thoughts and feelings of others. As an

immortal Soul the child has already had many experiences of life, and his present appearance as a child is only one of many similar appearances in past ages. He has, therefore, known much about life, and has already gained a certain amount of experience of what to do and what not to do. This knowledge, however, is largely dormant, so far as the child's brain is concerned.

The true aim, therefore, of education is twofold: first, to call out this latent knowledge in the child; he must be made quickly to rediscover such principles of conduct as, in his past lives, he has tested and found were valid for him; and that form of education is the best which enables the Soul, working in the child's body, to come swiftest to a remembrance of his past successes and failures. The second aim in education is to bring the child as quickly as possible to a synthetic view of life; for no man or woman begins to be educated until he or she sees life from some central standpoint. In the general activities of life, we are apt to miss the mark, because we permit divisions between our mental and emotional and moral worlds; and when we thus exist in compartments, the resultant diagonal of our energies is always less forceful than it might be if we lived as a whole. Therefore education must, from the beginning, instil into the child the sense of a whole in life; and since he has already come to some degree of synthesis through his experiences in past lives, the educationist should aim at bringing the recollection of this synthesis swiftly, and at developing it to embrace a yet larger horizon.

This work of enabling a Soul, through his child body, to come to his old synthesis, has to be done in three stages, those of the Kindergarten, the School, and the College; we shall now see what Theosophy has to say concerning education in each of these stages.

THE KINDERGARTEN

The child is not merely the little physical body which we see; he is also an astral body of emotions and a mental body of ideas. All the three vehicles, mental, astral and physical, make

up the child; and all three are sensitive and require training and co-ordination. Each vehicle has a certain vitality of its own, quite apart from the commanding general vitality of the soul of the child; and each has a rudimentary consciousness with likes and dislikes which are not necessarily those of the soul of the child. These subconscious streams of consciousness are pronounced during child life, and they have to be kept within their proper bounds while the soul uses the vehicles which give rise to them. Sometimes some of these subconscious elements may be quite contrary to the nature of the child; the physical body of the child may be extremely boisterous or lethargic, because of the physical heredity of the parents, but this need not mean, necessarily, that the soul lacks either serenity or strength. Exactly similarly, each child's astral and mind body have energies of their own to start with, quite apart from the energy of the soul of the child who uses the vehicles. Therefore, the principal aim in the Kindergarten stage of education is to enable the child to get control of his vehicles; the brain needs to be developed by muscular movements, the emotional nature by feelings, and the mental by thoughts.

The work in the Kindergarten, as we all know, trains the child's body in method and order and rhythm, and trains his brain centres to recognise the concepts of colour, shape, weight, temperature, and so on. The deftness of hand taught in Kindergarten work reacts on the emotional and mental nature of the child, and such training is very necessary, so as to enable the Soul to come swifter to his synthesis. But we have to recognise that the child's character is influenced not only by the objects he handles and by the shapes he sees, but also by innumerable invisible influences; the lines and angles and curves of the room in which he works, the colour of the walls, and the shapes of the physical objects surrounding him in his Kindergarten room, all invisibly help or hinder him; every line in the objects round him, every shade of colour, every tone he hears has its influence on his mental and emotional natures; we can help children or hinder them by the objects which surround them in

in its mistakes and in its successes. It has set an example, which has been and will be useful in older lands, indicating what must be avoided and what may well be adopted for the material and spiritual welfare of the people.

The idealistic life of Australasia was first portrayed in its politics with the birth of what has become known as the Labour Party. The Labour Party in turn was born from the English Socialist Movement of the eighties of the last century, in which Mrs. Besant played a leading part, in fact, to the outside world at any rate, the prominent part. Hence it is not surprising that when the Labour Movement took root in Australasia, the most direct and potent influence actuating it was hers. Mrs. Besant did not actually visit Australasia till 1894. During her stay in Sydney the writer of this article assisted her occasionally in secretarial detail. At that time the Labour Party was strongly established, though still without much political power. From all parts of the country came visitors. Many of them had known Mrs. Besant in London and worked with her. Every day the postman brought a huge pile of letters from political admirers; there was of course, as always, an impossible demand for addresses and visits. Clearly our President was even at that late day enthroned in the hearts of the people all through this country.

That was some evidence of the influence that has been felt since, but it was only part. What first moved the people but here, and it moved them to the foundations of their being, was the series of disclosures made as the outcome of the match-girls' and the dock-labourers' strikes in London. As everybody knows, Mrs. Besant was in these the moving spirit; not as a political schemer, but as a human being whose heart was riven by the cruelty and the horror of the sweating system of which these strikes brought to light but casual examples. Her passionate protest moved even lethargic England at the time, moved, that is, a country that had found excuses for a hundred years for tolerating slums and their millions of starving, sweated human dwellers. The same protest swept the intervening seas and reached these shores in clarion and ringing tones. In almost every heart it seemed to leave a seed of human sympathy and

compassion which from that time forward steadily germinated. It resulted in one unalterable determination being grafted on to the policy of the Colonies, as they were then known, that the labourer should receive a just return for his labour. The younger generation of parliamentary representatives were quick to seize the opportunity that presented itself. In Australia they formed themselves into a separate political party and organised the workers, first into Unions and later into combinations of Unions, and outlined all their policies in the interests of the class they represented. In New Zealand the procedure varied in detail, but the results were the same. The concentrated voting power of the Unions would never alone have given supreme power to the representatives of organised labour, but it was supported by the sympathy vote of those whose consciences had been aroused by the disclosures of the earlier days already referred to. This sympathy has ever been spontaneous and disinterested.

The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
That starts at once, bright, pure, from pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the hand divine.

In fact it has outlasted the merits of the particular political party that profited by it. In the Commonwealth itself, that party subsequently became the administrative power, as it did in every separate State but one; and in that one, as well as in New Zealand, it practically held the balance of power. The complete history of this great Labour Movement has, of course, still to be written, but so far it has succeeded by various means, worthy and devious in turn, in making prosperous, as a class, the workers of all grades. It has provided pensions for the aged and sick, insisted on stringent insurance regulations to secure compensation in all cases of accident and disease incurred during employment, legislated for medical attention in all maternity needs, shortened the hours of labour and provided facilities for a wider and, from its point of view, a more enjoyable life generally.

Its course has been marked with failures also, serious failures too. In its care for its party, it has lost at times all

semblance of a national spirit, and ruled the whole in the interests of a part. Power has not been proof always against corruption. To secure its ends it has avoided statesmanlike policy which might have reduced its power, and has carried its "reforms" at the expense of posterity, piling up huge national debts and making no provision for their liquidation. It has in these later years been used, as a party, by ignorant and criminal extremists, and has suffered for the sins of this incorrigible following. To-day its power has faded away. What still remains is the widespread spirit of sympathy in the hearts of our people. This has never been quenched. It has spread to the newer generation, which perhaps hardly knows the name of the gifted and courageous woman who aroused it in its fathers over a quarter of a century ago.

Australia has been much censured, particularly in India and Japan, for its White Australia policy; but mistaken as this ideal may be, and, in its present operation, is, and doomed as it is to be superseded by some more rational policy after the War, it was born out of this determination to protect the worker. As explained, the means taken to accomplish this end have often been short-sighted and in turn unjust, but it was the sympathy emotion that very largely prompted them. The White Australia cry is based on supposed economic necessity and not on national or colour prejudice. At the same time it is evident that such prejudice has tended to grow up amongst the more ignorant classes as a result of it.

So much for the influence of our President on the material interests of Australasia; there remains the still deeper effect aroused by her Theosophical work on the spiritual conditions of the new world. The Theosophical Society was born in Australasia in 1891, when Col. Olcott visited it and established Lodges in one or two of the important cities. Prior to that the movement was known only in outlying places. Mrs. Besant came first in 1894 and lectured in all the larger centres, both of Australia and New Zealand, on Theosophy. Great crowds collected in the cities to hear her. Leading politicians and highly placed judges esteemed it an honour to be invited to

preside at her lectures. Theosophy might be new, certainly it was not popular, but its exponent was honoured and respected by all classes, and because of her advocacy its message was listened to. Had matters rested there, it might to-day have been easy to show how, as a spiritual factor, the President's Theosophical work had leavened the life of Australasia. This, however, cannot easily be done. The Judge trouble followed, and a crusade of Americans, whose chief aim seemed to be to undo all that had hitherto been accomplished. As everyone knows, the work of popularising Theosophy has had to be carried on amid a veritable inferno of misrepresentation, maliciousness and suspicion ever since. All the same the President's Theosophical ideals have markedly influenced the life of Australasia. Of the half a dozen men who have held the office of Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia, at least two have been students of Theosophy as it is propounded by Mrs. Besant, and appreciative readers of her books, while several of the most prominent of the public men of at least one of the largest States have drunk deeply at the same fountain.

To-day the President's work is less personal than at the end of the last century, it is more merged in that of the Society which she has done so much to build up. One sometimes wonders to what extent the mere name of Annie Besant affects the newer generation, and if the mention of it stirs pulses as it did with the old. But be that as it may, the Australian or New Zealander, when he remembers our President, classes her with the noblest and greatest, and knows her as one of the high souls of all times. He enters into the spirit of the lines:

Give thanks, O heart, for the high souls
That point us to the deathless goals.
For all the courage of their cry
That echoes down from sky to sky;
Thanksgiving for the armed seers
And heroes called to mortal years,
Souls that have built our faith in man
And lit the ages as they ran.

—New India, Aug. 6, 1917.

CELL INTELLIGENCE

By G. S. AGASHE, M.A., B.Sc.

IT is generally agreed that man is endowed with intelligence, while minerals are not. But as to whereabouts in the evolutionary scale intelligence made its first appearance, there is a very wide diversity of opinion. Some deny intelligence to all species lower than the human. Others admit its existence in the higher domestic animals, like the cat, the dog, the horse, etc., but deny it to the lower animals and all plants. There are still others, who go so far as to say that every living cell, whether it lives as a separate individual or as part of a larger organism, is endowed with intelligence. The last-mentioned theory has been well expounded in a recent volume, entitled *Cell Intelligence*, by Dr. Nels Quevli, an American biologist. In his view human intelligence, of which we are so proud, is little more than the collective intelligence of the brain-cells.

From late investigation it has become clear that the mind of man is the result of the minds of the individual cells working together in his head, which we call in the aggregate his brain.

It is not to be supposed, however, that it is only the brain-cells that are endowed with intelligence. All cells in the human body are so endowed, although some exhibit that quality to a greater degree than others. White blood corpuscles, for example, show intelligence in a very striking way. It was shown by Metchnikoff that their function was to keep the body in repair by removing debris, and destroying invading armies of micro-organisms. And this work requires an amount of intelligent co-operation not easily achieved even by men.

When the white cells rush to the place [wounded or damaged in any way], like a wrecking crew to a railroad wreck, and

proceed to clear away the wreckage and build it back into a usable condition, every act must be done with a purpose to effect certain ends. Every move must be intelligent, just as in the taking care of a railroad wreck. The correct size of the artery and other blood-vessels must be determined upon, proper materials provided, and so on in every detail of work.

But even the cells representing the very lowest types of living organisms cannot be said to be devoid of intelligence. On the contrary, every living cell, whatever its origin and nature, in many of its actions shows a great similarity to complex and highly differentiated multi-cellular organisms. It often seems to be doing things with a purpose and using its judgment to achieve the purpose. It also exhibits the faculty of memory, and seems to learn from experience just as we do. Dr. Quevli, therefore, is of opinion that an individual cell is itself a complex organism made up of still smaller individuals.

By reason of the high-power microscope now made, it has been shown that the cell is made up of still smaller cells. These smaller units of life, which I would call primordial cells, have been described by various authors under a number of different names.

In every cell there is a central thickened protoplasmic body, called the nucleus; and associated with it like a satellite is another smaller body called the centrosome. Both these bodies play a very important part in Karyokinesis, or the process of cell division, a process which is a marvel of intelligent co-operation among the different parties concerned. But even in the ordinary life of the cell the centrosome and the nucleus are indispensable. It has been shown that if the nucleus is destroyed the cell becomes paralysed and cannot feed itself nor reproduce itself. So Dr. Quevli considers that the centrosome is to the cell what the brain is to our body; while he regards the nucleus to be a bundle of sub-heads or nerve-centres.

All this is very well. But what we would like to know from Dr. Quevli is whether he regards these cell-constituents themselves to be quite devoid of any intelligence. We presume that his answer would be that they are not altogether devoid of intelligence. In that case, how far down must we go in the scale of structural complexity before coming to a point at

which an intelligent whole will be found to be made up of unintelligent parts? We cannot see very well how, on the hypothesis that the intelligence of an organism is nothing more than the sum of the separate intelligences of the constituent organs (we are using the words in a wide sense), we can stop at anything more complex than the hard, solid atom of older chemistry, which must be supposed to be endowed with intelligence, although not made up of parts. The view then becomes closely similar to Haeckel's monism, which endows all atoms with life. Nowadays the chemist's atom itself is believed to be a very complex organism; and on Dr. Quevli's assumption, the ultimate carriers of intelligence will be the electrons. But are we sure that that is the end? Who knows that the electron itself may not prove in a few years more to be as porous as a solar system, as complex as a biogen molecule? The question as to where exactly in the evolutionary scale intelligence began, appears thus to be a futile one.

Now it may be admitted that this difficulty is one that is common to all metaphysical discussion, and cannot, therefore, be considered in itself fatal to Dr. Quevli's view. But there are many facts which militate strongly against Dr. Quevli's basal assumption. The intelligence of an organism is no more equal to the sum of the intelligences of its constituent organs than the signification of a word is equal to the sum of the significations of the letters of which the word is made up. A word is something far more than a mere combination of letters; and it is so made by human convention. Exactly in the same way every organism, high or low, is something very much greater than a mere collocation of organs. An organism is equal to the organs plus a controlling, co-ordinating something. And that is why we have to make a distinction between the sleeping and the waking consciousness of an organism. During sleep the constituent cells of the body are on a holiday, so to speak. A factory hand on his holiday shows quite as much, if not more, zest in enjoying himself, as he shows in doing his work in the factory on a working day; but still, on a holiday, the combined activities of all the hands in a factory will not

produce a single manufactured article. In the same way, each single cell of the body is quite as alive to its own individual interests, and shows quite as much intelligence in looking after them, during sleep, as it does when the parent organism is awake; but the parent organism shows far less intelligence in sleep than in the waking consciousness. The reason in both cases is the same, *viz.*, that the controlling, co-ordinating force is withdrawn partially or wholly.

Now what is this extra something that enters into the making of an organism out of organs, just as human convention enters into the formation of words out of letters? Theosophy answers—a fresh impulse from the Logos or the Ishwara. It is that which is the controlling and co-ordinating force, which puts together a heterogeneous mass of elements, keeps them there as a coherent whole, as a single organism, utilises their qualities and capacities for its own purposes (while allowing them a certain latitude to pursue their own individual ends), and withdraws from this its own creation when it is no longer useful. And this holds good from the lowest to the highest stages of organism-building—from the building of an atom out of electrons to the formation of a nation out of individuals, and even higher.

G. S. Agashe

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

By ONE OF THEM

““PLANS, plans,” exclaimed the Songster, “‘That is why you Westerners never could create a religion.’”

“Eh, what?” The Professor looked round sharply. He had been laying before the company a scheme which he had elaborated, and when he paused for comments this is what he got.

“I’ve been reading Swami Vivekananda,” explained the Songster. “My remark was a quotation. He seems to be down on making plans.”

“Renouncing the Formative Will,” put in the Ascetic. “Quite right.”

The Professor was about to defend himself when the Brownie observed meditatively: “It is a very puzzling question that of the Formative Will. Are we to make no plans?”

The Professor, seeing that the interest in his prospective activities had faded in the light of this question of plans in general, sat back in his chair with an air of patient resignation.

“That seems to be what the *Gītā* teaches us,” answered the Ascetic.

“I think,” observed the Rājput, “that your interpretation of the phrase is not a true one.”

“What does it mean then?” asked the Songster. “There does not seem to be much mystery about it. Renounce—the-formative—will: do not try to manage things by willing them beforehand. In other words, follow the logic of circumstances. Didn’t some Chinaman recommend that?”

“That wouldn’t necessarily make it true, would it?” asked the Blue Bird a little scornfully.

“No, but it is always nice to quote an authority.”

“More to the point on this occasion to quote the original Samskrit,” came from the depths of the Professor’s chair.

The Songster took no notice of this suggestion but turned to the Rājput. “What was it you were going to say?” he asked.

“I was going to say that you have missed the point entirely,” answered the Rājput bluntly, “when you say, on the strength of that quotation, that we should stop making plans. Properly understood, it means quite the opposite. ‘Formative’ does not refer to planning, and ‘will’ is not will as distinguished from wisdom and activity or any other mode of consciousness.”

The Songster looked aggrieved. “Of course,” he complained, “if the sages do not *say* what they *mean*—how can I . . . ?

“Surely,” began the Professor, but the Blue Bird interrupted him with: “Oh hush! Do let him finish.”

“The Formative Will,” continued the Rājput, “is, to my mind, that aspect of yourself which is the real fundamental *you*—formative in the sense that it directs and dominates the whole being—it may be *Ātmā* or *Buddhi* or *Manas*, according to your ray or temperament. As this . . .” but here there was another interruption. The Ascetic could not let that statement pass.

“No, no,” he said. “In the sixth chapter of the *Gītā*, where it is written that no one can become a Yogī with the Formative Will unrenounced, the Samskrit word given in the foot-note as corresponding to ‘will’ is *sankalpa*, and we are told that this is the imaginative faculty that makes plans for the future.”

“There,” said the Professor, “I told you where to begin. Get hold of the Samskrit and see what were the exact words and find out the traditional meaning and use of these. You can’t discuss a passage until you know that.”

“Bother the words!” The Rājput looked quite disdainful. “What do I care about the words? I am discussing facts.”

An expression of disgust showed on the Professor’s face, and the Rājput, seeing this, hastened to explain.

“You will say that I can’t discuss facts without using words. But my point is that we are not so much interested in

what the author of the *Gīṭā* said, as in the question : Should the would-be Yogī give up making plans ? The Songster quotes some words and interprets them to mean that our aspirant should not. I on the other hand maintain that those very words express a great truth (but not as he explains them), and this truth I am trying to state. For the moment I am not concerned with *sankalpa* or any other Samskrit term. All right ? ”

“ All right,” the Professor admitted.

“ Well then, if we take it that the thing to be renounced is that true self of the man, the next question is—what does the renunciation imply ? To my mind it means subordinating it to the necessities of the Great Plan, or to the Master’s Will, whichever way you wish to put it.”

“ That is a very different thing from making no plans,” remarked the Brownie.

“ Of course it is,” replied the Rājput. “ The Yogī-to-be makes more and more definite plans as he evolves, reaching out further and further into the future. But the point is that he fits them all into the great scheme, and because of that very fact they grow more and more effective. He renounces, however, in that he has thrown in his lot with those who no longer work for themselves and hence no longer belong to themselves.” There was a pause. Then the Rājput continued :

“ This renunciation cannot be made until one has reached a fairly high level of spirituality. We must first develop the Formative Will before we can renounce it. Most of us hardly know our own minds with regard to the real things that affect us as spiritual beings. It takes time and evolution.”

“ You can’t look out over the world from a third-floor window until the third floor is built on the house,” observed the Songster sagely. “ Anyhow, Professor, you may continue to make plans. You seem to have the permission of the majority.”

“ Thanks,” said the Professor. “ Well, what I was saying was. . . .”—but we must not reveal his secrets.

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—Ed.]

XXXIV

THE twilight was a Scotch mist, and in the mist were shadowy forms and strange voices. A type and a generation which the world only knows now as a memory, fine qualities of character, and also great faults, standing out in sharp contrast one to the other, such as is portrayed by George Macdonald and Ian McLaren, and which we find in the Border country where Scott lays the scene of some of his romances, and where the one race merges into the other—such the surroundings in which the dawning consciousness evolved. One met with quaint stories of old superstition, and bits of folk-lore, and a sincere and deep reverence for things religious, which is now considered old-fashioned. The Bible was read in the home as much as the newspaper and magazine is read to-day, and there were fireside talks on the great mysteries of existence, e’en though they were based on a narrow system of theology (which none the less was logical—granted the premises), with the shorter catechism and confession of faith as the final appeal.

But there was no doubt as to the reality of the occult. Much of kindness existed with it ; but it meant, at a very early age, a keen interest in matters which now would be considered more fitting for later years. Somehow, the story of Buddha and his teaching came at a very early time, and transmigration or reincarnation was not an unfamiliar idea. But the twilight of the mists was lifting. Greater liberality was taking possession

of the pulpits and a new body of preachers was rising, who put old teachings in an entirely new light. Here and there, "heresy hunting" seemed to be in vogue. Darwin was a name that was referred to in different ways. Thomas Cooper, known as the Chartist, lectured on "Darwinism Examined". But there were preachers who spoke of the great light Evolution was bringing into the world, of how the Bible, taken as a whole, as a record of the climb of man "from animality to the Christ," "was a marvel of consistency," saying that inspiration was "like the light shining through coloured glass, and the prophets spoke according to their temperaments".

The time had come for argumentative preaching. Secularist papers were quietly finding their way to remote places. Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant were admitted to be good and well-meaning people, though mistaken. Young men, however, were warned against the literature, "as it might influence them". Some would candidly admit that they would go that way themselves if they took it up. Phrenology, presented by able exponents, was claiming attention, and one heard a good deal of Spiritualism. There was also a form of Christianity which allowed people to form their own opinions, which forced no dogmas upon people, which laid emphasis on the practical teachings of Christ, and maintained that Christianity was a thing of life and not of theological belief; this in the main was known as Unitarianism; and against it there were serious warnings by some of the orthodox, as being an insidious and dangerous thing.

Then came a desire on my part to know what all the religions taught. Many a visit was paid to the Roman Catholic Church, and the sincere act of lowly reverence at the elevation of the Host made a deep and lasting impression. But all forms were studied. Yet more important than even the teachings of the pulpit were the Debating Societies and Mutual Improvement Societies, connected with the Churches, where there was many a good paper and many a good discussion.

The life was a lonely one; and there were silent tragedies, and much struggle and hard work; for deep down at heart, an

ambition had always been fostered since my early years, and in the face of all kinds of difficulties was never let go.

People changed; circumstances changed. The friends of early youth were gone. Annie Besant had become a Theosophist. In Spiritualistic papers something had been explained as to what Theosophy was. One read of Madame Blavatsky, who seemed to be regarded as a great medium. But there was in me this strong conviction—that whatever it was that had got hold of Mrs. Besant, "it was no fool of a thing".

A friend of mine travelled round the world, and sent *The Golden Gate* from San Francisco; later there came from Los Angeles an account of a visit by Mr. Bertram Keightley. Then, in a railway train, a paper was picked up containing a paragraph about Madame Blavatsky, who had travelled all round the world, and had got hold of information concerning the hidden side of religions, and was bringing out a book called *The Secret Doctrine*. At another time a paragraph appeared referring to Colonel Olcott and his acquaintance with some very wonderful men, the Mahātmās, who had extraordinary powers, who formed a Brotherhood, between each one of whom was a magnetic link, and who could produce a clear bell-like sound, so that one could instantly communicate with the other, no matter where they might be.

One event was added to another until, in 1891, H. P. B. passed away. Mrs. Gordon advertised in *Light* free literature to enquirers, and that was my introduction to Theosophists; for soon I took up the study in earnest, sending for *The Key to Theosophy*, and subscribing to *Lucifer*. Then, like a tornado, there burst through the press a mass of abuse of H. P. B. Her portrait appeared in the illustrated papers, and the Seal of the Society. (I had always been attracted to anything resembling Masonry, though I never became a Mason.) That decided me, I cared nothing for the slanders. A strong enthusiasm possessed me, I joined the Theosophical Society, and immediately myself set about doing what I could to spread Theosophy. Soon there came the chance of arranging a lecture for Mrs. Besant, and then several others followed in the locality. I

bought and read all I could. The Countess Wachtmeister sent me books for the bookstalls at Mrs. Besant's lectures, and at one of the lectures I had the honour of being chairman. One opportunity for service after another has opened out, since then, in various parts of the country.

The light I have now is broad daylight compared with that of years ago. Still, one cannot realise the light as our great leaders know it, until theory can be converted into knowledge. Grateful as we feel for the light we have, it is still only the twilight compared with the experience which is theirs.

ULLIN

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

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

MOST people know the mysterious "divining rod" by means of which certain persons can locate underground water, but the "clairroscope," by which the unseen presence of minerals may be detected, is not yet so familiar. The following description, though not a very full one, is enough to introduce anyone not already acquainted with it to this very interesting invention.

Fitted with one or another attached substance, it turns to that which corresponds with the given thing attached. Mr. Heydon [the inventor] calls the instrument the clairoscope, and the result obtained the clairum. The clairum is the counterpart of the spectrum. The latter is limited to the luminous, the former to the non-luminous rays. . . . Mr. Heydon's researches are based

on his conviction that everything organic and inorganic, from electrons to the mighty universe itself, is surrounded by a sphere; that these spheres blend and combine "in accordance with the laws of force centres," but that in all combinations "they retain their identity as do rays of light". He believes that the distinctive energy that operates the clairoscope is a higher dynamic energy—nothing less, indeed, than that vital force, which is characteristic of all life. "A name must be found," he says, "for this vital force which is rhythmically circulating throughout the universe, forming the pulse of existence." "The dream of the alchemist is founded in the nature of things," continues Mr. Heydon, "and will be realised when mankind shall have discovered the simple process of polarising and depolarising electrons at will."

Light quotes this passage from Lilian Whiting's new book, *Canada the Spell-Binder*, and further informs us that experiments with the clairoscope have been going on for thirty years, and that its powers have been tested by Sir William Barrett. The serious interest of this very careful yet open-minded investigator is a guarantee that the matter is worthy of study.

The ultimate constitution of matter has always been a favourite theme for speculation since the time of Democritus, and modern science seems to be on the verge of discoveries more far-reaching even than the revolutionary behaviour of radium. The new science of radioactivity is inseparably associated with the personality of Professor W. H. Bragg, and it is a pleasure to read in *The Nation* that he and his gifted son, Dr. W. L. Bragg, have been awarded the Nobel Prize for physics in recognition of their joint work in investigating the atomic structure of crystals.

This phenomenon of structure, observable also in the groupings of positive and negative electrons within the chemical atom, is evidently coming to be regarded as the connecting link between the properties of the different chemical elements and the common basis from which Sir William Crookes and others have supposed all matter to have been originally formed. Again, the intimate relation of electricity to the simplest units of matter so far detected, lends colour to the conception of structure as a result of energy distributed in varying degrees and proportions.

The Theosophist, in accepting the reliability of clairvoyant observation, jumps the impasse, and speaks of this primal energy as life—intelligent life, technically the life-wave from the Second Logos, which builds up forms through the property of attraction and repulsion. One thing, at least, we may be sure of, and that is—the last has not yet been heard of *Occult Chemistry*. It is now an open secret that more than one eminent chemist and physicist is keeping a watchful eye on it, as containing possible clues to further advances in this fascinating field.

A cutting from the *Waikato Times* tells the following story. "I," who speaks, is a Captain Norman G. Thwaites, M.C., late of the 4th Dragoon Guards, we are told, and formerly of the *New York World* staff, who was wounded at the battle of the Aisne. He came across a Prussian officer who gave him the startling information recorded. This officer, a man of high rank, was at the time in an English camp and had been taken prisoner near Ypres during "the terrible five days when the 'contemptible little army,' depleted by one third, faced the flower of the German army urged on to Calais by the War Lord himself".

I was greatly interested when this Prussian officer informed me that he had been separated from his comrades and had run into a trench full of British cavalymen. From the date of his capture and the account he gave of the events of the day I gathered that he and I must have been very near each other that noisy November day.

I was eager for a piece of information.

"How was it," I asked, "that the Germans did not get through that day? The British were retiring slowly and stubbornly, and a vigorous pursuit would have made a *saute qui peut* of it."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "When the British occupied the prepared trenches outside the town we advanced in force, but the Dragoon Guards held us up a long time. They had a good field of fire and we could not make headway. They spoiled our game. Then when we did manage to get some of the French trenches on the right of the cavalymen we saw your enormous reserves and had to wait for our supports to come up."

I was amazed. "Reserves!" I exclaimed. "Why, we had no reserves. We had not even any supports that amounted to anything. Several days passed before any considerable number of troops were able to assist us."

Now this statement . . . was of rather weird interest. After the pretty but wholly fictitious story of the angels of Mons, which originated in a poetic conception of Arthur Machen, there went from mouth to mouth the story of the heroes of Agincourt who had arisen from the ancient battle-fields where their bones had lain these 500 years, and in their thousands had faced the invaders of France and Flanders. The wise and unpoetic sneered at the fantastic conception, but some sort of explanation for the German halt in the midst of their victorious stride during those early days of November, 1914, has still to be offered. My friend the prisoner of war was merely confirming the evidence given by numerous prisoners of those strenuous days who persistently talked of reserves desried behind our thin and tortured lines.

Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that by some optical illusion the Prussian commanders were led to believe that the further advance of their troops was fraught with danger.

There are several instances on record in Theosophical literature of protectors from the invisible worlds appearing at a critical moment to ward off danger by their mere presence, and it does not seem at all unreasonable to suppose that at this critical moment in the destiny of nations a glamour was thrown over the advancing ranks in the form of apparent reserves in the background. Perhaps this explanation is more probable than that the ghosts of ancient or modern soldiers were mobilised, or even that a reflection of some past battle in the astral light, such as we read of in Mr. Leadbeater's book *Clairvoyance*, was revived for the occasion.

FELIX

RELIGION AND THE STATE

By W. D. S. BROWN

ONCE more religion is coming out of its shell and wondering what all the noise is about. For centuries it has been comfortably pensioned off by the State in return for the homage paid by religious teachers to the national ruler. But when the war laid down a new scale of values in terms of destructive efficiency, the State, as legal head of the Church, naturally asked what religion was doing to "win the war". In most cases the response came up to expectation, and the phenomenon of the recruiting bishop appeared. The old tribal deities were resuscitated, fitted with modern uniforms, and propitiated by national anthems and prayers for victory. Of course this was exactly what the State wanted; it had secured the support of religion, and thenceforward could do what it liked with sanctimonious indifference.

But unfortunately for the State, or rather the little tin gods who run the State, a few people in all ages have taken their religion seriously and have refused to bow the knee to Baal. As a rule they are comparatively unimportant persons, and are generally let off with the light sentence of banishment for life from the "best society" on the charge of religious or other mania. But occasionally they happen to be people of proved ability or position, or even both; and when such people as this presume to tell the State how to manage its own business, there is no end of a commotion in official circles. The scare of priestcraft is raised; exclamations of horror are heard at this "degradation" of religion—an expression which, by the way, is not exactly complimentary to political morality—and the wicked interlopers, be they Mrs. Besant or the Bishop of Calcutta, are curtly ordered back into their own kennels.

It was ever thus. In the days when the king stood for the State, as the controller of the collective force of the nation, the priest was at once his ally and his possible rival. The prime minister was of course more useful; but being usually clever, was also more dangerous, and therefore had to be dismissed every now and then as a warning to others. The priest, on the other hand, was generally stupid and popular, and consequently open to flattery.

Now the king had too much sense to go to war before the priest had duly settled matters with the gods and arranged the necessary omens, otherwise his superstitious subjects might turn and rend him, if they found themselves let in for a bad time. But if ever the priest should use the uniting power of religion to undermine the authority of the king, or to create units other than those upheld by the force of the State, the precarious alliance between king and priest would be abruptly terminated and open war declared. In the end the priest, not being a soldier, would be squashed, and the royal favours transferred to the figure-head of a more harmless sect.

But the trouble caused by the priest is nothing to the trouble caused by the prophet. The prophet is a department of religion that the king has always feared and suppressed—not always directly, for it is easier to do it indirectly through the self-interest of the priest. It is usually enough to give the priest a hint that the prophet is likely to empty his church and—well, we know the rest.

Now the trouble about the prophet is that he sees through shams, tells people plainly what he thinks, and acts up to it. If such a person were to "meddle in politics," there is no knowing what might happen. He must be muzzled at all costs! Probably no one hates the backbiting atmosphere of politics more than he does; but he has a message to deliver to mankind, and a message that changes men's lives must necessarily change the conditions under which those lives are lived, and such changes are seldom possible without "meddling in politics". Even if the prophet confines his activities to the top of a mountain and a few personal followers, his very seclusion is a

silent protest against the institutions of the time and an example of reprehensible discontent. But when the prophet happens to be one like Mrs. Besant, who can add a wide experience of the world to the message inspired by a spiritual dynamic like Theosophy, what wonder is it that the political monopolists cry out in dismay that religion has over-leapt the boundaries they have so long succeeded in imposing? Again, should the priest by any chance turn prophet, like the Bishop of Calcutta, and say something he has not been paid to say, we must expect to hear the indignant chorus: "Is Saul also among the prophets?"

Yet the chief hope for religion in the days that are upon us is that it shall again turn out prophets, whether they are classed as priests or laymen. The great masses of the labouring classes in England have long ago sized up compartmental religion as a stone offered in answer to an appeal for bread. The writer has even heard Theosophists described as the super-Pharisees, who explain the sufferings of the poor but will not lift a finger to help them. Let us hope that at least the latter charge is greatly exaggerated, though it is not without foundation. If Theosophists refuse to soil their feet with the mire of poverty and degradation in which millions of their fellow men and women are being engulfed daily, for fear their precious Theosophy should be twisted by their opponents into a semblance of political or other intrigue, they had better keep their doctrines under a glass case. If Theosophy is really rooted in Divine Wisdom, surely it can be trusted to prove its own merits in whatever situation it is found. What the sponsor society has to do is to maintain a common ground of tolerant study on which all workers for human welfare can meet in spiritual recognition and discuss their ideas with perfect freedom. Slanders and calumnies cannot touch it, as long as this deeper purpose is fulfilled. And the trials and triumphs of the T.S. to-day will be those of "religion" to-morrow.

W. D. S. Brown

THEOSOPHICAL NOTES AND NEWS

INDIA

In spite of political stress everywhere in India, the propaganda work for Theosophy proceeds as usual. The veteran General Secretary, Mr. T. Ramachandra Rao, is constantly travelling and lecturing, and he has visited several places in the South. The several Lodge Inspectors of the Theosophical Society are also continually travelling and lecturing. Mr. Jinarajadāsa has lectured at Madanapalle, Salem, Coimbatore and Erode during the last month. Mrs. Jinarajadāsa has organised her work of the "Women's Indian Association" in these towns. Mr. Justice Sadasiva Iyer has presided at Theosophical Conferences at Salem and Kumbhakonam. The Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society has endorsed the invitation of the Calcutta members to hold the next annual Convention at Calcutta.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

Since Bishop Wedgwood's visit during last quarter, a new spirit has been working in the Lodge, bringing the ceremonial side much to the fore. This has given an added dignity that was previously somewhat lacking, and an earnestness that shows a greater realisation of the meaning of the work of the Theosophical Society and the place the Lodge holds in it.

The study classes and public lectures are still very much alive, and often the attendance at the lectures is too large for the hall, so that there is a little stir in the direction of the scheme for our new building. The enthusiastic manner in which the three subsidiary Movements, the Co-Masonic, the Old Catholic Church, and the Newer Education, are being taken up by the members, points to the Coming of the Great Teacher asserting itself as a real factor in our lives. Of the three, the Newer Education is more directly connected with the Lodge itself, and it forms the subject or part of the subject of many of the talks and lectures. Related to this, though more specially belonging to the Order of the Star in the East, is the Mothers' Thought Guild, which now numbers 750 members. This Guild is familiarising mothers with the idea of their responsibilities in the training of their children, and showing them the great power they have in moulding the character of children by their thoughts. Co-operation between the mothers and the teachers is also emphasised.

New members are still coming in, and at each monthly Fellowship meeting several have been welcomed and introduced. Public Socials have been resumed again this year, and the first was held

on Saturday evening, June 16th, when the hall was well filled with a very happy group of members and friends. The children's movements are doing useful work in bringing out the latent powers of some of their members. The Servants of the Star hold fortnightly meetings conducted by themselves, and a weekly study class is held under Mr. J. R. Thomson's guidance. A public meeting was given by them on Sunday afternoon, May 20th, when the method of conducting it and the writing of the papers showed much advance. The Round Table continues its weekly meetings, and is now experimenting with the new ceremonies just received from Australia. A "Star" shop has recently been opened by two of the members of the Order and the Lodge, the idea being to foster beauty in the Arts and Crafts. Ecclesiastical and Masonic vestment work is undertaken and taught, as well as more prosaic fancy work; all proceeds from the teaching and the needlework itself are to go to the funds of the Order of the Star in the East. The colour scheme of the shop is cream and purple, tastefully harmonised. Pictures and shelves of books adorn the walls, and are for sale, while the window is attractive with Eastern wares, books, pictures and texts, the Principles of the Order of the Star holding the central position.

The following notice introduces us to the new activity which has recently been set on foot:

Mrs. M. Hyams has the honour to inform you that she has started a "Star Arts and Crafts Guild" at 351 Queen Street, Auckland. Orders will be taken for Masonic and Ecclesiastical robes, vestments, altar cloths and other ceremonial decorations.

In view of the difficulty of obtaining such articles from abroad, it is thought that with the capacities available a start should be made in N.Z. to supply such; hence the "Star Arts and Crafts Guild".

The Guild is not merely a commercial concern, but aims at stimulating the love of beauty by the production of artistic works for the above and kindred purposes, and further intends to aid the development of the faculties in young people, by forming classes for training in the various branches of Arts and Crafts.

All work entrusted to the Guild will be made of the best materials, of good workmanship, and of approved and authentic designs. Terms and estimates can be had on application.

Gifts of good workmanship, and designs will be gratefully accepted. The whole of the profits of the Guild are to be handed to the Order of the Star Council for the benefit of the Order in New Zealand.

HAMILTON, NEW ZEALAND

There is a splendid field for propaganda work all around us, and we are trying to spread Theosophical teachings to the best of our ability; and although only a small Lodge, comparatively speaking, we hope at least to be part of the "leaven which leaveneth the whole". The Lotus Class is making steady progress under an enthusiastic leader. The Library is open on Saturday afternoons and all enquiries are welcomed. A brother (non-member) of one of our members, recently gave a paper on "Thought Power," based on Mrs. Besant's book of that name, to the Wesleyan Young Men's Bible Class.

ANNIE FORBES



THE ADYAR BULLETIN

VOL. X ADYAR, 15TH OCTOBER, 1917 No. 10

FROM THE EDITOR

WITH the next number of THE ADYAR BULLETIN Mrs. Besant takes charge of this magazine. We regret that more pressing and urgent work has made it impossible for her to write these notes.

The event of the month, of course, has been the announcement of her release, as also that of Messrs. Arundale and Wadia, from the internment in which the Government of Madras had placed them. It has been an unconditional release, and the great political movement of which Mrs. Besant is a leader has gained a constitutional victory. Her methods of law-abiding and constitutional agitation, which were used by her colleagues and followers when she was absent from their midst, have gained their reward. The entire Indian public, both the educated classes and the vast masses have hailed our President on her return to public work with so hearty an enthusiasm that the spectacle has been unique and wonderful. Her home-coming to Adyar has been described elsewhere; and the more than royal welcome she received on her way to and at

Calcutta, Allahabad, Benares, Bombay and from Bombay to Broach, speaks of the awakening of the Indian Nation.

One marked feature of the reception accorded to her was the religious reverence paid to her person. In orthodox Madras, in the land of Mother Kālī, in holy Prayag, or sacred Kāshī, as well as in westernised Bombay, religious offerings were made. Her work is rightly looked upon as religious duty, the performance of her dharma, and she is not merely looked upon and respected as a politician. It is not possible to describe the expression of love and reverence of the illiterate poor of Āndhradesha, who gathered at every station between Madras and Calcutta; and at stations where the train did not stop, in the dead of night, people had gathered with blazing torches and shouted "Vasanta Mātā ki jai" as the mail train rushed by. At Calcutta, some thirty thousand people had gathered and the ovation accorded to our President was reported to be unsurpassed in the history of Calcutta. Ladies showered flowers and sang songs, Bengalee youths cried Jai, and elderly folk looked on dazed, not realising what was happening. The merchant princes vied with each other in paying homage to "Bharat Mātā"—Mother India incarnate. For a short day we stayed at our Theosophical Headquarters in College Square, and ere we left had the great pleasure of meeting our brothers who presented an address of welcome to our President. Our devoted Brother Hirendranath Dutta has done very splendid work, and he seemed satisfied and happy at its result on that eventful day.

From Calcutta we went to Allahabad where a huge reception awaited the President. A long procession it was, which lasted for some four hours and thousands paid their homage to their friend. We were the guests of Pandit Motilal Nehru and his noble wife and had the pleasure of meeting some old Theosophists, among them Munshi Ishwar Saran and Principal Sanjiva Rao.

Benares was the next halting place. That sacred city was the home of both our President and Mr. Arundale for many years, and they look upon it in that light even now. The welcome was once again hearty and enthusiastic, and even in that smaller town a crowd of over 10,000 gathered at the meeting, and the religious fervour of the people was extraordinarily marked. Kāshī has its own spiritual atmosphere and it welcomed our President with a spiritual zeal. The town was prettily decorated and illuminated. Miss Arundale's magnificent work is proceeding steadily and we were glad to meet Miss Browning who had just returned after a long and trying illness. Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu and his boys took a prominent part in welcoming the President, and I think it made Mr. Arundale happy to feel that his great labour of love in the C. H. C. was bearing fruit in our Theosophical School. The C. H. C. also welcomed her, and she inaugurated there a Social Service League.

We reached Bombay on the 10th October. Busy Bombay had turned out to greet Mrs. Besant who was long ere her internment prohibited from entering the Western Presidency. What we saw there took us back in memory to a day in far off 1893 when Bombay welcomed the first Indian member of Parliament—Dadabhai Naoroji. The cloth markets, the Share bazaar and the stock exchange, the cotton markets were all closed, for the merchants, princely and others, wanted to take part in the reception of Mrs. Besant. It was a never-to-be-forgotten welcome in which pearls were strewn like flowers, and the high houses of Bombay, the mosques and the temples, were living images of men, women and children. The streets were decorated with bazaar wares by each shopkeeper, and our motor-car passed under festoons of sweetmeats and silver vessels, rich silks and beautiful brocades.

At length to China Bagh where we were welcomed by our good brothers Seths Ratansi and Tricamdas Dharamsey Morarji. The saintly widow of our late Brother Seth Dharamsey gave

our President and others a warm welcome and the huge crowds had to be satisfied by the President appearing on the Balcony. She and Mr. Arundale then left to be the guests of Seth Narottam Morarji Goculdass. We had good Theosophical meetings and much work was done. The President and Mr. Arundale left for Simla, and I stayed on in Bombay to finish a few things and we all returned to Adyar on the 20th October.

* * *

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the passing away of our old friend Dr. W. A. English. He has spent some twenty years at Adyar, the major portion of which was given to very useful work on *The Theosophist*. He left his worn out body at the ripe age of eighty-three, leaving behind him his much loved daughter, who is bearing the separation with a philosophic calm worthy of a good Theosophist. May Light Perpetual shine on him.

B. P. W.

PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

II. IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

(Concluded from p. 266.)

THE SCHOOL

AFTER the child gains a certain amount of control of his vehicles in the Kindergarten, in the next stage at school he has to gain the sense of law. His emotions are therefore now to be more fully worked upon. Now the child is born, with an emotional nature which he has developed through many lives; the teacher has not therefore an altogether plastic or incoherent emotional nature to work upon. He can only modify it, eradicating any twists or warps which exist in it, and strengthening what is beautiful. What has to be given to the child—or usually, as a matter of fact, reawakened in him—is a deep capacity for feeling, with, at the same time, a serenity while he feels.

This can largely be achieved by working with the child's physical body. Herein lies the value of gymnastics, especially all gymnastics which have in them some sense of rhythm. Wherever a rhythm can be developed in physical action, as in the dance or in eurhythmics, there is a strong emotional reaction, and the child's invisible emotional body is steadied and gains a sense of law and order; and this reacts on the mental nature so as to attune it to the thought of law. This effect is specially heightened where the rhythmic movements are performed by many children in common; it is as if while they all work together they

became units of an invisible rhythmic movement, which imposes upon them a great law of beauty and order in action.

The sense of law and beauty is also greatly developed by training the child in poetry and music; this training does not mean that the child must be made to write poetry or to compose music—unless indeed he has a special aptitude for either within him—but that he shall be given both music and poetry as his emotional food. Every child from earliest years should know some poetry and some music suited to his capacity; but we have to take the greatest care to see that the word-phrases or musical-phrases are what is suitable. For just as physical dirt may infect the sensitive body of the child, so too can the emotional and mental natures be infected by harmful poetry and crude music. Nursery rhymes, with their usual jumble of thoughts and images which have little relation to life, are in this respect distinctly harmful; perhaps presently our poets will give us great poems for little children to take the place of the nursery rhymes which are taught them now. If we could, in our modern civilisation, abolish the ugly noises of the streets, and the ugly pictures on hoardings, as well as the use of phrases in language distorted from their true meaning, we would not need to complain of unruly children; unruliness is a malady of the emotional nature, but the germs of it are not so much in the children as in the outer world which surrounds them in our modern civilisations.

The mental nature of the child has to be trained by making it strictly true to fact; and this is exceedingly difficult in these days, because so many of the words we use do not signify what they are meant to signify. Words having definite, accepted meanings are often used for purposes of exaggeration or as slang, and these things confuse the sensitive mental nature of the child. Therefore the greatest care has to be taken that children only hear words which are true, that is, words which have some clear and precise relation to the thing signified. The mental nature of the child is extremely active and difficult to hold along definite lines; therefore clear descriptions of things must be given to him and also expected from him.

This mental accuracy in his education will enable his dormant mentality to express itself more fully as the years pass; accuracy of thought and description is necessary for the highest of reasons, which is to bring down to the child's brain his consciousness as a soul who has already thought accurately about such experiences as have been his in his past lives.

Needless to say, the child's mind has to be trained by stories. The mind is one of the finest architectural implements that we have; the mind's nature is to build. We must, therefore, give it suitable material at the varying stages of its growth, and in early years show the mind what makes for beauty in building. Here comes in the use of fairy stories, and especially of myths; myths have in them an intrinsic beauty of structure, and the child's mind is trained to high imaginative faculty by teaching him the great romances of the visible and invisible worlds.

A necessary element in education is to give the child, even in his earliest years, some definite synthesis upon which to found his imagination; and for this religion is fundamentally necessary. A religion need not mean definite dogmas of a theological kind; what the child needs to start with is some great universal thought embodying in it a universal feeling. Every religion has many such suitable thoughts, even for a child's mind, and it is perfectly possible to surround children with a beautiful religious atmosphere. Each child should be taught morning and evening to recollect himself as a soul by some simple prayer of dedication; one such, greatly in use among the children of Theosophists, is this simple prayer of the "Golden Chain":

I am a link in the Golden Chain of Love that stretches around the world, and must keep my link bright and strong.

So I will try to be kind and gentle to every living thing I meet, and to protect and help all who are weaker than myself.

And I will try to think pure and beautiful thoughts, to speak pure and beautiful words, and to do pure and beautiful actions.

May every link in the Golden Chain become bright and strong.

In this beautiful prayer the child's imagination can easily grasp its symbolism, while the prayer has within it the great

thought of a larger unit of life than the child himself. A work yet waiting to be done for education is to write textbooks and story-books for children which present to them the universal life of humanity, while fascinating their imagination at the same time; we could make of children great philosophers, if only we realised that philosophy is not a matter of definite systems or schools, but of thoughts and feelings and aims which the best of humanity have all in common.

One further important element in the child's education should be the teaching given to him through tending plants and animals; these lower orders of creation should be near the child's life constantly, so that he may remember himself as one linked in a great chain of life, and realise that his nobility grows as he serves not only those above him but also those below. And apart from this, each flower or tree or animal radiates its own influence, and we can utilise these invisible aids to hasten the child's growth in thought and feeling.

THE COLLEGE

When the time comes for a boy or girl to go to College, we may take for granted that the vehicles—physical, astral and mental—have been disciplined to some extent and are fairly under control. Therefore now begins a period when the soul can definitely impress on the brain his inner attitude to life, in order to train his vehicles for the work in life which he plans to do. Unfortunately, in present-day Universities, the training given is deficient, because the teaching is so exceedingly academical and has little relation to the practical problems of life as seen by the soul. The most useful part, in many ways, of University life is not the instruction received from the professors, but that received from the students, in games and in social intercourse. The usual result of College education as it exists now, is very well described by Mrs. Cornford:

A young Apollo, golden-haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life.

When Theosophical ideas prevail in Universities, it will be recognised that the teaching given must definitely aim at making clear to the student his own problems as a soul. He has come to life to do a work, and the preliminary years of childhood and youth have been spent in building his vehicles; now he is free to survey his past and look into the future, in order to make clear to himself what he is and what is his work. The help to be given to him is by presenting such aspects of culture as awaken within him his ancient synthesis; all through his education in Kindergarten and School this has been one of its aims, but while the synthesis there was mainly felt emotionally, during College it should be recognised intellectually.

The synthesis is to be brought before him by arranging the experiences of the geniuses of the past and of the present in such a manner that their general impression is to strengthen in him his innate enthusiasm for his own special work as a soul. If any man or woman finishes College without having found within himself or herself a deep enthusiasm for a work, the University has failed in its aim so far as he or she is concerned. It is the function of a University to show us what are the objects worth pursuing in life, not as now merely to equip us for a profession. This was indeed the aim of University life in Athens, but in modern days there is so little of clear understanding of what life is, that in the University the professors themselves are confused as to the great problems of existence, and hence their enthusiasms run primarily on intellectual and academical lines. It is well known that Oxford and Cambridge have a strong atmosphere of their own, but that atmosphere is more of a crystallised past than of a living present or an absorbing future.

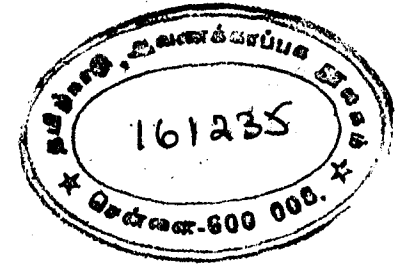
A true University should so train a man that through all his work in life, after he leaves the University, there shines a serene radiance as of an immortal doing a work in time; and this is the real basis of any culture worth the name. It has been said that the function of a University is to turn out gentlemen and scholars; the work of the University, from the Theosophical standpoint, should be to make of men immortals

and servers. It is in the University that the highest ideals of life should be reflected with beauty and serenity; and the greatest ideal of life to be taught to men in such a place in modern days should be the joy of fellowship in working together with all men and nations in one definite work for the welfare of humanity. Of the many perfections which a University can give to a man, that which is most needed to-day is to make him a Knight of Service; as of old with King Arthur's knights, one of

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record.

Those of us who have gained what modern Universities have to give, know how much we owe to them; but we cannot help confessing that while they equipped us in some fashion mentally, they did not equip us to understand the problem of life which confronted us when we left College. We have had to unlearn, slowly and painfully, many of the lessons of the past, and learn many strange and difficult lessons of whose existence our professors told us nothing. If all this could be radically changed, and the University be made definitely a place where to us, as souls, our soul's work is pointed out, and also how, as we do that work, there is all round us the background of Eternity, what could not University life be as an essential part in the life of every man and woman! As things are now, many a man and woman who has had no College education is a nobler Soul and a greater Server than those who have had their years in a University. All this will surely change when the fundamental principles of Theosophy permeate education, and our professors profess above all things the great truths which reveal to men their Divine nature, and how that nature is developed through human service.

C. Jinarājadāsa



THE PRESIDENT'S HOME-COMING

By ANNA DE LEEUW

THE sun shone brightly on the morning of September the 21st—the long-expected day on which our exiled President was to return to her Adyar home. Madras was early astir, and though her train was not due till 6.15 a.m., by four o'clock the crowds had begun to gather at the Central Station, some brave people having stayed up all night so as not to miss the great "tamasha". By train time every inch of available space was packed with expectant faces—a gay, good-humoured crowd; and no sooner had the engine steamed in, punctual to the moment, than the hospitable flatness of the railway carriage roofs attracted the more agile, and from this point of vantage numbers of people looked down on the proceedings. But, as nature abhors a vacuum, despite absence of these, the crowd on the platform was still as thick as ever. All heads were turned, all eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of the great lady as she first set free foot again in the ancient city of Madras.

It took quite twenty minutes and the strenuous efforts of a determined body-guard to clear space enough outside her compartment to allow her to step on to the platform. The Boy Scouts did invaluable service, exercising a tact and judgment with the people which should stand them in good stead in later life. At last a narrow pathway was cleared, and she emerged, half hidden under a mass of flowers that hung round her in many-coloured garlands.

It was a rather slow and arduous progress from the train to the carriage, through the thousands that had assembled to greet her. For the strain put upon the President by the en-

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forced inactivity of her three months' internment had told upon her health, and it is not easy even for the most robust to pass, as the centre of interest, through a great mass of people who, though all well-intentioned and peaceable, are each and every one of them trying hard to get even a single look at the beloved one on whom so many hopes are fixed. However, she was piloted through safely at last and took her place in the carriage. There are surely moments in the lives of even persons who live in the glare of publicity, when the magnificence of a triumph must stir them to the depths. And surely such a one was this. Responding to the love of the people, Mrs. Besant had no thought but for them, and in spite of her physical weakness, endured bravely the long seven miles travelled at a foot pace.

A formal procession to escort the party to Adyar had been deemed inadvisable, but the mass of humanity that crowded the streets and followed along with the carriage could hardly be called by any other name. The roads were too narrow to hold all who wished to be present to see her pass, so many a young Home Ruler had to seek the hospitality of a roadside tree or the top of a tram-car. "It was roses, roses all the way," and often oleander too and jasmine and chrysanthemums. From balconies and roofs and open windows scented flower petals were showered down upon "the three," and every little while the horses were stopped by a deputation offering garlands and other symbols of rejoicing.

At Adyar everything was ready, swept and garnished, by seven o'clock. The coolie women passed once more down the avenue, bent like the half-moons they described with their reed brooms as they brushed away the last stray fallen leaves; then followed the gardeners to lay the dust of the sunny morning with a sprinkling of rainbow showers from their red earthen pots; a detachment of Boy Scouts, in khaki with bright orange turbans, were posted at intervals along the drive, ready to burst into their cry of "Vasanta Mātā ki jai," as soon as "mother" should appear. And then there was nothing for "the household" to do but possess its soul in patience.

Grouped round the first gaily decorated archway stood the staff of the Vasanta Press, waiting to shower flowers down upon the exiles from a curious device suspended from the cross beam—the quaint figure of a god carrying a basket which, manipulated by a string, could be made to turn over at a given moment and bestow its hidden store of blossoms upon those whom he delighted to honour. Near the second archway were lined up the boys from the Panchama Night School, two rows of eager little people, each one carrying a gay flag.

The central Hall, where the Adyar residents were gathered, was a joy to behold. Its walls were wreathed with ropes of dark green neem, and to-day its height could only be judged through a low ceiling of chrysanthemum garlands which spread from side to side, a veritable fairy bower, golden and white.

The time of waiting seemed long. Not until after nine o'clock did we see the first signs of the approach. Then gradually there appeared over the parapet of the long bridge which spans the Adyar River just above our gates, a mass of heads—more and more, until its whole length was packed, and the strange sound, as of a storm rushing upon us from a distance, resolved itself into the weird strains of an Indian band and the shouts of joyous people.

It was a wonderful sight to see the multitude trooping down the avenue—absolutely unorganised yet perfectly orderly. Some were singing, some shouting, some chanting their prayers for success, others their love of the motherland.

As the centre of all the rejoicing drew near, the tumult increased. "Vande Mātaram," "Vasanta Mātā ki jai," "Arundale Mahārāj ki jai," "Wadia Mahārāj ki jai," resounded on all sides. More garlands, an offering of holy water, and at last our chief and her faithful disciples stood again in their own home. They stepped up on to the platform in the Hall before the statues of our beloved Founders, and there, with the veteran Sir Subramania Iyer, who has worked so ceaselessly for their release, they received their welcome home. All of a sudden, as by a common inspiration, eager hands were raised to the fairy web of flowers hanging above the heads of the people, and in

a moment, as it seemed, that wealth of perfumed loveliness had been showered down upon the "dauntless three" and lay around them, a white and golden symbol of the riot of love and welcome that filled every heart.

Such was the home-coming. We in our ignorance thought that this great effort of our President's would prove too much for her strength, already so sadly tried by her "imprisonment". But we were wrong. Surrounded by the love of her people and breathing once more the pure air of liberty, she has from day to day gained in health and is fast becoming her old self again. Each day more and more work seems to be put upon her, and with each new exertion her power increases. For where her work is, there her strength lies.

Anna de Leeuw

A THEOSOPHIST ON ACTIVE SERVICE

By ALTAIR

IT was rather a sudden change to go from the Society where twenty years of work had brought many friends and established strongly the feeling of home, into the army where the newly-arrived junior officer takes, quite rightly, a very humble seat in the Mess, and has everything to learn. Thousands of men are having the same experience and are gladly placing themselves under the direction and guidance of those who, frequently, are junior to them in years and in experience, but who have greater knowledge of, or aptitude for, the business of war to which duty calls them. It is all part of the game.

There are two principles of Theosophy which have guided me and which the test of experience has justified.

The first principle is that the Theosophist should always feel himself to be surrounded by friends, and that wherever he may go he should always be at home.

The second principle is that, wherever he may be, there is, at that very spot, some opportunity for doing the Master's work which he goes there to seize.

Regarding the first of these two principles, I think that sometimes we make too much of varieties of temperament and outlook, and are apt too easily to conclude that we are antipathetic to this person and at our ease with another. This, surely, is a surface view. Underneath all outer differences there is human nature, just as there is blood and a throbbing heart beneath every hue of human skin. If we can acquire the art of touching the human life, which so often hides beneath the veneer of conventionality, we shall find that the world is filled with friends, and, going forward to meet new people, we shall do so with the conviction that we shall discover new friends among them. Our view of people will be a truer one than if we see only the surface of them. No doubt we shall make many mistakes, but more often than not we shall be right; for the pure gold of the Self is treasured in the heart of human nature, and that is the basis of all true friendship and of all beauty and nobility of character. Later on we shall gain the power of seeing the Self in all, and then we shall make no mistakes in our diagnosis.

The second principle to which I referred is of more especial application to us as Theosophists. Of course it is true of all, that their duties lie at their hand, wherever they may be. We are quite ordinary human beings, usually with no special aptitude or ability which marks us out. But, through some good karma of the past, we are the representatives, in this generation, of that ancient Divine Wisdom which flows for ever through the compassionate hearts of those "Great and Peaceful Ones who live regenerating the world like the coming of Spring,"¹ and we have appreciated one or two of the great truths which the world needs. And therefore wherever we

¹ *Great Jewel of Wisdom.*

may be is a place where these Truths should be expressed. We may safely assume that, because we are in a particular place, there is some one there for whom we have a message. No words need pass; it may be that a thought or a feeling of ours will convey the message.

In more leisured days we used to take our time for meditation and for study. The time and solitude can no longer be found in the communal life of the army. But the power to meditate remains. On the march, one has the sky overhead and the countryside all about one, and these are filled with topics for meditation. An exquisite cloud shape, a lovely fold of the land, a sudden glimpse of far away blue distance, a green bank bathed in sunlight, with blue speedwell peeping through, like the eyes of some one dearly loved, a bank of violets suddenly discovered, all these and a thousand things beside, are reminders of that Self which nourishes all. A thought of this kind, quietly and reverently sent out, may sometimes be the message which we are called upon to send to another mind.

Or it may be that we have to deliver our message by our action. In an organisation where discipline is strict upon parade, but is sometimes lax in off times, we have to stand for certain principles, for dignity and self-control in action and in speech, without any loss of cheery and hearty good-fellowship.

Thus one subaltern (a Theosophist), hearing the chaplain appeal for a better attendance at Communion, turned up at the small chapel in the early morning and found that he was the only officer present in the small congregation of three! This led to a frank and interesting talk with the padre, a discussion upon Theosophy, and a cordial invitation to attend Communion at any time, in spite of the said subaltern's refusal to partake of the wine.

Without in any way forcing matters this same subaltern has had opportunities for speaking about some of the main Theosophical conceptions, the idea of rebirth, the life after death, and the general purpose and greatness of life, to most of the officers in the Mess, and being a bad talker himself, he has

frequently found that it was possible to lead another man on to talk Theosophy without knowing that he was doing so or mentioning the word. One night a small group of officers sent for him to come and talk Theosophy to them.

It so happened that after this discussion, in which the power of thought and the possibility of thought transference and other unawakened faculties had been touched upon, two thought readers were announced to give a show at the local cinema. The officers went in a body and occupied the two front rows of the stalls. The demonstration was a remarkably good one, and convinced all who saw it that there was something in Thought Transference.

The truth is that there are thousands of people who are just ready for the broader outlook upon life which it is our inestimable privilege to have gained, and we have to go through the world confident that we shall have opportunities of passing on such knowledge as we have made our own and part of the very fabric of our lives.

I do not know as yet how it will be in the shock of battle and in the dreary waiting in the trenches, but I am confident that these too will be opportunities for the expression of that Life and Influence with which it is our wonderful privilege to be in touch.

Altair

LITTLE DAFFODIL CHILD

Not in the full-blown time of Spring,—
Not when the kiss of the Sun has waked to passionate strength,—
Not when the breath of the breeze is laden with a thousand
flowery scents,—

Not then, little Heart, did you come. . . .
But with the early daffodils and first spring flowers,—
With the budding of the palm upon the roadside bank,—
With the tender touch of green that lies like childish kisses on the
naked brown of branch and twig,—
Have you come, little Heart, have you come. . . .

Little Heart, little Daffodil Child!
What promise lies as yet unfilled within!
Little grey bud of tender palm,—I greet you with my love.
Little green kiss upon the twig,—I touch you reverently with
gentle lips.

Little Heart, little growing God-filled bud,
What mystery is lying in your birth!
Out of the Emptiness of Yesterday
Spirit has faintly thrilled with new Spring Life;
To-day she sighs within your heart, half-stirring in her sleep;
To-morrow?—Ah, to-morrow, little Breath of Spring,
Who shall stop you as you strengthen to the Wind of God!
As you grow to the warmth of the passionate Sun, and the Love of
the full-blown Time of Spring!

Little Heart, little Daffodil Child,
My prayers are with you as you grow. . . .
May you keep the thousand flowery scents that lie in the breath of
the breeze
Fragrant and sweet within your heart!
O little grey bud of tenderness,—
O kiss on the winter twig!

DOROTHY GRENSIDE

IN MASTER'S GARDENS

By ANNA KAMENSKY

(Continued from page 75)

VI. THE SHELLS

WE walked in the Master's gardens on the seashore; for a
part of the gardens is bathed by the Bay of Bengal, and
every morning the sun rises over the sea, illuminating at the
same time the blue waves and our palms. The sandy shore
forms an ideal *plage*. The golden sand makes a bright border
to the blue waters under the blue sky.

I walked on the soft sand and listened to the rhythmical
song of the sea. The tide was rising and the foaming waves
rolled nearer and nearer. Sometimes they kissed my feet and
sprinkled me with water-dust. I walked slowly, admiring the
intense blue of the waves. The sun went lower and lower, and
its rays rested on the sea like golden arrows.

Shells were spread on the sand. They were beautiful:
white, golden, blue, pink, violet, of all shades and forms, often
in the shape of a cup or a fan. I gathered them, admiring their
tender hues and listening to the rhythmical song of the
waves. . . .

A great scientist once compared the whole of humanity to
children playing on the shore of an ocean and gathering
shells. He thought of our ignorance and helplessness. But
I felt myself as a happy little child before the ocean, gazing
with deep trust into its unfolding depth. The soul spoke with
God through the sky, the waves and the shells. And Time was
not. . . .

VII. THE BANYAN TREE

In the Master's gardens there are several banyan trees. They have sent out long branches like so many trunks. The biggest, most splendid, is opposite our house.

Our banyan is of venerable age. He has sent out hundreds of branches and twigs, which, growing into the soil, have formed a large, green labyrinth with many shaded avenues and arbours. It is pleasant to rest here and pleasant to work. On solemn occasions we gather together under our banyan, and there is room for all.

The old tree has seen and heard a great deal. He has seen the first pioneers gathering together; he saw the Society growing and the recruits coming. At present he sees a great international family, and he knows that there is no country in the world where the people have not heard something of him.

They say that sometimes the soul of the banyan appears at night in the shape of a tall, old man with a long, white beard. Majestically and silently he greets his friends, and disappears as magically as he came.

What does this silent greeting mean? What thoughts and feelings does the old, gray giant put into his greeting? We do not know, but we feel that our love and gratitude have brought us very nearer to his soul, and we see that every year he grows in strength and beauty. Does not our gratitude wake up in his pure soul new wealth of life? Does not his evolution quicken in communion with those who live in Master's gardens?

VIII. THE COBRA

Many creatures—birds, squirrels, lizards, butterflies—live in Master's gardens; there are also snakes. It is curious that some people who live here for many years never see them; others, as soon as they arrive, inevitably meet them.

We walked through the palm grove, admiring the beauty of the summer morning; some one asked: Is it really possible that snakes come here? As if in reply to the question, we saw

on the brook which flows through our grove, a small, black snake. We stopped on the bridge. The snake was swimming very quietly, raising its slender neck with its small head and piercing, clever eyes. "Perhaps it is a harmless creature, perhaps a poisonous snake," thought I, "but for those who are not afraid of them it is the same."

The snake seemed to understand my thoughts and disappeared; I did not see it again. I know people who are afraid of snakes, and their fear seems to attract them. Sometimes they meet a cobra in the gardens, sometimes quite near to their house. Curious, puzzling happenings. . . . Why among the fragrant flowers of the Master's gardens are also cobras? Why are we fated to see a snake at least once? Do we not meet simply a part of ourselves, and is not the cobra merely an outer symbol we have to meet?

IX. THE MONGOOSE

In Master's gardens there are also mongooses. It is a small animal, not bigger than a cat, with a long tail and a sharp little muzzle. It is an excellent hunter of snakes, and the cobras are very much afraid of it.

When I go to the seashore, I often see a mongoose coming out of big bushes where it is hiding. It seems to be a good-humoured creature, but its figure expresses intense attention: it seems to be always on the watch. It is fond of racing over the lawn, making large, funny strides, reminding one of the jumps of a hare; but seeing people, it disappears at once. Hindūs keep a mongoose when the cobras come too near their houses.

The mongoose is our faithful sentinel on the physical plane, but on the other planes we must ourselves create a mongoose. If such a mongoose has been born, the cobras lose their power over the human soul for ever.

X. THE STAR

Beautiful is the morning in the Master's gardens; beautiful also the evening afterglow.

Sometimes of an evening we gather on the roof under the starlit sky. Sometimes we give ourselves up to the mysteries of cosmogony, sometimes to the mysteries of the human spirit. There is a large carpet spread on the roof, and round it a few arm-chairs. The roof is dimly lit, but over us we have the most luxurious illumination that we can imagine. The heaven is afire and a myriad luminous eyes look upon us.

Just opposite to me, on the velvety blue of the sky, shines a star, larger and brighter than any. It pours a sheaf of silvery rays, rhythmically expanding and drawing in its disc. These rays possess a peculiar, magical power, for when they touch my heart, they leave in it a mysterious joy. *Per aspera ad astra*, sings the star, and it becomes clear to me that the star is calling us and that its self is coming forth to meet us.

XI. THE MYSTICAL FLOWER

In the Master's gardens there is a wonderful flower, which we call the mystical flower. It has five large, white petals, and when it is open it shines from afar like a star. But in the daytime it closes and is not to be seen. Only at night, after sunset, it gradually opens its white cup and shines in the darkness in a tender, silvery light.

The sun illumines the gardens beautifully, but not till the day's sounds are hushed and the afterglow has gone away, does the flower reveal its beauty. It blooms only under the stars, in an atmosphere of solemn peace.

The human heart has also its mystical hour for flowering. It also needs the solemn peace of the starlit sky, and waits till the afterglow has burnt away. It is a mystical flower on another plane. And having unfolded, it shines like a star in the darkness of the night, pointing out the path to other hearts.

Anna Kamensky

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

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

Theosophy in Australasia publishes a very interesting little account of a curious psychic happening quoted by Mr. Leadbeater from a letter he received from a correspondent in France. It seems that a certain officer in the French army one day had a strong presentiment of approaching death and wrote immediately to tell a friend about it. This friend, we are told,

Shortly afterwards, at four o'clock one morning was awakened by a horrible vision of a distorted and grimacing face; and at the same time she felt herself being suffocated. She called her husband and asked if there was not a terrible odour of gas; but he replied that he did not perceive anything. When they arose a few hours later, the servant on entering her kitchen at once cried out: "Madame, madame, my copper saucepans which I cleaned yesterday are absolutely black! And in the dining-room all the silver is in just the same condition. One would say that the place had been saturated with asphyxiating gas!"

Remembering her own experience some hours earlier, the mistress had the gas-fittings carefully examined, but there was no leak whatever. It happened that the servant had a brother-in-law who had been employed in trying to counteract the effect of asphyxiating gas at the front, and as he was at the time in Dijon she asked permission to preserve one saucepan and a little silver bell uncleaned and in their present condition, in order to show them to this man. When he came and saw them, he declared at once that the oxidation was undoubtedly due to asphyxiating gas, as it was precisely of the same nature as the effects which he had often observed at the front.

News reached the lady soon afterwards, showing that the officer had died at four o'clock on the morning of her strange experience from the effects of asphyxiating gas.

Mr. Leadbeater remarks that several of the features of the story are easily explicable, as the vision of the distorted face, and the stifling sensation. But the new and really extraordinary part of the whole thing is the oxidisation of the silver and copper. This phenomenon could not have been due to anything but physical gas. He says :

We cannot suppose that the captain intended to project asphyxiating gas to his friend; indeed, there is nothing to show that he made any conscious effort to inform her of his fate. It would probably not occur to him that any such thought transference was possible, and he was probably trusting entirely to the physical-plane information conveyed by his lieutenant. Nevertheless, as so often happens when a man is at the point of death, and therefore partially released from the limitations of the physical body, his strong thought of his friend proved sufficient to carry the communication without resorting to any physical-plane means. The captain himself may have drifted to his friend immediately on dissociating himself from his physical body, and he may have carried with him the etheric double, among the particles of which a certain amount of gas might quite conceivably have been entangled. Another possibility is that the line of communication may have been set up through the fourth dimension, in which case the transference of physical matter would present no difficulties. It is, of course, that physical transference which is the unusual feature of the case.

The value of confession has always been recognised by the Roman Catholic Church as a means of producing a certain sense of relief from the oppressive effects of self-contained remorse or other psychic inharmony; and one condition always regarded as indispensable to this result is that the confession be conscious and voluntary. At the other end of the scale we find an interesting parallel in the confessions extracted by the process of psycho-analysis, which, though mainly involuntary and even sometimes unconscious, have none the less a recognised therapeutic value in relieving nervous disorders and restoring the mental composure necessary to physical health. It is probable, however, that both forms of confession owe their efficacy to the fact that, in Theosophical language, the ego is helped to assert its control over the vehicles, whose "uncensored" automatism—commonly known as the subconscious—provides

the happy hunting-ground for psychologists of the school of Freud and Jung.

These reflections were suggested by an article in *Current Opinion* on Dr. C. G. Jung's latest book, *Psychology of the Unconscious*, in which article the opinion is advanced that perhaps the coarser undercurrents in human nature, on which Freud based so many of his conclusions, may not after all have been so much overdrawn as one would like to suppose. Says this writer :

It seems a pertinent psychological reminder of the baser side of living, assumed in the Freudian psychology, to reflect that the horrors of murder, rapine and pillage are perpetrated daily by persons who a few years ago were at home a body of tender-minded citizens.

Later on, however, a more hopeful view is taken as to the place which these elementary assumptions of materialistic psychology are likely to fill when human nature is seen in fuller perspective.

One may wish that the Freudian psychology had been built up by men more alive to the varied springs of action in refined persons, more sympathetic with the delicate products of intellectual insight, less absorbed in the revolting aspects of a degenerate humanity. Yet the facts they have collected stand. The abnormal has given a clue to the interpretation of the normal, bringing with it such of the mud as attaches to deep-sea dredgings. When the psychologists of the future stand a little way from the canvas, they will interpret the composition more truly. The casual critic will be less offended by the details and more concerned with the meaning of the whole.

We are often told that it is good for us to see ourselves as others see us; but, like many other things supposed to be good for us, the spectacle is not always after our liking. This is certainly the case where religious belief is concerned, as on such points people are naturally sensitive; yet, if we are to attempt to help others in this respect, we must be ready and willing to hear their objections, especially when they are good-natured and not altogether without foundation. For instance, the following quotation from *Prabuddha Bharata* may prove instructive as well as entertaining :

Another great miscalculation of men looking forward to the coming of an Avatara is the preconceived form which they fondly want their expected One to assume in their midst. History proves

that such a preconception is a vanity of vanities. . . . For God in history was never found to affect the extravagance of having a boss to prearrange His manifestation to the detail. The Bible shows that John the Baptist even miscalculated in foretelling the coming of a Christ that had already come, and he could not band together the fishers of men whom his Christ fished, not to speak of anything like the modern time-tabling of a coming Avatara's deeds and movements! Jesus had his single John the Baptist, Ramachandra had his few Rishis to be counted on the finger's end, Sri Krishna had his Bhishma among myriads of friends, but the modern bosses of God have hundreds of societies to draw out His cut-and-dried programme of business! Great fun, indeed!

Needless to say the writer has allowed the exuberance of his language to carry him a good way further than the facts, at least as far as the T.S. is concerned. I have yet to meet the enthusiast who aspires to draw up a time-table for an Avatara. Perhaps it has not even occurred to the writer that he may be falling into the same error himself, in assuming that future Avataras will be bound to follow the precedents set by those of the past. Who is to say that a future Christ may not have a hundred or more John the Baptists?

FELIX

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—Ed.]

XXXV

BETWEEN the twilight and the dawn lies the night, and for some the golden moon makes night only a little darker than the day; for others the night is starry; for others pitch-darkness; and some there are can sing:

The night hath a thousand eyes
And my heart hath its love.

There never was pitch darkness for me, more than for a very little while. I always believed in the Beautiful and the Good; I worshipped the Christ in earlier years, as I do still, as the Gentlest and the Most Merciful One, without concerning myself with matters of doctrine. And yet every Theosophist for whom Theosophy has come to mean the whole of life, cannot help feeling that his first real touch with it was a veritable dawn. By "real" touch I mean a sensing of its life, for I had an unreal and a real touch before joining the Society.

My first touch with Theosophical teachings was in Geneva, somewhere about 1902. Since the death of my father my nerves had been constantly on the verge of collapse, and one evening I went to a Lodge meeting and heard for the first time of "auras" and "thought-forms"; these strange things shook my nerves so badly that I feared for my reason. Some time after, I went to South America, and my eldest sister, herself a member of the T.S., sent me books on Theosophy. I was still

beset with apprehensions and brought them home unread. These facts show how karma works, and how one may not even join the Theosophical Society until his hour strikes. The hour struck for me when I was living in London. I went to meetings of the H. P. B. Lodge, now my Mother Lodge, and there I met Mrs. Sharpe. At once I felt a devotion for her, and she was, as it were, the morning star which heralded the unrisen sun. I believe I went to meetings more to see her than to listen to the discussions. I think some people are made in that way, that persons rather than beliefs are their milestones.

Then the sun rose. I went with my mother and sisters to that series of lectures in St. James' Hall, when our President first gave out in London the message of the Coming of the Christ. I went intending to keep my best judgment uppermost, to put my own values on the speaker and her words. I listened so carefully and so intently that for some months afterwards I could recall almost any part of her lectures in her own words. I had a good place, facing the speaker, and I gave myself up completely to the power of her wonderful oratory and the great Message she delivered. At times she seemed to speak directly to me, and the first impulse of reverence and devotion was stirred in me. At the second lecture I had not so good a place; I was up in a side balcony, and when the President brought her discourse to a close, a sudden desire seized me: "I wish she would look up at me"—and she did. Perhaps she had felt my thought, perhaps a kind karma arranged it for me; it doesn't matter. Since that time she has become the centre of my life. I joined the Theosophical Society and the day had dawned. I had three feelings with regard to our President. I felt I knew her; I had also a feeling that she had the right to teach me; but above all I felt a trust. Some things which she says and does are difficult for me to understand, but she has always inspired me with an unshakable trust. I know of no other person I trust so. Other people seem to fail one here and there, but she seems to be so immeasurably greater, stronger and wiser than all others, that not to trust her seems impossible.

My feeling on joining the Society was that of having found "my own people". Before then I had had seizures of unaccountable sadness and loneliness, even among friends, and on looking back now, I explain it that way—friends though they were, they were not "my own people," my brothers and sisters of the soul. I believe that neither the teachings nor the people are entirely new to me; I believed in some of the teachings from childhood, but if to-morrow the whole T.S. were swept away, it would be for me the loss of a whole family. One of my greatest joys also is to know that my mother and my six sisters are all Theosophists, my eldest sister having led the way for all of us; so that those near ones are now still nearer, for not only are we sisters of flesh and blood, but brothers in a spiritual kinship for ever and ever. There must be dark hours, pain and toil, but what may we not face who are otherwise so blest? And always at last the Good and the Beautiful will come smiling round the corner.

D. M. Codd

THEOSOPHICAL NOTES AND NEWS

INDIA

The Second Session of the Guntur and Krishna Districts Conference was held on the 22nd and 23rd of September at Tenali. The following extracts from the Address of Welcome given by the President of the Tenali Lodge will be interesting to our readers:

Forty-two full years lie behind us of work done for our country by the Theosophical Society by way of reviving the religion of the land, and the gradual proclaiming of the Brotherhood of Religions, by reason of their common origin, i.e., the Divine Wisdom, and the identical character of the fundamental teachings that are contained in them. And with what result? Whereas in the beginning, when the Theosophical Society was first taken to India by its two noble founders, the late Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky, the Editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* in welcoming them, said: "Oh! talk of reviving India to the Indians? You might as well talk of it to the sands in the sea!"—while this was true in the very first days of the Theosophical Society, we find to-day that in India the spirit of self-respect and optimism and pride in the country have taken deep root in the minds of our countrymen, and that there is an ever-growing recognition of the corporate life of the nation and a willingness, on the part of the different religionists living in India, to forget all minor differences that tend to divide man from man, and to feel, on the other hand, the Unity of Life.

In the matter of education of our girls, as to how the education must be such as to enable our young men, not to look upon them as logs tied to their necks, but as "*Sahadharma-chārini*," equal partners in life, fit to co-operate with them in their lives, to help them out of their difficulties in life with as full of understanding as of love—I do not propose to touch upon this in detail; nor have I the time to show clearly how in the case of our own younger brethren of the Hindu Community, who go by different names, such as depressed classes, submerged classes, etc., we have to realise that they are the bone-dust, as it were, "fertilising the soil of national life," that we have our duty to them, and that the work done for them should not be looked upon as a mere act of philanthropy but as a national duty.

That India has its own part to play, its own mission to fulfil, its own message to contribute to the world, is being more and more keenly realised, not only by its own sons, but by other nations as well. This is, as Professor Mukherjee puts it, "the profound respect for Personality, for the Spirit, for the Life Eternal. It is from materialism, from the bondage of the Life Eternal to blind matter, that it hopes to bring salvation. Where industrialism sees wealth in things rather than in men, where machinery promotes inhumanity, India still stands for a loftier idealism, a profounder respect for Personality, a deeper message for humanity." That is the genius of India.

RUSSIA

One of our Theosophists, Mme. Zybarovsky, who is also a member of the Order of the Star in the East, has joined the "Women's Regiment of Death". This regiment means business, and is to be sent to the very dangerous places to carry courage and valour on its way. The commander, Mrs. Bochkareff, is a peasant woman, who went to the front with her husband. He was killed but she stayed in the army. She has been in many battles and wounded five times, returning to the front every time after recovery.

To-day's religious ceremony and the handing of the banner to the "Women's Regiment of Death," became all of a sudden a colossal patriotic manifestation, joined in by scores of thousands of military and civil citizens of the capital. At 11 a.m. the Square around the Cathedral of St. Isaac was crowded with regiments of soldiers, sailors, Knights of St. George, Cossacks, and those of the prisoners from Germany who found their way home. High military officers and General Palontzeff were there also. The religious ceremony was held outside the doors of the Cathedral. After an impressive service the new banners were lowered and covered by the banner of the Knights of St. George, as a symbol of blessing from the old heroes to the future heroes. Mme. Bochkareff was also covered with the same banner. General Palontzeff allowed her to receive the emblems of an officer's degree—the sword and revolver presented to her by the Knights of St. George, and several Generals helped her to put them on. She unsheathed the sword, kissed it, and falling on her knees, prostrated herself before the delegates of the Knights of St. George. At this moment sobs were heard in the crowd. Then Mme. Bochkareff took her place at the head of her regiment.

The *Marseillaise* was heard from all sides. At the head of the procession marched the Knights of St. George. All the various parts of the army marched after them, and as they passed the palace, saluted the Temporary Government. From every balcony, every window on their way, come greetings and the waving of handkerchiefs. Over the regiments are seen banners and flags with various devices, all expressing the same ideas: devotion to the Temporary Government, love to Russia, and confidence in the loyalty of the revolutionary army: "Women! Do not shake hands with those who are disloyal to Russia," "Long live Kerensky," "Better death than disgrace," "Remember the suffering of our prisoners in Germany," etc., etc.

The procession moved slowly and occupied the whole Nevsky street up to the Railway Depot, amidst dense crowds of people.

Many delegates from various women's associations came forward, among them the famous English suffragette, Miss Pankhurst.

EGYPT

I am pleased to inform you that Theosophical activities in Alexandria are developing normally, and the "Annie Besant" Lodge is on the eve of securing suitable quarters for its work. The sale of books is also satisfactory in this town. Port Said has equally shown signs of reawakening, and we are starting there some propaganda with books.

I am under the impression that there are just now in Egypt many people interested in Theosophy, and we must reach them in some way. Should we succeed, there is a strong probability that we may be able to form an Egyptian Section of the Theosophical Society before the end of May, 1918. Conditions here are somewhat different from those in other countries, as Egypt's population is cosmopolitan, and our Section will have to be formed of English, French and Italian speaking Lodges, perhaps also Greek and Armenian ones.

(Extracts from a letter from J. H. Perez, Cairo.)



THE
ADYAR BULLETIN

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FROM THE EDITOR

REALLY from the Editor this month, though the Editor does not want to write it one little bit, being in a whirlpool of addresses, memoranda, pamphlets in connection with the coming of the Secretary of State for India to the country of which he is, ultimately, the responsible head. There are arrangements to be made with deputation members, changes in addresses suggested, at the last moment, new elections of representatives turning up even to-day, the 12th November, before which everything was to be complete. One earnest gentleman telegraphs the whole of an address written by myself, with a few alterations made by a Branch Association cancelled, and the original words restored. Why he telegraphs is not clear, since the few changes would have been sufficient and—cheaper. Moreover he wants it published in *New India*, and my editorial and deputational hair stands on end at the high treason of publishing an address to high and mighty personages before it is presented. I have a vision of a stately Viceroy, rising in his wrath and addressing the reader: "Thank

you, Mr.—, we need not trouble you to read the address. We saw it in *New India*." The Editor of *New India*, in the background, faints under the stony glare of the surrounding officials, and wishes herself back in the fogs of Ooty.

* * *

Have you ever seen a herd of cows with a cowherd's dog trying to bark them into order? I am the cowherd's dog and the deputation are the cows. Just as the dog gets half of them together, the other half prance off, and as he runs after them, those he had herded scatter. "Please send telegrams to these 30 cows," barks the dog to the cowherd; when the telegrams are sent, one cow lows gently: "Please change the date of the deputation." Or a powerful bull lowers his head with threatening horns: "You must change everything—lock, stock and barrel." "Too late," remarks the final authority. Such are the joys of the organisers.

* * *

My planets just now must all be in conjunction in the House of Travels. Up to Simla, back to Madras. Up to Delhi, back to Madras. Ten days hence, up to Delhi once more, and back again to Madras.

* * *

Then there is a Congress Presidential speech to write—a serious matter. Some eminent Congress leaders demand early copies, that they may have them translated into various vernaculars, and bestrew the copies over the country districts. For in the country districts the peasantry are awake and clamant; a great Hope has shone out like a star in the sky which over-arches their darkness, and Hope is to them so new a thing and so fair. The Anglo-Indians have helped us much by their furious attacks on Home Rule, arousing the interest of the village. Home Rule has a pleasant, kindly ring about it, smells of the warm, fragrant earth, and the forest, and the grazing cattle, and the gathering at dusk round the village tree. It is not far-off nor foreign, nor alien, but comes close in to the common life, to the fire where the Mother is cooking, and to the village street where the children play. So Home Rule has

become the villagers' mantram, and in their village temple they pray for Home Rule.

* * *

There is great satisfaction here over the coming of Mr. Montagu, and the faith of India in Great Britain's love of liberty and justice, which was burning low, has been thereby revived, and hope has taken the place of dull discontent. H. E. the Viceroy has loyally associated himself with the changed policy of the British Government, and this has naturally pleased the Indians. After all, a policy of liberty and justice must be more congenial to him, as an Englishman, than one of repression and unfair treatment.

* * *

Our Theosophical Convention is to be held this year in Calcutta, and the Convention lectures have the general title of "The Theosophical Outlook". Mr. Jinarājadāsa will deal with "Problems of Religion and Philosophy"; Mr. G. S. Arundale with "Problems of Education"; Mr. B. P. Wadia with "Problems of National and International Politics"; and the Hon. Mr. Justice Sadasivier with "Problems of Social Reform".

* * *

My own position this year is somewhat peculiar, and I have to crave a grace at the hands of the Society. I have been, as they know, elected as President of the National Congress; a person is rarely elected more than once in a lifetime, and as the Nation regards the Presidential Chair of its Congress as the highest honour it can bestow, the recipient is very properly expected to become the property of the Congress on the occasion. He must be properly received on his arrival, and give himself wholly to the work entrusted to him.

* * *

The result of this is that I cannot go to Calcutta before December 26th, on which day I must be formally received, and I have to ask leave from the Theosophical Society until December 30th, when I shall hold the T.S. Convention meeting in the morning, and the Anniversary in the evening. The Convention lectures, as given above, will be delivered at 8.30

a.m. on December 25, 26, 27, 28, and the Indian Section will have its Convention Meeting on those days. The regular Anniversary of the Order of the Star in the East will be held on December 28th.

The Board of National Education will hold its first Annual Meeting on December 30th in the afternoon. Papers will be circulated before that date, dealing with the system of Education and the proposed courses, so that the members of the Board may be prepared to confirm them or amend them, as the case may be. Dr. P. C. Roy, the great Indian chemist, has taken charge of the course for Nature Study in Schools leading up to the higher sciences in Colleges. Dr. Ganesh Prasad, regarded as the finest mathematician in India, provides the College course in Mathematics. The accession of these two brilliant intellectual leaders is of the greatest value. We look to Sir Rabindranath Tagore, another member, as our guide in drama and poetry. The prospects before us are bright, and we hope in our Schools and Colleges to build up character and the manly and womanly qualities of the good citizen. In order to be free to make experiments and shape education on Indian lines to Indian needs, the Schools and Colleges under the Board will take no Government grants. The Theosophical Trust decided last December to merge itself in the Board of National Education, and its resolution will be carried out at the Board's first meeting on December 30th.

COLLECTIVE PRAYER

AN ENQUIRY WITH SUGGESTIONS

By A NOVICE

A FEATURE of the present awakening of national consciousness in India, which is attracting the attention of both Theosophists and Government officials, is the persistence with which the religious element is permeating the national outlook. For instance, during the internment of our President, numbers of the "common" people regularly went to their temples to pray for her release, and now that happily this has been obtained, nothing can persuade them that this is not a direct answer to their prayers. They are undoubtedly right in a way, but a way much simpler and yet more wonderful than they probably imagine—that is if they ever trouble their heads about such a question as the *modus operandi* of prayer. Now Theosophists in India, who are practically unanimous in support of the demand for political reforms, are naturally welcoming and encouraging this use of public and private prayer on the part of the masses, because they attach a very definite value to the power of thought and are naturally glad to see this power enlisted in a cause which they mostly believe to be essential to the future of civilisation.

To the older Theosophists, and those who have wrestled with that illuminating but now, alas! much neglected book *The Key to Theosophy*, this approval of prayer in its popular form may seem a retrograde step, in view of the curt and almost contemptuous manner in which H. P. B. dismissed the ruffled experts in "knee-drill". Yet it must be remembered that she was

speaking to those who professed to want to know more than the self-satisfied church-goer, and genuine students will find, on the pages of *The Key* immediately following the said strictures, one of the most striking expositions ever written of that "spiritual alchemy" which lies behind and beyond the simple act of childlike prayer.

Though the intention of the writer of these notes is to consider more particularly that form of prayer, now being increasingly employed and recommended, in which a number of people agree to pray or "use their thought-power" in the same way and for the same object—nowadays sometimes a political one—yet it will help to clear the ground if we first look at the act of prayer from the standpoint of the individual. Roughly speaking, prayers may be said to fall into three successive stages, which may be called, for convenience, the personal, the sceptical, and the impersonal.

In the first stage the petitioner—for this is the usual attitude—addresses a being whom he thinks of as a person like himself, only very much greater. This being is not only believed to exist, but to be capable of doing what the petitioner wants—if he (or she) chooses to do so. But will he choose? Or will he do what some one else wants instead? Obviously he cannot do both, so he must be persuaded by every means that would appeal to the petitioner himself. In the first place his attention must be attracted, as he will probably be busy with other matters at the time; then he must be put in a good humour by flattery or bribery, clumsy or subtle; finally he must be told exactly what to do, for fear he should only make matters worse by interfering. But there is no doubt about his willingness and ability to "do his bit" if he is only taken the right way. All the popular religions, except perhaps Buddhism, provide for this situation and its contingencies in their liturgies.

This attitude may appear very crude to more thoughtful people, but it is more than probable that its limitations are compensated by the natural simplicity of the process and the unquestioning faith with which it is carried out. For, as soon

as the second stage supervenes and the usual questions are asked, there must follow a serious weakening of the power of concentration, however strong the desire may be, and however clearly it may be formulated. These questions are well known to all who have been through this stage—and which of us has not at some time?—if there is "a" God and He can hear our prayers, why should He wait to be asked? Does He not know, or does He not care? On the other hand, if He does know and always does what is best for us, what is the use of asking for or trying to get anything different? etc., etc. Probably none have ever answered these questions quite satisfactorily, or perhaps ever will; but in the meantime most of us have confined our attention to one of two practical courses, or both.

The first course is that of a purely devotional aspiration to our ideal, whether personal or abstract, with the additional object of receiving strength and guidance in conduct; the second is that of using will, desire and thought, as cosmic forces that operate within the laws of nature, to accomplish some definite object conceived to be itself in accordance with the evolutionary scheme; in other words, assuming the function of a conscious mental agent of the One Will. When either of these two courses has been attended by the results which inevitably follow compliance with the necessary conditions, a confidence is acquired which is immeasurably superior in effect to that of the first stage, and additional power is derived from the higher development of mind and will.

This third stage may also be called the conscious stage, and though all of us ought by this time to have had some experience of it, we may safely assume that few have so far done more than tap the outermost fringe of its possibilities. Yet on several occasions lately people have tried to use this power to help humanity in definite ways. Are such combined efforts usually carried out in the most effective way, and are they always even justified, considering our present limited knowledge of what is best for other people? Did not H. P. B. repeatedly warn students of Occultism of the added responsibilities incurred by the use of these subtler

forces, and the difficulty of confining them to legitimate purposes, even with the most praiseworthy motives?

Evidently this warning would not apply to the first stage. First of all it would generally be useless to expect the masses to discriminate between selfish and unselfish motives and objects; secondly, the amount of force controlled by each individual is relatively small and vaguely defined, and depends for any far-reaching results upon combination with numbers of others having a similar object; thirdly, the very fact that a great number of people pray for the same thing precludes the possibility of the result being one imposed by an unrepresentative minority. Probably the chief value of such a force lies in its homogeneity, and hence it may well lend itself to be combined and directed *en masse* by the Masters. The second stage may be practically ignored for purposes requiring collective effort, owing to its heterogeneity and consequent dissipation of energy. It is the third stage that especially claims our attention as Theosophists.

Let us first consider the conditions necessary for efficiency, apart from the question of ethical justification. As a rule a group is formed of people who intend to work for the same object and follow much the same methods. A certain measure of uniformity is undoubtedly necessary to produce the added effect of concerted action, but needless restrictions are only irksome. A clear line of consecutive thought may be chosen, or, if the members are used to clothe their ideas in symbolical form, a composite figure may be built up and vitalised by their joint energy. Each member will have his own line of least resistance, which of course does not mean passivity. Some members may be clear visualisers, but lacking in will-power or enthusiasm for the object they are trying to achieve; but others will probably be strong on the very points on which they are weak, and weak on the points on which they are strong, so that each member can contribute his own strong point to the completeness of the combined result.

A method found useful by the writer is as follows. Before attending the group meeting, or, if the members cannot meet,

before the hour agreed upon for concentration, the members examine themselves under two main heads: (1) Is the object on which we are about to concentrate one which we are sure, to the best of our limited knowledge, is helpful and unlikely to injure? (2) Have we done, and are we still doing, everything that can be done by physical means to accomplish this object? If (1) cannot be answered in the affirmative, it is better either to abandon the object or modify it so that it complies with this condition. If, in answering (2), there remains any sense of neglect of duty or common-sense precautions, it is better at least to begin the course of action that has been overlooked, if possible before the next meeting, or, if this is not feasible, to resolve to do so at the earliest opportunity. Unless this condition is satisfied, the concentration loses the force of sincerity and tends to hypocrisy. On the other hand, if this examination is carried out thoroughly, the mind is left free to concentrate at the appointed hour, and does not waste the time allotted for concentration in spasmodic attempts to settle or dismiss doubts that should have been squarely faced beforehand.

At the time of concentration, after a kindly thought of one another, members picture to themselves the object being actually accomplished in some definite way, and, if they can reasonably imagine themselves taking some definite part in its execution, the thought will gain in vividness. Also, if any of the members know people who are actually engaged in work for this object, they may with advantage be included in the picture. Too much attention should not be bestowed on the details of such a picture—at least at first—but the main points of the desired object should be firmly impressed and clearly portrayed in due proportion and perspective. Then, having fixed the picture, hold it lightly as a form to be vitalised by the spiritual power of impersonal will. This is something altogether superior to the psychic force of personal desire.

If the mind needs steadying, the members may say to themselves something like this: "We have agreed, after careful consideration, that this object is a useful and non-injurious one to all concerned; therefore we believe that it will be achieved

at the right time; we believe that time is near, therefore let it be achieved soon; if possible, now. We offer ourselves for this service as controllers of this great, invisible power." The intellect should not be allowed to intrude during this time with pet problems, such as fate and free will. If it persists, turn round on it, with the following suggestion: "If the object is certain of achievement, let us have the privilege of assisting in that achievement. Perhaps its achievement may depend on our efforts, as a sort of casting vote thrown into the scale of karmic forces. In that case our efforts are also certain of success." It is a mistake to attempt to keep up this effort too long; the will soon begins to waver. A minute is really quite a long time, if it is fully occupied. The concentration may well be concluded by some form of comparative relaxation, such as devotional feeling, and the kindly thought of all members should be repeated. It is interesting to compare the method used by the Jesuits, described by Mrs. Besant in her article in the November *Theosophist* as a warning against its abuse.

The ethical aspect must of course be decided by each person for himself; but a few general suggestions may be useful. In the selection of an object the writer prefers to err on the side of caution. After all, there are so many objects of unquestionable beneficence close to hand, that there is absolutely no need to go out of one's way to find doubtful objects for the exercise of our thought-power. The line is difficult enough to draw as it is, but every time it is crossed it becomes still more difficult to draw. It is said that the beginning of the "steep descent" is a gentle and inviting declivity. It is quite a common thing to hear people say: "I don't see anything *wrong* in it; why should we be continually hampered by these narrow ideas of morality?" But there is another way of looking at it; and that is from the standpoint of karmic obligation. There is nothing inherently wrong about writing a newspaper article advocating a particular course of action. None the less does the writer of that article, and also to a certain extent the editor of the paper, undertake the karmic obligations of influencing a great number of readers; so it is desirable that he should at

least know something of the subject before enlisting the power of the Press to influence the public in the direction he advocates. But whereas readers of a newspaper have at least the chance of thinking the matter out for themselves, even if they do not always avail themselves of it; in the case of the direct action of thought-power, the recipients are generally unable to distinguish the senders' thought from their own, and so are taken practically unawares.

Concrete instances have been purposely avoided in these notes, as there are already such emphatic differences of opinion, but it may not be out of place at a time like this to recall H. P. B.'s remarks on the subject of prayers for victory in time of war. Certainly no one could accuse her of the weakness usually imputed to the pacifist, or of indifference to the rights of nations as well as individuals; yet her denunciations of the self-righteous practice of requesting the Almighty to destroy one's enemies—and of course such destruction is involved in a military victory—were uncompromising. Generally speaking, the whole field of political activity seems to be peculiarly insidious ground, full of pitfalls for all who have not yet conquered passion and ambition, personal and national. However, this is no reason why people should shrink from this line of service if they are sure that it is the line that is most needed at the time, and the one on which they can serve best. In the meantime the surest way to support a political movement by thought-power is to clear up some of the mists of passion and prejudice by which political movements are invariably surrounded.

A Novice

which was sung by the congregation on this particular day of the sermon ; the verse is this :

I am going home in the good old way,
I have served the world with its worthless pay,
For its hopes are vain and its gains are loss,
And I glory now in the blood-stained Cross.

PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

III. THEOSOPHY IN BUSINESS

THERE is an idea largely prevalent in the world among religious people that business activities are incompatible with a truly religious life. This has been due to the peculiar conception of life which certain exponents of religion have given to their followers. We know how to-day people think of "religious" interests and "secular" interests, and there is a tacit recognition that they must be opposed, or, if not actually in opposition, at least mutually exclusive. This conception arises from an exaggeration in religions of the thought of the Transcendence of God ; the Creator, having once created His world, is thought of as living in some sphere removed in space from that world, and as merely supervising it. In this religious conception, man, as the creature of God, has only the duty of pleasing his Maker so as to make secure his own salvation. I well remember a sermon which I heard once in a Christian Church on the duty of man to God ; this duty was described as composed of the three virtues of humility, gratitude and obedience. The preacher insisted upon the subservience of the soul of man to God as a pre-requisite to religious life. It was evident that according to him the ordinary activities of life in the home, in business, and in amusements, counted for very little with God, and that man was judged according to certain theological virtues which he had or had not acquired. This extreme Christian conception of the old problems of man's everyday life is very vividly summed up in the verse of a hymn

Here we have very clearly the thought that the multifarious activities of the world have no special use in the spiritual growth of man, and that what we gain of capacity and growth outside of the narrow religious sphere is but "worthless pay". Wherever in a religion we have the idea of renunciation and asceticism, there usually develops this idea of the uselessness of life in the world.

The natural consequence of the division of life into secular and religious is the creation of two moralities which have often little relation to each other ; the religious man will consider that it is perfectly legitimate to be selfish, savage and unspiritual in his business dealings with a fellow-man, whom he will try to love as a "neighbour" in his religious relation towards him ; a deeply religious man, both tender-hearted and kind in one part of his nature, yet will possess another part of savagery and resentment, and will see no reason why this latter phase of himself should be modified at the cost of business gain. A fraudulent but pious milkman, who will water his milk on weekdays with perfect nonchalance, will do it on Sunday, too, with his pious Sunday face, and then go to church and revel in his religion !

Now Theosophy abolishes these two moralities in the world of business, by showing that the business world is as much a part of God's world as temples and churches. It is One Life which is manifesting through all the activities of men, and all the activities which have been developed in civilisation are necessary in the Divine Plan. God's plan for the salvation of humanity works not only through individual men, but also through men as groups. Men's natures must be grown emotionally, mentally and spiritually, and one cause of this growth is their collective activity in various

organisations. In the collective life of humanity various types of divine agents are required to carry out His purpose; the ruler and the lawgiver, the fighter, the teacher, the priest, the healer, the artist, are all required to play their rôles as actors in the Divine Drama of life; but not less of a divine actor is the business man.

Now the man to whom business is the principal duty of action comes as a soul into life with as much a spiritual purpose as the man who is the priest; that purpose is to equip himself as a soul for activities everywhere and in all time. He does not come to gain wealth or ease, but capacity; his soul is put into a business life, rather than into one of religion or art, because he can learn such soul qualities as he next requires for his growth more swiftly in the business world than in any other sphere. The sterling virtues which are learned in business are fundamentally spiritual; no man can be a successful business man unless he is one-pointed, unless he is quick to respond to opportunities, unless he grows in imagination. These are not "secular" virtues because they are developed in what we hold to be secular activities; they are capacities which are built into the life of the soul. Certainly we find that a large number of business men, highly endowed with these qualities, are selfish, cruel and hard, but this does not mean that the virtues are useless, because the possessors of them lack other virtues. When we remember that a man lives many lives, and that once he acquires a capacity he never loses it, we shall then understand how, after a business man has developed these virtues in one life (even though it has meant the development at the same time of selfishness), in a future life, when his vision is cleared and he begins to be altruistic, he will still have this marked ability for his work in altruism.

In the evolution of humanity the faculties of all men, good and bad, are used; "blindly the wicked work the righteous will of heaven". The world's lands are habitable to-day only because a few pioneers originally went out into the deserts and forests and made them habitable; they may have gone out purely

for selfish purposes, but nevertheless they were used as the agents of a Divine Plan. Men may go out as pioneers into new lands to gain wealth for themselves; but we know that such a life requires heroism, sacrifice, doggedness, strength, and these virtues become permanent acquisitions of the soul. In the same way, to-day, in the "trust magnates" and "beef barons" of America and elsewhere, we have manifest great capacity together with much selfishness and lust for power; but they are building up more efficient ideas of business, and so are helping in the Divine Plan. As for their selfishness, that will be purified out of them through suffering in future lives; and when after that purification they gain a true perspective of life, they will have with them the strong virtues which they developed through their greed and selfishness, and they will then be far more efficient on the side of good than many another who may be good and pious but has little capacity.

The practical message of Theosophy to the business man is that he should identify himself with the higher possibilities and motives in business, and not with the lower. What the former are, we can see if we look at the various stages of development in business capacity which men show. In the earliest stage of commercial life, we have mere greed, and the man is all the time thinking of his private interests and gloating over them as his "great possessions". In the second stage, the element of greed is overpowered by the mental element of business routine, and the individual becomes practically the slave of business, busying himself continually with all kinds of activities in business, not always because of the profits involved, but largely because these activities give him the sense of vitality and reality. In the third stage of growth, the business man is conscious of himself as the great master of capacity, and is far more conscious of this power as he exercises it than of the gain it brings; he is often most unselfish about individuals and most ascetic in his private life, though of course he will manifest the acme of selfishness in his utter one-pointedness in the exercise of this power. But then will inevitably come the last stage, when, in the exercise of his master-capacity, he sees

what are the honourable lines of activity for him as a guardian of divine energies.

The Theosophical business man should always aim at idealism in his profession; and this is quite compatible, even to-day, in spite of all the obstacles in his way. The first characteristic of this idealism should be the holding of a high conception of his business as a noble contribution to human welfare, and with this a keen desire to bring it to a high state of perfection. He will, therefore, be thoroughly efficient not only in his own line, but he will try to join with others in associations, so as to uphold the ideal. Much has yet to be done in bringing business men together into organisations, not merely for private interests, as in Trusts, but to discuss the fundamentally efficient principles involved in business. Into the hands of business men the Divine Plan entrusts the development of one aspect of the world's work, and it is their duty to see that their work is done with as little waste of time and energy as possible. Something has been done so far in standardising tools and machinery; much more needs to be done along this line, so that there may be throughout the world facilities for the mutual development of inventions and processes. It is from the business men of the world to-day that we expect the practical carrying out of the great ideals of Internationalism; while religious teachers may expound Universal Brotherhood, the practical foundations for it must be laid by the business men of the world.

The Theosophical business man must always remember that the world's development is part of a great Plan, and that "big men" in all departments of life are employed to carry out the Divine work. For instance, just now there are great changes taking place in the business world in bringing about great combinations; we know how ruthless such Trusts are and how they push to the wall the small merchant. Yet we see at the same time the slow transformation of material development from the work of the few for themselves to the work of a great national department for the welfare of all. It is because of the plans of business development laid down by such combinations

that one day, when spirituality and not greed controls such Trusts, we shall be able utterly to abolish poverty. Every invention that has made life easier for men is only a realisation of the thought of God, and the inventor is not less a God's priest than is a priest of religion.

All men are channels of one great Divine Force, and as it runs through them they retain it for themselves, some more and some less, and many do not understand the duty they have of transmuting that Force into the least little activity of life. If the business man were to recognise this principle, he would then realise how much of a builder he is in the divine edifice of human life. Did not Christ say: "I must be about my Father's business"? That great Father lives mysteriously in our world as ruler and lawgiver, healer and priest; but He lives, too, strange as it may seem, as the "business man". This is the high aspect of business which Theosophy shows, and the man or woman whose *Dharma* or Duty is business, can bring a high spirituality to all work in shop and in office, in factory and in counting-house, doing all as a part of "my Father's business".

C. Jinarājadāsa

TABLE OF THE APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION IN THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH

"They (the Dutch) remain just where they were on their separation from Rome. They have retained valid orders. . . ." (Extract from *A Catholic Dictionary*, by Addis and Arnold (1897 edition), bearing the imprimatur of Cardinal Vaughan.)

I. HIS EMINENCE ANTONIO CARDINAL BARBERINI, 1607-1671, to whom the Old Roman Catholic Church traces its Apostolic Succession. On August 30th, 1627, Pope Urban VIII nominated his nephew, Antonio Barberini, aged 19, Grand Prior of the Order of the Knights of Malta at Rome and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. In Fisquet's *La France Pontificale* we find the following facts concerning him recorded:

Antonio Barberini was created Cardinal Deacon, receiving first the title of *Santa Maria in Aquiro*, which he exchanged a little later for that of *Sant' Agatha della Suburra* and *Santa Maria in Via Lata*. When he received ordination to the priesthood and promotion as Cardinal Priest, he took the title of *Trinita dei Monti*. In 1628 he became Legate at Avignon, in 1629 Legate *a latere* in Piedmont. In 1633 he was *Chargé d' Affaires* for matters concerning France and Rome, an appointment he held under Louis XIII for twelve years. In 1638 he was appointed Camerlengo of Holy Church; in 1641 he became Legate at Bologna, Ferrara, and in the Romagna; and in 1643 he was Generalissimo of the Forces of the Church opposing the League of Italian Princes, formed against the Barberini. On the 15th September, 1644, owing to the influence of the Barberini, Pope Innocent X ascended the Papal Throne, yet the Barberini had to quit Italy. By this time Cardinal Antonio Barberini had become powerful, and his relations took refuge, under his auspices, in France.

In 1652 Louis XIV issued a brevet nominating him Bishop of Poitiers, but the Pope refused the bulls, although Cardinal Mazarin had reconciled Barberini to the Pontiff. King Louis XIV then appointed him Commander of the Order of the Holy Ghost and Grand Almoner of France. He took the Oath of Allegiance to the King on 28th April, 1653. In 1655 he took part in the Conclave which elected Fabio Chigi to the papacy, under the title of Alexander VII. In 1655 he was consecrated Bishop of Frascati, in Rome.

The consecrating Prelate was Monsignore Scannarolo, Bishop of Sidonia, assisted by Monsignore Bottini, domestic Prelate of the Pope, and Laurenzio Gavotti, Bishop of Vintimiglia.

In 1657 Louis XIV nominated him Archbishop of Rheims, and, in 1659, sent him as French Ambassador to the Holy See. In 1661 Cardinal Barberini was preconized Bishop of Palestrina. His solemn entry and enthronement at Rheims took place on 22nd December, 1667.

In 1668 he consecrated as his coadjutor, with right of succession, Monseigneur Le Tellier, and towards the close of the year 1669 he journeyed for the last time to Rome. He took up his abode at the Castle of Nemi, a few miles from Rome, where he died on the 3rd of August, 1671.

II. CHARLES MAURICE LE TELLIER, son of the Grand Chancellor of France, received the title of Archbishop of Nazianzen *in partibus*, and later on succeeded Cardinal Barberini as Archbishop of Rheims. The consecration took place in the Church of the Sorbonne, at Paris, on 12th November, 1668. Cardinal Barberini died in 1671. Archbishop le Tellier, by order of Pope Clement X, in the Church of the Cordeliers at Pontoise, consecrated on the 21st September, 1670—

III. JAMES BENIGNE BOSSUET, as Bishop of Condom, in the department of Gers. Bossuet was translated by Pope Clement X to Meaux, in 1671, and was ordered by the Pope to consecrate as his successor, in 1693, at the Church of the Chartreuse, Paris—

IV. JAMES GOYON DE MATIGNON, as Bishop of Condom. Bishop de Matignon, son of the Count de Thorigny, was Doyen of Lisieux. He was appointed Bishop of Condom in 1671, and resigned his See after ruling the Diocese twenty years. He was also Abbé Commendataire de St. Victor at Marseilles. He died at Paris on 15th March, 1727, aged 84 years. By order of Pope Clement XI, Bishop de Matignon, on Quinquagesima Sunday, 12th February, 1719, consecrated at Paris, in the Chapel of the Fathers of the Foreign Missions—

V. DOMINIC MARY VARLET, as Bishop of Ascalon, *in partibus*, and coadjutor to Monseigneur Pidou de St. Olon, Bishop of Babylon, Persia. On the evening of his consecration Varlet received the intelligence of the death of the Bishop of Babylon, whom he immediately succeeded in that See. Bishop Varlet, having incurred the Pope's displeasure by administering Confirmation in Holland, now retired to that country, where he resided with the Carthusian Fathers. He died twenty-three years later, in 1742, in the Cistercian Abbey at Rhijnwick. Bishop Varlet consecrated four Archbishops of Utrecht successively, the first three dying without conferring the episcopate. The fourth was consecrated on 17th October, 1739, and was named—

VI. PETER JOHN MEINDAERTS, who died on 3rd October, 1767.. Archbishop Meindaerts, who had been ordained priest by Luke Fagin, Bishop of Meath, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, who was

favourable to the Old Roman Catholics, on 11th July, 1745, consecrated as Bishop of Haarlem—

VII. JOHN VAN STIPHOUT, who died on 16th December, 1777. Bishop van Stiphout consecrated as Archbishop of Utrecht, on 7th February, 1768—

VIII. WALTER MICHAEL VAN NIEUWENHUIZEN, who died on 14th April, 1797. Archbishop van Nieuwenhuizen on 21st June, 1778, consecrated as Bishop of Haarlem—

IX. ADRIAN BROCKMĀN, who died in 1800. Bishop Brockman consecrated as Archbishop of Utrecht, on 5th July, 1797—

X. JOHN JAMES VAN RHIJN, who died in 1808. Archbishop van Rhijn consecrated as Bishop of Deventer on 7th November, 1805—

XI. GISEBERT DE JONG, who died in 1824. Bishop de Jong consecrated as Archbishop of Utrecht, on 24th April, 1814—

XII. WILLIBRORD VAN OS, who died in 1825. Archbishop van Os, on 22nd April, 1819, consecrated as Bishop of Haarlem—

XIII. JOHN BON, who died in 1841. Bishop Bon, on 14th June, 1825, consecrated as Archbishop of Utrecht—

XIV. JOHN VAN SANTEN, who died in 1858. Archbishop van Santen on 17th July, 1854, consecrated as Bishop of Deventer—

XV. HERMANN HEYKAMP, who died in 1874. Bishop Heykamp consecrated on 11th August, 1873, as Bishop of Haarlem—

XVI. GASPARD JOHN RINKEL, who died in 1906. Bishop Rinkel on 11th May, 1892, consecrated as Archbishop of Utrecht—

XVII. GERARD GUL, the present Archbishop (1916), who consecrated at Utrecht, on 28th April, 1908—

XVIII. ARNOLD HARRIS MATHEW, *de jure* Earl of Landaff of Thomastown, Bishop for Great Britain and Ireland, 1908; elected Archbishop, 1911; submitted to the Roman Obedience, 1915.

From the Dutch Succession, brought to England by Bishop Mathew in 1908, are derived the following Bishops: Herbert Ignatius Beale and Arthur William Howarth, 1910; Francis Bacon, D.D., LL.D., Cuthbert Francis Hinton, W. E. Scott-Hall and F. C. C. Egerton, 1911; the Prince de Landas Berghes et de Raches (for Scotland), 1913; Frederick Samuel Willoughby, M.A. Cantab., 1914; RUPERT GAUNTLETT and ROBERT KING, 1915; JAMES INGALL WEDGWOOD, elected 1915 and consecrated 1916.

All of these, with the exception of the last three, have either submitted to the Roman Obedience or united formally with the Church of England or Protestant Episcopal Church of America.

The Movement is now in charge of Bishop Wedgwood, with Bishops Gauntlett and King as Bishops-Auxiliary.

DR. W. A. ENGLISH

By A. S.

WITH the passing away of our dear old friend Doctor W.A. English, our Adyar Headquarters lost one of its most respected and familiar figures. For over twenty-two years Adyar had been his home, which he never left except to go for a short stay at Ootacamund or to Conventions in Benares, and it was especially in Colonel Olcott's time that he was intimately bound up in the work of our Headquarters. Early this year he had the misfortune of straining his back, which weakened his usually good health and gave his constitution a shock from which he never quite recovered, despite the best care and tenderest nursing by his daughter. He passed over peacefully at sunset of the 17th October at the ripe age of 83 years, and, in accordance with his desire, his body was cremated in the evening of the next day.

All day long a stream of visitors, including Panchama school teachers, servants and gardeners, by all of whom he was loved and respected, came to have a last look at his venerable face, and when at 3 p.m. the body, wrapped in the American flag, was brought down to our large hall and placed in front of the statues of Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, it was surrounded by a large circle of friends, who fairly covered it with flowers. An inspiring service, Theosophical in its character, was then held, conducted by Mr. Jinarājadāsa, beginning with the singing of a selection from the Psalms: "I was glad when they said unto me: we will go into the house of the Lord." The passage from the Christian burial service beginning: "I am the resurrection and the life" was then read, followed by the singing of the hymn: "Nearer, my God, to Thee," after which Mr. A. Schwarz gave a short

account of Dr. English's connection with our Society and of his excellent work and qualities. Mr. Jinarājādāsa next referred to the fact that the Theosophical Society had been founded in America, and that we owed a great debt to that country, which had given us many worthy workers, among whom were our President Founder and our departed friend, Dr. English. After a reading from the *Bhagavad-Gita* (*The Song Celestial*), including the inspiring passage: "Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never," and the reciting of some versicles and responses, the body was carried in procession to the cremation ground, where the pyre had been prepared in the simple, yet effective Indian fashion. Miss English lighted the pyre, and Mr. Jinarājādāsa read some verses from the *Ishopanishad*:

O Fire Divine, lead us by a fair path to our reward; O God who knowest all our deeds, to Thee all hail, oft and again we cry.

Truth's face is hidden by a disk of gold. Unveil, O Thou that nourishest the world, that I, the keeper of the Law of Truth, may see Thy face.

Our service concluded with the singing of the *Nunc Dimittis*, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace". For some time, till darkness set in, we watched the cremation, sending our loving thoughts to our departed friend and giving hearty sympathy to Miss English, who bore the loss in a truly Theosophic spirit. The ashes were collected the following morning and scattered in the sea.

Dr. English was born on the 30th of September, 1834, in Woodstock, Vermont, America. He studied medicine and practised the greater part of his life as a physician, using principally homœopathic remedies. He was already 57 years old when the East called him and he decided to move with his family to Ceylon, where he arrived in 1891, giving his services for the first three and a half years to Mrs. Higgins, so well known as a veteran worker for the cause of education among Buddhist girls. Shortly after his arrival he attended the Convention of 1892 held in Adyar, and we read regarding it as follows, in Colonel Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves*:

The Convention of 1892 is notable for the first appearance at Headquarters of that dearest and most respected colleague,

Dr. English, who attended as delegate for the Women's Education Society of Ceylon. He had arrived at Calcutta shortly before that in a sailing ship, he, his daughter and their old friend Miss Allison, and coming on by steamer to Colombo, had offered their services, free, to Mrs. Higgins in her Buddhist Girls' School. Mrs. English, whose sympathetic heart had long been beating for the neglected girls and women of Ceylon and India, had started with her husband, but, unfortunately, died on the way out, leaving him to mourn her irreparable loss. He has at least had the consolation of knowing that he has won the respect and friendship of all the colleagues who have come into touch with him.

Three and a half years later, on the 1st of May, 1895, he accepted Colonel Olcott's offer of the post of sub-editor of *The Theosophist*. He arrived in Adyar on May 17th, 1895, and took charge of his post, which he kept till Colonel Olcott's death in 1907, filling also, from time to time, the offices of Recording Secretary and Treasurer, and acting as head of the Adyar household. In those early years, when Adyar could not command a large band of servers, Colonel Olcott often worked under great difficulties, but from the day of Dr. English's arrival his anxiety as to how *The Theosophist* and other work should be taken care of during his frequent tours in Europe, Australia or America was gone. In him he had found not only an intimate friend but a most conscientious and efficient worker, on whom he could rely with absolute certainty to the day of his death. Dr. English belonged essentially to Colonel Olcott's period, and only those who were acquainted with its conditions can adequately realise how valuable his services have been. The Colonel valued them at their true worth and had nothing but unstinted praise for his friend and co-worker. His modest, gentle and peaceful temperament endeared him to all. Always cheerful, he made the best of circumstances, and no one ever heard him speak ill of others. His charity he almost carried to excess. Rather than refuse help, when he had no means at his immediate disposal he would borrow money in order to relieve suffering, and his medical skill he freely placed at the disposal of anyone who asked for it. Of him it can be truly said that he tried to live the Theosophic life.

After Colonel Olcott's death he retired from the post of sub-editor of *The Theosophist*, but even during the ten years of his retirement he worked as much as his strength would allow, as

a member of the General and Executive Councils and in many other ways. From the time of his arrival he took a keen and practical interest in the Colonel's Panchama Free Schools, being one of the members of the Board of Managers. He also started and kept up at his own expense a Panchama School in Nellore. His mind remained fresh and young to the last, and it is characteristic of him that despite his advanced age he had no difficulty in adapting himself to the changes and new ideas which have marked the last ten years.

A noble worker, one of our Theosophical worthies, has gone to rest for a while. We cannot but feel the separation, but we are glad, for his sake, that he has been spared long suffering, and are happy in the conviction that the Masters have welcomed their faithful servant on the other side and will guide him to renewed and greater usefulness and to reunion with his friends in lives to come.

A. S.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

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

WESTERN readers of THE BULLETIN will be familiar with the name Brindaban, the home of Kṛṣṇa when he incarnated on earth as the Divine Child, from the poem of Sarojini Naidu which was reprinted in the March issue—"The Flute-Player of Brindaban." Radha, the milkmaid, was one of the devotees of the Lord, and the words put into her mouth in the following verses reflect something of the mystical love that fills the hearts of all His true worshippers.

I have left belov'd Brindaban,
I have left the Jumna blue,
And I follow Thee, Beloved, o'er the world;
Where Thou art it is Brindaban,
Where Thou art the Jumna flows,
Where Thou art the lotus blooms with clinging gold.

Since Thou left Brindaban, Krishna,
All the birds have ceased their singing,
All the Jumna's waves are grey,
All the lotus blossoms have turned red with pain.
We have called Thee madly, Krishna,
And the gopis are still calling
By the waters of the Jumna,
Where Thy flute strains linger still.

Drop by drop those notes are falling,
Soft as petals in the spring-time,
Sweet as rain to thirsty buds that lift their heads.
And their sweetness still is thrilling
In the stars above Brindaban,
In the perfume of her blossoms in the night.

But I cannot stay there, Krishna,
 For those strains now pierce my heart,
 Like the notes of the koil that wants its mate;
 So I wander in the darkness,
 In the darkness of the jungle,
 Knowing naught but that I seek Thee,
 Hearing naught but that sweet calling
 Of Thy distant, distant, flute.

In the heart of all the darkness,
 Still that sweet insistent call
 Draws me ever onward, onward,
 And I follow, follow, follow,
 Oh Beloved, to Thy feet.

I shall find Thee, my Beloved,
 For I have no life without Thee;
 And Thy face will bend above me,
 As the stars that bend from Heaven to touch the Earth.

Where Thou art it is Brindaban,
 Where Thou art the lotus blooms,
 And Thou'rt ever in my heart, oh my Beloved,
 In my heart it is Brindaban,
 In my heart the lotus blooms,
 Where Thou art it is Brindaban,
 And Brindaban's in my heart.

These lines appeared in *A Voice from India*, and truly in them India speaks—India, the homeland of Bhakti.

A writer in *Prabuddha Bhāraṭā* comments on the remarkable resemblance between the latest scientific conceptions of the æther of space and the Ākāsha of Vedāntic cosmology. The æther, which modern science is assuming as the basis of matter and energy, is practically the concrete equivalent of the abstract idea of space or extension, an idea which can be "got behind" in meditation, as can also the idea of energy. This fact of introspective experience receives complete confirmation from the teaching of the Vedānta on the subject, a teaching which has been summarised by Swami Vivekananda as follows:

All matter throughout the universe is the outcome of one primal matter called Ākāsha; and all force, whether gravitation, attraction or repulsion, or life, is the outcome of one primal force

called Prāṇa. Prāṇa acting on Ākāsha is creating or projecting the universe. . . . Now there is something beyond Ākāsha and Prāṇa. Both can be resolved into a third thing called Mahat,—the Cosmic Mind. This Cosmic Mind does not create Ākāsha and Prāṇa, but changes itself into them.

The writer raises the interesting question: Is modern science about to discover, by its own method of direct observation, this "something behind" both matter and energy that the Vedānta calls Mahat, the Cosmic Mind? If so, its next step will be in the development of introspective faculty as prescribed by Patañjali! So far as modern investigators have gone, remarks the writer, this method has been confined to the province of philosophy, as notably in the case of Bergson. But to judge from a letter of Vivekananda's, at least one man of science, Nikola Tesla, the famous electrician, seems to have arrived at almost the same conclusion by the method of mathematical induction. The letter runs:

Our friend was charmed to hear about the Vedāntic Prāṇa and Ākāsha and the Kalpas, which according to him are the only theories modern science can entertain. Now both Ākāsha and Prāṇa again are produced from the cosmic Mahat, the Universal Mind, the Brahmā or Isvara. Mr. Tesla thinks he can demonstrate mathematically that force and matter are reducible to potential energy.

The conception of potential energy is familiar to students of *The Secret Doctrine* as "Aditi-in-THAT," and when science can affirm by introspective observation: "I am THAT," the "illusion" of "inner and outer" will have been pierced.

Sir Oliver Lodge's book, *Raymond*, has really awakened a very considerable number of previously indifferent persons to a vivid interest in the facts of Spiritualism. Controversy rages hotly, not only in papers devoted to psychical research and kindred subjects, but in *The Sunday Times*, which organ confesses to having received a mass of correspondence on the subject, "embarrassing in its volume and conflict of opinion". In a letter to this paper, answering some of the criticism levelled against him by Dr. Mercier, Sir Oliver sums up the situation as follows, evidently thinking it time to withdraw from the conflict

and leave the further conduct of this war of words to the "novices" who feel themselves so well able to judge of the facts they have not studied :

And now, before closing, let me ask your readers to consider what all this controversy is about. Certain scientific men have studied a certain subject and make careful and deliberate statements about it. They do not thereby show that they are specially afflicted with the missionary spirit ; they are doing their plain duty in recording observations.

To them enter certain critics who have not previously studied the subject and pronounce that the statements and inferences are all wrong, are almost lunatic.

The simplest plan under these circumstances is for the scientific investigators to hold their peace and let the novice's mistake be discovered by further experience. For the things asserted are not in the past, but in the present ; the record of the past only opens the question, and makes further investigation necessary.

If the world once more determines that it will not have these odd, outstanding phenomena carefully examined, but prefers to let long-established prejudice decide against them, then the world must remain in ignorance and continue the superstition of many centuries. If it really wants to know the truth, it will gradually examine these matters for itself, and will not turn a deaf ear to those cautious and responsible persons who report in their favour.

The following charming verses by Will H. Ogilvie, and entitled "Water-in-the-wood," come from *The Westminster Gazette*.

Maid of many moods that vary
'Twixt the first green willow and the snow,
Water-in-the-wood's the fairy
Sweetest of the fairies that I know !

Water-in-the-wood ! I hear her
Weaving 'mid the grasses of her choice
Melody subdued yet clearer
Even than the running river's voice !

Spring !—She's then a witch entrapping
March to be the mother of a flower.
Hark ! a-down the ditch, tap-tapping,
Goes her wand of wizardry and power !

Summer !—'Neath the hood slow-swinging
Built her by the bough's new green,
Water-in-the-wood runs, singing
Ballads of the beauty she has seen

Autumn !—When the red leaves, sailing,
Scatter in the storm winds rude,
Round about their bed goes wailing
Sorrowfully Water-in-the-wood !

Winter !—When the frost comes setting
Every blade a-silver in the light,
With her new gems crossed sits, netting,
Lazily her ladyship in white !

Maid of many moods that vary
'Twixt the first green willow and the snow,
Water-in-the-wood's the fairy
Sweetest of the fairies that I know !

I have heard that this poet has lived a large part of his life in Australia, but he has never forgotten the beautiful scenery of Selkirk, which is his home. Amid the heather-clad hills and the beautiful streams, where Nature is for the most part unspoiled by the rough hand of man, this gentle poet must oftentimes have seen the "little people" as they hang on the purple bells or play hide-and-seek in the fitful glint of the burn as it wanders through the wood.

FELIX

to help her in her travelling expenses, she will be at liberty to use the Fund at her discretion in other ways also.

C. JINARĀJADĀSA,

Theosophical Society,

Adyar, Madras.

(Note.—Contributions from outside India should wherever possible be by Post Office Money Order, as there is great difficulty in cashing cheques or drafts just now, owing to restrictions on exchange.)

THEOSOPHICAL NOTES AND NEWS

INDIA

The following letter from Mr. Jinarājadāsa has appeared in the November issue of *The Theosophist* under the heading "The President's Fund". We reprint it here, as he is anxious that it should reach as many members as possible:

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE T.S.

There are thousands of members all over the world who follow with sympathy and admiration all the activities of Mrs. Besant, because they are utterly convinced that all her energies are consecrated to the service of God and Humanity, and that all her many activities are guided by a clear and sure plan of realisation. These members gain from her heroism and unflagging enthusiasm courage for the performance of duty in their own lives; they are therefore eager in every way to help her so that she may do her work as swiftly and as efficiently as she desires. They know that with her all work is holy, and that if while President of the T.S. she is just now active in the political field, it is because she can serve best the world with her gift of spirituality in the domain of politics.

Mrs. Besant has been elected President of the Indian National Congress for the coming year; she will enter upon her office at the next session of the Congress at Calcutta on December 27th-29th. After the session of the Congress, during the year she is its President, there awaits her heavy work, especially of travel; her usefulness will certainly be curtailed if, owing to lack of funds, she is unable to travel as she desires. Already the work is very heavy, and Mr. G. S. Arundale has become her Private Secretary, and the work will increase month by month, necessitating additional helpers. Her own means, derived from the sale of her books, cannot provide for the expenses of travel for herself and her secretary and assistants.

I wish therefore to start a Fund to be known as "The President's Fund," and request all who desire to contribute to it to send their contributions to me direct. I shall acknowledge each contribution directly to the donor, but no lists will be published.

The contributors to this Fund will of course ask from Mrs. Besant no account whatsoever as to its use; though primarily the Fund is

FRANCE

Our Headquarters are closed for the time being, owing to the summer holidays. Nevertheless, thanks to one of our Paris Lodges, its doors have remained slightly ajar to receive visitors from the provinces and members still remaining in Paris. A limited number of lectures are given weekly, and our soldiers still find a hearty welcome as they pass through our town.

Of course the work on the Front has not abated for one instant. Our books circulate more than ever in the trenches and in quarters in the rear. Indeed, *Kouroukshetra*, our soldiers' newspaper, has had to increase its issue. We see a sure sign of its success in the fact that several important papers have mentioned it, and a Protestant paper thought well to criticise it bitterly. The high clergy of Paris seem to have undertaken an active campaign against Theosophy.

The *Institut Catholique* in our town called over a priest, a professor of the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, a Sanskritist of great reputation amongst Catholics. In opening a series of ten lectures delivered by the same ecclesiastic, a Bishop spoke somewhat violently against Theosophy, which, he said, has crept even into the trenches and is "Hun" by nature, if not by origin. Following these suggestions the lecturer tried to impress upon his hearers' minds the idea that Mme. Blavatsky, the founder of the T.S., was born and educated in German surroundings. Informed by one of our members, a Russian lady well acquainted with Mme. Blavatsky's family, that our great teacher was a Russian by birth, he consented, though reluctantly, to acknowledge the fact before his audience in one of his last lectures. Similarly, he made some inaccurate and mischievous statements about Mrs. Besant, which he had to retract in public. A few days later, having been informed that a meeting was to be held in the T.S. Headquarters to refute his misstatements, he wrote a note asserting, to quote his own words, that he would retract nothing of what he had previously said of Theosophy and particularly that our doctrine was derived from a German source. Our meeting attracted a large audience of members and sympathisers. Even some Catholics attended, but we are well aware that only those who wish to hear, hear. We are expecting shortly a fresh onset of this kind. But we continue our work calmly. The very disquiet it causes amongst our opponents is a sure proof of its good results.

In reply to a wish expressed some months ago by our beloved President, our chief efforts have been directed towards reforms in education. Several experiments are being made, of which it would be too early to speak as yet. The "League for the Moral Education of Young People" has been reconstructed and has now been working satisfactorily for some months. This League, lending its aid to the "Society of Regenerative Schools," organised in the hall of the T.S. a lecture on "Schools in America". It also had a notice sent to every Lodge requesting Theosophists to take a particular interest in war orphans and other unfortunate little ones, to watch over their education and to lead them into the Theosophical spirit. Then, again, there have been formed, in some Girls' Schools in Paris, Circles for children whose mothers are out at work all day and at home only on holidays. These Circles have received the pretty name of "The Pink Star Circles". Two are already working, and receive about 150 children, who wear as a badge a Pink Star. The "Thursday Mammies" do their utmost to amuse their charges, but more especially to develop their minds harmoniously by Theosophical means. Talks, stories, needlework, singing, drawing, musical drill, are among the occupations offered to the little members of the "Circles of the Pink Star". The same League hopes also to be able to form similar Circles for boys, but the difficulties here are greater, as the Theosophists who could take up this work with success are at present busy defending their country. The "Round Table" and the "Golden Chain" are very active, and have good and successful work to record.

Before breaking up for the summer holidays, the members of the T.S. of France, at the last meeting of July, voted unanimously to send a telegram expressing their devotion to the President of the T.S. We remain as firm as ever in the midst of the gigantic struggle, which three years of sore trials have not had the power to bring to an end. Our hearts are ardently united to those, whether near or far, who are fighting and suffering for the freedom of the world.

M. B.

ENGLAND

Theosophy is penetrating into all sorts of unexpected corners. From a friend on board a warship we get the following little bit of news:

At the present moment I am rather bubbling over with joy at having started a small class on board for Theosophy—five officers and two lower deck ratings so far, one of them a schoolmaster. No, two of them—for one of the officers is in that line also. Isn't it a chance? And all the time I know one should not be rubbing one's hands with joy, because that is looking for fruits, isn't it? Never mind; one will learn better in time, and after all it is only joy in the Master's Service.



THE

ADYAR BULLETIN

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FROM THE EDITOR

AN English mail, after four weeks, has arrived in India. Letters come expressing great anxiety about my health. I am feeling well, but in the many photographs taken since I was released I look very ill and haggard, perhaps from the severe neuralgia which is a legacy from my incarceration. At my age, recuperation is slow, and I do not know if I shall ever recover the old reserve of strength. Anyhow, I do not feel ill, and am working very hard, work being my best medicine. Some day I will tell the story of the internments, for my comrades and I had some interesting experiences of bureaucratic ways and methods. At present all that matters is India's freedom, and the gaining of her place among the Nations of the world.

One of the letters from England expresses a thought which I have often had. My correspondent writes: "I cannot help feeling that as long as so many here are pig-headed about India, the Germans cannot be beaten. For the obstructionists are really ranged on the side the Germans represent." That

is true. The War is a mighty struggle between Right and Might, Freedom and Autocracy. Britain stands in Europe for Right and Freedom; Englishmen in India for Might and Autocracy. Thus the house is divided against itself, and the War drags on and on, and will continue, or lead to an inconclusive peace, until Britain is on the side of Right and Freedom in Asia as well as in Europe.

The Christian Commonwealth, under the indeterminate date of "November 1917," sends me the questions: "When will the War end and how?" and wants an answer by December 5th. The request reaches me on December 10th. Such is the post in War time. I have no idea when the War will end, but I do not think it will end until Britain lives up to her past traditions and her present professions. How it will end depends, once more, on her treatment of India. If she sets India free, India will arm herself, and fight for Britain; then the Man Power needed will be supplied, and there will be a glorious peace which will last indefinitely. Britain and India, hand-in-hand, will keep the peace of the world. If she opposes India's freedom, and prevents Mr. Montagu's noble mission from ending in full success, then the peace will be inconclusive and precarious, and war will, ere very long, return. I believe, myself, that Britain will rise to her duty, and, shaming the unworthy among her sons, will clasp India's hand as equal partner, and recognise that in her freedom lies the safety of the Empire as well as the honour of Britain.

The British Dominions Woman's Suffrage Union is a Society with its constituent branches in New Zealand, Australia, South Africa and Canada; at its Club in London, it is holding a series of social and educational meetings, with the object of bringing nearer to each other women of the East and West. Miss Margaret Hodge is the Hon. Secretary for matters relating to India, and at a meeting held on October 28th, under the presidency of Lady Muir Mackenzie, after an address by Mrs. N. C. Sen, Mrs. Saul Solomon of South Africa proposed,

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"and the whole meeting seconded and carried with acclamation, a vote of congratulation" to me on my release. Political women are sure to be sound on the question of Indian freedom, seeing how hard has been their own struggle.

A propos of women, I was at a large meeting of Indian women at Madanapalle on the 8th of this month, and their joy and pride in the fact that one of their sex was to occupy the Presidential Chair of the Congress was significant of the awakening of the women of India and of their claim to their old position in Indian life, side by side with their husbands in all great human interests. Indian history is studded with the names of great women, not only with those of Sages and Saints, but with those of Queens, Warriors, and Heroines. The decay of Woman's place in National life went naturally with the decay of spirituality. With the revival of true Religion has come the re-awakening of women.

Our French T. S. Secretary, M. Charles Blech, has been at the front all through the War, though he is 62 years of age. He is now on the Belgian frontier, near the English part of the line. May he return at length safe to his sisters and his home. A letter from one of the latter tells us of the great spreading in France of Theosophical ideas, and of the immense work, after the War, which must be shouldered by the Theosophical Society in France. Theosophy redeemed France from the materialism and vice which marked the second Empire, appearing there after its fall, facing the aggressive materialism which penalised religion under the Republic, as well as the superstition which had provoked it to retaliation. The revival of religion brought to birth the New France which has so gloriously uplifted the great Nation, and re-placed it in the eyes of the world as the standard-bearer of Liberty. Hence the wide demands for more knowledge from the hands of Theosophists.

Indian friends should be interested in the formation of a T. S. Lodge in Ujjain, one of the ancient astronomical centres

for calculation, where there was a well so dug that on a certain day the sun at the meridian shone down exactly on its central spot. A feature of the Lodge, writes our good brother Arathoon, is the help given to it by the Seths (the merchants) of Ujjain. The young people also are taking up the work energetically.

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The mail—or rather the lack of it—is playing havoc with the yearly review of the world-wide work of the Theosophical Society, made in the Presidential Address. This year, I write it for the eleventh time, it being the fourth year of my second term of office. How the world has changed since 1907, when our President-Founder laid aside his body, and passed to his brief rest! And how the Society has grown, and is meeting the needs of the time, faithfully obeying the command of the World-Teacher to carry the ideals of Theosophy into the great work of the building of a new civilisation, the reconstructing of the Social Order.

**

I need not tell English friends that the abusive speech of Lord Sydenham in the House of Lords on October 24th, 1917, directed against myself, contained a number of falsehoods, which must have been deliberately spoken, as he pretends to quote my words. The speech is so shocking in its untruthfulness, and is so scandalous in its misrepresentations of the Home Rule agitation that I am taking legal advice as to any possible remedy against Lord Sydenham. I fear that the noble slanderer has taken advantage of his privilege as a Peer speaking in Parliament. The privilege exists because members of the two Houses are supposed to have some sense of decency and honour. Where that is absent, the privilege becomes a public scandal. If there be no legal remedy, I shall take some other means to prove to the British public how grossly Lord Sydenham has abused his privilege as a member.

DAWN ON THE AUSTRIAHÜTTE

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

THE Lady of the Pension fluttered on to the verandah with an archaic little run, with the swaying movement of a spinning-top during its final gyrations. "*Auf wiedersehen! Auf wiedersehen!*" she said, noticing my preoccupation, and then fluttered out again in voluminous skirt and black tippet.

Fraülein B. was singing divinely from the "*Kinder Lieder*". Lamp-light and candle-light shone upon her fair hair. She was bidding a doll go to sleep, singing a hundred thoughts dear to the heart of a German child. The crazy piano was sadly out of tune, but the singing atoned for its shortcomings. The girl might have been a fairy created by Hans Andersen. I had seen her dance, heard her laugh, observed her wink the most droll of winks; and in a moment when she was quite irresistible, when she was *sehr lustig*, I had played with her, fed her with wild strawberries, and allowed her to fill my big Austrian pipe till I wondered if I should ever see her busy little finger again. Without a doubt Fraülein B. was a fairy—and a very distracting fairy, too!

The singing stopped. Fraülein B. came out to say good-night, and to shake hands with all the vigour of a girl who has not long left school.

"Fraülein B.," I said, "I am going to the Austriahütte to-night. I want to see the dawn."

"Alone?" she enquired.

"Yes, alone."

"I wish I could come with you. I should love to be out all night under the stars, and then, in the early morning, to see the sunrise—with you."

"There is your mother," I said gravely.

"Oh, yes," replied the girl, moving away, "there are mothers!" Then she looked back and smiled, and something told me that if we had set out together we might never have seen the dawn.

I leant over the verandah. Companies of fleecy clouds were slowly moving across the Lodenwald, mountain-sprites that touched the fir trees and drenched the glorious masses of Alpine rose. For a moment it seemed as if a few stars, weary of stellar constellations, were gliding about in the dark, as if the heavily-scented air were set with green, living jewels. To call them fire-flies is to give them a dull and unromantic name. There was magic in those Austrian valleys, magic called from the great snow-capped mountains. Some one was yodelling in the distance, and it was that kind of yodel, quick, clear, strong, that denoted a love-call. I saw the glow of a mid-summer fire, a survival of an ancient custom when fire was deemed worthy of worship and festivity. I heard the clang of a cow-bell, and saw below me a gathering of strange, muffled figures. Some were erect, others stooped a little; all presented a weird and curious spectacle. Who were these figures standing perfectly still in the fields? Why were they there? They were figures of hay, but it seemed as I looked at them that they were about to whisper together, about to walk down the valley, a chattering band of fantastic harvesters.

I left the pension just before midnight, with coffee and buttered rolls prepared by Fräulein B. I almost expected that she might, greatly daring, leave her room and suddenly appear before me, flout her mother's wishes, and go dancing along the path, humming "The Sailors' Hornpipe," which I had taught her. But Fräulein B. was probably asleep, and if she had secretly thought of the adventure, she had banished it from her mind and accepted the law of convention with a sigh of resignation.

The crescent moon had set when I left the pension door and plunged into a starlit world. The path through the fields was narrow and scarcely discernible. My boots brushed the

dew-soaked grass and flowers. Somewhere a corn-crake lay hidden in a field. His persistent, whirring note sounded like the winding up of a great clock that might well continue to tick for ever. That was my first impression. Later, he seemed to be a kind of bird-fisherman, deftly turning his reel, catching dream after dream in a cornfield.

I ought to have brought a lantern, or at least a candle, with me, for the starlight was scarcely sufficient to enable me to find my way without stumbling many times, occasionally straying from the path, and spending some considerable time in regaining it. But the semi-darkness, even if it meant delay and a bruise or two, had its attraction. It made the sleeping, peaceful world more suggestive. It lent wings to one's imagination without giving the same attribute to one's feet. Dusky farms were silent, save for the flutter of a fowl and the sound of water falling into a wooden trough. I could dimly see flowers over the doors and windows, which were supposed to avert the evil effects of thunderstorms, but impotent, it would seem, against the greater and more terrible storm of war. I was ever on the alert for a certain sign, a sign that was painted in broad bars of red, white and red, for this mark indicated the right direction to the Austriahütte. Those splashes of colour required finding in that dim light. I crossed a rivulet by means of a tottering bridge that would soon float down stream. I stepped over a line of tree trunks, cut in half and ingeniously hollowed out for the water to race down them, looking like a broad ribbon of quicksilver running out of the dark and into the dark again. I heard the far-away sound of yodelling. The echo that followed seemed different to the yodel-echoes I had heard before. It was as if some mountain-side hid the ghost of a peasant who murmured back the joyous call for the sake of old times and old but treasured memories.

It was difficult to find my way through the fields and farmsteads. It was increasingly so when I entered a deep wood. Here the friendly stars were blotted out by the impudent, dark fingers of many a stalwart tree. I seemed to be walking in black velvet, in a nightmare land where there was

no hope of any dawn. I heard the rustle of the wind-blown firs overhead and the sound of small life that stirred in the undergrowth. I stretched forth my hands and touched trees in every direction. Finding that I had completely lost my bearings, I struck many matches, till there was some danger of my setting the wood on fire. Matchlight is extremely brief. It seemed almost absurd to attempt to dispel the gloom, even for a few seconds, by means of these spasmodic flutters of light, and I cursed my folly in leaving a substantial candle behind me. What would Fraülein B. say if she knew that, instead of seeing the dawn on the Austriahütte, I had wandered aimlessly in a wood, to fall asleep at last until a late hour? I struck more matches, reserving a few for my pipe by way of a last consolation. At length I reached a fence that bounded one side of the wood, and after much delay discovered the welcome sign that marked my release, my escape from ridicule and shame.

About an hour later I was climbing a steep path, with a deep precipice on one side and on the other a forest of gigantic trees. Stars appeared to glow on the branches, and the lichen, silvered by the same light, looked like icicles. These giants, that had worlds for candles, seemed to be humanly alive, seemed to be pouring forth little puffs of warm breath. Some spell of the night had increased their fragrance, and one pine was offering up a forest of incense. But the spell was broken for a moment when I saw, to the left of the path I was following, white, naked trunks—hundreds of them lying dead in the bracken, robbed of all their glory, so fast asleep that they will never hear the sound of the wind again.

When I neared the base of the Austriahütte and saw the faint outline of the glorious Dachstein, I heard the sound of loud tapping, and observed that lights twinkled in one or two cottages. It was the guides awaking those who wished to ascend the Dachstein and see from its summit an uninterrupted view of the coming of the dawn. As I passed one of the dwellings a man came out and greeted me. "I know a little English," he said, evidently proud of his accomplishment, but as his knowledge of that language was equal to my country

German vocabulary, our conversation, though lengthy, was hardly lucid. He wanted to know if I were going to climb the Dachstein. He had an abounding love for it, and told me that when he reached the summit for the first time and saw the making of the morning, the beauty of it all made him weep. I understood his emotion, though I doubt if he understood my reply to his confession. I told him that I was no mountaineer, that I should never make apt use of an ice-axe, or pick the much-coveted edelweiss in some topsy-turvy position. I told him that I should never see the dawn from where he would see it that morning, and having told him these things, we shook hands and went our way. I was content with the lesser height and easier ascent of the Austriahütte. I believe that the true lover of Nature, however sociable he may be in the valleys, where the towns are, can only drink deep from the cup of Beauty when he comes in the spirit of a great quest, when he comes reverently and alone, with no disturbing thoughts, wholly yielding to the ecstasy of delight that thrills within him.

When I reached the top of the Austriahütte I sat down and made good use of the coffee and rolls. My first impression was of a dream-world hidden in a pale grey mist. Light was slowly being poured into the darkness, and that elixir made the darkness melt and creep away with silent, invisible feet. Oh, the majesty of that slow suffusion of light! Splendour followed splendour, and always with a greater glory in store. The mountains awoke. They threw off their wrappings, donned raiment of pink, and finally mantles of dazzling amethyst. Some celestial sculptor was surely at work upon their rugged outlines. I could see against the skyline old-time scars and crannies, every rise and fall of their great sweeping lines of rock. Still the wonder grew. I could dimly discern the fields in the valley—a green patchwork quilt that still had farms for bedfellows. Goats were feeding quietly at my side, completely absorbed in eating grass, while a solitary fire-fly, resting on the ground, waited with the stars to lose its lonely jewel of light in the refulgence of the dawn. Suddenly a wind sprang up, the wind of the sunrise, and as suddenly

birds began to sing. Over the shining head of the Daohstein there arose small, rosy clouds in a green-blue sky. As they floated out into the morning they seemed to be banners of the sun, ragged at the edge and telling of old wars in the heavens, the last triumphant splendour of the miracle of the dawn.

F. Hadland Davis

STORM

Out of the heart of the storm
 Illumination cometh,
 Out of the broken form
 The Spirit summeth
 Gold from the crushing of ore,
 Essence of sacred Light,
 Through the tempestuous Night
 Set free for evermore.

L. M. P.

ALTRUISM

By J. W. HAMILTON JONES

Par ma propre vertu je cherchais à connaître
 Si l'âme est en effet un souffle du Grand Être.

Lamartine

THAT "God is Love" is an axiom to which but little importance is attached by the modern ordinary individual. Be he in possession of either a male or female physical body, the one idea of personal satisfaction, personal happiness and personal comfort, dominates, permeates and controls him almost to the exclusion of all other ideas. It synthesises his outlook on life as surely as it walls in his possibilities of expansion and development. In a word, he is an egoist: self with him is supreme; and selfishness reveals itself in him so subtly at times that it often leads him to believe that, in some particular deed, he has acted from noble incentives, whereas, in reality, in the ultimate analysis, self-commendation was the underlying motive. His disposition towards all vital subjects, his outlook on life, is, undoubtedly, controlled by the following egotistical query: How will this thing affect ME? and it is the answer to this question which gives to the man both his reason and object in adopting a definite attitude towards one and all the problems of physical evolution as they present themselves to him for solution on his path in life.

The antithesis of the egoist is the altruist—he who forgets himself in his service to mankind. He realises that "God is Love," and recognises all men as Brothers in God. His question with respect to worldly problems is very different from that of the egoist, for in families, communities, cities and countries, he

sees groups of men gathered together and working for some definite object, however varied and disharmonised may appear their activities on the surface; consequently he asks: How will this thing affect the world? and the answer, formulated by a logical, unselfish mind, will give the key to his actions and determine the attitude that he will adopt towards all things.

Many and varied are the interpretations which have been propounded with respect to the ideal of Altruism since Comte coined the word and employed it in his Philosophy of Positivism, evolved about the middle of the nineteenth century. Etymology assigns the derivation of the word to the Latin *alter*, meaning "the other one," and its full significance is contained in Comte's own pithy phrase: "Live for another." Comte considered the word Altruism to embrace the whole of his teaching, and the essence of the ethical value of Positivism is contained in it. Nietzsche, on the other hand, puts a meaning on Altruism that is altogether false, as I conceive it, when he says:

Let us not think so much of punishing, blaming or improving people. Let us endeavour, rather, that our influence over the future be greater than theirs.

The cry for the earnest Altruist is here and now in the present generation, not for future generations particularly. As I understand it, the great German iconoclast advocated the throwing of a benign influence over the future in the shape of—literature, possibly. In his *Beyond Good and Evil* he tells us: "Sympathy for all would be harshness and tyranny for thee, my good neighbour." How different are the words of Gaston Revel:

La fraternité universelle est un fait. Si mon frère commet un crime je réproouve ce crime, mais je reste toujours son frère.

Still more mystically beautiful is this extract from the works of Victor Melchior y Torre, who, in his *Estudios Subconscientes* writes:

Altruism, the love of our fellow creatures, has the immense power of etherialising the peri-soul, giving it a clearness that penetrates into the incognate things of life, because, working as it does in harmony with the principle of love, it produces in us a good receptive attitude, which permits the assimilation of the sparks of the divine light (wisdom).

The object of this paper being to plead for Altruism, we must first be prepared to deal logically with the subject, and define certain bases for our arguments in favour of its cultivation.

"Is it enough for a man to know that he exists?" is a question aptly asked by a teacher of the last century. Clearly, the answer has ever been in the negative, for man has always sought to explain to himself the problem of his existence and, in the presence of the phenomenon of death, has, in all ages, endeavoured to solve the enigma of physical Being.

Is it enough for man to know that God exists? is a natural corollary to our previous query, and one which must also be answered negatively. It is *not* enough. The innate quality of egoism is too powerful in man to permit of self-obliteration. "The self is the first basis of life. No one doubts 'Am I?' or 'Am I not?'. The self-affirmation 'I Am' comes before everything else, stands above and beyond all argument." It is this imperative knowledge of his own existence that raises man above the brute, and places him, in animal evolution, in a subdivision apart. There is a great difference between the instinct in the animal and the intelligence in man. Our very word "man" appears to be derived from the Sanskrit root *man*—to think: hence, Thinker. The power to think gives the faculty of knowing, and in consequence man, endowed with intellect, has always asked, and always will ask, for a reply to the question that almost naturally frames itself in his mind: What relation is there between God and man?

With the Christian and many other denominations of religion, the answer is supplied to the child before the question is formed in his dawning consciousness, and the explanation, unfortunately, has not always been very flattering to the Deity, although it has successfully built a wall of prejudice in the mentality of the child, a wall that will prove a very effectual barrier to spiritual advancement unless the child, grown to a man, is sufficiently advanced in evolution to judge everything by the white light of Logic. The ordinary man's conception of God is a magnified example of himself. He attributes to Him all the vices and virtues which the human

mind is capable of conceiving. He has been described as Wrathful, Jealous, Vengeful, and also Loving, Merciful and Just.

De poeta, médico y loco
Cada uno tenemos un poco,

says the Spanish refrain (of poet, doctor and madman, we all have a little), and in very truth most of us suffer from the "madness of dissociation" with respect to our religion and our God. The average churchman is a Christian only on Sunday: during the week he will get the better of his brother Christian if he is able to, yet it never occurs to him that his bad actions are incompatible with his professed belief. This divorce of belief from practice is a "species of mild madness" indicating duality of the mind, and even if conscience demand an explanation, self-justification never fails. To my mind, a religion worthy of the name has to be put into practice seven days in the week.

We may agree, in fact we *must* agree, that it is not sufficient for man to know that he exists, neither is it sufficient for him to know that God exists; his consciousness, sooner or later, demands an answer to the problem: What is God to me? What am I to God?

Owing, no doubt, to the idea inculcated in infancy that God is personally watching over every one, individually ready to smite wrong-doers and reward those that fear Him, the ordinary man is prone to take God for granted without further thought on the matter, while he submits his neighbours to the nicest scrutiny and severest judgments. Yet why should man not think intelligently about God also? What sort of God is He that our conception of Him must not be put to the test of Logic? Since we are endowed with intelligence, the logical inference is that we are to use it, and use it to a progressive purpose, even although by doing so our preconceived ideas of Him suffer modification or radical reconstruction. It is not irreverent, surely, to place God in the same scales in which we weigh our neighbours.

A beautiful conception of the relationship between God and Man is that of the ocean compared with the dewdrop. God

is the Macrocosm; Man, the Microcosm within His Being. Man contains within himself all the potentialities of God, and is spiritually a part of God, just as the sunbeam is an integral part of the sun. On earth men are separate and distinct from one another; in the Spirit all men are one. Individuality, indeed, is never lost, yet the unity in Spirit is perfect. You cannot imagine the drops which constitute the ocean being in disunion, or you would have no ocean; neither could you obtain the sunbeam without the sun. Then let us learn to recognise the God that is in everything that exists, more especially the spark of divinity buried in the heart of every one of us. This divine spark shines out with greater brilliance in some than in others, not because the spark is smaller or larger, but because it is developed more in one man than in another, or rather, I should say, that one man has developed it more than another. In the words of Ralph Waldo Trine: God and man are the same in essence, they differ only in the degree of manifestation.

God is often tenderly referred to by men of all religions as the Father of all; "Our Father which art in Heaven". . . . says the Christian, addressing Him. How unfortunate it is that the suppliant does not follow the logical inference derived from a consideration of the Deity as Father, by recognising all his fellow men as Brothers, and this, whether they be Protestants, Catholics, Buddhists, Muhammadans or Free-Thinkers. If God is the Father of all of us, He can no more crush out the spark of divinity in each for any of us, than the physical father can separate and extract the essence of his own physical being from that of his progeny. And surely it is the duty of all of us who can assimilate this teaching, to put into practice in our daily lives as much of that love, which characterises God, as may show itself in us. We should practise Altruism, we who are as elder brothers amongst those who, as yet, are dominated only by selfishness. O. Jinarajadāsa writes:

"In our highest moods, we know by experience that happiness means breaking through the limitations of the personal 'I'. There

is in the Cosmos but one Person, and we live but to discover Him. He is yourself, for you are an expression of Him. But you cannot see Him as He is; His light would blind you and make you dumb. That is why for love of you He moderates His light and looks at you through the faces of those you love: you love them for His beauty in them.

And so, in the ideal, you will love all men as much as you now love the members of your own particular family, and those who respond sympathetically to your own peculiar idiosyncrasies in your own nation or religious persuasion.

This is true Altruism; through our relationship with our fellows we learn to know God, and I venture to suggest that many of us will find God in hell with greater expedition than in any other place. We must look for Him in our brothers and sisters of the great human family; we must love them because they are ourselves—ourselves in Him.

The love of our fellow-creatures ought to be the one pre-dominating characteristic of all those who consider themselves "gentle" men and women, who have had an education worthy of the name, and who have discovered the secret of life by their own exertions and their own dire experiences. God, being Love, will manifest Himself in and through us more and more as we learn to love His sons, our other selves. The word Altruism is as a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of modern philology. Its practice is the most perfect jewel of which any religion or philosophy can boast, as it represents the highest ideal to which the human mind can aspire. It matters little that our younger brothers fail to realise its significance, that they fail to respond to our love of them. We can be altruistic towards them, without thrusting our views—our superior views—upon their notice too forcibly; but never let us forget that we are all brothers. By such conduct we shall, certainly, leave the world a trifle better than it was at our arrival, and when we return once more into physical incarnation (if that be God's scheme for men)—an old soul, with a new body—we may find that the seed we planted has been nourished by our children's children, and that the plant is giving forth good fruit.

I know of no more beautiful words than those with which I conclude this essay. The author is practically anonymous, since we are only given the initials "E. W. W." by way of signature (although both the initials and the style may be assigned to Ella Wheeler Wilcox). They synthesise what I have tried to tell you of the interdependence of God and Man, the complete realisation of which must mean perfect Union with the Infinite.

God and myself alone in space
And nobody else in view:
And, Where are the people, O Lord? I said,
And the earth below, and the sky o'erhead
And the dead whom once I knew?

That was a dream, God smiled and said,
A dream that seemed to be true.
There were no people, living or dead;
There was no earth, and no sky o'erhead:
There was only myself and you.

And why do I feel no fear? I said,
Meeting you here this way?
For I have sinned, I know full well,
And where is Heaven and where is Hell?
And is this the Judgment day?

These were but dreams, the Great God said,
Dreams that have ceased to be;
There are no such things as fear and sin,
There is no you—you never have been;
There is nothing at all but Me.

J. W. Hamilton Jones

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

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

THE growth of public interest in the invisible worlds and their relation to human affairs is strikingly demonstrated by the success of *The Invisible Foe*, Mr. Hackett's new play at the Savoy Theatre, London. According to *The Review of Reviews* this play is a great advance on his previous one of the same kind, which was produced at the same theatre a year or two ago and also attracted considerable attention. In the course of an interview appearing in this journal, Mr. H. B. Irving, who takes the part of Stephen Pryde, the villain, quotes the following extract:

How can we say that the driving force of the man who continues to exist cannot come back and make its existence felt, making an impression on the consciousness of the living? Suppose a man whose every instinct was just and generous had done another man a great wrong, and found it out too late. If his consciousness remained, isn't it possible, isn't it probable, that he would try to right the wrong? and since he had cast away all material things, he couldn't communicate in the old way . . . yet he would try, surely he would try. . . . But whether he would succeed or not I don't know.

"That," says Mr. Irving, "is the conversation which strikes the key-note of the play." To Theosophists such a conclusion may seem vague and cautious to the verge of scepticism. But in the first place we know the public never takes kindly to dogmatic assertions, however well founded, especially from the stage; and secondly, the idea is suggested that thoughts and emotions are themselves forms of energy that

continue to expend their momentum for a definite time, independently of their author and in the direction originally imparted to them. Certainly this is the line of argument Mr. Irving himself takes in expressing his opinion as to the probability of survival after death; he says:

If I expressed any opinion at all it would be one that I imagine is shared by the majority of thinking people. It is this. Suppose the case of a man of vigorous personality, extraordinary vital dynamic energy—in short, just such a man as Richard Bransby. How difficult, nay, impossible, is it to suppose that all this mental and moral power is extinguished by the accident of death! It would be like supposing the electricity was wiped out of existence because of the fusing of a wire. Surely the force remains—somewhere. Nothing very superstitious about that, is there? It is merely a piece of cold science. Force, the scientist tells us, is indestructible.

A good joke ever dies hard, but the "occult" joke seems to have discovered the elixir of life—perchance lest the species should become totally extinct. The case in point is a harmless "catch" in simple arithmetic, but it has been invested with a halo of occultism, and certainly shows the wisdom of the recommendation to look for a physical explanation of every phenomenon before jumping at a superphysical one. It made its debut, as far as Adyar is concerned, in *The Commonweal* for August 11th, 1916, in the following frivolous paragraph:

According to *The Manchester Guardian*, a Vienna newspaper has just discovered that the War will end this year, the reason being that 1916 is exactly half of 3832. This number does not reveal its full mystical significance until we are told that in the case of both the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria it is obtained by adding together the year of birth, the year of accession to the throne, the present age, and the length of reign.

At first this statement sounds like a remarkable coincidence, to say the least of it; but unfortunately we happened to apply the same test to King George, with the following result:

Year of birth	1865
Year of accession	1910
Present age	51
Length of reign	6
Total	3832

In short, the same mystic total comes up smiling! Nay more, if we substitute "year of engagement" for "year of accession" and "term of service" for "length of reign," we realise that the number 3832 is no royal monopoly of either the Kaiser or the Emperor Francis-Joseph, but works out equally accurately for the office-peon or the dhobi, being the common property of all humanity.

Since then, this prophetic joke has been travelling from America (its birthplace?) to Australia, for it now turns up unabashed in *The Harbinger of Light* for November 1st, 1917. The only changes it has undergone in the interval are: the mystic number portending the end of the war is now, of course, 3834; the number of kings, etc.—now they represent the Allies—whose histories yield the magic 3834, has grown to eight; the incidents in their careers are recorded in a different order. As *The Harbinger* remarks, "work of this kind can hardly be said to have the sanction of the Quabballah"; but none the less a gleam of humour is so welcome in the rather serious business of superphysical investigation that we wish this hardly annual many more incarnations, even if its present body should eventually wear out.

In *The Occult Review* Mr. Brodie-Innes recalls some fascinating stories of nature-spirits told him by the countryfolk of the Western Highlands of Scotland, among whom "the second sight" is quite common. Of one of his informants he writes:

That fisher lad was full of strange stories. He was more communicative than most of the islanders, and to him the fairy folk and the sea-people were as real and familiar as the birds and beasts, and so he told me stories of their nature, as simply and naively as he told of the habits of the gulls or the fish, and it was strange how the stories seemed to be illustrations of the learned treatises of Paracelsus on the nature of the Elementals. "They are human," he said, "but they don't come from Adam, as we do. They never fell. But they are like us, whether they live in the land or in the water. Some of them are very tiny. Oh, Yes! I've seen them often, little people about as big as small birds may be. But there are others as big as we are, but their bodies are like mist you understand, or like a cloud in the water, so you can't see them unless your eyes are used to them. But they can make themselves solid, like us; I don't know how, but they can. And then it happens that one of them will sometimes marry one of us, and the old men say the fairy gets a human soul then.

ELIX

KNOWLEDGE AND THE CHANGING OF OUR KARMA

By LUCINDA ALFIERI

EVERY person, sooner or later in his life or series of lives, must encounter face to face the results of all past actions, be they good or bad, for the Law of Karma cannot fail. The Law of Karma of the Hindū is no other than the law of the Sacred Scriptures of the Christian which says: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (*Gal. vi. 7*). There seems to be a great danger lest man should be deceived into believing it possible that the Great Law of Cause and Effect could fail, and so he is warned by that great Initiate, the Apostle Paul, that he may be on his guard. But why should there be this possibility of deception? Do you not see on all sides of us that it is the great law which guides and rules all nature in its manifestations? Surely it does not take a very wise man to answer the question: "Do men gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles?" So it is not really a matter of religion but of good common sense to place ourselves in harmony with that law which governs the Universe—even His law which is "Holy, Just and Good" (*Rom. vii. 12*), because it brings every man inevitably, sooner or later, face to face with his own doings.

Man is an evolving Spirit, plunged into the densest physical matter for the purpose of subduing it and bringing it into subjection to his will which is divine. The struggle between Spirit and matter, or soul and body, thus becomes fierce, for "the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be" (*Rom. viii. 7*). The Spirit is life,

unity, activity, while matter is death, separation, inertia. The conflict is inevitable. The Spirit is divine, for God Himself breathed into man "the breath of life," when he became a "living soul" (*Gen. ii. 7*). The form into which He breathed that life can only be a limitation to that free and wise activity, to the Spirit which is thus blinded and handicapped by the necessity of working through coarse physical matter.

Thus we can at once see the wisdom and the purpose of the law; for by bringing upon blinded man the just results of all past actions, he is given an opportunity to learn wisdom through suffering—through the well balanced lessons of experience. And thus he realises the actual necessity, through his desire for peace, to bring himself—that is his lower nature—into harmony with the Divine Will of the Universe which is working through his own consciousness.

This dual nature of man is symbolised in the sacred Christian Scriptures as the struggle between Christ and Satan, and the promise given to Adam, or fallen man, "it shall bruise thy heel," yet "thou shalt bruise its head," can only typify the ultimate victory of man through pain and suffering.

The mystic Christ, then, who is born into every human heart, must grow up into the "measure of the fullness of the stature of Christ" (*Eph. iv. 13*). And it can only grow through its struggles, its pains, its aspirations. By being continually brought face to face with the results of actions wrought in the past, man is given the full opportunity to thus know their wisdom or their folly. More and more, as he grows, his struggles become less, for he begins to learn that he cannot avert this Divine Law of Providence, and he begins to accept every painful experience which comes to him through the karmic law as a necessary "chastisement" to "purge" his soul from "dross". Thus his aspirations grow and his pain and struggles become less—even those aspirations which exalt his soul above the vain illusions of this transient world, and bring the lower nature (Satan) into subjection to the higher nature (the Christ).

But let us return again to the danger of man, in his blindness, forgetting that the law cannot fail. We see all about

us those who tyrannise over the weak and helpless, those who rob others of their worldly goods, and on the other hand, those who give their lives unselfishly to the service of humanity. It does not need, by any means, a very wise or learned person to see that tyrants are not always abased, nor all thieves punished, nor, on the other hand, are the efforts of all good men appreciated. Too often we have seen in the history of the world that good and holy men have been persecuted and even slain, as was the Christ, by the very ones whom they came to bless unselfishly. Ah! here is the point. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil" (*Eccl. viii. 11*).

Many Christians are thus led to believe that the law does fail, notwithstanding the many assertions of their sacred scripture to the contrary, for the reason that their teachings since early Christian times, when the belief in reincarnation was prohibited by an edict from Constantinople some five centuries after Christ, have entirely ignored and even denied the possibility of the human soul reincarnating in a series of lives, until the victorious Spirit shall mount up above every delusion of the lower tangible world—the prodigal son indeed returned to his father. Losing sight of this noble belief which assures to every man a final victory, and seeing continually, all about them, wicked men "dying in their sins" without just reward, and seeing also many good men dying without recompense, they had necessarily to create the idea of a final heaven where the comparatively good, and a final hell where the comparatively bad, might each receive according to his deserts. Since the just law had failed to bring justice on earth, of course there must be somewhere an arbitrary God who will mete out punishment to blind and ignorant men for having allowed gross physical matter to blind their eyes to the powers and possibilities of their own inherent divine spirit, and prepare a heaven of bliss for those who have come out from the unequal struggle as conquerors. I say "comparatively good" and "comparatively bad," for how is it possible for a man to become either very good or very bad in one

short life, any more than it is possible for a grain of wheat to be sown and harvested in one day? It requires many days of sunshine and rain and tempest to mature the harvest. And each life is but a night, and each intervening period is but a day, in the life of the soul, which is bringing it slowly but surely into perfect harmony with its Maker. It experiences its "hell" to be sure, but not the hell of the modern Christian, inflicted by an arbitrary God—all-just and all-powerful, but utterly lacking in mercy and forgiveness—a punishment meted out without mercy, to satisfy the Law of Justice before the eternal annihilation of the souls of wicked men, a strange contrast indeed with the all-forgiving Christ, who even forgave freely those who so cruelly tormented him and put him to death.

It seems incredible that so crude a superstition, born of the dark Middle Ages, could find place in the beliefs of intelligent Christians of to-day. But it is true, and can be accounted for in no other way than by a frantic effort to reconcile the happenings of life with justice which so often utterly fails during life. How many a child is born and suffers through life with a taint in his blood caused by the sins of his father, and absolutely beyond his own control! How many a good woman has suffered a broken heart, and perhaps untold physical suffering because of a base and drunken husband, whose chief "sin" lies in the poor judgment used in the selection of her life-mate! "Ah!" says the pitying Christian, "these poor creatures shall have their recompense, for God is just." But sometimes the good woman becomes maddened by the intensity of her sufferings, and she curses the God who made her and left her without earthly help. Surely she is not a very fit candidate for heaven. How then shall God reward her for her innocent sufferings, so bravely endured before she lost her patience and self-control, and punish her for her later cursings? "Ah," responds the Christian, "leave that matter to the wisdom of God; He knows how to settle the most intricate cases in mercy and justice." A very convenient thing is this our faith, which leaves unquestioningly to God the extrication of Himself from so complicated a position in which our crude superstitions have

placed Him! Very well, they too shall have their reward, which we also must leave to a just and merciful God.

But really the Law is much more simple than that, and much more just than any arbitrary wisdom which might be imposed. The law itself establishes the relation between Cause and Effect, and nothing can evade the justice of that Law, for it makes every man the creator of his own destiny. At the same time, it is all-merciful, because the sufferings which naturally follow the breaking of that Law, drive men to know and to place themselves in harmony with it. For, testifies the Psalmist: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes." (*Psalms*, cxix. 71)

Thus we find that this Law of Karma, or Law of Cause and Effect, brings its reward for every thought, word or deed committed, which is at the same time both just and merciful—just, because it is the result of our own actions, and merciful because it keeps us from destroying ourselves in our ignorance, and by the suffering imposed drives us to seek a knowledge of the law transgressed. So the "hells" which the soul suffers are but the natural results of the workings of this Law. As eternity is its time, there is no need of an immediate recompense. The soul suffers, during life and death, the results of its wrongdoings; it is "purged as by fire" and made clean, so that it enters a new life with a new character which shall lead it through its new life, moulding each circumstance in which it is placed (which are also the results of its karma) into harmony with its own evolving self. It also reaps its joys and pleasures in the same way. And this accounts for the great difference between characters of men and the circumstances into which they are born. The character determines the stage of the soul in its evolution, and the circumstances into which it is born and in which it continually finds itself during life are but the opportunities provided, or the limitations imposed, by the Good Law as a result of past actions, and by means of which it is to learn its new set of lessons.

Fortunately no man knows the character or the amount of disagreeable karma he has been accumulating against himself

during the past ages. And the knowledge of it is not essential. It is necessary only that he should know that nothing can come to him without a cause, and knowing this, to be determined to use every faculty and every experience to the very best of his ability, thinking always more of the eternal results than the temporal and fleeting. In this way he can change very materially the nature of his future karma.

But is there no way by which the young aspirant to discipleship can change his past karma? Is there no way by which he can free himself from this entanglement in order that he may serve better his beloved Master? Must man live always in subjection to the old law of works? It is written: "Till heaven and earth shall pass, not one jot nor tittle shall in any wise pass from the law until all shall be fulfilled." (*Matt. v. 18*) So it is quite evident that the law is as eternal and as unchangeable as God Himself. But we read again: "The law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ" (*Gal. iii. 24*). And the time surely comes when we no longer need a schoolmaster. Children need schoolmasters to guide and direct them because of their inexperience and lack of knowledge. But after their graduation they are put out into the world as masters of themselves. The graduate is the man whose inner eyes have been opened to the workings of that great Law which has brought him and the world to their present place in evolution. He sees the many pitfalls he has created about himself, and great monsters threatening to destroy him. He sees humanity, blind and bleeding, struggling without the knowledge and power needful to extricate itself, or even to turn its pain into future wisdom. Even the divine forces poured out for its blessing are so often distorted by men and turned into channels for their own and one another's cursing. But the cursing is only apparent and not real, for any misuse of divine energy can only retard progress and increase suffering, but through that same suffering, men shall eventually see the light which shall guide them into the path of Truth; and that Truth shall make them free.

The young would-be disciple thus sees written indelibly in every condition and circumstance of life, be it of pain or of joy,

the Pauline warning: "God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and he sees "all things working together for good," through the operations of the Law of Karma which is continually and automatically guiding the evolution of the entire world, making each man truly the creator of his own destiny. By giving "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" this law directs humanity as a good and faithful "schoolmaster" through the school of experience which is life, giving the soul through its pain the impulse to transmute its ignorance into knowledge and its folly into wisdom. It works through the old law—the law of works—for the evolution of the lower nature—the personality—and its work is fulfilled when man has accumulated unto himself sufficient experience to illumine his inner vision so that he may intuit the "new law"—the law of love—which guides evolution in the spiritual world, for "love is the fulfilling of the (old) law" (*Rom. xiii. 10*); then, by his own will, he may choose which law he will serve.

But we cannot suppose that a man can change in a moment his entire nature and course of existence; no matter how earnest he is—no matter how ardently desirous he is to serve his Master, any more than an earnest and ardent schoolboy can skip from the multiplication table to higher mathematics. It is not a question of willingness and earnestness but one of development. To be sure his earnestness will greatly aid him in his progress by causing him to be more observant and careful in order that no experience, either of his own or coming under the power of his perceptions, shall escape him without yielding to him its store of wisdom. But he cannot escape the working of the law of karma until he has gathered sufficient wisdom and faith to transcend it.

Man cannot reach heaven by a single bound,
But he builds the ladder by which he climbs
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;
And he mounts to its summit round by round.

It is only when the lower nature is entirely the instrument of the higher, that a man will lead a life of great activity without the smallest wish to see anything which may flow from his acts; and when that point is reached, he has achieved his freedom; when that is done, Karma for him—save the karma of the Universe—is at an end. Individual karma for him is burned up, burned up in the

fires of love and devotion which prevent him from establishing any links with the world, and he therefore makes no fetters which bind him to the wheel of birth and death. (Mrs. Besant in *Evolution and Occultism*)

For the majority of humanity, this condition is yet afar off, but each one who has turned his face toward that Light, can, day by day, as he grows in "the grace and the knowledge of our Lord" (*II Peter*, iii. 18), transmute, through the alchemy of the "new law," each desire which separates into that self-renunciation which leads to Unity, and in proportion as he does so, his karma shall be changed through the fires of devotion. "The burning up of Karma in this fire of devotion means that you throw into this fire every action of your life, and like a sacrifice, it is burned up and changed." Thus:

The soul which is nearing its liberation, is willing to accept that suffering which still it feels; it throws the suffering on to the altar of devotion; the fire of devotion burns up the suffering, and the soul feels joy in the gift. But that suffering is not lost; it is changed in the fire and it becomes spiritual energy which the Great Lodge can use for the helping of man; the voluntary acceptance of pain as a sacrifice to the Masters is changed by that power of devotion into spiritual energy for the helping of the world.

And this is the fundamental truth which underlies the great doctrine of atonement, not the legal thing that the Churches have sometimes taught [such a crude and material idea robs this noble truth of all its beauty and potential power in the evolution of human souls], but the sacrifice of a great soul, which bears suffering and offers it for the spiritual life of the world, so that it shall be changed in the fires of love and come back as spiritual energy to be spread over the whole of the world for the raising and helping of man. (Mrs. Besant in *Evolution and Occultism*)

So it is that a mighty power of grace heaves and swells, and is ever growing in nature, as Dr. Van Hook put it in the May number of *Karma and Reincarnation*. "This power is administered by God's agents. They, who are Providence, see the struggles of men with their own evil natures: they can mitigate the blows of the returning force if men will learn their lessons."

Here we see God's wisdom and goodness and mercy: He intends that no force shall be uselessly wasted, so when we have really learned our lessons, or the returning tide of our

Karma overwhelms and overpowers us, we may call upon Him in faith, and that faith "shall make us free"; and in that mighty outpouring of Divine energy, the inner eyes are more effectually opened than they could be by many concrete experiences, and lifted high above the sordid things of life by the Divine inspiration of that moment. So that when the soul lifts itself up in faith to become one with that "mighty grace which heaves and swells" for humanity, he really condenses in a moment of time, through that mighty rush of forces, those experiences and changes in character which otherwise might require many years or even lives of suffering according to the requirements of the old law.

This power of Grace, in God's wonderful plan of redemption, has existed since the very foundation of the world, but it has been especially emphasised by the Christ, who came "not to destroy the (old) law" but to "fulfil" it, for "love is the fulfilling of the law" (*Rom.* xiii. 10) and "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (*John*, xv. 13). By His supreme sacrifice, He not only set us an example of love and self-abnegation, but He, by it, actually created a great reservoir of spiritual force-of-grace to be distributed over the entire world, not indiscriminately, but wherever man should make an open channel for its outflowing and reception. The condition imposed upon man for its receiving was his voluntary co-operation, for the Christ taught: "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." (*Matt.* vi. 14-15)

So God has provided a plan whereby man may co-operate with the new law and through love and self-abnegation experience a sense of blessed unity, even with his enemies. It is written: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you," and again: "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?"

Thus we see that the new law really carries man a step forward in evolution. Under the old law, he was ruled by his lower nature—held captive by his desires, and a knowledge of the laws of karma alone could keep him from imposing on the rights of others, and direct him into the path of wisdom. But now, under the new law, he is born again—not of “flesh and blood” but of “the Spirit,” and guided by love, the awakened Spirit holds the lower nature with its desires in subjection, and seeks through renunciation and service that peace and joy which “passeth understanding” and which can only be found in a perfect sense of unity. So, for the disciple who has transferred his centre of consciousness from the personality or lower nature to the individuality or higher nature, the whole life is changed—its desires, its purposes, its karma. Then, in some mighty flash of intuition, he sees his dharma or life-work which the Master has so perfectly suited to his temperament, and through which his devotion and self-abnegation shall find expression in the service of the world, and in the faithful performance of which his soul shall be purified, so that “when the Master looks into the heart, He shall find it without stain”.

Lucinda Alfieri

THEOSOPHICAL NOTES AND NEWS

INDIA

A new Brotherhood has blossomed under the vivifying influence of Theosophy—The Brotherhood of Bande Islam. Its objects are as follows:

1. Dissemination by prayer, preaching and literature throughout India of the pure Ideas of the Holy Faith of Islam according to the teaching of the Theosophy of Islam or Sufi teaching.
2. The Unification of Indian Muslim Sects on a common religious basis and brotherly love for Hindus, Christians, etc.
3. The Education of poor boys.
4. The Extension of Female Education.
5. The Organisation of charity for helping poor Muslims.
6. The Cultivation of Western manners and refinement without Western vices.
7. The practice of religious singing and instrumental music.

There are three degrees of membership: Dost, Mureed and Nazeer. The Mureed takes a special vow of loyalty to the King Emperor and Sovereign Rulers, and vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Of these last we are told:

Poverty—Implies that the Mureed, without relinquishing his property or worldly career, and while duly providing for the wants, without luxury or extravagance, of his family, if any, will, in his own person, live a life of self-denial, avoid rich food, luxurious clothing and all other forms of self-indulgence.

Chastity—Implies avoidance of Zina, and marriage with a single wife; a man with a large family cannot be a useful member of this Brotherhood, who must be free of worldly care to serve Islam with all his heart and soul.

Obedience—Signifies obedience to all lawful directions of the Head of the Brotherhood when supported by a majority of the Council.

Information regarding this organisation may be had from its present Head, John Sombre White, Theosophical Hall, Residency Bazaars, Hyderabad, Deccan.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

At the beginning of this quarter (July to September), Bishop Wedgwood passed through on his way to America, and the Lodge took advantage of his visit.

At the July Fellowship Meeting a special appeal was made to the members asking them to do all they could during the next two years to pay off the debt of £750 that is still encumbering the land secured about eighteen months ago for our new building. One member promised £10 if ten others would each give the same amount, and in a very few minutes nearly £200 was promised. A written appeal was sent to the members, about one hundred responding at once and filling in the form to contribute so much a week, month, or year as requested. So that within a very short time our new building should materialise and shed forth its radiance to purify and uplift the neighbouring precincts. The daily lunch table, which is one of the most appreciated activities of the Lodge, is also doing its little bit towards obliterating the money fiend by giving all that remains of the sixpences, which procure the needed lunch ticket, after the necessities are provided.

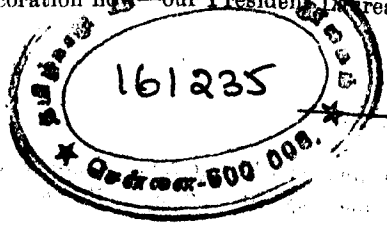
Our numbers continue to increase slowly, 13 having joined this quarter. Our young men are still being called to serve at the Front, where we hear they are "strong and acquitting themselves like men". All classes, public and otherwise, go on much as usual under their respective leaders, and the public lectures still attract good audiences. A public Social was held on September 16th, when quite a number of visitors were present, so we hope that some profitable result will follow the sowing of the Theosophical seeds.

ENGLAND

Speaking of our President a friend writes :

On her birthday we had a special celebration at the Lodge, in the little Hall she opened when she was in England last. My friend and I walked down in the moonlight, to the sound of the guns over London, the bombs and barrage, and the meeting was rather hurried at its close, as a member of the Women's Emergency Corps came with the message, "the raiders are over Hertfordshire," and we walked home again to the sound of the guns—strange happenings to English ears in England!

That night we had a new, large portrait of Mrs. Besant hung in the Lodge Hall, in a wide, flat, gilt frame and a laurel wreath in raised green carving around the actual picture—that is a permanent decoration now of our President's create.



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